

# The Goulbourn News



Produced by the Goulbourn Historical Society & Museum  
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Please visit our website at [www.goulbournmuseum.ca](http://www.goulbournmuseum.ca)

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\*\*\*\*\*8<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Issue\*\*\*\*\*

**PLEASE NOTE:** The e-mail address for the Goulbourn Township Historical Society and Museum has now been changed to [goulbmus@rogers.com](mailto:goulbmus@rogers.com)

## COMING EVENTS

### October 1, 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. To reserve a table (\$5) to sell your own 'valuables' call Georgia at 836-7931.

### October 2005-Quilts and Quilting

Our speaker will talk about the history behind the patterns. More information will be available closer to the event.

## UPDATE/RECENT ACTIVITIES

The G.T.H.S. Board of Directors has spent many hours revising and updating the Historical Society's Constitution. Members of the G.T.H.S. will be seeing the final draft copy by early fall. The membership will then need to vote on it.

## MUSEUM HOURS

During 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.

## WANTED.....VOLUNTEERS

Beginning January 2006, the Program Committee will require two new members. If you are interested in assisting in the new programs, please call Robin at 836-7931.

### 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 2 of 3

My Mother made butter and I made butter. You'd bring the churn in and warm it up. You'd have the cream sitting close to the stove to be warm. Sometimes, it would churn in seven to ten minutes and sometimes, it took ages. Mine, and my Mother's, were barrel churns. The butter would be sitting in the bottom with the Buttermilk on top. You'd drain off the buttermilk and everyone would grab for a glass to get a drink of fresh buttermilk. You could only keep the cream so long so maybe you'd make five or six pounds or maybe ten pounds. After the cows got on the grass, Mother liked to make her butter for the summer before the milk started going to the factory. She'd have a three-gallon cream can and put that in the churn. In the winter, you always had to put a little butter colouring in until the cows got out on the grass. The cows were not getting green fodder so the butter was white. You bought a little bottle of butter colour. There may be some of it here yet. When you sent milk to the factory, you let your cows go dry for the winter. By November, they'd all pretty well be dry. You kept a few milking for the winter so you'd have milk and you'd make your butter ahead for the winter. Mother had a big 40 or 50 pound butter crock and she had two 15-pound crocks and she'd fill all of them. I'd make the same. When I lived on the fifth line, we took our milk to Richmond cheese factory. It was where Sefton Nesbitt lived. Every day, Dad drew a load of

milk he gathered from the neighbours. One day he had 15 or so pickups.

My Mother washed with a washboard. First in the morning, you got the wash boiler full and put it on the stove to boil. Monday morning was wash day. You shaved your soap into it and it would melt. You put that into your machine. I had an elbow grease machine until I got my first machine in 1931. My Mother had an old cradle one but it was no good. You had to use the washboard most of the time. It took all day to wash. Billie would come home from school and I'd still be washing. I had big washes. To tell you the truth, they were the talk of the country. In the winter, you put them out on the line and freeze your fingers. You'd wash clothes in the machine or on the board first, then put them through the wringer and then put them in the boiler and boil them. Then, you put them back in the machine and washed them again, rinsed them, and then blued them to bleach them. Made a lovely wash.

My Dad went every winter with his team of horses and sleigh to the logging camps until 1895, which was his last trip. He had gone since he was young. They put on at Broad Street Station in Ottawa and took the Grand Trunk to Kippewa River near Mattawa. They cut pine and put in booms to float down the Ottawa River to E.B. Eddy's. Went before Christmas and worked until spring thaw. The last of the teams coming out on the ice road across the lake risked danger as the lake was thawing. One horse of Dad's fell through but they yelled 'bring the ropes' and got him out. Willie Gamble went with him and died in the shanty. Wilfred Featherston took appendicitis and died before they got him out. In the cookery, they had a huge fireplace that cooked all their meals and they played cards there.

