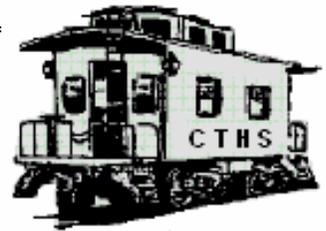


# THE CABOOSE



NEWSLETTER OF THE CUMBERLAND TOWNSHIP HISTORICAL SOCIETY (CTHS)

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May 2008

## President's ramblings (by Randall Ash)

Spring is here! Finally! Sort of... The sun's warmer. The days are milder. Grass is poking out through the snow. Buds are on the branches. All sure signs of spring, right? So what's with the five-foot snow banks in my backyard? At last count we're just shy (10cm) of the record of 445cm or so of snow for the season. But I digress. May is the month of the Society's annual general meeting, elections, and guest speakers. This year we welcome guest speakers Gilles Sequin, Manager, Heritage Development for the City of Ottawa, and Verna Kinsella, a long-time member of the Society. We'll also take some time to review the past year – our accomplishments, the health of the Society, and more. Now I don't want to sound like a broken record but we (all of 'us') need new Directors on our Board. My term as President is at an end, and there are other positions that need filling. I acknowledge that the Society isn't the only game in town, but we have and will continue to have a healthy and vibrant Society only with your help and active participation. Thanks, and have a great summer!

### **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
- Jeannie Smith, Secretary-Treasurer and Newsletter Editor
- Verna Cotton, Director
- Dan Brazeau, Director
- Jean-François Beaulieu, Director
- Dorothy-Jane Smith, Director
- Bob Kendall, 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](http://www.cths.ca)



Lorne Bradley in front of his store  
December 30, 1983  
The Citizen

### **Next meeting of the CTHS**

The next meeting of the CTHS will be held on Wednesday, May 7<sup>th</sup>, 7:00 pm at the Ottawa Regional Police Station on St. Joseph Blvd & Tenth Line Road. This is our Annual General Meeting. Our guest speakers include Gilles Sequin from the City of Ottawa, and Verna Kinsella. Verna will present "Trains in Vars." Be sure to bring a friend along. Light refreshments, as always, will be served.

## Society calendar

For more information on these and other upcoming 2008/09 events, please contact a member of the executive committee or visit our website at [www.cths.ca](http://www.cths.ca).



May 31 <sup>st</sup> and June 1 <sup>st</sup>	Saturday May 31, Sunday June 1; Heritage Power and Country Festival; Cumberland Heritage Village Museum
June 8 <sup>th</sup>	Sunday, June 8 <sup>th</sup> , 2:30 pm; Annual Memorial Services; Dales Cemetery, Cumberland, St. Mary's Anglican Cemetery, Navan
June 22 <sup>nd</sup>	Sunday, June 22 <sup>nd</sup> ; 2:00 pm; Annual Memorial Services; Wilson Cemetery, Navan Trinity Cemetery, Bearbrook

Check for events at the Cumberland Museum: [www.Ottawa.ca/residents/heritage/museums/Cumberland](http://www.Ottawa.ca/residents/heritage/museums/Cumberland)

### CTHS Executive Members Needed

Got some free time and an interest in preserving Cumberland Township history? Join the CTHS Executive...Secretary and Treasurer needed...Elections at AGM May 7<sup>th</sup>.



## 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](mailto:randall2620@rogers.com)
- Jean-François Beaulieu, Director (841-0424) [jeanfb@sympatico.ca](mailto:jeanfb@sympatico.ca)
- Jeannie Smith, Secretary-Treasurer and Newsletter Editor (833-2877) [gsmith2877@rogers.com](mailto:gsmith2877@rogers.com)
- Verna Cotton, Director (835-2490)
- Dan Brazeau, Director (834-8336) [danbrazeau@rogers.com](mailto:danbrazeau@rogers.com)
- Dorothy-Jane Smith, Director (225-3554)
- Bob Kendall, (613-830-0015) [bobkendall@sympatico.ca](mailto:bobkendall@sympatico.ca)

