

### Garden Seeds .

At reduced prices two packets for 5c, also by the oz. or lbs.

### Field . . Seeds .

A specialty. A large stock of Steele Briggs and Rennies selected seeds in bags, or in bulk, including the following well known and tested varieties.

### Sugar Beets

Steeles Royal Giant. Rennies Giant Sugar Mangold.

### Mangolds

Steeles Prize Mammoth long red. Giant Yellow Oval. Evans Sawlog. Bruces Gate Post. Rennies, Yellow Intermediate, Giant Half Long.

### Dwarf Essex Rape

The Growing Kind.

For Spraying Requisites and other insecticides, come to us.

**MaeParlane & Co.**  
Druggists and Seedsman.

## THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

W. IRWIN, Editor and Proprietor.

DURHAM MAY 9, 1907

YE OLDEN TIMES.

Durham, May 6, 1907.

MR. EDITOR.

MY DEAR SIR.—In my Native Country in the long, long ago, there lived an old minister. In those early days old Scotchmen, as a rule, were all fond of a drap Scotch whiskey. The aged minister I refer to was no exception to the rule, and when he got a wee drap too much he had sense enough to keep off the street, and when going home would take a bee-line through the graveyard. He was a favorite amongst his flock and they wanted to break him off his bad habit. There was one of them appointed to play ghost. He hid in the graveyard, rose up dressed in his white sheet, and in a guttural voice warned him of his bad habits. Are ye a lane, says the minister to him, or is it a general resurrection. It appears there has been a resurrection in town that has created a little excitement and a little writing as well. In your last issue you have given us a very interesting letter on Durham and its early days, for which, no doubt, we may thank the resurrection. You say the coffin was unearthened in digging a foundation and the contents were scattered around, and you ran away with the lower jaw. In that respect, Mr. Editor, you were not alone for I saw your brother editor of the Review with one of the thigh bones sticking out of his coat pocket. Then you tell us that your part was taken from you and all the rest gathered up and taken to the Potters' field. I hope that was the case, although I am doubtful. He told me he was going to keep it for a relic, and I think from that it is still in the coat pocket, and if it don't turn out ornamental it will, no doubt, be very useful, for every time he looks upon it it will have a tendency to remind him of the place that we are all travelling to.

The subject of your letter referring to early days is one that the most of people, young and old, like to read. Your sketch is very interesting, although there are a few mistakes, and to correct them is my principal object in addressing or writing you. You tell us we had to carry flour upon our backs from Guelph and dodge logs and brush on parts of the road. If that ever was the case it must have been long, long before any of the dates given in your letter. I travelled in '48,

and there was no such thing upon the road. I have encountered that sort of thing upon the Durham road but never upon the Garafraza. I have heard one of our old neighbors, an old lady, say that the opening out of the Garafraza road was a good job for them, for they had made a little at pulling ground hemlock off it. Never thought of asking for dates. Can't tell when the road was opened out.

Again you say the Edge mill was our first relief. Again you are astray. The Dunsmore mill at the Rocky was an old affair before the Edge mill was built. We used it in the summer. It was a matter of necessity. It had no smut machine and the bread very often was as black as old Nick ever was painted. In the winter we went to the Fergus mill—quite an undertaking with old Buck and Bright. I don't know when the Durham Foundry started, but I do know from experience that Buck and Bright and myself drew the stone for it in the summer of '53. I say from experience, as I have always looked upon that summer's work as one of the hardest of my life, following the ox bell every morning and walking over two miles to my work. The cart was always left at the stone pile, Buck, Bright and myself having always to foot it home.

