Flesherton Advance.

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

VOL 32, NO 28 Flesherton, Ont., Thursday, January 16, 1913 W. H. THURSTON EDITOR and PROPRIETOR

The Discovery Of Eugenia Falls

Councillor Miller, Who Lived in Markdale Suburbs, Was the Man—The Gold Rush

Written specially for The Advance by Mrs. W. G. Pickell of Markdale

THE FISHER FOLK who frequent the banks of our pretty Saugeen river in Markdale suburb during the trout season would find an interesting scene could they but draw aside the curtain of time and see the stream as it was sixty-three years ago. They would not know it for that of to-day.

A clear, deep, quiet stream, emerging from the dense forest on one side, crossing the new road under a rough corduroy bridge, and disappearing again in the woods on the other side. Gliding along with the current a bevy of wild ducks from the pond a little way up the river may be seen. They hesitate for a moment, startled, perhaps, by the quick movements of a sly muskrat or the splash of a beaver's tail as he goes down his water route to his home.

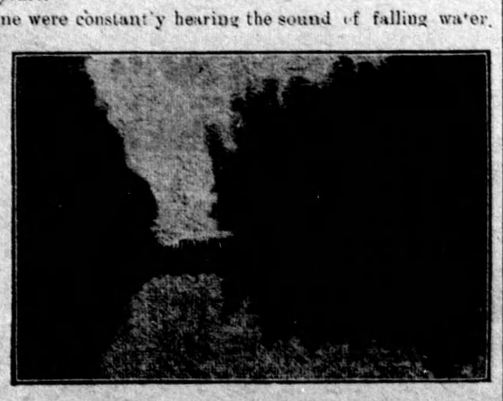
The mossy banks of the river have for their background the virgin forest, where may be heard the breaking of the undrgrowth by the tread of a bear or wolf. Down these green slopes deer came to drink.

MRS. W. G. PICKELL

Mrs. Pickell, the writer of this sketch, is herself classed as one of the pioneers and is gifted with a clever pen by which she can construct vivid pictures of past days.—ED.

There is a man sitting on the bank, fishing rod in hand, his gun lying beside him. Tradition says he was the first white man that fished and hunted along the river in these parts. Who was he? His name was Miller, and his findings are the subject of this sketch. He was a U. E. Loyalist by descent, his father being one of a company of those people who left their homes in Massachusetts in 1786, conducted by Roger Conant, came to Canada and received grants of crown lands on the shores of Lake Ontario, near where the town of Oshawa now stands. As other Millers came into the settlement he was known as "Yankee" Miller." He was a member of the first Council of Artemesia and was thereafter known as Councillor Miller. In his home down by the lake news of the new country to the north reached him. He started alone and on foot, with his gun, fishing tackle and carpet bag. He journeyed past Toronto, past Mono Mills, on through the wilds of Amaranth and the swamps of Melancthon and Proton into Artemesia. The Toronto and Sydenham road was only partially opened. He knew what he wanted, finding it at the Saugeen—good land, good fishing and hunting. He secured for himself and kinsmen the lots comprising what were aftewards known as the Coleman farms. On the bank of the river he built a house where he and his family lived for some years.

The settlers along the line were constantly hearing the sound of falling water. In the stillness of night or before a rain this was plainly heard. Following the sound, some men got as far as the little falls north of Flesherton and concluded they had found the source of the noise. But our man of the rod and gun was not sure of that, and, with his pocket compass, ventured far into the unexplored wilderness, still following a sound that became louder, and one day the glory and grandeur of the falls burst upon his view. Tradition says that he was the first white man who saw the falls. He was certainly the first we know of. When younger and imagination ran riot, in gazing upon this magnificent scene we have thought that at some more remote period a possible missionary father pointed out here to the red men around him the greatness of the Great Spirit they worshipped in their dim way, who made this waterfall and all else beautiful and grand in our world.



