Flesherton Advance.

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

VOL. XXII, No 1101 Flesherton, Ont., Thursday, October 2 1902 W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

SPECIAL
.,...IN MEN'S WATCHES.

Fall Fair Bargains

We have an overflowing stock at present and some specially good bargains in Men's 15 jewel watches. Here is some values that do not come your way very often. If you want a reliable watch be sure and see ours before buying elsewhere.

When in town on Fair Day take a look through our stock whether you intend to buy or not.

W. A. ARMSTRONG - FLESHERTON

Westward Ho!

Victoria, Vancouver Island, Sept. 20, '02

MY DEAR THURSTON,—I am at the far west of my journey and to-night I commence my return trip and expect to be home in a week or in time for the fair. I cannot imagine any travel so well calculated to give a conception of the vast and varied resources of our country as this trip to the Pacific. Leaving the bright and busy towns of Ontario, its pretty villages and comfortable looking country homes, at the close of the first day's travel, next morning daylight reveals a wilderness of rock and lake and scrub forest, some parts of it beautifully picturesque, but having little attraction except for the adventurer, the artist or sportsman.

As we approach the head of Lake Superior the scenery is in some places grand, but night closes in again and sometime in the early morning hours we pass Port Arthur and Fort William. Morning reveals a country still rocky and dotted with lakes, but with small sections of good land and some settlement. We at length reach Rat Portage, a town with fine public buildings, good business blocks and a number of large sawmills. It is situated at the outlet of a large body of water called Lake of the Woods—the largest lake between Superior and the Pacific. The town has a population of some 5000. A few miles further we reach Keewatin, where the waters of the lake are backed up by enormously strong works constituting the lake a gigantic millpond with an area of 3000 square miles and creating one of the greatest waterpowers in the world. Population of Keewatin now about 1500, destined to be a city of 50,000. Forty miles further we leave Ontario and enter Manitoba, the prairie province, and shortly after see the first harvesting operations, but only on a small scale till we pass Winnipeg.

Arrived at Winnipeg, I am surprised at the substantial character of its buildings, its fine wide streets, nothing in Toronto to equal them except Spadina avenue. I had a ride out in several directions on the electric street cars, and in the evening called on some friends, Mr. Wm. Sproule, and with Fred Sproule called on Mr. and Mrs. James Sproule. I met Mr Richardson, ex-M.P., in the street, and called on him next morning, also on Miss Ella and Miss A. Hind. Had a look in on the Methodist Quadrennial conference now in session in Grace church.

Left Winnipeg at 2 p.m. and on a beautiful afternoon sped across the vast wheat fields of the prairies. Wheat, wheat, wheat, for miles, for scores of miles, for hundreds of miles—will it ever be got into stack? The threshers are busy everywhere and the immense piles of straw are burnt up as soon as the grain is got away.

At 7 p.m. we arrive at Brandon where I left the train and went up town. Saw a smart, well stocked watch and jewellery store with the name Higginbotham over it. Went in and found a son of my old friend J. Higginbotham of Inistioge, the proprietor. The store was beautiful and the stock extensive, rich and choice—"Nothing too good for the people here," Mr. H. remarked, and the stock confirmed his statement. Afterwards I called on Mr. Geo. Higginbotham and his wife. Ada is just the same sweet girl she always was, although mother of a family of three. Left Brandon at 11 p.m. Next day the travel was over unbroken prairie, grazing and ranching lands I saw an occasional coyote or prairie wolf and some prairie fires cleaning up the dry grass and leaving scores of miles of blackened waste. Passed Regina, the capitol of the Territories. In the evening we stopped at a station where I saw a familiar face. I got off the train and greeted an old friend, Wm. Cullen, who was as much surprised as if his grandfather's ghost had appeared suddenly. He looked remarkably well. He was visiting a married daughter, whose husband keeps a store here. I purposed getting off at Calgary, but we reach it so early next morning I concluded to go on. We are now approaching the Rocky Mountains. Gradually rising and passing through a narrow defile called the Gap We are among the giant hills which lift their snow capped summits into the cloudland. Here the road runs between two almost vertical walls of dizzy height and the Bow river, whose course we have been following from Calgary, rushes through the narrow gorge, a turbulent torrent. There is a station here called the Gap and we are now at an altitude of 4,200 feet. The mountain with summit divided into three peaks called Three Sisters is now on our left, while on our right are fantastically broken and castellated heights. We now notice the wonderfully varied hues and richness of coloring on the mountain slopes which are penetrated by deep alcoves in which haze and shadow and gorgeous coloring lie engulfed.

