

SMALL ADS.

Advertisements of one inch, or less, 25 cents for first insertion, and 10 cents for each subsequent insertion. Over one inch and under two inches, double the above amount. Yearly rates on application.

Farms for Sale.

GOOD FARM FOR SALE. THREE miles from Durham, on good road; 90 acres cleared, 10 acres bush; fair house, barn and stable; good water. Apply to A. H. Jackson, Durham.

50 ACRES IN BENTINCK TOWNSHIP, being Lot 26, Concession 3, W. G. R. will be sold cheap. Good title. Apply to George Whitmore, Durham, or Thomas Davis, R.R. No. 2, Pricerville, 31st.

BEING LOT 9, CON. 12, GLENELG, 100 acres; well fenced and in good state of cultivation; good water; good house and barn. For particulars, apply to James Goodwill, 761 9th St. E., Owen Sound, 221 9nd St.

BEING LOT 53, CON. 3, E. G. R., 100 acres, containing 100 acres on premises are new frame barn, brick house, sheds and outbuildings; running stream through property; about 10 acres hard wood bush, rest in good state of cultivation. Possession given on Nov. 1st, 1913. For further particulars, apply on premises to Mrs. John Staples, Rural Route No. 1, Durham, Ont. 944nd St.

Horse for Sale

SORREL DRIVING HORSE: ALSO buggy, harness, etc. Apply to Thos. Whitmore, Durham, 78 1st St.

Spirella Corsets

REMEMBER THE FAMOUS SPIRELLA Corset; any size, type or price; with perfect laundering qualities, and unbreakable steels; positively hygienic. Not sold in stores. Mrs. J. C. Nichol, Representative, Box 107, Durham, Ontario, 418 6m.

Singing

J. ARTHUR COOK WILL GIVE vocal instruction in singing every Tuesday afternoon and evening at the home of Mrs. S. F. McComb. Pupils may apply for appointments to Mrs. McComb at any time. 10 22nd.

House For Sale

GOOD FRAME HOUSE ON GARAFRAZA Street, Durham; over a quarter acre of land; six rooms; stable, woodshed, small orchard, etc.; terms right and reasonable. Apply at The Chronicle office. 18th.

For Sale

LOTS 8, 9 and 10, KINCARDINE street, West. Apply to A.H. Jackson, 411 15th.

Teacher Wanted

PROTESTANT TEACHER: MALE or female, holding first or second-class Normal certificate for S. S. No. 14, Normanby township, Grey county; salary \$600. Apply with references and stating experience, to Donald McIvride, Secy.-Treas., R. R. No. 3, Durham Ontario.

Licensed Auctioneer DAN McLEAN

Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Satisfaction guaranteed. Terms reasonable. Dates of sales made at the Chronicle office, or with himself.



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

The sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency (but not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions.

Duties—Six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required except where residence is performed in the vicinity.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre.

Duties—Six months residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth \$300.

The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough, scrubby or stony land. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

W. W. CORY, C.M.G., Deputy of the Minister of Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be condoned.

CANADA, ITS TETHER AND ITS TOLL

Continued from page 1.

for their country's sake, and that urged them to self-sacrifice without concern for "the finer strain." He rang the changes on Thermopylae and Marathon, on Waterloo and Lucknow, on Quebec and Valley Forge, on the Wilderness and Gettysburg, on the Marne and Ypres. He made appeal to "the glory that was Greece" and to the greatness that is Belgium.

It is with these thoughts in mind—the thoughts of the patriot who is also a man of science and a student of history, and the thoughts of the other patriot whose blood stirs at the bugle call and thrills again at the story of the battle charge—it is with these thoughts and feelings and restless questions that beset our Canadian situation today. I come to share in your patriotic demonstration, and to do honor to the young men of this district who have joined the colors and are on their way to the front.

Questions That Are Real

The questions of Canada's tether and its toll are real questions. They are our questions. They will not do us down. They cannot be dismissed with a wave of the hand. They are worlds away from the shallow clamor of political partisanship. They deal with the content and quality of Canada's nationalism. They involve the eternal laws by which the future of a nation grows out of its past. They ask what part Canada is to play, not for itself alone, but in that wider family of nations of which in days to come Canada must count for one, and which after the war, must live together or die together within the four corners of the world-neighborhood. These are questions which Canadians must face with open eyes and steady hearts.