The first frame house you say erected in upper town is the one now occupied by Mrs. Scott. That was house and office combined of Mr. Jackson, the Crown Land Agent. This I also know from experience, as I was in it along with my uncle trying to get some land. He said to me you are not of age, have you any brothers? So he took my brother's name, and we became possessors of the farm in Allan Park that the Whiteford tavern used to be on. We chopped two or three weeks upon it on pea coffee, bread and maple sugar. Three months after Jackson either sold it or gave it away, and we didn't realize enough out of it to pay for the pea coffee. I certainly was young, but that was not my worst fault. I must have been simple as well, or Mr. Jackson would not have tricked me like that. The next frame house of any importance and one you have taken no notice of was built by William Hunter. In it I first met our ex-Mayor Archie. He was then a wee squalling devil about a week old. Time rolled on and there were two arrivals to keep him company. In those early days there was no manger in the house to hide them, but there is one now. History tells us that Burns, the great Scotch poet, was born in the year 1750 in a weecly bigging. Nine days after it came up a storm and blew the gable end out of it, and the mother and babe had to run for shelter. That little house still stands and could scarcely be bought for money. We have here the three brothers, and from the looks of things they will soon be classed amongst the millionaires of the world. This house is now in the back yard hid under a bushel and could be bought, for a song. If moved out of the fire limits could be rigged up for another song. If placed within the limits it would cost more. It would need a stone foundation and would require to be plastered all over with cement, tin pans or sheet iron. It would then be good for 100 years, and Hunter generations still unborn could point to it with pride as being among the first houses in town and the one in which their forefathers were born.

The first house built in town laying claim to style and grandeur, and head and shoulders above all others, is the roughcast owned by Mrs. Noble, alongside Thomas Lauder's. It was built for Bonnie Jean, daughter of the Baldy Hunter you speak of. Some time previous to this she was supposed to be the intended of one of our townsmen, a man still amongst us hippling along the street with his staff in his hand. McNab, the young storekeeper, appeared upon the scene with his cuffs and collar buttons. The attraction was too great. The young fellow with the home made smock and cow hide boots was thrown overboard, and Jean became mistress of the big house.

McNab had the first store, or rather Stewart & McNab. It stood a little north of the Catholic church. Scott's stood, I think, where the church now is. It was a good sized building, and in the upper flat was held our first concert. McNab was the leader, and the best of the talent came from Varney, your humble servant to begin with, at that time a curly headed boy. I did some singing and had three fiddlers, Collett, Burgess and a stranger, to help me through with it. My Varney neighbor, Henry Brown, was a professional reciter, just out from Scotland. The Hunters all took a hand in it, and the old gentleman gave us Rule Britannia. I knew nearly all who were there, and I think I am about all who is left of them. McNab, as you say, went down town and built the Knapp House, kept there a while and removed to the little cottage behind Siegner's, and there kept the post office, and from there to the wilds of Kansas where he died a poor man. His partner, Mr. Stewart, remained in upper town and opened out in the little frame house at the corner of the Central. He wanted a boy, came down to the old farm to get my young brother,

who had just left us. He then fell back on me. Had I gone with him it might have been the turning point in my life. Had I learned the business to-day I might have been some use in the world, and instead of hanging around McLauchlan's back shop day after day playing checkers with the Mayor of the town, I might have been behind the counter instead of Peter, dealing out salt herring to the folks of the town and surrounding country.  
R. COCHRANE.

### Top Cliff.

Backward spring. Not much done yet in general by way of seeding. Last week was more like the first week in March than May, but it is none of our business to be fault finding. To hear us in general grumbling and complaining of this, that and the other things we lack, it looks as if people were mistrusting the Supreme Being, but there is no harm in letting people who are not so highly favored as we are know that there are drawbacks in every country. Even at Top Cliff the cry of scarcity of feed is something unusual. But we hope to forget all these difficulties in a few weeks, when nature shall put forth her beautiful mantle and cattle shall then feed on pastures green, and the milkmaid's beautiful voice will be heard at early morn taking home the kye from the pasture fields. Then all the difficulties and hardships endured during the cold months of winter and spring will be only remembered as a thing of the past. The birds are now singing their cheerful notes, and the little lambs may be seen skipping from one hillock to another. All these events are indications that summer is fast approaching.

