

It's a great life if you don't weaken,
At least so Florence does say,
For she's engaged to our class deacon,
Monsieur Pinkerton s'il vous plait.

Bob and Gordon eloped in their car,
And now through many lands are travelling far;
Oriental Mosques and the Pyramids they saw
And now they're down in Panama.

Esther is busy making pies and bread
To please an over fussy Ned,
Who thinks as he watches with longing eyes,
Did ever mortal win such a prize?

Hicky is champion goal tender
In football, a star is he still;
But to think of getting married
He vows he never will.

Douglas Mills is safely married
To the one who Cupid to him carried,
With the sage and bless'd remark:
"Here take thy beloved, Helen Clark."

Edna is happy in her little nest,
With triplets looking their very best;
Watching the deeds of her dear hubby,
The most erratic—Professor Hovey.

Helen Gorman is studying law
In a College at Ottawa;
A wonderful success I'm sure we'll see
For a grave old judge some day she'll be.

In comic opera you'll find Powers,
Where his fame above all others towers;
His favorite song is, "Love Me,"
A very suitable one you see.

Irene MacKnight is happily married,
And her wedded life is varied;
Still her tongue is always waggin'
Though she's married to McLaggan.

Arthur Lockhart is a bold bad crook,
And in company with Davy Estabrook
Forms part of that far-famed band
Of rum-runners out in Maryland.