*Membership Renewal Now Due!  
March 2008-March 2009  
Mail a cheque made out to CTHS for \$15.00 and send to:  
Dorothy-Jane Smith  
17 East Adams Street, Ottawa, ON  
K2G 0H8*

## We've got mail!

*My name is Claire Wales and my grandfather was Keith MacEachern born in Cumberland Township in 1921. I am really excited about visiting Bus Kennedy who was my Grand dad's best friend and meeting cousins, Roberta Cotton in Navan, daughter of Aunt Florence MacEachern (married Harry Hill), and Jennifer in Havelock who is Uncle Don Newton's (Grand dad's youngest brother) grand daughter.*



*Claire Wales, Stirling, Scotland*





**HERITAGE POWER AND COUNTRY FESTIVAL**  
In collaboration with the Cumberland Lions Club

**Saturday, May 31 and Sunday, June 1, 2008**





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Model train demonstrations & rides  
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**Where the past is present.  
Right here. Right now.**

## CUMBERLAND McNEELYS AND MORINS

by Gerard Boyer  
son of Therese McNeely

My name is Gérard Boyer. My godparents and grandparents, Thomas McNeely and Sadie (nee Morin) lived on a marginal farm on Lot 8, Concession 1 (Old Survey) in Cumberland Township. Sometimes they would give their home address as Beckett's Creek and other times as Cumberland, Ontario. I was very close to them. I was often either picked up by my grandparents or taken there by mom or dad to spend weekends. I always felt like the farmhouse was a second home for me.

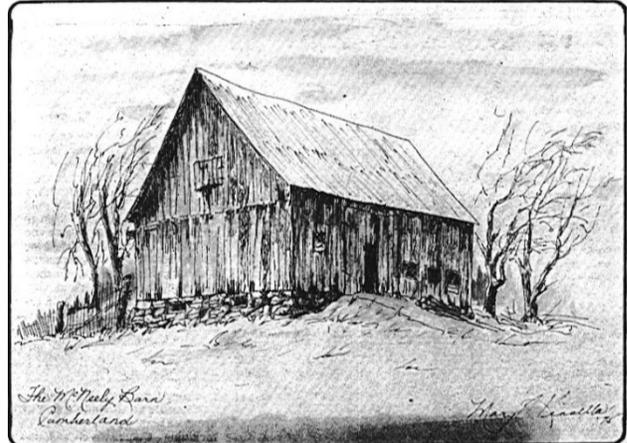
I remember when the farmhouse had no flush toilet or bath. There was water at the sink downstairs in the kitchen. There was an outhouse a distance back of the house and chamber pots were used in the winter. I stepped into one once. The water always smelled like rotten eggs. We later learned that it contained a healthy sulphur mineral content. Grandpa had a few cows, some chickens and a big vegetable garden out front of the house all the way to the old highway (#17). Uncle Tom and I walked across the field to get milk from Sharkey's next door. We brought a jug and they ladled fresh milk through a strainer into the jug. The next day one could see the layer of cream sitting above the milk and I was taught to shake the jug before pouring any milk out. The milk always tasted bad in the spring when the cows were into fresh clover.

Three of my uncles were still living at home for some of that period of time. I barely remember my Uncle Phil McNeely being there. I would see him once in a while when he came back from McGill University in Montreal. He was very smart. Uncle George terrorized me as a young child. He liked to tease and he picked on his brother Tom and me just to get us going. He loved cattle and he was tough. He and my great Uncle Phil Morin's adopted son, Sam Dunfield, were close. Both could be wild.

Uncle Tom McNeely was like an older brother to me. I loved being in his company. He taught me how to play football. He let me play with his model airplanes. We went on hikes down to the Ottawa River or back to an old log cabin between the two creek beds dividing the south fields. Grandpa and Grandma said the rosary every night. Tom and I wouldn't take it very seriously. We giggled and grimaced at each other during the whole process.

Before my family actually moved in with my grandparents in 1962, this is how I remember the

THE COURIER, Wednesday, April 30, 1975.



