

I eat my mush raw and I drink cold tea,  
for my wife is as busy as she can be.  
She is writing a paper on canning fruit,  
Which she will read at the INSTITUTE.

Now I make my own bed and sweep up the floor,  
And clean all the rubbish away from the door,  
While my wife is at work preparing to shoot  
Hot air on the home at the INSTITUTE.

When women get votes, as I've no doubt they will,  
The first thing they'll do is to pass a bill,  
For to make it both lawful and just to shoot,  
or to herd all old men in some INSTITUTE.

"You need not expect me home to tea"  
was the parting shot my wife made me;  
We are having a lady of some repute  
To lecture today at the INSTITUTE.

"There are cold potatoes on the pantry shelf;  
If you find anything else, just help yourself."  
This lady come prepared to refute  
All charges made on the INSTITUTE.

#### WOMEN'S INSTITUTE ANSWERS

As I take up my knitting and sit in the sun,  
I count o'er my blessings one by one;  
And the best of all without dispute,  
Is being a member of the Institute.

When as a bride I first settled here,  
Life for the women seemed cold and drear;  
I'd like to hear any mere man refute,  
The boon that came with the Institute.

Oh how I hated the daily grind,  
Dreading to stop lest I get behind;  
So over-wrought that I wanted to hoot,  
When they talked of forming an Institute.

But the coldness melted, it did me good  
To meet other women as I should,  
And my heart warmed up this was the fruit  
Of that cup of tea at the Institute.

Then they made me president, and I learned  
To love the women that I had spurned;  
The lovely things that constitute  
The hearts of the women at the Institute.

At first I felt my knees grow weak,  
And how I dreaded to get up to speak;  
But with a heart that was resolute  
I gained new poise in the Institute.

Now if the men sometimes make a fuss  
It is only because they envy us;  
For they have nothing of such repute,  
To compare with the Women's Institute.

And John soon saw that our home meant more,  
And we were happier than before;

When I come home you can hear him toot,  
"Well, what's the noos from the Institoot?"

When we found we couldn't be partisan,  
Someone thought up a fine new plan;  
But we very soon learned that no substitute,  
Could take the place of the Institute.

So I sit here in the sun and knit,  
And my eyes fill up at the thought of it,  
How commonplace things have come to suit,  
When faced in the spirit of the Institute.

God bless the woman whose thought it was  
To do this thing for the woman's cause;  
The good of which we can ne'er compute,  
When she gave to the World the Institute.

*- From Dungannon W.I. Tweedsmuir Book.*

#### BELGRAVE SCHOOL FAIR

The Belgrave Women's Institute has 3 Volumes of a Tweedsmuir History devoted to the story of the Belgrave School Fair alone covering the 1920 - 1995 period that it has operated. From these volumes we noted the following three brief reports on its history:



**MRS. ADA TAYLOR AND THE 3 TWEEDSMUIR FAIR VOLUMES**

1) In 1909 the Ontario Department of Agriculture organized the beginning of the first school fairs in Ontario with three schools taking part.

By 1919 there were 357 school fairs across the province with about 92,600 children taking part. The following year on October 5, 1920 schools from East Wawanosh and Morris Townships started the Belgrave School Fair. Now 75 years later, the Belgrave-Blyth-Brussels School Fair is only one of two remaining in the province. The other one is held at Orono. With the pride of the communities in their schools, support from local businesses and endless number of volunteers over the years, the fair continues.

2) Back in 1919 the Provincial Government of the day decided to start a program of education about the farm for