

The Pioneer Times

(News vehicle of the Cloyne and District Historical Society)



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Cloyne & District Historical Society

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Photo from the Land O' Lake Garden Club Files

Preserving the Past for the Future

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Chairman's Message

by Carolyn McCulloch

Recently your Board of Directors met to strategically plan for The Cloyne & District Historical Society. We see ourselves as a strong organization within the community of Land of Lakes, with big dreams for the future.

Our presence is a busy one. This year, by partnering with others in the community, our Old Fashioned Christmas Party attracted more children than ever before. When they are adults, we hope that our group will have added to their memories of Christmases past. We continue to present a prize to the Grade 11 student at North Addington Education Center who has the highest mark in history. These young folks are the Historical Society of tomorrow.

We joined the Tweed and Area Historical Society as they unveiled a provincial plaque commemorating the Hungerford Smallpox Epidemic of 1884, and the birth of Public Health in Ontario. We were also present with the Hastings County Historical Society as they hosted nationally recognized historian and writer Charlotte Gray.

You will see elsewhere in the Newsletter of our association with Orland French, author of "Lennox and Addington". The Cloyne & District Historical Society launched this book "north of seven". Come into the Cloyne Pioneer Museum to have a look at this remarkable publication complete with colourful charts of the history, geology, and maps of our area. You will want a copy for your library.

Our pride and joy, the Cloyne Pioneer Museum with its many new acquisitions, will be open for traffic June 26th. It is an every-day-of-the-week operation, open from 10am to 4pm. This year, our display case will celebrate the village of Flinton, the oldest and earliest surveyed area of settlement. We will attend the Lennox and Addington County Museum and Archives in April to make sure that our housekeeping skills for our building and collections are perfect.

Come out and join us for Relay for Life. Member Cathy Hook is leading a team of fund raisers, the Pioneer Pacers for The Canadian Cancer Society's gathering in Flinton on June 11 and 12th.

To those of you who are not members or patrons of our organization, but join us by reading this newsletter, please accept our warm welcome to the Land O' Lakes. Stay awhile and enjoy the beauty of the Shield and its captivating history. □

Lennox and Addington Book Review

by Carol Morrow

Orland French has put together a very interesting mixture of geography, geology, settlement and transportation routes, as well as dealing with the industrial and political development of the area from Napanee to Denbigh in his new book, *Lennox and Addington*. Flipping through the book, I was immediately impressed with the number and quality of the images used to tell his stories. The aerial and panoramic shots are especially awesome; they do give a wonderful perspective of the land, the farmlands and rural life, the waterways and recreational opportunities, the quaint villages and natural attractions. Really, that no-man's land you see along Highway 41 between Erinsville and Kaladar? It never looked so good until depicted on the pages of this book!

I know that the narrative was never meant to be an exhaustive account of the history of the County, but its function is surely to lend support material to the marvelous photos and maps that fill the pages. The pages of photographs with the supporting narratives of the villages and towns invite you to take your own guided tour along the byways of the countryside, near the lakes and streams, over bridges and trestles. Along the way you travel by historical buildings such as the Old County Jail, the First Church and Gibbard's Furniture Store, through the pine forests of Bon Echo and catch a glimpse of nature's paradise in Skootamatta country. Our own Margaret Axford supplied the narratives for the five villages north of Kaladar, and this alone is a selling feature not to missed!

For me the two best features of the book are the maps and the beginning pages on the accounts of the geology of the land and First People. I also enjoyed the images showing the architecture not only of buildings found in the county but also the architecture of the landscape. If you are a map lover as I am, your attention will immediately be captured by the fine map detail represented in the book. Orland French as editor has taken no short cuts with the quality of the images; they are superb in every

way, advertising the notion that this is the only county in Ontario where one should live in order to have the best quality of life possible. Something I noticed is that so many of the photographs were taken in the autumn, surely the best time of year to show off the landscape at its best.

