

THE CABOOSE

Newsletter of the Cumberland Township Historical Society (CTHS)



Winter 2022

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President's message

Well here we are into 2022 with a brighter looking forecast with respect to Covid and Omicron. We believe that we will host an Annual General Meeting in May again, the way we used to. However we have not as yet cast our plans in stone.

You will find this issue somewhat different, because it features one long article about one family; we wish to thank the authors because we didn't have to write anything. And thanks to Ivan Tanner, one of our directors, for

working with that family to produce most of this issue.

You will also see announcements of three new historical books available to you from three different sources. Jeannie Smith's book about her great grandfather James Ferguson was published by our historical society. Your president (me) published a book about one of the pioneer Morin families of Cumberland Township: its clientele is mainly Morin family descendants, but there are a few copies left over if

any one wishes to purchase a copy. And Laurie Watson and Eileen Vaillancourt have just published a book on Navan WWI vets. Check the information in this issue. Our historical society is placing a copy of each book in the History Reading room of the Cumberland branch of the Ottawa Public Library.

Gérard Boyer

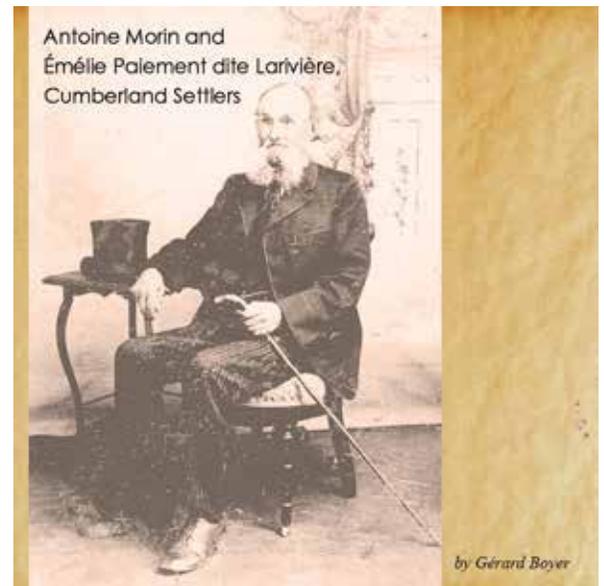


JOY LOCKYER

We regret the passing of Joy Lockyer on Wednesday, September 1, 2021. She was predeceased by her husband, Robert Tock, her parents, Harriett and Arthur Lockyer and her brother, Donald. She is survived by her siblings, Joan, Bill (Janet), Lowell (Joanne), twin brother, Jim, and their families. Joy also leaves behind Robert's sons, Tim (Erin) and Chris (Rebecca) Tock and their children. She was a member of the Cumberland Township Historical Society.

Joy was a distant cousin of one of our directors, Ivan Tanner. Her grandmother was Mary Lowe from Bearbrook. Her grandfather was Tom Smith from Navan. Her uncles were the five Smith brothers who all served in the Second War. She had been living in the Avalon area of Orléans for the past number of years.

Submitted by Ivan Tanner



Antoine Morin and Émélie Paiement dite Larivière, Cumberland Settlers has just been published. It details the first two generations of this family in the Cumberland area (1850's to 1947). 97 pages long, it includes full family charts of all of Antoine Morin's children, and all of Philippe Morin's children. A copy has been purchased by the Cumberland Township Historical Society and is available for loan from the reading room of the Cumberland branch of the Ottawa Public Library in Orléans. There are still a few copies left for purchase at \$30.00.

Contact gcboyer@hotmail.com if interested.

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 four times each year by the Cumberland Township Historical Society.

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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



Pieces of our Mosaic

Nov. 6, 2021

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Karin Neely

BUTENSCHÖN FAMILY SETTLE IN CUMBERLAND TOWNSHIP

Immigration from Germany to Canada had been virtually stopped after the First World War up until 1950, when the Canadian government decided to take Germans off the list of enemy aliens or “unpreferred immigrants”. This re-admission of German nationals opened the flood gates to a quarter of a million German newcomers by 1960 (from the Canadian Encyclopedia). Our family is one of that group.



Passport photos of 1952

Julius Butenschön, with his wife Anni (nee Wiemann) and their 4 daughters, soon to be 5, settled in the hamlet of Leonard in central Cumberland Township in 1953. Julius, born on April 8, 1912, was the son of Klaus Butenschön, our Opa, a tailor by trade, and Anna (nee Ahmling), our Oma, of Neumünster, in the region of Schleswig-Holstein. Neumünster is a city between Hamburg and Kiel, not far from Denmark.

