

THE CABOOSE



NEWSLETTER OF THE CUMBERLAND TOWNSHIP HISTORICAL SOCIETY (CTHS)

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Editor's ramblings (by Jeannie Smith)

Happy New Year! Have you made your New Year's Resolutions? What will the New Year bring? We welcome 2006 with the hopes that there will be peace on earth and that we will share health, love and prosperity with family and friends. Most people aspire to gain a better future and thus, numerous Cumberland Township residents moved out west. They experienced hardships but these pioneers survived extremes of prairie life in the early 20th century. Families that remained, as well as newcomers, also worked hard and laid the foundation for a thriving community on the eastern edge of Ottawa.

What will you do this coming year to make your community a better place to live?

Our Society

The Cumberland Township Historical Society (CTHS) was founded in 1986. We are a non-profit, volunteer and community-based organization whose goal is to preserve Cumberland Township history.

Our newsletter

The Caboose is published six times each year by the Cumberland Township Historical Society.

Our Executive

- Randall Ash, President and newsletter production
- Martin Rocque, Vice-President
- Jeannie Smith, Secretary-Treasurer and Newsletter Editor
- Verna Cotton, Director
- Dan Brazeau, Director
- Jean-François Beaulieu, Director
- Dorothy-Jane Smith, Director

Our address and local history room

Cumberland Branch
Ottawa Public Library
Local History Room
1599 Tenth Line Road
Ottawa, ON K1E 3E8

Our World Wide Web address

www.cths.ca



WINTER

(by Mary McGonigle Purdy 1891-1982)

I heard a wind with howl and shriek strip all the trees along the creek.
It hurried aloft each clinging leaf and left a trail bereft and bleak.
Old winter seems so tough and bold His will enforced with vice-like hold.
Yet might that manner be a cloak to hide from view a heart of gold?
I found by chance below a hill some sheltered flowers blooming still.
What unseen fingers raked those leaves and tucked them round with loving skill?



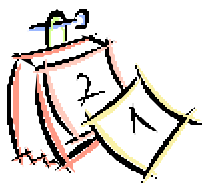
An afternoon drive in a two-horse open sleigh
Cecil Ferguson and his wife, Ada Forbes on the road between Rockland & Cumberland (circa 1910)
Photo by E. Paul, Rockland, Ontario

Next meeting of the CTHS

The next General Meeting will be held on Wednesday, January 4th at 7 pm in the boardroom of the Ottawa Regional Police Station on Old Montreal Road at 10th Line Road. Join us for a screening of the video titled "Logging on the Ottawa River" and share your memories of lumberman and shanty life. Be sure to bring a friend along. Light refreshments, as always, will be served.

Society calendar

For more information on these and other upcoming 2006 events, please contact a member of the executive committee or visit our website at www.cths.ca.



Jan 4th	CTHS General Meeting; Regional Police Boardroom, Tenth Line/Old Montreal Road; "Logging on the Ottawa River" ;7:00 pm
Jan 21 st	Genealogy Workshop; 1:00-3:00 pm CTHS History Room, Cumberland Library
March 1 st	CTHS General Meeting; Regional Police Boardroom, Tenth Line/Old Montreal Road; Antiques Road Show! 7:00 pm

Contact us

If you have questions or suggestions regarding any aspect of the Society including The Caboose, our local history room or anything else of interest to you or to the Society, you may contact any member of the executive by phone or by email:

- Randall Ash, President (833-3207) randall2620@rogers.com
- Martin Rocque, Vice-President ((819)776-3890) martin.rocque@sympatico.ca
- Jean-François Beaulieu, Director (841-0424) jeanfb@sympatico.ca
- Jeannie Smith, Secretary-Treasurer and Newsletter Editor (833-2877) gsmith2877@rogers.com
- Verna Cotton, Director (835-2490)
- Dan Brazeau, Director (834-8336) danbrazeau@rogers.com
- Dorothy-Jane Smith, Director (225-3554)

Genealogy Workshop for Beginners

If efforts to do research on your ancestors have left you frustrated, or if you simply don't know how to get started, this workshop is for you!



Beginning with very simple steps you can take in your own home, the instructor will then describe some important research centres in the Ottawa region. Most important, you will be shown how to take notes and properly organize the sometimes confusing information you will be gathering from several sources. Each participant will take home a kit that includes helpful models and basic information making it possible to continue alone.

The instructor, Robert Serré, was born in Ottawa, and has been interested in genealogy since 1972. Robert has published five family histories, and is now applying genealogical research to entire pioneer communities in the Ottawa area (for example Blackburn, Glen Ogilvie, Cyrville). The workshop will consist of two-one hour sessions, with a half-hour break in between. There will be ample opportunity to ask questions.

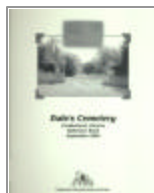
The workshop will take place, Saturday, January 21st, 2006 from 1:00-3:00 pm at the CTHS History Room in the Cumberland Library at the Ray Friel Centre on Tenth Line Road in Orleans. The registration fee is \$20.

