

The Goulbourn News



*Produced by the Goulbourn Historical Society & Museum
2064 Huntley Rd., P. O. Box 621, Stittsville, ON K2S 1A7
E-mail address: goulbmus@compmore.net Telephone: (613) 831-2393
Please visit our website at www.goulbournmuseum.ca*

Issue-#42-April 2005

The Newsletter

Would you be interested in receiving your Newsletter on-line? Please let us know.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday May 21, 2005-Mr. Paul Berry-Goulbourn Museum-1:30 p.m.

“Heads and Tails: 100 plus years of Money in Goulbourn Township 1814 – 1954”

Mr. Berry, a resident of Stittsville since 1998, and the Chief Curator of the National Currency Collection, Currency Museum, Bank of Canada, will survey the changing nature of money and monetary conditions in Goulbourn Township from the area’s settlement in the early 19th Century to the post war years of the 1940’s and 50’s. Residents here have handled a huge variety of money: buttons and rings, Spanish dollars and counterfeit quarters, merchant tokens, shinplasters and notes from various banks long since out of business. Using images of interesting objects in the National Currency Collection, Mr. Berry will cover these diverse issues through four distinct periods: pre-confederation, post-confederation to the end of WW1, the inter-war years and the post-war years to the mid 1950’s.

Saturday June 25, 2005-Tour of the Boyd House (a twin to the Hartin House) and Summer Picnic

Details to follow. This event is for G.T.H.S. members only.

October 2005-Garage Sale

We will be having our Villagefest Garage Sale again this year. Remember to save any ‘collectibles’ you no longer value, for the G.T.H.S. table. We will pick up anytime. Call Georgia, 836-7931.

MUSEUM HOURS

For the summer, the Goulbourn Museum will be open Tuesday to Friday, 1:30 p.m. to 3:30 p.m. as well as Sunday afternoons, 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.

LOOKING BACK

INTERVIEW WITH LOLA ELIZABETH SAMPLE,

**January 8, 2004 at RR 1, Richmond, Ontario,
Lot 9, Conc. 5, Goulbourn Township**

**Interviewed by G.T.H.S. member Cheryl
McCoy**

Part 1 of 3

I was born on a Sunday afternoon, June 11, 1905, on the 5th concession of Goulbourn. My parents were Davie and Annie Brown. Grandpa Brown came from County Antrim. My Father was born in Canada. James, his half-brother, and sisters were born in Ireland. Grandma Brown was from County Cavan. Grandpa and Grandma Nixon came from County Antrim and their daughter, three weeks old, was the only child to survive the ten-week trip over on a sailboat. They moved to Richmond from Kars. I had four brothers and one sister. My four brothers were older than I am and then, Myrtle came next to me.

Life was fun as a child on the farm. We were never bored. I didn't know what the word meant. When my Mother, Myrtle and I would go for the cows to bring them home to milk, we'd go arm in arm and walk for a good three quarters of a mile. We'd bring them home and milk them. The dog always came with us. On our farm, we had cows, some pigs and sheep and we raised all the fowl we could manage. We hatched all our own under the hens and we'd have a 100 ducks, at least 50 geese and 100 chickens. Lots of chickens. At one time, we had turkeys but they didn't do so well at our place as too many chickens around. When they were ready, we'd have a plucking bee and that was a fun time. We'd have six or eight neighbours and family sitting around a tub to put the feathers in. They would pluck 20 or so ducks and chickens. We'd keep the geese until

the Christmas market. The ducks would go to the market for Thanksgiving and Hallowe'en. They'd make up a load. Sometimes, kill a lamb or pork and take that with the chickens and ducks. Mother didn't make butter to sell until the fall after the cheese factory closed. I can remember my two grandmothers and Mrs. McCoy would be at the plucking bee, Auntie Maggie, Aunt Laura, my Dad and my brother Davie. Davie didn't mind plucking but Hillie wouldn't, as he didn't like the bugs. My Dad and Mother would take the load to the Byward Market. They got up and got their breakfast and left at 2:00 a.m. I think it took four hours and they got there at 6:00 a.m. This was with horse and wagon. They stopped in Westboro at the Turner's Butcher Shop to see whatever Allan wanted. He'd take whatever he needed and we'd go on to the market. They'd be at the market until three or four in the afternoon and didn't get home until well after supper. Long day but they had a good time and met a lot of nice people there. Sometimes, they'd go twice a week when things were going good. I went with them when I got to about 14. Mother took time to shop a little bit. Woolworth's was a new store then and she'd get some pretty nice little things there - glass dishes and such. She never bought us toys but bought us dishes and things that we'd always have - nice bowls.

