

## HOME AND COUNTRY

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

## THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

I feel I am greatly privileged to head an organization such as ours. Years of work and interest in Women's Institutes have strengthened my faith in its good works and my belief in its future possibilities.

Membership in our great organization is a satisfaction in many ways. I used to think our greatest achievement was the change in the Institute member herself. She becomes a better homemaker and a better citizen and her life becomes richer and more abundant because of her participation in our effort. But I am changing my mind, somewhat. Our Institute organization is a splendid way for the rural woman to serve and this "joy of service" is our greatest asset.

All of us, at least those of us who are sincere in our living, want to give our time and effort in our brief life span where it will count and do the most good. We want our homes and our communities, yes, even our world, to be the better for us having worked and laboured in them.

Through our organization we are rendering a splendid service to mankind. The service we render is voluntary and unselfish, and the degree of service rendered is your personal responsibility.

We are a tremendous power for good because we believe in an intelligent and informed membership and we actively support the finest things in life. Our growth has been rapid because we fill a great need in the rural woman's life.

Through our various organizations we speak an international language. In fifty years' time we have established bridgeheads all over the world. It is our task now to deepen and widen those bridgeheads and bring to all rural women at home and abroad our Institute program of better standards of rural living.

Our motto "For Home and Country" are two words that lie close to the heart of mankind everywhere no mat-

## MY IMPRESSION OF THE NORTH

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accomplishment. After the last session we took a bus through the nickel works at Copper Cliff and a drive through the city of Sudbury.

In the morning of Saturday, September 25, we started our long trip across Northern Ontario to Winnipeg by C.P.R., en route to a convention at Rainy River.

Time and time again we crossed the Spanish River sparkling in the sun, first on one side of the track, then the other—sometimes narrow and rough with noisy rapids—other times wider, calm and serene reflecting the beauty of the hillsides. This river empties into Lake Huron at Sault Ste. Marie.

The colouring on the hills was vivid in yellow and red tones with a sprinkling of stately evergreens. There were plenty of curves and breath-taking beauty was around each curve. The day was perfect, sunshiny and air with a little tang in it.

We sat most of the morning on camp-stools out on the observation platform, regardless of steady rain of cinders and didn't miss a thing in this rough, rugged and beautiful country.

By noon most of the deciduous trees with their brilliant colour had disappeared, the white birch and poplar being the only exceptions. They stood white and straight and glistening in the sun. Generously interspersed were the beautiful northern evergreens "pointing skyward" as our English guest, Mrs. Ida Braine, so aptly put it. We watched for wild life, especially for bear but we didn't see a sign. Since we were near the end of a long train any wild life would have bolted into the bush before our pullman came along.

Around Ramsay, a settlement on a beautiful island lake, we lost the hills and rocks and the terrain was flat. I fell in love with the larch or tamarack. It is very graceful with dainty foliage and you see them in picturesque clumps. We came upon small lakes, choked with log-booms for we were in the pulpwood country again. At Sultan we saw the first large saw-mill and just beyond it my first view of a big logging camp with frame buildings and many trails leading off into the timber. Behind the camp, high on a hillside, were sleigh runners, freshly painted a brilliant red, drying in the sun ready for the first snow of a northern winter.

We had a 15 minute wait at Schreiber and everyone got out of the long train and exercised up and down the station platform. Then a warning bell is sounded, followed by the order "All Aboard" and everyone scrambles for their coach. Miss Lewis tried to telephone some Institute members during our stay but lines were busy at train time. We have a very active Institute here.

The station agents of Northern Ontario are lovers of flowers. I have never seen such brilliant beds. Pansies are a favourite and annuals such as nasturtiums, petunias and zinnias. They are growing everywhere around the stations and in rocky crevices where there is a patch of soil, forming beautiful, natural rock gardens. The hue of all these flowers is particularly brilliant due, I am sure, to the heavy mists and cool, refreshing air each night. They are also away from the dust of our worked soil in the south.

At some of the smaller stations the platform is full of settlers coming to see the train go through. Indians predominate and all through the north

ter what his colour, race or creed. These two words, loved and understood by everyone, can serve to bring about the Brotherhood for which we strive.

I salute our organization and you its membership. The length and breadth and depth of service you render is magnificent. May all of us be given vision and resoluteness of purpose to make a worthy contribution to the future of our beloved Women's Institutes.

(Mrs. J. R. Fletcher, F.W.I.O., Pres.)

you see the squaw plodding along, with a papoose strapped to her back.

We came to White River, the coldest place in Canada. I'd swear the darky porter shivered as he told me the temperature went to 50° below! I wondered as the town is surrounded by high hills and seems protected from freezing winds.

About five o'clock, just before coming to Marathon, we had our first glimpse of Lake Superior, with a flume for logs to run down to the water's edge. This flume is high on tall trestles. I was happy we got to Lake Superior before dark, its beauty is impossible to picture—clear blue water, wooded hillsides, autumn colours of gold and red, heavily wooded islands everywhere and each inlet and bay choked with logs. Marathon is a model town, home of a pulp-mill operated on American Capital. Its homes are beautiful, all built of lumber and painted white with coloured roofs. Further along at Jackfish we saw coal being unloaded from a huge lake boat into small moving carts and dumped into waiting coal cars. And here, beyond Jackfish, we had the beautiful picture of a sunset over Lake Superior. Suddenly, without any warning, the rocky north shore bursts upon you—Lake Superior on one side and on the other tall, towering crags of rock in colours of red, sand and black. The track curves and curves back as it skirts lake and rock and you realize you are proud of the men that built this road. Many places it is blasted out of solid rock and runs along the rim of the lake. Several times you pass through tunnels of varying length. I was so thankful to see all this beauty before darkness closed in on us.

