

The Pioneer Times

NEWS VEHICLE OF THE CLOYNE & DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY



This year we celebrate as Canada turns 150 years old. In April we commemorate the 100th anniversary of the battle of Vimy Ridge. Every part of this Great Nation has a story to tell. Visit the Cloyne Pioneer Museum and Archives this summer and discover more of our story. Above LtoR: Billa Flint, Charles Adam Gregg, David Trumble, Flora MacDonald Denison. *Photo credits page 6.*

■ IN THIS ISSUE

Volume 15, #1 Spring/Summer 2017

DIRECTOR and COMMITTEE REPORTS

President's message	2
Treasurer's Report	3
Endowment and Philanthropy.....	3-4
Communications Committee Report	4
Calendar Report 2018	4
Membership	4
Financial Statement 2016	5

FEATURES

1867 and Us.....	6
------------------	---

Vimy 1917-2017.....	7
---------------------	---

The Loon Lake Tragedy of 1895.....	8-11
------------------------------------	------

WE LOSE FRIENDS.....	11
----------------------	----

EVENTS

Irish Chain Quilt Draw Fundraiser	12
---	----

CDHS Events May - November	12
----------------------------------	----

© April 2017

Cloyne & District Historical Society
"Preserving the Past for the Future"



The Pioneer Times

Volume 15, No. 1, Spring/Summer 2017

Communications Committee

Marcella Neely – Chair – mneelyatlake@gmail.com

Carolyn McCulloch – cargomcculloch@gmail.com

Michele Burgess

Elinor Duncan

Cathy Hook – Newsletter Editor

The Pioneer Times is produced semi-annually by the Cloyne and District Historical Society. It is distributed free-of-charge in printed form and by email. Products, services and positions of advertisers, correspondents and contributors are not necessarily endorsed by the Historical Society.

Cloyne and District Historical Society

Box 228

Cloyne, ON K0H 1K0

Tel: (613) 336-6858

Website: www.cloynepioneermuseum.ca

Email: pioneer@mazinaw.on.ca

flickr contact: kenhook@45degreeslatitude.com

CDHS Board

President

Shirley Sedore

Vice President

Warren Anderson

Secretary

D'thea Webster

Treasurer

Ian Brumell

Directors-at-large

Glenn Davison, J.J. (Red) Emond,

Eileen Flieler, Catherine Grant,

Carolyn McCulloch

Curator/Archivist

Margaret Axford

The Cloyne and District Historical Society is a
Registered Charitable Organization,
organization number 89756 8217



An agency of the Government of Ontario.
Relève du gouvernement de l'Ontario.

2002 and 2012 Recipient

President's Message

This is an exciting year for the historical society and for all of Canada as we celebrate 150 years as a nation. In honour of this historic occasion we have undertaken a project to restore the park around the museum which was devastated by a microburst in 2002.

To achieve this we have formed a partnership with Land O'Lakes Garden Club, Mazinaw-Lanark Forest Inc. and North Frontenac Township. We are also seeking some grant money from two other sources. The park will be totally accessible as well as being educational. There will be signs identifying the various trees and information about their growing conditions.

We are planning a ribbon cutting ceremony and celebration to coincide with our museum opening on June 24, 2017.

We have had some great guest speakers at our regular monthly meetings and the subjects have varied from the history of our county hospital to a local family history. We also heard about some of the one room schools through to the building of our local kindergarten to grade thirteen school (now grade twelve). One speaker who spoke about the old canoe routes of the area was very interested in the Mazinaw tramway and we have obtained permission from the present landowners to do some archeological searching along the tramway this summer.

The Christmas luncheon was well attended despite bad weather. The meal was excellent and many thanks to Pat and Dave Cuddy for catering and to Sandra Sparks for organizing.

Over the years I have been amazed and humbled by the great support for the various community projects. Some that come to mind immediately are the Swim Program, the donations that made it possible to build a non-profit nursing home, the Cloyne 150 celebration and now our park project. Kudos to everyone.

Respectfully,
Shirley Sedore, President ✨



Report from the Treasurer

The year 2016 for the Cloyne and District Historical Society was financially unremarkable. Other than the day to day transactions, there were no large financial endeavours undertaken by the Board. Our revenues and expenses were unremarkable compared to other years with total income down slightly, due in part to the fact we had one fewer student than other years.