On the farm, we grew mixed grains, potatoes, mangles, turnips, and mixed vegetables. We grew our own white beans - they had to be the navy beans. They were not like the beans you get now. We had all this for the winter.

I remember the first thrashing machine engine had to be drawn, as it wasn't mobile. They had a team of horses on that and a team of horses on the separator as they called it then. Then, they used a team to draw the water tank. Sometimes, there were three teams. There was a firebox on it and you did have to have a good bit of wood. We always had to get the wood ready for the thrashing. That was around for a few years. A man by the name of Frank

Johnson from Richmond owned that mill. Later, the Leaches took over and they got the steam engine. That mill was great as it had a whistle on it. Bob would be coming up the road to do our concession and when he met us he'd blow the whistle and scare the devil out of us. They'd blow it at noontime. The women would tell them dinner was ready and they'd blow the whistle and the men would all flock in. My Mother always prepared lots of food, vegetables, potatoes, meat and lots of pies. She always fried the meat for their dinner and then had cold pork or big ham boiled up for supper. There'd only be about twelve men. Not as many as it took for the stook thrashing. They thrashed with that for quite a while and then the gasoline engines came out. In 1925 or 26, the Conley's men came and they did all the thrashings and it was all mobile. I remember one day some of the girls went out, not us, and the men put them in the oat bin and emptied a bag of oats on the girls. The Conley's had a pretty complete outfit and they did the thrashing around - it was Ben and Bert Conley. Ben Conley saw 11 thrashing machines working at one thrashing out west. Bert was the fireman you see. Bert and Borden had their fireman's license to light the boilers and fired the boilers in Vaughan's quarry to heat the tar for paving the 4th Line. They needed the license to fire the steam thrashing machine and steam sawmill.

Then, the summer we were married, Borden Conley was still keeping company with my sister Myrtle, and here he was driving up the fifth line with the mill and did the ones up the road. He'd go back into Marlborough too and he had quite a bit back there. Then, that fall, we had Billie Cox from Richmond but after that we got the Conley's. Then, the Conley's sold the mill to my husband Willie so they thrashed with it - my husband, David and Billie, my sons. We had it for quite a few years until the combines came in. First tractor we got was in July of 1948 but we had tractor work done before that. Ben Conley had a big 1530 tractor

and he'd come up and plow the fields for us. He'd be here at four o'clock in the morning. There was no nine o'clock with the farmers then.

We were at a 12th of July picnic and Roy Montgomery came along and we got talking and he sold a Farmall H tractor to Willie. I drove that tractor and Willie was on the binder and we cut all the grain. Drove that tractor quite a bit for crop work. I stoked grain and corn. I put up hand shakings - the hay was hand shakings. One time, my Mother and I stoked 20 acres of barley. It was a lot of work but we could really stook and I enjoyed it all. A hand shake was made by coiling hay and putting it in little stacks. This was before the hay loader.

To keep meat in those days, we'd kill a pig in April before the warm weather and my Mother would pack it in salt. A layer of salt in the bottom of the barrel, a layer of meat and a layer of salt up to the top. We never had any trouble. Some people made brine for it. We did too but it was before I paid any attention. They boiled the salt. My Mother preferred to just salt it. This would last all summer but if the meat had run out at thrashing time, they'd kill a sheep or something they could have for fresh meat. The men liked that as everyone was living on salted pork.