**The McNeely Barn, Cumberland**  
**The Courier April 30, 1975**  
**painted by Mary Kinsella, 1975**

world around my grandparents' farm. They owned 100 acres from the shores of the Ottawa River back to the second concession. The property was really split into three areas. There were two fields south of Old Montreal Road. The barn, the house, the shed and the garden were located north of the road. Behind the house, the land dropped down to a generally wet middle field which was bordered by the Trans-Canada. Highway 17 had been built on top of an old railway bed that had cut through the property.

There was one more field north of Highway 17, then there was a mixed bush lot between that field and the river. Grandpa drew his firewood from here. He burned wood in a furnace in the basement of the house. He supplemented the wood with shovelfuls of coal for the night fires. Grandpa and his sons cut the firewood with a large circular saw linked to the PTO of a tractor by a long twisted belt. Large branches and small logs were lifted onto a moveable table which was pushed toward the saw. Back and forth, throw firewood off, back and forth, throw more off,... it was a loud, steady, monotonous job. The firewood was then thrown through a back window into the basement. The basement also included a potato bin (filled up every fall) and preserves tucked all over the place along beams and on rickety shelves.

The Sharkeys, Jack and Eva, and their son Wilfred and wife Gladys (nee Edwards) operated a dairy farm next door (the eastern half of Lot 8, Concession 1, Old Survey). They were quiet, sober, hard-working and competent farmers. The families were not close, but always respectful and friendly.

My uncle Francis McNeely and his wife Connie (nee Martin) built a new red-brick bungalow on the other side of Old Montreal Road. Frank often helped Grandpa with machinery breakdowns. Frank worked



**Fred Ferguson, Lloyd Dunning, Tom McNeely Sr., Jack Sharkey 1938 working on Lawrence Barnett's house.**

for the National Research Council in Ottawa and then made some money in the evenings and on weekends repairing televisions. There were electronic parts all over the place in his basement. Their children Stewart, Tammy and Pam were born during this period. When we moved to the farm, we became closer to them all and also incorporated Don, Francis and Timmy into our social network.

To the east, there were Lacroix, Lalondes, Boucher's general store by Beckett's Creek, Roy's abattoir behind the general store and great uncle Treffly Morin's farm on the hill above the store. Treffly was my grandmother's uncle. I was also aware of the one-room Catholic school where my mom and all of her brothers and her sister Marion attended. Grandpa was one of the trustees. My brother and sisters (except for Claire) also went to that school when we moved to Cumberland. I had already graduated from grade 8 at Ste. Trinité in Rockland, so I never shared this experience.

To the west, the Evans', below the hill, had a house on a lot and we were not to play with them on Sundays. They were Baptist. One farm over was my

great uncle Phil Morin's (grandma's youngest brother). That had been my grandma's homestead. Great Uncle Phil often came over to talk or to visit with grandma and grandpa. There were times when he drank too much and my grandpa would get disgusted with him and send him home. Uncle Phil Morin was married to Aunt Muriel Armstrong Dunfield, whose children were Sam and Sally. I knew that they were not his biological children. Muriel and her children eventually left Uncle Phil.

The farm between my great uncle Phil's and my grandparents' was vacant. Its dilapidated farmhouse eventually disappeared. That farm was referred to as Orton's, MacRae's or Stackhouse's. Moving closer to Cumberland, there was Minion's just across the highway from Dale's cemetery. The last farm house before coming in to Cumberland was Angus Wilson's. It was an imposing and impressive stone building and I always held it and its occupants in awe.

Then one came in to Cumberland Village. The public school was on the left. Watson's Garage was at the corner of the 5th line and Old Montreal Rd. I remember a little restaurant along the 5th line about one house away from Watson's. It was called the Sugar Bowl. The arena was already gone, but the rink was still there, and the front part of the old arena still hung on. Vic Dunning was its caretaker. Bernie Lafrance lived right next to the rink, and was an extremely smooth skater. Dunnings ran one of the general stores and Mrs. Dunning was the postmistress. She always knew what was going on in town.

