

sion. He came up through the ranks. So did his son Reginald. And there are others."

"Well, pass him up. But take the case of Canada as she is. Compare her with Germany or Switzerland or England or France or Russia. These are great military nations, I suppose?"

"They are. What of it?"

"Because of a system that makes it possible to draft into army life a great percentage of the citizens. In those countries—more especially on the Continent—a man is not considered a good citizen unless he has some regimental training. In Germany they have conscription. In Switzerland the universal voluntary system. England, if she accepts Lord Roberts' advice, will come round to something like universal training. But Canada—"

Here began to emerge a point of novelty.

"Let me tell you what I think," said the Captain. "We are getting into this country every year about half a million immigrants. It's a safe estimate that a quarter of these are men of arms-bearing and voting age. Every year in Canada we take in about 100,000 men—"

"Of whom we intend to make citizens."

"Exactly. And we leave that to the politicians, on the principle that every voter is a citizen."

"And the politicians have a system."

"Perfect. No man can escape it. They employ virtual conscription for all men who have been in Canada long enough under the statute to vote at an election. Now—"

"I see your point. A military test?"

"Not so fast. What do these men come for? Land and money and homes. What are they willing to do in return for this?"

"Vote the way the machine tells them."

"Precisely. But will they fight for this country?"

"Hmh! It isn't a case of fighting. The wars are all over—so they think. Very often they come here to keep away from fighting."

"What would you do with them?"

The Captain whacked a chair-arm.

"Allow no immigrant to vote in a Federal election who hasn't taken the oath of allegiance and enrolled himself in the militia."

"On the principle that a country that's worth voting in is worth fighting for—I see. Hmh! Sounds plausible."

And the Captain added:

"Also because war is a universal primal instinct understood of all men. Voting is acquired."

"What languages would you use in drill?"

"Just about the same as a teamster uses to a

horse. Volapuk if you like. You don't need much. I'll guarantee that by the time your immigrant gets through a few weeks with camp rifles he'll understand a great deal better how to vote righteously than he will from the whisky bottle arguments of political workers."

The peace man raised a point.

"Look here, if a foreigner takes up arms in this country, he must forswear allegiance—"

"Just what I was coming to!" roared the Captain. "No man should be given a vote here that won't forswear allegiance to the flag he left. No man should be a citizen here and get protection of the law here, even for his property, who in a time of war in the country he left will pack up his kit and hike to the firing line."

"For instance, if Germany should be at war with Great Britain—what about the Germans in Canada?"

"So far as I know, they would keep out of it. There might be a few that would want to break loose. But if these men, or any others, had ever shouldered a Canadian musket they would be under military prevention from doing so for any other country with which Canada was not in alliance—"

JUST at this point in a learned, and at least not unpatriotic discussion, in clanks a heavy-set, be-wrinkled, grim man, grizzly grey and bronzed as a Blackfoot. He planks himself down alone and soon has the entire squad of traymen at his disposal.

"Good evening, Colonel," says Captain—saluting; introduces his friend the peace man. "We've just been discussing the militia."

Colonel raises his eyebrows.

"Oh! Big subject. Decide anything?"

"Well—everything. It takes a peace crank to understand war."

The Colonel unlimbered himself. He was a scarred-up, tough-pelted man who looked as though he had never talked war half an hour at a stretch. To amuse his friend the Captain tried to draw the Colonel out. It was no use. The old soldier merely admitted that he had been first in the Fenian Raid; afterwards at Cut Knife and Fish Creek, in 1885, when a little war in a big country was a shuddering and phantom thing; later again in the second contingent in South Africa—and he said a few blunt words about Paardeberg which he had seen and heard and felt, when it was a hundred times more of a ghastly bit of realism than Cut Knife or Fish Creek. He was still in the service and intended to remain in it.

"No," he said, heftily, as he finished a drink. "I have no theories about war in this country. All I know is the soldier's life. I'm a Canadian. I believe in the militia. Its problems—well, I leave them to people who have more time to talk than I have. I guess it's one thing to be a soldier and quite another thing to talk about it. At the same time I've no doubt that the discussion which you gentlemen have been carrying on has done both of you a world of good. But the only things I really know are the things I never can say much about. You'd have to be there to understand 'em. And the like may happen again. Where? Don't ask me. But when it does—well, I guess I'm ready."

