



Adelaide Hunter Hoodless

ADELAIDE HUNTER HOODLESS

Adelaide was born on February 29, 1857, the youngest of a family of twelve. Her father, David Hunter, died several months before her birth, so she knew how to work to survive on a farm. She went to public school and ladies college, sponsored by her oldest sister Lizzie, who married well and had no children. She was Presbyterian by faith.

She married John Hoodless in 1881 and they had four children. The youngest son died at 18 months caused by drinking contaminated milk. She felt shw should have known better and set out to educate women to prevent similar tragedies. Her husband was chairman of the Hamilton School Board, so she worked through him (don't we all), to try to get Domestic Science taught in School. She was 'put down' by the press and from many a platform as the 'despised new woman' and told she should stay home and take care of her family. But she had a vision and was far ahead of her time in her thinking, and aren't we glad she was so determined. She used to say "Women must learn not to waste valuable time on non-essentials".

She was asked by the Minister of Education of Ontario to write the text book in Domestic Science. As more teachers were need, the government (being men) stopped the funds. Adelaide enlisted the assistance of Lord Strathcona and in 1902 we find the Ontario School of Domestic Science was affiliated with Ontario Normal School. From here it grew. She enlisted the support of Sir William MacDonald, a tobacco millionaire, who donated funds to build the Institute of Household Science at the Ontario College of Agriculture in Guelph. Adelaide also helped Lady Aberdeen found the Victorian Order of Nurses.

Erland Lee heard Adelaide speak on the fact that girls should be educated in Domestic Science in schools and he invited her to speak at the Farmer's Institute in Saltfleet Township where Adelaide said the women should have an Institute. On February 19, 1897, 101 women and one man, Erland Lee, attended a meeting in Squire Hall, Stoney Creek, where she questioned a Professor of Bacteriology as to why they failed to do anything for women and children when they were so interested in the care and breeding of livestock.

On Thursday, February 19, 1987, the Stoney Creek Women's Institute was organized, the FIRST Women's Institute in the world.

On the eve of her 52nd birthday, Adelaide was in Toronto addressing a Federation of Women's Clubs in Massey Hall. She complained of a bad headache, but spoke anyway. Halfway through her brilliant speech, she stopped, smiled, took a sip of water and fell to the floor. She died on February 26, 1910. Thanks to her, the seed was well sown. Institutes began to spring up all around Ontario. The second one was in Whitby, but as minute books were lost - the secretary burned them in a bonfire - we believe Maple was second. The Motto 'For Home and Country' was suggested by Adelaide.

From Canada it spread to England, Holland and all around the World. The associated Country - Women of the World was formed in 1933 and we Canadians can be justly proud.

There was a one-day convention at Guelph in 1902 and in 1903, held at New Macdonald Institute. In 1904 it went to two days at Massey Hall, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. The Minister of Agriculture gave us a grant of \$3.00. Blue and Gold were chosen for our colours. By 1914 the Convention, covering all of Ontario, had 29,000 members and it was decided to have three Convention Areas, Toronto, London and Ottawa. Toronto area went to a three-day until 19____. Now it is a two-day convention at the Royal York Hotel.

In 1919 the F.W.I.O. was formed and our governing body is the Provincial Board of Directors and our Provincial President.

Mr. F.W. Hodson, Superintendent of the Farmer's Institute became our first superintendent of the Women's Institute. Dr. Creeland was next and then Mr. Geo. Putman in whose term the Farmer's Institute passed out of existence and the branch was then called the Women's Institute Branch.

Miss Bess McDermard was head of Local Leaders Training, then Miss Mary A. Clarke, who in 1945 resigned for our own Anna P. Lewis. She was in office until 1955 when she resigned to marry Prof. W.T. Ewen; then Helen McKercher. Most of us will remember Miss Florence P. Eadie at our 4H Homemaking Clubs. She retired in 1962 and Jean M. Scott took over. This is where I learned a great deal about the new materials and new practices in food, clothing, shelter and management, including consumer education and family living. I, as well as many of you here

today, wear our County and Provincial Honour pins with pride, and we remember our 'Judging Competition' days and going to the Exhibition to 'Judge'. It is hard to imagine our girls and boys of today who take 33 projects as did our York County Dairy Princess Miss Janet Beynon.

Over the years, we as Institute members have been helping in many ways. Do you think re-cycling is NEW? We did that in 1950 until the price fell for newspapers. We volunteered for Baby Clinics, TB Clinics, Polio shots and Polio Vaccine, Hurricane Hazel Relief (we sent \$50 for rubber boots). We helped fireman, kids go to the dentist, swimming lessons for kids.

Do you remember the Radio Programme of CJRH Richmond Hill?

- Widows self help in Greece?
- Litterbug Campaign?
- Unitarian Service Committee?
- Layettes for Arab Babies?
- Sweaters for Korea?
- Korean Flood Relief?
- The Tely Milk Ship?

We sponsored Relief Families, UNESCO Gift Coupons. We helped buy the Adelaide Hunter Hoodless Home for F.W.I.C. and Erland Lee home for F.W.I.O.

We need not hang our head to any other organization. We should stand up and advertise our work so Adelaide's vision is still there for us to work at.

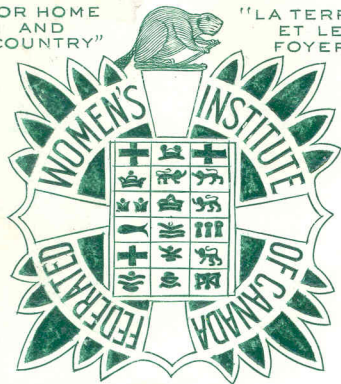
Thank you for listening to my story.

