

## **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@rogers.com](mailto:goulbmus@rogers.com) Telephone: (613) 831-2393 Please visit our website at [www.goulbournmuseum.ca](http://www.goulbournmuseum.ca)*

**Issue-#44-August 2005**

**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**

#### **Saturday October 15, 2005-'A Salute To Veterans'-1:30 p.m.-Goulbourn Museum**

Our speaker, Gordon O'Conner, will talk about our Canadian Veterans. All Veterans are invited to share in this event. Please feel free to bring pictures.

#### **Saturday November 19, 2005-1:30 p.m.-Goulbourn Museum**

Katherine Cayer, from the ODAWA Native Friendship Centre of Ottawa, will speak about regional Aboriginal history and culture.

### **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.

### **MUSEUM HOURS**

The Goulbourn Museum is open Tuesday to Friday, 12:30 p.m. to 3:30 p.m. as well as Sunday afternoons (May to October) from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.

This newsletter is produced with the assistance  
of the City of Ottawa and the  
Ontario Ministry of Culture, Tourism, and Recreation.

**HOT OFF THE PRESS AND READY TO GO....**

*The Goulbourn Township Historical Society and Museum is pleased to present,*

**THE GOULBOURN HERITAGE CALENDAR 2006**

<i>Our calendar is available at:</i>	<i>The Goulbourn Museum</i>
<i>Cost:</i>	<i>\$10.00</i>
<i>You can also have it mailed:</i>	<i>Add an extra \$2.00</i>

**ADD A SMILE TO YOUR DAY**

Coffee©Companion August 2005

**IDIOTS AT WORK**- I was signing the receipt for my credit card purchase when the clerk noticed I had never signed my name on the back of the credit card. She informed me that she could not complete the transaction unless the card was signed. When I asked why, she explained that it was necessary to compare the signature I had just signed on the receipt. So I signed the credit card in front of her. She carefully compared the signature to the one I had just signed on the receipt. As luck would have it, they matched.

**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**

**Conclusion**

Around 1918, the Raleigh man started to come. There was Switzer's Liniment made by Joe Switzer in Ashton. It was horse liniment and everyone used it. Rubbed it on their sore legs and their sore shoulders. It was supposed to be just for horses but people used it. Joe Switzer got a patent on it and went around selling it. His brother, Val, was a blacksmith at Prospect and his sister was Mrs. William John Vaughan, Elvina Vaughan's Mother.

My Mother would buy some camphor in the fall, the hard cake stuff. She'd make little pouches and we wore it down against our chest all winter to keep us from getting sick. She'd sew it right into our clothes. Every two weeks, she'd put coal oil on a comb and comb our hair. I never had a

bug in my hair but I never knew of them in our school.

Our doctor was Dr. Danby and Dr. Channonhouse. I was quite sick with the Quincy, a bearded throat, at about six or seven. Dr. Danby came and looked at my throat and it was nearly closed. I couldn't go the way it was so he had to lance it. So, I sat in a chair in the sun, I can remember I kept my foot going, and I could hear him cutting it in my ears, no freezing. He cauterized it and did it ever burn. He came back and Mrs. Danby too, and he put a spoon in and it broke. I got relief then but I was a sick baby. The medicine was awful I had to take and gargle it. My Mother was watching me take my medicine and I said just go ahead, I'll take it. She went out and the dog was there and I just opened up his mouth and poured it down him and the medicine was gone when she came back. The first dentist I went to was Dr. Sidney Bradley from Hazeldean and he was pretty nice. I walked in and walked home at eight-year-old. His office was where Dr. Fitzgerald is. When he was drilling or something and afraid I'd get uneasy, he'd put on a record. That was when the soldier's were training and he'd listen, listen, they're coming, here they come and that took my attention. His sister was married to Mr. Richardson who lived in the brick house on Huntley Road where Jim Moore was. That was the Richardson home and they were a great couple.

