



MR. E. K. DAY, RUMFORD FALLS.

IN looking at this picture don't get your notion wrong,
 That when Mr. Day goes traveling, he takes his block along;
 No! It's there, its doors wide open for every customer who calls,
 As a tribute to the hustle of the town of Rumford Falls.
 When the trolley was projected over Oxford Hills afar,
 To the lovely town of Bethel where the gorgeous landscapes are,
 'Twas this man helped to build it; pushed it early; pushed it late;
 Never left off working for it; never ceased to agitate
 Till the buzzing of the trolley came as music to the ears,
 Linking prosperous towns together for the passing of the years.
 He's a foe to retrogression and a friend of modern Peace;
 In secret orders, he's enlisted where his friendships never cease,
 To the welfare of his fellows, he gives thought and actual work,
 Stands square for civic duties with no tendency to shirk,
 In short—a helpful citizen; this what his neighbors say:—
 A hustling business factor and as honest as the Day.