THE ASSOCIATED COUNTRY WOMEN OF THE WORLD POSTAGE STAMP

FIRST DAY OF ISSUE

"FOR HOME
AND
COUNTRY"

"LA TERRE
ET LE
FOYER"



COMMEMORATING
THE ASSOCIATED
COUNTRY WOMEN
OF THE WORLD



King City Women's Institute,
King City,
Ont
c/of Mrs A. Rumbler.

On Wednesday, May 13th, 1959, the Canadian Government honoured the Associated Country Women of the World with the issue of a five cent Commemorative Postage Stamp.

The design was the work of Mrs. Helen Bacon who is known in art circles by her maiden name, Helen Fitzgerald. The stamp symbolizes growth as cultivated by Country Women of individual organizations into the world associations as represented by the globe. The woman and the globe are outlined in black; the tree and border are green. The stamp also honours the Canadian women, Mrs. Adelaide Hoodless and Mrs. Alfred Watt, founder of the Women's Institutes and the A.C.W.W.

To the little town of Stoney Creek, Ontario went the honour of mailing the First Covers, because it was the place where the first Women's Institute was organized by Mrs. Hoodless and the late Mr. Erland Lee.

After many days spent in addressing these First Covers, they were brought by car from Ottawa by Mrs. H.G. Taylor national secretary to the home of Mrs. C.G. Hopkins secretary-treasurer of the Stoney Creek W.I. who with Mrs. Angus B. Jackson Stoney Creek W.I. president was in charge of mailing the 10,000 First Day Covers and 1000 others asked for, were stamped and sent to Stoney Creek Post Office before 5 p.m. and so these envelopes will bear the postmark of the town where this organization was born. The crest of the A.C.W.W. also appears on the envelopes.

History was surely made over again in this historic little town with its monument to the Battle of Stoney Creek in the War of 1812 and the beginning of the Women's Institutes in 1897, when the sale of these commemorative stamps was opened there in 1959, May 13th.

"HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF LIFE"

A Paper read by Miss Edna Kearn at a meeting of King East Branch in 1912.

One has said every man is the architect of his own fortunes. Or in other words the forces concealed within us are much more important in making life a success than the envirmments of life. The wise will welcome help from whatever source it may come, yet self effort should ever be considered as the great secret to the greatest success.

The successful know in nine cases out of ten that success in life is achieved by their own earnest endeavor.

In the first place there must be some definite purpose or aim in order to secure success. An aimless life is sure to be a failure. Then there must be careful and well laid plans, half the failures in life arises from this defect, some people never think of planning out their work. A haphazard way of doing things is not the best way. Order is the greatest law of the universe, let it be so in every home, and in every undertaking. We should never forget that to attain the best in life we must pay attention to what is called the little things of life. As it is sometimes stated "Look after the pence and the pounds will look after themselves.

The perfection of the whole depends upon the perfection of its parts. Life is made up not of great deeds, efforts and sacrifices, but of little things in which words and smiles and kindnesses given habitually are what makes life enjoyable to ourselves and to those around us and secure for all the best results in life. All work should secure our careful attention. The work in the kitchen has its place in making the best in life as well as the drawing room or the parlour. To prepare a meal and set it up properly has its place in making home attractive and life happy as well as any function of so called society. Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. It should be the aim of all to secure the highest degree of perfection possible in all avocations of life.

Industrious habits should be cultivated. The word of inspiration sends the sluggard to the busy ant to consider her ways and get wisdom. He who lived the most beautiful and most exemplary of all lives, said, "I must work the work of Him that sent me." What the world needs today are men and women to go forth in the steps of Him who went about doing good.

There is something in all of us if wisely used and directed will lead to success. It was the non-use of the talent that was condemned, but still how many are doing the same thing today? It is better to wear out than to rust out is a homely proverb with more meaning than is commonly supposed. Rust consumes faster than use. Many fail in life's race because they are too lazy to work or determined to do as little as possible.

A beggar is sitting by the side of the road, where the race of men go by. The men who are good, and the men who are bad. As good and as bad as I, I would not sit in the scorn's seat,

nor hurl the cynic's lear, but live and be a friend to man. Am I my brother's keeper has but one answer. This is what will constitute success in the great day of Judgement. "In as much as ye did it unto one of these little ones, ye did it unto me and these shall go away into eternal life." This is making the best of life.

There appears to exist a greater desire to live long, than to live well. Measured by man's desires he does not live long enough, and measured by his good deeds he does not seem to live long enough, but measured by his evil deeds he lives too long.

Reading the biographies of great and good men and women often becomes inspiration to nobler living. It breathes into our nature a virtuous pride which leads to noble deeds.

Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime, and departing leave behind us, footprints on the sands of time. Life is a race and we should all run impelled by the highest motive. A hound having started a hare from its ambush rushed after it. The chase was kept up for a long time, but the hare had the best of it and got off. A goat near by jeered at the hound, but the hound replied, "It is one thing to run for your dinner and another thing to run for your life." Some seem to be running the race of life for their dinner and their great concern is "What shall I eat and wherewithall shall I be clothed?"; but this is too low for anyone who realizes the true dignity and destiny of his being. A philosopher asked a man which of the two lives he would rather live, that of Croesus, one of the richest of men, but very wicked, or that of Socrates, one of the poorest of men, but good. The answer was, "In life I would like to be Croesus, but in death Socrates."

The highest success in life does not consist in what one accumulates as much as in what one distributes. There is a greater blessing in giving than in receiving. In helping others than in being helped. How many are living without this one of the greatest joys of life. "He who lives for self lives for a mean man." Let us live for the good we can do. We are not here to play and to dream, to drift. We have hard work to do and loads to lift, Shun not the struggle, face it, Tis God's gift. We will close this paper with the words of Solomon. "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter, Fear God and keep His commandments for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgement, with every secret thing whether it be good or evil.

