



Newly elected President, Mrs. George Clarke, Newfoundland, second from left and vice-presidents at the F.W.I.C. convention at the University of Guelph. Left to right—Mrs. E. V. Fulton, Manitoba, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. John Anderson, P.E.I., Mrs. Leonard Trivers, Ontario. Photo courtesy Ontario Dept. of Agriculture and Food.

### Election of Officers

Officers elected to serve the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada for the next three year period were:

President—Mrs. George Clark, St. John's, Newfoundland.

1st Vice President—Mrs. E. V. Fulton, Birtle, Manitoba.

2nd Vice President—Mrs. John MacLean, Eureka, Nova Scotia.

3rd Vice President—Mrs. Leonard Trivers, Thessalon, Ontario.

Members at Large—Mrs. Joseph Bielish, Warspite, Alberta; Mrs. Harper Smith, Bathurst, Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Austin Zoeller, New Hamburg, Ontario, named convener of United Nations and International Exchange.

Mrs. William Gates, Rosseau, Ontario—Citizenship and Education.

Mrs. R. C. Palmer, Kelowna, British Columbia—Cultural Activities.

Mrs. Archie Olson, Wetaskin, Alberta—Home Economics and Health.

Mrs. John Ulrich Clavet, Saskatchewan was named an additional member of the Executive.

Mrs. J. Philip Matheson, Oyster Bed Bridge, P.E.I. was named a life member of the national organization by the Women's Institutes of Prince Edward Island.

★ ★ ★

The only kind of dignity which is genuine is that which is not diminished by the indifference of others—Dag. Hammarskjold.

★ ★ ★

### NOVEMBER

Sometimes I envy them—those staid prim  
folk  
Who made this month their own, and lived by  
steady stroke  
Of ax against a pine, and fingers to a wheel  
Of spinning yarn, I would have liked to know  
the feel  
Of smooth clear wax, dipped amid a din of  
laughter,  
Into homely candles, whose soft light showed  
rafter  
Hung with corn and sage, ash bark, smartweed  
roots and dill  
Such gleaming copper pots—I'd never get my fill  
Of watching them reflect the room in metal  
Before a great stone hearth, I'd laugh at  
moon  
Outside, and read an almanac, or watch the fire  
Lick out towards chestnuts at its edge —  
When neighbours came,  
We'd give them broth for walking down a  
hill;  
Put their stiff hats on shelves, their muskets  
on  
pegged sill —  
They carried guns to church, and lived with  
cautious pride  
But their homes held candlelight and fragrant  
herbs inside.

—From British Columbia W.I. News

★ ★ ★

I never saw a moor,  
I never saw the sea;  
Yet I know how heather looks,  
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,  
Nor visited in heaven  
Yet certain am I of the spot  
As if the chart were given.

Emily Dickenson