I went to public school at S.S. # 17 on Huntley Road where Mr. Anderson built his house. We

walked every day. I liked school real well – it was fun. I still remember a poem,

**‘The Man In The Woods’:**

“There once was an old man who lived in the  
woods  
as you might plainly see,  
He said he could do as much work in a day  
as his wife could do in three.  
With all my heart the old woman said if that you  
will allow  
tomorrow you will stay home in my stead  
and I’ll go drive the plough.  
But, you must milk the tiny cow for fear that she  
goes dry,  
and you must feed the little pigs that are within the  
sty,  
you must mind the speckled hen for fear she lay  
astray,  
and you must reel a spool of yarn that I spun  
yesterday.  
So, the old woman took the lines in her hands  
and went to drive the plough,  
and the old man took the pail in his hand  
and went to milk the cow.  
But Tidy kicked and Tidy flinched and Tidy broke  
his nose  
and Tidy gave him such a blow, the blood ran to his  
toes.  
He went to feed the little pigs that were within the  
sty  
and hit his head upon the beam and made the blood  
to fly.  
He went to watch the speckled hen in case she laid  
astray  
and he forgot to reel the spool of yarn  
that his wife spun yesterday.  
So he cried to the sun, the moon and the stars  
and the green leaves on the trees,  
If my wife never does another day’s work in her  
life,  
she’ll not be ruled by me.”

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And another school poem,

**‘The Dandelion’:**

Oh dandelion, yellow as gold  
What do you do all day?  
I just wait here in the long green grass  
Until the children come to play.

And what do you do when the nights grow cold  
And your gold all turns to gray?  
Oh, the angels take me up in their dimpled hands  
And they blow my hair away.”

My best-liked subject at school was composition. There were 50 children at my public school. Three primer classes. It was not a very big school but it was a full school; the poor teacher. I went to high school in Richmond and walked in every day by the roads. I walked in the winter too, but if bad weather, Dad was good to drive us. The school was behind the Post Office, maybe the next street. When Myrtle and I’d be walking all that way, many a time we’d wish the school would burn but it wasn’t a bit funny when it did burn. I was through when it burnt.

As a teenager, I knew every person in every house in Richmond. We had three grocery stores, a tin shop and two blacksmith shops - one down across from Joe Dallaire and one where Edgar Gamble built his garage. Mr. Burrows used to blacksmith across from Joe Dallaire where the gas station is now. I remember when Joe Dallaire came to Richmond and the barber then was Albert Boyle. They thought a lot of Albert and he wasn’t very expensive. He stuck to the ten cents a haircut and Joe charged a quarter and it was too much. Many stayed with Albert. Mother took us to Joe and he cut my hair the first time. It was long then and he just cut it straight.

You couldn’t buy a dress or shoes in Richmond so Mother would pick up a nice piece of fabric and she’d make our dresses. She had a dressmaker come one time, only came once, and she got some shirts made for the boys and dresses for us. They managed to buy coats for the boys and we always got a madeover thing. There wasn’t much style or make. That’s what we wore to school. Sometimes, you could get some nice prints in Richmond but there used to be what they called the peddlers. They’d come around and they’d have all kinds of nice prints for aprons and dresses, (they called them wrappers), and spools and that sort of stuff. He’d get the rags that you had. I can remember being in Ottawa and hearing shouting ‘rags, bags, bottles and bones’ and the women would run out with whatever they had. There was no garbage pickup in those days. The peddlers that came to

home had 'ouncels' that weighed the rags and then you could buy a little print for that and get a few new aprons.

*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 Be on Tenter-Hooks" come from and mean?: Newly woven cloth, after it has

been 'fulled' by washing and beating, was stretched on a tenter frame and held in place by tenter-hooks. A person 'stretched' to the utmost by anxiety or curiosity can be said 'to be on tenter-hooks'.