I got married in 1926. The social life back then was far better than it is now. We'd go into that old town hall and that floor would be so full. I don't think another couple could get up on it. They'd dance around in a circle and keep going to the music and the waltzes. All the nice people were at those dances and we used to have a real nice time. Sometimes, they had a dance every week and then, there were the box socials. The girls all got a nice box and dressed it up with tinsel and paper and then they made a nice lunch to put in it. They took them into the social and they were put up for auction. You had to bid on the boxes. If they knew a lad who wanted a box badly, he knew whose it was, they'd bid it away up on him. When you bought a box, you ate with the girl who made it. Sometimes, they were afraid of who they could get. All the old ladies would go you know and lots of the lads didn't want to get an older person. It was fun though and the dances were good. We never celebrated New Year's Eve but on New Year's night, the Young Britons always had their dance. They had it in the Town Hall and we all went there. There was no drinking and if you smelt liquor on a fellow's breath, you wouldn't even look at him. There was no liquor, no running outside. In summer, we had picnics like the 12th of July. It was usually held in the Beech Bush up on the third line. It was owned then by Billy Hemphill, then Nesbitt's. I think Rabb's own it now. We drove through the river and it was on the other side of the river. Mostly, everybody in the country would go and you'd serve dinner and supper. Some stayed for supper but many people had to go home at four o'clock to milk cows. Richmond Fair was the next big event. I remember going when there were seats around that track where they bring the horses in but it was bigger. Place you could step up on and a board to sit on and that was it. There was an old grandstand too. We had a racetrack and there was horse racing. They had animals, pigs, sheep and cows. They didn't push horses as much as they do now. They had riding horses but not the teams. There was a bandshell for them to sit in and there was always a band at Richmond Fair. The bandshell was down past the racetrack near the other buildings. That exhibition building came from Bells Corners and I think Mr. Hill Riley donated that land. That's where my Dad said that building came from. They had a merry-go-round. We'd be so excited. We only got one day until we

got old enough to go ourselves. So many times it rained. Richmond Fair was later then. It used to be about the 26<sup>th</sup> and they moved it up.

They had a poultry house and they had all kinds of fancy fowl. Mr. William Foster Garland would always show there and he'd bring these fancy fowl, hens with muffets, turkey, geese, guinea hens and bantees. Everything you could imagine. The exhibit was good. We were not allowed to eat too much at the Fair as you didn't get yourself all messed up. My Mother was particular about that and if you got your face dirty, it was just terrible. She'd say wait and she'd buy some baskets of fruit and such and we'd have it when we got home.

I joined the "Home Gardeners", a group put on through the schools and grew a garden for the fair. There was a potato-growing contest too. They gave out green mountain potatoes I think. I grew two or three hills of them and then took a basket back to the fair. E. B. White was the man and I just think he came from the Experimental Farm in Ottawa. I got first prize a couple of times. Myrtle came into it too and we used to get first and second. You'd win a good prize of \$40.00 or \$50.00 but a lot of work. Our garden had to be 33 feet by 66 feet, no more or no less, and you had to plot everything in it. They came and judged it and you could have no weeds in it. I remember one fellow came and he said "there's a weed, what's that weed in the peas for?" I was stuck you know so I said, "that's for them to run up on". He took that. I just never blinked an eye.

At Christmas, we hung our stockings on the broom handle. Put the broom from one chair to the other and put our stockings on that. Santa came and filled our stockings with an orange and a banana and some hard candies, the saw logs we called them, and nuts. Don't ever remember a gift in them but that stocking was something else. We'd get a gift besides. One time I got a little set of dishes, small cups and Myrtle got a doll. We thought that was something else. When my first cousin told me the secret, I was so disappointed. I was maybe eight or ten. I just didn't listen to her and I always said I believed in Santa Claus. I told my kids when they asked me 'is there really a Santa Claus' that I believed in Santa and if you don't believe he won't come but if you believe, you'll get your gifts. At Christmas, Mother had the six of us, Grandpa and Grandma and we always went in and

got Grandma Brown. Sometimes, Aunt Alice and Uncle Willie and their two boys. Mother cooked a goose. I'd stay with her on Christmas Eve until that goose was stuffed and she'd put it in the oven and put on a good fire and then it was cooked in the morning. She always made a three-storey Christmas cake and a Christmas pudding. I don't make pudding, as they don't care for it here. They like raisin and lemon pie. I make a three-story one like she did. Made one this year, Billie helped me. Made the buns for Christmas too – Lola helped me. I always molded the buns and made them nice but I couldn't start to do that now.