The sick people in some cases are getting better, but some are yet complaining.

The aged and feeble are fast tottering on the grave's brink. Although the bitter cold of fall and winter deadened the grass and all herbs, the beautiful rays of summer revives them again, but man when overtaken by old age and death no spring or summer will bring them to life again, and the resting place of the dead tells the many tales of sorrow that have been experienced in many a home during the bitter cold months of winter. When we view our cemeteries we find many a newly made grave opened and closed since last November. This is evidence that many a home has been bereft of some dear one during the past months. But we must pass on, for while in life we must struggle on with the many difficulties to be contended with. This beautiful May morning, May 6th, gives us a cheering hope of the promise to be once more fulfilled, and opportunity shall be given to the sower to sow the seed, for according as we sow we shall reap.

Mrs. James McDonald moved to Proton with her nephew, Alex. McDonald. She is getting very feeble and not fit to be left alone. However, she may live for some time yet although 90 years old.

Railroading is busy in Priceville and east and west, and the work is progressing fine. As Priceville has become a Police village it has good prospects of becoming progressive in the near future. With railway, factories and all combined we don't see anything to hinder a rushing business being done. All that's needed in Priceville is a grist mill and there is a good water privilege, and if some one would invest in purchasing the site it would be a good investment for him, but we are not writing by way of an advertisement.

We noticed our lady teacher, Miss McCosh, on Friday last going to school with a scrubbing brush under her arm. We forgot that it was Arbor Day, and that's why our good teacher was giving the schoolhouse an extra brushing.

Norman McIntyre sold a horse to John McLean one day last week.

Robert Fisher is plowing for his brother Tom in Priceville these days.

David McIntyre is going to Port Arthur this week. We understand he is getting a good situation there.

### CHANGE IN FIRM.

Lamb's Grocery on Ashmun Street Hill a model establishment.

The grocery business on South Ashmun street hill for the past three years conducted by George Lamb and Sons recently changed management, Herbert Lamb, one of the sons formerly interested, having taken over the entire business with a view to conducting it alone and along the same lines as it has been conducted in the past.

Mr. Lamb is an energetic young business man and gives every promise of making a success of his new venture. He has the advantages not only of being thoroughly acquainted with the grocery business, but also of being thoroughly acquainted with the establishment and trade of which he has come in charge. The father, George Lamb, who was the head of the old firm, will retire from active business. Evening News—Sault St. Marie, Mich.

### AN AUSTRALIAN VISITOR.

We had a pleasant call on Monday last from Mr. James Bolger, of Sydney, Australia. Mr. Bolger is a native born Australian, but fifteen or sixteen years ago he came to Toronto where he lived for a couple of years. During his residence there he met Miss Williams, daughter of Mrs. Christopher Williams, of Grey. The sequel to their meeting was a period of courtship and then the tying of the matrimonial knot. Next came the honeymoon trip, which was made to Australia by the eastern route through the Straits of Gibraltar, the Mediterranean Sea, the Suez Canal, Red Sea, Arabian Sea and Indian Ocean. This was fourteen years ago, and since that time Mrs. Bolger was separated from the rest of her family by half the circumference of the world. But the ties of affection had not been severed, and some time ago Mrs. Williams told us with gladness sparkling from her eyes that her daughter and her husband were coming to visit them this summer, and sure enough they are here now with their little six-year-old daughter. They came here by way of Honolulu and San Francisco, and on arrival at the parental home, the home of her childhood, Mrs. Bolger has completed her trip round the world. Mr. Bolger himself is once and a half round and the little girl has finished half the trip. When they return, which will not be for two or three months, they will again take the eastern route. The voyage from Sydney to San Francisco took twenty-nine days, about six or seven days more than the regular schedule time of the fast ocean vessels. We were quite pleased with the short call of Mr. Bolger, who says he will take greater interest in reading the Chronicle than he has for the past fourteen years. He enquired for Jas. Gun, the Druggist, and left our shop with a promise to call again shortly, when he would have time to tell us a thing or two about Australia.

