

Early one hot August morning we started the outboard motor and pulled away from the main dock. We were off bottle collecting once more. Northward bound we chugged for about one half mile arriving at the site of the old Faskins Hotel, we moored between the broken cribs and tattered docks, grabbed our digging tools and began the hunt for bottles.

Many years ago this site was leveled and nothing remains of the old hotel except a few large decomposed logs. Proceeding up the hill, the clearing looked like the best place to start. After scratching around for awhile, we found only pieces of broken beer bottles and rusted cans, a decision was made to go to the previous dig site that one of us had discovered a few years before. Though the hotel's dump dated around the 1940's evidence turned up a few broken shards of early blown glass. Obviously there was something older to be found. Onward to the lakeside, in the thickets Penny found a Silverwoods Safe Milk right on the surface. Due to the rocky nature of this area and impossible digging, the milk had to be just a tossed bottle. We turned back towards the interior and stopped for a bite, and to reassess the situation.

After finishing lunch and cleaning up around us, we noticed a very old blown broken linament bottle lying scattered about the surface. Excitedly we grabbed our digging tools and excavated around the area, but to no avail nothing whole turned up. After a total of four hours of searching, frustrated and tired we decided to call it a day. We packed up, started walking toward the boat and noticed a corner of what looked like an amber bottle protruding from the very trail we were on.

Not thinking that this would amount to much, I kicked the bottle, it stood fast, on closer observation it looked BLOWN! I unpacked my claw immediately and began to extract the little gem. It turned out to be a late 19<sup>th</sup> century pharmaceutical, unembossed and quite plain it was the start of a greater find. As the hole was deepened, numerous glass shards appeared and the next bottle was a classic machine made cobalt blue Toronto Bromo. And what came next , several 1921 Orange Crush bottles.

Though eagerly digging nothing turned up for the next 2 or 3 feet, until an oblong shape appeared in the hole, "My god is this a torpedo". Gingerly scratching around, the dirt loosened until finally in my hand was a broken York Springs Torpedo Pop. There has to be more was the only thought, and there was. We continued to dig unearthing a total of 10. Three being in mint condition, the others sadly broken.

The two of us sat at the edge of the hole wondering how these vintage York Springs

torpedoes could end up buried at this location. The history of Lake Temagami is quite young bearing in mind that the only access road was not constructed until the 1950's. Early travel was by water on this large lake – so how did these bottles get there? Knowing a bit about the early history of this lake, the only answer the two of us found logical was that they came in by canoe with the fur trade.

Faskins point is located 5 miles south on the lake from the historic site of the Hudson Bay Post, the likely depositor, and who knows maybe some day we will tell you the story of the dig we had there.