We received granting for the operation of the museum and archive from all levels of government, not the least of which was the Young Canada Works Programme which we have been successful in obtaining for many years. We were able to fund two students with this grant. However, with the lower provincial and municipal grants, we needed to dip into our own funds for part of one of the three students' funding.

Our greatest achievement financially in 2016 was the interest and subsequent involvement in the Cloyne and District Historical Society Endowment Fund. There is an article elsewhere in this newsletter about this "fund for the future". In simple terms, we increased its value by close to \$13,000 which has generated close to \$2,200 of income for the Society. It will be a Board decision as to whether we take the earned funds to spend this year or plough them back into the Fund.

We undertook a grounds improvement programme which saw around \$2,000 being spent to 'renovate' the front garden as well as establish a watering system for the garden. This programme will continue into 2017 by implementing some drainage improvements on the south side of the building. We also are undertaking a cleaning and treatment process for the exterior of the building.

Our Burn's Supper, calendar sales and museum sales were rewarding as well. All of the financial endeavours over the year produced an increase in the Current Assets for the Society at year end of close to \$20,000, due mainly to the increase in both the Reserve Fund and the Endowment Fund. Please see the complete financial statement in this issue of the Newsletter.

If there are any questions, please feel free to contact the Treasurer at any time through the Society email of pioneer@mazianw.on.ca (Financial Statement Page 5)

Endowment and Philanthropy

Endowment & Philanthropy are a couple of words that charitable organizations like ours, The Cloyne and District Historical Society (CDHS), long to hear. Over the past few years there has been concern expressed and discussion at our Board level about the endowment we are trying to develop and build. Endowment is a fund "to furnish with an income; or to make a grant of money providing for the continuing support or maintenance of an organization". Universities traditionally have enormous sums of money 'endowed' to them by graduates for educational advancement and capital expansion.

In 2006 after a substantial bequest from a wonderful member, Isobel Stewart, the Board of Directors of the CDHS decided that a fund be created to honour Isobel's wish that the CDHS survive. Her bequest was used as a foundation to establish such a Fund through the Napanee District Community Foundation (NDCF). It is set up as a Donor Designated Fund, meaning that any income from it is directed solely to the CDHS. Over the years since the Fund was established, we have taken earnings from the account only twice totalling \$4475, while ploughing most of the earnings back into the capital of the Fund. A couple of years ago, when we were constructing the museum addition, these earnings were taken to help offset some of the construction costs.

Since its inception, the Cloyne and District Historical Society Endowment Fund has grown from the initial bequest of \$30,000 to \$73,041.67 as of the end of 2016. This represents a considerable increase over the past ten years, due to reinvestment of the interest, but in no small degree to benefactors and those interested in philanthropy. Our current agreement with the NDCF seals the Fund and it will remain in effect in perpetuity.

The provision for folks wishing to donate to the CDHS Endowment Fund can take different forms. Benefactors can make monetary donations to the CDHS directly. They can donate to the CDHS through the NDCF or by In-Kind securities transfer from their financial institution to NDCF, earmarked for the CDHS Endowment Fund. Donations directly to us generate their charitable receipt from CDHS. Donation through NDCF to the Endowment Fund generate their charitable receipt from NDCF. The transfer of in-kind securities provision allows

benefactors to cash out securities through their financial advisor, transferring the funds to the CDHS without the fear of realizing Capital Gain tax.

With the need for ever-increasing operating funds for student employees, equipment and artifacts, all charities are relying more and more on the philanthropical (giving) nature of those who feel the charity is worthwhile. Any enquiries about donations would gladly be explained and encouraged. Don't hesitate to contact us at any time.

Ian Brumell, Treasurer ❧

Communications Committee

Besides compiling and producing this newsletter twice a year, we send updates of our activities to media outlets and newspapers. We contribute articles on a regular basis to the Frontenac News, Highlander and the Scoop.

We try to stay alert to programs that might be of interest from other Historical groups and pass that information along to our members.

We help to advertise functions and activities when requested, by producing posters and promotional press releases.

We stay in touch with the Kingston Association of Museums and the Joint Heritage Partners from the Napanee Museum Group. We network with the Ontario Museum Association, the Ontario Historical Association and the Archives Association of Ontario.

Also a function of this committee is liaison with our web master, passing along updates, events and photos for posting on the web site and Flickr.

Once a year we verify our listings on the various web sites and community registers.

