

dressed and go himself to see it, and he made her lift him up twenty times to look at the shining eggs. Soon the cave grew bright again with spring flowers, snowdrops, wood anemones, lilies, and daffodils yellower than gold.

All his talk day by day was of home, and his dear mother, and the little sister who had promised to tend his rabbit. When night came, and he lay on his bed of leaves, he would peer above the coverlet and say:

"Granny, are we another day nearer France? How many days more is it now, granny?"

Then she would tell him, and choking back her grief, kiss his pretty face and turn away. So April came, full of sweet scents and flowers, and the days were counted on his little hands. First on both, then on one, and lo! the very day was here!

He was a little silent, a little awe-struck when they started—not full of joy, as she had thought he would be; and as she carried him through the wood, she felt the tight clinging of small arms about her neck, and many a kiss fell upon her withered cheek. She carried him all the way to the seaport, and he slept in her arms through the voyage.

When he first came to the cave he remembered the name of the town whence his father's ship had sailed, and she had treasured it in her memory; but they did not land at this place. So now they had many weary leagues to traverse, and it was bright June before they neared his home. She begged her way on, and they wanted for nothing on the road, for his beauty moved all hearts.

When they got close, quite close to his home, his poor granny walked very fast and eagerly, as if there was some fierce struggle in her heart and she feared the evil would conquer.

Once in the town, the little Gabriel's house was soon found, for it was the best there, with a bright garden, and windows covered with twining flowers. All the people knew the story of his father's ship having been captured by the English; and a seafaring man who had sailed at times with the Norman captain recognised the child with a great shout of joy and wonder. A crowd soon gathered round him and the woman—a crowd of wild, excited, happy people, who brought them to the mother's door.

And now his little sister ran out, crying "Gabriel! Gabriel!" and fell on his neck with many tears; and his mother stood fainting by, kneeling to thank God, and kneeling again to thank the old woman. Then, clasping her child in her arms, speechless and sobbing, forgetting all things but him, she went into her house, followed by her weeping friends.

"And his dear father died defending him!" cried some.

"Ah! the cruel English!" cried others.

All was passionate exclamation, wonder, joy, and clamour. Many minutes passed before they missed the woman who had brought them all this happiness. She was gone! She was already a weary mile on her way. How could she stay there to see him taken by another?

She never knew how pale his little face was as he clasped his hands and called her in piteous words to come back; she never knew how he cried for her that night till his own weary sobbing sent him to sleep.

She was lying then in the shadow of a great elm tree, looking up at the silent stars, and murmuring, "It is enough now, O Lord!"

I cannot tell you of her weary journey home, because I should weep. She had not the heart to beg, as she was in want often. And every spot reminded her of him. Here he was tired and she had put him to sleep on the soft grass, and sat, like Hagar, over against him, watching him. There he had played by the roadside, bending up the flowers she had gathered, and laughing as he put them against her withered cheek "to make his granny pretty." And here is the bank where he had sat eating his dinner so merrily, while she fetched him fresh water from the brook. Oh! how cold and dark the road was without him! Everything was dead.

She got home at last, she knew not how, to the old cave, and began the old life again. But often when she went up for roots she forgot to dig for them, and gathered flowers instead, and brought them home and laid them on the dead leaves where the child had slept. In her wanderings, too, she would stop to pick up a shining pebble, a crimson leaf glittering with dew, or a bright feather dropped from a bird's wing, forgetting she could not give them to him now. She laid them all on the little bed till he should "come back."

But sometimes the little couch of yellow leaves looked dead, and she would fancy he was lying there covered up, but cold; then she would tremble very much, and cry a little—the sad, sad tears that only aged eyes know.

And thus the autumn and the winter glided away. She was a worn woman now, minding herself so little that I think she must have starved, if the good hermit and the nuns had not helped her.

She never forgot to lay flowers on the child's bed, though she so often forgot her own roots and berries. Every night she knelt by the withered leaves to pray, and when she rose from her knees she always said, "God will let me see him again."