The Friends of France

HONORARY PRESIDENT - MME. AUGUSTINE THIEFFRY
PRESIDENT - - - MRS. ARTHUR E. WELLS
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TREASURER - - MISS JOAN STEWART

216 Poplar Plains Road, Toronto.

Jan. 3rd

1919

Miss Alice A. Ferguson
Secy Treas. King E. Women's Institute,
King East.
Ontario.

Dear Miss Ferguson,

The Friends of France want to gratefully acknowledge the generous gift of fifty dollars from the Women's Institute of King East. It has come at an opportune time, as we are receiving many letters from authoritative sources, telling us that the need of the people in the freed districts is desperate, and begging us to go on with our work. We feel that money is the best thing to send them just now, it goes so quickly, and can often give immediate relief. Thanking you again, we are,

Faithfully yours

THE FRIENDS OF FRANCE,
(Mrs A. E. Wells) Mary B. Wells President

A FERGUSON RE-UNION

Saturday June 28, proved an ideal day for the Ferguson Re-union, held in an ideal setting at the home of Mrs. Rose Ferguson. The commodious lawn, sheltered by a beautiful hedge, with the waters of the lagoon gleaming through the trees, and the vine covered veranday presented an ideal spot for the gathering; and the clan forgathered, to the number of at least two hundred, and there were many absentees, who were much missed. They arrived during the forenoon, by bus from Toronto, by scores of autos from Shelburne, Stayner, Avonbank, and the neighborhood of St. Marys. At noon one hundred sat down to dinner. In the evening around two hundred enjoyed the sumptuous picnic supper.

The gathering was graced by the presence of a piper, a real piper, in the Charles Stuart Tartan and full regalia. Piper Smith of the 48th Highlanders, who stirred any highland blood in our veins and made the feet beat time to the music. A few essayed a try at the Highland Fling, or Reel or whatever it was. It was at least a surprising change on the program.

An interesting program was given. Rev. J. Stewart Ferguson, yesterday of Pickering, today of Carleton Place, as chairman. Rev. Mr. Lang of Mallorytown, who had entered the clan by marriage, gave his impressions of the Fergusons. Rev. Bev. Ferguson of Seattle, U.S.A., gave a stirring address. Mr. Alex F. Burrows of Vandorf gave a violin solo. Sir. Wm. Mulock was delightful in a short speech, and Mr. Milton followed in a happy appreciative mood. W. S. Ferguson, C.A., of Toronto, concluded the program in a humorous speech.

The gathering was graced by the presence of Canada's Grand Old Man, Chief Justice, Sir Wm. Mulock, and by that of Mr. Wm. P. Mulock, and Mrs. Mulock. A rousing cheer was given for the hostess Mrs. R. Ferguson.

We are not in the possession of the register, but a few of the nearest of kin were those representing the Fergusons of Hornings Mills. Mr. T. A. Ferguson, his wife and members of his family, his brother Rev. Ben Ferguson of Seattle, Washington Terr., who had attended the International Convention of The Religious Education Council. His sisters, Mrs. Purves, of Shelburne, Mrs. Rev. Lang, of Mallorytown, Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Torrence of Toronto, with members of their families. From Avonbank and neighborhood of St. Marys--descendants of the late Hugh Ferguson--Mr. and Mrs. Crago and Alvin, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Oliver and little daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Albert P. Ferguson, Margaret and Arthur, Miss Margaret Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Ferguson of Russeldale, and the Misses Grant of St. Marys, and Miss Oliver of St. Marys.--From Syracuse, New York, came descendants of Mr. John Ferguson--Mr. and Mrs. F. Burrows of Stayner, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Davidson of Creemore, Mr. Alex Burrows and Miss Mary Burrows of Vandorf. Mr. Walter Scott, Mrs Scott and daughter of Richmond Hill, Mrs. Mary Scott, and Miss Webster of Aurora, Mrs. John Ferguson, Miss Sadie Ferguson, mack Ferguson, his wife and two sons, Mr. and Mrs. Stone of Aurora, of the descendants of the late Thos. Ferguson; the immediate family of our hostess.

Miss Bertha, Mrs. Harris and family, George and Harry, Elmer, wife and family, from Stouffville. Mrs. Robt. Gellatly, Miss Jessie, Walter and Ernest, Mrs. Bennington of Newmarket, Mr. Bennington and sons, also her sister from Syracuse, and members of her family. Wellington Travis, Mrs. Travis, Ernest and Dora from Newmarket. T. J. Ferguson was present with his family complete. Rev. J. Stewart, Mrs. Ferguson, Charlie and Dorothy, Mrs. Payne, Mr. Payne, and family Peter E., Mrs. Ferguson and sons, Lincoln and Mack of Aurora. Miss Myrtle Ferguson, and her sisters Annie and Eva with their husbands and children.

-Of Mark L. Ferguson's family--Rev. J. Albert, Mrs. Ferguson and Scott of Richmond Hill, W. S. Ferguson C.A. and Mrs. Ferguson, Toronto, T.A. and A.A., at Scots 'Wha Hae', King. Mr. George Ferguson, Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rumble and family, Mr. Thos. Lawson, and family.

There were many others, whose married names or children's names are not remembered, the list is already long, but it was a great get together, and much enjoyed by all.

A group photograph was taken.

HOUSEKEEPER'S GUIDE

One pint of butter equals a pound.

One quart of sifted flour equals a pound.

One large pint of sugar equals a pound.

A pint of graham, seven and three-fourths ounces.

A pint of cornmeal, ten and one-fourth ounces.

A pint of rice, fifteen ounces.

