

The rations of the allies proved quite an arresting exhibit, and the varied effects on the people amusing. An elderly lady surprised us greatly by laughing merrily at poor Italy's "meagre portion;" one would judge she had a bitter enemy there; while several men were heard to remark one to another, "Look at Canada and then Italy, and thank your stars you don't live in Italy." It was also a good chance for mothers to pull their unwilling small boys by the ears and point out a lesson in thankfulness and sympathy for the misfortunes of others.

The Exhibition affords one an excellent opportunity for studying people and types, and to talk to many of these proved quite enlightening.. Some are keen to chat and give you all their experiences in a few minutes, while others are barely polite. A very old man and his wife, keenly interested in the problems of the day, only regretted that they had been born too soon, and assured us that we were doing wonderful things. The wife, however, claimed with some asperity that too little credit was given their generation, and asked where the present one would be if it had not been for them?

A pair of keenly interested fiancées were amusing to watch as they flitted from one war-time recipe to another, eagerly copying every detail into a small book, no doubt destined for future household use. But it was the veteran housekeepers who sought to upset our equilibrium by announcing the omission of that necessary addition "salt" from one of our recipes. We assured her, however, that we salted almost everything, fresh or otherwise. It keeps better!

I do not know if we were in any way responsible for a printed sign hung in

one of the down-town restaurants, "Put only one lump of sugar in your tea and stir like H——; we don't mind the noise." But I am sure the sentiment of it would meet with the approval of the Food Board, and may it be followed by those who might well do with less, thereby materially helping the great cause of the Allies.

In conclusion, as Bill writing to "Dere Mable," we would say,

"Yours till the end of the war."

SUBSTITUTES.

RHYMES OF THE LAND GIRL

There's a little farm down Jordan way
Where I may say, I've hoed.
In my heart I knowed, I hoed it so
That nothing ever growed.
There are thistles there beyond compare;
The grass was seldom mowed;
When I go back down Jordan way,
If there's a crop there, I'll be blowed.

I love you raspberry,
You mean so much to me;
You mean my board and lodging,
My dinner and my tea.
You mean my railroad ticket,
With which I go back home;
That's why I pick you carefully,
As up and down the rows I roam.

I hate you raspberry,
You've been the death of me.
You broke my back in pieces,
And gave me housemaid's knee.
I've had you for my breakfast,
My dinner and my tea,
That's why I hate the very name
Of a red raspberry.