Contact Jeannie Smith 833 2877 at gsmith2877@rogers.com for further information or to register.

CTHS Bookstore

Les sillons de ma vie

This autobiography chronicles Jean-Noël Dessaint's life as a farmer, a father and a leader in his community of Sarsfield, Ontario. It's an invaluable record of local history and Franco-Ontarian culture that can be enjoyed by local and regional residents of all ages as well as people outside our community who seek to learn more about our local history, our people and the French heritage of many of our residents. (French only; English soon). Price: \$25.*

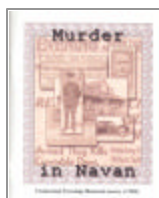


Dale's Cemetery Reference Book

Published in September 2005, this reference book contains a history of the cemetery, maps of the grounds, an index and tombstone inscriptions. Price: \$25.*

Bear Brook Cemetery Reference Book

Published in November 2005, this reference book contains a history of the cemetery, maps of the grounds, an index, photos, tombstone inscriptions and death notices. Price: \$35.*



Murder in Navan (booklet & CD)

"Murder in Navan" recounts the events surrounding the murder of OPP Constable Harold ('Hal') Dent by 'foreign thug' John Miki on Thursday, June 20th, 1940 at the Navan train station. Price: \$20.*

*Shipping extra. Contact any member of the executive or write cths@cyberus.ca for details.

The Melvin Family



by Verna Coburn
Cotton

Several years ago my plan was to find out as much as I could on the Melvin Family. My great grandmother was Mary Serson and my great grandfather was Patrick Melvin. The

more I asked about them and where they came from, the answer was "I really don't know anything!". I did some research but didn't find what I was looking for, such as the names of my great aunts and uncles and when they were born.

I finally put it all away until this summer when I had a telephone call from a cousin of mine in Toronto, Evelyn Cotton. Evelyn was asking about the Melvin Family and how she was related to them. She sent me information from the inter-net and this interested me again. I sent Evelyn what I knew of her family as her grandmother Annie Melvin and my grandmother Esther Melvin were sisters.

Evelyn mentioned a Cameron Tolton who lives in Toronto who informed me that Mary Serson was born in July 1805 in Byrr County, Tipperary, Ireland and Patrick Melvin was born in 1803, probably in County Mayo, Ireland where almost all of the Melvins were born. They were married October 23, 1837 in Notre Dame Catholic Church in Ottawa. Patrick and Mary had a farm in Osgoode Township about a concession south of Metcalfe on the main road. Patrick and Mary Melvin raised a family of eight

children. Margaret, Thomas, Sarah, John, Eliza, James, Esther and Annie. Patrick and Mary Melvin had converted to the Anglican Church but some of their children, according to the 1851 or 1861 census, remained Catholic. Some of their children died at an early age and others lived to a good old age. My

grandmother, Esther Melvin Coburn was married to William Henry Coburn and she died at age 91.

Eventually, widowed Esther moved into the home of her in-laws with her two children. In the 1881 census, Esther was living with Francis and Mary Coburn and her one year old daughter Manie (Mary), on the east ½ of the Lot 16 in the 5th Concession. By the 1891 census, Esther was listed as living in the south ½ of this lot with her daughter Mary, aged 11, her son William Henry Francis, aged 9, her mother Mary Serson and a Sarah Chamberlin who is listed as a school teacher and lodger. Esther's father-in-law, Francis Coburn, died March 3rd, 1902 at the age of 88 years, Reverend Thomas L. Aborn officiating at his funeral. Mary Murphy Coburn passed away on July 6th, 1904, aged 80 years. Both Francis and Mary are buried at Holy Trinity Cemetery, Bearbrook.

Of the two children of Esther and William Henry, Manie (Mary) became a school teacher and married Stephen Richmond on Dec. 26th 1912, at Holy Trinity. Stephen was the son of Daniel Richmond and Emily Fields of Thornbury Ontario. Manie and Stephen farmed in Leross, Saskatchewan and had five children. Leonard Stephen born Oct. 19, 1913; Gwendolyn Esther born Feb. 19th; 1915, Stanley Douglas, born Oct. 16, 1916; Harold Coburn born Feb. 27th, 1920 and Kenneth Lyle born April 16th, 1923. Stephen and Mary (Coburn) lived in a pretty harsh farming environment. Stephen came out from Owen Sound Ontario in 1902, worked on the prairies and in B.C. before returning to Saskatchewan where he helped build the railway as a gang foreman. He took

up a homestead in 1908 in Leross. Stephen helped build the grade for the laying of rail tracks for the CP line through Lipton, Saskatchewan. He worked also with horses and wheelers and scrapers for the building of the first roads in the Leross area. Stephen's son, Leonard, claims he never used a steam

engine on the farm. They were into gas engines. Most of the farm work was done with a team of horses.