We passed through Port Arthur and Fort William at midnight and just saw their gleaming lights from the berth. We wakened at dawn with the promise of another beautiful day. The country still was rough and rugged but by breakfast time this had disappeared and we were in the Prairies, flat and workable, and with plenty of bush in evidence in the background.

## Manitoba Visit

We were at our Hotel in Winnipeg by 10 and hurried to attend church. The music was exceptional due in no small degree, I am sure, to the splendid Winnipeg Musical Festival.

In the afternoon I was privileged to drive around some of Winnipeg and points of interest and then thirty miles south to a relative's home, right out on the productive Manitoba prairie.

In Winnipeg we visited Assiniboine Park on the Assiniboine River. This is a beautiful natural park of hundreds of acres along the banks of the Assiniboine. It maintains a splendid zoo where we saw buffalo, elk, deer, moose and brown and black polar bears, all in native haunts. A large conservatory is also maintained here, full of tropical plants and vivid with brilliant foliage and annual flowers.

In a prairie home, centre of a farm of one thousand acres, I learned how different crops are infiltrating into the wheat growing belt of Southern Manitoba. I saw acre after acre of flax being harvested. The past two or three years the farmer has been realizing as high as five dollars per bushel for flax seed. It is used in the manufacture of shortenings. No use is made of the reddish straw. It is drawn into piles and burnt, too coarse a fibre for stock to eat.

I saw in one place two hundred acres of sunflowers from which this Manitoba farmer would reap a fortune, oil from them being used in the manufacture of Crisco. A factory for extracting the oil from these seeds is situated right in the vicinity.

Sugar beets do well in this locality. The wheat yield was below average due to a wet, cold spring and later a dry season.

The prairie homes are usually of frame, look comfortable and many of them attractive with trees and shrubs. But the barns are smaller than those of Southern Ontario. Everywhere one sees big, powerful tractors and correspondingly wide implements. The far-

mers were busy ploughing up their land ready for the spring sowing.

Monday noon a luncheon was arranged in Winnipeg for our party to meet several officers of the Manitoba Institutes, among them Mrs. Campbell, Provincial President and Miss Frances McKay, Director. By the way, we were a party of three now for travelling, with Miss Lewis and myself was Miss Constance Hayward, Women's Liaison Officer, Citizenship Branch, Secretary of State Department, Ottawa.

I can't speak too highly or eloquently enough for the Western hospitality. Everyone was eager to do something for us and the friendliness and interest we met on every hand made our trip most enjoyable.

After the luncheon we were taken on a tour of the Parliament Buildings at Winnipeg, one of the most beautiful buildings of the West. A guide conducted us through, showing us all the special features of this beautiful building set in the middle of formal gardens and planting. It is built of Manitoba stone and on the inner walls can be clearly seen fossils of different kinds that have been left in the limestone formation. In the entrance hall, which is modelled after a Grecian Temple, two big buffalo greet you in natural size and on raised marble platforms either side of a wide sweeping stairway made from Italian marble. The corridor floors are of Tennessee marble which is a pinkish colour inlaid with Vermont marble which is a black or green.

The central part of the building under the dome, displays beautiful stained glass windows. This is built like a Roman Forum with Corinthian columns and a bust of the Winged Minerva at the top of each column. In the centre, from a circular railing, you look down into "Cleopatra's Pool". The reflection of lights makes it look like water.

The chamber where Parliament convenes was finished in walnut with murals around the upper walls and ceiling depicting justice, Moses the law-giver and Solon, the authority of Greek law. The mace, resting in its case, is similar to the one used in the Houses of Parliament, London, England. The original one now used by the Boys' Parliament was made of wood, the shaft being the axle of a Red River cart and the head is the hub of the wheel. In the committee rooms the tables are fashioned after the Knights of the Round Table.

Manitoba can well be proud of its beautiful state building. As you leave you notice on the dome a figure of a golden boy symbolizing eternal youth. He carries wheat in one hand and a lamp in the other.

While in the Parliament Buildings we visited the Extension Department, met the Home Economists and viewed a most attractive Women's Institute handicraft display.

We left Winnipeg in the early evening arriving in Rainy River after 1.30 a.m. and there, standing on the station platform was our Convention area chairman waiting to welcome us to her town and take us to our hotel rooms. It is just symbolic of the thoughtfulness of the Northerners.

## Rainy River Convention

The convention started Tuesday morning. Luncheon and dinner were served to us in the different churches of the community—Catholic, Anglican and United and again one experienced Western hospitality. Here they tax the districts of the area and when a delegate reaches the convention she is under no more financial expense.

The weather was ideal all through our Northern trip. Every delegate and member thoroughly enjoyed the sessions. The reports showed great activity both in district and branch Institute work. Our organization means a great deal in these districts and the community work that is carried on in many of these small isolated communities is amazing. Practically all reports, moreover, were exceedingly well-organized and presented.

After the last session we were taken to a mink farm where eight hundred are carefully fed a balanced