

along in its sad and terrible course, we Canadians, safe in our comfortable homes where we can sleep at night with no fear of aeroplanes; where we can rise in the morning and know that we will have "this day our daily bread," are apt to grow slack in our Red Cross work. We sometimes think we are tired of knitting, or giving our pocket money, or of doing whatever our special work is. Now, we've got to fight against this feeling and we've got to try and help our mothers and fathers and brothers and sisters fight against it. We've got to remember that our boys in France, getting up from their uncomfortable sleep in a dirty dug-out may not feel like putting up barbed wire, or digging fresh trenches, or going over to raid the Germans, but whether they want to go or not, **they go**, and we must do the same.

Now that the call comes S.O.S. (soldiers of the soil) to all our school boys to go out and help put in the crop, let us remember our men, who though they

are often tired and sick and discouraged, still when they are called, **go**—and do their duty like true Canadians. Do you know what that S.O.S. signal means when it is flashed from the wireless on a sinking ship at sea? It means three tremendous words calling for help, "Save our souls." The government of Canada have borrowed these three letters and used them to mean "soldiers of the soil," but used like this they are still the cry "save our souls." This cry comes from starving France and Serbia, from war-broken Belgium and war-saddened England, "Soldiers of the Soil—Save our Souls."

Let every farmer-general marshal his forces. Let every boy and girl and woman do his or her part, so that when autumn comes our great western prairies may be hidden by battalion after battalion of strong Canadian wheat from whose heart flour will be supplied to our soldiers and to a hungry world. Let the S.O.S. signal be answered by one strong flash from all over Canada, "We are coming!"

ARBOR DAY

We have to hurry all the time to keep up with the high days and holidays that come along from month to month. In another part of the Journal you will find several pages for Empire Day, and now in our pages we must have a little talk about Arbor Day, and what is the first cousin to it, Clean-up Day. We think it best to talk a little about Clean-up Day first, because it is the foundation day. We want to plant our seeds in a tidy yard and put our trees in soil, not in rubbish. And so we must **get busy** and do our part on Clean-up Day. You all know how dreadful the backyards and streets look when the winter snow has become a mud puddle and all last year's tin cans, empty bottles, bits of old paper and rag, and other scraps are lying there for us all to see. Tidy them up first, then, because they are ugly, but tidy them up secondly for a

more important reason still — health. About this time of the year, mother fly is looking for a nice dirty, unsanitary place to lay her eggs, and just such dirty things as we have mentioned look like good places to her. And in these dirty places are hatched hundreds of horrible hairy-footed disease-carrying little pests that bring death to people all over the world in the summer months. Clean up first, then, for health's sake, and beauty's sake—and then plant trees. Plant trees that will give shade, the maple, the oak, the elm, the willow, even the poplar. Plant shrubs, the lilac, the tartarian honeysuckle, the sweet wolf-willow, the caragana, spirea and rosarugosa. Plant the sweet old flowers, pansies and Sweet William, tiger lilies, golden glow and sunflowers. Plant vines — Virginia creeper, wild cucumber, hops, scarlet