A pint of samp or coarse hominy, thirteen ounces.

A pint of tapioca, twelve ounces.

A pint of breadcrumbs, eight and three-quarter ounces.

A pint of raisins, nine ounces, lightly measured.

A pint of currants, ten ounces.

A pint of brown sugar, thirteen ounces.

A pint of maple sugar broken into crumbly pieces, equals one pound and four ounces.

An ounce of butter, two level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of flour, four level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of cornstarch, three tablespoonfuls. (level)

An ounce of granulated sugar, two level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of ground coffee, five level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of grated chocolate, three level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of pepper, for level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of salt, two level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of cinamon, four and a half level teaspoonfuls.

An ounce of cloves, four level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of mace, four level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of curry, four level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of mustard, four level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of thyme, eight level tablespoonfuls.

'YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY'

A PAPER PREPARED BY ALICE FERGUSON

We might begin our study even farther back than yesterday and call it "The Day Before Yesterday". "Yesterday and To-Day". This will embrace the time of three or four generations, and represents the Pioneer Days, the days of our parents' childhood, or to some of us of our grandparents' childhood, and 'To-day', the present generation.

When our forefathers crossed the Atlantic in either a sailing vessel, or in one of the wonderful new steamers, the voyage occupying several weeks, they found the country forest-clad, rough and unsettled. The desire of each heart was to carve out a home, to own land, and to be independent.

A brave heart was necessary to meet the new conditions, and every ounce of will-power, of brain and brawn was called into action. Work must be done by main force, for there were few labor-saving devices in those days, to lighten labor. There were few implements with which to work, and those were of the rudest. An axe was the first necessity. Soon a small clearing was made, and a small log cabin built of unhewn logs; the cracks and chinks were filled in with moss and clay. The furniture was scant and rude. The packing boxes and chests containing their personal effects did duty as table or settee; blocks of wood made substantial seats, and soon rude benches were made, but the manufacture of lumber was slow, as a whip saw was needed. Gradually these articles of furniture were added to, especially during the winter, and a few comforts of this kind soon made home more homey.

There was little variety in the way of food. Potatoes, turnips and other vegetables were grown among the stumps in the little clearing, and corn, oats and wheat were grown as fast as land could be cleared for the crop. It was slow work, and hard, few of "To-day" would care to try it under the same conditions. There was abundance of game, deer, wild fowl, fish in the streams, and bears in the woods. But ammunition was scarce and had to be husbanded carefully, to protect the family from wolves, bears and other enemies.. The maple trees provided almost the only sugar used, and maple sugar was used in sweetening their tea, preserving the wild fruit and as a confection.

Flour mills were very few and scattered. It was quite a usual thing for a farmer to take a bag of wheat on horseback, and make a journey to a distant grist mill, returning with his quota of white flour, too precious for ordinary fare, the journey occupying some days. Grain for porridge, and bannocks and oatcakes, was crushed in a hominy-stump. The centre was burned out of a hardwood stump, the grain was placed in this hollow, and crushed by a 'beetle' or a plumper, which was a stone attached to a 'sweep' and which was plumped up and down crushing the grain into meal.

A man was well off, who owned a horse, or a team of oxen, a cow, or a few sheep and pigs;

pasture was plentiful enough, as the woods were unfenced, and afforded food and shelter to the animals. The tinkle of the cow-bell was listened for as milking time drew near.

The clothing brought with them from the 'Old Country', had to be replaced in time, and the wool of the sheep was washed, carded, by hand cards, spun on the tiny spinning wheels, either brought out with them, or modelled after their fashion, and many a home had its own hand-loom, and wove the cloth for the garments. Good wearing material too, was this homespun, and warm; no need to be particular about the feel of wool against the skin. The only alternative was linen, for in the 'Old Country', flax was grown and put through the many processes to make it into linen, and when a corner could be sown in flax, linen could be manufactured by the family. Store goods were for best only.

Methods of transportation were few. The streams and lakes were used wherever possible; the canoe of the Indian, the hollowed log, or later the clumsy flat bottomed boat carried many a load. The roads were mere bridle paths through the forest, with blazed trails to show the way. There were no railways, and stage coaches were a rarity to be found in only the long settled sections.

Neighbours were far apart, churches and schools were few and far between, but in many a humble pioneer home, the Bible was used regularly and reverently as the great Comforter and Guide. Sacred associations with God's word and God's house were maintained, and the very hardships and loneliness, and trials of the pioneer life, built up a sturdy Christian manhood, and womanhood, for which we have every reason to thank God; for they were our ancestors, and we are largely what we are because of what they were.

In those days the fireplace occupied one end of the log cabin and it was the bright spot in the home. Matches for lighting fires were unknown a century ago, or at least unknown in useable quantities. The fire was covered at night, but sometimes it was out in the morning. There it was--"Johnnie, the fire has gone out, get up and dress as fast as you can, and run over to our nearest neighbours for a pan of coals to start another fire, or if that were not possible, fire was obtained by rubbing a flint with steel, and catching the spark, blowing it into a flame among shavings, or birch bark, or punk. Imagine the slowness of the process, should we be forced to get fire in that way! Tallow candles of home manufacture were used, firelighters of shavings being used in place of lucifers. The pitch pine knots often afforded the only light. Hence there was little to tempt late retiring, so our forefathers laid foundations for good institutions for future generations by retiring early and rising early.

Yet in the absence of many things which we would consider necessary for happiness or jollity, there were many gay times among the pioneers. Fiddles or bagpipes, came over the sea with their owners, and if a community owned one of these musical instruments, there was sure to be some jolly evenings, when a few neighbours could get together. Alas! there were whiskey stills in plenty also, pure whiskey home distilled, not poisoned by drugs and poisons, yet containing

the Devil in liquid form, and was dispensed as a necessary part of hospitality.