## **ADD A SMILE TO YOUR DAY**

### **THINGS TO MAKE YOU SMILE**

1. Why do we press harder on a remote control when we know the batteries are getting weak?
2. Why do banks charge a fee on 'insufficient funds' when they know there is no money in the account?
3. Why does someone believe you when you say there are four billion stars, but check when you say the paint is wet?
4. Why doesn't glue stick to the bottle?
5. Why do they use sterilized needles for death by lethal injection?
6. Why doesn't Tarzan have a beard?
7. Why does Superman stop bullets with his chest, but ducks when you throw a revolver at him?
8. Why did Kamikaze pilots wear helmets?
9. Whose idea was it to put an "S" in the word "lisp"?
10. If people evolved from apes, why are there still apes?
11. Why is it that no matter what colour bubble bath you use the bubbles are always white?
12. Is there ever a day that mattresses are not on sale?
13. Why do people constantly return to the refrigerator with hopes that something new to eat will have materialized?
14. Why do people keep running over a string a dozen times with their vacuum cleaner, then reach down, pick it up, examine it, then put it down to give the vacuum one more chance?
15. Why is it that no plastic bag will open from the end you first try?
16. How do those dead bugs get into those enclosed light fixtures?
17. When we are in the supermarket and someone rams our ankle with a shopping cart then apologizes for doing so, why do we say, "It's all right?" Well, it isn't all right so why don't we say, "That hurt, you stupid idiot?"
18. Why is it that whenever you attempt to catch something that's falling off the table you always manage to knock something else over?
19. In winter why do we try to keep the house as warm as it was in summer when we complained about the heat?
20. How come you never hear father-in-law jokes?
21. If at first you don't succeed, shouldn't you try it like your wife told you to do it?
22. And obviously if at first you don't succeed, then don't take up sky diving!
23. And my FAVOURITE...The statistics on sanity are that one out of every four persons is suffering from some sort of mental illness. Think of your three best friends, if they're okay, then it's you.

### **The Newsletter**

Would you be interested in receiving your Newsletter on-line? This will help the G.T.H.S. by saving on the cost of envelopes and postage. Please let us know. Our new email address is indicated on page 1.

## **GENEALOGY: A GUIDE TO RESEARCHING YOUR WOMEN**

*Carol Morrow*

Reprinted from the *PIONEER TIMES*, with thanks to the author and the Cloyne and District Historical Society.

The last newsletter suggested a cemetery search to find those elusive females in your family tree. Below are more helpful strategies in tracing your women and analyzing the many obscure clues leading to discoveries for you.

Study the names. Some families used maternal surnames on either side for a middle name, a tradition going back successive generations; original surnames may be paired with various new ones introduced through marriage.

Look in the records. In registrations of marriage, parents were named, and don't overlook the witnesses. In baptism records sponsors could be mother's sisters or brothers. In census records, individuals above or below in the list especially in rural areas or small communities, might be family living just down the road or across the way. From these sources, use some logic or creative thinking to link the clues. Often young couples lived at first in the parents' household. When they were courting, the limit of Cupid's endurance was often a few miles by foot over narrow, dusty roads or snow-packed, rutty trails. Look to the neighbours. In my own instance, my ancestors became linked to nearly every other surname within a 6-mile radius in that rural community. With an 1880's land records map I can account for nearly all the intermarriages of a century and a quarter ago. Maps for every Ontario County can be found at [<http://digital.library.mcgill.ca/countyatlas/SearchMapframes.php>].

Study the lateral relationships; that is, research your maternal line's sisters or brothers, even if you don't particularly care what happened in their household. You might find the maiden name of the female you are after, or she might be a widow with young children living in the household of a sister and brother-in-law under an entirely different surname.

Descendants of them might be easier to locate, owning sources such as letters, a diary, a registration (whatever) that can connect the dots for your lady. I located snapshots in my female line by researching a husband's sister forward to the present; I got a lovely old photo of her only son, his half sister, and their common father. Very exciting stuff!!

Search for the Family Bible. Children, even aunts, uncles and cousins may be listed there with their birth, plus their death dates in a different handwriting style, denoting a conscientious descendant later took up the task. My own great, great-grandmother's Bible records her parents, all nine of her siblings, her two husbands, her two sets of children, and all 11 of my great-grandmother's children and on down to my father.