In the winter, the roads were not plowed but we took the horse and cutter and rode on top of them. We always got out. The horses only had trouble in the spring when they'd plunge down through the deep, deep snow and they'd go right down in it. They'd get bogged right down. One time, Mr. Ferguson, the Anglican Minister at Richmond, had a little mare who was quite a little pet. She got bogged down on the Huntley Road. It was a bad road for snow. He always had a bit of loaf sugar in his pocket for the kiddies. He got out in front of her as she was down and couldn't get up. He said 'sugar Nellie, sugar Nellie, but Nellie couldn't get up to go to him. Some people came along and helped him, took her by the head and held her so she didn't struggle so much. We were coming home one time on slippery roads and one of our horses, a young one, started to work and fell flat on the icy road. I nearly died as I thought the horse would be dead. My Dad just got out and held him so he wouldn't be frightened and he got up – no struggle. He was right down on his side.

I drove the buggy. I had a pure white driver and she didn't have a speckle on her. Her name was Queen and I'd drive her to Richmond and she just knew what I was going to do. I got her in 1916 and when she got too old to work, they gave her up here. My young lads would hitch her up and she enjoyed them just as much as they enjoyed her. We had a mare they had to shoot and the foal was left. They said 'Lola you look after her'. I just took a dish of milk and fed him. He'd drink it up and he survived and worked for years but he was spoiled.

When I got married in 1926, my husband Willie had a 1914 Ford. We first got

electricity in 1950. Everyone else got it before us. The nicest part was getting the fridge, a Westinghouse.

During World War I, we were very nervous as my parents read the newspaper out loud and we knew all about it and were scared. We even knew how to dig trenches. Myrtle and I would get the newspaper and get down on the floor and open it up to read and there would be two pages of lost and killed. I had four brothers and afraid they'd have to go. My brother Davie went in May 1917 and we were so worried. He ended up cooking in the Sergeant's Mess. Davie was conscripted. My brother Leonard was in the next call but war over before he got uniform on. No training of any account, needed men desperately and just shoved them in. 3322591 was Davie's number. Lots conscripted and many enlisted on their own. We lost some pretty nice boys from Richmond. Sefton Stewart was killed last day of war. Letters he wrote to his Mother were given to the Goulbourn Museum. They cancelled the fairs during the war and the soldiers trained two weeks on the exhibition grounds at Lansdowne Park and two weeks at Rockcliffe and then shipped to England. Some of them died on the trip over. Mother made fruit cake, candy, chocolates to send and sent cigarettes and clothing every little while. Davie open the box and treated other soldiers. Knit socks and mitts and the church, Presbyterian Ladies Aid, sent clothing, socks and mitts.

We had a royal party for him when he came home. Mom and Dad went down to get him with many other people. Aunts and Uncles, cousins all gathered at home and tables set up outside. Mother had saved treats for him and killed some fowl and had a great meal. Sugar, flour, tea were scarce so you saved them. Mother's bread was baked with a pretty low grade of flour but it turned out pretty good.

In the spring of 1914, Bill Morton, Ben Conley, Ganford Featherston and Robert N. Sample took their teams and wagons to the railroad station in Richmond and loaded them on the train. They went to Quebec City and

worked all summer hauling supplies to the soldiers down near the river. This was a big thing.

When the Second World War happened, John Garland, 'Jackie' enlisted, and of course Beatrice and I went back and forth. He went overseas around of the first of August and she came over to help me with the meals for the thrashing. Well, she had nothing to say and neither did I. We had a quiet day. She was so lonesome when he left and so worried. He was taken prisoner and he escaped and got out. I even dreamt about that happening. He came home and found his mate, got married and lived until two years ago. Some of our neighbours went too, Bower and Stephen Garland, Kenny Hobbs and Clarence Hobbs. Hazel went with Kenny all over Canada. She stuck by him. I remember the First War better than the Second. I had responsibilities here with a young family. We would listen to the radio for reports of the War. The Christmas of 1941, it was a pretty tough go. We went down home for Christmas and came back that night. I had polished the stove the day before Christmas and I put the lid on the polish and put it up in the warming closet on the range. I was getting the kiddies things and blankets for the sleigh put away and this awful crash came and I was sure it was a bomb. The lid had blown off the polish. General Montgomery was the man in command at the time.

