

Flesherton Advance.

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

VOL. XIX, NO 957

Flesherton, Ont., Thursday, September 7 1899

W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

So-Ho Foundry

FOR
Turnip Seeders, Scufflers, Ploughs, Iron Harrows, Root Cutters, Wheel barrows, Furnace Doors and Grates. Mowers and other Farm Machinery repaired on Short Notice. Old Castings wanted. Plough Repairs always in stock.
R. P. LEGATE & CO.
Ceylon Ontario

New Proprietor

Having purchased the territorial business from Mr. LeGard I wish to announce that the business will be continued in the old premises. We have had a large city experience and believe we can give perfect satisfaction in our line.
Have taken over the agency for
Rolston Laundry
—AND—
Parker's - Dye - Works
And all orders left with us will receive prompt and careful attention.
Flesherton Shaving Parlors
A. Wilson.. Prop.

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DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP
Public notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between E. VanZant and A. Smith, carrying on the business of marble dealers under the firm name of VanZant & Smith at Flesherton and Thornbury, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All accounts owing by the said firm will be settled by A. Smith who is entitled to receive payment of all moneys due the said firm.
Dated at Flesherton, this 10th day of July, '99
E. VanZant
W. J. Bellamy & A. Smith

Choice Farm for Sale or Rent
South part of Lot 25, Con. 3, Embrasia containing 70 acres, with frame house and barn with stone foundation under house. The soil is rich clay loam and free from stones. The farm is well watered and is suitable for either stock or grain, is situated in an excellent fruit country, and is close to a school, 2 miles from Heathcote and 5 miles from Thornbury station. Apply to
JOHN CONN, Jr.,
HEATHCOTE, ONT.

Bull for Service!
Well-Bred Durham bull for service on lot 13, W. T. & S. R. Artemesia. TERMS—\$1. For three cows and over a reduction will be made.
DONALD McLEOD

STRAYED
Strayed from the premises of a undersigned on July 28th, two steers, 1 yearling, light red with some brindie streaks; 1 two year old, dark red. Information as to their whereabouts thankfully received by
RICHARD McMULLEN
Flesherton, July 25 '99

Public Notice
Notice is hereby given that a By-law was passed by the municipal council of the City of Flesherton on the 27th day of May, A. D. 1899, providing for the issue of licenses for the amount of \$1200, for the purpose of School Section No. 7, and that such By-law was registered in the Registry Office of South Grey on the 30th day of August, A. D. 1899.
Any motion to quash or to set aside any part thereof must be made within three months from the date of registration and cannot be made thereafter.
Filed this 12th day of August, 1899.
Thomas Scott, Clerk

