

BAKED PARSNIPS.—Served by this method an invalid may partake of this vegetable, when fried parsnips would be out of the question. Wash, scrape and slice, drop into boiling water sufficient to just cover them. When tender, remove to a buttered baking dish, and pour over them a half-pint of the water in which they were cooked; baste often, until the liquid is absorbed and the parsnips delicately browned. Serve very hot.

PARSNIP CROQUETTES.—Boil in water with a little salt until perfectly tender. When cold, scrape off the skin and mash them, and to each cupful of the parsnip add a half cupful of bread crumbs, a beaten egg and salt and pepper to taste. Flour the hands and make in balls, brown in hot butter and lard, equal parts, and serve hot. These are nice as an entree or as a breakfast dish.

PARSNIP FRITTERS.—Scrape and grate raw parsnips on a coarse grater; to two cupfuls of the grated parsnip add a cupful of milk, two eggs, a teaspoonful of baking powder, and flour to make the mixture of the consistency of batter. Drop from a spoon in hot lard and fry.

CREAMED PARSNIPS.—Boil tender, scrape, and cut into slices a third of an inch thick. Put over the fire with two tablespoonfuls of butter, pepper and salt, and a little minced parsley. Shake until the mixture boils. Dish the parsnips, add to the sauce three tablespoonfuls of cream in which has been stirred a quarter of a spoonful of flour. Boil once and pour over the parsnips.

PARSNIPS IN SALADS.—Cold boiled parsnips chopped and added to a vegetable salad improve it more than one would suspect. An acceptable relish can be made as follows: Chop beets, potatoes, carrots and parsnips, or whatever vegetables you have on hand; peas, beans and shall beans are good but not indispensable. This is the great advantage of a vegetable salad: no one vegetable is indispensable, while all are welcome adjuncts. Place the chopped vegetables in a salad bowl, mix well, pour over a mayonnaise dressing, and garnish with sprigs of parsley. You will now have a dish that will encourage you to repeat your culinary experiment.

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In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men
His right arm shall shield thee then.

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THE

Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa.

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In Memoriam.

The Women of Ottawa Pay Tribute to Queen Victoria—Eloquent Address by Mrs. Geo. E. Foster—A Poem by W. Wilfrid Campbell.

Official Report of the Corresponding Secretary.

THE regular meeting of the Women's Canadian Historical Society for the month of January, was held on the second Friday, at 4 o'clock, in the Y.M.C.A. hall. There was a good attendance of members. After the reading of the minutes, of the correspondence, and the reports of the Executive and the various committees, Mrs. O. J. Jolliffe read the paper for the day, entitled, "An Historical Sketch of Fitzroy Township in the County of Carleton," one of the most interesting papers presented during the year. An unusually interesting discussion followed, in which an old resident of the township took part, recalling some experiences of forty years ago—the meeting adjourned shortly after five.

A memorial meeting in honor of Her Majesty Queen Victoria was held on Friday afternoon, February 1st, at 4 o'clock, in the customary Y.M.C.A. hall. It was a memorable occasion in the history of our society. Never had there been so large an attendance, the seating capacity of the hall being insufficient. The platform and the walls were draped in black and flags, the Queen's portrait shrouded in purple and black was on the right of the platform, and the table was laden with white narcissus. Looking down on the audience the sight was an impressive one, the black clothing and the sorrowful faces speaking eloquently of the real grief of Canadian women. Mrs. Geo. E. Foster, the president, opened the meeting with a short address, which perfectly expressed the feeling of the hour, and delivered, as it was, by a voice hardly steady under the emotion which the speaker could not control, visibly affected every woman present. She said: "We are met here to-day to do reverence to the memory of our beloved Queen. Our Queen whom we call dead, but who lives more truly than during all the years of her earthly reign. As a Women's Historical Society, we revere the memory of one who more than any other sovereign has moulded history to a remarkable degree, and the radiance of whose life will illumine its pages for all years to come. We have honored Victoria as woman, wife, mother and Queen. Through all the trials and triumphs that came to her in these different stages of her life she was ever grand and good. Tender in her sympathy, true in her friendship, faithful in her love, caring always for the welfare of her subjects; no wonder she was so loved, no wonder she is so honored. Among all her subjects, none loved her more than little children who never saw her, and it is touching to read that one of the last acts of Her Majesty was to give an order respecting the memorial sent her by the children of Canada. A little boy, son of a French lady, one of our members, said on the morning of the day

