

# PRESIDENT'S CLOSING ADDRESS

—AT THE—

FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE  
NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF  
CANADA.

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YOUR EXCELLENCY, MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL,  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—

In old days in Scotland when it was the custom to have the half-yearly preachings, as they were called, including services from Thursday morning to Monday evening, almost without intermission, it was the duty of the minister who preached last on Monday evening to "perlicue." It is a strange word and its derivation is uncertain, but is said to be a corruption of the French words "par la queue," and what it meant was that the minister had to gather up the principal thoughts dwelt upon by the several preachers and to weave all into a connected whole.

Now, I suppose that is the ideal for the closing address of such a conference as that which this meeting brings to an end. And I suppose that on this occasion I might be expected to go further and to give a résumé of the history of the Council for the past five years of its existence.

I feel the mere suggestion is inspiring terror into the hearts of my audience, but do not be afraid. I am not going to carry it out, it would, however, be a useful piece of work to have such a history written, and as I like to get my work done for me, I am going to offer two prizes for the two best essays