

8. Resolution requesting the Federal Government to increase the basic exemption under the Income Tax Act from the present \$1,000 to \$2,500.

Reply from Hon. E. J. Benson, Minister of Finance stated that while preparing the Budget it was decided to propose to increase personal exemptions to \$1,500 from \$1,000 for single taxpayers and to \$2,850 from \$2,000 for married taxpayers; and a general employment expense deduction of 3 per cent income up to \$150 per year would be available to all employees, as well as the present \$100 standard deduction. The Budget proposes to eliminate the 3 per cent surtax (effective July 1) and for changes in the lowest tax brackets to exempt from income tax individuals with less than \$500 of taxable income.

The Bill also proposes that the existing \$500 exemption for persons over 70 be increased to \$650. The Old Age Pension would continue to be taxable but the guaranteed income supplement would not.

Two emergency resolutions presented at the Annual Board Meeting re the disposal of solid waste and the continuance of July 1st as Dominion Day were not sustained.

Commendation was expressed by Mrs. Small for the accomplishments of the Women's Institutes through resolutions and she stressed the importance of the continuing resolutions as a medium for voicing opinions.

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AN EARLY RESOLUTION

The wrapping of bread found its origin in the Whitby branch of the Women's Institute when one of its members, Mrs. Frank Roberts, 311 Bryon Street North, Whitby presented a resolution requesting that as a sanitary measure all bread offered for sale should be wrapped. This was brought before the legislature by the provincial secretary and soon it became a government regulation.

Mrs. Roberts explained what prompted her to send in this resolution was that in the horse and buggy days the driver would get out of the bread wagon, pat his horse on the nose and hip and so on as most horse lovers do and then pick up a loaf of bread and bring it to the door.

The resolution was passed by the District Meeting of the Institute. It was then forwarded to the Area Convention at Toronto where it was approved and sent to the provincial secretary and became a government issue.

INSTITUTE

I—is for Inspiration women have given
N—is for Necessities for which she has striven
S—is for Service both great and small
T—is for Tasks when duty calls
I—is for Interest she has shown
T—is for Talents all her own
U—is for Unity sure and strong
T—is for Truth when in the wrong
E—is for Everyone to join the throng.
The name that means so much to me.
—Mrs. Frank Roberts

THE SONG OF THE SKI

Norse am I when the first snow falls;
Norse am I till the ice departs.
The fare for which my spirit calls
Is blood from a hundred viking-hearts.
The curved wind wraps me like a cloak;
The pines blow out their ghostly smoke.
I'm high on the hill and ready to go —
A wingless bird in a world of snow:
Yet I'll ride the air
With a dauntless dare
That only a child of the North can know.

The bravest ski has a cautious heart
And moves like a tortoise at the start,
But when it tastes the tang of the air
It leaps away like a frightened hare.
The day is gloomy, the curtains half drawn,
The light is stunted as at the dawn:
But my foot is sure and my arm is brawn.

I poise on the hill and I wave adieu
(My curving skis are firm and true):
The slim wood quickens, the air takes fire
And sings to me like a gypsy's lyre.
Swifter and swifter grows my flight:
The dark pines ease the unending white.
The lean, cold birches, as I go by,
Are like blurred etchings against the sky.

One am I for a moment's joy
With the falling star and the plunging bird.
The world is swift as an Arab boy;
The world is sweet as a woman's word.
Never came such a pure delight
To a bacchanal or a sybarite:
Swifter and swifter grows my flight,
And glad am I as I near the leap,
That the snow is fresh and the banks are deep

Swifter and swifter on I fare,
And soon I'll float with the birds on air.
The speed is blinding; I'm over the ridge,
Spanning space on a phantom bridge.
The drift awaits me; I float, I fall:
The world leaps up like a lunging carp.
I land erect and the tired winds drawl
A lazy tune on a broken harp.

Lord of the mountains dark with pine!
Lord of the fields of the smoking snow!
Grant to this vagrant heart of mine
A path of wood where my feet may go,
And a roofless world to my journey's end,
And a cask of wind for my cup of wine,
And yellow gold of the sun to spend,
And at night the stars in endless line,
And, after it all, the hand of a friend —
The hand of a trusted friend in mine.

Wilson MacDonald.