





THE FRONT PORCH.

One hundred and thirty-nine, one hundred and forty, one hundred and forty-one, one hundred and forty-two, counted Mary Ellen Ward, depositing an egg in the hickory split basket with each count.

Mary Ellen stood in her little kitchen and saw in fancy the front porch that was to be hers at last after five years saying, "Maybe," she mused aloud, "there'll be paint enough left from the porch to paint the flower-stands and rocking-chairs white, too."

Mary Ellen undressed, saying to herself, "I'll have the railing spindles round, even if they are harder to clean." And as she lay wide-awake she kept imagining herself sitting with her sewing-machine out on the porch on hot afternoons, with the view of the beech woods and the blue of Williams Hill in the distance for her tired eyes.

She said it again the first thing on awaking at dawn; she went about her early work saying it, as if it were a lesson that she feared she would forget. When Robin was harnessed and she was seated by David, driving toward, she still kept saying it under her breath.

David set her down at the square, and she started to walk toward old Reuben Whittaker's house. But when she came to the door, she did a strange thing. She walked quickly past it and hurried on to Josiah Wrenn's dingy law office.

Coming out of the office a half-hour later, with a folded paper, Mary Ellen met Reuben. "Uncle Reuben," she said, "I've decided not to put up the porch this year. I hope the loss of the work won't put you out too much?"

"No, it won't," quavered Reuben. "I've got plenty of work. Don't you worry a mite!" and he patted her shoulder. On the way home Mary Ellen chattered gaily. David's cheerfulness matched her own, but Mary Ellen knew it was forced, and she nearly told him the good news then, instead of waiting to put the deed under his breakfast-plate.

The first day of April dawned with a golden sky. March had gone out like the veriest baby lamb; the cherry-tree in the yard was like a bride in a filmy veil, with four peach-tree maids in pink attending her; a byacinth had bloomed in the night; the jonquils were showing yellow tips to their buds.

But her breakfast preparations were interrupted. Just as the coffee-pot spout was beginning to steam, Mary Ellen heard a great clattering in the road, and lifting the sash curtain and peeping out, she saw two teams turn in at the big gate. The wagons were loaded with new lumber, and old Reuben Whittaker sat by the driver of the first team. Surely it was a dream! Or was the experience of yesterday a dream? Had she, after all, ordered the lumber? She took out the folded paper and opened it. No, she was not dreaming; here was the deed. David came in.

"Mary Ellen," he said, "we've been married five years this morning, and I have a surprise for you. I know how you've wanted a porch all these years, and I found that the hundred I've saved this year would just pay for it. The lumber's here, and Uncle Reuben Whittaker and his son all ready to begin."

Mary Ellen clasped David's neck, weeping. Then she laughed through her tears. "David," she said, "Great minds run in the same channel, I've got an anniversary present for you, too. I bought it with the egg money I've saved." And she handed David the deed to the three-cornered meadow.

David took the deed and read it, and his lean face quivered as he read. "Why, Mary Ellen," he said, "you don't know, you can't know what this means to me! If Peter had got hold of the meadow he'd never have let me have it at any price."

"But, David," Mary Ellen put in, "you're spending a hundred on the porch!"

David blushed like a boy. "I know I," she answered, "but that hundred was yours. I'd promised the porch to you, and the note was already overdue."

Mary Ellen hugged his neck tighter. "O David, I'm so happy I can't bear it!"

And then at the front of the house Reuben's first hammer-blows sounded. —T. D. Pendleton in the Youth's Companion.

Should She Marry?

The Woman—Who buys for the mere pleasure of buying; Who anticipates in married life a good, easy snap; Who thinks it cheaper to buy bread than make it; Who would rather die than wear the same bonnet the second season; Who wants to furnish her house every spring;

Who stays at home only because she has no other place to visit; Who thinks she can get \$5,000 worth of style out of a \$1,000 salary; Who does not realize how many pennies, nickies, dimes, quarters and halves there are in \$1;

Who marries in order to have some one pay her bills; Who thinks embroidered center-pieces and doilies are of more importance than sheets, pillow cases and blankets;

Who buys bric-a-brac for her drawing room and borrows kitchen utensils from her neighbors; Who cares more for the style of her winter furs than she does for the health and comfort of her family;

Who thinks the cook and the nurse-maid can run the house; Who weeps over the woes of the heroine in a trashy novel while ignoring domestic tragedies directly under her own nose.

skirt and her winter-before-last toque, David came in.

"David," she said, "I want to go to town in the morning. Can I have Robin to drive?"

David looked annoyed, almost embarrassed. Then he forced a smile, and answered, "Why of course you can, Mary Ellen. The fact is, I'm going in myself, and I'll drive you."