One winter, my Mother thought she wasn't going to have enough eggs. Sometimes, the hens quit laying in the cold weather and it took them quite a while to start again. Davie would grab five or six and take them to the barn and let them scratch in the clover hay and they'd lay before hers. I packed the eggs myself in a layer of salt in the bottom of a box and I put a layer of eggs and a layer of salt and filled the box. We had them to use when the eggs got scarce. They just stayed in the basement and were as good as ever could be. I also did the corn off the cob that way. Boiled it, cut it off the cob, and packed it in salt the same way and had that

all winter to use. I'd make cream corn or bake it with eggs for the kiddies. You freshen it before hand by putting water on it and soaking it. The salt pork was rinsed and soaked in water too. That was before I started canning. We grew our own carrots, turnips and beets and we stored them in earth in a big container. You had to go down to the basement and dig them out. They kept perfect except the beets got a little soft but that didn't hurt them. Just boil them and they'd be fine.

The mangles we grew were for the cows. They'd grow the full of a pail. My Dad got a pulper with a big wheel and you could slice them all up and then take them out and give them to the cows with bran on them. A lot of people grew them for feed and they did the same with the turnips. The cellar would be packed full, you just had room to walk down the steps. Turnips were fed to the pigs and cows. The old mother pig would come up to the house door in the morning and Mother would have her mangle ready for her. She'd eat that in the yard with warm pig feed. She'd be shaking and shivering with the cold and then, she'd go back and dig into the straw stack. They slept in the straw stack all winter and it was a nice warm bed for them.

We had preserved apples and they were good. Mother would do some whole by taking the core out and some with the core in. She peeled them all. She made a good syrup – not two cups of water to a cup of sugar you know. It was stronger. We picked strawberries every morning from when we got out of school until they were done and then the raspberries. We went across the fields to the bush. We had a good Aunt Emma who lived on the Joy Sideroad back near the sixth concession and we'd go there and have our lunch with her. She had eight of her own but we were always made welcome and had a good time there. We'd have 40 quarts of wild strawberries and maybe some

mixed. We used to walk back to what we called Lancelot Healey's. He had good big ones in his field so we went there. For the raspberries, we crossed to what we called 'Mear's bush'. We knew if they took out wood the year before, the raspberries got a chance to grow and would bear the second year.

We'd just have beef in the wintertime and they'd store it in the grain bins. After I got married, I would can the beef. One morning, they called at four o'clock in the morning and asked could we do our sawing today, no notice. So I got up and called Beatrice Garland, they were my helpers, Beatrice and Barbara, and she came and helped me. I had young babies then too. We had a complete dinner to get ready. We brought in this big frozen round roast and it filled my big pan I did the geese in. I got it into the oven and near dinner, I thought it would never be tender for their lunch. I got it out and sliced the whole thing up and put it back in the juice and back in the oven and it was beautiful. We'd have quite a gang for sawing – maybe 12 or 14 men. Each spring, the men would go from one farm to another farm to saw the wood for the next winter. It was what we called 'our hands'. We neighbored with Jimmy Woods, Alton and Russell Mains, and Roy used to come to, Butler and Johnny Garland, Cassidy's, Fraser's and Fisher's, Earl McRae and the two Garlands, Elmer and Bert. The women came to help too. They used a circular saw with a little gas engine or some used a car engine. Jimmy Lyng had the saw and Jimmy Laffin was here some too. Grandpa and Willie would go to the bush in the winter and cut the logs and draw them home on the sleigh. It had to be ready for the March sawing. Every farmer had a bush lot somewhere. They were far-sighted and grew their own trees.

This interview will be continued in the next Newsletter.

DID YOU KNOW

(Taken from the book titled "What is it?" written by Lorraine O'Byrne in 1977.) Where and what does the phrase "To Bolster" come from and mean?: Bolster was an early word meaning 'swelled' and was originally applied to a hard cushion extending across the bed. Its purpose

was to elevate the sleeper's head and it was not necessarily soft and comfortable. Individual pillows made the bolster obsolete; however, the word retains the meaning of support or elevation – as in 'to bolster one's ego'.