Track down the wills, for these documents name the children, the wife and maybe even brothers, sisters etc. even if they didn't inherit anything more than a dollar. To be excluded from mention in a father's will was paramount to being disowned. Those wills may describe exactly where the family lived; often a farmer accumulated several properties and parceled them out to various children, even to daughters and their husbands.

Some municipalities in Ontario have collections of early school records. Get in touch with county genealogical societies to see if they are available for your ancestor's area. Only 30 years or so ago, many of our own parents had to get copies of their own school records in order to provide proof of their age for old age pension eligibility. I have a copy of my own father's Senior II Yearly Report Sept 1920 – June 1921 with my grandfather's signature for each month. It turns out that my father's teacher was his cousin; she was 20 then.

Therefore, once you get three or four 'mini-clues' all pointing in the same direction, you can finally fill in the gaps for your female ancestor's name. In conclusion, though they may not be as obvious, once you get the hang of it, searching for those elusive female lines is fun, challenging, and rewarding especially if you climb over that brick wall after months of frustration and searching.

## WELCOME TO OUR NEWEST MEMBERS

Jim Brown	Ashton, Ontario
Hilda & Mervyn Cavangh	Kinburn, Ontario
Carol & Jerome Doutriaux	Stittsville, Ontario
Hélène Rivest	Stittsville, Ontario
John Steele	Renfrew, Ontario

## THOUGHT TO PONDER

### A FABLE

A water bearer had two large pots, each hung on the ends of a pole, which he carried across his neck. One of the pots had a crack in it, while the other pot was perfect and always delivered a full portion of water. At the end of the long walk from the stream to the house, the cracked pot arrived only half full. For a full two years this went on daily, with the bearer delivering only one and a half pots full of water to his house. Of course, the perfect pot was proud of its accomplishments, perfect for the task for which it was created, but the poor cracked pot was ashamed of its own imperfection, and miserable that it was able to accomplish only half of what it had been made to do. After two years of what it perceived to be a bitter failure, it spoke to the water bearer one day by the stream. "I am ashamed of myself, and I want to apologize to you. I have been able to deliver only half my load because this crack in my side causes water to leak out all the way back to your house. Because of my flaws, you have to do all of this work, and you don't get full value from your efforts," the pot said. The Water Bearer said, "As we return to the master's house, I want you to notice the beautiful flowers along the path. Do you notice that there are flowers only on your side of the path but not on the other pot's side? That is because I have always known about your flaw. I planted flower seeds on your side of the path, and every day while we walk back from the stream, you have watered them. For two years, I have been able to pick these beautiful flowers to decorate the table. Without you being just the way you are, there would not be this beauty to grace the house."

Moral: Each of us has our own unique flaws. We are all cracked pots but it's the cracks and flaws we each have that make our lives together so very interesting and rewarding. Take each person for what they are, and look for the good in them. There is a lot of good out there. Blessed are the flexible, for they shall not be bent out of shape. Remember to appreciate all the different people in your life! Or as I like to think of it, if it hadn't been for the crackpots in my life, it would have been pretty boring and life certainly would have been much less interesting...Thank you, all my crackpot friends...

### FALL FAIRS: Volunteers Are Needed!

The Goulbourn Township Historical Society and Museum will have a booth at the Richmond Fair from Friday September 17 to Sunday September 19, 2005 and at the Stittsville Villagefest Celebration on Saturday October 1, 2005. Please help out by taking a shift at these events. We can't do it without you! If interested, please call Virginia at 836-1556.

\*\*\*\*\***RECIPES**\*\*\*\*\*

Thanks to G.T.H.S. member Evelyn Leroux for keeping a lookout for some 'old-fashioned' recipes.  
This recipe is taken from the LIFE magazine - November 2004 issue.

