

### National Portland Cement Shipments.

**A RECORD MONTH, 36,107 BARRELS SHIPPED IN JUNE. OVER 35,000 BARRELS MANUFACTURED.**

**30,000 Barrels Shipped in 1906 More Than was Shipped in 1905 up to Same Date.**

The high quality and standard of "The National Brand" of Portland Cement manufactured by the National Portland Cement Co., Limited, of Durham, is expressive of the ability of management and the experienced supervision of the Company's works and plant.

To insure the success of large manufacturing undertakings, trained business management is of vital importance.

Mr. R. H. McWilliams, the President and Managing Director has surrounded himself with all capable men, his Superintendent, Mr. Geo. A. McGrane and the heads of all departments being filled with experienced men throughout, the result being that they have shipped out this year up to the 10th of July, 123,987 barrels, not having received a single complaint, against 94,495 barrels shipped for the same period last year, a difference of 29,492 barrels.

Not all cement is high grade cement. To manufacture and maintain an efficient high grade Portland Cement the most indefatigable supervision, and careful handling of the raw materials are absolutely essential; otherwise a low grade cement is the result.

If proper analysis and proportioning are not attended to, or if the calcining is imperfect, or if the necessary fineness of grinding is not maintained, and it should be understood that a lower expense of manufacture can easily be secured by neglecting these requisites, a low grade article is produced, and one disastrous and costly to the consumer as well as the manufacturer.

The manufacture of this material is an intricate process and it is more important in Portland Cement manufacture than in almost anything else not only to have the highest type of equipment throughout, but also to have experienced, conscientious work in connection with every detail.

One of the most frequent causes of failure of many manufacturing plants is, that after being designed and constructed they are turned over to the management of some person or persons who know nothing whatever regarding their operation. With but little or no regard for their knowledge of or experience with cement factories or cement machinery, they have not only no particular interest whatever in the operation of the plant, or the future success of the enterprise.

Thus showing how a big manufacturing business can be handled when put in the hands of careful, experienced business men. Both Mr. McWilliams and Mr. McGrane have had wide and successful knowledge of the cement business. The magnificent results shown in the above figures speak for themselves. The Cement Works being the leading manufacturing concern of our town, the citizens are all proud to speak of it as being the leading plant of its kind in the Dominion.

#### Old Chronic Sores.

As a dressing for old chronic sores there is nothing so good as Chamberlain's Salve. While it is not advisable to heal old sores entirely, they should be kept in a good condition, for which this salve is especially valuable. For sore nipples Chamberlain's Salve has no superior. For sale at Parker's Drug Store.

#### TO RENT.

Good large frame dwelling on George street. All modern conveniences. Apply to Mrs. J. W. Crawford.

## New Goods

In addition to the lines of **BOOTS and SHOES**

Which we have handled heretofore, we have put in this season

Girl's White Canvas Shoes, Boys' & Men's Lacrosse Shoes.

**Ladies' Slippers**

In new and varied styles. Also a new and better class of

**Men's Dong Bluchers**

We make a specialty of our shoe trade. All old stock is now cleared out. Everything new and up-to-date. Give us a call, if you have not yet done so.

We are also continuously increasing our stock of

**DRY GOODS**  
**C. McArthur**

## LOCAL ITEMS.

**WANTED.**—A working housekeeper. Apply to John A. Darling.

**FOR SALE.**—A good milch cow. Apply to John A. Black.

**REMEMBER** the Garden Party on the Rectory grounds, to-morrow, Friday evening.

**THE** contract for putting in the cement sidewalks on Saddler and Queen streets has been awarded to Mr. W. Moore.

**THE** dainty Japanese tea booth at the Trinity church garden party on Friday evening will no doubt be a great attraction.

**FIFTY** large 12x14 beautiful photographs given away free. One with every dozen cabinet photos.—F. W. Kelsey, Photographer.—July 12th. if.

**THE** heavy rain falls on Saturday and Sunday last were worth a great deal to the farmers in this vicinity whose crops were much in need of rain.

**THE** Baptist Garden Party on Tuesday evening was a social and financial success, and would have been better if the evening had not been quite so cool.

**THE** Art Gallery which will be a feature of the Trinity church garden party is a novel and very interesting attraction which always provokes lots of mirth. Friday evening at the Rectory grounds.

**The** first sod of the Owen Sound Meaford railroad line, which when completed will be operated by the Grand Trunk, was turned on Saturday.

**An** interesting feature of the Trinity church garden social on Friday evening will be a number of darkey minstrels who will render the old southern negro melodies in solo, quartet and chorus, during the evening.

**THE** contract for the building of the C. P. R. from Proton to Walker has been let and work will begin in a very few days. The contractors will make their headquarters at Durham and are to have the road completed by the first of July 1907.

**WE** regret to chronicle the death of Mrs. George Hollinger which took place at Hanover on Monday last. Deceased was the mother of W. J. Mitchell, editor and proprietor of The Chronicle for many years. Interment takes place this (Wednesday) afternoon to Hanover cemetery. We know nothing personally of the deceased lady, but have always heard her well spoken of by those who knew her.