We enjoy getting together to plan and brainstorm. The laughs and camaraderie are a bonus.

Marcella Neely, Communications Committee Chair ❧



Historical Society Calendar 2018

For the 2018 Historical Society Calendar the committee has been busy researching the lodges of the area (past and present).

Over the years there have been many but to find people with information and photos, especially those no longer in operation, is sometimes a bit of a challenge. However our project is progressing and with the computer work in the hands of our capable Cathy Hook we will have the 2018 calendar ready for the museum opening on June 24th.

Eileen Flieler, Calendar Committee Chair ❧

Membership

The membership year for The Cloyne & District Historical Society runs with our fiscal year, which is from Jan 1 to December 31. We have 54 members at the time of this newsletter publication. We meet on the third Monday of the month in the Barrie Hall at 1PM. except for July and August. Our varied program includes speakers, trips to places of local historical interest, opportunities to volunteer and share our stories. New members are always welcome.



Top Photo: CDHS Christmas Luncheon in December. Below: Glenn Davison brought school reminiscences to our February meeting. *Photos Ken Hook*

1867 and Us

By Margaret Axford

A quick walk through our archives provides some enlightenment about the year 1867 as it pertained to our area. The following comments are just a sample of many that could have been made.

From a search on the date 1867: 1867 was the birthdate of 2 very different “local” personalities - Flora MacDonald Denison and Canada’s oldest man, at least at one point, David Trumble. The latter was a man of the country, who fished, hunted, jawed with his neighbours, raised his many children, grew flowers in his garden in Northbrook. David Trumble, while not at all educated, ended up appearing on the television series, Front Page Challenge, and authored two books, stories about his lengthy life. We think of Flora, on the other hand, as a city girl. However, she began her life in a snowstorm in a log shanty on the Bridgewater Road about 2 miles north of Actinolite. While her birthplace may have given her some “country cred”, Flora went on to become the owner of the well known Bon Echo Inn. She was a leader in the suffragette movement in Canada, the United States and Britain; she was a writer and newspaper columnist who also became an adherent of Theosophism and Spiritualism, someone who talked with the dead poet Walt Whitman.

In other 1867 data: Cloyne had been a village since 1859, the date of the establishment of its post office, which still exists today. From a submission to the Napanee Beaver dated February 1880, we learn that the village at that time had 3 stores, 2 hotels, a blacksmith shop, town hall, 2 schoolhouses and the aforementioned post office. The article goes on to say that there were “not a few” private dwellings as well as a “brisk” lumbering business. In other words, in comparison to today, the village was booming. In other submissions to the newspaper, many activities are mentioned, from annual church picnics to regular commentary about the status of the various mines in the area; one example is this statement, “The Star of the East Mining Company have [sic] resumed operations again in their mine north of Cloyne”.

Flinton was also thriving at this time, having been settled earlier than the other communities, in the mid 1850s. Billa Flint, generally recognized as the founder of Flinton, was the first reeve of the township of Elzevir, and

held that office for 21 consecutive years. In 1867, the municipality of Kaladar and Anglesea was incorporated, again under the sponsorship of Mr. Flint. It wasn’t until 1884 that the third township, Effingham, was added to the incorporation. This of course is the municipality now known as Addington Highlands. A browse through the book on Flinton called “Village on the Skoot”, by Wilfred Laurier Lessard, provides some interesting data on food costs, salaries and bylaws of the time. Mr. Lessard notes that a man named Francis Des Islets, one of the very first settlers in Flinton, was an undertaker, and from 1854 to 1876 made coffins. That particular item in Mr. Lessard’s book goes on to outline the other undertakers in the village: Joshua Stone, 1878 to 1910, Hawley Stone 1910 to 1943. There was a horse-drawn hearse until 1928, and then a Model T. motor hearse until 1943. That entry of Hawley Stone has a link back to Flora MacDonald Denison. Flora drove a democrat from Bon Echo to Flinton on the night that Horace Traubel died. Traubel was one of Walt Whitman’s biographers, at Bon Echo at Flora’s invitation for the dedication of the inscription on Mazinaw Rock in September 1919. In the sixth volume of *Sunset of Bon Echo*, Flora describes her drive to Flinton, “the nearest place where there was any chance of getting a coffin” and then her purchase of “a shining brown varnished box with terrible brass trimmings”. Although Hawley Stone is not mentioned by name here, it certainly would have been his funeral parlour. The remainder of the story surrounding the death and burial of Horace Traubel is equally fascinating, but will have to wait for another time.