**Kenny Randall's**  
**SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CHEESECAKE**

Preparation Time: 30 minutes  
Cooking time: 60 to 70 minutes  
Serves: 8 to 10

**INGREDIENTS**

**For The Crust**

2/3 cup unbleached white flour	2/3 cup whole wheat flour
10 tablespoons butter	1 egg white
1/4 to 1/2 cup ice water	

**For The Filling**

1/4 cup almonds	1/4 cup butter
1/4 cup sugar	1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
1/4 teaspoon salt	1 egg yolk
1 pound fresh ricotta cheese	1/2 cup cream
1/2 teaspoon rose water (from the pharmacy)	1/4 cup dried currants

- 1) To make crust: Place white and whole wheat flours in a large bowl; mix in butter with a pastry fork.
- 2) When butter is well blended, work in egg white with enough ice water so that you form a pastry dough.
- 3) Roll out pastry dough until it's 1/4-inch thick, and carefully press it into a 9-inch round springform pan.
- 4) To make filling: Use a food processor (a modern invention) to grind almonds finely; put them in a large bowl.
- 5) Add butter and sugar, and work in until smooth.
- 6) Put in nutmeg, salt, and egg yolk. When thoroughly combined, add ricotta cheese, then cream and rose water. Keep mixing until well blended.
- 7) Stir in currants.
- 8) Spoon filling into crust, and bake at 325°F until filling is just set (usually 60 to 70 minutes). Let cool for an hour before serving.

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**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 normally held once a month on a Saturday afternoon and there is generally 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*

**AMYOT, MADGE (nee McFADDEN)** – On May 22, 2005, in her 70<sup>th</sup> year, wife of Frank Amyot and mother of Kevin Dale (Francine), Gerard Dale (Marla), Anthony Dale (Joelle Murray) and Vincent Dale (Claire Goldsmith). Grandmother of seven and sister of Charlie, Cathie, Pat and Margaret Devine. Predeceased by her stepson Randy and brothers James, Bill, Joe and Manus.

**HAWKES, WATSON JOSEPH (JOE)** – In Carleton Place on May 14, 2005, in his 74<sup>th</sup> year, husband of the late Anne Hawkes. Survived by his son Joseph and step-children Tracey Gibson (Dereck), Matthew Gibson (Annick) and Tiffany Gibson (Andy).

**LEHMANN, GERHARD H.** – On May 31, 2005, in his 80<sup>th</sup> year, husband of Karen and

father of Maureen Chaume and Catherine Lehmann. He is survived by one grandchild and a sister Siegrid Pelz (Horst) of Germany.

**McRAE, BEATRICE MARGARET** – On May 15, 2005, in her 92<sup>nd</sup> year, wife of the late Alfred McRae. Mother of J. A. (Maryann), Marlene (John Dawson) and Babe (Donna). Also survived by 11 grandchildren and 19 great grandchildren.

**O'BRIEN, AGNES** – On May 18, 2005, aged 70, sister of Anthony. Will be fondly remembered by her many friends in Richmond.

**PIVAR, JOSEPH** – On May 29, 2005, aged 72, husband of Teresa and father of Joe and Maria (Denis). Also survived by two grandchildren.

## *Obituaries - Former Goulbourn Residents*

**McCURDY, ISABEL AUDREY (nee BLACK)** – In Ottawa on March 3, 2005, in her 95<sup>th</sup> year. Widow of Arthur William McCurdy and mother of Robert and the late William and Leighton. Survived by 9 grandchildren and 15 great

grandchildren as well as her sister Vivian Cathcart. Predeceased by brothers Leonard, Gordon and Austin, and by sisters Louvia Bowman, Ann Fehlman, Mildred Larmonth and Muriel Black.

## *Obituaries - Out-of-town Relatives*

**BEUMAN, NICOLAAS (NICK)** – In Osgoode on April 11, 2005, aged 86, father of Mary (Bernie) Roosen of Richmond).

**BLANCE, ROY SAMUEL JOSEPH – WWII Veteran** – On March 30, 2005, in his 91<sup>st</sup> year, father of Paula (Tony) of Stittsville.

**BREWER, RITA ESTELLE** – In Cobden on April 21, 2005, mother of Judy (Murray) Kemp of Richmond.

**BURKE, VINCENT** – On May 28, 2005, aged 68, husband of Bonnie. Insurance Broker in Richmond.

**BURNS, MARY** – On March 11, 2005, mother of Timothy (Holly) of Stittsville.

**CALDWELL, THELMA EDITH (nee MOORE)** – On March 29, 2005, aged 95, sister of Donald (Blanche) Moore of Richmond.

**CHOWHAN, MAMIE LORRAIN** – On March 23, 2005, in her 75<sup>th</sup> year, mother of Sonja (Ralph Wildeman) of Richmond.