One day in the early spring, just as the snowdrops were peeping from the earth, a strange sailor came to her cave. He had spoken with a French ship at sea, and had promised the captain he would find her, and deliver a message from France. Little Gabriel was dead; and, in dying, he sent a tender word to her to say he dearly loved old granny, and he should see her

again in heaven. Well, she answered, she had known it long ago; she had always known he would die. That night, when she hid her face in the withered leaves, she altered not a word of her prayer, and on rising she said, as usual, "God will let me see him again."

A few days after this, the hermit, coming to the cave, found her on her knees by the child's bed, a little bunch of white violets in her hand. He touched her; she was quite dead.

A DINNER FOR FOUR.

Jay Charlton, the New York correspondent of the *Danbury News*, gives us the following:

BILL OF FARE.

- First Course—Mock turtle soup.
- Second Course—Macaroni with tomato sauce.
- Third Course—Calf's brains with spinach.
- Fourth Course—Beefsteak broiled with *maitre d'hotel* sauce. Potato roses.
- Fifth Course—Calf's tongue—scaloped tomatoes, string-beans.
- Sixth Course—Rice pudding, preceded and followed by cheese.
- Seventh Course—Oranges with sugar. Coffee.

MOCK TURTLE SOUP.

Take a large calf's head, which will only cost ten cents, crack and remove the brains, which may be saved for a separate dish; and then place the head in a large pot with a fifteen-cent soup-bone. Cover with four quarts of cold water, add some parsley, a stalk of celery or some young celery plant, three cloves and as many whole allspice, four pepper corns, salt, a small carrot and one turnip. Let this boil three hours, skimming carefully the first hour. Take out the head and remove enough of the fatty portions which lie on the top of the head and the cheeks to fill a teacup. Set these and the tongue aside, and return the head to the pot, letting it simmer slowly two hours more. Then take the soup from the fire, strain through a colander and set away until the next day. There should not be more than a quart of this stock. The next day remove the fat and put the stock on the fire to warm. As soon as hot strain through a fine wire sieve and return to the fire. When it boils, drop in the meat you have reserved, cut in small dice. Have these ready as well as the force meat balls. To prepare the latter, rub fine the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, add the beaten yolk of one egg, one tablespoonful of melted butter, a little salt, pepper, flour enough to handle. Flour your hands and roll this into little balls the size of a hazelnut. Throw these into the soup, thicken with a tablespoonful of browned flour, let it boil five minutes, finish the seasoning with a wine-glass of sherry and the juice of half a lemon, and serve with slices of lemon on the top. This soup I had made on Saturday, and as I had more than was necessary for Sunday's dinner, I had placed a bowlful on the ice, with some of the uncooked egg ball. The whole cost of the soup for two dinners, serving four persons each time, did not exceed forty cents. This soup is almost as delicious as the real turtle soup.

MACARONI WITH TOMATO SAUCE.

Break half a pound of macaroni into salted boiling water, let it boil twenty minutes and drain, carefully shaking out all the water. For the sauce, stew, for half an hour, half a can of tomatoes, with an onion, some parsley and celery, and a bit of carrot cut fine, thicken with a tablespoonful of flour, add a lump of butter, salt and pepper, and strain through a fine sieve. There should be a pint of this sauce, which is much improved by half a cup of soup stock or of roast-beef gravy, from which the fat must be removed. Stir into the macaroni (which should either have been kept warm, or cooked at the same time with the sauce), a tablespoonful of butter and three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Pour over it the sauce and after letting it steam for a few minutes, send to table, passing a plate of grated cheese around with it. Macaroni comes in five sizes, the smallest, which is little larger than vermicelli, is the best. The larger kinds take much longer to cook, and are doughy when done. Cost of this dish, allowing for butter and cheese, about thirty cents.

CALF'S BRAIN SAUTÉD.

Wash the brain in lukewarm water and clean well, removing all blood, fibres and skin; place in a bowl of cold water, in which you have put a little vinegar, and let it stand two or three hours. Cut in four pieces, dip in beaten egg, roll in bread crumbs and *sauté* in hot drippings. When cooked lay upon a hot dish; put a piece of butter in the pan, and when melted stir in a teaspoonful of flour; pour on a half-cup of hot soup stock, or if you do not have it, hot water. Throw in a little parsley, a few drops of lemon juice, and salt. Season lightly with pepper, and pour through a gravy strainer over the dish containing the brains. Send to table with spinach which has been boiled, drained, seasoned with pepper and salt, and garnished with a hard boiled egg cut in dice. The cost of this course was not more than fifteen cents.

