Flesherton Advance.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES NOT MEN."

VOL. XVIII, NO 908 Flesherton, Ont., Thursday, August 18, 1898 W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

F. T. HILL & CO.
MARKDALE

Realizing the fact of August being the last summer month of '98 we are making a complete clearance of all summer goods. Prices are such that every dollar's worth must move during the month.

Our fall purchases are beginning to arrive which necessitates our making more room—they are of such proportions that when all in will constitute the finest and largest showing of new goods ever displayed under any roof in this part of the country.

F. T. HILL & CO.
MARKDALE

NEW FOUNDRY AND Machine Shop

Having equipped our shop with the most approved machinery, and engaged the services of a thoroughly practical man to take charge of same, we are in a position to do a general Foundry business in all its branches, supply our customers with machinery of all kinds, make all sorts of Castings, and do all sorts of machinery repairing on short notice and at moderate prices.

BOILER and ENGINE work a SPECIALTY

R. P. LEGATE & CO.

Flesherton Station, August 4, 1898.

FARM for SALE

For sale, lots 75 and 76, 1st con. S.D.R., 60 acres cleared and under cultivation; barn, two stables, frame house; well watered. Will sell on easy terms. Apply to

R. T. CORNFIELD.

Warsham P. O., June 2nd 1898.

VILLAGE PROPERTY For Sale

For sale on easy terms, one lot in the village of Maxwell consisting of ¼ acre on which is a comfortable brick veneered house and a good frame stable. For further particulars apply to Rev. J. W. Jones, Trustee, Tara, Co. Bruce, or

J. HICKLING, Maxwell.

THE Huron Country

A Visit by Wheel to the Ruins of Sainte Marie.

Barrie, Orillia, Coldwater, Waubushene and Victoria Harbor, Taken en Route—Some Picturesque Scenery Described.

There are those who for the past nine years have predicted the decline of the wheel, and asserted that it is of no use except for short trips of ten or fifteen miles, yet the wheel becomes more popular year by year with a certain class who have not the time or means to take long trips by rail or boat. The Advance man has tested its utility in this respect for several years and notes this spicies of travel the acme of perfection—pleasure, recreation, and instruction all combined. The most enjoyable trip it has ever been our privilege to take our readers along with us in a more confidential manner than we have ever yet done, believing their interest in reading of it will be only second to the real enjoyment which we experienced. We have no record runs or fast time to announce. It was a purely pleasure trip taken with a view to getting some information regarding the peninsula on which Midland and Penetanguishene are situated. The objective point was the ruins of an old Jesuit fort near Midland, which dates back to the year 1649, and in the vicinity of a bloody massacre. This we visited and will describe in its proper place. Mr. Fred Tucker and The Advance man were the pilgrims.

Start with us, then, "at 5 o'clock in the morning," as the song says. It was a cool but pleasant morning, the roads dusty and grey mists rising from the earth as we bowled along. The first and only accident of the trip was a capsize near Duntroon while coasting, and a slightly sprained wrist, but such little mishaps as that should go unchronicled. Stayner was reached at 8 o'clock, where the first half hour stop was made. The trip was continued by way of Sunnidale Corners and Minessing to Barrie, where we arrived at 11.15 a. m., having made 55 miles during the forenoon. From Minessing to Barrie the road is exceedingly sandy and wheeling difficult. At 2 p. m. the trip was continued along the very picturesque shores of Kempenfelt Bay and Lake Simcoe to Orillia. Here the road was excellent and the groves of pines along the way with blue waters shining through them here and there made a pleasing panorama. Passing the asylum near Orillia we arrived at our destination about 5 o'clock, having covered a distance of 85 miles. Here the following day was spent in visiting some of the islands in Lake Couchiching and trolling, with what success we do not care to explain, but will simply say it was not exciting sport. Orillia is a charming little town built on the shore of this gem of inland waters. It is a town of 5500 population, and owns water works and a fire protection system that is up to date in every particular. We had much pleasure in being shown through the handsome fire hall by the genial caretaker. Lake Couchiching is twelve miles long and is drained by the Severn river. It is dotted with most beautiful litt'e islands—emerald gems in setting of torquois blue. No wonder the poetic fancy has been caught by its charms; no wonder the poetic lyre has been touched in soft notes as the singer gazed in rapture over the expanse of this island-dotted gem of the north. Among those who have seen and chronicled its beauties with the poetic eye is W. A. Sherwood of Toronto, and here is his tribute:

