

Girls from 4-H Homemaking Clubs and their leaders receive spoon plaques for participation in 12 units, at the September meeting of the Clowes Women's Institute. Left to right, Miss Gloria Perkin, 4-H Club member; Mrs. Betty Dyball, 4-H Homemaking Club leader; Mrs. Coral Henderson, Home Economist; Miss Myrna Simpson, 4-H Homemaking Club member.

Tavistock—A Well Baby Clinic was sponsored by the Tavistock Women's Institute. The Oxford County, M.O.H. and a county nurse were in charge of the Clinic and there was an attendance of twenty-four.

The Frontenac District Women's Institutes are assisting the management committee of "Fairmount", a one hundred bed home for the aged on the outskirts of Kingston.

Listowel—A nursing student spoke on "Mental Health," at the Fordwich Women's Institute. The speaker discussed the changing attitudes toward Mental Health.

Cainsville Women's Institute — Mrs. Peter Luard, spoke on the History of Buttons. She said that for several centuries buttons were a sign of man's prosperity. Buttons were costly in those early days because they were designed, made, and decorated by hand, and then handed down from generation to generation.

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Some families can trace their ancestry back 300 years but haven't the slightest idea where their children were last night.

-Earl Werstine



Miss Rosina Krick, a member of the Wellandport 4-H Homemaking Club, receiving a gift from Mrs. H. W. Banks, President of the District of Lincoln, for having achieved Provincial Honors for her Club activities.

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, An 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 kenees 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 But I am missing lots of fun