

when he enters the Militia and continues his training for three years and completes it. At the early age of 21 he is qualified to take his place alongside any of his country's defenders, his compulsory training is now terminated and he may discontinue or he may continue his service as he may decide. If he lives in the city he is only required to drill in the evenings and three or four additional days at most for manoeuvre and target practice, these he may do while on holidays. If he resides in the rural districts he joins the Rural Corps and goes to camp once a year and performs his training in that way. The time selected for the camps of instruction is when the farmer has least to do; in this way his training interferes the least with his business. And the cadet part of the training is carried on at little or no cost.

If some such method of training had been adopted would the terrible wreckage of little Belgium have been allowed? At least it would have been partially averted and the awful ravages and the wholesale destruction of property have been largely prevented. Universal Military Training is looked upon, in some quarters, as interfering with the liberty of the subject and Prussian domination mentioned as the ultimate and only goal if such a system should become law. Those people who use this argument with reference to the liberty of the subject being affected, must acknowledge that the same may be said of the law that compels a man to pay taxes.

It is a compulsion, but it is not looked upon as such. The law that compels a man to send his child-

ren to school is compulsion, yet who thinks that it interferes with his liberty? Police protection is compulsion in the same sense. It is important that children should be educated surely we have had it abundantly demonstrated to us and to the rest of the Empire, that military training is as essential for the good of the world as any other kind of training.

We now know to our sorrow, that the voluntary system bears unequally upon the masses and this in my humble judgment, is the worst feature of it. Ask yourself who are the men that are fighting the Empire's battles; who are the men who are filling the ranks of the battalions at the front; the answer is not far to seek. It is the best blood of the Empire. The same may be said of Canada. If conscription were enforced the laggard would have to bear his share of the burden and his ranks would be thinned as in the case of the class who willingly volunteer for service, and both classes would be contributing their fair share of the sacrifice.

In Australia and New Zealand where compulsory training is the law of the land, they are not suffering from militarism nor from the same arrogant domination that has made Prussia infamous in this war. They are parts of the Empire like ourselves and are doing their full share of the fighting on behalf of the Empire and making the same sacrifices on the altar of the country. They have enacted a law of the kind mentioned, and so far from interfering with the liberty of the subject they will tell you that it has

worked wonders with the youth of both countries and enabled them to send 75,000 men to the front before Canada was able to send the first contingent. Besides, everyone is not only pleased with it but unwilling to go back to the voluntary system. If it bore heavily, or affected the liberty of the people, do you think they would continue it especially as they have the choosing in their own hands?

Then let us cast to the winds such suggestions and face squarely the real issue, viz: Are we doing our whole duty to the Empire in this crisis as a part of it. What is our true proportion according to population? It has been stated that Canada, to furnish her proportion according to population, should send 450,000 instead of 150,000. It becomes a fair question then to ask if we had to raise an army of the size indicated how could it be done when we are forced to resort to extreme measures to raise the 150,000 aimed at. Voluntary enlistment will not suffice, while if Universal training were instituted, instead of scurrying all over the country to obtain recruits the men would be forthcoming without any loss of time, and be trained and ready for the front while you were chasing over the country to obtain your men. The Military Autocracy that is practised in Prussia is not at all necessary and this is proved by Australia's experience and by Switzerland's experience. It is only the arrogance of the Prussian Autocrat that could expect to lord it over the masses in the way that has been charged to the Prussian soldiers.



The funeral of Sir William Van Horne, begun in Montreal on Sept. 14, was a congress of eminent people. In this picture immediately behind the hearse on its way to the C. P. R. station are Dr. W. A. Molson; Mr. A. C. Van Horne, brother of the deceased; Master W. C. C., grandson; Mr. R. B. Van Horne, son. Following these came Hon. Robert Rogers, representing the Premier; Lord Melville, for the Duke of Connaught; Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Mr. R. B. Angus and many other prominent business and financial men.

A DAY WITH VAN HORNE

By JOHN A. COOPER

ONE summer Saturday some ten or fifteen years ago I received a telegram from Sir William Van Horne asking me to spend Sunday with him in Montreal. There had been an interchange of correspondence between us in regard to his paintings, some of which I had been trying to secure for the annual loan exhibition in connection with the Toronto Fair. I was anxious to see the pictures and he was quite willing to entertain any person who showed signs of an intelligent appreciation of the art.

Needless to say I accepted the invitation with alacrity and next morning presented myself at Sir William's Sherbrooke Street residence and was duly received by the Chinese servant. As the Toronto train arrives in Montreal as early on Sunday morning as any other morning, the Chinik informed me that Sir William was not down but that the freedom of the residence had been conferred upon me. Presumably, he informed me also that the family was away. I spent an hour or two in roaming about the house looking at the pictures, the pottery, the curios and the other features which made Sir William's home a veritable treasure house.

As I recall my impressions I was struck by the architecture of the big house as much as by its contents. The storey and a half dining-room, with its studio-like windows facing the east, and its huge fireplace flanked by two gilt pillars from Italy, was something of a revelation. The studio above it, also a storey and a half in height, with its sloping raftered roof, was even more striking and more inviting. The general lay-out of the house reflected the taste and the habits of the man who had built it. The house was Sir William Van Horne's—student, man of busi-



The Van Horne funeral cortege passing from the late magnate's residence on Sherbrooke St. to the C. P. R. station, where a special train conveyed the remains of the great railway builder and the chief mourners to Joliet, Ill., his native town.

ness, painter and art-collector.

Sir William came down to breakfast about 9.30 and I remember distinctly that the first course was Radnor water. This was his favourite beverage. He drank it before meals, between meals, after meals and several other times during his long working day. At breakfast we talked mainly of pictures and painters. When a man has sufficient wealth and culture to be able to decorate his dining room with Constables, Corots and d'Aubignes it is comparatively easy to find abundant conversation to keep even a restless journalist from getting blue during the morning meal. Afterwards he took me on a tour through the halls and drawing-rooms, and pointed out what he considered to be his most interesting treasures. I was somewhat shocked when he passed the big Velasquez which was the first painting to demand attention as a visitor entered the house. I had spent fifteen or twenty minutes studying it while I was waiting for my host, and it was somewhat disconcerting to find him passing it without remark. When he came to the drawing-room he showed great enthusiasm over his six Montecellis. Their exquisite colouring and dainty delineations seemed to make a stronger appeal to him than the strength and masterliness of the great Spanish artist whose portrait was the most striking canvas in the house.

Later in the day I was invited by my host into his little den on the ground floor where he transacted business. Just across from his desk a small painting of a man's head hung low on the wall. As I looked at it, Sir William asked me what I thought of it. I knew just enough about art to refuse to answer. I had also had enough surprises that morning to make me silent, modest and conservative. He