Up, up, we still climb, until we reach Canmore where there are large coal mines, An open coach called an observation car is here added to the train. The prospect increases in grandeur and magnificence. On each side as the mists float upwards and away we see great masses of scarred rock, range towering above range. The clouds hang round the hills but the snowy, glittering peaks peep out above the clouds. Each curve of the line bring new vistas of mountain peaks, away before and around us, all clad in garments of light rose, blush pink with silver braids on purple haze. Every turn brings a new mystery, the way seems blocked again and again, with huge mountains, but our engine and train looks so small among these monster hills, twists and glides in and out in such sharp curves; that half the time we can see our engine and fore part of the train without putting a head out.

At length we reach Banff, altitude 4500 feet, situated in the National Park, 26 miles long by 10 miles wide. We saw the Government herd of Buffalo, their enclosure coming up to the railway. The station here is situated in the midst of most impressive mountain scenery. Cascade Mt. to the north is 10,000 feet high, and other peaks rise 8000 to 9000 feet. I stopped off here and visited the hot springs. I had the novel experience of bathing and swimming in water boiling up in the crater of an extinct geyser at a temperature of 90 degrees with a snow storm falling on my head. The water is strongly impregnated with sulphur and at one spring it comes up 120 degrees hot. There is a curious cave here which has a small opening at the top a few feet wide. A gallery or entrance to it has been excavated through the side of the hill by which we came into the cave at its base. It has a basin about 20 feet wide with the water at a temperature of 75 degrees, bright, clear and sparkling. The temperature of the cave is 90 degrees. All around are stalactites hanging in fantastic shapes. One looks like an enormous bat with outstretched wings and monster head, springing from the side of the cave, and everywhere are glittering crystals sparkling in the limestone in myriads.

I met Frank Beattie at Banff and Philip Hurlburt of Kimberley. Both very kindly tendered me services in drives round. The day, however, turned out wet and snow fell on the hills to a depth of nine inches. Next morning Mr. Beattie called at my hotel with horse and rig and kindly drove with me to several points of interest and thence to his home where I had breakfast and an introduction to his wife and family. Frank is the same genial, kindly nature we knew him years ago. The mountain air has not spoiled him and he is a fine specimen of physical manhood. His wife is from Auld Scotia. Her cheeks have the bloom of the heather of her native hills and her voice the musical cadence of Invernessshire. I bade adieu to Banff with regrets. It is a pleasant spot.

At the next station, "Cascade," Castle Mt. looms up on the right a sheer precipice of 5000 feet, a giant's keep with turrets, bastions and battlements complete. At Laggan Station, the road, which has been still following the course of the Bow river, leaves, and here we come in sight of Mt. Hector and get a view of the first of the great glaciers. It is a broad crescent shaped frozen river, away up 1300 feet above us and ten or twelve miles away. A few miles further and we come to the Great Divide. An arch is erected near the track on our left where a sparkling stream separates into two. One half the waters flew to the Pacific, the other Hudson Bay. From a pretty lake on our right the waters at the east flow out to meet us, as we travel up stream then skirt the lake its whole length, and the waters at the west end flow westward and we are travelling with it downstream.

A succession of new scenes, each seeming to surpass the last in magnificence, beauty and sublimity, through rock tunnels, through miles of snow sheds, often cut in the sides of the precipitous rock, on the one side we cannot see the sky-line, while on the other we look down yawning gulfs below us, often with a river rushing rapidly as though racing with us. Sometimes we see the line we are to travel far below, for our road mysteriously doubles again and again to get down, down towards the coast. I skip 200 miles and 40 stations.

At Vancouver city, the terminus of the road, at noon Wednesday, a city of 20,000 population. Only 25 years ago its site was covered with dense forest. It had a marvelously rapid growth for a few months and then was completely destroyed by fire, only one house escaped. In the afternoon I visited Stanley Park, a reservation of over 1000 acres. Wandering amid its big trees I lost my way and for over an hour was uncertain whether I would get out before night set in. Trees measuring 60 to 70 feet in circumference and growing 300 to 400 feet high. I walked the log of a fallen pine averaging 5 feet through and it measured 200 feet from root to where it threw out its first branch—fancy a log of clear pine without a knot 200 feet long One giant cedar has an opening through its base through which a buggy may be driven. I picked up a maple leaf I could not span across with outstretched hand.

Next day I went to New Westminster, 8 miles distant, population 8000. I visited there two salmon canning establishments to see the method of putting up salmon not only in cans but also of freezing salmon and packing in boxes whole for export.