YESTERDAY

There is no exact dividing line between "Yesterday" and the "Day Before", no midnight stroke of the clock, which tells us that one day is done, and another begun. The two merge into each other and overlap. Yet there is a distinct difference between a century ago and half a century ago, as there is between that time and To-day. The farms of Yesterday were largely cleared, but each with its forest reservation and many a natural tree bearing its harvest of fruit.

Life was easier than in the old pioneer days. The country was fast being cleared. Great piles of logs were burned to facilitate the clearing of the land. The stumps--great pine fellows--were dragged in ragged rows to serve the double duty of fences and an easy way to get rid of them. Great piles of pine logs were covered over with earth and burned or baked into charcoal for the use of the blacksmith. Great sacrifice of splendid timber was made, as there was little sale for it, nor proper methods of transportation. Corduroy roads were built, taking the place of the old trails, these helped to use up the logs, and made a firmer road-bed, though often rather bumpy. During Governor Simcoe's time, Yonge and Dundas streets were opened up and broken stone and later gravel used to keep them in repair. The system of toll-gates was doubtless copied from the 'Old Country', and those who used the roads paid their toll, as their share in keeping up the road.

Farmer's implements were still of the rudest. The grain was cut with the cradle, and bound by hand. Probably this method was the only one possible, when the farms were so covered with stumps and stones, but later a reaper reached the colony, and was a wonderful, lumbering thing, one man sat on it to drive, another stood behind, shoving off the sheaves. The heavy iron plows were welded by hand by the local blacksmith, and were at least durable and suitable for their heavy work among the roots and rocks. Oxen were still used, though horses were becoming more common. Help was plentiful both for outdoor and indoor work, and as the work was not eased by labor savers, more hired help was needed. Those were the days of jolly big families, and a neighbour usually could lend a girl or two to help out another in need. Wages were low, yet probably the purchasing power of money was as great as now. Men worked hard from sun-rise till sun-set, at ditching, cradling, binding, or logging, at the sum of fifty cents per day.

Many a farm had two, three or even four houses built on its area. A little log hut with a few apple or plum trees, or a lilac bush in front, showed where some squatter had made a home, gaining permission from the owner to cut down trees and build a small shack.

The woods were not always fenced in, and people who were mere squatters, kept a cow or cows, a few pigs and sheep, which ran at large in the woods, during the summer, and the cows and sheep, browsed at some farmer's strawstack during the winter while master 'Piggywig', provided the meat to go with the potatoes and vegetables, for the winter's food. Stores and shops were few and

far between. There was little competition and each had a monopoly of trade. Butter sold at a few cents the pound; eggs as low as eight cents per dozen, while poultry,--good and fat--sold at five and six cents per pound, and chickens at thirty cents to forty cents per pair.

Churches were far apart, Mrs. Burrows, my grandmother, sometimes walked seven miles from King to Richmond Hill, to church, and carried a baby, and walked back again! And the hills were not cut down as they are now, nor the roads as smooth. Often the farm wagon, drawn by oxen, or horses carried the family to service, and the blessing received was greater because of hardship overcome to be present. The House of God was appreciated, and the services were long drawn out. When Communion season came, there were services on Thursday, Friday and Sunday and Monday. People brought baskets and solemnly picknicked under the trees between services. There was much preparation of heart, and these seasons were times of refreshing and upbuilding. People came long distances for the 'fast day' and sat patiently during the long sermons, had their dinner and sat again for another service. The preachers gave deep discourses on the fundamentals, preaching the certainty of a hell as well as of a heaven, and tracing the road by sure sign-posts to either place.

The school houses were small log structures, with the desk along the wall, and faced by the backless bench on which sat the pupils, from mere infants to mustached young men, or girls in long skirts. The teacher sat at his desk and 'heard' classes, and disciplined with the cane, or cat-of-nine-tails, or the blue-beach rod, while the majority of pupils received a mere rudimentary education, usually a 'star scholar' would gain distinction, and enter the larger world to be a credit to the community and teacher.

Gradually conditions were altering, log houses were being replaced by frame or more ambitious brick, or stone. Stoves were replacing gradually the fireplaces, and with the passing of the cheery old fireplace, with its welcoming blaze, and its musical heavy iron tea-kettle, its crane and tongs, its bellows and its backlog, there passed away the homiest atmosphere of contentment and good cheer. Better furniture was finding its way into the settlements, a melodian or even an organ was a piece of rare good fortune. The new houses were often built over a cellar, though often an outside cellar or cave was the only cellar for house use. The outside ovens still baked the very sweetest bread, and the smokehouse was just as necessary for 'smoking' the hams and bacon.

Churches were multiplying to meet the needs of the different creeds. Soon better schools were built. Railways were projected and canals made to overcome the rapids or falls in the rivers. When the first engine on the G. T. R., Northern Division, came as far as the third of King, a crowd of people gathered to see the terrible monster and children shrank back in terror or hid, lest the terrible engine should run after them, and kill them.

In our grandmother's day, there were fashions as there are now, though these were followed afar off, yet there were those who set the fashions in each community. See in your mind's eye, the picture of a demure young lady, in poke bonnet, voluminous skirt, low pointed bodice, with pantelett

showing below her short skirt. Those pantelettes were for ornament only, and were trimmed quite prettily, with ruffles or lace. The sewing which had been all done by hand, was made easier by the introduction of the sewing machine, which, while it facilitated the work of sewing, has made their fine needlework, at which our grandparents were so adept, a lost art.