CRUISE OF THE RIPPLE

Ye Editor Goes Sailing in a Steam Yacht

CHAPTER IV.
Spanish River Mills is not exactly a city founded on a rock, but all that is required is the population. The rocks are there and the houses are built upon them. There is nothing else to build on. The houses are all neat frame structures and each one has a blueberry garden at its back door. The population is about 300, and of these 60 are employed in the large sawmills here. This is the first port of call on the north shore west of Little Current for the large steamers, and the City of Parry Sound arrived while we were there. The sawmill here is one of the largest on the Georgian Bay and several of the party were much interested in the marvelous celerity with which lumber is manufactured. One set of saws in this mill cuts up four logs at a time. Labor saving machinery makes it possible to cut up an enormous quantity of lumber per day. The timber is brought down the Spanish River in large rafts. These mills are on a large island at the mouth of the Spanish, divided from the mainland by a narrow but deep channel just sufficiently wide to allow large boats to pass through. This channel is called the Little Detroit, and is a place of considerable interest to tourists. The bass fishing was good in this channel and the writer had the pleasure of landing a fine 4-pound fellow with a fly rod. It was prime sport. Society in summer at Spanish River Mills is all that could be desired, judging partly by the Captain's satisfied air upon putting foot on shore and partly by the writer's own observation. The Captain though a seafaring man did not eat of our fare while at the Spanish. Something fairer "than has been" on this trip at all events, enticed him away, and it was an exceedingly difficult matter to get him back to his post. "Billy" blew the whistle till the rocks echoed (by the way, her whistle was the biggest thing about this boat) but he might as well have saved his steam for all the impression it made on the Captain. He came when he got "good and ready." This was the one occasion on this trip when we had to whistle for the Captain. Why it was so let it not be told. Spanish River Mills is a romantic spot, and a week or two could easily be spent here with much pleasure. Two hours were all we had to spare this time, then away to the westward, through Little Detroit, across the mouth of the Spanish, on between more islands—on while the sun sank low in the west, occasionally hidden by clouds, and now glinting and glistening over the placid water. At John's Island we passed a sawmill which has enjoyed a romantic experience. It was stolen once upon a time and the event came about in this manner: Two Americans owned this mill some where in the States, they failed in business and the mill was seized. Nothing daunted, the owners, while the mill was under seizure, stole it holus bolus and had it conveyed across to Canada, and planned on this island where they did a flourishing business for some time and paid off every cent of their indebtedness. This done, they failed again, and the mill is now lying idle. Presumably Canadian bailiffs are more shrewd than American; at all events the mill has not been stolen a second time; it is still there, for we saw it, and the island on which it is situated bears the name of the enterprising men who made, probably, the heaviest theft on record. This night we slept very comfortably in a deserted fishing station called Newport, and with the dawn were up and away again. From this on the islands became less numerous. We passed Cook's Mills without calling. This is the first point where the Sault branch of the C. P. R. touches the lake going west, but from here on it hugs the shore quite closely all the way to Sault Ste. Marie. Early in the day we steamed into Algoma

Mills, a dilapidated, ramshackle village on the rocky shore. Its population is possibly 200. At one time it promised to take the lead of Thessalon, some 35 miles further west. The C. P. R. has a very fine station here, but it is the only building in the place worth looking at. When the railway was first built the company proposed to make Algoma Mills a summer resort and a headquarters for their traffic. They built the foundation for a magnificent hotel and then quit. The foundation is still there. Possibly they sold enough rock lots to more than pay the cost of this foundation. We saw no sign of soil here—nothing but huge piles of C. P. R. coal and rocks—but were told that four miles east there were some very fine farms—farms that could not be bought for less than \$3000 per 100 acres. Algoma Mills was named when it owned a sawmill; this mill was burned down and only a dreary waste remains where it had been. All the coal brought in for this western section of railway is landed here and gives the place the only bit of life it sees, outside of the passage of two railway trains a day.

A few miles further on and we arrive at Blind River, another lumbering village where the sawmill employs 40 hands. There is a rather fine frame hotel here and all the residences and stores are also built of forest products. Stone and brick are too costly. They are built on the rocks and that is sufficient. Some of the finest bass fishing in the world is found seven miles up this river, but two parties from the Sault had all boats engaged and our party was obliged to forego the pleasure. This point is 62 miles west of Little Current and 85 east of the Sault. It was the limit of our trip. One week had been consumed in the journey up and we must allow ourselves another in which to get home. It was with a sense of sadness that we put our little steamer about after a few hours' stay at Blind River and ran back to Algoma Mills for the night. On the way we were caught in a thunder storm, but the curtains were drawn making everything snug and comfortable.