The stories collected, preserved and related by the Cumberland Township Historical Society have been, for the most part centered on our French, Irish, Scottish and British forebears. Since the turn of the last century people from a wider number of backgrounds have made their way to our shores. They have been drawn by the same things that drew the earliest settlers; hope, peace, opportunity. After the First World War and even more so after the Second World War; more of these “new” settlers arrived and from more varied places of origin. As with the earlier settlers they had challenges which they overcame and they became an integral part of the incredible mosaic that is Canada. The whole is definitely stronger than the sum of the parts.

The CTHS featured Margaret Mathew’s story earlier this year and we plan to share as many as we can collect. We hope you enjoy these stories as much as we’ve enjoyed collecting them and as much as the families have enjoyed putting them together. Their trials and tribulations, challenges and achievements are both moving and inspirational.

If you have a story or know of a family that might please share it with us.

Submitted by Ivan Tanner

He was the brother of Helene, Ernst, Anna, Hans, Lisa and Grete. His wife Anni, born on Dec 24, 1913, was the daughter of Emilie Wiemann, (nee Blohm), and Heinrich Wiemann, a weaver. She had two brothers who lived in Denmark, Walter and Hugo. Anni's father fled with his brother to Denmark at the beginning of WW1, sending for his two boys after he was settled, and then started a second family there. The Wiemann brothers were businessmen in the textile trade. Omi now needed to support herself and raise her daughter, our mother. She found a job in the weaving room of a large textile manufacturer. She grieved the loss of her boys for years. Fortunately, she could rely on her mother and her aunts for assistance. But even more fortunate, her sons sought her out when they became adults, and resumed a relationship with their mother and their sister. However, they remained Danes.

Elke

Erika

Antje

Karin



In 1951, our father came to believe leaving Germany would lead to a better life for all of us. We lived at the edge of a small town, Einfeld, just east of Neumünster in the northern part of Germany in the region known as Schleswig-Holstein where he had built a small home after the end of the war. We tended a large garden including a substantial vegetable plot, cherry trees, a peach tree, white, red and black currant bushes, and raised a few geese and chickens for meat and eggs. All four of us walked to school - sun, rain or snow, often wearing only wooden sandals with sturdy leather



Karin, cousin Harmke, Antje & Erika
circa 1950 - a folk festival parade.

straps. Food and clothing were scarce in the 40's, but Mom had learned to sew expertly from her father-in-law, and he often had lightly worn coats that could be reworked to make warm outer garments for us.

Dad tried opening a business with a partner and friend, selling small electrical appliances and components while also working as a repairman for electrical installations in the nearby towns and farming community. It was not profitable, and most importantly not challenging enough for his active mind.

Dad's first proposal was to go to Venezuela!! His Master Electrician training made him well qualified for the work that a booming economy required. In the summer of 1951, we travelled to Munich, an amazing trip in itself, to undergo medical tests and begin the application process, but we were refused ...medical concerns were cited.

One of Dad's sisters Grete had come to Ottawa the year before with her husband, Max Mense, and their boys Hans and Edgar. She wrote about the availability of good jobs, and Canada's recent willingness to allow German citizens to come. (Edgar lived in Orleans for years, and was a bricklayer by trade. Hans moved to New York and found work there.) Concurrently, another sister Lisa, her husband Hero Elsmann and their daughter Harmke, explored the possibility of emigrating to Australia, which they eventually did. So the following year, 1952, we applied to come to Canada. Another round of tests, another view of the Glockenspiel in Munich, some additional paperwork and soon the application was approved, on the condition that Dad was able to find work and provide for his family. His sister in Ottawa would vouch for him.

Dad boarded a steamship, the MS Italia, in late November of 1952, arriving in Halifax on December 8, 1952, travelled to Ottawa by train and was promptly hired by Universal Electric whose owners Gerry Ducharme and Maurice Laduceur were looking

Back row: Mom, Omi, Mom's brother Walter, Dad, Bruno, Walter's son, Onkel Willie, Tante Ellie

Front row: Karin and Antje wearing crocheted dresses, cousin Harmke, Erika, Elke



for employees capable of large industrial installations. Their business was located on Nelson Street, just south of Rideau Street. He notified our mother to sell the house, pack essential belongings and bring the family. So our feather/down duvets, a few pots and pans, and some clothing were packed into a trunk and the house was sold.