Lennox and Addington by Orland French and the Napanee Beaver as publisher would look grand on any coffee table in any home. The cost at \$55 is not prohibitive compared to the thirty-five we spend on a novel to read once and never look at again. This book will be studied over and over again by our generations, and re-studied by future generations. It would make a wonderful gift for Mother's or Father's Day, or someone's birthday. Don't miss out. It looks like a best seller. □

A Look To The Future

In recent meetings, we assessed the general health of our organization and devised several goals, some for the very short term, others from 3 to 5 years.

Sometimes goals are thrust upon us from outside. Such is the case with the Accessibility legislation, which requires that all public buildings be wheelchair accessible by 2012. If some construction is needed to conform with the legislation, perhaps we should be looking at expanding our space again. While getting into the museum is a fairly easy fix, there also needs to be space to move around and view the exhibits. In addition, the donation of artifacts hasn't slowed very much since our last addition in 2003, and once again interior space is at a premium. And so the Board will begin very soon to weigh the options of an addition to the current building, looking at plans, assessing potential costs and funding arrangements. Anyone wishing to express ideas for an expansion is welcome to contact us at <pioneer@mazinaw.on.ca>.

In other plans, the Board recognizes the need to increase communications with the general public, to involve members more regularly in the work of the organization, whether it be in general activities or at the museum, and to reach out to a younger audience for new members and new ideas.

Copies of the complete planning session will be available at the April meeting or online. Please let us know if you would like a copy. Are we headed in the right direction?



One Immigrant's Story

By Margaret Axford

It's a long way from Fohr, one of the North Friesen Islands off the coast of Denmark, to Flinton, particularly in the 1850s. But like so many other immigrants, distance and hazardous travelling did not deter the Rolufs family from leaving their Danish home, which was later to become German territory.

The details of their arrival and settlement in Flinton are not known. However, *The Oxen and The Axe* mentions Lorenz, also known as Lawrence, in terms of the discovery of the Golden Fleece Mine. It seems that on a deer-hunting expedition east of Flinton in November 1881 Lorenz came upon an outcropping of quartz that had yellow tones. Not knowing what it was, he broke off a piece and took it home, placing it on his windowsill. His neighbours flocked to see it and were convinced it was gold. A man named Jack Guina staked the claim and found investors, thus starting in motion the Golden Fleece Mine.

The Oxen and The Axe maintains that Lorenz was not interested in mining, perhaps a wise decision on his part given the ultimate failure of the mine.

A local connection still exists in that a brother of Lorenz, Roluf Meinert Rolufs, married Pauline Yoerke, of Denbigh, whose family connections extend into the Fritsch, Wunke and Petzold families in Denbigh.

Our contact lives in Mount Forest. Interestingly, it seems that several families from Denbigh and Flinton moved to the Mount Forest area in the 1800s.

We will never know why the Rolufs family chose Canada, and more specifically Flinton.



Spencer 's Store, Cloyne, c1930-40s

Our Front Cover

Chimney Island

This chimney is thought to be the remains of an abandoned cabin on an island in Gull Lake. Waves, wind, ice and snow have taken their toll on the building, but the sturdier stones and mortar of the chimney survived, a solitary landmark on the landscape. The island is accessible in the winter across the narrow channel by way of the ice.

~ Yard Sale ~

House Cleaning Time !!!!

Bring your unwanted items to the

Pioneer Museum

On Friday afternoon, May 21st

Sale, May 22nd at 9am

Barrie Township Hall

Museum Opening Saturday, June 26th

BBQ 11 am – 1 pm

Special Entertainment

1 pm

Barrie Township Hall

Pioneer Museum Patron Program

by Marcella Neely

March 2010 marked five years since the launch of the Pioneer Museum Patron program. Over the years, the financial support from each of you and your neighbours and families has been very generous. Patron money has paid for museum insurance, framing of photographs, enhancing the front window by making it low-e and shatterproof and many other maintenance items. Over this winter, the museum eaves-troughs suffered some damage from tree branches falling during an ice-storm. Repairing these is another example of how Patron money will be used.

