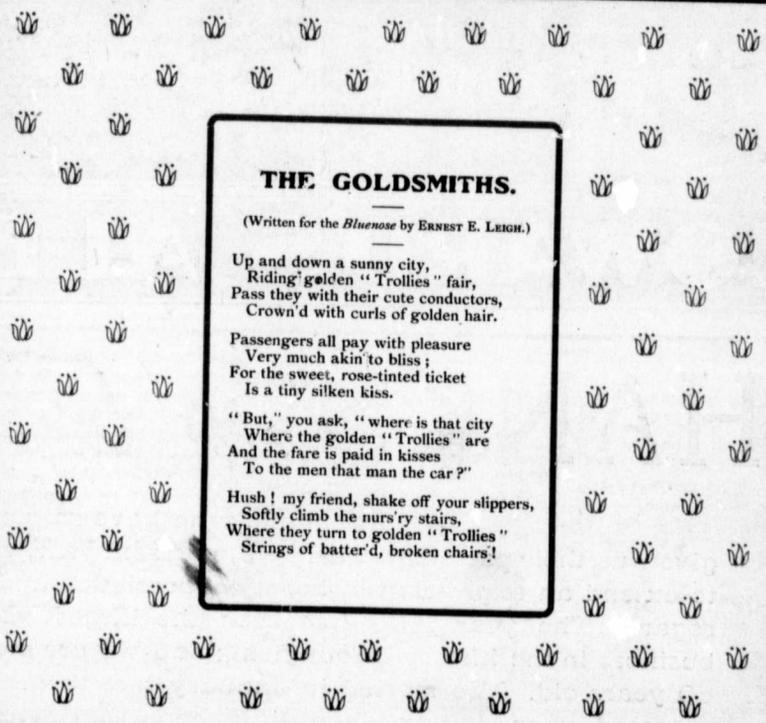


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VOL. 1.

SATURDAY, December, 29th, 1900.

NO. 13.



THE GOLDSMITHS.

(Written for the *Bluenose* by ERNEST E. LEIGH.)

Up and down a sunny city,
Riding' golden "Trollies" fair,
Pass they with their cute conductors,
Crown'd with curls of golden hair.

Passengers all pay with pleasure
Very much akin' to bliss ;
For the sweet, rose-tinted ticket
Is a tiny silken kiss.

"But," you ask, "where is that city
Where the golden "Trollies" are
And the fare is paid in kisses
To the men that man the car?"

Hush ! my friend, shake off your slippers,
Softly climb the nurs'ry stairs,
Where they turn to golden "Trollies"
Strings of batter'd, broken chairs!



Price Five Cents.

