



TO AN IRISH THRUSH. (By Denis A. McCarthy.) O, little Irish thrush, Hush, O hush! I hear you singing in the morning bright, At glowing noon I heard you, and at night; And, O, your song, to others gay and glad, To me is sweet, so sweet! but, ah, so sad! So hush and do not sing! Your minstrelries such poignant memories bring, That tears will flow, All the dreams revived of long ago!

O, little Irish thrush, Hush, O hush! You are an exile like myself, and so I can detect an undertone of woe In all your singing, though your master here, Dull with content, it does not pierce his ear. So hush, and sing no more, My heart is full, my eyes are running o'er Because your song Recalls old days I deemed were buried long!

O, little Irish thrush, Hush, O hush! Your jovial master thinks that you are gay, He hears with pride your singing all the day, He thinks you are content, and that you ne'er Long for the Irish woods, the Irish air— So hush, and do not sing, Let not for souls like his your music ring, And for my sake, Hush, little exile, or my heart will break!

—Rosary Magazine.

RECIPES.

Eggs a la Carcas.—Grate or chop very fine two ounces of smoked beef, add one cupful of thick canned tomatoes, or three fresh ones skinned and cut fine, one-quarter of a cupful of grated cheese, ten drops of onion juice, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, a dash of cayenne. In a chafin dish melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add the above mixture, cover and cook until smoking hot. Turn in quickly three well beaten eggs and stir until a creamy consistency. Extinguish the light and serve.

Stewed Celery.—Six heads of celery, one-half pint of white stock, three tablespoonfuls of cream, butter and flour, one blade of mace, pepper and salt. Wash the celery, strip off the outer leaves, and cut into lengths of two inches; put these into a stewpan with the stock and stew until tender for about 25 minutes; then add the cream, mace, pepper and salt and a little butter and flour, simmer for five minutes, then serve.

Prune Pie.—Wash thoroughly three-quarters of a pound of prunes; let them stand covered with water overnight; then cook until tender, cool and remove the stones. Have a perforated pie pan nicely lined with paste; put in prunes, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of butter in bits, grated rind and juice of half a lemon, scant half teaspoonful of salt, sprinkling of flour from the dredger and the prune juice. Cover with paste, and bake about thirty minutes.

Potato Soup.—A dozen large, mealy potatoes, one pound of salt pork, one tablespoonful of butter, one well-beaten egg, two onions, three quarts of water, one cupful of milk or cream. Boil the pork in the clear water for an hour and a half, then take it out. Have ready the potatoes, which, after being peeled and sliced, should be left in cold water for half an hour. Throw these into the pot with the chopped onion, cover and boil three-quarters of an hour, stirring often. Beat in butter, eggs and milk, adding carefully a little at a time, stir while it heats to a final boil. A cupful of cream adds very much to this.

Stuffed Beef Heart.—Wash thoroughly to remove all clotted blood, then cut off the tough lobe and gristly edges. Lay in small deep dish and cover with equal parts of vinegar and water for three hours. Drain and fill with stuffing made with twice as many bread crumbs as chopped fat salt pork and a good seasoning of thyme, parsley, salt and pepper. Tie in a floured cloth; place open end up in a saucepan, pour in sufficient boiling water to half cover, and simmer very slowly for three hours. Remove the cloth, dust thickly with flour and roast in a quick oven until well colored—about three-quarters of an hour—basting twice with salt pork fat. Serve with a rich brown gravy.

Brown Bread.—Sift two cups of rye meal, add one teaspoonful of salt to one cup of Indian meal and sift; then mix with the rye, add one tablespoonful of wheat flour. Dissolve one tablespoonful of soda in a little warm water, add to it two cups of sour milk and mix this with three-fourths of a cup of molasses. Mix and beat until smooth. Grease the brown bread tin, pour in the batter and steam three and a half hours.

