



**12th of July Fares to Owen Sound**

**ORANGEVILLE TO OWEN SOUND AND RETURN**

	Time	Fare
Orangeville Lv.	8.00 a.m.	\$2.30
Fraxa Jct.	8.17	2.15
Laurel	8.27	2.10
Crombies	8.41	1.90
Shelburne	8.55	1.80
Melancthon	9.03	1.70
Corbetton	9.13	1.60
Dundalk	9.24	1.50
Proton	9.34	1.35
Saugeen Jct.	9.41	1.25
Flesherton	9.50	1.20
Markdale	10.05	.95
Berkeley	10.15	.75
Holland Centre	10.25	.70
Chatsworth	10.40	.45
Rockford	10.50	.30

Owen Sound arrive 11.05 a.m.  
Returning, Special leaves Owen Sound at 7.00 p. m.

**Durham to Owen Sound and Return**

	Time	Fare
Durham Lv.	8.00 a.m.	\$1.80
McWilliams	8.10	1.65
Glen	8.15	1.65
Priceville	8.25	1.45
Saugeen Jct.	8.40	1.25
Flesherton	8.50	1.20
Markdale	9.05	.95
Berkeley	9.15	.80
Holland Centre	9.25	.70
Chatsworth	9.40	.45
Rockford	9.50	.30

Owen Sound arrive 10.05 a.m.  
Returning, Special leaves Owen Sound at 7.30 p. m.

Rates good on specials as well as on all regular trains.

War Tax of 5c. on fares of \$1.00 or over.

Patriotic Airs only are requested by bands, etc.

Pre-breakfast parties are an innovation among society circles of Pasadena, Cal.

A lawn tea will be held on the grounds of Mr. John Kelly on Friday, July 9. Musical program Admission 10c. Proceeds in aid of Red Cross work.

**CANADA, ITS TETHER AND ITS TOLL**

Continued from page 2

supreme and common cause for freedom the world round and the generations through. That tether holds when self-interest gives way, when prudence yields, and even when the pledges of honor are but a scrap of paper. All the ties of common language and common blood and common history were involved in the relation of the American colonies to the British Crown when Junker autocracy was on the throne. But those ties did not hold. The King and his Government in defiance of the appeals of the great commoners and leaders of the people, did violence to the deep sense of justice and freedom inherited by the colonies from the mother country, and the threefold cord of language, blood and history snapped like a rope of sand. But to-day, a century and a half after the alienation that led to revolution, and after the seeds of strife and misunderstanding have grown to their full harvest of suspicion and fear, the great heart of the American Republic beats again in unison with the heart of Britain. The sympathy of the United States, neutral though its Government may be, is with the allies. The typical American, north or south, east or west, again and again during recent months, and despite all that war would mean, has been like a bloodhound straining at the leash and eager for the fray.

And why? Why do you hear British war melodies in American theatres? Why, in holiday time around the camp-fire, in the Maine woods, by the Jersey shore or among the Virginian hills where every man is an American, perhaps boasting revolutionary blood, may you hear night after night "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and "God Save the King." No, it is not blood; English blood in American veins is thin and greatly mixed. It is not business; during the past decade the American people developed almost more community of interest in science and industry with the people of Germany than with the people of Britain. It is not even the English language, although a common speech is a prime channel of exchange for common ideas.

The reason goes deeper. The editor of one of the foremost American newspapers told me why some months ago. "Every drop of my blood," he said, "is Teuton, but all the passion of my heart and all the effort of my life is with Britain, because I see all our American institutions of freedom and self-government assailed by Germany and defended by Britain." An American college professor of German name and birth and education said to me only the other day: "If I knew of any process by which all that is German in my blood could be extracted from my veins right gladly would I use that process, because of Germany's treason to freedom and justice and humanity during the past twelve months."

Freedom is the strongest tether of life. It is the steadiest impulse of the heart. It is the surest social bond: Freedom and justice and truth! By that tether the free Dominions are held loyal to Britain. By that magnet the men of Canada are drawn to the deadlier war trenches of Europe. That impulse makes us one with the Belgians and the French, with the restless people of Italy and the vast moving hosts of Russia, with the oppressed nationalities in the Balkan States and with struggling peoples of every race and land eager to be free. Freedom is the bond of union. Freedom is Canada's tether. That tether holds.

**The Toll of War**

But war always takes its toll. That toll always must be paid. And it must be paid by Canada, and paid now. It is not a thing of chance or a matter of choice. Every nation that goes to war, whether aggressor or defender, must pay that inexorable toll. It is not a question of the justness of the cause or of the patriotism and courage of the men. War is a game in which one may be right and one wrong, but the war god mockingly takes toll from both.