LAKE COUCHICHING

Oft have I loitered listening, Couchiching,
To the soft lull of distant waving trees
At evening, and the sweet murmuring
Of waters waken'd with the evening breeze
To one, whilst wandering thy shores along
Unseen, sweet voices hymn their evening song.

Long since the Red Man named thee Couchiching,
Or built his wigwam rude upon thy shore;
But longer after shall the minstrel sing
Of him that named thee but knows thee no more.
Unlike with thee had I that minstrel power,
I'd sing thee long, I'd sing thee every hour
Hallowed that morn when first we learn to know
How near to Nature are the hearts we prove;
More hallowed still in even's after glow,
How dear to Nature is the one we love.
Thus thy bright waters, joyous Couchiching,
O'er one I love for ever seem to sing.

Orillia has some fine churches and magnificent private residences that would do honor to any of our large cities. The old asylum grounds have been purchased by the town and the large building is about to be converted into a smmer hotel. This will be an ideal spot and will no doubt be largely patronized. In these grounds the splendid Orillia band gives weekly concerts and we had the pleasure of hearing one of them.

After a very pleasant visit with friends here we started one morning at 8 o'clock for Penetanguishene over what is known as the Coldwater road. A rain storm had settled the dust and sand to such a degree that wheeling was perfect. The day, too, was delightfully cool with a refreshing breeze. A run of fourteen miles brought us to the village of Coldwater, where we called on one or two acquaintances for a time. We were now in historical country, for over two and a half centuries ago every foot of this country was a battle ground between the Hurons and Iroquois Indians, and those who have read Parkman can readily realize our interest in the panorama of hill and valley, lake and river, which ever open up to view as we sped along. In or near this valley of Coldwater was a Jesuit mission, called St. Ignace, destroyed when the general massacre of Hurons took place in 1649.

From Coldwater we took a level but sandy road to Fesserton and Waubushene. These are essentially lumber towns, and at the latter place the Georgian Bay Lumber Company have very large mills and acres of sawed lumber. From here we cross to Sturgeon Bay and then to Victoria Harbor, where other large mills are situated. For miles we have been winding around hills and bays, and surmounting eminences from which charming views of islands and water are obtained, until expressions of wonder and delight become too frequent and silent enjoyment of the beautiful panorama takes their place. A few miles to the north, across this Midland bay, which averages only four miles in width, we see the primeval unbroken forest which only the lumberman has explored. The huge mills and acres of logs tell the story of these forest riches. After the timber has disappeared there will be other developments.