Do you know of any other families in our museum coverage area who would like to join us in this very worthwhile enterprise? If so, please encourage them to contact us. Even people who no longer live in the area have a connection that will remain here forever, as evidenced by the people who regularly show up at the museum looking for clues to their roots.

The annual fee for patrons is only \$25.00 and includes access to all meetings and activities of the Cloyne and District Historical Society, two newsletters per year and a window decal. Additional donations are welcome and a charitable donation receipt is issued for all donations over \$10.00. There are no administrative charges, so all of your money is put to good use.

The museum has several "must do" projects just waiting for funding. We desperately need both storage and display space to accommodate your predecessors' artifacts, genealogy and history.

Without community support the museum would not be the source of pride and the tourist attraction that it is. Let's preserve and maintain this for future generations.



Financial Report

Ian Brumell

With the coming of a new season of enterprise and history preservation, the Cloyne and District Historical Society hopefully will entertain yet another financially secure summer.

The past summer of 2009 saw our Society forge ahead with several projects including several student funding grants, our 150th anniversary of the establishment of Cloyne and the finalization of our Trillium grant for the re-printing of *The Oxen and The Axe* as well as the establishment of our Community Archive.

In addition to these items, we had a reasonably good 2009 financially, with a year end bank balance of \$2,582.74.

Currently, as of the end of March, our bank balance is \$6,018.65. As you know we also have auxiliary funds which we can draw upon in an emergency as well for our eventual sustainability. Our reserve fund secured by liquid investments with Raymond-James Investment counsellors in Kingston, was \$21,269 as of the end of March. These funds are used in times of a cash crunch, possibly brought on by grant payments being delayed. They also represent a fund from which we can draw for any major projects we might host over the summer.

A lesser known source of funds for the Society is what we call our Endowment fund held by the Napanee District Community Foundation. It was the bequest of one of our founding patrons, Isobel Stewart which allowed us to establish The Cloyne and District Historical Society Fund. There have been other significant donations as well to the Society, which we have added to this fund as a lasting gift from these donors. The fund of course relies on the investment market to produce revenue. As of the end of 2009 its value was \$33,475.11. In good years it can produce up to \$3,000 of revenue for us.

The 2009 financial statements for The Cloyne and District Historical Society are elsewhere in this newsletter. If there are any further questions or interests, please do not hesitate to contact us at any time.

Fame Comes to Harlowe

by Margaret Axford

In the front corner of the old Harlowe United Church cemetery is the grave of Rhena Pollard Cole. Beside her lies her husband, Oris Cole. Why should anyone be interested in these graves any more than any of the other old graves in this cemetery? The answer lies in Rhena's past, before she arrived in this part of the world and in the famous English writer, Charles Dickens.

In the late 1840s, when Charles Dickens was writing novels and already becoming a person of influence in Victorian England, his attention was drawn to the precarious lives which so many young women of the time were leading. Those who have read any of his novels know that Dickens was very concerned with social conditions in England, and in particular in London. Far too often, young children were forced to work long hours in dangerous and extremely low-paying jobs. When they resorted to theft in order to eat or have clothing to wear, they were thrown in prison. Anyone who hasn't read an account of what these prisons were like should do so. Stealing shoes or a loaf of bread often meant at least 2 weeks of horror in a prison, with no lawyer or any kind of support. Jobs after release were very scarce, particularly for girls. For example, any woman who had been in prison would not be hired by an English family as a servant, ¹ which was almost the only job open to a poor, uneducated girl. Indeed, only the strong did survive.

Dickens was anxious to do something to remediate the situation, beyond the vivid descriptions in his novels. His plan was to create a home for a small number of girls, instil in them a sense of order and discipline in their daily lives, educate them and then ship them out to one of the colonies, where they would find husbands and a new way of life, well away from the influences which had contributed to their downfall. He didn't want "meek and passive" ² women, indicating that he was interested in those with backbone, with strong characters who would presumably be able to handle a new country and a new way of life.