The Coburn farm in Leonard, Ontario



Early Settlers

(Mary (McGonigle) Purdy 1891-1982)

They left good homes but found no bed of roses
On western plains-knew hardship -grief and pain
But steeled for combat, they endured the strain
Surmounting problems such a life imposes.
They had their dreams and constantly made plans
Not thinking fate once more would intervene
To thwart them, bringing troubles unforeseen
That often wrecked the labour of their hands.
Courageously they harnessed mighty forces,
Kept marching on in grim and dogged mood;
Took knocks with dignity and fortitude
And thus in triumph tapped the west's resources.
Courage, the quality that makes men great
Had flung a challenge in the teeth of Fate.

*Thanks to Mary Smith Wilke for providing her Great Aunt's
book 'Poems of the West'.*

McGONIGLE HOMESTEADING DAYS AT GARRICK - 1924

by Celia McGonigle.

Sick and tired of dried-out prairie, Mr. & Mrs. Roy Rogers and their two children and Jim and I with a five-month old baby, Floyd, left Tate, Saskatchewan in November, 1924 to find a homestead in northern Saskatchewan. We had shipped a car of household goods, one horse, a cow and a calf which was supposed to go through into Nipawin. Since the railroad had not as yet been completed in Nipawin and the river hadn't frozen, our car was unloaded at Ridgedale. Here we rented a two-roomed paper shack for the winter. Mrs. Rogers and I along with the children stayed here while the men went thirty miles north of the Saskatchewan River to look for land. Jim did the driving back and forth in 40 to 50 below weather for grub for the men and feed for the horses.

By January 1925, the men had built Frank Purdy's, Ernie Brington's and Rogers' shacks. Jim's land had logs put upon it for a house which had no floor or roof. He got it closed in with four small windows and



James (Jim) McGonigle and wife Celia in front of their log house in northern Saskatchewan (1925)

chinked in between the logs with moss which had been thawed in hot water. The water was then squeezed out by hand and drove in between the logs so to keep the house warm.

On February 18th, 1925, Jim drove back to Ridgedale to get the Rogers' Family, Floyd and I and brought us to our first real home. We left Ridgedale at 4 o'clock in the morning riding on top of a load of furniture in the back of the sleigh with babies on our knees. We arrived in Nipawin about 6 o'clock that evening-tired was no name for how we felt!

The men got two rooms in Segerson's Hotel which was only partly built. We had to hang our coats over the doors to cut off the view from our room from others. This didn't help Rogers as he walked in his night attire and asked him where he was going. He told Jim he was looking for a place to spit. Out of bed at dawn the next morning, we started for our homesteads. As eager as I was to get to our new home, the thought of crossing the river and getting down and up those terrible hills was more terrifying. It had us ladies in tears before we reached the top.

The horses had to make a run off the river in order to reach the first landing which now was all ice from the springs. The poor horses slipped and all the tugs became unhitched except one. We could look over the side of the sleigh-box only to see the river about sixty feet below. We thought for sure our sleigh would slide back down the river. One sleigh had gone down the day before, that of our homesteading neighbour Ray Lorett.

We reached the top safely, but were so nearly in tears by this time that it gave the men a great laugh. We certainly got a lot of teasing! We slipped along fine as it was a lovely day. We reached the stopping place, about twelve miles from our homestead, and

stayed there all night. We did very little sleeping that night. We hadn't been giving our little boy canned milk so consequently he was sick all night. Jim and I took turns walking the floor with our sick baby. By morning he was better so we started out on our last lap, which I thought

would never end. All we could see was trees with just a streak of blue sky over us. The trees were so close to the road that my mattress and trunk of dishes were wiped off the sleigh. We arrived about 4 o'clock-tired, hungry and cold. We quickly had a bit to eat, threw up a bed on either side of the stove and went right to bed.

The next morning, Rogers left us to go their new home and I had a good look at ours. There were trees even growing up on the inside wall where the floor wasn't close enough to the wall. I wondered all day if I'd like it here. Jim said if we didn't have our stock here, we might be going back-but I never really felt that way, as I like it after I rested up from our trip.

Our nearest store and post office was sixteen miles away.

Jim had to pack everything on his back as the horses were used by all the men. To carry all the goods was a big job-especially when our cow was dry and he had to carry milk for the baby. Our grub was not very much as our money was pretty well used up.

This one day Jim walked to the post office for mail and groceries. When he got there, our neighbour was there. Jim and he had some words previously and were not the best of friends at the time; however, they walked home together. Mr. Crane walked ahead with his pack and fell into a hole of water and Jim, who was walking behind, piles in on top of him with his pack! Jim came home and told me he got even with Crane and thought he would be a better friend from now on!

