



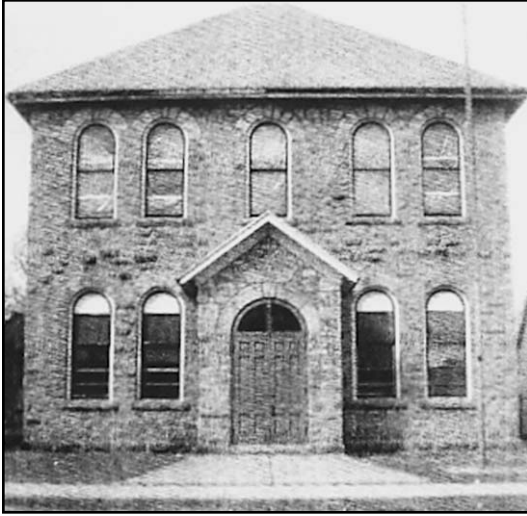
Goff Holmstead - Sand Bay

From the Vanorman Collection

(See article and pictures starting on page 9)

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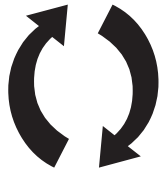
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THEN

F.O.L.L. Township Hall opened December 26, 1890

F.O.L.L. Community Building opened 1979



MEMBERSHIP FEES (Canadian Funds Please)

General (Family) - \$12.00 Association - \$15.00 Corporate - \$25.00

Our membership term is Sept. 1 to Aug. 31

Memberships available at any meeting or by cheque to:

LTI HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Box 332 Lansdowne, Ont. K0E 1L0

RESEARCH and REPRINT FEES

**Because of the number of requests for information and reprints,
The Society has had to institute a policy.
Research is done by volunteers. Inquiries will be answered in the order they
are submitted as time permits.**

**Schedule of fees: research \$10.00 per hour. Photocopies: text \$0.25 per
copy; pictures, print or digital \$1.00 each. Postage will be added**

NEWSLETTERS

As our newsletter binder was growing large, we have decided to split it into two.

Back copies of our newsletters are available for \$2.50 each

Copies 1 through 20 are now available in a three ring binder. Cost \$62.00

Copies 21 through 33 - Cost \$44.50 - Binders with all copies 1-32 are still available. Ask for price.

Due to the weight and high cost of postage, if these have to be mailed, postage will have to be added.

Also available now is a binder with a coloured cover insert or the coloured cover insert alone.

Ask the Executive for prices.



NOW

L.T.I. New
 Municipal
 Complex
 opened
 September
 25, 2010



(Photo by Bill Boulton)

CORRECTION ISSUE #33

Unfortunately the list of Sand Bay school pupils on the cover and on pg. 6 were interchanged. We apologize.

WINTER/SPRING MEETINGS 2011

February 21 Heritage Week Show and Tell. This year we are featuring Heritage Toys. Bring along your favourite childhood plaything. Grade 8 students from TIES will give a presentation.

March 21 Archivist Erica Hesson will provide instructions on "Managing Your Family Archives."

April 18 "A Winter's Tale - The Demise of the Deadhouse". Steven Heaton will discuss cemetery vaults

LEEDS and 1000 ISLANDS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Executive – 2010 – 2011

Interim President-	Connie Burns
Co-President-	Steven Heaton
1st. Vice-President-	Pierre Mercier
2nd. Vice-President-	Freda White
Past-President-	William Boulton
Secretary-	Steven Heaton
Treasurer-	Debbie Desloges

Committee Chairs

Program-	Anne Graham
Social-	Rebecca Webster
Communications-	William Boulton
Membership-	Connie Burns
Members at Large-	Willie Lacelle, Marion McKay, Mary Robertson

Visit our Web Site: www.ltihistoricalsociety.org

Heritage Organization Grant

The Historical Society made an application to the Provincial Ministry of Culture for a Heritage Organization Development Grant.

Our application was approved, and we received \$969.00.

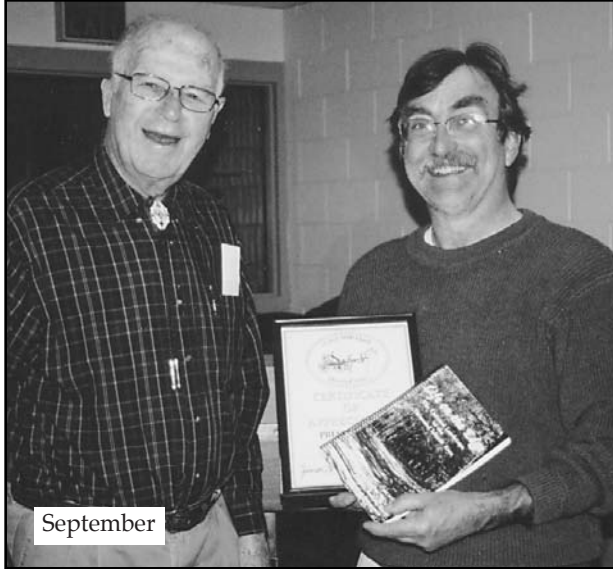
This grant will be used to cover the cost of preparation and distribution of our Newsletters.

We wish to thank the Ministry of Culture for this assistance.