Grandma's sister Muriel McWhirter, her husband Jack and their family lived in Ferguson's stonehouse for a short time, just across the street from Watson's garage. My grandparents told me that grandpa's dad (Francis McNeely) had run a hotel in Cumberland, across the 5th line from Watson's garage. I still have a round table from that hotel which I salvaged from grandpa's shed. They also related a story that Louis Riel stopped in there the night of the day where he signed the attendance book in Parliament, at a time when he was to be arrested on sight.

Moving along the main street, there was Cumberland Township Clerk, R.J. Kennedy's office and home with his wife Eva Farmer. Their son "Bus" Kennedy was then the practising medical doctor. He had been a Spitfire pilot in WWII, and had been an Ace. He never talked about it.

The Maple Hall centered the village. It was just an empty building in the 1950s, but in the later 60s, the Lions bought it and turned it into what it is today. My mother fondly remembered dancing there as a young woman. Across the road to the north stood the United Church which had a large congregation. I knew that the Sharkeys went to church there. I came from a very traditional and self-righteous Roman Catholic tradition. As a youth I would always be wary of non-Roman Catholic churches. There were three other churches on the south side of the road, two of which were no longer in use. My future father-in-law, Frank Ling, bought the former Baptist church and had it torn down. The Anglican Church is still functioning. Every Sunday we went to the little Catholic Church in Cumberland between the Trans-Canada highway and the Ottawa River. It was such a different place of worship than the huge Roman Catholic church in Rockland, where I had been baptized and where I worshiped with my family at a time when I served mass.

The church in Cumberland seemed small and plain. Father Morin was the parish priest. I came to love this church and congregation because of my grandparents' devotion to it. At that time, the mass was conducted in Latin, and I remember being fascinated by its anglophone articulation. I had only heard Latin spoken by francophones.

After church, we would always stop in at great Uncle Jimmy's. He was another of my grandmother's uncles (James Morin and Aunt Nellie). He had a tiny snack and gas bar across Cameron Street from Lancaster's store.

My mother (Therese Boyer nee McNeely) and all of her six children came to live with my grandparents on the farm in 1962. My father, Conrad Boyer, had a drinking problem. Mom gathered her children and, with the assistance of her brothers and father, moved us onto the farm. I lived there until I moved in to my first apartment in Ottawa as a sales representative working for Bell Canada.

These were hard years for my mother. She had always been a proud and independent person, and had not always been receptive to her mother's opinions and directives. This was definitely a humbling experience for her. It was also a brave thing to do at a time when Catholic wives were to submit to their husbands, no matter what the problems were at home. She went looking for work to support us, and she found a job with the Civil



### *Golden Wedding Anniversary*

Mr. and Mrs. Treffly Morin will be celebrating their 50th Wedding Anniversary on November 2nd., 1974. A reception will be held at Cumberland's Lions Hall for their relatives, neighbours and friends from 8 p.m. until 12 midnight. Best Wishes Only.

Service, Taxation branch, in the temporary buildings on Sussex where the American Embassy now stands. Grampa still worked at Rockcliffe airport five days a week.

In September 1962, I was sent to boarding school at "Le petit séminaire d'Ottawa", a francophone classical seminary where one began the training to become a priest. As the oldest male in a Catholic family with Irish/French roots, I had grown up believing that I was to become a priest. I don't ever remember it being a choice nor do I remember it being forced upon me. It's just what everyone expected and I accepted it. So for four years of my life, September to June, I lived in a seminary, a whole different way of life. The only time I spent with my family at home was in July and August, and also Christmas and Easter. I found my first summer on the farm very long and boring. My Uncle Tom was working full time for his brother, Phil McNeely (now a civil engineer), in Ottawa, so I no longer had his presence around the way it used to be. My brothers and sisters had their own social patterns established

among themselves and with our cousins across the road (Frank McNeely's children). They all attended the one-room school house in Beckett's Creek. Then some of them shifted to the newly opened St. Antoine de Padoue school in Cumberland. I was somewhat of an oddball. I had left my friends in Rockland behind. I didn't have any contact with new seminary friends over the summer and I really wasn't part of the Cumberland crowd.

