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**REST WHERE YOU ARE**  
By Charles Poole Cleaves

When spurred by tasks unceasing or undone  
You would seek rest afar  
And cannot, though the rest be fairly won,  
Rest where you are.

Not in event, restriction, or release,  
In journeys near or far,  
But in the heart lies restlessness or peace,  
Rest where you are.

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of all three districts in a county conference, held in Petrolia.

Some interesting features of **Nanticoke's** fiftieth anniversary celebration were that the historian for the day recalled, as two of the earliest ventures of the Institute, the installation of street lights and the purchase of a vacuum cleaner which was rented to members at twenty-five cents a day. The C.G.I.T. girls of the church where the celebration was held, decorated the room in the Institute colors.

**Orangeville and Marsville**, both in Dufferin county, celebrated their fiftieth anniversaries last summer. A local editor might have been referring to many Institutes the country over when he wrote: "Both organizations have played an important part in the life of their community through their support of local projects; through their assembling of local history; through their donations to countless worthy causes and their war work; through the welding together in friendship and in common effort, of the women of the community."

When **Poplar** on Manitoulin Island celebrated its fiftieth anniversary both president and vice-president of fifty years ago, Mrs. Joseph Baker and Mrs. Mack McGillivray were present. The first part of the afternoon was spent in visiting and looking over a display of Institute and school pictures of former days.

**Elmview** celebrated its fiftieth anniversary on the farm on which Susannah Moodie, author of "Roughing It in the Bush," once lived. The daughter of the first president, and the only charter member present, gave a resume of Institute events over the past fifty years. Elmview is the Institute that started the Book Quiz for school children to direct their interest away from the crime comics—a project that has attracted attention not only in other parts of Canada but also in the United States and Britain.

**Cheltenham** Institute had two hundred members and guests in attendance at their fiftieth anniversary. One feature of the program was the reading of the names of all the presidents and secretaries from 1905 to 1955.

**Silver Water** had an interesting roll call at its fiftieth anniversary. Each member or guest displayed an article or a picture which was over one hundred years old.

At **Wellman's** fiftieth anniversary, the Institute's history given by Miss Emma Raime, a charter member, recalled that "in 1905 the president of Springbrook Institute organized Wellman's in the Orange Hall nearby." (That was largely the way the movement spread fifty years ago.)

**Mindemoya** celebrated its fiftieth anniversary with thirty past members as guests. First they had a friendly social hour looking at old pictures and papers. In a talk about the Institute in the earlier days Mrs. A. J. Wagg told of members walking several miles to a meeting and carrying small children. She remarked that they had gone a long way from the five gallon crock to the deep freeze but the pioneers of the first Institutes had really handed down a challenge.

To add a little fun to **Lindsay's** beautifully arranged anniversary program and tea, two members in old-fashioned dresses and bonnets played old tunes on the piano and mouth organ.

At **St. Helen's** golden anniversary the Institute received two memorial gifts — an electric clock for the hall, from the Aitchison family in memory of Mrs. Aitchison who was president at the time of her death, and fifty dollars from Miss Elizabeth Anderson of Montreal in memory of her mother who served as president for thirteen years.

**Beamsville and Streetsville** have also celebrated their fiftieth anniversaries this fall.

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**HOUSE-WEARY**  
By Ian Drag

I'm going out! I'm tired of tables, chairs;  
I'm tired of walls that hedge me all about;  
I'm tired of rooms and ceilings, carpets, stairs,  
And so—I'm going out!

Somehow or other what I need today  
Are skies, and birds that carol,  
winds that shout!  
I want Dame Nature's friendship.  
Thus I say,  
"Good-bye—I'm going out!"

It's just house-tiredness. Trivial humdrum strain!  
Monotony! But when I've climbed the hill,  
My heart, refreshed, will laugh and sing again,  
Dear home I'll love it still!

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