YEAR IN REVIEW 2009-2010

FROM THE SECRETARY'S ANNUAL REPORT



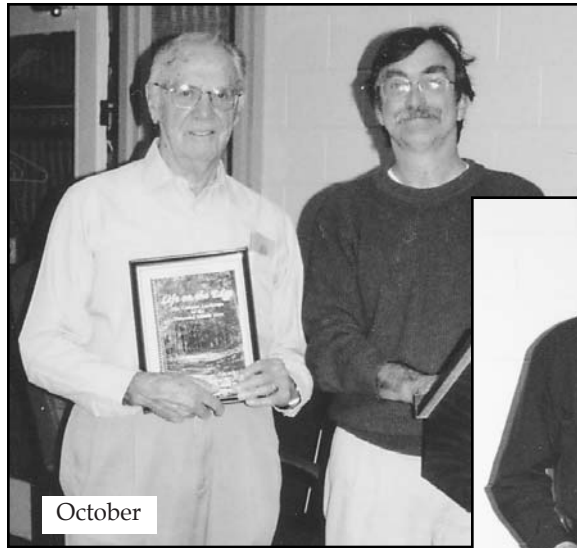
September



November

November 16, 2009 – Patrick McMaster and Lisa Lawrence explained "Preserving History Through Technology"

September 21, 2009 – John Reid described his experiences aboard "The Fighting Sea Fleas" during WW 2



October

October 19, 2009 – Don Chisamore outlined the history of The Wilstead Akita Club



February

February 15, 2010 – John Reid shows off a camp chair at the Heritage Week Show and Tell



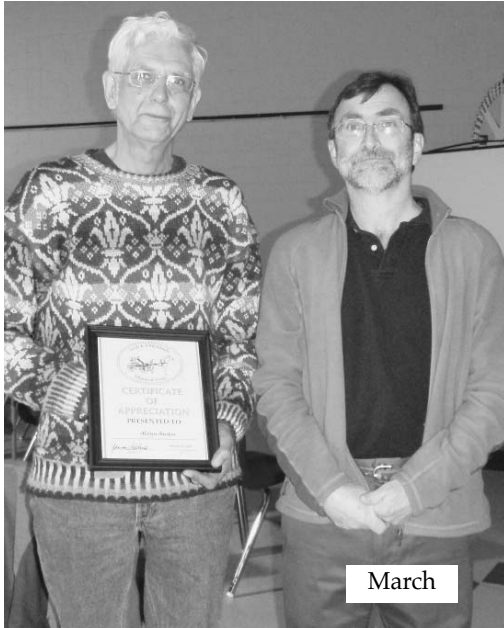
January

January 18, 2010 – Capt. Brian Johnson took us for a journey on the Wolfe Island Ferry and The St. Lawrence Seaway



YEAR IN REVIEW 2009-2010

FROM THE SECRETARY'S ANNUAL REPORT



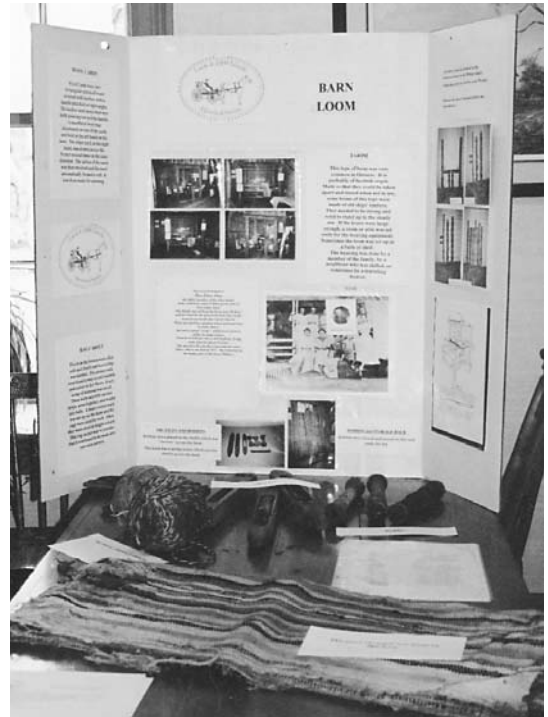
March

March 15, 2010 – Alvyn Austin talked of the history of The Last of the Royal Townships



April

April 19, 2010 – Bill Boulton gave us a look at Lansdowne Then and Now



Our display at both Spring Thing at Springfield House in May, and at Lansdowne Fair in July, featured some of our Weaving material

Past-president Bill Boulton made presentations to the Lansdowne Seniors Club, the Brockville Probus Club and during Prescott's Bi-Centennial



At the opening of the new Municipal Complex, The Historical Society, with the assistance of the Agricultural Society, donated a row of 1890 seats from the original Front of Leeds and Lansdowne Township Hall for the front lobby. They were dedicated to the Late Margel Warren, whose grandfather Hugh MacKay, had erected the building.



A BLAST FROM THE PAST

THE LANSDOWNE CONTINUATION SCHOOL reunion committee is organizing an event to remember our school experiences of the 50's. The event will be held **July 16th 2011**, Lansdowne Fair weekend. We will be sending out information and planned events early in 2011.



Victoria School
(photo from LTIHS files)

Public School, Lansdowne, Ont.

We want to contact as many former students as possible. Please spread the word. Let us know if you would like to attend. Do you have memories you would like to share? Write them down and send them along. Bill will collect them and organize them into a booklet.

Please send us your address/e-mail so that we may contact you.

Contact: Donnie Dorey
588 Cunningham Road.
Gananoque, Ontario, K7G 2V4
613-382-5273