That spring Jim got a job slashing trees down at Ray Loret's and when he



Mary McGonigle Purdy (1891 – 1981), 2nd Mary of Julia (Sauve) and James McGonigle. Julia was pregnant when the first Mary and Eliza were murdered in Gamble's Bush just outside of Cumberland and she named this child Mary (circa 1950s)

received his cheque, he and Mack Logan started out for Nipawin to get flour and groceries. This left the baby and me with one loaf of bread, and the cow was milking which helped quite a little. The bachelor across the road only had a small amount also. The men expected to return the next day but they didn't get back until the third day as they got their horses down through a bridge in the muskeg. By this time our neighbour was getting worse off than we. He came over and wondered if I had a flour sieve. So I asked him if his flour needed sifting-of course, there were a lot of mice in the country! He brought the flour over and I sifted it several times-I had to throw more out of the sieve than went through. I had the milk so I made a couple of pans of



2nd Eliza (McGonigle (1892 – 1963) and Frank Deavy at their wedding. She, the daughter of James and Julia (Sauve) McGonigle and sister to Jim, William (1887 – 1945), Mary Purdy, Julia Smith and another sister Alice (McGonigle) Kidder.

good baking powder biscuits and went to bed satisfied. When I got up the next morning our good men arrived home safely. I was always worried about crossing the river and staying alone at nights. The coyotes used to howl right at my window. I always had my dog by my bed and the butcher knife in the door. Oh, what a dreadful feeling in the evening-all a person could hear was elks calling and partridges drumming (which I did not know they did.) I made myself believe it was a motor boat on a lake somewhere near.

Harvest-time was coming and Jim decided we'd go back to Tate, Saskatchewan for harvest. He drove the team and I went in the old car with Roy Rogers

and family. The poor old car had to have a drink about every ten miles. When we left home it was raining heavily, but we either had to go or stay and be hungry. Mrs. Rogers, her two children, myself and the baby were sitting on the bottom of the wagon box with a big round top trunk at our backs. By the time we were four miles from home, we were sitting in three inches of water. We pulled in to Mr. Macintosh's yard and he had us stay all night, the men went to Bill Gray's. We got on a good fire and hung up our wet clothes to dry, and got into a nice dry bed.

We had a fairly good fall and brought back a team of horses and some money. Feed for the horses was another headache. Jim built a hayrack about eighteen feet long and five feet wide so he could go through the trees on the narrow trails. He drove to Codette, thirty miles from home, to get sheaves, which was a three day trip.

Spring was coming fast and my big worry was fire. What would I do if fire swept in? Jim was away at work about a mile from home. When I mentioned this to him, he laughed at me as water was to our ankles all that spring.

In the evening when it was time for Jim to come home, I'd put Floyd on my back, and an old pair of shoes on my feet, and waded out to meet him. That spring, news started that there was a survey coming through for a railroad. We, of course, thought it was talk. We then got a store and post office (West Point), twelve miles from home which helped out quite a bit.

When we got sick of home and looking at each other, we would hook up the team and drive the nine miles to see Rogers to have a good visit. This was such a treat, except for the drive home. We would get hung up on a stump about twelve o'clock at night and Jim would have to unhitch the horses and hitch them on the back of the wagon so he could pull it off the stump.

We cleared land, fought mosquitoes, fleas, bulldog flies and the bed bugs were plentiful and friendly when they once got into the house. They made themselves right at home taking possession of the beds and eating when they pleased.

Clearing land was a slow process. Chopping down the trees with an axe, putting them in piles to be burnt and digging out the stumps was all part of the job. After the ground was ploughed there were still roots and sticks to be gathered and burnt. We finally got about ten acres cleared but this was a very small portion of the 360 acres.

In the spring of 1926 Jim said he was going to Mr. Knipe's to get his saw set. I asked him where they lived. In those days people were located by the number of their land, township and range, so when I was told, I wasn't much wiser. Jim said he was a married man with two boys. I got my boy ready and

went along to visit Mrs. Knipe. We had a grand and welcome afternoon. The boys were so happy to play together. As a result of that afternoon's visit, the Knipe and McGonigle families spent twenty-three Christmases together.

Then fall came. The stork was hovering over our log shack, our money was getting kind of scarce and things looked kind of grim. Jim decided to get a young lad, Bob Lockied, to stay with me while he went out near Nipawin for harvesting. He planned on being away three weeks but it was six weeks before he got back-the weather was so wet and so many small patches to move to. His harvest pay came to the big sum of \$35.00.

He arrived home at 4 p.m. on Saturday. Monday morning we decided I'd better be getting near to a doctor. We started out for Mrs. Knipe's place-they had then moved nearer to Nipawin-but it was still 18 miles from our home. I was to stay there until it was time to go into the hospital. It was a terrible trip as it



Julia (McGonigle) Smith (1896 – 1977), youngest child of Julia (Sauve) and James McGonigle, who survived to adulthood, wearing her brother Jim McGonigle's WW1 uniform (circa 1920s)

rained so much and the roads froze up so rough I walked for a ways, laid in the wagon box but did not dare stand up for fear I'd be thrown out. It took us eight hours.

The river started to freeze over the night before the stork arrived. We had a big wind storm and the river froze in peaks as high as twenty feet. Young Donald arrived on November 14th at the Knipe home. No one ever knew how thankful I was to have such a dear friend in such a short time.

1927 was a very nice year although it had its bad spells. The hunted were plentiful and some were very careless. One man shot his pal a short distance from our house. The man who had done the shooting came running to our house. He asked Jim if he could go into Nipawin for the Doctor and Police. Jim drove there and back in 55 degree weather. The body was taken out of the bush by dog sleigh, right past our door to another shack. I did not see them as I was so busy getting supper for the doctor and police and twelve other men. Dr. Scott said he had never been so hungry in his life.