Around 100 young women, over the decade between approximately 1847 and 1857, eventually did agree to be a part of this "social experiment" upon which Dickens was embarking with great enthusiasm. With the assistance of a benefactor, he established Urania Cottage, a "home" for women in distress, most of whom had been in prison at least once. Strong and competent women were hired to manage the daily routines of the home and the tempers and flightiness of the young women. Chaplains brought spiritual guidance. Cooks, cleaning women, a gardener - all were hired so that the home would run smoothly, leaving Dickens to focus his attentions on the growth and development of the inhabitants of the house. He taught them to read, giving them as much education as he possibly could in a few hours of instruction a week.

Into this experiment, in the early 1850s, came Rhena Pollard. She had had a brush with the law and her parents had disappeared from her life; she really was homeless. In a letter to his benefactor, Miss Burdett Coutts, dated January 5, 1854, Dickens described Rhena as "an utterly friendless speck in the world". ³ This characterization graphically sums up his motivation in providing a place of refuge for someone like Rhena; it may also partly explain her wilful behaviour at the beginning of her time there. According to Jenny Hartley's book, *Charles Dickens and the House of Fallen Women*, Rhena was a "slow settler", a "troublemaker", and "audacious". ⁴ Did she have any other choice if she was to survive? At one point, in a great temper, she threatened to leave the house, saying she would never return, but then when her bluff was called, she emotionally pleaded for forgiveness and the right to remain at Urania Cottage. Dickens allowed her back in, probably seeing her potential.

In spite of her tempestuous behaviour, Rhena spent several years living at Urania Cottage, longer than some of the others, gradually settling in and becoming, as far as we know, a model citizen. In another letter dated February 9, 1855, Dick-

ens told Miss Burdett Coutts that “Rhena Pollard was the subject of an especially good report”.⁵ Around this same time, Dickens was embarking on a new novel, entitled *Little Dorrit*.⁶ There is much speculation in the literary world that the figure of Tattycoram in *Little Dorrit* is built around Rhena Pollard, and indeed her strength of character does seem to match that of Tattycoram.

The last time we hear of Rhena, at least from the English perspective, is after 1855, in a letter which she had written to Urania Cottage. She talked of her upcoming marriage to Oris Cole, whom she described as being a “lumberman”⁷ so she had obviously emigrated by this time. How she met him and why she emigrated to Canada rather than to Australia like the rest of her housemates are questions for which at the moment there are no answers. We do know that she married Oris on June 29, 1856, in Buckingham, Quebec.⁸ Apparently, like so many others, she and Oris followed the timber and ended up in Cloyne.

There they lived and in the course of their marriage had 7 children. Rhena died in 1899, at 63 and is buried in the United Church/ Methodist cemetery in Harlowe. We know at the end of her life that she was a member of the Salvation Army. Had she joined this faith before she left England or did she join here? An interesting possibility is that, for the last year or two of her life, she might have attended services at the Salvation Army barracks on the old Loon Lake Road, where Louie Churchill Snider preached for some time after her marriage to Levi Snider in 1895. The Salvation Army archive in Canada has no record of a corps being in Cloyne before Captain Snider arrived, but the timing indicates that the two women could have known one another.

In addition to the question of her religious affiliation, there are many other aspects of this woman that make one curious. Did Rhena retain her “audacious” character, as she and Oris raised their children? Was she an influential member of the community? Was there ever anyone to whom she confided about her past and her relationship with Charles Dickens? While the little that we know about Rhena Pollard Cole offers no answers, suffice it to say that for the moment that she has brought a good measure of fame to the Harlowe cemetery.

I am indebted to Jenny Hartley, author of *Charles Dickens and the House of Fallen Women*, to June Gillies of Winnipeg, who is a great granddaughter of Rhena and Oris and who is no stranger to the Cloyne and District Historical Society, and lastly to Karin Wells of CBC Radio, who came to Cloyne to visit in preparation for her radio documentary and who opened up for me this fascinating story.