on which the Queen died, 'Mamma, I did not forget to pray for the Queen this morning, nor for the poor princess who could not come to her.' This is the spirit of sympathy, of affection in all our homes, and we but voice the thought uppermost in all hearts to-day when we say, 'If love could have kept her, Victoria had not died.' Not long ago, we sent of our bravest and best to a distant land. There Canadians fought for their Queen, and their life-blood drenched the heated sands or was poured out on the rugged hills of South Africa. Here and there Canadian women, pressing down their grief, still talked of the dear old flag, and still said, though with faltering voice, 'God Save the Queen.' Canadian hearts beat very close to the heart of the Mother Country in those days of sacrifice and struggle, of conquest and of death. In the opening days of this new century an enemy has crept through castle walls, an enemy that could not be fought with gun or sword, 'the last enemy that shall be destroyed.' Death but touched the frail body, and while millions who would have died for the Queen stood dumb and helpless, even while they waited, the mortal sank. Victoria passed on and the nations of the world sat down and lamented. Last year, amid the clash of arms and smoke of battle, we said, 'Britain's cause is our cause, Britain's Queen is our Queen, our hearts are one.' To-day, sitting in the shadow of a great sorrow, we reach out hands to the Mother Land and say, 'Britain's grief is our grief, Britain's Queen was our Queen, our hearts are one.'

Mrs. Arthur McConnell played on the heavily draped piano Beethoven's funeral march. Mrs. Whitley, of Melbourne, Australia, sang "Eternal Rest." Then followed the reading of a paper, "A Eulogy of the Queen, wise, just, tender," presented by Mrs. W. Wilfrid Campbell. It was an eloquent paper, concluded by the reading of a noble poem, not yet published, by W. Wilfrid Campbell, our Canadian poet, of whom we are justly so proud, on the death of the Queen, one of the finest which has come from his pen.

Among other things she said, "When Victoria came to the throne, in 1837, the colonies, though numerous and widely scattered, were in a very different position, both in importance and in their relation to the Empire, from what they are to-day. The reign opened inauspiciously in Canada, but we have been wisely permitted to work out our own fate, secure in the protection of the Mother Country, and participating in that feeling of confidence which under her reign steadily increased throughout the Empire, and of which the largest factor was undoubtedly affection and respect for the sovereign, and which culminated in that glorious and spontaneous burst of loyalty throughout the Empire, which it was her privilege to see before her death. Moderation and freedom for all classes have characterized the reign. Through the years, we as a colony have grown to large stature and our powers have developed, though only recently have we awakened to a realization of our responsibilities as a part of the Empire. In the past we have thought much of our rights and privileges, little of our responsibilities and obligations. The time has now come when these have to be considered first, when our interest must be widened until they are one with those of the Empire of which we are no small portion."

It is to be hoped that the spirit aroused by the recent crisis in the Empire is an indication of a broader national spirit and a promise of still wider growth. It is to be hoped that we shall not forget to inculcate in our children the great principles and the traditions which underlie our constitution, and which have been handed down to us through a past from which we cannot, if we would, separate ourselves without losing our identity.

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Justice is not always done to our sovereigns. While it was formerly the custom to deal with history only through the kings, now it has become rather the fashion to regard their influence only from the standpoint of their weaknesses or vices, ignoring their good parts, so that we are really unconsciously distorting them by studying them merely from the republican standpoint. Yet from whatever standpoint, whatever allowances be made, for the age, circumstances or environment, Victoria the Great, the Good, the Just, stands pre-eminent among those royal characters whose names have adorned the pages of history. I speak dispassionately. There is a finality about the question which leaves no room for passion or dispute. Hers were all those qualities which constituted the greatness of her predecessors, but tempered by wise moderation and unmarred by weakness or vices."

Mrs. Gwynne moved, seconded by Lady Ritchie, a resolution of sympathy on behalf of the Society, addressed to the Governor-General, which was adopted by a standing vote.

This most interesting and memorable meeting was brought to a close by singing "God Save the King," as an expression of the continued loyalty of Canadian women to the son of the good Queen."

S. F.

A Scotch clergyman, named Fraser, claimed the title and estates of Lord Lovat. He tried, on the trial of the case, to establish his pedigree by producing an ancestral watch on which were engraved the letters S. F.

The claimant alleged that these letters were the initials of his ancestor, the notorious Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, beheaded in 1747 for supporting the Young Pretender. The letters, engraved under the regulator, were shown to stand for *Simon Fraser*, and the case was laughed out of court.