



HON. WILLIAM T. HAINES OF WATERVILLE.

LOOK at his jaw; his iron jaw; fighting blood in business and law;
 Started that way, in boyhood's days; won his way thru blame and praise.
 Mixed in big in Central Maine's hustling growth, has Governor Haines.
 "Governor" What? Am I premature? Perhaps I am but I'm not so sure—
 His face once set to the golden dome; follow the trail till it brings him home.
 What has he done to back his claim? Countless things for the State of Maine!
 Something in law? Well, I should guess; practiced twenty years with success.
 Something in railroading? Well, you bet; helped to build the Somerset,
 Whose lengthening lines now onward press, into the heart of the wilderness.
 Something in business? Never shirks; went to building water-works;
 Never stopped till he'd finished four; ready now to tackle more.
 Something in trade? His days are full, taking turns in lumber or wool,
 And occasionally varying his daily toil as an humble tiller of the soil.
 Back of all this, the man remains; Hon. William Tecumseh Haines—
 Gives you his hand with a hearty will; won't feel bad, if you call him "Bill."