



S. S. INJUN HOCKEY STICKS

are made by the most expert Micmac hockey stick makers from carefully selected roots of the yellow birch. All roots are carefully air-dried before being manufactured, and are entirely made by hand. Yellow birch sticks made from planks that have been planed by machinery are brittle and practically worthless.

The S. S. Injun Sticks

are the only all-hand-make stick made in Canada, and are recognized by all hockey clubs everywhere as being the Highest Grade Hockey Stick made.

S. S. Injun name and model are registered at Ottawa.

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The Engineers' Making Love.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

T'S noon when "Thirty-Five" is due,
An' she comes on time, like a flash of light,
Long 'fore the pilot swings in sight.
An' you hear her whistle, "Toot-tee-too!"
Bill Maddon's drivin' her in to-day,
An' he's callin' his sweetheart, far away—
Gertrude Hurd—lives down by the mill—
You might see her blushin'; she knows it's Bill
"Tu-die! Toot-ee! Tu-die! Tu!"

Six-five a.m. there's a local comes—
Make up at Bristol, runnin' east;
An' the way her whistle sings an' hums
Is livin' caution to man an' beast.
Every one knows who Jack White calls—
Little Lou Woodbury, down by the Falls;
Summer or winter, always the same,
She hears her lover, callin' her name—
"Lou-ie! Lou-ie! Loo-ieee!"

At six-fifty-eight you can hear "Twenty-One"
Go thunderin' west, and of the screams
That ever startled the rising sun,
Jehu Davis sends into your dreams;
But I don't mind it; it makes me grin—
For just down here, where the creek lets in
His wife, Jerusha, can hear him call,
"Jee-rooo-shee! Jehoo!"

But at one-fifty-one old "Sixty-Four"—
Boston Express runs east, clear through—
Drowns her rattle and rumble and roar
With the softest whistle that ever blew;
An' away on the farthest edge of the town,
Sweet Sue Winthrop's eyes of brown
Shine like the starlight, bright an' clear,
When she hears the whistle of Abel Gear—
"You-ou-ou, Su-u-u-e!"

An' 'long at midnight a freight comes in,
Leaves Berlin some time—I don't know when—
But it rumbles along with a fearful din,
Till it reaches the Y-switch there, and then
The clearest notes of the softest bell
That out of a brazen goblet fell,
Wake Nellie Minton out of her dreams—
To her like a wedding-bell it seems—
"Nell, Nell, Nell! Nell, Nell, Nell!"

An' somewhere late in the afternoon,
You'll see "Thirty-Seven" go streakin' west;
It's local from Hartford; same old tune
Now set for the girl that loves him best.
Tom Wilson rides on the right-hand side,
Givin' her steam at every stride;
An' he touches the whistle, low and clear—
For Lulu Gray, on the hill, to hear—
"Lu-lu! Loo-loo!"

So it goes on all day an' all night,
Till the old folk have voted the thing a bore;
Old maids and bachelors say it ain't right
For folks to do courtin' with such a roar.
But the engineers their kisses will blow
From a whistle-valve to the girls they know,
An' the stokers the name of their sweethearts tell
With the Belle! Nell! Dell! of the swaying bell.