

satisfaction of knowing that Canadian ships were at Jellicoe's command in the North Sea, would have been ours. Because we failed in a sacred duty that privilege we were denied. Now, when the struggle is over, when the one great truth of the war is uppermost in our minds, we would be unworthy of ourselves, unworthy the memory of Canada's and Britain's sons who have found a last resting place in the soil of France, if we failed in our obligation to the Motherland, in sharing the burden of Naval Defence.

There is no country upon the face of the earth that exists under the same happy conditions as the people of this Dominion. We have perfect civil and religious liberty. We have unbroken order and complete freedom. We have a country governed, not by force, but "by the people for the people"—governed by a singular series of traditional influences, which, generation after generation of Britishers treasure, because they know that they embalm custom and represent law. We are a great part of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen. We have wealth, happiness, contentment, prosperity. **All this we have enjoyed, and will enjoy, because of the existence of one thing—the British navy.** Destroy that fleet and the very pillars of our social creed of liberty will crumble.

Why, then, with the lesson of this last terrible conflict still ringing in our ears, should we hesitate to pay the debt we owe the Empire and ourselves?

If our forefathers could see us hesitating at this crisis, what would they think of us? Those men, the bravest of the brave, with keen clear eyes, and grip like winter's frost, built up this Empire sword in hand, and christened it with their blood. They did not whine about the cost; our lap-dog apathy they never knew. No force could have held them back when England called. History may be forgotten in time, but their names will live on in legend as the type of men who **DO**. We, if we do not awaken, shall lose the prize that has been bought with blood, shall be remembered but as masterless mobs of sentimental spongers on the Empire, who sought relief instead of duty, and lost their heritage for love of selfish ease.