By now the news of the railroad was very true-the surveyors had cut out the line which took the right way off the north side of our half section of land. This gave Jim quite a little work which really helped us.

Our only entertainment was every two weeks when Jim would take our team and pick up a violin player, Walter Revall and Art Ancell, the banjo player, along with the rest of the bachelors on our road. We would then go four miles to the W. Steves' home for a lovely evening of dancing. The women got the most of the dancing as there were six or eight women to eighteen or twenty men!

Our house was a welcome stopping place for many bachelors who lived further west since they also had to carry groceries and flour on their backs from the store. It was also a place for the hunters-some nights we had nine men or more sleeping on our floor.

Wild meat was our best diet; also the worst! Moose and elk were very plentiful-they would come right up in our yard. Some would have large horns and look like a hayrack coming up the road. Wild fruit was also



Julia (Sauve) McGonigle (1860 – 1943).
Wife of James McGonigle, matriarch of the James McGonigle clan, with
one of her grandchildren.

plentiful and I canned shares for the men. As many as four water pails of raspberries would be brought in some evenings about 6 o'clock and I'd pick them over before going to bed. By the time I would finish, it was nearly two o'clock. Some weeks I would bake up nearly 100 pounds of flour for the bachelors and ourselves.

In the spring of 1928 the country started to dry some as there was not much rain-but it still wasn't safe to sit on a seat in a wagon box, for when one right front wheel was going over a stump, the back left one was going down where a stump had been.

Our baby No. 3 arrived on July 7th, 1928-a fine fat girl named Mariam. The first marriage at our

homestead was two of our neighbours, Mrs. Tebbie (Foster) Ramage and Mr. Bill Jones. No one knew of the romance until one day Mr. Collins came to call on Pop Ramage. He came around the corner of the house and saw them cuddled in each others arms on the doorstep. Of course, he stepped back very quickly and coughed to warn them of his presence; however, by this time the dog had also seen him and warned them as well. Sparking places were not very convenient.

After Mr. Collins had finished his chat with Mr. Ramage, he came over to our place, as he frequently did. When he came in, he said to me, "You know, Mrs. McGonigle, as I was coming over here, I walked right up to a pair of love birds on Ramage's doorstep. Was I ever surprised-and I guess they had been too, by the look on their faces." Of course, Tebbie told me the next time I saw her.

A couple of Sundays after that, she and Bill drove down to Kirkwall school to church and asked Rev. May if he would marry them. Rev. May said he would marry them and would call on her shortly. Tebbie was living with her father and brother Jack. When the day came, she sent Jack out to the bush to get Bill as he was clearing land on his place about a half mile from

there. When they returned, Tebbie sent him to my place to get some wild meat for the wedding supper. The meat was partly thawed since I was going to make it for us, however, I took pity on them and gave it to Jack. Tebbie had made the cake while Jack was away.

I knew they would have to wait for the reception, so I asked Jack to ask Rev. May if he would come over and christen our two boys, which he did. The wedding was cleared up very satisfactorily with poor Jack as Best Man, Bride's Maid and Choir Boy! The following Saturday evening all the neighbours met at our place and we went to chivoree them, and had a wild time with Bill Wilmot carrying the torch.

Things began to look brighter for the next two years. Work on the grade for the railroad started and Jim got work for a while working with four horses. The wagon roads were cut out on the township line, some of the musky spots on the roads were corduroyed with logs and bush piles to make them passable from Nipawin to Prince Albert. All the side roads were cut out and made by the man who lived along them. In 1931 our first train came through to Prince Albert.

Our little town of Garrick was one and a half miles from our farm-for the first year it was a post office and a store. The town was called after a man who worked on the right way and his home was in Choiceland.

Our only church ceremony was a Bible class. All the neighbours would get together on Sundays and take turns having the class which Mr. Ramage, one of our neighbours, conducted. It wasn't long before people outside of the homestead country found out we were back in the bush, and a student minister was sent in and services were held in the homes.

The country really started to dry up and also open up when the wind was able to circulate a bit. Fires were always a worry as we had two terrible experiences, although there were many bad scares. One afternoon I was alone with the children in May a neighbour came in and told me there was a big fire

coming in from the west and this was on our place. He advised us to dig a trench around the hay stack as well as the barn. We started to dig, but it seemed foolish to me-how could we save anything with trees twenty feet high on fire. Jim was two miles from home ploughing with the four horses. Another neighbour, Burt Wright, drove in the yard and I asked him if he'd go and tell Jim to come home and bring the plow. When Jim got home he could see no danger. He changed his mind about ten o'clock that night; it started to look bad. He got out the four horses and put them on the plow and I ran ahead of them with a lantern to light the way. By now, the fire was a quarter of a mile away and did not show any light on the ground. Oh, what an experience! The horses were excited and anxious to go, but nothing was more excited than I since I was sure the horses would run over me! Luck was with us as the wind changed but we did not dare go to bed that night.