Why should Canada be involved in this war business of Europe? By what tether are our sympathies and our sons drawn to the battle-fronts of Flanders and of France?

What toll must Canada pay before this frightfulness of Europe is done?

What Canada Is For

It was not for war that Canada was made. Forty-eight years ago this very week this new nation began its national history. Dominion Day commemorates the birth of the Canadian Dominion. Our forefathers the pioneers of those vast Canadian wildernesses blazed trails west and north from the sea. They came from Britain, from mid-Europe and from the older American colonies to make homes for themselves and their families and to establish a homeland for their children's children. But it was not for war they came.

I am not unmindful of the distinction which marked the early settlement of this very community and the towns and townships in these counties roundabout. The pioneer whose memories you cherish whose names many of you bear, and whose Gaelic mother-tongue many of you still speak, came to Canada from the Highlands and islands of Scotland. Your family names, scattered wide over Grey and Bruce and Huron and Middlesex and Perth and Oxford, are the historic clan names of Scotland. Your family records, like my own, go back to the dark days when the glens and the moors were drained of their bravest men to fill up the ranks of the kilted regiments that fought for Britain's glory from Culloden to Cathay; and to the still darker days when what of blood and brawn was left in the glens by the recruiting sergeant was swept off the lands for which their fathers died to make room for the landlord's sheep and for the Duke's pheasants and big-horned stag. If our ancestral blood answers to the pibroch of war, it answers also to the two centuries of injustice which made our forefathers exiles from the lands that ought to have been theirs, and begot in us the deep conviction that landlordism has been as cruel and as devastating to Britain as Prussian militarism has been to Germany.

In those days of the sailing vessels on the sea and long before the day of railways on the land, through the last half of the seventeenth century and on through the eighteenth, those hardy Highlanders by the thousand came in shiploads from the ports of the Clyde and the Argyllshire coast, yearning westward across the trackless ocean for a new land where they might make a fresh start and create a

free life in a new civilization trails of those migrations run westward across Canada from Cape Breton, from Prince Edward Island, from Nova Scotia, from New Brunswick, up the St. Lawrence, up the Ottawa, along the Great Lakes, and then north and west through the primeval forests where now smiles this great province of Ontario.

What heroes those pioneers must have been! What strength in their men! What courage in the women! What proud ambition! What heroic endurance! What hope that conquered the invincible! What faith that removed the impossible mountains! With hearts that never fainted, with wills that never were daunted, with a love that never failed, those men and women of the early days were the real discoverers of Canada, the true makers of the nation, and when the jewels are made up their lives will not be lost.

Canada Not for War

But it was not for war the adventurous pioneers came to Canada. It was not for war they changed the jungle into a neighborhood. It was not for war their women brought forth children in all the sorrows of pioneer life. It was not as food for the cannon of war they trained their sons in the arts and industries of peace. Many of us have in our veins no other blood than the wild and fiery blood of the fighting clans of Scotland, blood that has not been cooled nor tamed by the half-dozen generations that separate us from the dark glens and the heathery hills. But it was not to make ready for another "killing time men of the Scottish Covenant crossed the seas and sired a new generation on the virgin soil of Canada. The tartan plaid was no cover for a coward heart, but men of the tartan learned that serving men is nobler work than killing men, and that peace means courage greater than war. Here in Canada the broad-swords were sheathed. The clan feuds were forgotten. The war of races was outgrown. The hot-blooded Celt came to trust the Sassenach whom once he hated. When Canada became a self-governing Dominion the hope was cherished that on this half-continent a new nation should grow to greatness and world-service with no battlefield on its map, no war page in its history, and with its finest strain and its fittest sons preserved from the wanton waste of war to beget a finer and a fitter race. That was indeed a noble ambition, and nobly Canada might have achieved it.

Canada's Great Start

For Canada had a great start. Never in all history did any young nation set out with so many good stars in its horoscope. French and British, at strife in Europe, joined hands on the St. Lawrence. The finest strains of the best races of the old world went into Canadian veins. The experiences of the American colonies, the earlier experiments of the Republic in State sovereignty and in Federal unity, their failures and their successes, all were plain as warnings and as examples for the colonies of Canada.