**DAVEY, EMILY DORIS** – In Almonte on April 29, 2005, aged 85, sister of Eric (Eleanor) Ross of Richmond.

**DAVIES, WILLIAM DAVID RHYS** – In Shawville, Quebec, on April 5, 2005, brother of Glynn (Cathy) of Ashton.

**EASTMAN, EDNA MURIEL** (nee WILSON) – In Almonte on April 14, 2005, aged 88, sister of Clifford Wilson (Kay) of Richmond.

**FADYK, EDITH MARGARET** – In Renfrew on April 6, 2005, aged 88, mother of Peggy (Steve Nauss) of Richmond.

**GRANT-SUTHERLAND, NORMA** – On March 7, 2005, aged 74, mother of Ruth Cochrane (Brian) of Stittsville.

**HAMM, ETHEL** (nee HAGERMAN) – In Kingston on May 9, 2005, mother of Rob (Brenda) of Richmond.

**KERR, LEO PATRICK** – In Perth on April 8, 2005, in his 88<sup>th</sup> year, father of Linda Williams (Jim Vermette) of Richmond.

**GREENE, HAROLD** – On March 28 2005, aged 87, father of Darlene (Gerry Gourgon) of Stittsville.

**JANSSEN, JOSEPH P.** – In Renfrew, March 2005, father of Debbie Janssen Pretty (Kevin) and David Janssen (Monica) all of Stittsville.

**KINKADE, BEN ROBERT IVAN** – On February 28, 2005, aged 80, father of Bill (Julie) of Stittsville.

**KINKADE, JEAN** (nee WADE) – On March 12, 2005, in her 74<sup>th</sup> year, mother of Bill (Julie) of Stittsville.

**LACKEY, ROY EDGAR** – In Carleton Place on May 23, 2005, in his 75<sup>th</sup> year, brother of Keith (Betty) of Richmond.

**LEHMANN, HUBERT FLORENZ** – At Rideau Ferry on April 18, 2005, father of Nicole Lehmann (Robert Atherley) of Stittsville.

**LOUCKS, GERALD R.** – On March 8, 2005, in his 75<sup>th</sup> year, father of Linda (Bill Brown) of Richmond.

**MATLACHOWSKI, ERNA** – In Cornwall on March 12, 2005, in her 87<sup>th</sup> year, mother of Annette Kilby (Michael) of Richmond.

**McCUAIG, MORRIS L.** – In Arnprior on April 19, 2005, aged 81, father of Nora Verney (John) of Stittsville.

**McFAUL, HILDA MARY** – On May 22, 2005, aged 82, sister of Mona McLinton of Richmond.

**MONETTE, WILBERT** – In Almonte on May 28, 2005, aged 92, father of Charles (Sandra) of Stittsville.

**PIERUNEK, MICHAEL** – In Arnprior on April 28, 2005, aged 73, brother of Jerome (Connie) of Richmond.

**POLLOCK, ORTON** – In Brockville on February 24, 2005, in his 86<sup>th</sup> year. Uncle of Ronald (Judy) of Richmond.

**RUSSELL, SANDRA JOAN** – In Shawville, Quebec, on May 10, 2005, aged 35, sister of Janet (Bill Seguin) and Candace (Brendan Ziolo) all of Stittsville.

**SPECK, HAROLD GODFREY** – In Perth on May 17, 2005, in his 82<sup>nd</sup> year, father of Elaine Speck (David Bassett) of Stittsville.

**STRICKLAND, OSWALD JOHN** – On February 24, 2005, aged 79, father of Derek (Silvia) of Stittsville.

**WESTERLAKEN, FRANK M.** – In Kingston on March 10, 2005, aged 68, father of Frank (Karen) of Munster Hamlet.