

AS WOMEN SEE THE WAR

Being Our Regular Semi-Monthly Woman's Supplement in Martial Form



MRS. H. B. YATES OF MONTREAL.
At the head of women's Red Cross work in Quebec.

The Bulletin Board

ALMOST invariably, bulletin boards appeal to people whose chief interests are baseball scores or elections. Women very seldom give a glance at the boards where the story of the last few hours is chronicled. But war time has changed all that, and has made the bulletin board the most interesting spot in the city. How curiously-linked are the battlefield, with all its red carnage, and this prosaic bit of wood, which nevertheless gives the first news of victory or defeat to the city's throngs! In the early summer days, the bulletin was watched eagerly by a vociferous crowd of youths who were anxious to know how someone was pitching or whether the Leafs had won. The biggest game of all, which is now being played across the sea, has made the world forget all lesser hazards, and the one question is: "How is the war going?" Bulletins were never before so plentiful, but the interest in their story remains unabated.

The crowd is often as full of human interest as the lines of the bulletin board, for varied are the motives which bring the passers-by to a halt. "No chance for real estate for a while yet," murmurs a brisk-looking citizen, as he reads ruefully of the doings on the Aisne and with increasing hopefulness of the advance of the Russians on Cracow. "Wonder when our boys will get there," says an older citizen, with a certain wistfulness which makes you wonder if he longs to be in the fight himself. A woman, whose gown looks like afternoon bridge, is scanning each word with an eager interest, which surely means that someone belonging to her is at the front or is likely to reach the lines. A boy in the early teens is paying absorbed attention to the latest movements of the Allies, and ejaculates from time to time: "Some war! Hope they'll soak the Kaiser!" A gentle-faced old man in clerical garb is on the outskirts of the crowd and shakes his head over the statements of the slain. "A sad, sad war!" is his only comment.

Back to the Land

FOR many years, public speakers and social welfare experts have been urging the wisdom of a return to country life and have been insisting on the folly of crowding into the cities, while good farming districts are comparatively deserted. The girl from the country has listened to

The Editorial Viewpoint

By ERIN



MRS. MARGARET SCOTT OF WINNIPEG.
Whose Nursing Mission will assist relief this winter.

the advice, and has usually paid little heed to the same. She has proceeded to the crowded centre, has experienced all the delights of a hall-bedroom and washing her handkerchiefs in the bathroom, and finds after about three years that even moving pic-



MRS. HAMILTON GAULT OF MONTREAL.
Who sailed with the transports to England as nurse.

ture shows have not an eternal charm. It is not difficult to understand how the girl of eighteen finds the spell of the city quite overwhelming, and, for a time, refuses to believe that she will ever tire of the cheap theatres and the constant crowds. Of course, there is a small percentage of the girls who come from country homes, who find, after ten years of experience, that they are better off in health and pocket-book for their work in city offices. Most of them discover that it is a very difficult matter to save anything worth while, and that office work is almost a certain encourager of "nerves."

There are writers on this live topic of country life who have admitted that the fathers on the farm have been partly to blame for the wholesale desertion of the countryside by the daughters. The financial recognition of a daughter's work has been tardy and inadequate, and the ardent feminist has found a grievance in the fact that a son's work is far more likely to be recognized as a part of the farm assets than the toil of a daughter. More than once, in the course of my journalistic experience, a letter from a girl on the farm has informed me that the writer has "hardly a cent that she can call her own," and this condition of affairs is hardly conducive to contentment. That the farmer has been too slow to buy labour-saving devices for the kitchen and the cellar is only too true, but then the women of the farm should have had the initiative to demand such machinery.

ONLY when the artificial joys of the city have lost their charm do you realize the rapture of having an acre of land which you can call your own. Sir Rider Haggard, on a visit to Canada some years ago, emphasized the fact, that in the scheme of British colonization it was the desire to send the "landless man to the manless land." When he was in Canada, last August, Sir Rider had nothing to say about colonial problems, for a mighty settler of a host of questions was the only interest for the audiences which he addressed. The war which is proving a scourge to Europe may go far towards sending many of our citizens back to the country, and may, indeed, result in better conditions of labour throughout our rural districts. During the last week of August, a Montrealer said to me: "I wish I were a farmer. He is the only man who knows what he owns in these days." The soil proves a real mother earth



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Who will shortly assume the duties of hostess at Government House, Toronto, as wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province.