

Empire in danger—ultimately of Canada invaded by a world-ambitious despotism. England did not ask our armies. They went of their own free will, because,

WHEN ENGLAND'S AT WAR, CANADA IS AT WAR.

So they said, believed, fought and died to make good. The world glories in their conduct. Ypres, St. Julien, Langemarck, Courcellette, Festubert, Vimy Ridge, Arleux—these are all monuments to the heroism of men who heard that call.

BUT the voice of Canada had said not a word to any of these men directly. Time was waiting for that voice. The nation politically united fifty years ago was waiting for the spiritual unity of a bigger Canadian act than the Act of Confederation; bigger because more the voice of authority than the impulse that first sent Canada to war.

To come down to the common sense of the thing, Canada is now at war because as a united people she chooses to declare herself at war by raising a selective draft army. The voluntary impulse has petered out. The national will takes its place. To get the last 100,000 this country resorts to the Militia Act. From indulging in a sentiment the nation takes its stand upon law. The Militia Act says thus and so with regard to the defence calling out troops for the defence of Canada. There it is, the very clause, in both English and French; the law of the people defining what it must do in a national emergency.

The emergency is here. No matter how it came, here it is. The best part of the world is flatly organized against the worst. Even Mr. Bourassa will admit that President Wilson is a better chief magistrate than Kaiser William, whatever he may choose to think about Lloyd George, Premier Ribot, or the King of Italy. The freest people on earth—reputedly—have decided upon a national non-volunteer army. Canada exercises the same freedom of national decision and calls for a national Canadian army. With

that the Empire, England, any of the Allies, or the other overseas dominions have nothing to do. We would choose to go on with bugle-band, curb-oratory recruiting even though all the other Dominions take up with compulsory service. It is,

OUR OWN NATIONAL BUSINESS.

But the Government of Canada, backed, let us hope, by the Opposition and the party organizations and the Nationalist section of Parliament, has definitely decided upon an army by law. This country will organize 100,000 men by deliberate choice all over the country. Sentiment will not be considered. The people have spoken. Demagogues may, if they will, ask why so drastic an act is not referred back to the people, either by election or referendum. But there is—the emergency. It was here months ago. In trying to postpone it the nation lost time which we have now to make up. In an emergency we concede extraordinary powers to executives; in this case, also, to Parliament representing the people. Parliament invokes, interprets, applies the law. That is a national act. It is a Canadian act. It is binding on all Canada as no Imperial sentiment can ever be. Because,

WE ARE A LAW-ABIDING PEOPLE.

When we say we respect and obey the laws we have made we are sincere. Somewhere, somehow we must give the ultimate word. We can't always evade and throw dust. We come of a citizen stock. We know—Ourselves.

AND this act of Ourselves is the most deliberately patriotic thing we have done since we became a self-governing commonwealth. It is our placing of ourselves on the same footing of national volition as any of the Allied belligerents. In our selective draft of 100,000 we are as definitely a self-controlled people as the United States, as France, as England.

That national service army is Canada's army. Out of what was left after the volunteer system had wobbled to a finish beside the road, we created it.

From now on we are in the category of those nations who achieve their own destiny in league with others.

In creating and organizing our national service army we are doing more. We consciously organize the whole country for winning the war. The convention in Montreal last week was a happy comment on the situation. We are eliminating waste, friction, indulgence, indolence, inertia, disunion.

NO doubt it will be wisdom to pick wise men for this purpose. Now, if ever, we need nation-makers, men above party, men who hate discord and despise cajolery; men who put the country—not the State—before individual or sectional interests. We have heard too much, perhaps, about the State, and too little about the Country. Macaulay's famous line has been twisted: "Then none was for a party, then all were for the State."

Gladly we agree to eliminate party. If there is any political leader or follower who, for the sake of party ethics, is minded to befuddle this issue of a clear call to national service, let the nation disown and his party discard him. Any man desirous of raking up old scores and casting up worn-out accusations, let him be anathema. The man on the street-corner trying to weaken his fellow-citizen's mind by cynical remarks about the patriotism of any party in power—let him watch out, the crowd is coming yonder with shouts and flags and a tide of trampling feet; he may be butted into a doorway and sent home in an ambulance.

But it is not the State that calls when the party is mute and the mere politician slinks away. It is the Country.

And these two are surely different. One includes the other. When we recognize the State's power over an individual, so also does Prussia. We shall never go further than that; heaven help us if we go so far. But the country calls us and we know the needs of the State. The Country has need of the

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WHEN THE SHIP WENT DOWN



THE kind of man bred by the discipline, tradition and routine of the Royal Navy is unique. He is "caught young," as he says himself, and, as such, is selected with painful care. Physical perfection is essential, to begin with. Then, the system of discipline to which he so gaily submits, as cadet, midshipman and "sub" is more rigid than any now existing outside a jail. Responsibility is thrust upon him early. The weakling is speedily eliminated; only the alert and efficient survive. Hence children in their teens command men and have charge of valuable property, boats, to wit, whose safety with the safety of their crews depends on the intelligence and judgment of the boy officers in command. Courage of the most cool and daring kind is postulated, and life in peace time is one long preparation for war. The sea life is a series of crises and trains youths in habits of instantaneous decision, when a few seconds' hesitation may spell death. "Under God," as the Articles of War have it, the safety of the Empire lies in the hands of some fifteen hundred men of this breed, the brain and heart of the Royal Navy.

The Senior Service has just one fault. It is its pride to be also the Silent Service. As Kipling has pointed out, it is shamefully ignorant of the modern

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art of reclamation. Advertising in any shape or form is impossible for naval officers. They are content to do their deeds, like those of May 31, 1916, and let the world think of them as it will. When the Grand Fleet came home from victory to a panic-stricken country which believed it had failed, it offered not even a word of explanation; but in Portsmouth, with new-made sailors' widows and orphans in every street, the flags were flying topmast high. Portsmouth has known the Navy for three hundred years.

Some such prologue is needed for my story. The Engineer-Commander told it at a recruiting meeting. Hence it is public property. But as it would give offence, his name and the name of the ship are suppressed by the Censor, so to speak.

On the 18th of March, 1915, certain ships of war were ordered to a Balaclava charge upon a famous strait between Europe and Asia. The passage was about three-quarters of a mile wide with an outward current running at five knots an hour. Both banks pullulated with forts, batteries and gun-emplacements mounting the most effective of modern ordnance. The rapid current favoured the use of the deadly floating mine. Besides, it is a first axiom in war that ships have no chance against fortifica-

tions. In truth, these ironclads might as well have tried to rival the gulls or the sea-planes and flown over the pass. But they were ordered to attack, and they attacked.

The expected happened. Three ships were sunk with a loss of two thousand men. Two disappeared from the face of the waters during the time that it takes the second hand of a watch to sweep its tiny dial thrice. The third, a British battle ship, took an hour to die. Late in the beautiful March day, she was observed to turn out of the battle line with a heavy list. A floating mine had torn her side out and given her her death wound. Down in the star-board engine-room, under the protective deck, the Chief and the Engineer-Commander were working like beavers to stop the inrush of water into the flooded compartment with its crowded gear. They thought the ship was sinking. At any moment another mine might finish them there "in the heart of an eight-day clock"; but they worked on. Already they had sent the men up their steel ladder (there are two exits, one for the officers and one for the crew) to their chance of life and safety, but they remained below to do their duty. They "carried on" Navy fashion, for there is no excuse for the men who fail to do their utmost.

"The water rose like that," said the Engineer-