Mom was expecting her 5th child in late spring, (not something we were told), and obtained passage on a ship that was in the process of being sold. When her scheduled departure date was changed to something way too close to her due date, she asked to be reassigned to another ship. She ended up making arrangements with the Cleopatra of the Hamburg-Chicago line, a freighter, that was to leave Hamburg on February 17, Erika's 13th birthday. Elke was 16.



The Cleopatra at the dock in St. Pierre, March 1953

And so the adventure began, because for me, it was an adventure, admittedly bittersweet. I was very close to our maternal grandmother, our Omi, who declared that she would not ever be able to make the trip across the vast ocean, and feared losing us forever. She accompanied us on the train to Hamburg and I still see her white handkerchief fading into the distance as she waved it from the dock.

We boarded the Cleopatra, which had three rooms for paying passengers. Two young men shared one, our mother, Antje and I a second, our two older sisters Elke and Erika a third, and there were quarters for the captain and officers. Other than a forbidden area at the rear of the ship which housed the crew, we had the run of the ship, spent much time on the bridge and the foredecks, and ate our meals with the captain and his officers in a lovely wood panelled dining room.

Our first hiccup was getting stranded on a sand bar in the Elbe because our captain did not wait for the tide to come in. When free, we sailed to Bremen, took on more cargo, including a Mercedes car which was lowered into the hold destined for Canada, and got completely shrouded in by dense fog. After several hours of listening to fog horns all around, a tug led us back out to open water. We were awakened when we were in the English Channel so that we could see the lights of both England and France, and soon we were on the Atlantic Ocean. The captain allowed us to check the radar screen, and showed us the symbols for other ships, icebergs, and upcoming land. In late February my twin and I celebrated our 9th birthday on the bridge, the second officer brought out his accordion, and we all sang beloved folk songs. One of the men had a huge Swiss chocolate bar which he produced as our gift. It remains one of my most memorable birthdays to this day. Erika and I were fortunate to be well, but Elke, Antje and Mom were seasick most of the voyage. Often the fierce winds and high seas kept us confined to our cabins, me in the upper bunk.

Elke's memories: "On our voyage across the ocean we were driven back by strong winds and rains on some days and ran into icebergs when approaching Canada. Ship engines were turned off and water temperature was measured constantly to make sure we were not too close to the icebergs which are much larger under water than out of water. I believe this was a very anxious time for the crew. I remember Mom saying that the ship's captain, an old seaman with many years experience in sailing, never had as difficult a voyage as this and that the Cleopatra was a new ship only on her second voyage. Also the ship was tossed around like a bouncing ball. Stairs to go from deck to deck were level or straight up. Our cargo was cement and machinery. Cement, I believe was for St.Pierre, and machinery for Canada. When the ice melted in the St.Lawrence's shipping lanes, she sailed as far as Chicago."

We had left Hamburg on February 17 and arrived in St. John's NL on March 4.

Officials stamped our papers "Landed Immigrant", an act which totally escaped my notice and significance, but the fresh bread brought on board did not. German bread was generally robust, dense, mostly of rye flour, but this was very white and cake-

like. We enjoyed it immensely, but as a treat, not so much as bread. Cargo was unloaded and more taken on. The ship then continued to St. Pierre, where more cargo was unloaded. We were allowed to disembark and play with a friendly Newfoundland



dog and took a few pictures, such as this one of Elke and I trying to find our land legs at the dock, St. Pierre.

When we left for Halifax, we experienced another major storm which delayed our trip even more. Antje and I, not tall enough to have our feet firmly planted on the dining room floor, would slide away from the table as the ship pitched and rolled with the high seas, only to slide back toward the table moments later, much to the entertainment of the adults in the room. We arrived in Halifax on March 10, twenty-two days after departing Hamburg, and although we were supposed to continue on to St. John, NB, our mother had had enough of sea travel and insisted on disembarking and taking the train to Ottawa. Our captain was only too happy to help with the arrangements because by then, Mom's pregnancy was obvious and becoming a concern, especially since she was not keeping any food down.