There is a richness about this area, accessible to us through the Archives as well as in many other ways, that should cause us to be both thoughtful and very thankful indeed for the 150th birthday of our country. ❧



Newsletter cover collage - Cathy Hook from the following photo sources: Billa Flint, CDHS Flickr website – Helen Wilson Album. Charles Adam Gregg, Government of Canada Veteran Affairs website. David Trumble photo scanned from the book *When I Was a Boy* by David Trumble edited by Glen Ellis (1976). Flora MacDonald Denison from the US Library of Congress website – Title: Flora MacDonald Denison, President Canadian Suffrage Association.



On April 9th our nation commemorated the 100th anniversary of the sacrifice of Canadian soldiers in the WW1 battle of Vimy Ridge. 15,000 Canadians went over the top on that day and during the battle and consolidation efforts afterwards more than 10,000 were killed or wounded.

These are the names of young men from our area who were killed or wounded during the effort to capture and keep this ridge.

JOHN LESLIE BALL, Vennachar, made it through the battle but was wounded after and on his way to the Field Hospital was wounded again. He died April 12, 1917.

There were 7 Dafoes from the Flinton area who enlisted during the First World War. AMOS (William?) ANDREW DAFOE came safely through the battle, but fell on April 29th, when his battalion was following up the advantage they had gained. AMOS ROY DAFOE fell on April 6th, 1917, during the battle.

JOSEPH FORTIER from Flinton and his two brothers enlisted. Joseph was killed in action at Vimy Ridge on April 9th, 1917.

JOSEPH PRINGLE from Cloyne died April 27, 1917.

ARCHIE MEEKS from Cloyne was a machine gunner. He was wounded April 9, 1917 when a German bullet destroyed the sight of both of his eyes.

CHARLES ADAM GREGG from Vennachar, friend and neighbour of John Leslie Ball died April 17, 1917. The following lines were composed by him in the trenches and forwarded to his mother:

A MESSAGE TO MOTHER.

God speed this message to my mother
 Far across the dark blue sea;
 It is filled with words of pleasure;
 Oh! she'll be glad to hear from me.
 How she wept when last we parted,
 How her heart was filled with pain,
 When she said, "Good-bye, God bless you;
 We may never meet again."
 God speed this message to my mother;
 It is filled with words of love ;
 If on earth I ne'er shall meet her,
 We shall surely meet above.
 Where there is no hour of parting;
 All is peace and love and joy.
 Tell her that her prayers are answered,
 God protects her darling boy.
 Tell her to be glad and cheerful;
 Pray for me where'er I roam;
 That e'er long I'll turn my footsteps
 Back toward my dear old home.
 Mother, when this war is over,
 If it be God's will to me,
 Back among the fields of clover,
 I will wander there with thee.

Read more about the soldiers from our area who fought during WW1: From *Enlisted Personnel, World War One* the L&A Historical Society Website <http://www.lennoxandaddingtonhistoricalsociety.ca/WarA.html> and at the CDHS Website - Items of Interest Page a link to a pdf of the book *The War Work of Lennox and Addington, 1922* by Walter S. Herrington, President and Rev. A.J. Wilson, Secretary of the L&A Historical Society sourced and available for download at <https://archive.org/details/warworkofcounty00herruoft>.

The Loon Lake Tragedy of 1895

by Carolyn McCulloch

Legends operate within the realm of uncertainty. They are never entirely believed by the participants, but are also never absolutely doubted. That was the way it was for our family....

In the mid nineteen seventies, an elderly neighbour, Douglas Alkenbrack, told my children a horrific story. Behind our cottage, in the woods there had been a house that burned to the ground, killing many in the young family who lived there.

You may not be familiar with the area. Sheldrake Lake meets Skootamatta Lake on what is now called Hughes Landing Road. That place may have been called Gilmour's Landing in the nineteenth century. On the other side of Sheldrake, in a triangle with the smaller Topper Lake, we found the area where the tragedy might have occurred.