Footnotes:

1. “*Walking on Time*”, CBC documentary by Karin Wells, aired on “The Sunday Edition”, February 7, 2010. There is a copy of the documentary in the Cloyne Pioneer Museum.

2. *Charles Dickens and the House of Fallen Women*, by Jenny Hartley, published by Methuen, p. 33. The book is currently unavailable in Canadian bookstores, but the Queens University library has a copy, as will the Cloyne and District Historical Society by July.

3. Letters of Charles Dickens to Miss Burdett Coutts, courtesy of June Gillies.

4. Hartley, p. 116.

5. Letters

6. Hartley, p. 124-5.

7. Hartley, p. 126.

8. Wells, CBC documentary



Tips and Techniques for a Successful Cemetery Tour

By Carol Morrow

You have some forebears that you don't have any dates for, and you don't know the name of your grandfather's brother's wife. They both had some kids but you are missing them too. You have an idea where they are all buried and the cemetery would probably supply some missing information. It is a few hours away by car, and you don't want to leave any stone unturned (I couldn't resist the pun). Then let's plan a cemetery trip.

First, put together a Cemetery Kit for all time, and buy a bin to haul it around in. You will need a garden trowel for clearing out around a ground level marker, a probe at least about 10" long (in a pinch a table knife will do) for locating a sunken marker; a soft bristle scrub brush to clean lichen off lettering, light garden gloves, a spritzer of clear water to enhance faded lettering, a bug repellent, extra batteries and flashcard for the digital camera – you might hit a gold mine. Heck, take a lunch and have a cemetery picnic. Those old bones won't mind your using a slab for a table. Wear sensible shoes as some cemeteries can be quite hilly or overgrown, and take a buddy. Two people can cover more territory. Take a field book (and a couple of pens) to make a record of those hard to read stones or ones that might not photograph well. Sun screen and sun glasses are optional. Throw an umbrella or rain jacket and rubbers in the car, because it nearly always rains when you have driven so far. Oh, and take a stick of coloured chalk and some plain white paper—you might have to do a stone "rubbing".

Cemeteries fall into two main categories – the relatively compact rural country graveyard, and the large urban complex made up of several sections. The country ones are easiest to do - less walking, the place is usually squared off inside a fence along a country road or in a village churchyard where whole families will be bunched together in an area.

For any cemetery visit, before you leave home, go to MapQuest or GoogleMaps and get route directions to find the cemetery. These will be step by step road/ highway and street instructions, pretty

easy to follow. Better yet, use your GPS. For a city situation, contact the cemetery people, explain what you are doing and email them a list of your names, requesting a section location for each, and their operating hours. You need to go when their office is open. City cemeteries usually have contact numbers and are listed on the Internet. If you can't contact them by email, you will have to stop at their office upon arrival and get this information. You definitely need the section locations for a large cemetery. There is usually a cemetery map on a sign board at the (main) gate when you drive in. Ask for a paper copy at the office anyway. I have always found the staff cooperative, even without warning.

I have never found a cemetery I couldn't get into. Once inside the cemetery or a section thereof, the approach to locating your stones is the same in the city as in the country. Size up the cemetery and adopt a plan based on its structure. Section the country churchyard off into smaller parts (ie the left side of the church, the back, the right side); you shouldn't have to do that in the sections of a city cemetery. Walk the rows systematically; don't hop all over the place just because you see a name you recognize three rows over. Try to view at least two rows in one pass across a selected area to save time and footsteps. Many stones will have inscriptions on the back; don't forget those.