Our arrival at the Union Station, sometime in late evening, with none of us able to speak English, must have been a sight to behold. Mom was expecting the birth of her fifth child in less than two months, she had her 4 blonde and bewildered daughters in tow, with nowhere to go until morning. An interpreter was found so that she could explain her situation to the station staff. It was decided that we could remain in the ladies washroom area which had benches on which we could sleep. Sometime during the night I rolled off mine and landed on the hard floor.

At the crack of dawn, Erika and Mom, with address of Dad's workplace in hand to show the streetcar operators, and my twin, because she would not leave Mom's side, went to find our father. He had rented a room above the movie theatre on Rideau St., and every morning before work, would walk to the station to see if perchance we had



Elke with the Kelly's baby, born about the same time as Ingrid.

arrived. They met on the steps of the Union Station. A joyful reunion it was. We took a taxi to the River Road near Osgoode to Reggie Kelly's farmhouse. Our trunks would not arrive for a month, but we made do with minimal belongings brought in suitcases. The summer kitchen and a room above it would be our home for the next five months.

Ingrid was born at the Grace Hospital later that spring, and Mom needed to recover from her surgery, her second C-Section. (Her first had been in 1944 to bring two 8 lb girls safely into the world!!) It was a quiet and peaceful spot. We started to attend the one room Catholic

School nearby, a strange experience

not only because we didn't understand English, but our families were Lutheran and the prayers and routines were all very unfamiliar. The teacher, a Miss McCormack, was exceptionally kind and patient.

A co-worker of Dad's learned of a house in Leonard that was available for purchase, and this new location, due to our parents' hard work, became home. The neighbours welcomed us, helping us as best they could. Tom Lacroix was a Council Member of the Township and in that capacity he brought us furniture including a bed, dresser and a large leather chesterfield. We were able to carry water from the train station or from the outdoor pump at Landry's on the other side of the tracks as the small



Our first house in Leonard

dug well behind the house was mostly dry.

The garden was a disaster at first. A shortage of water and hard clay soil that was difficult to till meant back-breaking work for very little produce. My mother longed for her garden with soil that was easy to work, and a climate that was milder with frequent rainfall. However the apple trees had an abundant crop that year.

At the time, Leonard still had a functioning CPR station which Mom occasionally used to travel to downtown Ottawa to shop, a worker's bus that Dad could walk to at the corner of what is now

Dunning Rd. and Colonial Rd, and caught to get to and from work. Rathwell's General Store in Leonard carried everything, and was a meeting place for the locals as it also had the Post Office for the area.

There was a one room school, SS#8 Leonard, that Antje and I could walk to just south of the village, and a bus which took Elke, who was now 17, and Erika, 13, to Navan to attend grade 8. The Baptist church minister, Mr. Thyne, lost no time in inviting us to participate in the church activities in Leonard and Antje and I soon attended Sunday School and Church Services. Dad brought a newspaper home every week, so that we could gather around the table and try to make sense of some of the articles, and we worked diligently at our homework assignments. Dictionaries from English to German, and the reverse, helped get us through.



Ingrid with Stephen, Elke's son in the store.

The following year, Elke and Erika both enrolled in the High School of Commerce, Elke for one year to learn English well enough gain employment. Antje and I continued at Leonard. By this time, Dad had bought a small car, a Vanguard, and we began to

explore our surrounding Townships. We loved to go to Mooney's Bay to swim, travelled into the Gatineau Hills to picnic and hike, and visited locations such as Lachute, Algonquin Park, Toronto and even Niagara Falls.

I remember vividly our first trip to the Ottawa Exhibition. Trade shows in Germany were a huge thing, and Dad liked to go to see the newest innovations. Going home in the evening, we were walking south across the Bank St. bridge when all of a sudden there were loud explosions very nearby. My mother grabbed Antje and I in terror, as she recalled very similar sounds the many times she had to run for cover during the latter part of the war and her reaction was instinctive and swift. Her terror quickly turned to tears of relief and joy when she realized it was fireworks lighting up the sky in celebration of the Ex. I don't recall specific incidents of the war itself, but I got a glimpse that night of what it was like for mothers living in an active war zone. As

children, our parents had protected us as much as possible from the realities and horrors of the war.

One thing we missed from our former home was access to a beach. Einfeld was situated on the edge of the Einfeldler See so we could easily walk to swim. Elke and



Above: Sunday morning, a well-deserved break from work and study.

Dad rarely took the time to play his ukulele. He and Antje both had lovely singing voices.