### Warning.

WE THE UNDERSIGNED, hereby give notice that we will not be responsible for the payment of a note of \$50.00 made by us about three weeks ago in favor of Thomas Wilson, of Durham, and payable in July next, as we have returned the property for which the said note was given.  
DONALD MCARTHUR,  
ARAHIE MCARTHUR.  
Business, May 8th, 1907.

## A. BELL UNDERTAKER and Funeral Director

Full line of Catholic Robes, and black and white Caps for aged people.

### Embalming a Specialty

Picture Framing on shortest notice.

Show Rooms—Next to Swallows' Barber Shop.

## Music..

I have placed in stock a fine line of late

Songs, Waltzes  
and Two-Steps

SOLD AT HALF PRICE.

25 Cents Per Copy

New music received each week

Percy G. A. Webster

## For your main crop

P-E-A-S! Queer idea, you think? Field peas for a MAIN crop? Do you know field peas brought 77 cents a bushel last year? This year's export demand will be bigger. Peas crop, per acre, 38 bushels and 1 1/2 tons of straw (fine fodder). Guelph College recommends pea-planting. Easy crop to grow; SURE market,—crop that feeds the soil instead of tiring it. Good money for YOU in peas,—but get them EARLY,—April is best.

## plant peas

## Field and Garden SEEDS

### "STEEL BRIGGS"

Half Sugar Mangold      Saw Log Mangold

### "RENNIES"

Mammoth Red Mangold      Giant Sugar Mangold

### "FERRYS"

Yellow Leviathan Mangold, in bulk and packages

Also Carrot, Beet, Peas, etc., for garden use

THE KIND THAT GROWS

SEED CORN NOW IN

## Parker's Drug Store

## SPRING FOOTWEAR

Our New Spring Footwear is the best that has yet come before the eyes of the people, and there's not much danger of anything better cropping up, because there is positively **Nothing better on the Canadian Market.**



### Our Men's Patents \$4 and 5\$

Are selling like hot cakes and wearing LIKE IRON.

### Our Boy's Patents at \$4

are just the exact thing looked for, and are commanding good sale

### Our Women's Patent Strap Slippers, and Oxfords at \$2.25 \$2.50 and \$3.00

Are without a doubt the most reliable offered at any price.

Our Women's Fine Kid Oxfords, are the cream of the Canadian Market.

## PEEL, the Shoeman

Repairing and orders neatly and promptly attended to.

CASH ONLY.      DURHAM AND OWEN SOUND

## "THE HOUSE OF QUALITY"

H. H. Mockler, - - - Durham, Ontario

In this age of advancing prices when the tendency of manufacturers is towards adulteration, look for QUALITY.

Leather has advanced during the last six months more than any other commodity. We have just a large consignment of dainty styles in

## "Ladies' Fine Footwear"

Which should have been here early in February, but owing to an overwhelming rush of business in the factory they have just been delivered. However these goods were bought last fall before the recent advances.

These goods are in Fine Kid, Patent Cold, and Patent Kid, from \$2 to \$4 and are the nicest lot of Ladies' Shoes we have ever bought. See them in our window.

## Dress Goods

Every one knows our reputation as the centre for Fashionable Dress Fabrics. This week we would draw your attention to two

Special lines of . . .

### Light Grey Tweed Effects

These goods are in Grey Tones, some with faint color lines running through them, about ten pieces, one lot at 50 the other at 60.

Nothing is more fashionable than our showing of black and whites, in broken checks, and Shepherds Plaids—a full line at 35c, 40c, 50c, 60c and 75c a yrd

We have just received some extra choice

White Lawn Waists, from \$1 to \$3.50

Washable Belts, 25c, 30c, and 40c

Silk Belts 25c and up

Wash Collars and Tabs, 10c to 35c

See Our Beautiful New Embroideries and Insertions

## H. H. MOCKLER