Have your partner be the scribe and an extra pair of eyes; know what names you are searching for. You handle the camera unless your partner is an expert. Have a steady hand. Take more than one shot; sometimes the stone is a family monument and you will want a long shot of it and close-ups of each lettered side. Where lettering is faded, use the squirt bottle; I have had lettering improve with this technique. If lichen is blocking an inscription, carefully work at brushing, even picking, it off. You don't want to damage the stone. The sun isn't always in the right place for optimal photography in a cemetery; sometimes an angle or 3/4 shot works if the sun is in your face. In the case of a stone or plaque flat on the ground, you can take a shot upside down and rotate it later using your computer software. Any inscription that is faded, fuzzy, chipped or has lichen should be written out

in full in the field book as true to the original as possible. Be wary of the speckled red granite tombstones with the indented inscriptions; generally the photographic results are not good. Take notes for them in any case.

Use the trowel sparingly; you want to leave the cemetery the way you found it. But sometimes grass has grown up over and almost covered a ground level plaque or flat stone, and you want the information that is under there. With the probe, locate the edges of the stone. Without chipping away any stone material, cut away the sod along the perimeter with your trowel. When you are finished finding and photographing the stone, gather up the sod (the evidence) and pitch it over the fence (cover your tracks). Some people swear by stone rubbings; ie you take a thin sheet of newsprint type of paper placed over the broken or hard to read (or photograph) lettering and with chalk, rub the chalk edge across the stone to get an imprint of the inscription which you can transcribe. In no instance should you ever try to excavate a stone that is completely covered up. There are ways to identify a buried stone - better left to the professional. Usually there isn't anyone around when you drop by—except occasionally a man on a lawn mower or carrying a spade. He can be VERY helpful in locating names in “his” cemetery—you might even share some relatives!

Conclusions: you will probably not find all the names on your list, but you will usually find others that you didn't have. Before leaving, get a shot of the cemetery entrance or its sign. Take time to reflect on the souls resting there and take in the atmosphere of the cemetery. Some cemeteries are really beautiful places; some are really ugly, functional but no ambience. The old pioneer places are the most peaceful. All have their own character. I cannot stress how rewarding cemetery visits can be.

Back home, download your pictures into your computer; get them organized into files by family. Rotate and crop, enhance the colour, sharpen as needed for best results. I always crop mine into a 4” x 6” size for Walmart to develop

them into glossy prints which I slide into albums. I label the backs with the cemetery location and the inscription, if it is hard to read. Transcribe the inscriptions into your family tree software and enter the images onto the program's photo album capabilities for further archiving. I always keep a hard copy as well as a digital one – the sign of a paranoid genealogist. □

The Ghost of Kaladar

The mystery story of the year comes out of the quiet Eastern Ontario town of Kaladar. It was witnessed by several Ottawa persons travelling on the CPR Ottawa-Toronto train at two a.m.

The train crashed into a truck at a crossing near the town. When the crew and passengers got out to investigate, they found underneath the debris a pair of pants, a pair of shoes, a wallet - but no body. After searching for half an hour, they were ready to give up.

Then a barefoot apparition in loud undershorts appeared from the swamp a short distance away. “What happened?” it was quoted as inquiring. “I just woke up.”

Now how could this 30 year-old driver, who's a school bus driver by day, be thrown out of the wreckage, get out of his trousers and shoes, and not suffer a scratch? Says OPP Constable George Evans of Kaladar:

“He won't talk...so it's a mystery still under investigation”.

Ed. note: This short article appeared in approximately 1958, probably in the Tweed News. Perhaps it was April 1?



A Not so Knight's Tale

The Heroic Story of Sir John Hasler

by Joel Hasler

The stories of knights have been documented and written about for centuries and great writers such as Chaucer have described their heroic lives. Often the stories are only myths written to excite the readers or ancient tales handed down through the oral tradition, changing according to the teller.

However, sometimes a real knight does exist within a family tree, by times heroic, by times not. Such a person is in my family's heritage and has an everlasting connection with the small hamlet of Flinton.