e-mail: donnied@ripnet.com

MY DIARY - EDWARD LANCLEY - 1890

- Apr. 3** Split wood at E.J.'s all day. A Surprise Party was held in the evening. The roads are very muddy. *Saw first robin.*
- Apr. 4** Split wood at home all day. The wind rose considerably at about four o'clock there was signs of rain, but however it kept off.
- Apr. 5** Split wood at home. Snowed a little in the forenoon but it cleared off. Very muddy everywhere. No mail has come.
- Apr. 6** Church in the morning at eleven o'clock. Mr. Johnston Preached from Romans VI 8. Mr. Johnston is a native of Scotland and has been in the West Indies for seven years.
- Apr. 7** Large droves of Wild Geese are to be seen to-day. We continued splitting at the wood. It was a very fine day, sun showing bright.
- Apr. 8** Split wood all forenoon and as it commenced to rain, we cleaned up forty bushels of barley for seed.
- Apr. 9** Threw some straw off the top of the stack in the morning and in the afternoon we went to Norman Johnstons. Roads are very bad.
- Apr. 10** Drew forty bushel of Barley over to the other barn & also wheels to be made over Station.
- Apr. 11** Put up fence on the Donovan Farm. The fences are in a very bad shape. They were blown down by the gales in January and are very hard to put up.
- Apr. 12** Went over the two lower farms and cleaned out the ditches where the water was lying.
- Apr. 13** Church in the evening. Mr. Johnston preached from the tenth chapter of Paul's Epistles to the Hebrews. He stayed in Fairfax at Mrs. Clares.
- Apr. 14** Fixed up fences all day. We raised the cook house in the morning. Intended to go fishing but it was too cold and we gave up.
- Apr. 15** Tended mason all day at Mr. Sam Donevans building cellar wall. Mr. James Somers auction to-day. Too cold to go fishing.
- Apr. 16** Piled over lumber for axles & also ash lumber in the morning. In the afternoon we fixed up the lane fence. (Lodge Lansdowne)
- Apr. 17** Commenced Spring work at field opposite the barn on Erastus', commenced at noon. We went fishing in the evening and built the wire & set the net but only got one fish and that a pike.
- Apr. 18** Cultivated the field behind the barn at home. Cold north West wind blowing. *(Continued on pg. #7)*



(Continued from pg #6) **MY DIARY - EDWARD LANCLEY - 1890**

- Apr. 19** Cross cultivated piece I was on yesterday. Commenced sowing on field east of the (home) barn. Sowed six bushel and a half of wheat.
- Apr. 20** Church in the morning. Rev. Mr. Fairlie preached a splendid sermon from the forth chapter of St. Mark.
- Apr. 21** Sowed field behind the barn (home) and cultivated field opposite black chery tree. Six of us went fishing at night but only got "Fishermans Luck", minus the first part.
- Apr. 22** Cultivated South East corner field in McKee Place and sowed field opposite black cherry tree in field No. 2. Seeder came.
- Apr. 23** Cultivated South West corner field, in Number three & sowed six & a half bushel of Barley on the other side of road. Mr. Hugh Wilson came for seeder & took it away. Teeth came
- Apr. 24** Cultivated field north west corner opposite poplars in field No. 2 McKee place and sowed five bushel of wheat on South West corner field, field number three.
- Apr. 25** Cultivated North East corner field, Field Number two, in the McKee Place and sowed the field opposite on other side of road.
- Apr. 26** Cultivated two fields up at the house on McKee Place in the afternoon. I rolled two Southern fields in field Number three. We finished sowing North east corner field, field No. two. Sowed eleven bushel of Black oats & five bushel of white oats on field west of house. It commenced to rain at tea time and continued until evening.
- Apr. 27** It rained nearly all day but it cleared up about church time which is now seven thirty. Mr. Fairlie Preached a splendid sermon from the fifteenth Chapter of Genesis & XI chap Hebrews. He gave observations on the character & faith of Joseph. Froze a little.
- Apr. 28** Rolled & Ploughed until noon & in the afternoon we cultivated & sowed field east of the house on McKee Place & crossed field west of house. Sowed 5-1/2 bushel White Oats.
- Apr. 29** Sowed piece on corner field back of house & as it rained all afternoon we were unable to do anything, cleaned up 37 bushel of white oats for seed.
- Apr. 30** Ploughed back and Rolled New meadow back of flat. We went to Station in Evening ▼▼▼

Free Family of Lansdowne – by Alan Lindsay

Another early settler in Sand Bay was **James Free**. He was born in Ireland in July 1834 and died after 1911. His wife's name was Mary Ann Perry b. ca. 1834. Early census lists their children as Joseph Henry, Reuben, Mary and Sarah Elizabeth. There is no information on Mary.

Joseph Henry Free 1852-1891 mar. Julia Tennant and Margaret Carpenter Burtch 1841-1928.

Children: Ruben, and Mary (chn of Julia Tennant), Elijah (Denis), Lucy, **Susan 1873-1926**, Wm Henry (mar. Hannah), James Edward. Their daughter **Susan Free** mar. John Cross parents of Elmer (mar. Pearl Griffin), Wm, Maggie, Florence, Esther (Ellen), Susan. Elmer and Pearl were the parents of Vaida (Truesdell), Hubert, Clark, Eva and David.

Reuben Free Aug. 4, 1858-1924 mar. Emily Jane Hill Mar. 23, 1871-1961.

Children: Mary Hester 1888-1979 (mar. John Stennit), Sarah 1889-1930 (mar. Stanley Grey), Arthur 1891-, Joshua John (1894-1962), Gladys 1897-1941 (mar. D H Mallory), Mrs. Wm Kumfort, Beulah 1900-(Gley), Mrs. Norton Pierce, Mrs. Larry Day, Bruce, Angel Victoria (d.1905) ,and Rita (mar. Charles Tedford)

Sarah Elizabeth Free b. July 18, 1870 mar. Wellington Cross brother of John Cross who married her niece Susan.

Children: Vernal 1906-, Cecil (mar. Marg. Mavety), Virgie (Jones), Frances 1898-1963 (Lester Russell), Almeda 1902-(mar. George Larose) and Leona 1910- (mar. John Haskins)

A William Free who married Sarah Bowen daughter of John Lamb Bowen was also born in Ireland and was likely a brother of James. Sarah, his widow, was living in Fairfax near the Deer Lick in 1861. Sarah remarried to a Mr. Thomas and had 2 children Josephine and Wesley. The family moved to Jefferson Co.

Children of William and Sarah Bowen Free:

John b. ca 1851-lived Buffalo NY-mar. Louisa-3 children
Henry b. ca 1853-died in Detroit-mar. Isabella-3 children
Israel-1854-1870-named after his grandfather Israel Bowen

N. N. —no information Mary 1857-1870

Sarah Mahalia Mar. 24, 1861-May 9, 1930 mar. Albin James Paul (lived Evans Mills NY)-a grandson Charles Goodenough lived in Theresa NY.