SLOAN'S DAM FROM CARR'S DAM, EUGENIA

Settlers began now to blaze trails from different points to this wonderful place and went to see for themselves. There was another devotee of the rod and gun, onea Sndy Brownlee, who lived at Hunters Creek (now Beattie's). Together these men found themselves at the Falls one day. They climbed down the rocky wall into the chasm below to explore it. Imbedded in the rocks they saw a shining substance which they believed to be gold. They did not make it known, but went, day after day, in that direction. Others going to see the Falls saw these men at work and the secret was out. Gold at the Falls! The rush and excitement following this discovery cannot be described. Men followed the trail to Durham by night to buy picks and shovels. They could not waste daylight. The old lanterns with horn sides or perforated tin, inside which a solitary tallow candle burned, were in great demand. Women in their homes cooked and put up hampers of food for the men, packed bedding and made the little canvas bags that men fastened to their belts to receive the nuggets. Meanwhile visions of what this good fortune would mean to all lightened labor.

View above Eugenia Falls, looking towards the brink

Knowing it was necessary to have expert knowledge as to the value of the mineral, samples were sent out to be assayed. This took some time, for communication with the outer world was painfully slow. Awaiting reply, men in good faith dug and picked with might and main. At length the answer came back, "Your sample is a quartz, of commercial value." So the bubble burst and the people got back to normal conditions.

From a Familiar View Point

But though there was no gold at the Falls, it yet had other attractions. There at some time a great upheaval hollowed out the ravine and piled up the hill on the west side and made it necessary for the calm flowing river to make its leap over the brink into the chasm below and pursue its tortuous way among the rocks there. The rainbow-decked spray, the never ceasing music of the waterfall, now in gentle cadence, and again with a mighty, rushing sound when the river was in full flood caused by heavy rain or spring freshets, all belong to the picture. The hillside was studded with trees that rose in even gradation from base to summit, giving it the appearance of a large, inclined bed of luxuriant green foliage. Around this scene of loveliness stood the grand old forest like a great fortress to protect it from the hand of the despoiler.

The despoiler came. News of the beauty and possibilities of the place reached government ears. Surveyors were sent in and a town plot was laid out. The fierce battles of the Crimean war had recently been fought, and their names were given to the streets—Alma, Inkerman, Balaclava, etc.—and an ardent Frenchman of the party recommended the name of his beloved Empress Eugenie to the town, which was adopted.

Eugenia now took on new life. Town and park lots were picked up, water privileges secured, and the general prospect of a rising town seemed apparent. For a time it looked as though it would be the hub of this part of the country. The Purdy mills were erected. Halstead's store did quite a business. Smaller trades started up. A postoffice was installed, the mail being brought to and from the Artemesia postoffice. It was headquarters of the Episcopal Methodist church. Rev. Woodward, the presiding elder, had his home there. It was the Mecca of all tourists who ventured so far from the beaten tracks of the outer world. Names were cut on trees and logs or scratched on rocks, long since obliterated, like many of the hands that inscribed them.

A circus came that way, and a rope walker crossd the gorge on his rope. Diving behind the falls was thought quite a feat. And so things went for a while, when gradually commercial interest in the place subsided. Eugenia had serious drawbacks and has to-day. It is unfortunately situated. No important highway passed through or by it. For miles around it was sparsely settled by a people who had not yet grown rich, and business was necessarily limited. As with many an individual, the cup of prosperity has been pressed almost to its lips and then ruthlessly dashed down. One industry after another started and failed. The last one succeeded in defacing to some extent the natural beauty of the place, and, so far, to no purpose.

Dear old Falls! As a child we looked on it with wide-eyed wonder and awe. Later, in the gladness of youth, it was full of charm, and now, in the grey-tinted evening of life, its first memory picture is as fresh as ever. Let us hope Eugenia will yet come into its own, but its pristine loveliness can never be restored.

—E. A. PICKELL

Eugenia Paragraphs

Wedding bells are ringing.

Mr. Wilmer Turner and his bride have returned from their honeymoon trip down east.

Mr. Kilbourn Magee and his bride have come from Saskatchewan to spend their honeymoon with the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Magee.

Congratulations to both the above young couples.

Born—Dec. 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Linton, a son.

Born—In Toronto on Jan. 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Granger Graham, a daughter.

Miss Bilda Williams spent the past week with her aunt, Mrs. Robert Campbell of the Valley.

Mrs. Wm. Hyslop is visiting at Ceylon this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Morgan visited friends in Kimberley the past week.