For the next course I was obliged to depend upon the skill of my girl, as it had to be cooked during the first part of the dinner. The beefsteak, a fine thick one, was broiled and laid upon a hot dish, with bits of butter spread over it. A tablespoonful of minced parsley was sprinkled on, with a little lemon juice, pepper

and salt. The dish was then covered and put in the oven for two or three minutes to allow the meat to absorb the seasonings. This is a simple *maitre d'hotel* sauce. For the potato roses, pare about eight medium-sized round potatoes. Then with a small penknife pare the potatoes round and round in a thin shaving; these will fall into a shape somewhat resembling roses. Drop them in ice water until you are ready to fry them. Have ready a pan half-full of hot drippings, dry the potatoes with a towel, lay them in the fat, which must be boiling, and fry until they are a light brown. If you have the pan of fat ready, these can be cooked while the steak is in the oven. These dishes cost sixty cents, including even the fat used in frying.

The tongue being already cooked, required only a sauce; this I made early in the day, by putting in a crockery stewpan an ounce of bacon, cut in dice, some parsley, two onions, a bit of carrot, two cloves, salt, pepper, and a half pint of stock; this was simmered an hour or more and then strained and returned to the pan. Just before serving the tongue was laid in the sauce, and the whole heated. The scalloped tomatoes were made from the half can, left after making sauce for the macaroni. Butter four small dishes, or, better still, large oyster shells. Put in a layer of fine cracker crumbs, then one or two tomatoes, with some of the juice, another layer of cracker crumbs, with a piece of butter the size of a hickory nut, and salt and pepper. These are browned in a hot oven for ten or fifteen minutes. The string-beans were of course canned, and for the small sum of thirty-five cents, with the double throw in, I added a fifth course to my dinner. Next came rice pudding which was made early in the morning and left on ice for several hours. This if carefully made after the following recipe is indeed the queen of puddings. Measure three even tablespoonfuls of sugar, wash the rice in hot water, allowing the rice to stand half an hour in the last water. Then drain and put in a large pudding dish, with one quart of milk, half a teacup of sugar, a teaspoonful of butter, and a little salt. Grate nutmeg over the top and put in a moderate oven. To insure success attend to this yourself while baking; it should cook slowly two hours. After the first half hour stir the rice from the bottom, and three times, allow a rich creamy crust to rise to the top, which must be broken in each time. If it gets too thick add more milk; this will not happen, however, unless you have been too liberal with the rice or the oven is too hot. When cold the pudding should be of the consistency of boiled custard, and a more delicious compound is seldom tasted. This, with half a dozen oranges and coffee, added thirty cents more to the cost of the dinner. The oranges were cut with a sharp knife, sugared, and left on ice until wanted.

At a cost of two dollars my little dinner was completed, and I was more than repaid for the trouble by the evident satisfaction with which each dish was partaken of by my husband and his guests.

GRAND HOTEL AT CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

Now, when many of our readers are debating in their minds where they shall spend the coming summer months, the illustration which we give of the Grand Hotel at Caledonia Springs, may perchance come to a solution of a difficulty, which, in these times especially, requires deliberate consideration.

The view presented hardly shows the magnitude of the establishment, but is selected as showing the house just as it appears to the visitor on his arrival. It is evident that in the construction and furnishing no expense has been spared; the arrangements throughout are of the most perfect and convenient character, and the entire institution will compare most favorably with any of the hotels of the great American watering places, and is certainly not excelled by the best. As a temple of a perfectly arranged and self-contained establishment under the best management, the Grand Hotel is well worthy inspection. Everything throughout is of the most modern character; the accommodation is about 300 rooms, large and airy; the parlors, dining-room, &c., commodious and luxuriously fitted up; the bathing departments of the most complete character. The Piazza, which is a great feature, is open from ground to roof, 20 feet in width and nearly 300 feet long, and remarkable for its beauty and grandeur.