Thanks to Charles Goodenough, Kevin Jackson and the late Vaida Truesdell among others for the information in this tree.

Leeds and the Thousand Islands

Archives

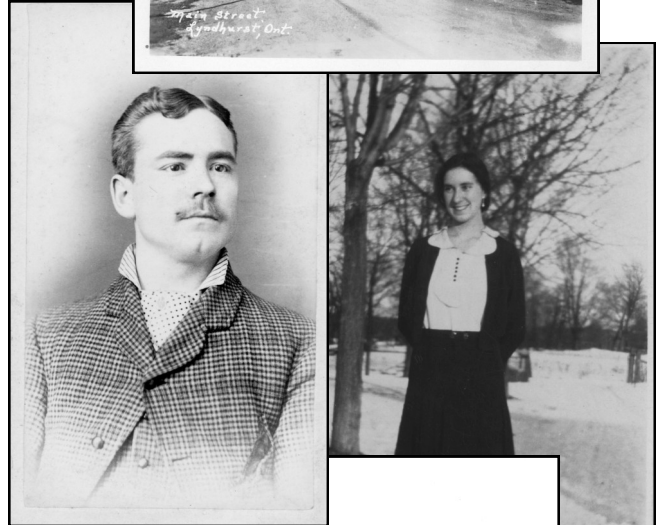
preserving our past for our future

Our Mandate:

To acquire, preserve, promote and make available the historical record of the Township of Leeds and the Thousand Islands.

The Archives is a partnership of the Leeds & 1000 Islands Historical Society, the Township of Leeds and the Thousand Islands Municipal Heritage Committee, and the Leeds and the Thousand Islands Public Library Board. Each member contributes resources and expertise to the enterprise.

The Archives is managed by these organizations with generous funding support from the Township of Leeds and the Thousand Islands and the Thousand Islands Community Development Corporation.



Our collections include ... letters, diaries, municipal documents, maps, drawings, postcards, photographs, and much more.

Research at the Archives

Reference and research consultation as well as preservation services by our specially trained staff are available to the public. Further information and a searchable catalogue are available on our website: www.ltiarchives.ca

Donating to the Archives

Do you have old papers, photos, and other items? Don't throw them away! Donate them to the Leeds and the Thousand Islands Archives! We are happy to accept materials offered for donation that fulfill our mandate and do not duplicate items already in the collection. For more information or to donate please contact the Archivist.

Located at 1367 County Rd. 2, in the old Escott Town Hall.
The Archives are available by appointment only.

Erika Heesen, Archivist
613-888-1856
archivist@ltiarchives.ca
www.ltiarchives.ca



EARLY MEMORIES - **HERBISON BACKGROUND MATERIAL**



Rev. Robert Herbison
Picture courtesy of Robert
Herbison

John Herbison was born in Ballymena, Ireland, in 1804 and came to Canada in 1829. He settled in Junetown. He first built a log house, and in 1847 a stone house which still stands at 10 Junetown Road. He married Anne Warren in 1835. They had 11 children.

Benjamin, born in 1839, was the fourth born to John and Ann. He married Mary Jane Dickie, daughter of a neighbour, in 1865. They homesteaded land at Sand Bay, lot 24, concession 6, Rear of Leeds and Lansdowne. Their holdings grew to 600 acres.

Benjamin and Ann had 9 children. **Robert** was their third son. He attended school at Sand Bay and later Brockville. He taught for three and a half years before attending Queens University to study theology. He graduated as a Presbyterian minister in 1898. With church union, he became a United Church minister.

This material has been provided by his grandson, Robert. We thank him for permission to publish it. It is a most complete and interesting account of local homestead life.

Early Memories by: Reverend Robert Herbison

My earliest memories are of a low, squat log cabin, the roof not higher than a man could reach, covered with split, hollow basswood logs fitting into each other something like tiles. There was a bench before the door and in the distance every way were trees. On the bench my father and mother used to sit summer evenings and sing old songs like "Annie Laurie" and "Loch Lomond". There was corn growing in the clearing, potatoes and long grass but mostly I remember the corn. The trees formed a circle a few hundred yards off and were, as I knew later, maple and beech, elm and basswood, with some oak, ash, cedar, hickory, birch, hemlock and pine.

It was in that cabin I was born March 13, 1870. My father and mother had already been on the place four or five years. When I was quite small they built a new log house, a story and a half, with shingled roof (splits I suppose) and an attic where we three boys of whom I was the third, slept.

I remember the oxen, monstrous big fellows they seemed to me and the kind of jumper or sleigh with wooden runners on which they hauled everything, summer or winter. The circle of the forest moved back rapidly and each summer more and more land was cleared.

In the winter father had a number of men working with him felling trees and hauling logs to the lake a short distance away. A number of the men used the broad-axe making square timber. My mother had her hands full with all this gang to feed. In the summer, father spent a good part of his time felling trees on the outer edge of the clearing. In the early stages he fell these in long "winrows" criss-cross. Then he set fire to the whole row. This seemed terrible waste but it made rapid clearing and was not without some return. As soon as roads came, father shoveled these heaps of ashes into the wagon box and hauled them to a plant about five miles away where they were making "pearl-ash".

The ashes were useful for other purposes too. In the spring father made a tall V shaped tub with a trough at the bottom. This was filled with wood ashes, then the ashes were soaked with water, more being added every day. Out of the spout of the trough trickled lye, dark and strong. Mother had saved up all the bones and scraps from the winter beef and pork. The great iron kettle was slung over a roaring fire. Into this went the lye and as it began to boil, in went bones and grease of all sorts. We boys used to watch the miracle of the bones disappearing. When this was cooled mother had a barrel of fine soft soap, enough to do for a year.