That first summer I ended up working in my great Uncle Phil Morin's raspberry fields, pruning plants and picking the market crop. It gave me something to do. I made some money, but I didn't like the work or my great Uncle Phil. I don't think he liked me either. By the second summer on the farm, I was hired by my Uncle Phil McNeely to work with his brother Tom at the engineering lab in Ottawa (P.A. McNeely & Associates). I had full-time summer work and I was back alongside my favourite uncle.

I gradually integrated myself into the teenage / young adult social grouping in Cumberland, where I met and later married Patricia (Tish) Ling. My so-called social group included Phil Moss and his sister Judy, Charlie Smith, Bruce Hunt, Christine Morrow (later to become Christine Coburn, then Christine Lanthier), the Hills (Bruce and Roberta), Maureen Edwards, ... Other names that were part of that generation included the Tierneys, the Nuttalls, Gerry Webb and Bill Coburn from Bearbrook, Bob Gervais (who married my sister Christine), my sister Anne-Marie and brother Frank, the Robertson brothers, Varney (Jean Guy Lavergne), the Lackner sisters, Michelle and Christine, the von Toble brothers (Eric and Les, who later drowned in Beckett's Creek), the LeGuerriers, the Lagimonieres, the Hardys, the Ling brothers. Tish Ling and I established a youth club to provide social activities on week-ends. We ran several dances at Maple Hall, which we could rent from Hector McMillan for \$1.00. We would walk about a mile west of Cumberland to his house, just past Quigley Hill Road, get the key, open up the hall and return the key the next day.

I left Cumberland in 1971, never to return to live. My mother eventually married Charlie Fouchard in 1972 and they lived in grandpa's house for a few more years. My mother's brothers built a new house for grandma and grandpa a few years earlier. My grandmother passed away first. Then grandpa died, Mom and Charlie left Cumberland for good and Tom McNeely, my grandpa's youngest son, established himself in the homestead and continues to live there.

During our family life there, the McNeely homestead was the visiting place for grandma's brothers and sisters: Uncle Phil Morin; George Morin and Aunt Dot, their daughter Cheryl; John Morin and Aunt Flo and son Ken. John, a carpenter from

Ottawa, bought a lot from his brother Phil and built a bungalow along the old highway.

Aunt Lenore married to Laurie Glover. Aunt Gert, married Archie McCrae. Aunt Muriel married to Jack McWhirter (children Cameron, Pat, Bonnie, Brenda and Margaret). Aunt Cairine (Toots) married John Butler. Aunt Eve married Sparkie Fleming. Aunt Marg married Doug Raymond. The other relative that we loved and appreciated was Aunt Mae Morin (nee McNeely), my grandfather's sister. She had an infectious loud laugh. She had married my grandma's uncle, Richard Morin. We often saw Marilyn, her daughter. We rarely saw my grandfather's older brother Gordon, who had established his family in Toronto.

**Look for the McNeely-Cameron connections by Gerry Boyer in the July Caboose.**

## History of J.T. Bradley's Store, Navan

*Erma Hill and her nephew Lorne Bradley were recorded at a Navan WI meeting hosted by Verna Cotton on November 9, 1988 (transcriber Ruth Parsons; editor, Jeannie Smith).*



**Morris Bradley in front of the old store**

Erma Bradley Hill begins: "Dad, John Thomas Bradley, was born at Blackburn on January 11, 1869. After his school days, at age 17, he was employed in a grocery store in Ottawa. Mother, Florence Smyth, was born in South March at the Klondike Inn. My parents were married May 24th 1894 and they moved to Navan September 5, 1897 with two young children; Beatrice 1895-1968 (February 23, 1921 married Gordon Hall and moved to Saskatchewan) and Cecil 1897-1972 (served overseas in WW1 and retired from Civil Service in 1964, married Irene Wilson December 23, 1920).