Maryann McCoy watched us drive up that day and just turned around from the window and dropped dead on the floor. There was a bad train wreck in Almonte that same Christmas. My sister Myrtle came up to Maryann's funeral and left the little lady at home with some other kids. They were out playing on the hill and in the fun, Mary broke her arm. They couldn't get a doctor and the hospitals were all busy. Dr. Nixon had moved to Ottawa at the time and he set her arm. She was 12. He said just in case, take her to Dr. Murray, the bone specialist. He took the cast off and broke it and set it once again. He didn't do as good a job as Nixon. It bothered her, as

the cast was too tight so he took the scissors and cut the cast. She cried and said you're cutting my arm and he said he wasn't hurting her but when the cast came off, he'd cut her three times. That child suffered terrible, three casts she had.

There was a plane crash between Richmond and our place the day after Richmond Fair. Two planes collided. They said they were playing. We were at it.

Mailboxes came in 1914. Before that, we went to the Post Office. That was when the Post Offices at Dwyer Hill, Munster and Stapelton were all closed.

The best invention for me was an electric washing machine. Made life a lot easier. I had an old gasoline one and had to leave the windows open to draw the fumes out. That didn't take it all out as I always had a headache. The other thing I liked was a good clothesline. I had to hang mine on the page wire fence. We didn't have a good one here until Scott's clothesline was down at the trees. They never moved it up when they moved the house up. The house was moved 500 feet from front of the farm on the 4<sup>th</sup> line. We had a good one at home. When I got the clothesline and the washing machine, I was well satisfied. I was happy then.

After I moved up here, the old Hornrite Church at Munster Road and the 5<sup>th</sup> line was still open. I was there at a Methodist Sunday School Convention once. Munster had quite a few followers of the Hornrites. Mr. Jim Trimble, when he moved to Richmond, built a little Hornrite Church on his lot where there were open sheds. It's made into apartments now and owned by Harold Kirkham. The one at the 5<sup>th</sup> line was a lovely little church. It was quaint. The Roes, as a lot of families went there. They moved that church to Stittsville to replace the tents.

I remember the meetings in the Hornrite Bush. We'd take a Sunday night and go, as we loved the singing. It was something else. The big tent would be full. They had a lot of followers who came from all around you know.

Richmond and Standards and up here it was Horner's. They were very evangelistic – lots of singing and fire and brimstone. They were still going strong after I was married.

I saw the Klu Klux Klan when we went down past and they looked like ghosts walking around. They were on what they called Cy Halls lot down just below where Nesbitt's lived. Past where Ken Hartin lives now, then Nesbitts and then an open field. Two guards on the gate in their white robes. You couldn't tell who they were. People just went to see what was going on. Grandpa and Grandma went and I think Willie went with them. I didn't go. I stayed home with my first baby. They didn't say anything much about it. I think they had a service or something. They disappeared shortly after that, around 1927 or 1928.

All my children were born at home except the last one was breech birth and I had to go to the hospital but I lost her. I had Dr. Worley from Richmond for the births. There were no medicines in those days. If you had a headache, there was nothing for it. Pain King was a rub on thing and then Joe Switzer's liniment. Myrtle had bearded ears and they'd roast an onion over the top, get the heart out of it, drip it in camphorated oil and put it in her ear. Or, they'd make little bags of coarse salt, heat that and hold it to her. That was all she ever got. Gordon here had bearded ears and Willie called Dr. Worley and he said there is nothing I can really do. Then, he said just wait a minute and penicillin had just came in so he gave him penicillin pills and that stopped the pain. When penicillin came, we sort of felt there was something we could fall back on now. I was never a drug fiend. My Dad would get a sore back and my Mother would rub his Back with Pain King and the heat helped.