Another use for the timber in the earliest years was in making charcoal. Grandfather seemed to have most to do with this. Probably he understood the method of burning or had more patience. They made a pile of 'legs' twelve to fifteen feet long and four or five feet high, covered all with earth, leaving a small space at one end to set a fire.

(Continued on Pg. #10)

(Continued from Pg. #9)

Early Memories by: Reverend Robert Herbison



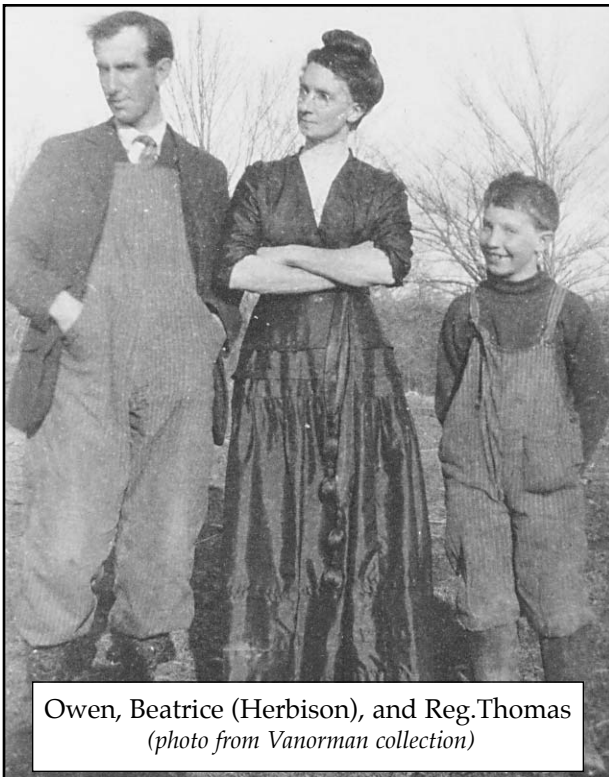
Benjamin Herbison
 (photo from Vanorman collection)

After this was going well, even it was covered up, so that the whole thing smoldered and smoke oozed through the earthen blanket. That seemed to burn itself out. When it cooled the cover was carefully removed and the logs, which still retained their shape, were broken up into heaps of charcoal. About the marketing of this I have no recollection.

Some time in the summer there would be a "logging bee" when neighbours were gathered together from some distance. Some were cutting, some hauling with the oxen, some piling up the logs with their hand spikes and setting fire to them. Everywhere there were heaps of logs burning. The men were grimy and black with smoke and ashes. In the first years I fancy they had something to drink at our place as well as others, though I was too young to remember much about that. Mother was always dead against it, but she didn't win out till later.

After the bee, father finished up the job. Then in the spring he sowed among the stumps, covering the grain with a home made cultivator, two heavy pieces of wood braced like a capital A with iron teeth driven down through them to rake the soil. There was a sawmill down the river, part of the old Rideau chain, a continuation of the Gananoque Lake, about six miles away, to which they floated the logs.

In the early days there was a "grist mill" there too, for grinding wheat and corn. Father would take a bag of wheat or corn on his back to the lake and row down to the mill where he had it ground. This only happened in summer, of course. In the winter he could reach the mill more quickly and easily over the ice. Our food supply, while plentiful, differed from later years. In the first years corn was the staple. We ate great quantities of corn meal mush which we called "Suppon". It was made in an iron kettle. It was made quite thick, and when it was cold, mother cut it in thick slices and fried it in butter. Men and boys both liked that.



Owen, Beatrice (Herbison), and Reg. Thomas
 (photo from Vanorman collection)

Mother also made corn cake or "Johnny Cake" practically every day. I remember father liked that better than any kind of bread even in later years. 'We had lots of potatoes and vegetables from the first. Green corn seemed to be especially relished and by care in planting was made to hold out for a long season. Rye came in before wheat. Next to corn or along with it we had the dark rye bread. Some of the men liked it, but it was never much to our fancy as boys. I do not know why but we never used oatmeal for porridge until much later. Soon, with the cleared land, wheat came in as the chief crop and then bread followed. In those days they had to bake twice a week, great loaves, the full of the oven. Helping mother as I did, by the time I was ten years old, I could make and bake a good "batch" of bread myself.

In school years mother had a dish for us when we got home from school that I have never seen anywhere else. "Minute pudding" we called it. She made it (also in the iron kettle) by stirring white flour with a little salt into boiling milk. That was top-notch to our youthful taste, served as it was with pitchers of cream. She made piles of pancakes too, which disappeared with lightning rapidity. Another day it would be hot doughnuts, sizzling from the boiling grease in that black kettle.

We had, in those days, an abundance of wild fruit, raspberries, blackberries (blackcaps) and thimbleberries or long blackberries. We could pick pails of them where logging had been done, especially in the land that had not been cleared for cultivation. That was one of our steady jobs in holiday time. We had always fruit put away for the winter but in the first years little or no jam as far as I remember. We dried pails and pails of blackberries and used these (after soaking them) in the winter. I suppose it was the cheapest way.

(Continued on Pg. #11)



(Continued from Pg. #10)

Early Memories by: Reverend Robert Herbison

We had always lots of eggs to eat but fresh meat only in winter. Pork was salted down in barrels and used along with eggs by the men in summer. We never had facilities for curing ham or sides of bacon as they had at my grandfather's. The salt pork we youngsters had no stomach for. We welcomed the colder weather when a young beef was killed and we had fresh meat for the winter. We had apples quite early but no place to store or keep them properly. So in the fall we peeled and peeled apples (with a peeling machine) and strung them on long strings over the stove to dry or spread them on wire racks above the fire. Dried apples were better than nothing in winter, they filled a gap, but that was about the best one could say for them.