That same fall another fire came in on us. Jim was out at Nipawin burying an old friend who had made his home with us for two years. Again our reliable neighbour came to our aid as well as Mrs. Knipe who was with me. The three of us fought fire from around the house, hay stack and barn for four hours along with looking after the four small children. There were many times that summer that we cleared the stock out of the barn and put them where we thought they would be out of danger.

The children were now of school age. Our nearest school, Kirkwell, was five miles away but the roads to it were impassable. In 1933 our first school was taught in Mr. George Lynn's house. Several other places were used before we got a permanent school. In 1935 the neighbours got out logs and built a log school house. To settle more worries, Jim made a toboggan with a little canvas house on it so the three children and Rae Chartier could drive to school.

The depression came. We thought that we had a depression the first years after we came, but the one that started in the thirties was much worse. Since there was no work, there also was no money for grub.

We were put on relief by the government and the five of us lived on eight dollars a month for three months. After a short period the government decided to put roads into the towns from the township line as it was called then-now it is the Prince Albert - Nipawin Highway 55. This gave the men quite a little work but

McGonigle	Family	Births	Deaths	Residence
James	McGonigle	1854	1912	Cumberland
Julia	Sauve	1860	1943	Cumberland
Their Children				Cumberland
Eliza		1876	Oct 9, 1890	Cumberland
Mary		1879	Oct. 9, 1890	Cumberland
Annie		1881	June 12, 1887	Cumberland
Sam		1883	June 21, 1887	Cumberland
Sarah		1884	June 21, 1887	Cumberland
Emily		1886	June 22, 1887	Cumberland
William		1887	Sept. 1945	Cumberland
James		1888	1962	Saskatchewan
Mary	Purdy	1891	June 19, 1981	British Columbia
Eliza	Deavy	1892	1963	Cumberland
Alice	Kidder	1895		Ottawa
Julia	Smith	1896	1977	Cumberland

this was relief money also. Jim was a foreman on some of the roads and away from home most of the time. The depression hit not only the homesteading people, as many left the prairies and came north to homestead. They drove in by team with their household goods on the wagon and their families and stock following behind. Some of the children were on horseback driving the cattle. They came from as far south as Moose Jaw.

In 1938, Jim got logs out to make into lumber. He managed to get enough lumber to build a six-roomed house. From then on, life began to look as if it was worth living! The children were out of school and helped clear the land as well as help work the land which was already cleared. The balance of the bush was cleared off with cats and bulldozers which went quite a bit faster than with an axe.

In 1945, Floyd decided to get married and, of course, it wasn't long before Mariam had the same notion. They both moved to Saskatoon with their better halves and got work. Don stayed at home and ran the farm. It took him a couple of years before he took the marriage notion.

In 1949 Jim and I decided to leave the farm. He bought the log school house he helped build at Garrick and we lived there very happily until July, 1962, when dear Jim passed away. It was up to me then to look for a smaller house. In March, 1963, I moved to the Senior Citizen's Home in Nipawin and I hope to spend the rest of my days there.



La Famille Foubert

La Famille Foubert, impliquée dans le commerce des fourrures, forme-t-elle une petite bourgeoisie Canadienne - Française au 19e siècle



3) Amable Foubert ouvre un poste de traite dans le Canton de Cumberland en 1807: Abijah Dunning père un Irlandais loyaliste originaire du Massachusetts, venant de Montréal avec sa femme et ses quatre enfants adultes mariés (Zalmon, Abijah, Ithamar, et William) s'établit dans le canton de Cumberland, après avoir obtenu 3000 acres de terre en 1801. En 1807, il vend une terre de 200 acres le lot 14, de la 1ere concession, à Amable Foubert qui y ouvre un poste de traite de fourrure. En 1808, il marie Mathilda Dunning (1791-1831), fille de Zalman

Dunning, un fermier de Cumberland. Amable Foubert cultivait sa terre, vendait ses légumes aux voyageurs et faisait du troc. En 1821, Zalman Dunning ouvre un magasin à Buckingham ou il opère un commerce du bois et de fourrure. Amable Foubert fut le premier canadien - français à s'établir dans Cumberland. Sa femme, Mathilde a plusieurs frères, dont William marchand à Buckingham et George G. Dunning qui ouvre un magasin général et un bureau de poste à Cumberland en 1844. Jusqu'aux années 1840 le village de Cumberland s'appelait Foubertville. Amable Foubert subdivise sa terre et vend dix lots à des pionniers. En 1850, George G. Dunning devient le premier préfet du Canton de Cumberland et la première réunion du Conseil municipal se tient dans la maison d'Amable Foubert. Jusqu'en août 1855, le prêtre curé habite chez Amable Foubert qui donne un lot de quatre acres dans le village de Cumberland afin d'y faire construire une chapelle, un presbytère, ainsi qu'un cimetière. La paroisse Saint - Antoine de Padoue de Cumberland est née.