On Friday I went by boat down Puget Sound to Vancouver Island to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. It is a most beautiful sail of five or six hours from Vancouver city. On the way down we saw several whales and witnessed a most exciting scene, a battle between a whale and his mortal foe, the thrasher. It is probable that more than one of the thrashers attacked the whale but we could only see one as his large white body stuck up 10 or 12 feet out of the water and came down with enormous whacks on the whale, which spouted spray and lashed the waters with its tail, making terrific commotion. The thrasher, a species of large shark, is the only fish that will attack the whale, and their conflicts are frequently very bloody, reddening the waters for a wide space around the scene of conflict. Victoria is a bright, lively city, with a population of 20,000 and the handsomest government buildings of any province in the Dominion. They cost when complete and furnished a million of dollars and are more beautiful internally and externally than the Toronto pile which cost much more. There is a very fine museum in one wing containing fine specimens of the denizens of sea and forest, also large collection of Indian relics. A large park adjoining the city has finely laid out roads, picturesque sheets of water on which some very fine large swans are kept; bridges, bridle-paths, flower parterres and walks. It has a population of 5000 Chinese. I visited their section of the city which is unlike China-town in New York for here they seem better off and are less crowded than there. I turn here for home. I write this coming up the Sound at 1.30 a.m., expecting to be at Vancouver city by 8 o'clock and thence speed homeward again. M.K.R.

To The Editor of The Advance.

DEAR SIR—We notice another effusion in your issue of 25th inst., signed by Mechanic, but realy written by the well known lath "butcher." The only thing worth replying to is where he mentions a a lady's name in connection with the matter, who surely does not figure in either trade or business. My opinion is that a man who is capable of taking the pulpit on Sundays and preaching to us ordinary mortals should at least respect the fair sex and not be too personal even if a woman has to work for a living. As to his reference to our work his advertising will certainly not hurt us as the work is there and will bear inspection. We do not at present require the services of a laborer and if we did we do not want ladies to mix mortar as we have a higher estimate of their abilities than to allow them to engage in that work. Perhaps Mechanic would like to have them on the same level as himself, or perhaps he would like them to do the lathing and he do the stonework.

PATTON BROS.

John Carlton, of Creemore, late of Reddickville, is the owner of a cow from which they make 12 pounds of butter per week.

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MARKDALE, ONT.

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The old Country goods are here. The goods from the Canadian Manufactures are here. We want you to see them, whether you come to buy or only look, you will be made heartily welcome—A hop-step-and-jump through the different departments have revealed these prices. There are hundreds of others equally as good.

40 inch Dress Cloths, fancy heather mixtures in browns, grays, greens, etc., good heavy winter weight and nice rich finish, good value at 25 cts., our price 16½

42 inch Satin Cloths in black and staple colorings, bright rich satin finishin imported wool. Usually sold at 60 cts. yard, special this season at 50

56 inch Coating serge in navy and black, pure worsted yarn in bright hard finished twill, usually sold at $1.00 a yard, this season we have them marked at 75

50 pair Boys' Corduroy pants, a line we imported direct from an Old Country manufacturer, and equal to what we have been selling 75c. pr. They are just the thing for school wear and very cheap at 58

20 Boys' Imported Tweed Suits, (2 piece,) for small boys, good quality cloth, nicely braid trimmed and worth $2.00 each. While they last 1.50

25 Children's Frieze Reefers, (imported) rich shades of blue, green, red and brown, double breasted, large sailor collar, well lined and made and very natty for the small girl. They run at $1.90, $2.25 and 2.50

20 Children's Frieze Ulsters, (imported direct from a German Manufacturer,) assorted sizes in blues, greens, reds and browns, stylish made, and much less in price than any we have ever had former seasons, prices run at $2.25, $2.50, $2.75 and 3.00

20 dozen Women's Imported Cashmere Hose, same as last season and very special 2 pair for 25

10 Ladies Mantles, all sizes, made from rich, black wool cheviot, the latest cut, full 36 inch long and extra value, only 5.00

60 pair Men's Dongola Laced Boots, all sizes, nice fine quality, sewed soles, the kind usually sold at $1.75 a pair; while they last you can buy them at 1.35

25 dozen Men's Wool Sox, ribbed tops, grey legs, white heels and toes, a big snap at the price, 2 pair for 25

Linen Towels, size 15 by 30, fancy borders, per pair 12½
200 barrels Boot Buttons, 50 buttons in a barrel, for 3

Sewing needles, 3 to 7, special 2 packages for 5

5 pieces Towelling, 14 inches wide, pure linen with fancy red border, extra value at per yard 5

5 Stone China Toilet Setts, good quality in red, blue or pencil decorations, 4 pieces to set, usually sold at $2.00, our price 1.29

3 dinner sets, 97 pieces, handsomely decorated colors, red blue and green, good value at $7.50 a set, our price 4.90

McFarland, Stafford & Co

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