ADD A SMILE TO YOUR DAY

Coffee© Companion, April 2005

POODLE IN PERIL

A wealthy old lady decides to go on a photo safari in Africa, taking her faithful old poodle named Cuddles, along for the company. One day the poodle starts chasing butterflies and before long discovers that she's lost. Wandering about, she notices a leopard heading rapidly in her direction with the intention of having lunch. The old poodle thinks, 'Uh, oh! I'm in deep doo-doo now!' Noticing some bones on the ground close by, she immediately settles down to chew on the bones with her back to the approaching cat. Just as the leopard is about to leap, the old poodle exclaims loudly, 'Boy, that was one delicious leopard! I wonder if there are any more around here?' Hearing this, the young leopard halts his attack in mid-strike, a look of terror comes over him and he slinks away into the trees. 'Whew!' says the leopard, 'That was close! That old poodle nearly had me!' Meanwhile, a monkey who had been watching the whole scene from a nearby tree, figures he can put this knowledge to good use and trade it for protection from the leopard. So off he goes, but the old poodle sees him heading after the leopard with great speed, and figures that something must be up. The monkey soon catches up with the leopard, spills the beans and strikes a deal for himself with the leopard. The young leopard is furious at being made a fool of and says; 'Here, monkey, hop on my back and see what's going to happen to that conniving canine!' Now, the old poodle sees the leopard coming with the monkey on his back and thinks, 'What am I going to do now?' but instead of running, the dog sits down with her back to her attackers, pretending she hasn't seen them yet, and just when they get close enough to hear, the old poodle says: 'Where's that monkey? I sent him off an hour ago to bring me another leopard!'

*******RECIPES*******

From the cookbook, "From the Kitchens of Lanark County".
Rural Expo 2003, Lanark County I.P.M.

APPLE SALAD
(Cathie McOrmond)

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------------|
| ½ cup mayonnaise | 3 medium unpeeled apples, |
| 1 Tbsp. sugar | diced |
| 1 Tbsp. lemon juice | 1 cup sliced celery |
| 1/8 tsp. salt | ½ cup chopped walnuts |

Combine first 4 ingredients. Stir in remaining ingredients. Cover and chill. Makes 5 ½ cups.

A LITTLE PIECE OF HISTORY

This article was first printed in 1930 in The Carleton Place Canadian. It was then reprinted, in the same paper, in 1952.

ECHOES OF THE PAST

STORY OF ASHTON VILLAGE GOES BACK OVER 130 YEARS

Although several stories have been written on the Ashton district, notably one by Robert Lewis, The Canadian herewith produces another of the early days. It was written in the issue of April 17, 1930.

Recently in the Ashton school, of which Miss Leita Andison is teacher, the pupils were asked to be permitted to pass it on to history of the village of Ashton. From among the papers submitted the following, written by Helena Drummond, was considered the best and The Canadian has been permitted to pass it on to our readers. The composition was as follows:

We believe the first white man to set foot on the soil of Carleton County was Samuel de Champlain when he was on his way to aid his Indian friends, the Algonquins, against the Iroquois, their enemies.

Some of the first settlements were made in the Ottawa district and where the village of Richmond now is.

These settlements took place after the war 1812-13-14-15 and were chiefly composed of military men and their families. Some of these founded at Richmond the first actual permanent settlement in a body.

Besides Richmond there were established, through time, several other villages - Dwyer Hill, Munster, Rathwell's Corners, (Stanley's Corners), Stittsville, Hazeldean and Ashton.

It would be interesting to us of today to hear of the early history of our village of Ashton. Ashton is about twenty-five miles from the Capital (Ottawa).

Somewhere in the twenties there came to this neighbourhood a man of considerable means and education in the person of Mr. John Sumner, of English descent. He erected our first saw mill and besides the lumbering business mentioned he kept a general store, and also had a large pot-ashery on his property. In those early days the place was known as Sumner's Corners.

Around 1840, Mr. Sumner used his influence in having a post office established in Sumner's Corners. A meeting was called to choose a new name. The citizens decided to retain its old name but Mr. Sumner influenced them to give it its present name of Ashton.

There are two reasons put forward for the name, first because of the pot-ashery of Mr. Sumner, second because Ashton, under Lyne was his native English town. Mr. Sumner became first postmaster, later it was taken over by James Conn. It was Mr. Conn who at a cost of three thousand dollars built the store, which is now occupied by H. A. B. Montgomery.

Fifty years ago Ashton was a busy and prosperous village. There was the Sumner's sawmill situated just directly opposite Mr. W. MacFarlane's house. In connection with this was a gristmill and single mill. There were three stores, three wagon shops, three blacksmith shops, three carpenter shops, one harness shop, two tailor shops and a tannery besides a school and two churches. There was a daily mail from Ashton Station.