I do not remember the roads being made but I remember the roads as they were at first. They were "corduroy roads" - where the ground was at all low, the men fell the trees at the side and laid the logs cross-wise one after the other. A little dirt was thrown over the top. With the roads of course appeared the lumber wagon - and over the corduroy roads the heavy springless wagon would go bumpety-bump-bump-bump. After the roads came the school.

I can remember when there were only three families anywhere near. When the road came, others came. When the school was built my eldest brother was nine years old. I started the next year. There were wild times in that school. Many of the boys were quite big though they had never been to school. One day I saw the "Master" bring a big slate down on the top of a young fellows head, smashing the slate to pieces. The young man rushed to the door and dared the master to come out into the yard to fight. The next teacher we had was a woman. One of the young farmers came to the school courting her. She was quite pretty and I suppose the big fellows were jealous. Anyway, a half dozen of them rose from their seats and marched up to the desk, inviting the young farmer to come outside and get a licking. He didn't accept the invitation and the teacher persuaded them at last to take their seats, her suitor never returned.



Benjamin Herbison, Reg, Beatrice (Herbison), & Owen Thomas
(photo from Vanorman collection)

At first we had no Church or Sunday School. None of the people worked on Sunday. In the summer we nearly always went to the lake where there was a fine sandy beach. There we had a good wash, our weekly cleanup. We younger boys used to go in and out half a dozen times. With such a chance we all learned to swim very early. I could swim quite well when I was six years old.

My grandfather, Hugh Dickey, mother's father came to live with us when I was quite small. While we were in the log house he lived in a small log house not far away but had most of his meals with us. He and my mother came from Ireland (Parkgate, County Antrim) when mother was seventeen. He was a well-educated

man and was a mine of information to us as children. He was a great lover of poetry and could quote from Byron and others popular in his day, as long as we would listen. My mother, Mary Jane Dickey, too, had had good schooling in the old country and was always ambitious for us to acquire a good education. Her people had all been, "gey knowledgeable people" as an old man told me afterwards about them. My father had gone as far as the public school could take him. He had a first class education for a farmer, could keep accounts, make measurements of land, or figure out plans and material for buildings with ease. Their better education gave our family a sort of leading place in the neighborhood. Neighbours consulted father about many things. Our farm was the largest and best too, over six hundred acres, in all this countryside. It was a fine dairy farm, with hills and valleys and lots of water, and enough arable land for growing feed.

Quite early a Sunday School was started in the school house, strange to say, by a man who could not read. He had been soundly converted and wanted to do something. His wife, a lovely character, read the scripture to him. He memorized it almost word for word and passed it on to the best of his ability. We used to look up with awe while he prayed, he prayed with such vehemence, shouting at the top of his voice, while the perspiration rolled down his face. We thought his prayers must surely be heard.

(Continued on Pg. #12)



(Continued from Pg. #11) **Early Memories** by: Reverend Robert Herbison

Not long after, church services were started, first by a Methodist lay preacher, then by Methodist and Presbyterian preachers coming from the nearest village, Lansdowne, each once a month.

One of the memorable events when I was five or six years old was the erection of a big barn. The timbers had been gathered and squared through the winter and the lumber and shingles hauled over the ice from the mill. From miles around men were invited to the "barn-raisin". Before this time liquor had flowed pretty freely at all logging bees and "barn raisin's" in that part of the country. Mother insisted that none should be brought for the raisin'. Father didn't want it, but knowing the men, was dubious about getting the timbers in place without it. When the day came, the men chose sides, as was usual, each leader taking one side of the building. Father got a man he could depend on to take the opposite side, and took one side himself. The two of them got things started with a 'Whoop' almost before the men knew what they were about. After that the contest kept them going. After it was all up they had a big feed, the neighbour women helping and all went home happy. From that day on whiskey was not considered necessary for either a logging bee or a "barn raisin".

In those days we had hardly any books at all. As we learned to read, the first books I remember, apart from the Bible, were "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Last of the Mohicans". I could read quite well before we got a post office close enough to be of any service. That was over four miles away and the mail came once a week. We had horses by that time and we boys used to enjoy riding the horses barebacked for the mail. We got papers then, weeklies, The Montreal Witness, and our people got from then on "Chambers Edinburgh Journal". They began to get other books too, and to get in touch with the outside world. Soon we had a post office in our own neighborhood which had come to be called, from the sandy beach at the lake, "Sand Bay".

By the time I was eight or nine years old a large farm had been cleared. Our people kept a large stock of cows and young cattle, selling the latter where they could for beef and in the summer making great quantities of butter which was packed in tubs. We churned with the old fashioned dog churn, the dog running on a wheel just a little off horizontal to create the power to move the up and down dash of the churn. One night of thunder the old dog jumped on the wheel when it was not attached and nearly killed himself before we heard him. I remember mother selling, in one lot, over a ton of butter, every ounce of which she had made and packed with her own hands.

One of the great occasions in those days was a trip to grandfather's, my father's old home. John Herbison, my grandfather, had come from Ballymena, Ireland, the hand loom weaving district, many years before and took up land in what was now an old settlement (Junetown) about twelve miles from our place. They had a big stone house with a large fireplace in the living room. At Christmas time the whole family came home. There were eleven living, all but one near enough to come home. I remember forty-two children and grandchildren gathered there one Christmas Eve. That was a home gathering!

It was a great old place, anyway, With hams and sides of bacon hanging from cross beams in the big kitchen, a whole room upstairs with shelves full of cakes of maple sugar, bins of flour and meal and supplies of all kinds, enough to do for a year on end. It was a great sight too, to see grandfather weaving, for he had set up his own loom on coming to Canada. He wove a heavy gray cloth, "Full-cloth", of which the farmers round about for miles made coats and trousers. He wove also a lighter loose web which the women coloured and made into shirts for the men and skirts for the women.

