

“FOREWORD”

I am so glad to hear that the Women's Institutes of Ontario are going to compile village history books. Events move very fast nowadays; houses are pulled down, new roads are made, and the aspect of the countryside changes completely sometimes in a short time.

It is a most useful and satisfying task for Women's Institute members to see that nothing valuable is lost or forgotten, and women should be on the alert always to guard the traditions of their homes, and to see that water colour sketches and prints, poems and prose legends should find their way into these books. The oldest people in the village will tell us fascinating stories of what they remember, which the younger members can write down, thus making a bridge between them and events which happened before they were born. After all, it is the history of humanity which is continually interesting to us, and your village histories will be the basis of accurate facts much valued by historians of the future. I am proud to think that you have called them “The Tweedsmuir Village Histories”.

—Written by Lady Tweedsmuir.



Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir



"MRS. ADELAIDE HOODLESS"

Founder of the first Women's Institute in the World
at Stoney Creek, Ontario, February 19th, 1897.

Mrs. Hoodless was born on a farm near St. George,
Ontario in 1857 where a cairn was erected to her
memory by the Women's Institutes of Brant County.

Her love and sympathy were for the rural people; to
whom she dedicated her life; to help them raise the
standard of homemaking to the highest possible level.

MUSINGS AT MEMORY'S GATE.

Gentle Reader, joys await you,
When you turn these pages o'er.
Mem'ries rich and mem'ries varied,
Lie beyond its golden door.
There we see the lovely valley
Nestling mid the rolling hills,
And the feathered songsters please us,
With their carefree tuneful trills.
Winding through the verdant hollow
The Humber lazily strays;
Dreaming in its restless moments
Of its busy yesterdays.

A mill once stood upon its bank-
The water gave it power;
And men, now gone beyond our sight
Spent many a busy hour.
The past brings back some names to mind
And well-loved faces too;
They lived their little share of life,
E'en as you and I must do.
Did thee know their way of living
Would be seen 'yon Hist'ry's door?
And that those who never knew them
Would recall those days of yore?

The "Past" is there for us to see;
We see it in the "Present"-
Though part a tinge of sadness wears,
The greater part is pleasant.
Standing thus at Mem'rys Gateway-
Having strolled down Hist'ry's path,
Here's a thought that Hist'ry leaves us-
We live our own epitaph.
The "Present" we are living now,
Makes the "Future" some fine day;
Should folk then, find us their subjects,
Give them something nice to say.

(Rev.) Martin Jenkinson
King City - Ontario
March 18th-1953.