Quite detached is what is known as the amusement hall, a large building in itself, containing ball, billiard and bowling alleys, &c. The entire premises are lit with gas and supplied with water; for a chilly or damp day a steam heating apparatus is provided; all comforts and conveniences will in short be found that the most discriminating could desire, and with the innumerable means of recreation and enjoyment provided for all, a pleasant time may be looked forward to at the Caledonia Springs this season.

The whole management is conducted on a first-class scale, and the moderate rates established will be found to meet the views of the most economical. On the 30th of May the house will be open for the reception of guests, and remain open till October.

Of the virtues of the waters it is needless for us to speak, their great efficacy in all rheumatic or cutaneous affections, and their general re-

generating qualities being widely known; while as a place of resort for all seeking the fresh clear, country air and rest or recreation, no more popular place than the Springs could be desired.

The Springs are within easy and pleasant access from either Montreal or Ottawa by the boats of the Ottawa River Navigation Company, and by the Montreal and Ottawa Railway to L'Orignal, on the Ottawa river, where the coaches of the Grand Hotel are met.

The property is vested in the Grand Hotel Company whose headquarters are at Ottawa and Caledonia Springs.

1877.

On the morning of Sunday, 13th of May, a telegram was received announcing news of the missing Steamship *City of Brussels*, to the effect that she had been spoken by the sister ship *City of Richmond*, and that she was making way under canvas, her shaft being broken, but that she was otherwise safe, and her passengers in good hope and spirits, a despatch to that effect being at once sent to all the churches in the city at that time holding divine service. The officiating ministers read the good news aloud in hearing of the congregation, and then expressed the devout thankfulness of all in prayer.

On God's most holy day,
Flash'd o'er the "wire,"
These words,—which chased away
Despairing thoughts of friends and wives, and sires:—
"The *City of Brussels* has been spoke!"
And, though indeed her "shaft" be broke,
Yet, under snowy sail
She braves the adverse gale,
And safely! by God's guiding hand
She slowly nears the wished-for land!"
So in each sacred fane
This news to hearts in pain
For friends deemed almost lost,
Or sadly tempest-tossed,
Came as a blessing given
By Him who rules in earth and Heaven.
Then to the Heavenly Throne,
From every soul as one,
Went up a cloud of prayer
Like incense rising fair!
And happy thoughts were born
On that day which in its morn'
Look'd so sad.
So, ever in this life
When misfortunes seem most rife
Our God can make us glad
By His power!
Then, to His holy will
Let us bend, and ever still
Trust His care, in e'en the most
Trying hour.

Montreal, 14th May, 1877.

E. L. M.

GOURMANDS! ATTENTION!

In the *Weekly Globe* of May 11th, there is an article headed "Why some people are poor?" There we read as follows: "Rags, strings, and paper are thrown away when they might be warmed, steamed, and served as good as new." This, certainly, is a cheap dish and therefore a very suitable one for a "Hard-Times' Party." The *Globe* does not give directions for preparing the dish. I have no doubt, however, that with abundance of flour, eggs, sugar, butter, raisins, and spices, or with beef, salt, pepper, and other articles of that kind, a very palatable one might be made. The rags, strings, or paper should be not more than one to two hundred and fifty. It is to be hoped that Prof. Blor will by and by be made aware of the *Globe's* discovery. He could turn it to good account in his lectures on cookery.

Métis, Que.

A READER.

OTTAWA RIVER NAVIGATION COMPANY.—There is no travelling route in the Dominion with all the counter attractions that may be offered that is more deservedly patronized, or more favorably regarded than that of the Ottawa River. The ever changing views and beauty of scenery, and its easy stops by rail and steamer, thus relieving all monotony and adding zest to the pleasure of the trip, is especially attractive to the tourist or business man. The steamers are efficiently commanded, and every courtesy and attention is given to the wants of the travelling public. Tickets for a day's trip at one fare give those whose time is limited, a chance to recuperate, while most liberal arrangements are always obtainable by societies contemplating their annual festivals at any of the numerous places of interest on the route.

THE GLEANER.

EX-PRESIDENT GRANT will, on his arrival in England, have a special audience with the Queen, and will be the guest of Disraeli.

A THING to be remembered is that Russia dates according to the Old Style. In the arrangement of telegrams, therefore, great confusion is likely to arise. It will be easy to remember that the difference in our modes is just a dozen days.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence, Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only.

J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.