Imagine our curiosity as we went to the spot and found an old stone fence covered with organic moss. Nonagenarian Georgina Hughes confirmed that her children used to play there, and brought home three cornered

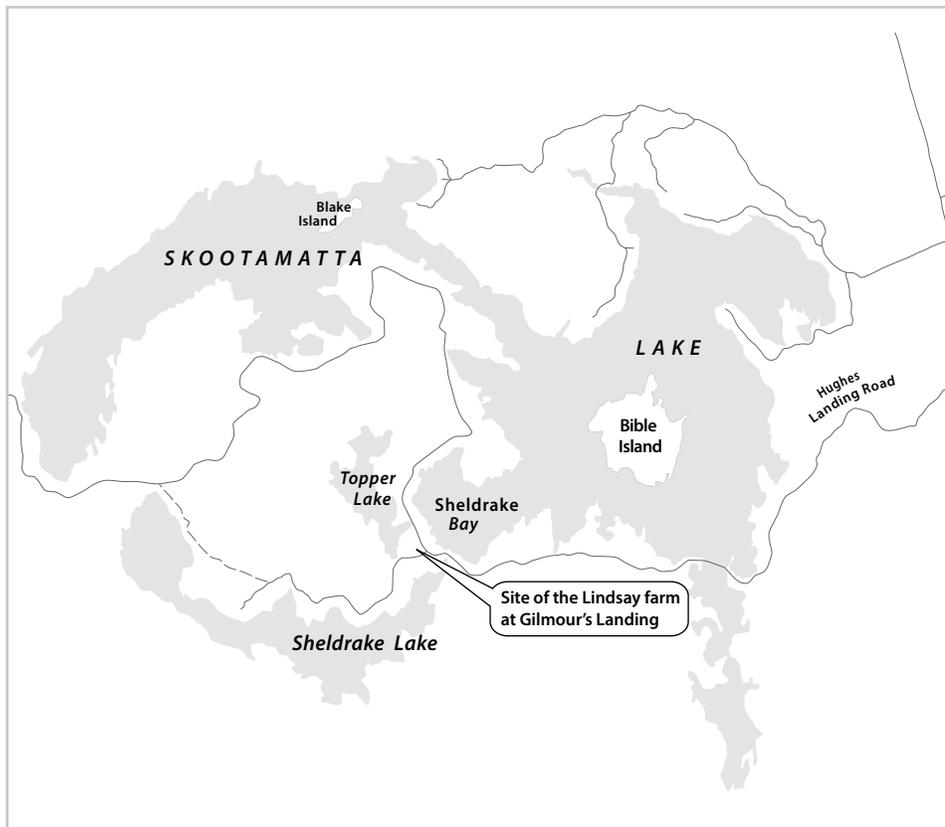
nails (the type used in rustic furniture in pioneer days).

And so the search began. Who were they? How many of them were there? What were their names? Why did they live there? When did it happen?

Fast forward, through decades of unsuccessful inquiries No one had ever heard the story.

Enter Pat Vlastic. Pat overheard my queries one day in Snider's restaurant. She thought she remembered her Grandmother telling her that her Great-grandmother, Margaret Lindsay, had survived a fire on Loon (Skootamatta) Lake. Afterwards Margaret was "a little bit strange". Pat contacted a distant cousin who had the answer passed down as a clipping from "The Globe and Mail published on Oct. 11, 1895.

Douglas Allkenbrack was not born until 12 years after the fire. He spent his early years in Flinton, and the survivors escaped to that locale. He must have heard one of Flinton's storytellers telling this tale and in later life, passed it along to our family. Without him, we never would have been able to unearth this Globe and Mail article with the flowery and ornate language of the Victorian period.



The Globe & Mail, October 11, 1895

Kaladar, Oct 10 — The terrible holocaust at Loon Lake at midnight on Tuesday, of which brief mention was made in yesterday's dispatches, proves upon fuller investigation to be even worse than at first reported, in its awful details of death and destruction. The statement that six of the children of Thomas Lindsay perished in the cruel flames is unhappily verified, and in addition Mr. Lindsay himself was so frightfully injured in his frenzied efforts to save his children that he will probably be crippled for life, and will possibly partially lose his sight, and Mrs. Lindsay is also suffering from very painful burns, which will, however, not prove serious. The names of the six poor victims of the appalling disaster are as follows:—Charlotte Lindsay, aged twenty-one years;

Paulina Victoria Lindsay, aged 17 years; Rosina Lindsay, aged 13 years; Thomas Adam Lindsay, aged eight years; Guy W. Lindsay, aged five and a half years, and Ula Pearl Lindsay, aged one year. These were all sleeping together in a large bedroom upstairs, and after the fire was discovered no one heard a cry or a moan from any one of them, so that it may be hoped, as some slight alleviation of the crushing blow, that death came painlessly by suffocation before the relentless flames reached them. The other five members of the family, father, mother, two girls and one little boy, were sleeping down stairs, and they narrowly escaped with their lives. The house, with its entire contents, was completely consumed, the total momentary loss being about \$1000, upon which there was not a dollar's worth of insurance. Three lumbermen, who were occupying temporary sleeping quarters in another room upstairs, dropped from a window and escaped bodily injury, though they lost everything but the clothes they could snatch up in their flight.