Under the red pines around the southeast corner of the United Church Cemetery in Flinton and clearly visible from the 5th Concession, there sits a clump of tombstones. Each tombstone has the name "Hasler" etched into the granite and stands as a memorial to lives past. They are not unlike any other tombstone in the graveyard. However, there is one which contains some information which has fascinated me for years. Actually, it is not the name of a person who lies under the stone which drew my attention, but the name of his father which started my investigation into English knighthood.

Henry Hasler's tombstone states that he was the son of Sir John Hasler of Wexford, Ireland. This sentence triggers a number of questions in my mind. Who was this man? How did John Hasler become Sir John Hasler? Is there any chance I am in line to become the next King of England? And will the girls flock to me as they do to Prince William when they find out that I am also a noble man? Putting aside the obvious dream questions, I did discover an interesting story about the man who fathered the lineage of Haslers in the Flinton area.

My quest to find answers started when I was attending school at North Addington Education Centre

in Cloyne. However, the library there could offer no help. My most reliable source, my grandfather Carl Hasler, had either not been told the story or his age had caught up with his memory. It wasn't until I was enrolled at Queen's University in Kingston that I was able to attempt a serious search for the history behind the name. I was studying geography and history and surprisingly had lots of time to kill. Between classes, beers, and procrastinating over doing essays, I was able to find time to take advantage of the high-speed Internet available, a far cry from the dialup service in Flinton. Some argue that the internet is not a good source of information, my grandmother being one, but for me it was quite useful.

One night I simply "googled" "Sir John Hasler" and to my surprise I got two hits of actual substance and one sidetrack to a remedy to help my love life. Of the two useful hits, the first was a web page listing Sir John Hasler as a government official living in Wexford, Ireland. The pertinent information was for sale in a book about Irish surnames, but I declined to buy it, as the paragraph I wanted was displayed for free on the screen. Now I had at least conformed that Sir John was indeed from Ireland.

The second hit was much more useful than the first. It claimed that Sir John Hasler was the Chamberlain to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. I immediately looked up what that meant, because for all I knew it could have meant that my ancestor emptied the chamber pot for the Lord Lieutenant. That would have meant that I was not in line to be King and to be loved by all the girls in Europe. Thankfully, my initial hunch was wrong.

The term "chamberlain" refers to someone who is the main secretary and organizer for a government official. The Lord Lieutenant was the King's representative in Ireland. The Canadian equivalent would be as if my great great great great grandfather managed the office of the Governor General.

I thought that Sir John Hasler clearly had a great job

job, but he must have done something of more significance to have such a title. My knowledge of Irish history told me anyone who was working for the English government in Ireland was not Irish but most definitely English, as no respectable Irish man, woman, child or beast would ever sink so low as to work for the British government. It should be noted that the British also hated the Irish, as Sir John Hasler clearly states in his last will and testament, that if any one of his children should ever marry or associate with a Catholic without his permission, that child would forfeit any claim to his fortune and receive merely “one schilling sterling” as a parting gift. Because most of the Catholics in his region of Ireland were Irish too, I assume Sir John would use the two terms, Irish and Catholic, interchangeably. (*My grandfather found a copy of Sir John Hasler’s will dated 1839 in the farm house where he was born and still lives, but he has no idea who gave it to him.*) So, my search led me across the Irish Sea to England.

My search in England, via the internet, did reveal to me how John Hasler became a knight. About a year after my first discoveries, I discovered a web page linked to the “Hasler Royal Naval Hospital”, in Gosport, England. It seems that he was no exception to the rule that if you, as a philanthropist, make a substantial donation, you get something in return. Having given the land and the money to build a naval hospital in the late 18th century, he became a Knight of the British Empire. Not an act of valour, but a nice gesture nonetheless.