I remember a funny time about a ghost. My brother was out nailing some boards to close up a gap. He was hammering away and my Mother was ironing sheets. Arthur was a young lad and he came asking if he could have a sheet. He said, 'I want to scare Hillie'. So he got draped up in the white sheet and circled out

around Hillie. My Dad was listening and the hammering stopped and Hillie took to run to the house. He came in and dropped on a chair and said 'Ma, did you ever see a ghost?' She was trying to keep her face straight and she said 'No Hillie, I can't say I ever did'. It was too funny for words.

One night Myrtle and I were going down to Grandpa's just down the road and Arthur run down across the fields and hid under the culvert. He came out and scared the living hearts out of us. We run down to Tom Brown's house and went in there but no one was there. I held the door and Myrtle went up to see if they were dead. We ended up holding the door shut ourselves in case that thing tried to get in. Our Aunt was walking up home and Arthur told her where we were and she came but we didn't know who it was and were not going to let her in. I liked to play tricks too but just wee ones. You know, we had lots of fun in those days. I often think of my Dad. We'd all be playing after supper, children's hour. My Dad would say 'now that's enough, you'd better sit down before someone gets hurt'. The big ones had games they used to play and sing like "In the sweetie-i-o, in the sweetie-i-o, we'll sail down the river in the sweetie-i-o, my wife can spin and sew, and I can reap and mow and down the river in the sweetie-i-o". They'd act that out with two sides, maybe four or five each side. The head couple would go down, go out around the outside and meet and waltz around. These were Methodist games but I liked to dance to it. They used to play Blind Man's Bluff. It was kind of rough when it got going. I never played them as I was too young but I watched. Another game was they'd cover someone's eyes and they'd have to catch someone. They'd run around the line and nearly break their neck.

They had games you played at the table and they'd let me in on that. They had button, button, who's got the button. They pass the button around and hid it in someone's hand and you had to guess who had it. If you guessed the right one, you got to hold the button and pass it again. They finally gave it up for the dances. I

tell you, when I went in that old Town Hall and they were tuning up the violins, it just put the dancing spirit right in you. I loved to dance but Hillard and William do not want to be dancers. The women love to dance and I think it's a mistake.

The Methodist Church was very strict and sure Aunt Emily had prayer meetings at her house through the week. That was a common thing. They had an evangelist come to the

church in the wintertime and preach. We used to go to those meetings for the singing. Nobody was allowed to work on Sunday. The horses were turned out Saturday night and left till Monday morning. When a neighbour died, the horses were turned out and left for the three days until the funeral was over. If you met a funeral on the road, you pulled over and stopped until it was past. Everyone's too busy today and in too much of a hurry.

**Note:** We were so pleased that Cheryl McCoy was able to interview Lola Sample. Sadly, Lola passed away March 27, 2005. She would have been 100 years old in June 2005.

**DID YOU KNOW**

(Taken from the book titled "What is it?" written by Lorraine O'Byrne in 1977.) Where and what does the phrase "Stogie" come from and mean?: Conestoga wagon drivers were the truck drivers of the nineteenth century, hauling freight and transporting cargo across the country. Many of these men were smokers and

wanted a cheap, strong cigar to keep the trail dust out of their throats. Cheap tobacco in hard, thin cigars was soon produced with the Conestoga drivers in mind. First known as 'Conestoga cigars', then as 'Conestogys', they were finally called 'stogies', and the term is still used today for this type of tobacco product.

**THOUGHT TO PONDER**

**"Volunteers are not paid, not because they are worthless, but because they are priceless."**

*Anonymous*

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

This recipe was found in, The Boston Cooking-School COOK BOOK, by Fannie Merritt Farmer (1931)

**ENGLISH FRUIT CAKE**

- |                           |                               |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 pound butter            | 3 pounds currants             |
| 1 pound light brown sugar | 2 pounds seeded raisins,      |
| 9 eggs                    | finely chopped                |
| 1 pound flour             | 1/2 pound almonds, blanched   |
| 2 teaspoons mace          | and shredded                  |
| 2 teaspoons cinnamon      | 1 pound citron, thinly sliced |
| 1 teaspoon soda           | and cut in strips             |
| 2 tablespoons milk        |                               |

Cream butter, add half the sugar gradually, and beat thoroughly. Beat egg whites until stiff, add remaining sugar and set aside. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-coloured, and add to first mixture. Add egg whites. Then add milk, fruit, nuts, and flour mixed and sifted with mace, cinnamon, and soda. Put in buttered deep pans. If to be steamed, cover loosely with buttered paper, and tie paper firmly in place. Then steam 3 hours and bake 1 1/2 hours in slow oven (300°F.) If desired, bake 4 hours in very slow oven (275°F.) without steaming. Rich fruit cake is always more satisfactory if part of the cooking is accomplished by steaming.