4) Gabriel Foubert fils résident de Rigaud de 1809 à 1819. Un survol du registre paroissial révèle que Sainte Madeleine de Rigaud est une communauté agricole, importante composée surtout de fermiers, de journaliers, domestiques, tonneliers, charpentiers, de miliciens et de voyageurs. La rareté des terres provoquée par la crise agricole fait qu'éventuellement beaucoup d'hommes deviennent journaliers ou voyageurs. Plusieurs membres de la famille Foubert habitent à Rigaud, entre autre Gabriel fils et sa tante Catherine mariée à Louis Portelance voyageur. Rigaud est le dernier village ayant une mission avant le Long Sault.

a) Mariage de Gabriel Foubert fils: Le registre , du père Labroquerie, de la paroisse de Sainte-Madeleine de Rigaud mentionne que Gabriel Foubert fils, journalier épouse le 10 juillet 1809 Marie - Jeanne de Chantal Séguin fille de Joseph Séguin et Joseph Rochbrune, agriculteurs de la paroisse. Le registre paroissial de Rigaud mentionne Gabriel Foubert, père du marié, comme marchand traiteur en haut du Long Sault à un endroit appelé La Barrière. Le registre liste quatorze personnes présentes dont Joseph Morin un ami de la famille. M. Morin , de St Sulpice, est mentionné dans deux contrats de voyageur avec la Compagnie Alexander Mackenzie en 1804 et 1806 chez le notaire Jonathan Gray à Montréal pour aller au poste de traite Michillimakinac.

Le registre paroissial de Rigaud mentionne que Geneviève Foubert (sour de Gabriel fils) marie Joseph Séguin, fermier de la paroisse le 16 septembre 1809, fils de Joseph-Pierre et de Joseph Rochbrune, agriculteurs pionniers de Rigaud. Gabriel Foubert père y est mentionné comme marchand traiteur.

Pacquet et Wallot mentionnent "...and a French - Canadian « petite bourgeoisie » (members of the liberal professions, merchants in the smaller cities and villages, successful artisans, richer habitants) that had little or no access to international trade and to government patronage, but that had developed an acute national consciousness and that intended to use the Assembly as a tool of social and national assertion."

Pacquet et Wallot disent "The merchants seemed to have benefited the most, as well as the habitants, while the members of the liberal profession lived with some luxury, and the artisans fared less well."

b) Baptêmes de cinq de six enfants à Rigaud entre 1811 et 1819: Gabriel Foubert fils vit à Rigaud avec sa famille pendant dix ans. Cinq de ses six enfants y sont nés et baptisés selon le registre paroissial.

Le registre mentionne Chantal, née le 21 janvier 1811 et baptisée le 22 janvier 1811. Son père Gabriel est journalier. Gabriel né le 5 janvier 1813, est baptisé le même jour. Son père Gabriel est encore journalier. Paul né le 12 mars 1815, est baptisé le même jour. Son père est encore journalier.

André Émélite né le 16 juillet 1817, est baptisé le même jour. Son père, voyageur, est absent. Marie Sophie née le 25 juin 1819, baptisée le 26 Juin 1819. Son père, voyageur, est absent.

c) Les contrats de Gabriel Foubert fils de 1813, et de 1817 à 1821. Gabriel Foubert fils, journalier, obtient un contrat de voyageur daté du 1er mai 1813 avec La Compagnie de fourrure McTavish et McGillivray signé à Montréal devant le notaire J. G. Beek. Selon le contrat il habite la paroisse de Rivière- à -La Graisse (Seigneurie de Rigaud) et il doit se rendre au poste de Fort William, quartier général de la Compagnie du Nord Ouest, situé sur le lac Érié. Le voyage doit durer trois mois. Sa position dans le canot est au gouvernail, position considérée importante.

Peter C Newman décrit les différentes positions dans le canot: « The universe that counted among voyageurs was self-contained within their canoes. Seniority, muscle and a sixth sense about river navigation determined rank and pay. At the bottom of the scale were the milieux who squatted, two abreast, on the middle thwarts and paddled all day according to orders from the avant (bowsman) and the gouvernail (steersman). These veterans could read the sky and understand the river's moods; they knew how to spot the fil d' eau - safest entry point for shooting rapids..."

Les livres de comptes d'Alexander Mackenzie et Compagnie (Compagnie du Nord Ouest) des 30

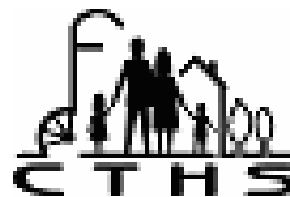
novembre 1817, 1818 et 1819 mentionnent Gabriel Foubert dans la section balance diverse. Son nom est aussi mentionné dans les Grands Livres C des mois de novembre 1819, 1820 et 1821 de la même compagnie. Selon un livre de comptes la balance fut réglée.