Mary Ellen understood the embarrassment; David was going to town to make a desperate effort to raise the money for the three-cornered meadow. She knew the hopelessness of it. At his father's death David had taken an oath never to mortgage a foot of his land, and in this hard year nobody would lend it to him on any other terms. Grimes would make no concession to sentiment; the man with the cash would get the three-cornered meadow, and that man would not be David.

Mary Ellen undressed, saying to herself, "I'll have the railing spindles round, even if they are harder to clean." And as she lay wide-awake she kept imagining herself sitting with her sewing-machine out on the porch on hot afternoons, with the view of the beech woods and the blue of Williams Hill in the distance for her tired eyes. Suddenly it occurred to her that she could see the meadow from the porch. She shivered as if a cold wind had blown on her; then she said aloud, "Yes, I'll have the spindles round."

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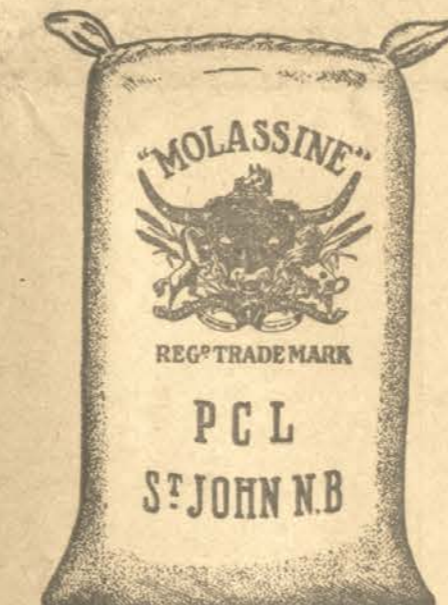
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Advertisement for STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO. LIMITED featuring "LION" BRAND OF RED CLOVER SEED and "ERMINES" BRAND OF TIMOTHY SEED. Includes text: "CANADA'S GREATEST SEED HOUSE. SEND FOR OUR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG."

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is made in England and is recognized by the leading veterinary surgeons in Great Britain—used in all mounted departments of the British Army—large Cartage Companies—Omnibus Companies—and all owners of horses having heavy work to do or for show or breeding purposes. It is

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"MOLASSINE MEAL" is not only a good food itself but enables the animal fed on it to obtain the full nourishment from all other food. When MOLASSINE MEAL is fed regularly three times a day, you have no waste fodder of any kind. It costs you less for feed and the animals obtain more nourishment.

The Molassine Co., Ltd. London, England. Distributors for Canada: L. C. Prime Co., Ltd., St. John, N.B. 402 Board of Trade Bldg., Montreal Pacific Building, Toronto.

A Boy's Advice.

Sometimes it takes a boy to put things plainly and tersely. I once heard from the lips of a boy one of the most sensible pieces of advice that I ever heard from any one. I will omit the details of the situation, as it will suffice to say that a question arose one day as to which of two orders should be obeyed, a certain person having received from two in authority slightly different instructions in regard to some work to be done. The matter was of no importance, and it was merely in fun that this perplexed person hesitated between the two orders. But the boy solved the problem, and he could not have done better if it had been the most serious matter in the world. "Mind the highest boss!" he called out, hearty of voice and lusty of lung. "Mind the highest boss, and you'll always keep out of trouble."

If you think a thing, think it strong enough to live it, even though you may be too wise to argue about it. —Emily Lloyd.

Advertisement for SPARKLING WATER, cool and sweet, refreshes the farmer who builds a Concrete Well or Tank. Includes illustration of a farmer and a well.

Advertisement for Canada Cement Company Limited. Includes text: "THE FARMER, above all others, appreciates good water. He drinks more water than the city man." and "CONCRETE IS THE IDEAL MATERIAL FOR TANKS AND WELL-CASINGS."

Vertical text on the left margin containing various small notices and advertisements.

THE CASKET,

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THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1913.

HISTORY OF HATRED,

Continued from page 1. generation which surpassed the most extravagant fictions of romance or poetry, add possessed their uniformed, though often well-meaning, hearers and readers with lasting and general abhorrence of these people.

The effects of this villainous campaign was seen in the north, where Dr. Curry, who was then living, tells us, in his Historical Review, some of the people of Lurgan entered into a conspiracy to destroy all their Catholic neighbors in their beds.

We are writing the history of hatred by Protestants of the Catholic Church in Ireland; the hatred which has been manifested so much within the year last past in the North-East counties of Ulster.

For, in later times, we look on it as almost wholly a political policy. However, far the better educated "big game" of the Protestant Ascendancy in Ireland, believed in the "most shocking fables" in the reign of George II, we are very skeptical of their believing in them at all in the reign of George V, or even in the reign of Victoria.