Right: A family hike cut short because of a sprained ankle.



especially Erika had become strong swimmers, Antje and I were learning, so our only options were the shallow waters of the Bearbrook, (there was a swimming hole at Dunnings), Plantagenet, on the Nation where it empties into the Ottawa, Mooney's Bay on the Rideau, and Lac Phillipe in the Gatineau. Most of these required a car to get to. With summers now hotter than what we were used to, it was tough to be content with a washtub in the backyard in which to cool off. Sunday afternoon drives often resulted in a beach destination of some kind.

Our father worked very hard to improve our standard of living, accepting projects in Northern Ontario, Frobisher Bay (Iqaluit), Goose Bay, Halifax, and Jamaica. The hours were long but the pay was good, enabling him to purchase the Gifford farm (Lot 15, Conc 4) in 1958, and pursue his dream of independent living.



The Gifford House, Moorlidge, bought in 1958

He spent much of his later years exploring ways to harness both solar and wind energy. He loved his 100 acres, and the freedom it gave him to pursue his hobbies. He bought a small lot on PEI and built a cottage on the north shore, a location that reminded him of our origins, and we enjoyed our visits there. Then later on in life, he built a bungalow on the farm for his retirement years. I believe he felt his goal of a better life and opportunity for his children was achieved.

In time, we all assimilated into Canadian culture and adopted Canadian customs. By our 16th birthday, we were square dancing or jiving in the large farm kitchen, skating at the Navan arena, trying to emulate the long, smooth, graceful strides of skaters such as Stan and Hilda Edwards. We had joined 4-H clubs and church young people's groups, Junior Farmers (Erika) and eventually all married into Canadian families.



Above: A 16th Birthday celebration
Dean and Karin dancing. Two of the
Coburn boys, Ivan Moffatt, and Sam Neely
in the background.

Our mother was welcomed into the Leonard WI, contributing to Navan Fair entries with her exquisite needlework, and sewing and knitting projects. Our families learned to enjoy rye bread, braised red cabbage, and pfortchen with cherry sauce, retaining a bit of our former culture. My grandkids, at my request, even call me Omi.

Elke married Charles Rathwell, son of Carson Rathwell and Minnie Rathwell, (nee Copping), helped with the store and the Post Office in Leonard and together with Charlie, raised their three children, Wenda, Stephen and Brian. She later worked for the Township of Cumberland in the finance department. She currently resides in Cumberland. She has four wonderful grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.



Erika on the log and lumber bridge on what is now known as Magladry Rd. just west of Sarsfield Rd. likely visiting the Heneyes and the Neelys. Note the stately living elm trees, and the sturdy logs and planks of the bridge.

Erika married Carman Gifford, a police officer with the Ottawa police department and son of John Gifford and Mary Gifford, (nee Clarke), a schoolteacher. John was a farmer and general labourer who loved Canada's north. Erika found employment at Rideau High school in the office, then NRC and CMHC. She and Carman moved to Stittsville, then to British Columbia where he drove a logging truck and lived in many of BC's logging communities. They had two children, Deborah Darlene and Jeffrey who both work in remote areas of Canada's west and north. Erika now lives in Duncan, BC.

Antje married Dean Loucks, son of Dean H. Loucks and Vera I. Loucks (nee Griffith). She worked for many years as admin assistant to an NRC Director. They moved to Russell where

Dean was principal of the elementary school for many years. They raised two children there, Jason and Jacqueline, and have four lovely grandchildren.

I married Sam Neely, son of Clifford Neely and Annie Neely (nee Corry) and we raised our family, Pamela, Brenda and Robert, on a corner lot of Dad's farm and next to



the Neely farm. I was an elementary schoolteacher, working for the DND school at Rockcliffe, and then for the Ottawa and Carleton Boards of Education. We also have four precious grandchildren.

Left: Making pfortchen, a treat for New Year's Eve, or anytime!

And last but not least, the Canadian born youngest of the five of us, Ingrid, married Richard Hamilton, her high school sweetheart and son of Roy Hamilton and Dorothy Hamilton (nee Askew). They raised their two children, Carrie Anne and Ryan, here in Cumberland Township next door to our home on Magladry Rd., then moved to Metcalfe, Ottawa and Kingston. They also lived in Kanata for some years before moving to Vancouver Island for their retirement.



Mom and Dad's retirement home on the farm.



One of the windmills constructed by Dad to harness wind power.

