



P. H. REID OF FORT FAIRFIELD.

THIS story comes authentic, of a man who lived out West,
 Who with farming, in Nebraska, was sufficiently impressed
 Of the stretches of her prairies and the crops from virgin land;
 He would fill you with statistics 'till you simply couldn't stand.
 "New England Farms," he snickered, "Why you haven't got a crop
 That on the broad seas of our prairies, would e'en figure as a drop;
 You wouldn't recognize a harvest"—and what else he'd had to say
 I would be endlessly a-telling had it not happened, one fine day.
 That he journeyed to New England and at length come into Maine.
 Up the B. and A. projecting, till he reached the fertile plain
 Where the bloom was in the hedge-rows and the potato was a-field,
 And Aroostook was rejoicing in a real Bonanza yield.
 Then he sat him-down in wonder and he fainted from surprise
 And the thousand-million tubers opened wide their billion eyes.

Now, of the men who've helped this busienss for almost a score of years,
 The man our cartoon pictures, a most successful type appears;
 Devotes his whole time to the business; tills the land and buys the crops;
 Has a genius for the details and his interest never drops;
 Builds up banks and tends to finance, deals in things to till the land;
 Takes his pleasure automobling; never shirks the work in hand,
 Till in Fort Fairfield's busy markets and thruout Aroostook it's agreed
 There's no bigger, better business man than our friend, P. H. Reid.