SCENE OF THE DISASTER.

The scene of the disaster is a thousand-acre farm which forms a peninsula in Loon Lake, in the Township of Anglesea, about 25 miles northwest of this place, the nearest railway and telegraph office, and somewhat further Northeast of Tweed. It is a wild and lonely spot, six miles distant from the nearest neighbour, and approachable only by a little-frequented road running for miles through the shrubby bush, up hill and down dale, over rocks and corduroy, the last six miles of which is nothing better than a wagon track, which a good team can scarcely cover in less than an hour and a half. Three years ago last April Thomas Lindsay, with his wife and seven children, moved out from this township

and took possession of the farm. At first they occupied a two-room shanty, but before the winter closed they had erected the more commodious dwelling-house which is now in ashes. Lindsay was a partial cripple, having lost the full use of his right arm from rheumatism. But he was a sturdy fellow, with a brave little wife and strong, growing girls, who, in the absence of big brothers, could turn their hands to almost anything around the farm. Matters prospered with the thrifty settlers, and the farm stock which they began to raise increased and multiplied. The little family grew in number also, and a year ago last August, two baby girls were added to the home circle. Little else occurred to vary the dull monotony of backwoods life, in which they knew little of what was transpiring in the great world outside, and the world know less of them.

To better understand Tuesday night's cruel tragedy a brief description of the plan of the house is necessary. It was a two-storey frame structure, facing south, with a kitchen lean-to across the back end. Along the east side ran the dining room, with a north door leading into the kitchen, and a staircase along the west side leading to the upper storey. The west half of the front was taken up by a sitting room, and back of it was a bedroom, with a door connecting. Upstairs were three bedrooms, corresponding in size and location to the rooms below, and over the kitchen the space beneath the roof was used as a storage room.

THE FATAL NIGHT.

On Tuesday night Mrs. Lindsay and the children retired shortly after 8 O'clock, the eldest girl, Margaret, a young woman of 23 years, and baby Lula occupying a bed with their mother in the downstairs sleeping room, and Felix a little lad of four

summers, another bed in the same room. The other six children went to bed upstairs in the east room over the dining room. The father did not retire early, but sat by the kitchen stove chatting with their three roomers, Peter Laberge and his son Joseph, and Joseph Remi, lumbermen, who had gone out to the place to lumber through the winter, and were staying a few days in the house while they fitted up their little shanty for permanent quarters. It was 10 O'clock or thereabouts when the three men separated, and Lindsay himself was the last to leave the kitchen, after seeing, as he thought, that the fire in the stove, the only fire in the house, was safely out. The three roomers went upstairs to their room, the sitting room in the front of the house, and the father turned in beside his boy in the downstairs bedroom. Scarcely an hour had elapsed when Mrs. Lindsay was aroused by a noise of cracking and a deep, sullen roar. She started from the bed, and crying loudly to the others in the room rushed through the sitting room to the dining room, when she saw a bright light shining under the kitchen door. Her husband was close behind her, and he started to open the door when he was driven back by the advancing flames. "Save the children!", screamed the agonized mother, and Lindsay ran to the staircase as his wife attempted to close the door again, in her futile efforts receiving the burns on her hands and wrists from which she is suffering, while her hair was singed from the front of her head. Desisting in her unavailing endeavor, she returned to the bedroom to rescue the children there, and as the smoke was already blinding them and barring the way to the front door, which opened from the dining room at the foot of the stairs, she smashed out the window frame and they all got out through it.

UNSUCCESSFUL EFFORTS.