**Morris Bradley teaching his Grandson Donnie how to run a store! (1961)**

J. T and his wife opened up a store on October 19, 1898 on the location of Herb Deavy's and lived in a small house down the road, across from the school. At meal times, they took turns minding the store. The couple needed a larger home as more children were born so they had a store combined with a larger house built across the street from their original location (where the present J.T. Bradley's is now situated). Their third child, Mildred 1900-1976 taught school in Cumberland until her marriage to Norman Reid in September 1923. Morris, born October 1st, 1903, worked in the Royal Bank in Ottawa, then worked in the family business. On September 14, 1927, Morris married Elda McGee, from Tweed, Ontario who was a high school teacher in Navan

from 1924 to 1927.

Erma recalled, "She used to keep me in after school. I think it was because I looked so much like Morris. One time I remember Vera Rivington and I were talking as usual and Elda said we had to stay in for fifteen minutes. When the time was up, we got up and walked to the door but Elda called out, "Where are you ladies going?" I said that our fifteen minutes were up, "Well," she said, "Come back, I didn't tell you to go yet." Vera and I were so mad we didn't talk for a few days!"

Borden 1906-1951 (married Lola Carscadden) worked in the store after finishing school and the store became known as J.T. Bradley and Sons. When J.T. died in 1932, Morris and Borden took over the store and milk transportation business (begun in 1924). On August 28th 1948, fire destroyed the store. Business carried on as usual in a nearby garage (now

the location of Chilly Chiles). The newly

rebuilt and larger establishment, with two apartments overhead, opened January 29th, 1949. Morris died on August 24th, 1975 leaving a thriving country store business to be carried on by his sons Lorne and Ross. Lorne added School Bus Transportation (2 buses) to the family business in 1965.

Erma laughed, "I will always remember my brother Morris, who had such a sense of humour, telling the story of the Sunday night when I was born (December 10th, 1911). Of how all the kids were sent off to the evening church service in St. Mary's Anglican Church because a baby was to be born and when they got home, there I was! Of course, they all had to run upstairs to see and Morris always said that all he could see was a big baby who

weighed 10 pounds with long black hair and a big nose, which I still have."

Erma went to commercial college in Cornwall and stayed with her sister Mildred and her husband in 1930/31, then in June 1939 married Archie Hill. Her training in the family store provided experience for her working days in Murphy Gambles Department Store on Sparks Street in Ottawa. In 1951, Irma and Archie Hill bought a general store in Hazeldean. After her husband's and son's deaths, Erma and her daughter Nancy returned to Ottawa. Erma worked in the government (Statistics Canada) until 1972.

Lorne Bradley remembered the store before it burned having counters on both sides that went right up to the tin ceiling. The counters contained big drawers filled with white and brown sugar, flour, rice, along with a number of bins with 'bulk food' and spices. "We had glass covered showcases, one at either end of the counter, and this is where Grampa or Dad kept gum and chocolate bars. We had barrels of molasses and I can remember distinctly helping to take these off the truck when I was a young lad. They went into the basement and people would bring in their own jug for vinegar. George Bradley, (Morris's first cousin from Blackburn), would bring in an eight gallon can milk pail for molasses which was standard fare for breakfast, potatoes, bacon and eggs, it didn't matter. Right at the front door there was a gum machine that took big pennies and that was one of the things that should have been saved from the fire. Oddly enough, last year, (1987) when we were digging the hole to get rid of the frost heave at the side of the store Reggie MacNeill saw this thing down in the ground and it was an old penny, 1908, one of the big pennies that went into this gum machine. It was Dentyne gum that it spit out. In the back of the store we had the coal oil pump and the smell of coal oil was there all the time. There was leaf tobacco, kept in the basement to keep it moist. I remember my Grandfather smoking his pipe and he ground up his own tobacco. Once some candy, given to me by Grandpa Bradley, got stuck in my mouth. Dad and Mom tore off up to Dr. Irwin's who returned and shook the hell out of me. It didn't hurt. He shoved his finger down my throat and there was the candy!"

