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THE ADVANCE.

A. R. Fawcett, — Editor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, AUG 14, 1884.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

A few Stray Leaves from the Editors Note Book.

At this season of the year it is generally customary for the Editors of country newspapers to take their wives and families (or their sweethearts) for a quiet jaunt out into the country. In common with his brethren of the Fourth Estate, THE ADVANCE man deemed it expedient to take a few days recreation. Last Thursday, therefore, he and his better half were driven by way of Eugenia and Kimberley to Thornbury. In the following paragraphs, taken from "stray leaves" in his note book, will be found some of his observations by the way. The "leaves," as put together—although forming rather a disconnected narrative—may not prove uninteresting to the many readers of THE ADVANCE.

The crops all along the route travelled were simply magnificent. On every side the "waving cornfields" presented a view not only gratifying to the possessors thereof, but to the passers by as well. It was a rare thing to see a really poor field of any kind of grain. The view presented from the hill

OVERLOOKING KIMBERLEY

was almost sublime in its grandeur. As far as the eye could see—on the hill slopes and in the valley—were fields of "golden grain" ready for the reaper, fields of grain just turning color, fields of grain in which the husbandmen were already busy at work reaping, binding, "stooking up," and hauling in, and bright green fields of pasture and meadow-land, with "clumps" of beautifully foliaged forest intervening at regular intervals. Here and there, in openings of the forest, the waters of the Beaver River glistened in the sunlight, while the hum of the reaping machine, the tooting of dinner horns, the clang of bells—or old mouldboards used for a similar purpose—could be distinctly heard, although several miles distant. From a point, which almost seemed beneath our feet, to the north of the Beaver River some fifteen or sixteen miles distant, and closely following the tortuous windings of that stream, stretched the long, dark swamp, while away in a North-Easterly direction—just where the earth and sky appeared to meet—was a long, thin, blue-looking "streak," showing where the Beaver River mingled its waters with that of the Georgian Bay. Rising many hundred feet above the level of the river, and on both sides of it, and stretching far away into the distance, were the two spurs of the famous Blue mountains. On the slopes of these hills, or mountains as they are oftener called, are many well cultivated farms. The land as a rule is fertile, and will remain very productive just as long as the inhabitants wisely allow the forests to remain on the brow of the hills. It is a great mistake to clear up the land on the "peaks" or "brows" of any such hills. By allowing them to remain, the roots of the trees retain the moisture accumulated from spring freshets, and gradually allows it to descend into the valleys when most needed.

JUST BEFORE REACHING

this splendid point of observation, we met a horse, attached to a single waggon, driven by a young man. In the rear part of the rig something met our gaze which startled us. In the bottom of the box, comfortably wrapped up and protected from the effects of the jolting on the rough road, lay a middle aged man, evidently in an unconscious state. From bloody marks on his face, the poor man had apparently met with a severe accident, and was now being taken to his house or to the doctor, we did not ascertain which. As we descended the hilly road to Kimberley, a broken buggy in a field near the road, a stump torn out by the roots, and other evidences of a runaway seemed to point out pretty conclusively that the unfortunate man we had seen in the rig had met with his accident here. In a few minutes we are

IN KIMBERLEY,

with the renovated Mansion House sign staring us out of countenance, and the precipitous cliffs of the Blue mountains towering ominously above our heads, so to speak. Here we found that the whirligig of time had brought many changes to the future "flourishing town." Kimberley is about nine miles from Flesherton and five from Eugenia, and is situated on the Eastern banks of Beaver River. It contains two or three stores, a carriage shop, blacksmith shop, saw mill, shingle factory, flour mill, a Temperance hotel, the "Mansion House," and other business places The citizens have almost unlimited faith in the future prosperity of the place. What they want just now most particularly is direct railway communication with the great business centres. This would develop the splendid water powers in the locality, so that in a short time this would become quite a manufacturing centre. One would-be M. P. P. went so far as to promise to obtain this great boon in case he was elected. Of course it was an absurd election dodge. These great railway corporations will construct lines through new sections of country *only when it pays them* to do so. The

VALLEY ROAD

has also been a fruitful theme for speculation. There is something real about this theme, however; at present the railway "boom" partakes too much of a "tale of fairyland." It is too visionary, and therefore is not interesting to reasoning minds; although, mind you, the day may not be far distant when the iron horse will make rocks and valleys re-echo with its shrill screams. So mote it be. However, the sooner this Valley Road—about which there has been so much talk and so little practical work done—is opened up for public travel, the better it will be for Kimberley and the surrounding country.