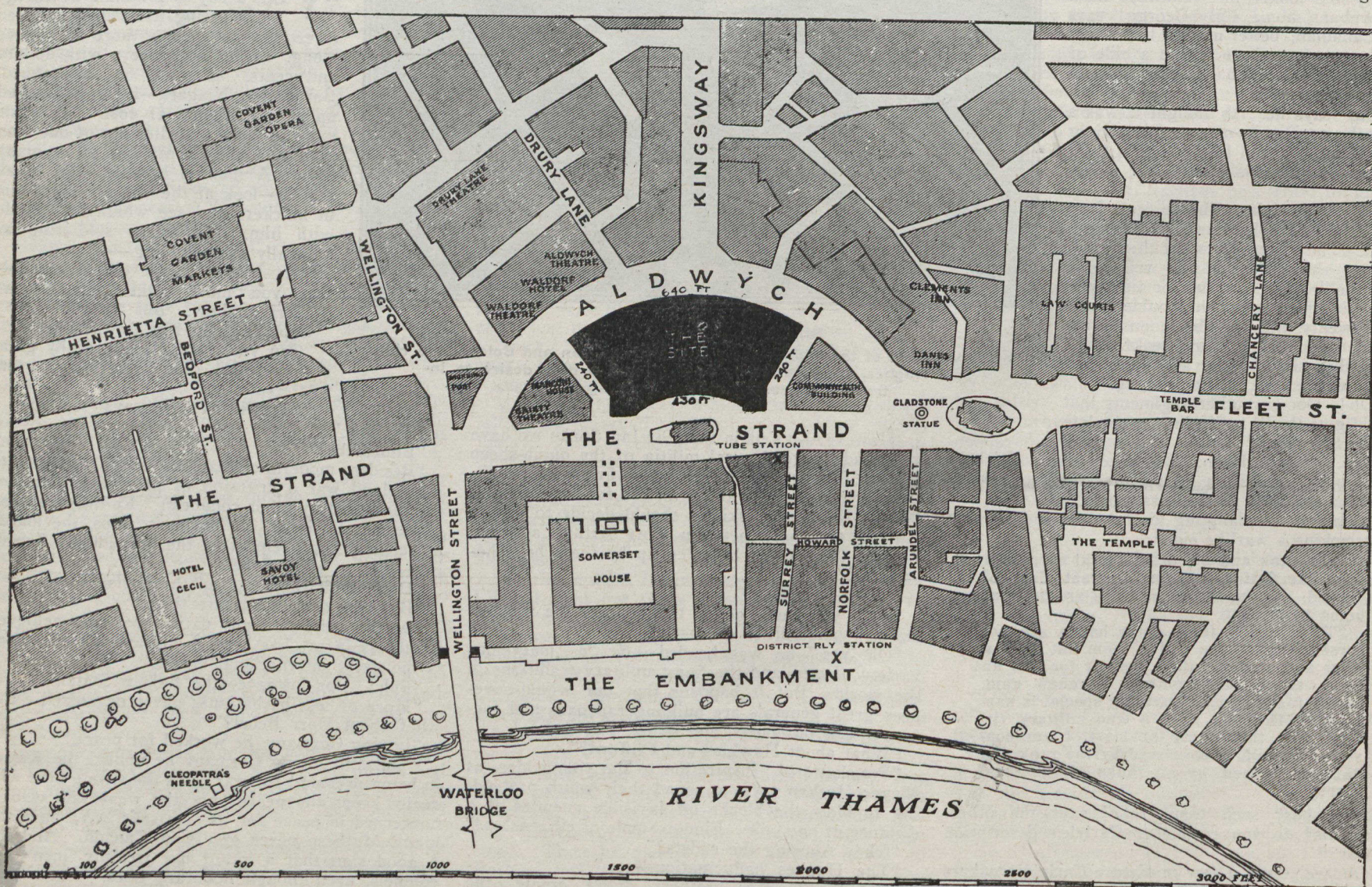
From Lord Macaulay to Earl Grey

IT was the historian Macaulay who in a burst of prophecy once described in imagination a future New Zealander sitting on a broken arch of London Bridge, sketching the ruins of Westminster—or was it St. Paul's? At any rate, the end of the Empire was sure to come some time, and Macaulay evidently thought that when it did the overseas dominions would be self-governing nations able to produce first-class artists as well as railway-builders, manufacturers, farmers and politicians. If he had known more about Canada he might have ventured to say that the artist sketching the ruins would be a Canadian.

But that makes no difference to the Imperial

vision and ambition of Earl Grey, who has just given to the world his proposal, not to celebrate the doom of an Empire, but in the heart of the seat of Empire to set up a monument to Canada such as the world never saw, glorifying any overseas dominion. Earl Grey is a profound optimist, who may or may not have read much Macaulay. His proposal is that a Dominion House should be erected in London, wherein all overseas dominions may have offices, and permanent expositions.

Earl Grey, an ex-Governor-General of Canada, is an excellent business man, and considering that he is a peer, you have to compliment him on that. He has hit upon a plan that will serve two great



This is the part of London where Earl Grey proposes to erect a great Dominion House as a Central Bureau and Offices for the Overseas Dominions. The section in black is the exact area suggested for the building.