In the meantime Lindsay had started upstairs, but before he could get more than half way up the flames burst around him in a perfect hurricane of fury. Stunned, burned and blinded, he fell backwards to the ground and groped his way for the door. In his bewilderment he passed it, and found himself beside the sitting room window, which he dashed out and clamored through. The three men upstairs had been aroused and were hurrying to escape, and the mother hearing the noise supposed the children were getting out all right. It was not until she met her husband outside that she learned the awful fact of his failure, and at almost the same moment the roof crashed in, and the entire structure became a seething furnace. To attempt to describe that moment of supreme anguish is useless. The overwhelming horror of the scene has bereft the helpless survivors of memory, and not one of them can to-day tell exactly what occurred in the few moments which followed.

The three men in the upstairs room dropped from the window and reached the ground unharmed. In reply to the scarcely coherent supplications of the poor mother they declared that they had attempted to get to the children in the room adjoining theirs, but were driven back by the fire, which even then had full possession of the room. They added that they could neither hear nor see anything of the children and supposed they had escaped. This statement appears to confirm the belief that none of the victims awoke to consciousness, and must have happily died a painless death.

SUFFERINGS OF THE SURVIVORS.

It was a bitterly cold night, and none of those who had escaped were fully clad. Margaret, the eldest girl,

had gone to bed with a bad attack of neuralgia, and had lain down without undressing. The others had snatched up a few garments, and those they put on while watching the destruction of their home. Then when the last lingering hope had died away, the heart-broken little group sought shelter at the dismantled shanty, while the men went to the stable and hitched up the team. Then the poor remnants of that erstwhile happy and united family, five survivors of eleven, started on their dreary journey of eight miles over rocks and fallen timber to Mrs. Lindsay's father's farm, the husband frenzied with his awful bereavement and the intense agony of his own injuries, walking the whole distance, being unable to hear the jolting of the wagon or the inactivity of the drive. It was 2 O'clock yesterday morning when the little company reached its destination, and arousing the startled grandparents, told their pitiable tale of woe.

THE FATHER'S INJURIES.

There I found them this afternoon. As I drove up to the little unpretentious log house a decrepit old man came down the path and greeted me. Having learned that he was Mr. John Lamb, Mrs. Lindsay's father, and that his stricken daughter was within. I stated my business and was hospitably invited inside. Entering the large, low pitched living room, the first object that attracted my attention was a mattress on the floor, upon which was stretched the motionless figure of a man, covered all but the feet with a shawl. It was poor Lindsay who lay in a half-doze, silently bearing the excruciating pains of his terrible burns. Both hands were wrapped up in bandages, and I learned that the doctor, who had left him but a moment before my arrival, had grave doubts of saving either of them, so horribly

had they been injured. His weeping wife sat in a rocking chair beside him, nursing baby Lula: little Felix played at her feet, all unconscious of the dire calamity which overshadowed them, while Margaret, a pleasant-faced intelligent girl, sat nearby, silently mourning her lost sisters and companions. There were many relatives present, for they are a large family, and not the least noticeable was a bent and feeble old man, Mrs. Lamb's father, making four generations of one family. After a few introductory words, I asked how Mr. Lindsay was getting along, and his wife raised the shawl that I might see his face. It was a distressing spectacle: the features were discolored and terribly swollen, so that both eyes were completely closed. Large blisters covered nearly the whole face, the lips were raw and bleeding, the moustache burned off and the beard badly singed. When he made that fearful rush up the stairway he had on a woolen night-cap, and to its protection alone, may be attributed the escape of the head from harm, for every portion of the face and neck which was unprotected is terribly burned. Whether the eyes are permanently injured cannot be ascertained, nor are the doctors sure whether he has been internally hurt from inhaling the flames. In his fall down stairs his back was also hurt, and altogether, under the most favorable circumstances, it will be a tedious recovery even to partial health. He roused up somewhat before I left and said a few words. They were scarcely audible to any but his watchful wife, who, forgetful of her own hurts and sorrow, devoted herself to him and her remaining children. Now and again, as she sat gently rocking the baby, the bitter tears would course, unbidden down her cheeks, but she bravely checked them, and strove for the sake of those yet left to

her to show a cheerful front to them and to hide her own consuming grief.

A DISTRESSING CASE.