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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*

**BLACKHALL, R. KEITH** – On August 1, 2005, aged 55, husband of Susan and father of Elizabeth and Sarah. Also survived by his parents and brother in England.

**CURRY, MARY (nee Prescott)** – On July 11, 2005, aged 85, widow of Leo James Curry and mother of James (Christy), John of Stittsville, and Jane Hill (Steve). Also survived by 3 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren. Mary will be remembered for her long commitment to education and for her service to the community through her partnership in the Stittsville News.

**DANIS, LISE (nee St. Arneault)** – On July 31, 2005, aged 56, wife of Jean-Claude and mother of Dean, Dave and Christine. Also survived by 5 grandchildren and her siblings Andre, Claude and Anne.

**FOSTER, ANN CATHERINE** (nee Timmins) – On July 12, 2005, aged 54, wife of Arnold Foster and mother of Colin (Tracy Cooney) and Julie (Matt Kavanagh). Sister of Joseph Timmins (Kathi). Predeceased by her parents Margaret and Austin Timmins.

**HAMPTON, VERONICA** (nee Garvin) – On July 13, 2005, aged 88, widow of Major Richard Hampton and mother of Ralph (Diane). Predeceased by her parents Ralph Garvin and Jesse Henderson. Survived by four grandchildren and her sisters Alice Norris, Phyllis (Bob) Hewitt, Vivian (Winston) Doyle, Joyce Kenyon and Hazel Garvin.

**HICKEY, JOSEPH DALTON** – At home on July 8, 2005, aged 74, companion of Rena Dawson and father of Brenda Faulkner and Brian Hickey. Also survived by 3 grandchildren and one great grandchild.

**KARN, MARGARET** – At home on June 26, 2005, aged 73, wife of Peter and mother of Patrice (Bill Dickie), Deborah St. Jean (Leo), Sandra (WolfgangGlaeser) and Pamela Hiley (Collin). Also survived by her sister Annette Lynch (Fred) and nine grandchildren.

**KAVANAGH, ALPHONSUS HUGH** – On June 2, 2005, aged 83, husband of Dorothy Valiquette and father of Jane (Michael McKee), Shawn (Linda), Susan (Darryl Johnson), Ann (Raj Rasalinam) and Paula (Brian Hollohan). Also survived by 9 grandchildren and 2 great grandchildren. Predeceased by sisters Dorothy, Evelyn Forbes, Martha Moloughney, Bessie Purdy and brothers Ambrose and Leonard.

**MAINS, MABEL H.** (nee Moffett) – On August 17, 2005, in her 85<sup>th</sup> year, widow of Harold Raymond Mains and mother of William (Cheryl Ronning), David (Cheryl Lee), Robert (Nicola Hillary) and Howard (Victoria Harris). Also survived by 12 grandchildren. Sister of Mary “Mollie” Vavasour, Patricia McCleave, Henry Moffett and the late William Moffett.

**McKENNA, MARY AGNES** (nee Finn) – At home on July 4, 2005, aged 83, widow of John Alphonsus McKenna. Mother of Theresa (McAnany (Mike), Rose McKenna-Bell (Ian), Bernard (Barbara, Gerard (Suzanne), Patrick, Michael (Kelly), Bernice Mulligan (Lyll), Mary Frances (Kelly Finlan), Loretta, Joan McKenna-Quinn (Glenn), Pauline McKenna-Upshaw (Darryl) and Thomas (Natasha). Also survived by 30 grandchildren and her brother Michael Finn (Teresa).

**McLENAGHEN, MURRAY A.** – In June 2005, husband of Persis, father of Tara (Drew) and Darcy (Nick). Survived by 3 grandchildren.