And that toll is not alone in the war taxes that no one may shirk or the burden of war debt that may never be lifted. It is not in the territory that may be lost or in the social sorrow that follows in its train. And in this conflict of half the world the war waste will be wilder, the war debts heavier, and the war sorrows more blighting than in all the wars of history. And Canada must take its share.

But the real toll of war is heavier still. It is a debt that never can be paid. It is a loss that never can have gain to match. It is the waste of the nation's blood, the uncompensated impoverishment of the nation's breed, the death before their time of the nation's choicest sons. That is war's frightfullest toll. That toll has to be paid by every nation before us that took "the long, long way to Tipperary." And we must pay it too.

Let us not deceive ourselves. David Starr Jordan is right. Professor J. Arthur Thompson, the great British biologist, is right. Charles Darwin was right. Speaking in the measured terms of biological science, they have all warned us that if war kills off an undue proportion of the physically fit, of the morally courageous, of the youths of chivalric spirit, of the men of the finer strain, then, as sure as the harvest follows the seed, degeneration will come to the nation's breed.

What biology warns history affirms. For the moment some nation may seem to have escaped, but in the long run the law has its way: like seed like harvest, like father like son, the nation that sacrifices its men of fitness and courage who go to the war, and breeds its next generation from weaklings and cowards who are left behind, will tend to weakness and cowardice in its national life. There are checks and balances and correcting factors: but, be not deceived, biology is not mocked; whatsoever a nation soweth that shall it also reap.

Let history answer. What became of "the glory that was Greece"? What befel the imperium that was Rome? What destroyed the Empire that was France? It was the law of life. Heroes and patriots bred heroes and patriots. Cowards and weaklings bred cowards and weaklings. When the fit were slain and the unfit survived, the race degenerated and the empire fell. Biology was not mocked.

And what about the toll from Britain? Did ever Empire pay with wider sweep or more lavish hand! Mistress of the Seas? Yes, and with a mistress-ship that means freedom for all except the pirates and buccaneers. But at what a cost!

"If blood be the price of Admiralty, Lord God, we ha' paid in full."

And as never before in her thousand years Britain pays in full to-

day. Three million men under arms, so a despatch tells, means more than half of all the men in the whole United Kingdom between the ages of 18 and 45. They are the best that Britain can breed. To make up Kitchener's army the best have come from the cottage and from the castle, from the glen and from the city, from behind the counter and from the university classroom. The rake of war gathered in the best, not the weaklings, not the cowards, not the dissipated wastrels—they are not taken. The slums alone have not been drained. London is full as ever, and Liverpool, and Manchester, and Sheffield, and the Black Country, and Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and Dublin and Belfast. Their down-and-outs still shuffle about the streets. The toothless degenerate with the loosened jaw is not enlisted. The coward quota and the submerged tenth neither line the trenches in Belgium nor man the munition factories in Britain. All of their ilk may breed after their kind the next generation of the British race, but the valorous, the strong-hearted, the mer of the finer strain, must take the risks with the bursting shells and the blowing poison and the deathful vigil that makes them old before their time. This is the pride and the glory of Empire, but for England, for Wales, for Ireland for Scotland, it is the age-long and merciless toll of war.

What that toll meant in the past for Britain and how terrible its meaning in the days at hand, those of you may understand who have seen the waste and desolation of the Scottish moors and glens. I have made the rounds from west to east and from east around again to the west. I have gone through the Perthshire Highlands when the war pipes sounded, but there were none to answer where once the hills echoed the tramp of armed men. I traversed the length of Glenurquhart that sent eight hundred killed clansmen to battle for the Prince at Culloden, but when the call came from Kitchener for the King there were few to answer for the Frasers of Beaully, for the Grants of Corrimony, for the Chisholms of Strathglass, or for the Macdonalds of Glengarry. I stood on Craigellachie in Strathspey, and in fancy could see Clan Grant march out as they marched to Lucknow in the day of the Mutiny, but the clan has paid its toll in full.

Lochiel of to-day is worthy the noblest of his sires, but the clansmen are few to answer his "Cameron's Gathering" through the snows of Lochaber. The Mackenzies are gone from Lochbroom. The Macleans are few on the Island of Mull, and fewer still are the Macleods of Assynt or Harris. The Mackinnons of Skye have gone out to the ends of the earth, for 22,000 Skyemen wore the tartan in the armies of Britain. In the glens of Argyll and the West Highlands there is silence deep as death where once a thousand Campbells would start up in a night at the call of their chief. No Lord of the Isles who sleeps in

Iona could again gather a clan worthy his tartan though he blew all night on the pibroch of Donald. The clans have paid the toll of war. To-day in Belgium they pay in even fuller measure than a hundred years ago their unrelenting brave paid with Wellington at Waterloo. And to-day and to-morrow Canada, too, must pay, must pay in full. Already before the Canadian regiments have done more than a fair start, the Canadian toll is heavier than all the losses the entire British army, suffered in all the campaigns of the Crimea War.

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