But the policy of division remained, after the "fables" had been strained out of the minds of the ruling classes. The policy remained; a rotten land system remained; a "corner" in patronage remained; and therefore there went up the long, loud unceasing cry that "the Protestant Ascendancy" was necessary to the safety of the Empire, and that the only men in Ireland who were really fit to be blessed with the British Constitution were a few thousand landlords, and a few hundred thousand descendants of the victims of the policy of hatred — themselves victims thereof as much as ever their forefathers were.

The Temperance Question.

Mr. Editor: The attention of the members of the League of the Cross should be brought to the interesting and most instructive articles published in the American Ecclesiastical Review on Alcoholism and Temperance by Dr. Austin O'Mally.

abstinence, but must also try and reform and cure the drunkard by every possible means, natural and supernatural. There are today treatments for removing the alcoholic toxins out of a man's body.

Our London Letter.

LONDON, Feb. 12, 1913.

CATHOLIC ORGANIZATIONS.

There used to be a cry which very often fell upon empty air so far as Catholics were concerned. It was the cry of "Organise! Organise!" It has been followed by many bodies of varying aims, in particular by the Socialists, and that female portion of the population which hankers after the vote.

These signs of unity and organisation on our part in things secular as well as things of the faith only serve to emphasize the confusion which reign in the National Church on the essential things of faith.

ANGLICAN CHURCH ORNAMENTS.

Evidently the Bishop of Manchester is of this mind, for he proposes that Anglicanism shall relinquish those Roman emblems which have become so dear to a section of its fold.

ACTIVITIES OF LENTEN SEASON.

This week our activities have been of a quieter description than usual. Cardinal Bourne, who confirmed a large number of candidates at the Cathedral on Sunday, has not paid any public visits.

celebrate his silver jubilee, has been busy with his visitations of the Diocese, and several missionaries have been drawing crowded congregations in various parts of London.

AN APPEAL FROM THE HEBRIDES.

Some time ago a gallant Priest visited England from the far shores of the outer Hebrides. Father McClymont visited many cities and towns in his tour, and as a result returned with sufficient means to begin his new Church on the storm swept islands where the folk has been preserved by the fisherfolk through all the changing years of the Reformation period.

BEQUESTS.

The flourishing Dumfries branch of the S. V. P. Society has benefitted to the sum of £200 by the will of the late Mrs. Hugh Cunningham of that city, who left £200 to Conference.

THE SUFFRAGETTE TERROR.

The Suffragettes have distinguished themselves this week by blowing up a partly finished house intended for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but which was, unfortunately, not his property.

ST. WINIFRID'S WELL THREATENED.

Science, which attacks everything by degrees, threatens the great miraculous Well of Wales, St. Winifrid's. A scheme of mine drainage for the district has been

devised, and is now waiting Parliamentary sanction, which will dry up the water of a vast area. The local authorities look upon this danger to the Well with no more pleasure than do the Catholics, for naturally the constant stream of pilgrims to the Well is a source of large income to the tradesmen and others of Pantisaph.

THE LIBERALS GAINING STRENGTH.

Much interest has been taken in the Chorley election, the result of which was declared yesterday. There are many Catholics in Chorley and the fight to capture their support was very keen. The Liberal candidate, taking it for granted that a Catholic was synonymous with an Irishman, put Home Rule in the forefront of his programme.

A K. OF C. OATH.

During the Presidential election campaign in the United States last year, copies of an alleged oath to be taken by members of the Knights of Columbus were circulated throughout the country.

The criminal libel case against Charles A. Swift had been concluded after evidence had been heard connecting the prisoner with printing and circulating what was alleged to be an oath taken by members of the Knights of Columbus.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Angus Boyd, Collector of Customs at Antigonish, is at the Hospital, suffering from an attack of pneumonia.

Mr. John H. Chisholm, of Chicago, arrived in Town on Tuesday, to see her father, Mr. James Somers, Brley Brook, who is seriously ill.

Mr. Norman Cunningham of Antigonish has gone to Montreal to secure stock for a new boot and shoe store, he proposes opening at Liverpool, N. S.

Mr. Willie P. Webb, who has been called home to have Bouchee by the illness of his step-brother, has again returned to Sydney, where he is clerk with Mr. Jas. A. Clark.

Miss Florence McKenzie graduated with honors as a trained nurse from the Littleton Hospital, Littleton, N. H., on February 5. She is now doing post graduate work at Cory Hill Hospital, Brookline, Mass.

1 car Gladstone flour, 1 car Beaver flour, choice oatmeal, rolled oats, beans, pot barley, gold dust cornmeal. O. B. Whidden & Son.

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References — Bishop Morrison, Antigonish, N. S. Rev. F. W. Kieley, P. E. North Sydney Rev. J. W. McIsaac, Bras d'Or, N. S. The Catholic Clergy of P. E. Island.







