



S. L. HAWLEY OF MECHANIC FALLS.

IF you're ever auto-mobling old Androscoggin thru,
 And the souvenir bacillus gets its wigglers into you;
 And you feel you need the token, that your visit best recalls—
 Why! You'll Have to stop at Hawley,s in our own Mechanic Falls.
 He's the dry-goods man, whose business has outgrown the town's confines
 Who attracts the distant buyer, to the values of his lines;
 Whose fine imported china and whose dry and fancy goods
 Send the antiquated fashions circumspectly to the woods;
 And who handles growing traffic with such courtesy and grace,
 That, no wonder all the people like to visit Hawley's place.
 In all civic lines, he's ready to assume his honest share;
 In the Board of Trade, an officer of diligence and care;—
 And, thus, in all relations, and in every way he can,
 He is rounding out the measure, of a first class business man.