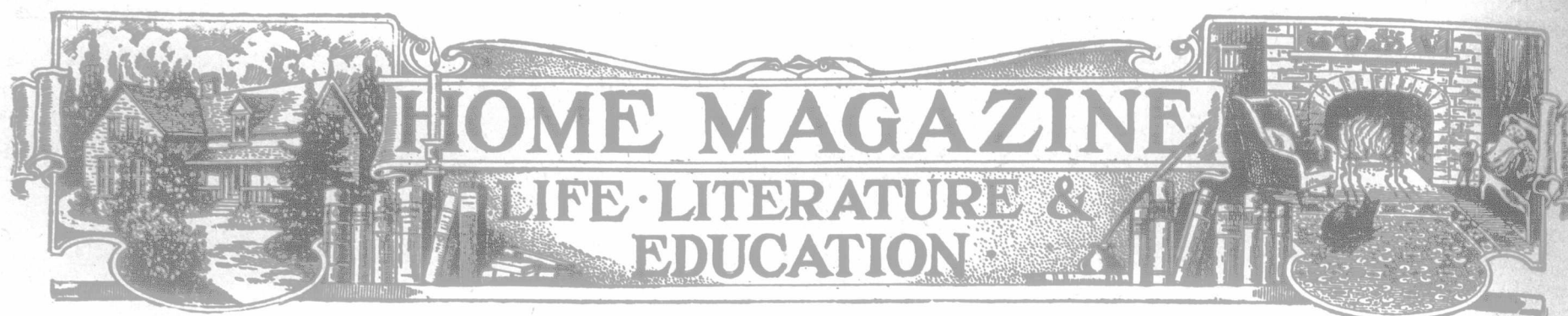




The Alleluia Requiem.

For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee, by faith, before the world
confess'd,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
Alleluia.

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and
bold,
Fight like the saints, who nobly fought of
old.
And win with them, the victor's crown of
gold.

Alleluia.

And when the strife is fierce the warfare
long
Steals on the ear the distant triumph
song,
And hearts are brave again and arms are
strong.

Alleluia.

The golden evening brightens in the
west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their
rest,
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia.

—W. Walsham How.

The Soldier.

He moves among his fellow men, quiet
and straight and strong,
Ready to join the gallant host that fights
the mighty Wrong;
He doesn't feel like a hero—he is just a
human boy,
With a modest pride in his uniform and a
deep sustaining joy.

He's not a part of the conquering horde,
a vast inhuman plan;
He has not known the savage spur that
finds the brute in the man;
He's a little shy and a little kind—he
rather dreads to kill,
But he'll set his lips and sight his gun
and go to it with a will!

He wouldn't be called a "crusader";
he wouldn't pose as a knight;
But his soul has felt the accolade of the
sacred sword of right;
He's springing now to the stern defence
of a world whose wounds are sore,
And there's a light in his grave young
eyes that was never there before.

Oh, mother of his, be glad of him; be
proud of his willing heart,
So ready to place his life at stake, so eager
to play his part.
Be true to him, and be brave to him;
steady your sighing breath;
He is yours to-day on the spirit's height—
he is yours in life or death.

Soldier of ours, go out, then, with gallant
soul and gay!
Young manhood is the bravest thing in
all the world to-day.
Could we but fight or die with you! The
time is sad and long;
But our hearts are beating high with you
to the drum and the marching song.
—Marion Couthouy Smith.

Women War Workers on the Land.

IN previous issues of this paper some-
thing has been told of the work
of Canadian women on the land—the
"Farmerette" experiment. In her
book, *Women and the War*, Hon. Mrs.
Francis MacLaren gives some interesting
information about similar workers in
England where, because of the compara-
tive inexperience of women in such work
at the beginning of the war, farm work
looked, perhaps, more formidable.

Outstanding among the women there

who, nevertheless, ventured and won,
is Miss C. E. Matheson, a promising
authoress who five years ago knew
nothing whatever of working on the
land. Her first step, after deciding to
offer herself as a volunteer for this sphere
of war-work, was to take a four weeks'
course at a Farm Institute—just as our
teachers did who attended the Agricultural
College courses at Guelph last summer.

Immediately afterwards she engaged
with a Wiltshire dairy-farmer who kept
about 50 cows. "I arrived on Saturday",
she wrote afterwards. "On Sunday
morning I found I was expected to milk at
least eight or ten animals. My four
weeks' training had simply taught me
how—there had been little time for
practicing new accomplishments. Con-
sequently my employer told me he would
not require me after the end of the week.
This announcement was a shock, and
exceedingly discouraging. However, I
toiled through that week, and at the end
of it was asked to stay. Soon I was
milking from eight to fifteen cows twice
a day; had full charge of the churns and
pails, took the milk to the station to
meet the London train, looked after the
poultry and helped on the land."

After Miss Matheson had spent seven
months on this farm, she went to the
Prince of Wales' farm on the Duchy of
Cornwall estate, where she is still working,
winter and summer. "I have had one
or two adventures with the bulls", wrote
Miss Matheson to a friend, "and though
I must confess I tremble at times, I
manage to hold my own. Of course I
could get help if I asked for it, but I do
dislike asking. It gives one such an
only-a-girl sort of feeling, and then again
I am always afraid to let anyone know
that sometimes I am afraid.

Jameson, both of whom, after some
laughable experiences at first, have
become masters of their huge machines.

