

# THE "CANDLE LIGHT" CAFE CARRIES ON—PLUCKY PROPRIETRESS

C.T. February 16, 1935

Many have remarked that the little octagonal café at the corner of The Grove, which was almost wrecked about a year ago by falling trees, still bravely carries on its business.

It stands in marked contrast to its neighbours upon dark nights, by reason of its illumination of the old days—candles—as though sturdily defying the advance of modernity.

It is, therefore, interesting to learn that its proprietress, Miss Lilian Vere (who is a writer of no small talent) has never received a penny in the nature of personal compensation.

The roof was smashed completely in by the tall beech trees, which were torn down in a gale, and the diminutive cafe was crushed beneath their weight.

Miss Vere struggled against defeat by having a tarpaulin top as temporary shelter, and now that it has been roofed again, it assumes its wonted readiness to do business. With old Jumpers House nearby, and the old Iford Bridge, it was in a setting of harmony, but the tide of villadom and garages now press it closely. The new bridge and new roads deny its local colour, and scornful of the amenities provided by modern lighting its windows gleam in the evenings with candles; the oldest bit of old Christchurch that may still claim to be living.

It has become famous of late by the name of "Candle Cafe." with a personality all its own.

## AUTHORESS PROPRIETRESS.

Quite cheerfully, Miss Vere contemplates the hustling of modernity, and preserves the steady tenor of her way and finds, she declares, much comfort and satisfaction from her writing.

Here are some epigrams culled from a recent book of hers.

To be a tinder on which some human flint may spark is yet—worth while. . . .

Beggars cannot be choosers perhaps, but they may decide in which shoe to put their bit o' string.

To see eye to eye, oft-times creates an optical delusion.

Go! Give to the world its "Positives" and let all "Negatives" go by. For it is fairer by far to be builder, than man who'll just pull down!

This last bears the imprint of recent experiences surely; the allusion to electric current and destruction and building? Miss Vere still has the heart to pen Valentines, here is one she has specially written for our readers: —

## THE BIRDS' VALENTINE

Calling! Calling! in the tree-tops.  
Mate for mate, sweet chirpings send;  
"What! though Winter winds still whistle,  
In our tiny hearts—there's Spring:  
For we know our love is sending  
Each for each—its Valentine."