



When the War's at an End

BY SUB-LIEUT. ERIC P. DAWSON.
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of *Carry On* and other volumes.)

At length when the war's at an end
And we're just ourselves,—you and I,
And we gather our lives up to mend,
We, who've learned how to live and to die:

Shall we think of the old ambition
For riches, or how to grow wise,
When, like Lazarus freshly arisen,
We've the presence of Death in our eyes?

Shall we dream of our old life's passion,—
To toil for our heart's desire,
Whose souls war has taken to fashion
With molten death and with fire?

I think we shall crave the laughter
Of the wind through trees gold with the sun,
When our strife is all finished,—after
The carnage of War is done.

Just these things will then seem worth
while:—
How to make Life more wondrously
sweet;
How to live with a song and a smile,
How to lay our lives at Love's feet.

The First Class of Farmerettes at the O.A.C.

Even City Women Can Do Farm Work.

CAN a woman do outside work on a farm? This question has been debated in the minds of many Canadians during recent months. Some have looked upon the idea of woman labor for the farms with favor; others have scoffed at the idea. Some have held that farm-reared girls and women could do considerable to help their fathers, husbands or brothers out-of-doors. We know they can for they have been doing it; but few of those on the land could be

persuaded, without an actual demonstration, that city girls and women could "make good" at farm work. A few city folks have held a slightly different viewpoint, and so the Labor Bureau called for girls from the cities to go out at farm work. Thirty responded to the call and were given a short course of three weeks' duration at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. All but one or two of the girls and women (for there were a few in the class who signed themselves "Mrs.") came from cities and towns, the greater number from Toronto, but some from Ottawa and as far east as Montreal, and others from smaller towns and cities. The "Farmerettes," as they were called and will be known throughout Ontario this year, made good at Guelph. The spirit of willingness and the ability to learn and do the work assigned to them pleased their instructors immensely, and more than one expression of surprise and satisfaction was heard as the various girls took hold of work heretofore entirely foreign to their make-up.

The girls were given practical instruction in the various classes of farm work, such as feeding, cleaning, harnessing and driving horses; feeding beef and dairy cows and calves, feeding pigs and sheep, milking cows, gardening, feeding and caring for poultry, cleaning cattle and horse stables, growing field crops, hoeing, pruning, plowing, harrowing, cultivating and general farm work. They were out at 5.30 in the morning, milking, feeding cattle, etc., and cleaning out stables, and they were always on the job and willing to do more. On Sundays they could be found in the stables doing extra work for the experience. Some of them cared for the biggest teams on the College Farm, feeding, cleaning, harnessing and driving them under the supervision of the regular teamsters and farm foreman. A few learned to plow, most to harrow and cultivate, and all had a chance to learn to feed and to milk. The latter work came rather difficult to the girls, but some were beginning to master it when they left the college for their summer's work on the land. The girls will make good if they get into the proper environment.

They will make mistakes, of course, but with a little sympathetic oversight for a time they should prove valuable, particularly on the larger farms where two or more could go together and where there is enough milking, hoeing or team work to keep them busy. They should be able to cultivate corn and roots, scuffle, hoe, drive the horses on the hay rake and horse fork, and possibly on the mower, a few will be able to plow in a pinch, and all should eventually be able to milk. They could be used also in bringing cows, feeding calves, pigs, etc., and at any work not too heavy for them. They are all willing and anxious to do what they can to help the farmer and the Allies in the strenuous times through which we are passing.

The uniforms worn and the work tried at the O. A. C. are illustrated herewith and require no further comment. For the farm with the right kind of work in plenty to keep two of the girls busy, "Farmerette" labor may help solve the biggest problem with which the farmer is face to face.

Can city women do farm work? Yes, to a limited degree, but also to a helpful degree. The Farmerette has our best wishes in her work. Given the right opportunity she will make good. She must be given work in reason and not overdone. She should, this summer, make a good start toward more women labor on the land. Some there are, however, who maintain that the farmer's wife needs help in the house in many instances more urgently than the farmer himself does outside. These girls are averse to doing housework. Something should be done to get help in the house as well as on the land. Why do girls object to doing housework? One thing, however, the girls must be complimented for—enthusiasm and willingness. They are of a good class, and their numbers add just so many more to the war workers of Canada. May their tribe increase.