**ONE** of the most severe electric storms in years passed over this place on Saturday last. The electric display was, for a time, really magnificent to those who could watch it, the huge bolts of lightning shooting in all directions, and being accompanied by heavy thunder. The cement works was forced to shut down during the worst of it, but so far we have learned of no damage being done there or in the country roundabout.

**IN** one of our recent issues we made reference to the dangerous condition of the bridge on Garafraza street. Since then we learn that on the day of the fire at Kinnee's stable, the fire engine came near going through, and the boys on it received quite a scare when the old structure sagged and cracked. The driver of the engine, we understand, will not cross over this structure any more with the engine, but for safety will take the more circuitous route around George street.

**LAST** week Messrs. Ayling & Sons left in our office three sample bricks, made by their new brick machine purchased last spring. The bricks were taken at random from the top of the kiln, and are good ones, white in color, and of excellent quality. For hardness, they are just right for good builders, and bricklayers will find them easily handled. The builder will also find them to advantage as they are larger than most used here and will save quite a figure in large contracts. Mr. Ayling has always said he could make "brick that were brick," and from the samples supplied us we think he now has what he has been looking for.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

**MCINTYRE**—In fond memory of beloved Campbell, died July 12th, 1905.

Gone but not forgotten.

#### DIED.

**HOLLINGER**—In Hanover, on Monday, July 9th, Rachel, beloved wife of George Hollinger.

## As In the Long Ago

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

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Grown weary of his reading, Kent Harding glanced across the deck. There a slender, girlish figure leaning idly over the rails caught his attention. Although the veil of her yachting cap was down and it was possible to distinguish only the vague outline of her profile, something in the graceful poise of her head, in the tip of the shell-like ear and in the lustrous brown hair that gleamed in the red shine of the setting sun made him think of a girl whom he had known in the long ago.

"By Jove! I wonder if it could be," he speculated, looking at her sharply and blinking through the smoke from his pipe.

Just then she raised her veil and turned. Harding saw that she was, in fact, the selfsame girl. She knew him instantly as he came forward, and they shook hands heartily, as became old friends.

"Of course, when we get back to New York, you'll come and see me," continued Vittoria after they had talked of many things. "You know, when brother married, I issued my declaration of independence. It's a dear little box of a house in Greenwich village. All alone? Why, to be sure. That's the principle upon which I made my stand—a woman against the world."

She smiled as she spoke, and her teeth glistened prettily in two little rows.

"Sounds more terrifying than it really is," she went on without giving him a chance to throw in, "for the bachelor maid has only to acknowledge to thirty and the world tosses up the sponge at once. It doesn't care to continue a fight after it's ceased to be interesting."

But Harding had put his beloved pipe in one corner of his mouth and was going through an elaborate pantomime of counting on his fingers. "Nine and twenty," he corrected.

Vittoria colored slightly and stammered nonchalantly on the arm of her steamer chair. "What an appalling memory!" said she.

Whereupon they both laughed, and a little silence fell.

"Nine years," observed Harding suddenly. He had been stretched out lazily in his chair, his hands beneath his curly head, his gray eyes staring straight into the glory of the western heavens. "It's a good slice, isn't it, if one hasn't accomplished?"

In the midst of his sentence he saw Vittoria nod to some one. Following the direction of her eyes, he perceived a tall, blond girl, smartly gowned and of rather haughty demeanor, walking briskly toward them. A maid followed more slowly with a steamer rug and an armful of wraps.

"Ah, it's Marion," he exclaimed half to himself. And to Vittoria, "Do you know her?"

"Our acquaintance is only a bowing one," volunteered Vittoria coldly. "I met her last month in Switzerland."

"Hello, Kent," cried Miss Marion Lane carelessly, as he rose to greet her. From beneath her inky lashes she glanced at Vittoria indifferently and nodded slightly again. "You can join mother and me when you like—no hurry," she murmured amiably as she swept on down the deck, where her maid deposited her rug and wraps beside an alert looking little widow in black.

"I'm engaged to Miss Lane," Harding said oddly at length. "At least, I've asked her to marry me."

"You"—began Vittoria incredulously. Then a change took place in her feminine mind. "And her answer?" she said simply.

"She's considering it. In the meantime, of course, it's a secret."

"Of course."

"I love her," said he, a bit shamefacedly. "It must seem strange that I—to say this—to you"—he stammered. "No, I think I understand," she said quietly. And then she listened with incredible patience to his foolish rhapsodies. There never was such an adorable creature as Marion—such wealth of tenderness and undiscovered charm. Shortly afterward Harding took his leave. The twilight was fast coming on, and Vittoria sat for a long time leaning over the rail again. She was looking into the long ago.

Now there was once a girl, and she was barely seventeen—oh, sentimental, to be sure! And he was a nice boy home from college on his senior vacation. She had cared for him, for he was a nice boy and had such manly, honest gray eyes. And then one summer day as they had stood alone in the old fashioned garden he had kissed her. Ah, how unforgettably vivid was the background—the gold of the sunflowers and the crimson of the hollyhocks!