Lorne continued, "The store and the house were one right behind the other and Grandmother would sit at the kitchen table and see the front door of the store and when the door opened, the bell rang and she was up and off into the store. Grandmother Bradley loved to play 500 and if anybody had time to play cards she'd get you in on the dining room table. She was a hard task master too. She believed in things being done properly. You didn't horse around when she was in the store. She wasn't a little lady, she weighed 266 pounds, but she was very light on her feet and she could move. Grandmother had a

dressmaker from Sarsfield, Miss D' Aoust who lived in a house beside St. Hugues' Church. I remember going there with Dad and Borden and whoever would drive her down to have her clothes made and then I can remember going back to the same lady to have her clothes made smaller.

Grampa had a truck that they used to deliver coal and small deliveries. One of the pictures we have is of Borden and Dad shoveling coal over at Mrs. Newton's, (where Elda McGee Bradley boarded when she was a highschool teacher), black as the Ace of Spades these guys were and, I don't know, one of them or both of them trying to make an impression on her. I can remember shoveling coal too. We'd go down to the Train Station and shovel the coal off the freight cars onto a truck. There used to be weigh scales just to the west of the store, right in front of the diesel tank. You'd weigh the coal then deliver two or three ton. A lot of houses had room for five hundred pounds and we were expected to put a ton or two in. You'd be on your belly down there, pushing this stuff back. It didn't always put you in the greatest humour. Albert Huneault from Tenth Line, Albert Robinson from NDC and Delmer Forgie who farmed the north part of Basil Staal's farm helped shovel coal. In 1924 milk was taken to the train station and shipped to Montreal. Some of the farmers in the area got hold of Grampa and thought maybe if he had this truck he should be thinking about hauling the milk into the city. In 1924, seven days a week, snow plowing wasn't too much at that time, the roads were no screaming...you know whatever, so it was hard, tough work. We had to, well, you plowed most of the roads, you used chains almost all the winter. Two days of the year the trucks didn't go...Christmas and New Year's. It was a great thing for farmers to offer the guy who was picking up the milk (at those festive times) some home-made brew. We never really had anybody that was able to drink and drive, so there were a couple of locals that used to go with Dad, Borden or me, supposedly to help pick up the milk, but in effect, they were going along just to take care of the liquid refreshments, so's the driver could drive! That's as true as I'm sitting here.

On numerous occasions, roads would be blocked in the winter, milk would be taken down to the station and loaded on the express. Sometimes CPR people didn't know that there was going to be milk loaded and roads would be blocked with farmers bringing two or three hundred cans of milk. There wasn't always room in the express cars and I can remember wheeling it down the aisle of the passenger cars."

The truck became a bus or taxi as there weren't many people who had cars. Folk would call a few days ahead to see if anybody was going to town on a certain day. They would be dropped off near the old Union Station across from the Chateau. No one

complained about sitting in the back as long as the ride was free. "Dad and Borden often delivered pregnant ladies to the hospital. Mrs. Lagemaat was driven a couple of times. Borden drove Mrs. Jessie Burns to hospital when Bob was born."

The truck was used for moving people from house to house. "A lot of new Canadians arrived here in the late 40s, early 50s. All their worldly belongings would come into the station in a big container and we'd go down there and open up this container, take the stuff out and put it in the truck, take it to their homes. That ended when bulk hauling of milk started in 1958. We had a different truck with newly trained drivers.

We used to sell seeds to market gardeners up the Navan Road and that's when you really got a chance to practice speaking French."

The store was open from 7:00 am to 11:00 pm. People would come every Saturday night with thirty or forty dozen eggs to be graded (candled) and trade these for groceries. The family worked in shifts, taking time off for meals, returned to replace someone else.

August 28th, 1948, one of the driest summers on record, the outside of the old store had been newly painted. Lorne tells, "We were putting in a new kitchen floor over at Mother's and Percy Smith, who was working for us, and I were having our supper. We had taken out all of the old floor and put it in a barrel behind the store and set a match to it. That's the way you burned your garbage! The fire got out of the barrel, into the long grass and it just went up zip! into the buildings behind, being recently painted, they went up like wild fire, about 6:30 pm. The milk trucks had been unloaded and we were heading into Ottawa to move Denis Huneault to his food concession at the Ottawa Exhibition. There wasn't any fire fighting equipment in Navan so the fire moved pretty quickly. The old telephone system was a great way of getting news passed around in a hurry. You got on the phone with this long ring and told everyone there was a fire so the party lines worked overtime. That night we were able to take about 90% of the groceries off the shelves and into the truck. All the doors and furniture were moved into the white house across the street. We were shut down for about a week and the following Monday, Norman Rivington and a crew built shelves in the garage beside Mother's house and stocked the shelves with the store goods that we had saved." The store safe was rolled "head over heels" out of the burning building and saved.