"'Eat Potatoes,' is from now on as important as to mix flour and save butter."—The Independent.

Through the Eyes of a Canadian Woman in England.

THIS year I fear I cannot agree with the poet, "O to be in England now that April's here," unless he enjoys biting winds, and chilly, penetrating showers. We are in fear and trembling that the tender blossoms on the fruit trees and the young vegetables may be affected by it. It would be too cruel if the coveted jam, for which we have been saving most of our scanty ration of sugar, should be denied us, as well as the garden stuff which we rely upon to so greatly augment our menus the coming summer. However, in spite of it all, I notice the delicate anemones in the fields are holding up their heads, so must hope that the hardier plants may weather the storm. A soldier in France has written, "We have had some days of rain, and pray that they may continue." He was content to march in moisture and mud to the knees if it kept the German guns quiet. Later he wrote: "The sun has only been showing its face an hour, and the guns are banging away again."

Our chief study at present is a war-map of France on which the line keeps continually changing—one day to our disappointment and the next to our joy, but the morale of our men continues so good, and their minds so bent on final victory that we too must be of good courage and strive to see only the silver lining of the war-cloud.

I was questioning one of the wounded men as I was arranging his bed this morning, as to what he thought of the situation, but all he would say was: "Just wait till we get at 'em! There'll be something doing!" When one looks upon the cruelly torn and shattered limbs of these brave lads, it is hard to be calm and to "love our enemies."

All reports point to the fact that in Germany these are very lean days. A prisoner who was exchanged, and got back here last week, said the people were extremely thin, some emaciated. They have been led to believe that this is the final push, and will be very rebellious if it does not prove to be the case. Now we think the tables may be turned and the Hun brought to his knees by hunger, instead of the "English swine" as they planned. It is not so with us. True, many things are lacking, but there is yet plenty food for all, and abstinence from luxuries for a time is surely good for the soul. I overheard some gentlemen opposite me in a railway carriage discussing, of course, the food question, and they were congratulating themselves that they no longer suffered from rheumatism, because they got so little meat to eat. One slips readily into the habit of only two meat meals a week—the most successful cook cannot accomplish more than that with the half pound a week allowance. I confess that the flesh-pots of Egypt still linger in our minds, but we are growing more able day by day to renounce them.

We have given up one thing after another, and it has done us no harm. The latest to come to our notice is an order that the hairpin must go. This time the male sex are not touched, unless by way of losing a pipe-cleaner. There is a shortage of wire. I suspect it is all needed for "entanglements." What can some wise woman invent to take its place? Shall we all be obliged to "bob" our hair, to wear it in hanging plaits, or au naturel? It will be interesting to watch developments. Already many W. A. A. C. S. nurses and other war workers have cut their tresses to save time in the morning rush, but not the married workers as a rule, for in a man's eyes his wife's hair is her greatest glory.



Farmerette Class at O. A. C., Guelph.

Front Row, from left to right: Miss Long, Orono; Miss S. J. Parsons, Toronto; Miss F. Wacksteed, Toronto; Miss F. Weston, Toronto; Miss C. Pulmage, Toronto; Miss K. Gerrard, Toronto; Miss F. Tucker, Clarence; Miss R. MacLachlin, Toronto; Mrs. F. Wallace, Ottawa; Miss H. Busby, Tweed. Second Row: Miss S. Brady, Toronto; Miss E. Courtney, Toronto; Miss J. Sheppard, Montreal; Miss L. West, Toronto; Miss M. Robinson, Toronto; Miss M. Jormot, London; Miss I. Jones, Toronto; Mrs. C. Elson, Cobourg; Miss G. Shaw, Toronto; Mrs. M. A. Tummonds, Toronto; Miss J. Sleight, Montreal; Miss C. Stanton, Toronto. Third Row: Miss L. Jordan, L'Orignal, Ont.; Miss K. Cooke, Montreal; Miss J. Monk, Montreal; Mrs. M. Lohead, Montreal. Fourth Row: Miss M. Taylor, New Liskeard; Miss L. McCombe, Montreal; Mrs. W. Walsh, Montreal; Miss E. Rue, Montreal.

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