**NORRIS, LLOYD** – On July 23, 2005, husband of Alice (nee Garvin) and father of Dana (Carole), Heather (Jim) and Perry (Sylvie). Also survived by 7 grandchildren.

**SMITH, IRIS** (nee Seabrook) – On July 11, 2005, in her 91<sup>st</sup> year, widow of Arnold Smith and sister of Alice Seabrook and the late Wilkie (Isobel), Erwin and Ethel (Alf) Grierson.

## *Obituaries - Former Goulbourn Residents*

**COPEMAN, LORI ANNE** – formerly of Munster – On July 25, 2005, mother of Justin and Jason Hammond and daughter of Joan White and the late Joseph Copeman. Sister of Janice, Bruce, Don, Sandi and Neil.

**DARLINGTON, JOHN** – On August 4, 2005, aged 59, husband of Andrea (nee Allain) and father of Julie Lloyd (Claude), Cindy Spence (Chad) and John Allan II (Corina). Also survived by 3 grandchildren, his mother Joyce Darlington and sisters Nancy Notman (Robert) and Bonnie Holliday (Wesley).

**DAVIS, GARRY JAMES** – In Almonte on June 18, 2005, aged 67, husband of Mary Margaret Bowes and father of Sharron (Ross Johnson). Brother of Doug (Marilyn) of Richmond.

**DONALDSON, BERYL (nee Wilson)** – On August 17, 2005, in her 71<sup>st</sup> year, mother of Rick (Debbie), Steve (Judy) and Debbie (George) and grandmother of seven. Sister of Vera (Roger), Wilmer (Margit), Helen, Janet (Art), Faye (Barry), Charlie (Helen), Kirk (Peggy), Mike (Mary Ann) and Terry (Peggy) and the late Archie and Donna.

**HEALEY, MARY ETHEL (nee Green)** – On July 29, 2005, in her 91<sup>st</sup> year. Widow of Francis and sister of Sidney (Nancy) and the late

Sefton (Lillian). Also survived by her nieces Cheryl Green (Neil) and Cydney Green (David).

**HODGINS, ERNEST ALVIN** – In New Brunswick on June 19, 2005, aged 77, husband of Ann Harrigan and father of Tim and Brenda (Brad) Matthews. One of 7 sons of the late Clement and Myrtle (Healey) Hodgins of Stittsville, he was predeceased by brothers Howard (Isabel) and Allan (Marlene). Survivors include a granddaughter and brothers Bert, Gordon, Emerson and Elmer.

**MITCHELL, VIOLA JANE (nee Fisher)** – On August 1, 2005, in her 89<sup>th</sup> year, widow of Delmer Mitchell and mother of Stuart (Margaret). Grandmother of Kelly.

**SIMPSON, GENEVA BERNICE (nee Hobbs)** – On July 25, 2005, wife of Clifford Roy Simpson and mother of Dr. Robert C. (Jean Wood), Roy H. (Lisa Daniels), Geoffrey W. (Jennifer Dubinski) and Jo Ann (Ioan Harea). Also survived by 10 grandchildren. Daughter of the late Harry and Blanche. Sister of the Very Reverend Harry Hobbs (deceased), Reverend Canon William E. (Audrey), Craig A. (Joyce) and Mary Phyllis Wall (Herb).

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

**ALLARD, ELLEN** – On July 2, 2005, in her 86<sup>th</sup> year, mother of Jeannette (Frank Mell) of Munster and Marilyn (Pat Nurse) of Stittsville.

**DALTON, ALEVIA (nee Hill)** – In Kingston on July 26, 2005, aged 80, mother of Peggy (David) Blackwell of Richmond.

**EASTON, HELEN I.** – On July 4, 2005, in her 82<sup>nd</sup> year, mother of Janice (Terry) Russell of Munster.

**FLEMING, EVELYN (nee Morin)** – On July 13, 2005, mother of Debbie (Lloyd Foster) of Richmond.

**GRAY, GILBERT WALLACE** – In Kemptville on July 18, 2005, father of Susan (Stephen Oxner) of Stittsville.