And the next day they had walked over to the village, where he got her a foolish little ring set with blue stones, "because blue means true love," said he. Just a boy and girl affair. And the next week the boy had been whisked off on a continental tour and had contemplated the University Settlement. Finally, however, he had compromised with parental authority by going in strenuously for football.

Football as a specific for lovesickness! Vittoria laughed softly at the remembrance. But it had cured him. When three years later they had met again she saw that the episode with the sunflower and hollyhock background was already too remote to occasion even momentary embarrassment. The knowledge that he'd forgotten had hurt a little. Yes, if one must be honest, nine years ago it really had hurt a good deal!

That night in the darkness of her

stateroom Vittoria drew out that foolish little ring from its secret hiding place and cried a bit over it. She wasn't so very far removed from the girl of seventeen after all.

Five weeks had gone by and Kent Harding was still waiting for his answer from the unfathomable Miss Lane. In the meantime Vittoria's little "box of a home" in Greenwich village had seen a good deal of him, for Vittoria had proved herself such a staunch and sincere little friend that he had elected to make her the confidant of his passion for another woman. Five weeks, and then gradually she had perceived a curious silence on Harding's part—a constant inclination, when Miss Lane was alluded to, to change the topic of conversation.

One night Vittoria had given a small dinner party. Harding, being privileged for the sake of old times, had outstayed the other guests. He seemed a bit abstracted, and it was a long time before he could get his cigar to draw properly. The silence somehow to Vittoria took on a terrifying tension. She strove for some light thing to say. Suddenly Harding looked up from his cigar.

"Vittoria!" he said and put out his hand and touched hers.

"She was gorgeous tonight, gorgeous," observed Vittoria meditatively. "Who? Why, Marion Lane, stupid!"

Harding gazed at her bewilderedly for a second. "Why, yes, I dare say she was," he admitted.

A day or two later Vittoria was reading a newspaper. Her hand trembled slightly as she laid it down. Then, her dimpled chin in her palm, gazing into the firelight, she passed mentally through a panorama of events.

A man had entered so quietly that she only knew of his presence when he came and bent over her chair. Like a child caught in wrongdoing, her first thought was to rid herself of incriminating evidence. In an instant she was on her feet trying to hide the newspaper which announced Miss Lane's engagement to an army officer.

"I have seen it," announced Harding quietly, "and—I still live, you see."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, stepping back with a little start. In a few moments she excused herself to give some orders to her maid. When she returned Harding met her with a solemn but lightened face.

"It wasn't only Marion Lane who found out something in the time we've been waiting," said he. "I've found out something too."

"Don't!" she cried appealingly, and she put up her hand as if to close him out of her sight.

"I found out that it was you I wanted, not Marion or any one else, but you—you as in the long ago. You haven't forgotten, have you, sweet-heart?"

The sunflowers and the hollyhocks in the background were all gold and crimson. Then the mist cleared, and, reverently, he took her hand and drew it from her eyes.

"No, I haven't forgotten," said she simply. And by her tear wet lashes he knew that it was so.

#### Lacrosse Challenge.

The Nationals of Durham, a juvenile club, herewith issue a challenge to any team in South Grey, Hanover preferred, to play a game of Lacrosse on the Agricultural Grounds, Durham. The conditions are—no player to weigh over 100 pounds and no one to be over fourteen years of age. The Nationals, if defeated, will pay all expenses. Challenge remains open till Sept. 1st. Robert Saunders, Captain.

#### Tenders Wanted

Sealed tenders for the building of a new truss bridge over the river on Fown Lane, Egremont and Proton, near Cedarville. Bridge 65 feet long between pile buttresses, fourteen feet high and fourteen feet flooring. All timber to be inspected before being framed. Lowest offer not necessarily accepted. Contractors to furnish their own plans and specifications.

Sealed tenders sent to the undersigned will be opened at the bridge on Saturday, July 28, 1906, at 11 a.m.

JAMES ALLAN,  
July 3rd—3c. Varney P. O.



## The Bread Bill

Is one OUR customer are always glad to pay.

We Satisfy . . . Our Customers

So well that they like to spend their money here.

**G. H. STINSON**

Model Bakery. Durham, Ont.

## Removal Notice!

**WE** are now established in the handsomely fitted up store just south of the Standard Bank.

The attractive fixtures will enable us to display our goods to good advantage—and we will carry a stock of new and up-to-date goods. Some early fall goods are already coming forward and very soon every department will be complete.

We take this opportunity of thanking our many friends who have favored us with their patronage and hope to welcome them, as well as many new ones, to our store.

We particularly want Butter and Eggs for which we will pay the highest market prices.

## JAMES IRELAND

McIntyre Block.

## THE CASH STORE H. H. MOCKLER

COMMENCING

## Saturday, July 14

OUR ANNUAL

## Mid-summer Clearing SALE

This has been an annual event in this store, but never before have we had such a choice and varied stock to put on the bargain tables.

\$5000 worth of Choice Summer Goods to Clear

## 30 DAYS

We're starting early this year, to give you a chance to use the goods.

Prices Cut all Over the Store

BIG OPPORTUNITIES FOR CAREFUL BUYERS

Butter and Eggs taken as Cash and Highest Prices paid.

## H. H. MOCKLER