THE SELLING OF LIQUOR

seems to be an objectionable feature to a large number of people in this locality. They maintain that drinking has largely increased since the innovation. Drunken men were rarely ever seen before; now it is a common occurrence. It was even hinted to us, that one man had actually *pawned flour* in order to obtain liquor. This would be bad enough in a city or town, but it is simply abominable in a rural district. It was thought the sale of liquor would draw trade to the place. It may a certain kind of trade, but not that which helps to build up a place. The argument, that when it is sold at all, it might as well be sold in one place as in another, is a poor one.

THE CROPS

everywhere look well. Fall wheat, spring wheat, oats, peas, barley, &c., give every evidence of a bountiful harvest. Even the root crop is a very fair average. In fruit, the plum crop is a failure generally speaking, while the apple crop is the heaviest for some years. A large number of plum trees have been killed outright by the blight or in some unaccountable manner. We noticed a number of plum trees in the fine orchard of Mr. Robt. Fawcett, which were very heavily laden with plums last year, now completely stripped of their foliage and all indications of life and vigor gone.

We notice that Mr. W. Fawcett, the popular Deputy-Reeve of Euphrasia, has erected a handsome brick residence on the site of the old homestead. Harvesting in this neighborhood is well advanced and promises bountiful returns. Here the Editor met with many of his old schoolfellows and early friends. The log barns and houses, or "shanties," of fifteen years ago are rapidly being replaced by frame and brick structures. Stumps and stones are almost unknown. Where once the sportive chipmunk and squirrel frisked about on the branches of stately elms, now is heard the humming of the reaper or mower, or sizz-z-z of the plow as it passes through the rich clay loam soil. The old school-house, where once we were instructed, and where we passed many a pleasant hour in playing "blind man's buff," base ball, "pom-pom-pull-away," and other exhilarating games, has, with many other familiar old "landmarks," passed away. What changes old Father Time has wrought in this beautiful neighborhood during the past decade even! One by one the sturdy old pioneers,—who by their indominatable pluck and perseverance have changed a wilderness to a populous and fertile district, now teeming with the fruits of their industry—are passing away to that, "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller e'er returns." On Friday morning last Mrs. Arch. McKinley, one of the old settlers of Euphrasia, died at her residence near Thornbury, leaving her husband and a large and respectable family to mourn her loss. She died triumphant in that Faith which fears not "the sting of death." She was interred in the Thornbury and Clarksburg cemetery on Sunday.

[We have been obliged to condense our notes for want of space.—ED.]

For The Advance.]

POLITICAL.

For the past decade at least, it must be admitted all around—and indeed it *is* admitted by the impartial and fair-minded—that circumstances foreshadowed by the Conservative leaders have been fulfilled. Open and free, and anxious that every important enactment should be received only upon its constitutional merit, they have assiduously opened the avenues for ratification—even to the foot of the throne. Instance the McCarthy Act; also the Boundary question.

It is fresh in the memory of every politician how the Reformers held these up for poltical purposes. The Award is binding, said they; and the writer fully remembers how imperiously and persistently the party urged the propriety and legality of the Award—misleading audiences by *Globe* literature—advancing premises having only for basis the imaginations deduced from Reform assertions. Even our member, Dr. Landerkin, in Artemesia and elsewhere, also sounded the refrain. It staggers one to comprehend why men, possessed of such professed intelligence, should pursue such a course.

It was only necessary to hoist the signal at headquarters, when every Grit member with his satellites made the air ring with their vociferations.

Ontario was being robbed, oppression was claimed, every Conservative was disloyal to his own Province, and all this in face of general support of Conservatives by the people.

It was most amusing the other week the jubilancy over prospective decisions in the Award matter. Mr. Mowat, say they, is victorious over Sir John McDonald. No utterance could be more false or disingenuous.

Was the Award binding? The Privy Council say no! What prominent Canadian said no? It was Sir John McDonald—the Privy Council corroborating the utterances of Sir John as against the whole posse of the Reform camp.

Who proposed, ten years ago, to refer the matter to the Privy Council for final adjudication? It was Sir John McDonald. Who deferred it and for what? It certainly was Oliver Mowat, and for base purposes—witness the arguments in chief on every hustings since then!

It is impossible to say how much longer Mr. Mowat would have dangled his darling if Attorney-General Miller of Manitoba had not ensnared him, and forced him to submit his case.

Mowat imprisoned an officer in Manitoba, and the question of jurisdiction at once arose. Mowat wanted to discharge the officer, but the officer refused to be so summarily dismissed, unless legally done. So the question of boundary had to be settled and was in a way of being accomplished when the brave Mowat succumbed, and a basis for submission was arrived at—as between Manitoba and Ontario—and is now sub judice.

It may be remarked, that Sir John McDonald, nor his Government, is mixed in the reference, and will probably only have to deal with it hereafter by parliamentary enactment by way of ratification, as its exigencies may determine.

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