In our mothers' young days, girls and boys went to school barefooted. Just as soon as a warm day came in spring, off went boots and stockings, and one of the trials of Sunday was that boots must go on again. It was quite a familiar sight to see grown up young women, with skirts tucked up, and bare feet, scrubbing the floors or doing other household tasks. In winter these legs were encased in good stockings of homespun wool, with finer "gross banded" wool for Sunday wear. The fleece of the sheep provided those splendid home woven blankets of which we are still proud. The homespun cloth for house dresses and underskirts, so rough but so warm and durable. The fulled cloth for mens wear--clumsy garments but such as turned the wind and kept out Jack Frost and his icy breath; good double wool mittens for the hands, and long warm mufflers for the neck, while the home tanned, skin of the fatted calf, or the sheep killed for the winter's meat, was often made into moccasins by the father or mother, or perhaps 'father' turned cobbler during the winter and made the family footwear; strong, heavy, but serviceable. These are the conditions under which our immediate forefathers lived, and these very conditions made them strong, honest, reliant, and gave to us a Godly, honorable name, which we are bound in honor to keep respectable, and for the sake of those whose names we bear.

TO-DAY

What of 'To-day'? There is a long call between the tedious uncomfortable sailing vessel in which our forefathers crossed the ocean, and those floating palaces with all modern conveniences and luxuries in which a hurried trip may be made to-day. It is a long call from the log cabin, in the woods, to the stately homes of 'To-day' equipped with bathroom, electric lighting, and all labor saving devices and luxuries. It is a long call from the matchless day of the tinder box, to the push button of the electric light, which is fast putting coal-oil lighting and gas out of business. It is a long call from the tedious 'stitch' of the hand needle to the sewing machine with its numerous attachments, for all kinds of ornamentation. It is a long call from the grain cradle to the self-binder with its sheaf carrier and knot cutter all in one. The country dotted with homes and squatters huts have shoved all unnecessary houses out of the way, and all that are not really needed on the farms are set down in better style in the village, town, or city. Instead of the backyard of forest, there are trim lawns, flower borders, and gardens. Instead of ox carts and carry-alls to carry the family to church, there are the covered carriages, and the automobiles. A balloon ascension would draw crowds together to view such a wonder--now we note carelessly that "Mr. So and So" has had an accident with his aeroplane while flying and was killed. We have talked all over our little world by telephone till its novelty has passed away. We are ready now for a new

sensation; what will it be?

Instead of good old fashioned paring bees and quilting parties, or an afternoon's visit with our apron and our knitting, we have our set day for receiving, and set phrases for talking, and set 'specials' for lunch, till formality is taking the place of good old time hospitality and friendliness. We have labor-saving devices--fireless cookers, vacuum cleaners, dustless brooms, self wringing mops, dumb waiters, electric irons, washers, toasters, and so on infanitem, yet we are over busy, overburdened, overtired. The pendulum of style has swung from the voluminous skirts, with their crinolins and hoops, to the scant hobble of to-day. (Where will it swing next?)

To-day is as far ahead of Yesterday as the heavens are higher than the earth, in the way of inventions, advances and wonderworkings. If we live at this rate, what a world this will be in fifty years to come! We cannot imagine to what heights we may rise, why have we accomplished such things? Because man has been working with God, finding out His secrets, and utilizing them. The same forces of electricity was present in the world in the pioneer days, but the secret of how to collect that power, to convey it to such places and in such ways that it could do such work, had to be learned slowly, and a little at a time. If only we can keep close to God, and learn more of the secrets He has enfolded in what we call nature,--Tomorrow may be even brighter than To-day.





1st display at Royal Winter Fair [and Rest Spot]

photo compliments of:
Ontario Ministry of Agriculture and Food

two visitors - unknown

At Table - Irma Maltby, Area President
- Cathy Hall
- Ella Harris
- Helen Rumble, Provincial Board member
[responsible for display and
people to man the booth]

WELCOME

The first Institute meeting was held on June 19th, 1907, King East.

We have minutes till 1915, but I am told meetings were held til 1924. Members, numbering 29-41, were from Eversley, King and Temperanceville.

The second Institute was founded on September 28, 1939. A meeting was held at Mrs. A.(Doc) Gordon's home. There were 28 ladies present and 15 paid membership. They are our Charter Members. Mrs. Ross Walker, the first president, has been a member all that time (and we are so pleased to have her here today). Mrs. A. Gordon was the first Secretary-Treasurer, and she and Mrs. Clarke Archibald are still with us. Sixteen (16) more joined at their October 10 meeting, of these Mrs. Dan Rawlings remains. Member #34 was Miss E. McClure on December 12, 1939 and her mother was #35. Elizabeth McClure (now Gillham) was the second Secretary-Treasurer.

Laura Rolling joined the Institute on January 9, 1910. She is our only Life Member, conferred on her by her sister Kay Clarke, and we are very pleased to have her with us today.

At the Executive meeting, they set up the Programm Committees - Red Cross Committee and Social Committee, and decided a limit on the lunch. It was war time and these women wanted to do their 'bit' for the local Boys. The secretary was authorized to write to Lake Marie Athletic Association [Sr. Henry Pallet] regarding a donation for Red Cross Supplies. I don't know what they asked for, but in cash they got \$25.00 and it went to the Richmond Hill Chartered Red Cross Society for yarn. Right away they decided to have a dance to buy supplies. Mrs. Pitt gave a talk on the Red Cross and a motion was made that we continue as an Institute and do our work for the Red Cross. Mrs. Norris gave a very interesting talk on the origin of Thanksgiving and also made a replica of the Prune family. They sent delegates to the Convention (at the Royal York I think) and several ladies offered to cut out pyjamas and bought euchre cards for 12 tables. They had a euchre and made \$7.00 and the next month had a dance and euchre and made \$15.77. They bought the pattern for pyjamas from the Red Cross for 35 cents and the flannelette was \$17.20. They paid two delegates' expenses to the Convention [\$2.50]. They bought \$10.80 worth of wool. In the first year they handled \$96.34. They were busy women.