We must not dwell upon our return trip, which in many respects was more pleasant than the onward voyage, as better weather was experienced. After leaving Spanish River there was a little sea and the captain lost his cap, but this was the only accident recorded of our moment until we returned to Owen Sound. We lay another day at little Current and on Friday steamed to Rattlesnake Harbor, where, on Saturday four of the party took a fishing snack trip over to the Tub, and the yacht followed early Sunday morning. We have promised not to tell anything of how the Mate, in absence of the Pilot, steamed off east from Rattlesnake in the darkness until he reached Lonely Island before recovering his bearings, then in the twilight dimly shining had to put about for Tobermory. This is a profound secret and the Mate might be disgusted if it was referred to, so don't mention it please. Neither must we give it away how the Steward renewed acquaintance at the Tub with the heroine of Cove Island lighthouse. This is not matter of history—it's private. There is still another thing that should not be mentioned in connection with this cruise, namely, how the Pilot essayed to do some deep sea trolling and lost two lines and troll in the effort by letting them slip through his fingers! The above things must not be referred to excepting in whispered conversation. Sunday was spent quietly at the Big Tub. At Cabot's Head we visited Limburner's mill and mounted 200 feet of rock and bathed in a beautiful lake. This lake is not more than half a mile from the beach and is one of the prettiest spots we saw in our journey. Here we fished for mountain trout. These fish used to inhabit this lake but were all away from home when we called. At this spot the Purser got his nose skinned while trying to shove in one of Mr. Limburner's punts. He took a dive and came up at it like a whale, but only the side of his nose struck and the punt wasn't injured. The Pur-

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FLESHERTON.



ser's nose should never be blamed for striking anything within six inches of his face. The sun had high jinks with this same nose throughout the whole trip. It skinned it six times and as many new skins grew on under the influence of sweet oil and a cream preparation. The Purser's nose is a wonderful nose to grow, but Limburner's punt left its mark for several days.

The last night of the trip was again spent at White Cloud island, where the Steward insisted on calling to pick up the medicine bottle forgotten on the up trip. We found that some native fisherman with a great nose for ferreting out "liniment" had appropriated it during our absence. Next morning an auction sale of remnants was held and very good prices realized. Owen Sound was reached at 1.30, just two weeks from the time we sailed away, and before separating the party tendered a hearty vote of thanks to Captain Thompson for the very enjoyable outing.

In closing this sketch we wish to say that, taken altogether, it was the most enjoyable outing we have ever experienced. There was the total relaxation of business care, complete rest, fresh breezes, beautiful scenery, and just sufficient spice to add zest to the whole. We merely got a glimpse of the 31,000 islands in this wonderful expanse of water, but hope at some time in the near future to explore more of them. In many instances we saw Indian encampments on these islands, with the dusky families as happy, apparently, as the day is long, and we envied them their freedom. There is a latent something in the human composition—possibly inherited from remote ancestry—that makes one at times long to get away from the congested centre of business and wander where Nature alone holds sway and where the handiwork of man has never marred its beauty. Most business men have felt the desire. On this occasion it was our pleasure to have the wish gratified, and we have endeavored in this sketch to give the reader as large a share in that pleasure as it is possible to give, and trust we have succeeded. With a farewell to the officers of the "Ripple" we end this faithful chronicle of the cruise of nine jolly amateur tars.

"Farewell ye bright waters—
Perchance 'tis for aye!
My pathway leads on
O'er the billows away;
These feet will grow weary
In life's busy mart,
These eyes be oft tear-dim
And heavy this heart,
But thou wilt sing on
In thy joyous unrest,
Unchanging, unwearying,
Eucyant and blest."
—P. V. YULE.
THE END.

Durham Presbyterians have given a unanimous call to Rev. Mr. Farquharson of Claude.
John Cole fell off the Owen Sound duck and was drowned.

OVER \$1,000.00

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If you have tried all other remedies without success, and are at all sceptical as to the merits of Japanese Catarrh Cure, enclose 5 cents in stamps, and we will mail you free a trial quantity sufficient for nearly two weeks' treatment. Price, 50 cents, or six for \$2.50, with guarantee to cure or money refunded. By all druggists, or by mail post-paid. Address: The Grifflins & Macpherson Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto.

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STRAYED
Came to the premises of the undersigned, lot 17, cor. 4, Osprey, on or about the 2nd day of July, two yearling steers, red, with white spots. Owner will give proper property, pay expenses and take the same away.
JOHN CLARK
Osprey, Aug. 1, 1899.