

PAGE OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

INK SOLELY

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Boomer have left for a holiday in the south.

Mrs. James D. Wilson of Stanley street entertained at two tables of bridge on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert D. MacEdward have returned home after spending several months in Southern California coming home by way of the Canadian West.

As a finishing touch to the season's social functions, which will close on Tuesday at St. Peter's Hall on Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the Catholic Club.

COMMUNITY CATERING IS BEING CARRIED ON IN CITY OF TORONTO

Miss Beatrice Symons is the Pioneer of This Work in Ontario.

Community catering has recently been started in Toronto by Miss Beatrice Symons. She will send out menus to patrons, equal to those of a high-class hotel, then fill their orders in special containers that keep the dishes hot till they are served on the table. This will meet the cases of those who cannot get enough domestic help, yet do not wish to take their meals out at restaurants.

The community kitchen has not arrived yet, though it is hoped for. The idea was pioneered by England, and is also being used in Scotland and France.

Started in the first place in London, in the days of the war, when the food was scarce, and the national kitchens throughout England, of which 126 have restaurants attached. The kitchens plain, wholesome food is cooked, and sold to anyone who brings containers at wholesale prices, and all expenses are covered, but no profit is made. This the food is sold for less than it would be possible for the average person to buy. The restaurants are run on the same lines.

Now, as malnutrition is given as the worst cause of much of our sickness, the idea of the community kitchen is being taken up by Canadian municipalities to start these national kitchens. It is estimated that \$30,000 would be needed to start the first one, and to open others. The national kitchens in England are run on the same lines under private ownership, and the 118 national kitchens in London, where many thousands of children get a hot, nourishing meal each day at a very small cost. There are more than one million people in the family, the weekly ticket for five dinners, costs only 10 pence (20 cents).

Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

Every man is convinced that he could always find his pipe in his pocket, his eyeglasses in his wife's hand, and his wife would not insist on putting them away for him.

A Carnival.
Dear Cynthia and Readers—I saw in the paper where some one was asking for a story on a carnival held here a short time ago, so I thought maybe I could write a few lines on that.

Of all the funny dresses you ever saw, some were dressed to represent Canada, U. S. or some flower. Others were dressed just as comical as you can imagine.

It was held in the rink, so when they all got there it was pretty full. There was a prize for the fastest skater. One boy and one girl. The prize was a brooch and a pair of cuff links.

There was another prize for the most comical costume. The winner of this prize was a man who was padded with cotton batting and a false face and about three or four pairs of pants.

Then we went home and dreamed the story all over again. I see some are getting tired, so I'll keep you in your uncomfortable position any longer.

Miss Grey, what do you think of my writing?
I would like to correspond with some one my own age, fourteen.
I am aunt to a little niece and say she is cute. I like the iron in your blood and like the iron in your blood and like the iron in your blood.

Miss Grey, may I come again, if I don't stay so long?
Now I'll soar away.

Ans.—Thank you, Singing Lark, for recitations.

What's in a Name?
Dear Miss Grey—I come once more to your cozy corner.

I enclosed a note for the C. H. F. and you overlooked mentioning whether you received it or not. I trust you did, and am enclosing another "very slight note." I received such a deluge of letters in answer to mine that I will not say so long.

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Mrs. Alfred Fraser was the winner of the beautiful basket of ferns offered as first prize at the Overseas Chapter Euchre held at Wong's Cafe on Tuesday afternoon. The prize being the gift of Mr. G. Gammage.

Second prize, a pretty vase, was won by Miss Rita Nelles.

The Port Stanley baseball team were the hosts of a delightful dance which was held in the town hall on Tuesday night. The hall had been prettily decorated with evergreen and bright red lights, and an orchestra from St. Thomas furnished delightful music. During the evening a handsome crocheted cottee, the gift of Mrs. Sharp, was raffled, the winner being Mrs. Frank Payne.

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FOR LOVE OF BETTY

[BY MAY CHRISTIE.]

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IX.—Plans for Happiness.

There was no sign of Mrs. Carton anywhere on the platform when Betty stepped out of the train, suitcase in hand and with a heavy weight on her heart.

What an intolerable journey it had been! April's chatter—those chance remarks—how they had wounded her. Were they really chance remarks?

Although she had not raised her head from the pages of her magazine, often been waiting her.

What was it she had said? "Jack and I understand each other thoroughly and I understand each other thoroughly." April had flung a sharp glance at Betty's direction when she uttered the words, as though anxious to see the effect they created.

But no! April could have no possible suspicion as to what had really been Betty's reflections. Besides, so ran the passing whim of his, an idle infatuation sprung from an act of chivalry.

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