



F. A. THORNDIKE, ROCKLAND.

THE god of gastronomics is a god of rarest kind,
 And full often to his worship is my appetite inclined;
 Yet I'd fix his shrine forever, could I only have my way,
 In Thorndike and Hix's market, down in Rockland by the bay.
 Should you chance to be in Rockland and you want to see the man,
 Who has pushed this growing business, from the time that it began,
 Call out the senior member and if you want to take a drive
 He'll pull the lines on "Nelson;" you'll be glad that you're alive.
 He's a hustling business member and he bears an honored name;
 He not only teaches business but exemplifies the same,
 And thus proves the ancient adage, "Would you make your lives sub-LIME,
 Don't rely on Rockland quarries; keep a hustling all the time."