My grandmother was a whirlwind at work and was a terror to all lazy "shiftless" folk. She had great big eyes that looked right through you and kept us small children very much in awe of her. We got to know, however, that her heart was kinder than her look. She had always coloured candy and small round cakes of maple sugar to give us on the side.

When I was between nine and ten years old, our house was too cramped for the growing family. My people were doing well too for pioneers and felt they could afford something better. Over "the new house" mother and father talked and planned all one winter, while father spent most of the winter hauling lumber, lath, shingles and brick for building.

Gananoque on the St. Lawrence had by this time become a thriving little town of about two thousand, nine miles distance in winter when we could cross the ice of Gananoque Lake, sixteen miles with some very rough road when we had to go on wheels in the summer. Like most people who have lived in a house too small, my father and mother leaned in the opposite direction when they were ready to build another.

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(Continued from Pg. #12)

Early Memories by: Reverend Robert Herbison

Their plans grew and grew to fill every need. By springtime, the outline they handed the contractor called for a house big enough for two or three families, a large central building with a wing on either side, including a verandah on front and rear. The contractor's price was high enough to begin with but before he got through, a third more was added to the original estimate. As a result of the amateur planning, the total cost was so high that father had to borrow money to finish the job, a move that cost him strain and anxiety for ten years to come. The house really made a lovely home. When my grandfather, who had been a landscape gardener, laid out the grounds and got his shrubbery and flower beds in shape, there was nothing like it in the countryside for miles around.

Changes were taking place rapidly in farming operations. The mower was superseding the scythe. In the first years there would be seven or eight men in the hayfield, following in succession, all mowing with the scythe. In a couple of years more the reaper came which deposited the sheaves in bundles, still to be tied by hand, a backbreaking job. Another few years and the binder came with its magic, dropping the sheaves ready bound. About the same time came the "hay fork" or "horse fork" which lifted the load in four or five forkfuls to the mow, saving the laborious task of pitching off by hand. A larger barn had to be built with modern stables. Cheese making had become most profitable. The produce of the farm, too, beef, pork brought good prices. Sir John A. McDonald's N.P. protective tariff, had created towns and markets. Along with improvements in farm machinery went improvements in travel. Roads passed from the corduroy to the McAdam stage. The democrat for the family and the top buggy for the young man and his best girl appeared. In the meantime, father had taken pains to improve his stock, developing first a Short Horn or Durham herd for beef, then an Ayrshire herd for dairy purposes. Afterwards a Holstein herd for their abundant flow of milk, with a return to the Ayrshire as more easily kept and more profitable for all purposes.

While this was going on, father and mother had been primarily instrumental in having a Presbyterian Church created at the cross roads two miles from us, where the "Sand Bay" post office was located. This action was probably one of the most influential in the future of our family life. My father became the elder (one in each of three congregations) and Sunday School superintendent. For these posts he had too little training and always seemed a little as if he were David with Saul's arrow. However, he conscientiously did his best both at home and in the church. Under the counsel of the minister he started family prayers and though he never attained ease or grace in conducting them, yet he carried out his duty so sincerely and faithfully that he had a great influence on us all and on many a casual visitor as well.

The minister was often in our home in those days. Our house in fact had many a visitor, for it was the one "big house" in the community. Father and mother were hospitable too, no one was turned away. The mining prospector, the Jew peddler, the would be politician, the cattle buyer, and any and every other could get a meal and a bed for the night, as well as housing and feed for his horse. They never charged anybody and yet I think were never poorer for it. I have a watch, which I carry still after over fifty years, which I purchased from a Jew peddler spending a night under our roof.

As we boys grew, our future became a topic of importance to father and mother, Mother especially pushed hard for a good education for us all. I think she had the old country respect for the professional class and had a secret ambition to see us above the ranks of labour, as she would have put it to herself. The minister being the one professional person with whom we were in touch, I realized that from the first she had hope that one or more of us would enter the ministry. My eldest brother, Will, showed no love of the farm, so as soon as he passed the High School entrance, he went to board in Gananoque to attend High School, changing later to Brockville as a larger and better school. Dave, who came next, was sturdy of build, liked horses better than books and took readily to the farm. When my turn came, I do not remember that they even asked me what I would do. I was tall and slight, close to six feet at thirteen, so that they simply took it for granted I would pack off to High School too, to study, in the first place for a teacher, which by and by I did. I was in no hurry though nor were they. I could do pretty well a man's work round the farm in the summer, and in winter attended to the "chores" while the men worked.

In the winter I rose when the men did at four o'clock and while they fed and harnessed their horses I took the major part in getting breakfast - because the girls in the family were younger than I. After breakfast, just about daylight, I would go and milk two or three cows, then I would feed the whole stock, forty head or so. After that I would go and clean out the horse stables and fill up the mangers with hay for the evening. The men would be away hauling cordwood to town or logs to the mill and not be home till near dark. After that I would go back and let all the stock out to water, pump water for them and scatter straw or other rough feed for them under the sheds for the day, then I would fill the mangers again for the night and clean out the gutters.

(Continued on Pg. #14)



(Continued from Pg. #13) **Early Memories** by: Reverend Robert Herbison

By then it was time to go to school. In summer time I was up at four, off over the pasture for the cows, all the men and boys, my father, brothers and I helped with the milking which had to be done early to get the milk away to the cheese factory. Other "chores" were light in summer, so after breakfast I was off to school with the younger children.

I never had any trouble getting on at school. The teachers I had seemed to be quite eager to push us on. The last teacher I had was a married man, a Mr. Hall, who had travelled some and whose education, while not so precise, was more comprehensive and far reaching. After I passed the entrance, I stayed on a year with him and learned a great deal in the way of general knowledge. Sometimes he would take a whole period talking about places or men, quite outside the curriculum. Incidentally his daughter (adopted) had a lovely complexion and golden hair (sometimes in a big braid, sometimes loose) hanging down her back. I suppose because she was the teacher's daughter, she had a little of a halo about her, at any rate, we boys were shy of taking any liberties with her. I know I worshipped her afar off, not very far, but far enough to make her the first Madonna of my dreams.

