



D. W. COREY OF PRESQUE ISLE.

IF you say "Corey" in Aroostook, you don't have to say it twice;
 If it's Corey it's potatoes—just a matter of their price;
 For he's a farmer, who has leanings to the larger business side
 And whose farm is fit occasion for a universal pride.
 Its broad acres are an Eden in the garden-spot of Maine,
 With their fields of growing tubers and their waving hay and grain;—
 But it's not alone, in farming, that "D. W." holds his own;
 For he's the biggest, hustling buyer of potatoes that is known.
 Many years the firm's been buying of the crops this region round;—
 Their potato-house, the biggest that the world has ever found—
 And of the stream of wealth that's pouring, from the richness of the land,
 There's a share, I know, that's tribute to the grace and grit and sand
 Of the Carter-Corey Company, who demonstrate their worth.
 By backing with their dollars the rich promise of the earth.
 He's a hustler is friend Corey: for Presque Isle has made a fight
 Helped develop her resources in her power and her light
 Says "Aroostook is a garden and Presque Isle is its flower"
 And like the busy-bee himself, keeps in it every hour.