The houses were mostly all built by the old folks who helped to found our village. The store which was built and occupied by Mr. John Sumner many years ago was burned by fire, but Mr. Sumner had such great courage and hope in the future that he built another store. John Beaman occupied the store for a while. Then it was occupied by James Sumner, the son of Mr. John Sumner. It was afterwards sold to James Conn, who carried on the store for a number of years. In later years Stewart Fleming and William Graham owned the store and carried on a general store. It was later burned again and this time Albert Jinkinson

repaired it. He later sold it to Samuel Jinkinson who carried on the store for a number of years. The store again changed hands from Mr. Jinkinson to Mr. A. L. Tubman, who carried on a store and undertaking business. He here prospered very well but sold his store to Roy Montgomery. This man held the business only a short time, until he handed it over to his brother, Mr. H. A. B. Montgomery who at present carries on a general store.

Hugh Nesbitt built where Thomas Lewis is now busy, and kept a cooper shop. He died and his widow lived here. Mrs. Nesbitt later married Hugh Moore who lived there and ran a tailor shop. Mr. Craig ran a harness shop there for a while. Samuel Cavanagh lived in the house, later Mrs. Potter occupied it. Dick Brown bought the lot next and he later sold it to Thomas Glover. It was sold in later years to its present owner, Mr. Thomas Henry Lewis.

William Glover built the frame house in which Mr. Samuel Robertson dwells. He sold it to Donald Robertson. Mr. Wallace bought the blacksmith shop and house from Donald Robertson. He worked for a while in the shop but later sold it to Hugh Simpson who married on the trade very well but later sold it to Cherry. Mr. Cherry sold to the present owner, Mr. Samuel Robertson. Mr. Robertson is now carrying on the trade of blacksmith.

Neil Stewart built the house in which Bruce David is now living. He worked on his farm and lived in this little house. It was later owned by a man by the name of Mr. Fleming. He later sold it to Dr. Gorrell who practiced as a doctor in the little village. He sold it to Dr. Bowles, who carried on the same profession. Dr. Bowles sold the house to Samuel Saunders who lived there for a number of years, then he sold to Bruce David, who lives there to the present day. He keeps a stopping place and a candy store.

John Laman built the nice little house, which Mrs. John Hobbs now owns. He worked at the trade of a tailor. Mr. Laman sold his house and left this country and went to the U.S.A., but a few years later he returned and

again worked at his old trade under John Crozier. After Mr. Crozier died his widow married Dr. Parker. Later Mr. Conn owned the place and Jim Fry carried on the business for him. The lot was later sold to Jimmie Drummond, who in the following years sold to Mr. John Hobbs. Mr. Hobbs died but his widow still lives in the house in the village.

The house in which Mrs. James Hamilton now resides was built and owned by J. and A. Scott, who lived and worked there. The land was later sold to Mr. Crozier who in turn sold it to Samuel and Hugh Simpson. They ran a blacksmith and wagon shop there. They sold it to Sam. Torrance, who sold it to J. Hamilton.

The property on which Miss S. Shore lives is one of the few lots which has changed hands so very few times. John W. Shore built the house, which is to be seen in the east end of Ashton. He handed the property down to his daughter, Miss S. Shore, who resides comfortably in the home.

John Laman built the house in which Mr. H. Fleming lived but is now owned by Edward Jinkinson. It was once owned by George Thompson. It passed through several hands and came down to its present owner, Mr. Edward Jinkinson.

The present house in which Mr. D. Fisher dwells was once owned by a man in the person of Mr. Richie who carried on a general store and kept a hotel known as 'Richie Hotel'. After he left the business, school was conducted there. It was later sold to Mr. John Sumner who lived in the house for a number of years. It was rented by Mr. Sumner to John Beaman who dwelt in the house. Mr. Sumner sold to Daniel Fanning, who carried on a general store for a number of years. Mr. Fanning sold to Thomas Lynes, who in later years sold to D. Macdonald. It was later sold to Samuel Saunders, a resident of Ashton. He passed it on to his son, who carried on a general store and for a few years kept what is known as 'The Bank of Nova Scotia'. He sold the store and moved to another town. William

Henry Bigford was the next to whom it was sold. He carried on a store like Mr. Saunders but remained in Ashton only a very short time, until he sold to H. A. B. Montgomery, our present storekeeper, but Mr. Fisher now occupies the house and now carries on a candy store.