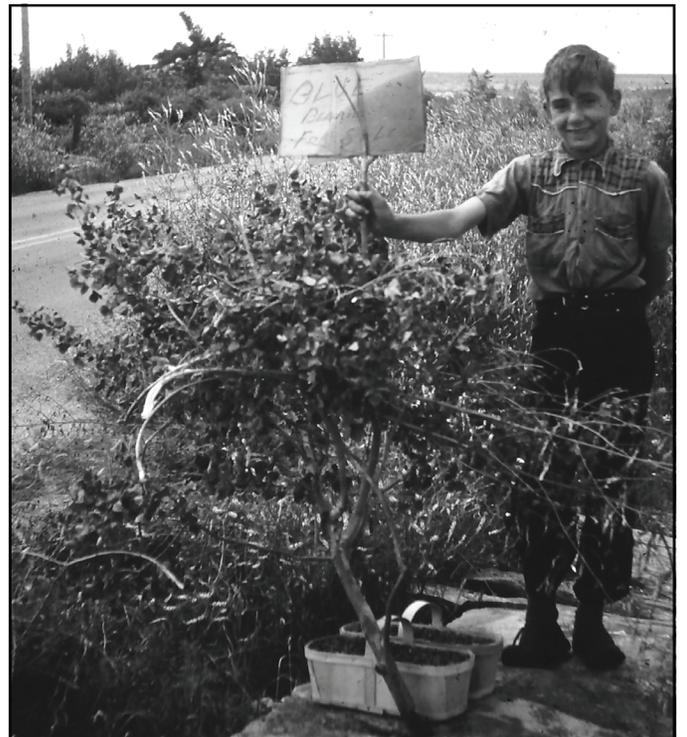
I remember once hearing a story from my Aunt Jean that John Hasler had become a knight by saving a member of the royal family in the heat of battle. This would have made a much more exciting story, but no, he simply built a hospital, and for his efforts, was given a sweet job of emptying chamber pots, oh I mean running the day-to-day operations of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for his not so heroic actions. □

Summer is coming....!

In the 1940s and 1950s, Kaladar was the local blueberry capital. Whole families went picking, often taking a tent with them for shelter. Many set up stands along the highway, as they do today. These two gentlemen of-



fer us hope that this year’s crop, while perhaps not as prolific, will still taste just as good. Both photos are from the Mary Lloyd Johnson collection.



Reference Books for Genealogy or Local History Studies

1. Frontenac County: County of 1,000 Lakes
 Away back in Clarendon-Miller
 Back of Sunset, a history of Central Frontenac
 Way Back in Frontenac (Northern Townships) - Census Information from 1860-1900
 Memories, by Eleanor Flieler
2. Lennox and Addington County: The Smiling Wilderness
 Historical Glimpses of Lennox and Addington
 Way Back in Addington (Northern Townships)-Census Information
 from 1860 to 1900
 The Story of Old Hay Bay Church
 Lennox and Addington Atlas
3. Cloyne/Bon Echo: Bon Echo - The Denison Years
 The Mazinaw Experience
 The Oxen and the Axe
 Unto These Hills
 The Art of Bon Echo
 Sunset of Bon Echo
4. Denbigh: This Was Yesterday
5. Flinton: Village on the Skoot
6. Northbrook: When I Was a Boy - The David Trumble Story
7. Ottawa Valley: Eganville, Jewel of the Bonnechere
 Lumber Kings and Shantymen - Logging and Lumbering in the Ottawa Valley
 Heart and Soul- Portraits of Canada's Ottawa Valley
8. Matawatchan: St. Andrews United Church, Matawatchan
 The Carswell Story - 350 Years of Pioneering History
 The Strong Family - 150 Years in Canada
 Matawatchan, A Glimpse into the Past
9. Eastern Ontario: Whiskey and Wickedness
 Historic Sites and Monuments of Kingston and District
 Land Roll Book - Land Agent Records 1865-1893 for South Canonto, Palmerston,
 Clarendon-Miller, Abinger, Denbigh, Hinchinbrooke and Olden Townships
 Where the Heck is Balaheck? - Unusual Place names in Eastern Ontario
 Chalk, Challenge and Change - Stories from Women Teachers in Ontario, 1920-1979

These books can be borrowed from the museum on a sign-out list. Contact Margaret Axford for this.