Tapioea Whip.—Soak three tablespoonfuls of fine tapioea in water for an hour. Drain thoroughly, add one quart of milk and cook in a double boiler until the tapioea looks clear. Separate the whites and yolks of four eggs; beat the yolks with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, add to the tapioea and stir until slightly thicker; whip the whites of two of the eggs to a stiff, dry froth and add to the tapioea, stirring over the fire for two minutes, set aside until cool, then flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla, and, if desired, two tablespoonfuls of sherry. Whip the two remaining whites to a stiff meringue with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, heap on top of the cold whip and serve.

Cream Kisses.—To the whites of six eggs add one pound of sugar and beat fifteen minutes, then add one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and beat until stiff enough to stand alone. Flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla and one cup of chopped nuts. Drop on manilla paper, not buttered, and

take a very light brown; remove from the oven while still a little creamy inside.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH FATHER.

How many of you young girls are acquainted with your father? Some of you may feel indignant at that question. Others, as they think it over, will admit that they hardly know how it would be answered, so far as they themselves are concerned. Father's opportunities for intimacy with his daughters are limited, and unless both sides make the most of the chances that present themselves, neither knows what is in the heart of the other.

A girl who was very sick was conscious one morning that her father had come into the room and stood beside the bed, looking down upon her. It was such an effort to lift her heavy eyelids that she lay with closed eyes, and presently her father turned away. Then she summoned her resolution and opened her eyes. In a mirror across the room she saw a reflection of her father's face, a face so changed by tender sorrow that her heart contracted at the sight. And at once she found herself saying: "I must get well. Father loves me so, I did not know how father loved me." That grief-stricken face in the mirror showed the daughter something she had not known before. Her real acquaintance with her father dated from that hour.

It may be that father is off in the morning before you are down to breakfast, and that if he is at home in the evening you are occupied with your studies or with the society of your young friends. It may be that you are at a house party in the country, just at the time he has his vacation. And so it goes on from year to year, and though the same roof shelters you, and you meet daily round the same table, you have little chance for really getting acquainted. There is many a girl to whom her father's heart is an unread book, who never dreams of his love and pride in her, nor guesses that she hurts him by her seeming indifference. What better use could any of you make of the leisure of the summer than by employing it in getting acquainted with father?

The tea you buy may be good, but you may be quite sure it is, if it is "Salada." It is infinitely more delicious and decidedly more economical than other teas because it goes farther.

ORANGE SANDWICH.

Beat two tablespoonfuls of butter and three ounces of sugar to a stiff cream, add two eggs, one at a time, and beat each in thoroughly. Add half a gill of milk, stir in four ounces of flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix in the flour, do not beat it, as you wish the cake to rise flat. Divide the mixture into buttered and floured layer tins, spread evenly and quickly and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes. Turn out on a sieve to cool.

Now take the juice of half an orange and half a lemon, put them into a small pan, add a level tablespoonful of cornstarch, moistened with one gill of cold water, add the grated rind of half a lemon and four heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir over the fire till they thicken.

When cool spread between the two pieces of cake. This can be iced with orange icing.

To make the orange icing, pare the rind very thinly from one orange and soak it in the juice for one hour and a half. Sift eight ounces of confectioners' sugar into a basin, add the strained juice. Beat for a few minutes and spread on the cake. When dry cut into neat squares or triangles.

A NEW GOOD WORK.

The Sisters of Charity in charge of the Santa Maria Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio, have inaugurated a new work in connection with their visitation of the female prisoners in the county jail. To fill with useful employment the many idle hours the women must spend, the Sisters supply them with material for garments, which, when made, belong to the prisoners. The work and the knowledge that they are sewing for themselves arouse the interest of the poor unfortunate creatures, and this the Sisters work upon in their efforts to lead them to a better life, where their term of imprisonment expires. It is the hope of the Sisters to make this new work an important one among the many departments of the Santa Maria Institute, and they hope eventually to be able to open a house as a refuge for released women prisoners, where they can remain until honest employment is obtained for them, and thus give them a new and perhaps a better chance for a good and successful life.

Gentleness is woman's sweetest quality. Frowns, a loud tone of voice, anger, disturbing emotions should rightly be foreign to woman's nature. You can master your sharp tongue and hurried temper only by self-control. When you feel yourself "chocking with rage" get away from the object of your violent thoughts. Hasten to a place of silence and solitude, then ask yourself if it is worth while to gather clouds upon a pretty face. Every burst of temper adds to your age. This fact alone should scare you into being an angel.

A RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.

It is simply when you rise in the morning to form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving striver in themselves as light as air—will do it, at least for twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it that it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time into eternity. Look at the result. You

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send one person—only one—happily through the day; that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of a year; and suppose you live only forty years after you commence this course you have made fourteen thousand six hundred human beings happy, at least for a time. Now, worthy reader, is not this simple? We do not often indulge in a moral dore; but this is so small a pill that no one needs curiant jelly to disguise its flavor, and requires to be taken but once a day, that we feel warranted in prescribing it. It is most excellent for digestion, and a promoter of pleasant slumber.

A LITTLE SYMPHONY.

To live content with small means, to seek elegant simplicity, rather than luxury; to be worthy, respectable and refined rather than fashionable and rich; to listen to the stars and birds and flowers, and to the babes and sages with an open heart; to study hard and think quickly; to bear all cheerfully—do all bravely and wait occasions—never hurrying—and never speaking ill of another—in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious possibilities grow up to the common, every-day duty—this should be the symphony of every true woman's life.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Lake of the Woods Massacre

(University of Ottawa Review.)

In the months of July and August of the present year important discoveries were made which have brought to a successful finish a search which began over a century ago. The site of Fort St. Charles and the remains of Father Aulneau and La Verandrye together with those of nineteen voyageurs, have been found in an inlet in the northwest angle of the Lake of the Woods.

Expedition after expedition has endeavored through the last century, particularly in the latter part, to locate the ancient fort and the burial place of young Verandrye, Father Aulneau and their dauntless companions who suffered death at the

vengeance on their foes. Verandrye directed his efforts towards the recovery of the bodies of his murdered friends. The mortal remains were found on an island a few miles from the inlet. Father Aulneau's heart had been pierced with an arrow, and young Verandrye had received his death wound in the sacrum. The unfortunate victims were found decapitated and scalped. The remains were given a temporary burial. Later on they were transferred to Ft. St. Charles, where they were interred beneath the chapel with the solemnities of the Church.

A few years after this calamity, Ft. St. Charles was abandoned, and for over a century and a half all traces of it have been lost. In the early part of the last century some attempts had been made to discover the site, but were unsuccessful on account of the scarcity of documents, and the crudeness of the map of the Lake of the Woods. During recent years researches in the Archives of Paris and Ottawa have brought to light some documents which gave a clue to the location of Ft. St. Charles. Notes taken from these by Judge Prudhomme, together with some information given by an Indian chief, Audagnino Winoni, and some discoveries made in former expeditions, in which Archbishop Langevin took part, have aided materially in locating the site of Fort St. Charles and the precious relics it contained.

On July 10 of this year, equipped with this information, a party of Jesuit Fathers from St. Boniface, led by Rev. Father Dugas, rector of St. Boniface College, undertook another expedition, which was by no means easy. After reaching the inlet, the probable vicinity of the much-looked-for site, the search was begun with diligence on the north side of the inlet. This continued for some time without much success. After while, upon the advice of Father Pagnin, who had been looking over the notes, the scene of operations was changed to the south side of the inlet. The shore was examined closely, and a small bay, answering the description in the notes, was found. Shortly after this, the efforts of the Fathers were crowned with success. The ground about the bay was examined;



Three little things which all agree. The kettle the teapot & BLUE RIBBON TEA

hands of the Sioux at an early period of Canadian history. The efforts of the Jesuit Fathers of St. Boniface College, who have been very persistent of later years in the search, have been crowned with success and the bones of the martyred missionary together with those of La Verandrye and the voyageurs now rest in St. Boniface College.

The story of the massacre in the Lake of the Woods is a story of the hazards which faced the early French pioneers and missionaries of our country in their endeavor to bring civilization and the light of faith among the Indian tribes.