Lorne had just finished school and planned to study business administration, but had to help rebuild the store. The basement was dug out by horse and scoop. Frank Kenny did most of that with his team and all the residue was dumped in a hole in the back of Garret Rivington's bush, the same place from

whence came the stone in 1896, to build St. Mary's Church. Being a fair weathered fall for building, Norman Johnston and Lorne Bradley shingled the west-side roof on December 3, 1948 in shirt-sleeves.

"It just so happened that year that I had Grey Cup tickets. The Calgary gang came to Toronto riding their horses into the Royal York Hotel. I had answered an ad in the paper and I got two tickets for Bill McFadden and me, but I didn't get to go. Then about the third week of January, 1949, on one of the worst nights of the winter, we had a grand opening party with a dance in the store. It snowed, there was freezing rain and the whole bit. We thought we should cancel but we had music hired and Morrison Lamonth had given us a bunch of cakes. We had sandwiches made so there was no turning back. We had the party and the place was packed."

As soon as a Bradley family member was able to operate a cash register, Morris had them stand on a stool, behave mannerly, and demanded that they work harder than non-family workers. Morris's rules were: Don't put your backside on the counter. Don't chew gum. Balance the books every night. Don't allow people to linger-"If you've got nothing to do, don't do it here."

"Dad had a good sense of humour. If somebody was sitting around with not too much to do, he'd send them across the road, especially new employees, up to Elsie Clarke's to see if she had any 'white lamp black.' Once he sent Monica Irvine across to Herb Deavy's when Basil Johnston ran the store, to get a left-handed monkey wrench!

Joy, Lorna, Wendy and Kathleen, daughters of Lorne and Joyce as well as their cousins, children of Ross and Gwen- Carol, Heather, Don and John contributed to the family business by working many shifts.

Marilyn Bradley, youngest child of Morris and Elda, married Jim Sullivan in 1956 and moved to Russell.

The corner store was invaluable to early settlers, very different from the grocery business of today. "The problem right now in a small business in the country with supermarkets being so close is that choices and volume are so immense, that I think you'll find that the original country store business is an era that's almost gone." Those words spoken by Lorne in 1988 were certainly prophetic! Lorne died in 1991. J. T. Bradley and Sons is still a family business in 2008 operated by Johnny Bradley, great-grandson of John Thomas Bradley.



When store founder's great-grandson threw a party, the community came.  
**Desmond Brown reports**

Navan

**W**hen John Thomas Bradley opened his general store on Colonial Road in Navan at the turn of the century selling flour, sugar, molasses and kerosene in bulk, he probably didn't imagine it would become a place where customers could grab a cappuccino or rent a video.

Then again, it's hard to know whether he ever envisioned that the store or his family would still be a huge part of this community 100 years later.

The landmark in the small town just east of Ottawa celebrated its 100th anniversary two weeks ago with a 1950s-style street party.

Actually, it was October 1898 when J.T. Sr. opened the store, but because of possible inclement weather, great-grandson John Thomas Bradley, who now operates the store, thought that a summer party would be more attractive.

And it was. More than 1,500 people, including the local members of provincial and federal parliaments, showed up from across the county to indulge in pony and



**Original store burned to the ground in August 1948 when a rubbish fire got out of hand. A week later, the family was back in business.**

wagon rides, step dancing, swing to country and western music or climb on a fire engine.

Speaking of fire engines, the biggest challenge to the Bradley's century-old estab-

lishment came in 1948. A fire started when rubbish being burned behind the store got out of hand.

See **CENTURY** on page D2

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J.T. Bradley & Sons Ltd.  
 1898 - 1998