Mr. E. A. Graham took the Methodist Sunday school children for a sleighing party on Saturday afternoon.

Miss Wood of Flesherton is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Wm. Magee.

Centre Grey Farmers' Institute meeting will be held in Eugenia on Jan. 23. Mrs. M. N. Norman of Toronto will address the ladies of this locality in the Presbyterian church in the afternoon. Ladies, don't miss this treat.

Miss Cooey is visiting with friends in Flesherton.

Mr. Bert Graham has returned from the West to visit his friends here.

Mrs. McKinnon of Flesherton spent Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. Foester.

A number from here attended the hockey match in Flesherton on Friday evening last.

Miss Pearl Cairns of Ceylon is visiting her uncle at present.

Mr. John Stuart of Powassen visited with friends in Eugenia over Sunday.

Ceylon

Miss Moss Burnett of South Line has been a visitor at Mr. J. Omelia's the past week.

Mrs. Maloney, nee Alice Ashdown, of Cleveland, Ohio, spent Thursday and Friday calling on friends.

Mr. and Mrs. McKewan of Kimberley and Mrs. Steen and three children of the West are visitors at Mr. S. Rand's.

On Wednesday evening last a number of young people invaded the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bates and gave them a kitchen shower, after which a very pleasant evening was spent.

Mrs. T. Guy, who is down on a trip from the West, visited her sister, Mrs. Jas. Radley, last week.

The home of Mr. J. Muir at the six corners, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Tuesday, the 7th inst., when his only sister, Sarah Ann, was joined in happy wedlock to Mr. Campbell of Caledon, by the bride's pastor, Rev. Mr. Matheson of Priceville, in the presence of their immediate friends. Miss Jane Muir played the wedding march. The bride was attended by her cousin, Miss Maggie Ferguson, and the groom attended by Mr. John Muir, brother of the bride. The happy couple left Thursday morning for their new home at Caledon.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. J. Stewart, a son, on the 8th inst.

Maxwell

Mrs. Joseph Radley of Flesherton is visiting with Mrs. Wm. Kerton.

Mrs. Hamlin is visiting with her brother, Mr. Fred Spofford.

Miss Joy Allison is attending business college at Owen Sound.

Mr. Fred Long has returned home from the West.

Mr. Wilmott Hilliard of Thornbury visited with friends here last week.

Miss Merryl Warner has returned to her home in Smithville.

Mrs. H. McIntyre and children are visiting with friends in Portlaw.

Mrs. Tom Grey and Miss Sadie Grey left last week for their home in Ogema, Saskatchewan.

Mr. R. McGirr of Moosejaw, Sask., was a caller in our burg on Monday.

The Allan Liner Carthaginian was afire in mid-ocean, and had a remarkable escape.

A new railway, the Canadian Central & Labrador, is projected, to run from Cochrane across the hinterland of Quebec to Cape St. Lewis.

Jewelry

A Splendid Stock from which you may readily make A Satisfactory Selection. We carry Photo Supplies.

W. A. Armstrong,

Jeweler

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

GET PRATT'S STOCK FOOD

GET SOME OF PRATT'S STOCK

Pratt's Poultry Regulator and Oyster shell make hens lay. We have your supply of Fin Haddy, Smoked Herring, Lake Superior Trout and Herring, Honey, Syrup, Mince Meat, Cheese, Biscuits, Bread.

FLOUR

Five Roses, Cream of the West, McGowan's Eclipse, and Pastry.

Bran, Shorts, Low, Grade, Chop, Linseed Meal, Oil Cake and a full line of Groceries, at

GET PRATT'S STOCK FOOD

THE FLESHERTON GROCERY

W. BUSKIN

This is . .

Rubber Season!

If you are in need of a good pair of Leather Top Rubbers, High or Low, or without Tops, try

THOS. CLAYTON

Flesherton, - - Ont.

REPAIRING AS USUAL.

Go To

BOWLER

For that New fall Suit

A Full Line of Tweeds and Worsteds to choose from. Prices very Moderate

We are here to do Your Tailoring!

S. J. BOWLER, THE UP-TO-DATE TAILOR

BUSKIN BLOCK, FLESHERTON, ONT.