The house in which Mrs. Thomas Savage dwells was built by Mr. Samuel McFadden. James Fleming afterwards lived in the house. Mr. John McFarlane sold the lot to Wm. Grey, who dwelt in the home for a number of years. He sold to Andrew Garland who later passed it on to Mr. Thomas Savage. The lot is now occupied by his widow, Mrs. Thos. Savage.

The house in which Mr. James Laffin is at present living was built long years ago by Samuel McFadden. He later sold to William Moodie, who kept a busy hotel. Robert Kennedy owned the place for a time. Edward Drummond owed the lot for a number of years. He sold to Mr. Conn who again sold the lot. Mr. M. Garvin is its present owner, but it is occupied by James Laffin.

Samuel McFadden built the house in which Mr. A. Switzer dwells. Mr. McFadden sold to Donald Robertson. James Fleming later lived in the house. It was later passed down to Alfred Smith but at present is rented by A. Switzer.

S.S. No. 7 school, Goulbourn, was established at the beginning of our little village of Ashton. Three schools have stood where the first school was built. The first school was a log school. It was used for many years, then it took its position as a garage for Mr. N. H. Booth where it is at present standing. The second school was built after the disposal of the first one. It was a white clapboard school and very nice indeed it was. The fire came as a disaster and burned it in the year 1925. In the same summer was erected in place of the old

one a nice new brick school, which is standing today.

The United Church sheds were built on the lot next the school for the convenience of the people driving to church. They were partly destroyed by fire at the time that the school was burned but the congregation repaired them and they are still used for the purpose by those who have not cars.

The Anglican Church which was erected by the Anglicans many years ago, about 1821, we now know as the Parish hall. Then John William sold his lot to the church and on it they built their beautiful new church in the year 1915.

The rectory was built about thirty-eight years ago, to the west of the old Anglican Church.

Just across the road from the school the United Church, formerly the Presbyterian Church, was rebuilt in 1875. It has been called the Presbyterian Church for many years, but when the Union of the Methodists and Presbyterians came about a few years ago the names of the two churches were changed to 'United'.

Most of the old helpers and founders of Ashton have gone to rest within recent years. Many changes have taken place within the last fifty years. Today Ashton has a Post Office of its own known as 'Ashton Post Office'. Many comfortable little houses have been built within the last forty years in the counties of Lanark and Carleton and many new ways of handling business are today carried on. A lovely new highway running from Ottawa to Kingston was built in 1921. Many farms and houses have changed hands in the last number of years.

Years ago Ashton had a painter who dwelt in the house where Miss Esther McLaughlin now lives. This painter's name was William Nelson and a very prosperous man he was.

THOUGHT TO PONDER

Hope is one of the principal springs that keeps mankind in motion.

A. Fuller

Membership Renewals: Please check your membership renewal date found on our mailing envelope under the return address label. The timely payment of Membership Dues will make it easier for the Society to keep up with our expenses.

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION
To the Goulbourn Township Historical Society

Last Name: _____ First Name: _____
Street Address: _____
Town or City: _____ Province: _____
Postal Code: _____ Telephone: (____) _____ - _____
e-mail address: _____ Date: _____

Renewal amount: _____ single _____ family _____ sub-total: _____
New member: _____ single _____ family _____ sub-total: _____
Donation to the G.T.H.S.: _____ sub-total: _____
Donation to the Goulbourn Museum: _____ sub-total: _____
Amount Enclosed: _____ **Total:** _____

Signature: _____ (Authorization for disbursement of funds)

The cost of membership in the Goulbourn Township Historical Society is \$15.00 per year. This rate applies to either a single or family membership. Please make your cheque payable to “The Goulbourn Township Historical Society” and mail it to The Goulbourn Township Historical Society and Museum, 2064 Huntley Road, P.O. Box #621, Stittsville, Ontario K2S 1A7.