As t look back I cannot estimate too highly the place the school and the church had in the making of our life, and of my own particularly. The ideas which made and controlled the issues of life had three springs - home, school, church. Each had its own inspiration and there was practically nothing else. We had books, an increasing number, but I had not read enough before I left home to set me thinking in any direction. We had just two ministers while I was at home or in touch with home. The first was a pioneer, an Englishman by the way, organizing, aggressive, just the one to get a congregation together, to build a church and then to move on - which he did. On us boys he made no impression, he liked himself too well, he didn't know children, he would hand you the halter and expect you to unhitch the horse, stable it and feed it. We did. But we let the old white cat into the living room so it would rub up against his black trousers so he would, shoo! shoo! and brush away at the hairs she left behind. The other minister was a Scot, well educated, well read, quiet, retiring, but with a wealth of information and a sterling depth of character that made him a lasting influence. I owe him a great deal, more than I can measure. He had a fine library which he encouraged me to use. He wrote quite a little for old country magazines. As a prospective college student I came in touch with him frequently, right up to the time I was at the University - even later - he gave me an outlook on life that was broad, sane, cultured. The manse held a big family, four boys and four girls, all of whom liked to visit at the farm as we liked to visit there, so there was always a cordial welcome.

Looking back at the time spent on the farm I realize how uneventful it was. We had a boat on the lake and we boys found lots of time for swimming and fishing. Each of us had a gun by the time he was ten, and we spent many Saturdays hunting partridge, the chief game in our woods. There were eight of us - four boys and four girls - besides one who died when a year old, Will, Dave, Rob, Florence, Roland, Pleasance, Beatrice, Alice and Kenneth who lived only a year. We all had our work to do, a big dairy farm is a busy place. While we were younger, there were always one or two hired men. Our table seated, for years, from twelve to fourteen. While we were busy, father was no slave driver, we had a sense of freedom and plenty of time for play. In that simple life it was an event to go to town to look into the stores and fill up with sweet stuff, cookies and candy. I remember the whole family going to Dave Rice's Circus. That was a day! The animals in the menagerie, the clowns play acting and the trapeze work all were marvels to us.

Another great occasion was the annual visit of our cousins the Thompson boys who lived fifteen miles away. Ben, Jack, Will and Jim made good partners for our bunch. When they came, we hunted or fished, or both, all day and came home hungry as bears. Some time six months later we repaid their visit. When we were all together, with the girls, Flora, Alice and Annette to help, we certainly made an uproar in that old stone house. One spring, when Will, my older brother, was at High School, we captured a young eagle (while hunting eggs for a collection) and it fell to my lot to take care of him. I fed him fish all summer. When he was full grown he measured seven feet from tip to tip of wing. In the fall we sold him at the country fair. That was another great event in the farm boy's life. Everyone for twenty miles and more came to that. It was an exhibition of cattle, horses, pigs and all farm produce but it was more a day of visiting together than anything else. To us boys the travelling "Cheap Jack", who sold all kinds of trinkets for a quarter, was the great centre of amusement and attraction.

In the summer when the Weather was hot we boys used often to sleep in the hay mow. The wide open doors made it cooler there, I can feel as if it were yesterday the scent of the new mown hay. In the winter time there was fine skating on the lake round about Christmas. While the ice was clear of snow we could go for miles, on moonlit nights young men gathered from all the neighborhood. it was great to hear the ringing of the skates on the keen smooth ice.

(Continued on Pg. #15)



(Continued from Pg. #14) **Early Memories** by: Reverend Robert Herbison

The snow lay on the ground usually from the first of December to the end of March. It was a great help to men doing any logging or other work in the woods. To school boys it afforded endless sport with our sleighs.

Sugar making came along in late February and March. It was a blithe and happy time, gathering the sap from the buckets into the old puncheon, while the sun shone brightly through the trees. The big barrel or puncheon rested on a wood shod sleigh which was hauled to Camp when full. The fire burned constantly while the "run" of sap was on, and the supply was kept replenished from the puncheon as it boiled down. At that time we had just the single pan which we had to "syrup off" when it boiled down thick enough for home use. In the early years we made it nearly all into sugar, "sugaring off" in a big iron kettle slung on a pole over a blazing fire. When it was near sugar we dipped a ladle of the thick liquid out and spread it on the snow. There it hardened as it cooled into "Jackwax", the finest taffy in the world. Sometimes we gave the dog a ball of this and watched his antics trying to get it out of his teeth until it melted. In later years maple syrup was more valuable, so we seldom "sugared off".

While we boys did no scrapping to speak of, we were great for wrestling. With a couple of neighbor boys we spent hours and hours wrestling on the old barn floor. That, I suppose, was our gymnasium. It toughened our muscles anyway. That farm boy's life, simple yet sufficient, seems to me about the best possible foundation for the days to come. There were, no doubt, some evil influences but they were few and slight. Some school boys had dirty words and as dirty suggestions, but such were not common, an occasional hired man too boasted of savoury exploits, but on the whole the moral atmosphere was good, about the best one could find to grow up in.

There was some hard drinking among the pioneer farmers. Some of them could not keep clear of it whenever they went to town. Our next neighbor was one of these - a fine, generous man, a hard worker, and a good neighbor. He drank so much that his farm, which he had cleared with such hardship was swallowed up with debt. The mortgage was foreclosed and everything sold. It was a sorry day when we saw our old neighbor with his boys, our constant companions, load everything they had left into a lumber wagon and set off just at dusk one evening to start all over again in Parry Sound. To us it sounded as if they were going to the end of the world, and we wept as if we had parted from our own brothers.

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