Dad passed away in October 2002 at the age of 90, and Mom in September of 2011. She was almost 98. Their final resting place is the Trinity Bearbrook Cemetery. Three of my sisters, Elke, Erika and Ingrid were married at Bearbrook Trinity Anglican Church. Antje and I were married in Ottawa.

Our father accepted the fact that the Butenschön family name would not carry on but took great pride in his Rathwell, Gifford, Loucks, Neely and Hamilton grandchildren.

In every sense, we worked hard to feel deserving of the amazing gift of Canadian Citizenship that we value so much.



Relaxing at the cottage.



The ultimate beach at Seaview, PEI.

Report of Mr. James West, on L'Orignal and Bytown Road – 22nd August, 1845i

*L'Original And Bytown Road,
Encampment near Caledonia Springsii,
22nd August, 1845*

Sir,

I have the honor to inform the Board, that I have completed the Survey of this Road, to within about three miles of L'Orignal; and have all things prepared to proceed with the specifications, estimates, &c.

As soon as I had finished the plans, estimate, &c., for the Bridge over the West Branch of the Rideau on the road from the Gatineau Ferry to Bytown, and transmitted them to the Board, I procured a guide, and proceeded from Bytown down to examine the route, and obtain a general knowledge of the country through which it passes. I made a general reconnaissance of the whole, on foot, and arrived in about five days in L'Orignal, where I expected to have hired my party, get provisions, &c. for my instrumental survey back to Bytown.

Having gone through the route, I found I must have a tent, cooking utensils, blankets, &c. for my party, as the few settlers on the route were generally residing off the road, near the Ottawa, and much inconvenience and loss of time must result, if I depended on boarding and sleeping with them, besides much discomfort in other respects. On inquiry at L'Orignal, I found that I could not there obtain pork, biscuit, or much else that I wanted; and that it should be necessary for me to return to Bytown to obtain a party, provisions, &c. This I did.

I found a good deal of difficulty and delay in hiring hands as hay harvest had commenced, and all were busy at it.

Having completed my party, and arrangements, I proceeded on my Survey, commencing at the Court-house door in Bytown, and numbering and planting a good substantial mile-post at the end of every mile.

At the post marking the end of the sixth mile, and beginning of the seventh, I commenced to number the Sections, considering these six miles would do for the present, without any outlay; the seventh mile, therefore, is the first section, and begins at Green's Creek.

The soil from here to Hatvilleiii is, with one or two exceptions, blue clay, intermixed with redish; this being the constituent of the whole country from the Ottawa back, resting at a good depth, generally, on a limestone formation,. The Road is located on a table of this, standing at different points, at a height, varying from twenty to eighty feet, or more above the surface of the Ottawa River; and is, in the greatest part of the route, at the base of an ascent, the top of which is the table forming the general surface of the country back. All the creeks and rivers coming from the interior, cut into this clay, and form deep ravines and gullies for their beds, making the bridging expensive, and requiring a good deal of care to locate the bridges and the road, in its descent and ascent to and from the bridges, in such a manner, as to make the descent and ascent the most gentle possible. As the bridges are now located, the road comes straight down upon them on the one side, and straight up on the other, without any care to avoid

the precipitancy on either side. I have had to alter this, in almost every instance; and I think I will be able, without any very great expense, to make the road at these points in such a manner as will reduce ascents and descents, which are now, from 1 in 1, to from 1 in 2, to a grade that will not be more than from 1 in 12, to 1 in 16, as the ground will answer. The examination for this purpose delayed me a good deal; but the subject is one of great importance in making a Road on either side of the Ottawa River.

Having arrived at Fox's Creekiv, in compliance with my instructions I took a direct course for Hatville, to examine the route suggested in Mr. Walton's Report.v I continued the survey and the exploration for a distance of six miles – this was through a dense forest, mostly of pine, with a thick growth of underwood. Lumbering has been carried on all through here, for 30 or more years, filling the woods with fallen timber, and, of itself, rendering it very expensive to open a road through it. But this would be the least difficulty; the ground is nearly one succession of ridges, knolls, swamps, and gullies; and a much larger proportion of wet swamp, than on the point. Having gone the distance I mention, I was convinced that the route was suggested without any knowledge of the ground; that it would be at least twice as expensive as the front, and very little shorter, if any kind of shapely ground should be selected. On these and other accounts, which will be mentioned in the more detailed Report, I abandoned the route, knowing it would be only losing time and creating useless expense, to pursue the survey any further.