The mandate of the Goulbourn Township Historical Society is to foster an understanding of our local heritage. Meetings are held on the 4th Thursday of the month. Most meetings have a guest speaker, addressing a topic of historical interest. The Historical Society is active within the schools, speaking to children about the history of Goulbourn and showing them some of the artifacts we have on display at the Museum. The Society also participates in community events such as Heritage Day, Canada Day, the Richmond Fair and Villagefest.

PLEASE NOTE: Donations made to the Goulbourn Township Historical Society and/or the Goulbourn Museum (of \$10 or more) will be given official tax receipts for income tax purposes.

Members of “The Goulbourn News” committee are: Hilda Moore, Georgia Derrick and Virginia Notley. Questions or suggestions regarding the Newsletter can be directed to Virginia at 836-1556. For information concerning the Obituary section please call Hilda at 838-2274.

Obituaries - Goulbourn Residents

DEEKS, ROBERT SYDNEY – Retired member of the Canadian Armed Forces Central Band - of Richmond – In April 2005, aged 83, husband of Joyce Lewis and father of Robert (Fay) and Lorraine (Adrian) Brown of Kanata. Also survived by three grandchildren.

GRAHAM, JOAN MARILYN (nee Dezell) – of Stittsville – At home on April 21, 2005, aged 72, wife of G. Sterling Graham. Mother of Vickie, Diane (Brian) Lazzarato, David (Kris Parsons) and James, and sister of Robert (Joan) Dezell. Also survived by seven grandchildren.

SALTER, WILLIAM HARRY, C.D., Lieutenant Colonel (Retired), Royal Canadian Artillery – of Richmond – On March 29, 2005, in his 89th year. Husband of Elsie Ruby Storey and father of Diane (the late Gillis Dwyer), William (David Squires), Marilyn, Edward (the late Sheila Miseck), Beverly and Kim (Joanne McQuarrie). Also survived by 14 grandchildren, 17 great-grandchildren and 2 great-great-grandchildren. Predeceased by his parents, Sarah Jane Robinson and Silas Searle Salter, and two grandchildren.

SAMPLE, LOLA ELIZABETH (nee Brown) (1905-2005) – of Munster – On March 27, 2005, in her 100th year. Wife of the late William Raney Ebert Sample and mother of Gordon (Joan),

Betty (Don Huston), William (Fern), Robert (Patricia) and the late David (Maud), Garnet (Lois) and an infant daughter. Predeceased by her brothers Leonard, David, Hilliard, Arthur, her sister Myrtle Conley and sister-in-law Lillian Cassidy. She will be remembered by many grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

SMITH, RUTH JEAN (nee Barkley) – of Stittsville – In Almonte on March 9, 2005, aged 84 years. Wife of the late Leslie Smith and mother of Barbara (Orville) Woodruff and Gail (Stan) Kasprovicz. Also survived by one grandson and one great-grandson.

TODD, MORRIS SADLER – of Richmond – At home on February 24, 2005, aged 74. Husband of Eleanor Arbuckle and father of Lee Ann (Don Cummings), Mike (Rose), Kathy (Mike Allen) Pam (Kevin Ward) and David (Anne-Louise). Brother of Gwen Lessard, Shirley Bradley (Larry), Eleanor Scoular (David), Doug (Sharon) and Joan (Scollan (Art)). Predeceased by his parents, Lola and Roy Todd, and his brother Morley. Also survived by 11 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren.

Obituaries - Former Goulbourn Residents

SEABROOK, F. BEVERLY – formerly of Stittsville – on March 27, 2005, in his 72nd year. Survived by his wife, Joyce (nee Dunne) and his children Brent (Debbie), Heather (Trevor) and Elizabeth, and 3 grandchildren. Predeceased by his parents Ellard and Jane Seabrook. Brother of

Doreen McCaffrey (the late Ray), Ron (Lynn), Gail Ramesbottom (Gerry), Leona Kavanagh (the late Walter), Wayne (Pat) and the late Irene Richardson (Will), Ivan (Myrtle and the late Shirley) and Raymond (Rosemary).

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Ontario Ministry of Culture, Tourism, and Recreation.