Yesterday afternoon, after the embers had cooled, sympathetic neighbors made a search of the ruins for the remains of the slaughtered family. The investigation was thorough and minute, but all that could be recovered was a small handful of fragmentary bones, and these will be given Christian burial in Flinton Cemetery tomorrow afternoon. Seldom has it been the lot of a newspaper representative in this Province to disclose so pathetic and heartrending a story as the above.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the harrowing details further than to draw attention to the immediate needs of the sorely-stricken family. Their dire bereavement time alone can soften: human sympathy can do little if anything to lessen its anguish. But there is an opportunity for practical sympathy to ameliorate their temporal distress. House, furniture, clothes, are all gone: the winter's supply of food and the material for winter clothing, which the dead girl Charlotte was making up, are completely wiped out; the breadwinner is helpless and will be unable to earn a penny for months; the poor

old grandparents are sheltering them at present, but they have little to spare of this world's goods, and a little immediate aid, wisely administered would prove an inestimable blessing to a worthy family suffering under a blow, the crushing awfulness of which it is impossible to appreciate.

Here is an invitation to all you history buffs. Come out to the Barrie Community Hall in Cloyne at 1PM on Monday Sept. 18, 2017. "Great-Grandma was a little bit strange". Pat Vlastic will be our speaker.

We lose friends

Julie Koch Brison 1951-2016



For many years Jule was our contact at the Frontenac News, often going beyond the call of duty. A forgotten sentence, a date or time correction, the paper ready to go to press, call Jule. Sure enough she would interrupt the process, make the correction and tell you

it was not a big deal. Asked to find a photo in the archives to match a press release she would oblige. Would she edit and improve an article, help set up an ad, of course she would. No one receives such caring support from the big city publications.

We miss her pleasant voice on the phone and her professional kindness.

David Harcourt 1930-2017



During earlier years David Harcourt could be counted on for information about the area and its people. He was a reliable resource and good friend. Many who knew him tell of his knack for getting a laugh. We send a sincere message of sympathy to the family.

Rejean Roy 1973-2017



If you saw Steve Lancaster you could peek around the corner or over his shoulder and Rejean was right there. Together they helped the Historical Society without hesitation. Unloading, holding the door open, cleaning up, or carrying chairs along came an extra pair of hands. One Christmas they donated countless pairs of hand knit slippers that we were able to share with the community. Just last spring they donated a portion of the proceeds from their estate sale to us. Always willing to help with their friendly smiles. Our condolences to Steve; we miss him too.

Vieta Hawley 1935-2017



Several years ago Vie was a member of the Pioneer Club which evolved into the Cloyne & District Historical Society. Even though ill and receiving treatment Vie and her husband George remained very interested in our work. Our condolences on your loss to George and all the family.

Irish Chain Quilt Draw

Wendy Hodgkin has handcrafted a beautiful *Irish Chain* quilt which she has generously donated to the CDHS as a fundraiser.

The quilt will be on display in the museum all summer with the winning ticket drawn at our October 16th meeting.

Tickets are \$2 each or 3 for \$5 and will be available at the museum and from members.

2018 Calendar

Watch for our 2018 Heritage Calendar featuring Lodges of the area. Available this summer for purchase at the museum or through our online book store at

www.cloynepioneermuseum.ca

\$15.00

We still have a few copies of our 2017 Calendar available which features Historical Businesses.

Events - 2017

General Meeting Dates

All General Meetings are held the 3rd Monday of the month, 1PM at the Barrie Hall in Cloyne. We find that sometimes things change between the time of printing of our Newsletter and our meetings so please check our website for speaker details, pot-luck dinner location and date and time.

May 15
September 18
October 16
November 20

May

Mammoth Yard Sale
Saturday May 20, 9AM
Barrie Hall – Cloyne
Save your gently used items.
Items can be dropped off
Friday May 19th from 9-12



June

Cloyne Pioneer Museum and Archives
Opening and BBQ
Saturday June 24, 11AM

Join us as we celebrate Canada's 150th Anniversary of Confederation with an unveiling of a special Art Installation by the Land O'Lakes Garden Club and the dedication of "Benny's Lake Heritage Park."

The park is a joint project of North Frontenac Township, Mazinaw-Lanark Forest Inc., the Land O'Lakes Garden Club and the Cloyne and District Historical Society.

Confirmed at the point of publication are the Pickled Chicken String Band, Land O'Lakes Community Choir and Tunes and Tea ukulele group. Bring your lawn chair.



July

Members Pot-Luck Lunch
Monday July 17, 12 NOON
Location to be announced.

Cloyne Pioneer Museum and Archives
Open Daily from 10AM – 4PM
Summer Only