



VOL. 29.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1901.

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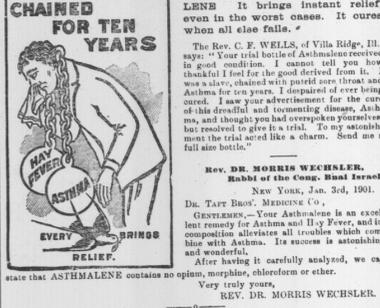
The Brick House belonging to the estate of late Robt. K. P. Randolph, April 2nd, 1901.

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Poetry.

FAITH.

Is he the sailor you would trust

Who far at sea

Rebels because no land ahead looms

splendidly?

Or will you trust the sailor who,

Far out at sea,

Despite the storms and stress and dread,

Sails faithfully?

Shall I rebel because the shore

I strain to see

Is not through gloom and storms

and stress,

Or, like the fearless sailor, far

Out on the sea,

Hope there is land ahead and press

On faithfully?

—S. E. KISLER.

THE GIRL WHO SMILES.

The wind was east and the chimney

smoked,

And the old brown house seemed

For nobody smiled and nobody

cried,

The young folks grumbled, the old

folks croaked,

They had come home chilled and

weary.

Then opened the door, and a girl

came in.

She was homely—very;

Her nose was pug, and her cheek

was thin.

There wasn't a dimple from brow to

chin.

But her smile was bright and cheery

and

she spoke not a word of the cold and

damp.

Not yet of the gloom about her,

But she lit the fire, and lighted

the lamp,

And she put on the place a different

stamp.

From that it had had without her.

Her dress was something in her

eyes,

And with dampness nearly dripping,

She changed for a bright, warm

gown.

And she looked so gay when she came

in.

They forgot the air was nipping.

They forgot that the house was a

full old place.

You are a dear, but you never did

have a real place for a thing; and if

you had, you probably wouldn't keep

the thing in it—all the time. Would

you, Valerie?

"No, I suppose not," Valerie had

returned, "but you know I have visit-

ed John's mother. I shook her a

little, but I'm afraid, but she was very

kind.

"Wait till she is your mother-in-law,"

the well-meaning Eleanor had said.

Valerie had waited so happily, but

now—she thought of the silver teapot

"thirty-five years" thirty-five minutes

would be nearer the time I'd have

kept it in place!" she reflected.

She looked at John's mother curi-

ously, almost forgetting that she had

stayed in the house for a week with

her—on a crowded morning arrived

she was alarmed. In five minutes

John would be gone, actually gone,

for the entire day, and she would be

alone with her mother-in-law—yes, ac-

tually with her mother-in-law.

She looked at John very soberly

and let him take her hand under the

tablecloth. John smiled

fondly at her. They were having

breakfast, and John's mother, in

her own home for the first time,

thought John married exactly five

weeks, and they had come home from

their wedding trip on the previous

evening. The home was new only to

Valerie. It had been for many years

the home of John and John's widow

and mother.

John had explained to Valerie that

he might not leave his mother alone,

and again he smiled. His mother had

quilt her home, and almost unable to

adapt herself to a totally new environ-

ment. Valerie was quickly sympathet-

ic.

"She need not, John," she had said

reassuringly. "She is older than I

and I don't want to spoil any of her

life. I don't think she will go and

live with her. I want to be a horrid

typical daughter-in-law!" she had

warned conclusively.

John did not know exactly what she

meant by a typical daughter-in-law,

but he assured her again and again

that she could not possibly be any-

thing horrid. Their discussion of the

practical details of their future irrevo-

cably ended in such personal irrelevan-

ces.

Valerie certainly looked unlike any-

thing horrid as she gravely returned

John's smile. Her rose colored mus-

lin breakfast jacket, with its decora-

tions of black velvet bows artistically

sewed on at random, lighted charm-

ingly her fresh young face, and har-

monized prettily with the rose stuck

artificially at random in her curly

brown hair.

John's mother, about whom there

was nothing at random, glanced at

Valerie occasionally with an inner dis-

quiet almost equal to Valerie's alarm.

In a moment John would be gone, ac-

tually gone, for the entire day, and

she would be left alone with John's

wife-yves, actually with her daughter-

-in-law! She had also been amply pre-

pared and amply warned, touching the

inevitable emergency, but she also

looked soberly at John.

He thought that his mother was

thinking how beautiful it was to have

Valerie permanently in the house; and

again he smiled. His mother was gen-

tle and tender beneath all precision

and primness concerning which John

was so sure. Eleanor had solemnly warn-

ed Valerie that she should be ready to

attend to all the household affairs

and Valerie followed her.

"Do let me help you!" said Valerie.

"I don't know very much about house

keeping—but if you will tell me how,

I'd love to help about everything."

She was divided between a feeling

that she really ought to help and the

fear that John's mother might not be

derelict if John's mother expected her

to attend to all the household affairs</