

sick and a gift to each new baby born in the community; kept a first aid kit filled in the school, had new tables made for community use and "got behind a drive to get the women out to the school meeting with very satisfactory results" — a creditable year's work. But because so many other Institutes are doing the same things, with the exception of getting the women out to the school meeting, that is the only item we would normally record in this report. Our purpose is to publish only what may offer suggestions from one Institute to another.

However, to give an all-round picture of the community work done by the Women's Institutes of Ontario it should be made clear that the following projects could almost be taken as basic in the majority of the branches: organizing community social events, providing special facilities such as first aid kits and playground equipment for schools; recognizing the births of babies with a gift such as a spoon, blanket or a dollar bank deposit; sending cards, flowers or fruit to the sick and shut in; assisting victims of fire, sickness or other misfortune; contributing to the building of halls, hospitals and community centres; taking an active interest in Children's Shelters and Homes for the Aged; promoting and assisting libraries; getting the people of the district to come to chest X-ray surveys; sponsoring baby clinics; subscribing funds to an endless number of causes within the community and beyond it. One of the important Institute movements is an interest in providing opportunity classes and special teachers for retarded children. It is impossible to report all of this work here, but the following notes from some branches may offer suggestions to others:

In providing something for the social life of the community we have these reports:

**Cloyne** "held a euchre party every two weeks during the winter when there was no other entertainment in the community." The soundness of the project is shown in the comment: "Financially the parties were not very successful, but they gave our young people a chance to get together socially and they enjoyed it very much."

**Denbigh** which reports feeling handicapped in being thirty miles from the nearest branch and ninety miles from the county town, seems to be doing a lot for the community. The Institute sponsored a Hallowe'en party for children, helped with the Santa Claus parade, put on a St. Patrick's Day party, donated \$30 toward the school rink, and contributed toward sending school pupils to the district music festival and to the first Ontario Spelling Bee. **Women's Dunning** in North Cochrane sponsored social evenings twice a month.

**St. Lawrence** says: "We were able to keep children off the streets by hiring a hall and supplying the requirements for table-tennis, badminton and other games."

**Royaltide** held euchre parties in the homes.

## YESTERDAY AND TODAY

By Gertrude G. Lipsett

My Mother had a spinning-wheel  
And in the afternoon,  
To spin a hank of stocking yarn,  
Paced up and down the room.

My Mother had an old box churn  
Equipped with rod, and dash,  
And then for hours, she'd turn, and turn,  
Till butter milk would splash.

My Mother had a scrubbing-brush  
To clean a rough board floor,  
Down on her knees she had to rush  
From front, to the back door.

My Mother had an old wash-tub  
And washing-board to match,  
And then the clothes she'd rub and rub  
And made the soap suds splash.

My Mother ran a leach of lye  
To make the season's soap,  
She also had a pot of dye  
To give worn raiment hope.

But Mother had a lot of time  
To help a little child.  
To help a neighbour who was ill,  
With confidence and smile.

She taught a class in Sunday School,  
She helped the Ladies' Aid,  
And for the children of the poor  
Some useful clothing made.

She sang the alto in the Church.  
The golden rule she lived.  
Her hopeful voice was ever near  
To comfort the bereaved.

Now, I have not a spinning wheel,  
My yarn is factory made,  
If I, by chance, choose then to knit  
The articles all fade.

I haven't got a churn at all.  
The cream man at the door  
Hands out my butter, takes my cream,  
To factory make some more.

I do not use a scrubbing brush  
Upon my hardwood floors.  
My Electrolux will soon take up  
The mud from out of doors.

A leach of lye I never made—  
So many new designs  
Of soaps, and powders, do the work  
In all the cleaning lines.

But I have not a lot of time  
To lessen others' toil,  
No time to help my neighbour out  
With willing hands or smile.

My garments all must fit just so,  
My nose must never shine,  
My lips and nails must both be bright,  
My whole appearance fine.

But I am missing lots of fun  
My Mother must have had,  
In giving all a helping hand  
While looking after Dad.