Everywhere in England girls and
women are working, more or less, on the
land, and are very proud to be entitled to
wear the green Government armlet, given
for 30 days' work or 240 hours. When
our Christmas Number Competition
letters are published there will be a
chance to give you "first-hand" experiences
of Canadian girls and women who have
also been doing their bit on the land on
this side of the Atlantic.

IN Devonshire timber work was started
some time ago by Miss Calmaly
Hamlyn, and it is said that the wo-
men already excel men in barking, and
are almost equal to them in felling trees,
although, it must be explained, the trees
allotted to them are not so huge in size
as the giants of our Canadian forests.

VERY important war work is being
done by Miss E. G. Bather, one
time an expert rider in the hunt,
to-day in complete charge of a Remount
Depot for the War Office.

The work at such a depot consists
of taking horses and mules which are
for any reason thin and out of condition
and making them fit for active service.
Of course there are kickers and biters
among the lot, but the risk must be
taken, and feeding, grooming, exercising
and doctoring must be depended
upon to make "good soldiers" of all
the animals sent in. All of the workers
in this depot, by the way, even to the
"stable boys" who keep the stables dis-
infected and beautifully clean, are girls.

"An eyewitness", says Mrs. Mac-
laren, "described an occasion when

of horses. To set the pace someone
responsible has to lead the string with
the quiet horses that will face the traffic;
but though all army horses are supposed
to be broken in, I have known our string
to resemble a Wild West Show!"

Miss Dorothy Ravenscroft is also in
charge of a Remount Depot, at Chester,
the horses here being chiefly officers'
cobs and chargers, and there, as at Miss
Bather's station the work is entirely
done by girls—feeding, grooming, stable-
cleaning and exercising.

"The post of superintendent of a
Remount Depot", notes Mrs. MacLaren,
"is one of considerable responsibility,
for the success of a depot depends largely
upon the personality of the responsible
head. Her life is necessarily one of
continual anxiety, not only for the
horses, but for her girl workers, who need
to be chosen carefully; the work is far too
great a strain, physically and mentally,
for girls under twenty. Writing to a
friend recently, a superintendent said
with truth, 'One's nerves need to be
made of iron; I am wondering how much
longer mine will stand the strain. . . .
This is a question that women must be
asking themselves in almost every branch
of war work to-day, for all work is at
high pressure. But the women at home
are inspired with the same spirit as the
men in the trenches, and are equally
prepared to go on until they drop.'"

All Hallowe'en Fun.

BY L. D. M'LNER.

WHILE we should remember that a
terrible war is going on in Europe,
and our hearts should go out in
sympathy and our hands in assistance
as they are doing, we should relax oc-
casional. Over in France when the
boys are resting after being in the trenches,
and "resting" means only a change of work,
they play baseball and football and
amateur theatricals, and have various
other amusements. I have not seen but
I can readily imagine how the muscles of
the strained faces of the boys relax as
they follow the game. Efficiency experts
know that men who work hard must
play hard and they are learning to judge
a man's usefulness by his ability to
relax. No one can keep going at high
power all the time without paying a
heavy price for reckless expenditure of
energy. In the best interests of patriot-
ism we must play sometimes and All
Hallowe'en is one of the times when we
can play without breaking any of the
regulations of the Food Board, without
any shades of the emaciated children
of Europe coming between us and our
enjoyment—and without, or at any rate,
with very little expenditure.

The garden and woods supply decora-
tions free—the former giving us surplus
pumpkins, turnips and apples, of which
we can make Jack o' lanterns; the latter
supplying us with beautiful, autumn
leaves. Costumes, too, need not cost any-
thing. The spirit of Hallowe'en is ex-
pressed in the following lines:

"Backward, turn backward, oh, time
in your flight
Make me a child again just for to-night.

Dress as youthfully as your wardrobe
will permit—a middy waist and short
skirt make an ideal frolic costume.
Wear your hair just as you did when you
were small, whether in curls, braids, or
tied at the side with ribbons.

Apples are the mainstay of this par-
ticular festival. Everyone knows the
old test of eating an apple before a mirror
in a darkened room alone—preferably at
midnight—when the face of one's future
life-partner will appear in the mirror,
but I have yet to meet the girl who has
followed this test faithfully. The follow-



Miss C. E. Matheson at the Prince of Wales Stock Farm in Cornwall.

TWO other highly educated women
who have found war-work on the
land are Miss Dorothy Matthews
and Miss Margaret Hughes, both of
whom, all last spring, took out their
teams of horses, ploughed, harrowed, and
put in the seed. They have also served
their apprenticeship at carting and
spreading manure, root-pulling, feeding
stock, milking, stable-cleaning and thresh-
ing grain, so may well claim to be gradu-
ated farmers. "We are astonished,"
writes Miss Matthews, "at the ease with
which we do things that seemed almost
impossible some months ago."

Among women in the Old Country who
have been driving tractor-ploughs are
Miss Ursula Winsor and Miss Mollie

she happened to meet Miss Bather's
'lads' out for exercising. One of the
horses had taken fright, and, breaking
loose, had become entangled in barbed
wire near the road. The onlooker states
that the girls behaved with the utmost
coolness, extricating the struggling horse
with courage and skill, and successfully
preventing a stampede among the other
horses."

The Remount Depot, it must be under-
stood, is not merely a horse hospital.
From it the animals must be discharged
"life-y" and fit to meet any stress of
battle; therefore exercising is very im-
portant. With regard to it Miss Bather
writes: "This is fraught with difficulties
and anxieties, especially with a new lot