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### THE FUTURE LIFE

By Victor Hugo

I feel within me the future life. I am like a forest that has once been razed; the new shoots are stronger and brisker. I shall most certainly rise toward the heavens. The sun's rays bathe my head. The earth gives to me its generous sap, but the heavens illuminate me with the reflection of — of worlds unknown.

Some say the soul results merely from bodily powers. Why, then, does my soul become brighter when my bodily powers begin to waste away? Winter is above me, but eternal spring is within my heart. I inhale even now the fragrance of lilacs, violets, and roses just as I did when I was twenty.

The nearer my approach to the end, the plainer is the sound of immortal symphonies of worlds which invite me. It is wonderful, yet simple. It is a fairy tale; it is history.

For half a century I have been translating my thoughts into prose and verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song; all of these have I tried. But I feel that I haven't given utterance to the thousandth part of what lies within me. When I go to the grave I can say as others have said, "My day's work is done." But I cannot say, "My life is done." My day's work will recommence the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes upon the twilight, but opens upon the dawn.

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with me.

Northwood Institute is a very active one. We have a choir and drama class, and both sections have won cups and diplomas at the Island Music Festival. They are always in demand for concerts and functions of all kinds. We also have classes for crafts, including dress-making and millinery. Our most recent venture is an Art Class.

We also visit and take gifts each month, to our General Hospital to an elderly gentlemen's ward. To a great many of the patients we are the only visitors they have, and our visits are the highlight of their existence. We feel that this is one of our most worth while efforts. We also entertain our local pensioners' club, called "The Darby and Joan Club" to a coach ride and dinner with a concert after.

There is so much more that I could tell, but space has run out, and I would like to say what a wonderful holiday I have had here in Canada, what a very great pleasure it has been to me to meet all my Institute friends again from De Cew Falls, and how grateful I am for all the pleasant excursions we have had together. I shall have such a lot to tell my friends at home when I return. But wherever we go, our little badge, whether it be blue or green, unites us together, for Home and Country.

## Ontario Song and Essay Awards

### Provincial Results in the A.C.W.W. Competitions

The entries to these competitions have just been judged at Ontario Provincial level, and the three winners in each category have been forwarded to London, England, to enter the A.C.W.W. contests. The F.W.I.O. winners are as follows:

SONG COMPETITION: "A song about A.C.W.W."

1st—Mrs. G. Wilmer Keyes, Wolfe Island

2nd—Mrs. Henry C. McFarlane, R.R. 1, Lanark

3rd—Mrs. Jarvis Smith and Mrs. Frank Courtney, R.R. 4, Owen Sound

Honorable Mention—Mrs. W. J. McEvoy, R.R. 1, Binbrook

Mrs. S. Chamberlain, Mrs. Carl Boynton, Mrs. L. Davis, Mrs. H. Laing, Nobleton

ESSAY COMPETITION: "My Society"

1st—Mrs. Nelson Corbett, Mount Elgin

2nd—Marguerite J. Fraser, R.R. 1, Hampton

3rd—Mrs. K. Arnott, R.R. 1, New Liskeard

Honorable Mention—Mrs. R. J. Elliott, R.R. 3, Renfrew

Mrs. Wm. T. Phillips, Box 97, Osgoode

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### EFFICIENCY EXPERT

By Jane Harris

Father was a man whose will would brook  
No interference from his womenfolk;  
While Mother, small and gentle, still believed  
Her place was to agree when Father spoke.  
He'd say, "I think I'll buy a car this spring."  
She, mindful of the mortgage, would reply:  
"How nice. Let's buy one just like Banker Brown's.  
Why should we worry if the price is high!  
Then Father, shocked at her extravagance,  
Would suddenly remember bills to pay;  
The note they owed the bank would soon be due  
What made her want a new car, anyway?

At last the farm was paid for, stock and all,  
And Father, mildly boastful, would declare,  
"I had listened to the womenfolks,  
We'd never have had a single dime to spare."  
But Mother, smiling, never let him know  
That, even though he'd always had his say  
In everything, as all good husbands should,  
She'd managed right along to have her way.

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### DISCOVERY

By Helen Frazee-Bower

The horse has a place on his back that is made  
Not cuddly and cushioned and plump,  
But sticking right up, like a sharp little blade,  
Half-way from his neck to his rump.

It's some like an island, but most like a hill  
With acres of soft sand around it.  
Not everyone knows that it's there . . . but you will  
If you trot. That's the way that I found it!