At Victoria Harbor we feed the inner man and pass on toward Midland. About three miles farther on we near the spot that we have taken all this journey to visit. It is what is called the Old Forest. In Parkman it is described as Sainte Marie, the centre and base of the Jesuit missions among the Huron Indians. Rounding the base of a hill, to the right we see a little log house, and making enquiries of a Frenchman, the sole occupant, are directed to the spot for which search is being made. Crossing the Grand Trunk track we discover a pile of stones in the centre of a field, and after considerable investigation can trace out quite clearly the formation of this historical relic. Pacing the outline we made it 33 x 70 paces. There were four corner bastions distinctly outlined, and these had been joined by a low stone work and palisades. But the ruin and decay of 250 years have nearly obliterated the outlines. Father Laboreau of Penetanguishene has purchased about nine acres of this property and proposes rebuilding it in its orignal form as nearly as possible, but this scheme remains in abeyance. Parkman in describing the spot says: "The fortified work which inclosed the buildings was in the form of a parallelogram, about 175 feet long and from 80 to 90 wide. It lay parallel with the river, and somewhat more than 100 feet distant from it. On two sides it was a continuous wall of masonry, flanked with square bastions, adapted to musketry and probably used as magazines, store houses, or lodgings. The sides towards the river and the lake had no other defences than a ditch and a palisade, flanked, like the others, by bastions, over each of which was displayed a large cross. The buildings within were, no doubt, of wood; and they included a church, a kitchen, a refectory, places of retreat for religious instruction and meditation, and lodgings for at least 60 persons. Near the church, but outside the fortification, was a cemetery. No doubt the buildings of Sainte Marie were of the roughest—rude walls of boards, windows without glass, vast chimneys of unhewn stone. All its riches were centered in the church, which, as Lalemant tells us, was regarded by the Indians as one of the wonders of the world, but which, he adds, would have made but a beggarly show in France, yet one wonders, at first thought, how so much labor could have been accomplished here."

This was the only stone fortified mission in the Huron country, but there were many pallisaded forts and missions. Three miles east of Sainte Marie was St. Louis, and some miles east of this again was St. Ignace, and to the south and South-east St. Michel and St. Joseph. All these pallisaded towns were destroyed by the Iroquis in 1648-49, and in the fall of 1649 Fathers Breboeuf and Lalemunt, who at that time were at St. Louis, fell victims to the terrible invaders. After this Sainte Marie was burned and abandoned and the scattered remnants of Hurons was followed to St. Joseph, one of the Christian Islands. The story of these tribes, and their destruction is one of the most fascinating in the history of our country, and a personal visit to the spot adds a double interest. Strange thoughts come crowding upon one as he seats himself on some eminence and endeavors to people these hills and plains with the dusky husbandmen who planted and reaped their corn in these beautiful valleys nearly three hundred years ago, and who bled and died under the merciless blows of their hereditary enemies, the Iroquois. The hills no more answer to the signal fires, and the war whoop has given place to the shrill whistle of steam. Within two rods of the ruins of Sainte Marie's northern bastions, Grand Trunk trains go howling past with their loads of living freight, having no thought of the dead past and the weary labors of those martyrd men who first brought civilization and the cross to the shores of our great lakes, remaining with their coverts to the last bitter end. It was with a distinct feeling of veneration, that we stood on one of these ruined bastions and tried to picture the labors involved in the building of its walls. Rough and rugged they were, built of unhewn boulder stones and conveyed considerable distances. Of what avail were these labors? we may ask. One thing we do know, the brave spirits who built and defended these walls are worthy of all honor and veneration from those who delight to honor the brave, and this apart from the religious aspect of the question.

We will continue our trip next week in shorter space and have something to say of the memorial church at Pentanguishene and other points of interest.

Keep this a Secret

We are occasionally enjoined by a buyer of an engagement or a wedding ring to "keep this a secret." We ALWAYS do so; we divulge nothing of the kind; our interest in such sales being guaged not by sentiment but by hard cash, our profit.

Strict confidence is therefore invaluable.

Parties buying from us can do so privately if desired.

In Engagement Rings we are carrying a large stock and of greater variety than heretofore and at prices ranging from $1.50 to $15.00.

We have recently added a new line of Wedding Rings in 10k. gold, which are bound to be favorites.

WATCHES

I am just now making a specialty of Watches, and if you are desiring a timepiece—or even if you don't need one very bad—it will pay you to buy now while prices are at the bottom with McGinty.

I have some fresh, new goods in Japanese Stick Pins, Epworth League and Oddfellow Guards, Ladies' Skirt and Belt Holders, fancy Hat Pins, etc., the nicest, nobbiest things up to date. Just come in and look at them, anyway.

W. A. Armstrong
JEWELLER, FLESHERTON.