In 1940 they helped the Lake Marie Association at the Street Dance by a booth proceeds of \$28.06 and Lake Marie gave them \$300 which they used to fill boxes for the local boys overseas. They bought the boxes and sent some away each month. They held dances for British War Victim Funds, made quilts and sent cheques too. They filled 'Ditty bags' for Navy boys. They had a banquet every year to celebrate their Birthday, mostly in the United Church basement. They had good speakers - Rev. Frost, Kate Aitkins. When the war ended they had a banquet for the boys who were able to come home.

Do you think recycling is NEW? In 1944 the Institute discussed a collection and sale of waste paper.

They turned their eyes to local things. Started a skating rink for children next to Hogan's Inn and the Town trustee bought the hose to flood it; Mr. Langdon was asked to supervise it.

We used to give bank books with \$1.00 to new babies. This ended by giving the new mothers \$1.00 with the suggestion they start a bank account. We manned a Well-Baby Clinic till the Health Department stopped it. Used to send the children to the dentist and paid part of same. The children didn't mind going because they were taken from school by taxi and returned the same way. It was a real adventure to be in a taxi. Sent members to meetings to 'incorporate' the village. Sent volunteers to help with Polio shots, TB clinics, oral Polio vaccine. Bought eye glasses for a pupil in Doris Patton's class. Helped with first Lion's dinner in the Masonic Hall and kept doing it. Sent \$50 to the Hurricane Hazel Relief fund for rubber boots. Helped Lion's with bus transport to Thornhill for swimming lessons and supervised same. Helped get the Firemen going with money. Had booths at local sales - do you remember Borden's Sale?

The Library was started by Women's Institute members, each buying a book, reading it and exchanging them. The seed grew and many members were librarians for years. We supplied the Book of the Month, gave books in memory of members who passed away. Bought two tables and six chairs for the new building, which was the second home of the library; and placed a bronze plaque on table. Gave them money from our 'Special' account but not our \$1,000 bond. Gave prizes for posters for Book Week to our school children. Then it became a Public Library in 1959. We

have to 'toot' our horn about this. Nobody really gives our members credit for all they did in laying the ground work; it was the determination of our members like Miss Marjorie Jarvis, Mrs. Ann Grew, Mrs. James Rock, Mrs. Harold Ratcliffe and Miss Doris Patton.

We also bought a set of swings for the Park for the children and payed for repairs on them.

In 1956 Marj Peters started a Cook Book. It was finished in 1958 and sold at \$1.00. We had them printed at \$425.70 and had copies made. In 1959 a Five Cent stamp was issued to honour F.W.I.C. We put a float in the King Village Santa Claus Parade, did Radio programmes for CJRH in Richmond Hill at 11:50 a.m. in 1959, 1960 and 1961.

We held euchres in Cadden's Garage. Started a 4H Homemaking Club in 1963 with Rena Gordon and Isabelle McKendry as leaders. Did the booth for King Crecreation Association at the High School and all got sunburnt noses! Put a programme on at the Ontario Mental Hospital at Aurora and how the boys enjoyed the nursery rhyme skits. These are a few of the things we did locally.

We supported Widow's Self Help in Greece; Litterbug Campaign; Unitarian Service Committee layettes for Arab babies; sweaters for Korean children; Korean Flood Relief; Canadian Save the Children Fund, for which Miss Patton was still knitting sweaters when she died; the Tely Milk Ship, Powdered milk for children in Europe; helped sponsor a Refugee family and had a shower for same when they arrived at Teston farm; UNESCO gift coupons for Jamaica. Supported with money, the buying of Adelaide Hoodless' Home, where our Institute all started.

RESOLUTIONS - some of them were - Laura Rolling's desire for a distinctive Canadian Flag; old age Pensions; Names be put on sides of school buses. Railway level crossings - Toronto and York Roads and Department of Transportation 1959. Opposed the closing of CNR Station in 1957; opposed trading stamps in stores in 1959. The high cost of family drugs; wanted government to finance the education of our retarded. Drafted and redrafted our Resolution on election of our High School Board, not appointments. Went to York County Council on this one as well as the Toronto Board of Education.

In 1962 we started a bursary at the High School in King City.

We had several good outings too - toured Sterling Drugs, Watson's Potato Chip Factory; went twice to see Front Page Challenge; went to see and hear Eleanor Roosevelt, who was the United Nation's representative. Mrs. Ratcliff took her opera glasses and we saw Eleanor [sleeping, tired out by proceedings, but woke up in time] to give us a good message.

Took a lot of short courses sponsored by government - Lampshades; Focus on Finishes; Sew to save dollars and make sense; Eat to Live; 143 pounds of meat; \$1.00 worth of meat; Rugmaking; Catering to a crowd; Crewel work and Millinary. Had Fashion Shows; Hat boxes and Bea Daly; Patti-Lue and Warwick House.

IN 1957 Rhoda Jarvis did the knife painting of Barker House and put it in a competition. It won the FWIC'S Senator Cairine Wilson's Trophy, a Rose Bowl Cup. We held a tea in her honour at Kingcraft House and as Senator Cairine Wilson was Mrs. Charles Burn's Mother, asked her to come. She was unable to attend. Rhoda gave the painting to the W.I. We asked to have it hung in the library for safekeeping. It got lost somewhere between the library 'over the tracks' and the new one.