In 1732 Sieur de la Verandrye, of Montreal, led an expedition to the west. Father Mésurier, a Jesuit, accompanied them. The voyage was fraught with many dangers owing to the vast wilderness they were obliged to traverse, and the hordes of savages who inhabited them. Upon reaching the above mentioned inlet, they established a fort which they called St. Charles. They were fortunately treated with friendliness by the Cree Indians in whose territory the fort was situated, and they carried on trade with the latter. In the fourth year after their arrival, through various circumstances, they were pressed for the want of food, so they were compelled to send to Michilimackinac, at the head of Lake Superior, to get provisions. Some time previous to this, Father Aulneau, a young man of scholarly attainment, had joined the party at Ft. St. Charles. He was a linguist of more than ordinary ability, and had mastered several Indian tongues. He was engaged at the time in instructing the Crees in their own language. When Verandrye was about to send the voyageurs, nineteen in number, on their journey, Father Aulneau expressed the desire that he might accompany them, and also that Jean Baptiste, son of Sieur de la Verandrye, might lead the party. The Sieur consented. On June 3rd, 1736, the fearless little band set out on what was an extremely hazardous enterprise. They were warned to take every possible precaution to avoid the Sioux, who were at the time at war with the Crees, and suspected the French of siding with the latter. The adventurers bade adieu to their friends at the fort, and that was the last time that they were seen alive. A few weeks afterwards the garrison received the dismal intelligence of the appalling massacre of their beloved ones. They learned that scarcely had the voyageurs left Ft. St. Charles, before they were set upon by the Sioux, who had been lurking in the neighborhood. La Verandrye, though greatly grieved at the disaster, refrained from any hostilities with the Sioux, and restrained the Crees, who had become infuriated at the terrible news, from wreaking

first, the bases of the chimneys which had figured in the descriptions, were found on an island a few miles from Traces of a former habitation began to multiply, till finally the explorers had not only found articles used by civilized people, but also the location of the chapel and the line of palisades. Human bones buried in a heap were unearthed within the fort. A few days later the search was continued, in which Judge Prudhomme took part. The skeletons of Father Aulneau and of Jean Baptiste de la Verandrye were found buried together, while the skulls of the other nine were near their bones being buried in a separate heap. Several small articles worn by priests of the period were discovered in close proximity, and other discoveries were made which identify beyond a doubt the remains of the missionary and the dauntless voyageurs. G. W., '06.

The Oldest Postmaster in Canada

"In all you speak, let truth and candour shine."—Pope.

The Globe of 12th inst., contains an interesting account of the starting of the Rural Mail Delivery between Hamilton and Ancaster, by Mr. Geo. Ross, Chief Superintendent of Post Offices for the Dominion. Many persons were present and speeches were made by Mr. Ross and others. During the proceedings Mr. Geo. Ross called upon Mr. Adam Brown, "as the oldest postmaster in Canada, to say a few words."

Now, it happens there is an older postmaster in Canada than Mr. Brown, which we prove by the following records:

Mr. Adam Brown was born on the 3rd of April, 1826, came to Canada in 1833, and was appointed postmaster of Hamilton in 1836.

Mr. Matthew Teffy was born on the 18th of April, 1828, came to "Muddy Little York," Upper Canada, in 1824, was appointed postmaster of Richmond Hill in 1856; therefore it appears that our postmaster is the oldest postmaster in Canada.—Mr. Brown's senior both in age and official appointment.

The Ambitious City, at an early date, was known by the euphonious name of "Coot's Paradise," as we find in Bouchette's early description of Upper Canada, where he says: "From York to the westward there is another good road, called Dundas street, leading to Coot's Paradise, at the extremity of Lake Ontario."

In 1823, Dundas was the nearest post office on the list of post offices now before us. W. H. Coulson was postmaster. "Hamilton" is not mentioned in the list.—Richmond Hill, Liberal.

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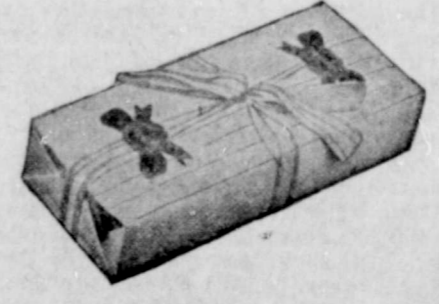
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