I resumed my survey on the front, where I had stopped, and continued on to what is called Jessup's Falls, or New Inverness, on the Nation River, within about four miles of Hatville. To here, the road has been located, and partly opened; but from here, for some distance, it was neither located nor opened; so that I had nearly two miles of cutting to do, through very thick woods.

Having arrived near Shannon Cottage, I called on Colonel Kearnes, who used me in the most kind and hospitable manner; and gave me a great deal of information about roads and bridges, which I received with due deference.

At Hatville, I made a thorough examination of the Nation River, and have fixed upon a site for the Bridge; one that I think will, in nearly all respects, be more suitable than the one used heretofore.

I have, in only two or three instances of any note deviated from the old location; and that where the road is shortened, and evidently bettered. I shall prepare a detailed Report, with plans, estimate, &c., with the least possible delay.

I have the honor to be, Sir, Your most obedient humble servant,

JAMES WEST

Thos. A. Begly, Esq., Secretary, Board of Works, Montreal.

The Cenotaph of Navan, Ontario

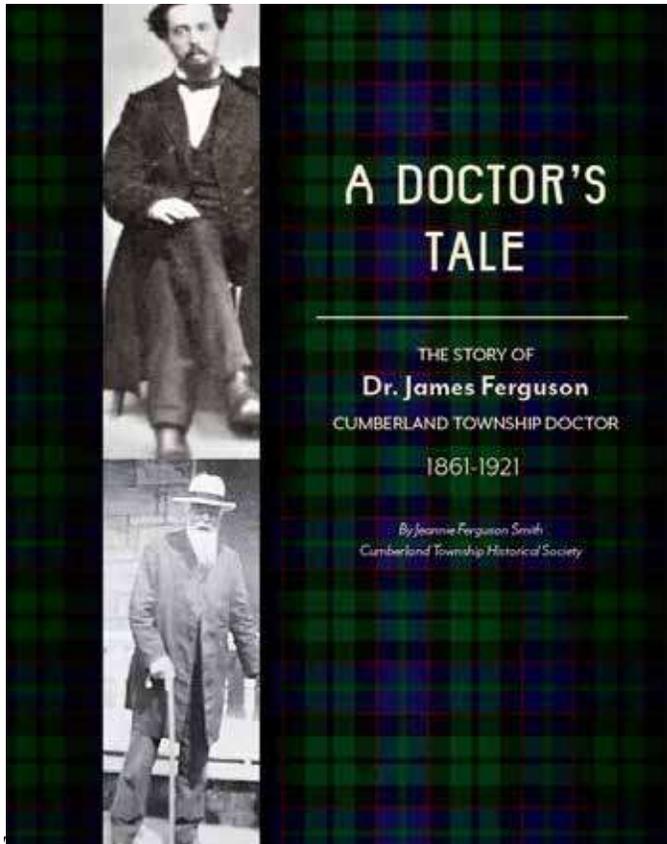


Biographies of the Men Named on the Cenotaph

Researched and compiled by
Laurie Watson
and
Eileen Vaillancourt
Navan, Ontario

With the assistance of the
Navan Community Association

The Cenotaph in Navan, Ontario, honours 23 men who died in the South Africa War, World Wars I and II, and UN/NATO service. Who were these men, their parents, their siblings? Where did they live? Where did they serve? Where are they buried? Eileen Vaillancourt and Laurie Watson of Navan have researched their stories and have compiled a book of their biographies along with pictures of the honour rolls kept in Navan's school and churches. The resulting book is 60 pages long and in full colour. Bob Burns has donated a copy of the book for the reading room of the CTHS at the Cumberland Branch of the Ottawa Public Library. Copies of the book are also available for purchase for \$20. Contact Laurie Watson at plwatson@xplornet.ca to arrange for your copy.



A Doctor's Tale by Jeannie Smith details the life, times and family of her Great-grandfather, Dr. James Ferguson, physician, surgeon, coroner and Reeve of Cumberland Township from 1861-1921. Included are Dr. Ferguson's personal letters, as well as accounts written by his son J.D. Ferguson and grandson Dr. Douglas Ferguson. Pictures from Ferguson family albums bring to life the story of a dedicated doctor who faithfully served Cumberland residents. This 31 page booklet sells for \$6.00 at Bradley's Store in Navan, D'Artista in Cumberland or contact Jeannie at jeannie279glen@rogers.com