We entered the F.W.I.C. competition with 8 photographs and commentary by Bruce Hall. We got 2nd prize because Velma Neal's horses did not look up [the judge said if someone had known enough to whistle to attract the horses to raise their heads we would have won 1st prize]. We entered the C.N.E. competition - Five Ways to Improve the Exhibition and won 1st Prize [\$100]. Costumes done by Marj Jarvis won \$75; and one on places in Canada, Elsie Shropshire. I did a driving quiz and won 2nd prize.

These are just some of the things we've done over the years. I concentrated on the early years, but we are still doing things for our Community and still learning through the Ministry of Agriculture and Food.

We are still a valuable Institute and hope you have all enjoyed your association with us. My most sincere wish is that you enjoy our 50th Anniversary.

Our Presidents, and Secretary-Treasurers from the start were:

Mrs. Ross Walker
Mrs. Colin Stewart
Mrs. Dan Rawlings
Mrs. Ed Kyle

Mrs. Rhoda Jarvis
Mrs. Helen Rumble
Mrs. Marj Peter
Mrs. Helen Wyer

Mrs. Doc Gordon
Miss Elizabeth McClure
Miss Patton
{Sec. Mrs. Colin Stewart
{Treas. Betty Billings
Mrs. Doris Willoughby

We are not as active in the Community work now because we have so many more organizations in the village. Our 4H Club folded, but we do try to help the Temperanceville Club. You'll hear more of that later.

Thank you for listening to our past.

1957



KING CITY WOMEN'S INSTITUTE
hosts to YORK CENTRE DISTRICT ANNUAL

by Helen Rumble

Highlight of a recent King Women's Institute Annual was having the York County Dairy Princess present. She is one of our 4-H Homemaking girls in the Temperanceville Club that her mother leads.

Marilyn Beynon [Janet's mother] has led 4-H Clubs for many years and we are pleased to have her here today too.

Grandmother Beynon, 'Elsie to us' is perhaps our oldest active member, having joined the Women's Institute in Temperanceville. When they disbanded she came to join us and has been a pillar in our branch.

It is so nice to have three generations here.
Back to our 'Princess'

Janet has completed 29 Clubs, and is presently working on 4 more. She received the Margaret Armstrong Award last year and is presently attending the University of Guelph. She is working towards her Bachelor of Science in Human Kinetics; 1 year over and three more to go.

In 1989 she was chosen the Guernsey Queen.

We like to claim a little bit of credit for this multi-talented girl.

It gives me great pleasure to present to you Janet Beynon.



King WI

At the King Women's Institute annual meeting three generations of the Beynon family - Elsie, Marilyn and Janet - were honoured for their work with 4-H. This trio of women represents years of co-operation between the WI and 4-H Clubs.

TREE PLANTING AT SENIOR'S CENTRE, KING CITY
October 10, 1991

by Helen Rumble, 1991

The King Women's Institute members were asked to plant a tree as part of our Environment programme. We thank the Senior's Centre for permission to do so. We chose a lilac because there doesn't seem to be a disease to destroy them. Mrs. Beynon, one of our older members, said she had some to be transplanted.

The night before, Hans Neilsen, Austin and I went to Mrs. Beynon's with shovels and got the tree. We came to the Senior's building, dug the hole (all sorts of stone and wire in the ground). We took some good 'Rumble' soil and Shirley Crossley brought some good 'cow's manure', well rotted, to mix with it. We decided we would be smart and just plant the tree and tomorrow at 11 o'clock when our members come we would just pretend during picture session. Norman Wade, Spence Urquhart, Gord Fawcett, members of the centre were there to help us.

October 10, 1991 - Trees are among our most useful and dependable of friends. They beautify the countryside and introduce a welcome shade. They temper our climate, curtail the wastage of our soil and conserve the dwindling moisture of our land. Now we are recognizing that our forests are our last great source of raw materials and we are destroying our planet. We need to preserve and plant more.

He who plants a tree, plants hope, plants joy and peace, and plants love. Heaven and earth reward us. Here we chose the lilac poem.

I love the simple things of life,
a garden in the Spring.
A lilac bush so fragrant, tall,
where young birds wake to sing.
There's magic in the Spring time.
There's magic in each flower.
There's magic in everything that grows.
The magic, *God's love and creative power.*

Elsie Beynon read - R.D. Little's poem



Helen Rumble, Shirley Crossley, Barbara Bennet, Frances Holman, Anne Bodi, Edna Gellately, Betty Wade, Muriel Wallace, Rena Gordon, Phil Pittari and Maria Vallazzi.

OLD REMINDERS OF 'THE WAY IT WAS'

Keele Street looking north towards
King City.

Taken from Austin Rumble's 'farm gate'.



HILTZ'S HOUSE [one of the oldest
houses in King City] before being
bulldozed down in May, 1990.
Photo given by Muriel Wallace who
saw them tearing it down and
asked the workers to stop until
she got her camera to take a
picture. They obliged.

This little building [still in
Mrs. (Silk) Scott's yard, South
Keele Street] was once an
old barber shop. It became
our **FIRST LIBRARY**.



KING CITY PUBLIC SCHOOL
(north Keele Street)



Back Row

Leslie Kerr, Harry McBride, Bob Riddell, Doug Welsley, Alfred Baylis, Miss Mable Waranaco [teacher], Mabel Rumble, Lillian Leece, Ethel Agar, Audrey Gambrill, Helen Campbell.

Middle Row

Bill Bahrey, Wes Dew, Charlie Gates, Viola Auckland, Marg Walker, Arlene Carson, Mattie Hambly, Bertha Hiltz.

Front

Austin Rumble, Clarke Archibald, Stan Kerr, Walter Jackson, Bill Hiltz, Herb Wellsley, Gordon Patton, Walter Hambly, Wilf Bayliss.