d) Deux contrats de son beau-père, Pierre Séguin dit De La Deroute : Selon le registre paroissial de Rigaud, Joseph Marie Pierre Séguin est fermier à Rigaud. Le nom de Pierre Séguin apparaît dans plusieurs contrats. Selon un contrat du 3 juin 1816 signé chez le notaire J. G. Beek à Montréal, la compagnie du Nord Ouest engage Pierre Séguin comme voyageur. Il doit se rendre au Témiskamingue. Son poste est celui du milieu du canot. Pierre Séguin signe un autre contrat le 3 mars 1818 chez le notaire Henry Griffin, avec McTavish et McGillivray Co., pour aller au Témiskamingue. Le nom de Pierre Séguin (peut-être son fils né à Rigaud en 1803) est mentionné en 1824 dans le livre de comptes de la Compagnie de la Baie d'Hudson pour le district du Lac des Deux Montagnes.

e) Contrats de beau-frère Joseph Séguin dit La Déroute: Selon le registre paroissial de Rigaud, Joseph Seguin est fermier à Rigaud. Il signe un contrat le 12 octobre 1812 chez le notaire J. G. Beek avec la compagnie McTavish et McGillivray Co. s'engageant à faire un voyage au Fort William. Sa position est de gouvernail dans le canot. Joseph Séguin travaille aussi dans le district du lac des Deux Montagnes pour la Compagnie de la Baie Hudson dont il se retire en 1827.

f) Contrat de son beau-frère François-Xavier Larocque: Selon le registre paroissial de Sainte-Madeleine de Rigaud, Véronique Foubert, sœur de Gabriel Foubert fils, épouse François-Xavier Larocque, fermier, le 16 octobre 1815 à Rigaud, fils de feu Joseph Larocque, voyageur, décédé le 13 octobre 1813, et de Marie Josephte Sauvé. Joseph Larocque et un François Larocque sont aussi mentionnés dans différents contrats. François-Xavier Larocque serait le jeune frère de Joseph Rocquebrune épouse de Joseph Pierre Séguin. (beaux-parents de Gabriel Foubert fils)

Note: this concludes Jean-François' research and documentation of the Foubert family.



THE YEAR 1905

The year is 1905. One hundred years ago. What a difference a century makes!

Here are some of the Canadian statistics for the year 1905:

- ❖ The average life expectancy in Canada was 47 years.
- ❖ Only 14 percent of the homes in Canada had a bathtub.
- ❖ Only 8 percent of the homes had a telephone.
- ❖ A three-minute call from Montreal to Toronto cost eleven dollars.
- ❖ There were only 8,000 cars in the U.S. and CANADA, and only 144 miles of paved roads.
- ❖ The maximum speed limit in most cities was 10 mph.
- ❖ The tallest structure in the world was the Eiffel Tower!
- ❖ The average wage in Canada was 22 cents per hour.
- ❖ The average CDN worker made between \$200 and \$400 per year
- ❖ A competent accountant could expect to earn \$2000 per year, a dentist \$2,500 per year, a veterinarian between \$1,500 and \$4,000 per year, and a mechanical engineer about \$5,000 per year.
- ❖ More than 95 percent of all births in Canada took place at home.
- ❖ Ninety percent of all Canadian doctors had no college education. Instead, they attended so-called medical schools, many of which were condemned in the press and by the government as "substandard."
- ❖ Sugar cost four cents a pound.
- ❖ Eggs were fourteen cents a dozen.
- ❖ Coffee was fifteen cents a pound.
- ❖ Most women only washed their hair once a month, and used borax or egg yolks for shampoo (but not yogurt).
- ❖ Canada passed a law that prohibited poor people from entering into their country for any reason.
- ❖ Five leading causes of death in 1905 were:
 - Pneumonia and influenza
 - Tuberculosis
 - Diarrhea
 - Heart disease
 - Stroke
- ❖ The population of Las Vegas, Nevada, was only 30.
- ❖ Crossword puzzles, canned beer, and ice tea hadn't been invented yet.
- ❖ There was no Mother's Day or Father's Day.
- ❖ Two out of every 10 Canadian adults couldn't read or write.
- ❖ Only 6 percent of all Canadians had graduated from high school.
- ❖ Marijuana, heroin, and morphine were all available over the counter at the local corner drugstores. Back then pharmacist said, "Heroin clears the complexion, gives buoyancy to the mind, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is, in fact, a perfect guardian of health."
- ❖ Eighteen percent of households in Canada had at least one full-time servant or domestic help.

Try to imagine what it may be like in another 100 years.



NOT NOW? I'M COLD

I t's winter time and bitter cold.
 There was a time that white expanse
 Gave me a thrill: not now, I'm old
 And grumble as the years advance.
 I've thrilled to see the frosted pane
 When etched by Jack Frost's nimble hand,
 Not now -he plies his art in vain-
 Response from me he can't command.
 The spruce out there are gleaming white
 (attractive too in artists' eyes)
 All glistening in noon-day's light
 While snow clouds race in winter skies.
 The cattle shiver by the trough
 As men draw water from the well.
 The nippy air makes old Nell cough.
 She too is feeling winter's spell.
 Sometime, perhaps, I'll be cajoled
 And say, it's nice-not now, I'm cold.



Mary McGonigle Purdy
(1891 - 1982)