Canada's start came as a new day was dawning in Britain. The arrogance of British autocracy in the half-Junker days of George III was left behind in the larger democratic days of Queen Victoria. Canada came to nationhood after aristocratic rule had given way to responsible government, and the Liberal ideas of Chatham and Burke had triumphed over the reactionary notions of Lord North and the King. There was no revolution in Canada, and in Britain nothing worse than doubts and fears, 48 years ago when Dominion Day was given a place in the Canadian calendar. For the first time in the world's history a colony grew into a nation without the bitterness of revolution and without the loss of that heritage of history which gives richness and dignity to the life of the nation.

And Canada led the way. It was a great adventure, that peaceful break for nationhood made by the Fathers of the Canadian Confederation a half century ago. The explorers of that day who went out looking for a nation in wilderness were men of genius, of courage, of vision, of faith: Mackenzie and Papineau, Baldwin and Lafontaine, George Brown and John A. Macdonald, Joseph Howe and Charles Tupper. Not with fire and sword, but with the power of a great idea, they came, they saw they conquered. An apron-string colony became a self-governing nation. And not Canada alone, but Australia as well, and New Ze-

land, and then across the velvet South Africa, each a free nation struck off, but the tether of love and of liberty proved stronger than all the mandates of fear and all the compulsions of force. While the colonies became free nations, autocratic Imperialism in Britain was cast off like a thing disapproved, and the old Empire, with its roots among the shattered Empires of the past, became a new Commonwealth, with its fruits in the world-democracy of the future. That transformation from world-Empire to world-Commonwealth is the greatest achievement of modern British history, and is the vital outgrowth of the new idea which started Canada in the way of nationhood without war and without separation sign and forty years ago.

The Coming of War

But war has come our way. It was not our war. At first it was not even Britain's war. Canada was the enemy of no one of the nations of Europe. The people of Germany, the people of Austria, even the people of Turkey, if they knew us at all, knew us only as friends. The oppressed and persecuted of their lands came to our shores, and were made welcome. Escaping from bondage there they found liberty here. An aristocrat among the peoples the Anglo-Saxon always may have been, but in Canada he gave a second chance, an equal chance, to the crowded-out Teuton and Slav and Turk, crowded out of their ancestral homes in Europe. We wished them well, and we wished no harm to their homelands, but only peace and the larger freedom which we ourselves enjoyed.

Even now, though they are all our alien enemies, it is with something of a sense of tragedy we think of the mess Europe has made of its life. It is an unspeakable tragedy that the Teutons of Germany, who are of the same race-family as the Anglo-Saxons of England, the world's leaders in political freedom, should be the political pawns of an arrogant half-Slavic Prussian bureaucracy, the bewildered victims of a false philosophy, the intellectual slaves of a brute-force notion of national greatness, led captive by a dynasty gone mad in its lust for world domination—to Englishmen what is now a hideous tragedy was at first a gruesome farce. They could not believe that their Teuton half-brothers had surrendered to the Divine Right mania of the House of Hohenzollern and had in very truth started out to impose their culture on the world. That is indeed the mocking tragedy of modern life.

But when the war came in August last, so far as Britain was concerned, there was nothing for it but war. Had Britain done other than she did, had she allowed the brutal and infamous invasion of Belgium, had she stood idly by while the giant murderer of innocence worked his fiendish way in Europe, British honor would have been betrayed, the trust of the overseas Dominions would have been put to shame, and if the Prussian triumphed, Britain's own day of sorrow would have followed speedily, when there would have been none to pity and few to help.

And in Britain's struggle for her own defence and for the threatened liberties of Europe, Canada was bound to have a share. Bound not by any commands of the King, not by any constraints of force, not even by any immediate necessities of self-defence. The tether which bound Canada was the impulse of a free people, the inborn passion for justice, the sense of oneness which binds free men everywhere, in Canada and in Belgium, in defence to the death for those rights and liberties without which there can be no civilization, and life itself is worse than vain.

The tether which holds Canada to Britain in peace and in war is stronger than the ties of a com-

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W. IRWIN EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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E.L. Grant

mon speech; it is deeper than the strains of a common blood; it is more enduring than the facts of a common history. It is the tether of free institutions in a free life. It is the inwoven bands that bind all our peoples of the Anglo-Saxon breed and the Celtic life and the democratic tradition in one.

Continued on page 7.

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