

had founded the mill and the town-site of Ferguslea. My Great- Great grandfather had been a weaver in Scotland, and worked in his cousin's mill here when he came to Renfrew County in 1863. We know the blanket came from the Reid mills, because it has a seam down the middle, the looms there being too narrow to make a full blanket. The mills suffered several bad fires and in 1906 following a devastating one, the family abandoned the enterprise and Ferguslea and went to Western Canada where I am sure their pioneering spirit was well appreciated.

This blanket when home from Ferguslea, just a little up the road. I do mean "the road" of course. The Opeongo Road, a settlement road established in the 1850's to attract settlers into the interior of the province. My ancestor's like many others discovered that once the wealth of the trees was gone, the land along the Opeongo was too shallow and stony to support much agriculture. So in 1910 we moved taking our blanket with us to the richer loamier soils of the slopes above the Bonnechere ranges, along the Stone Road. Well the other reason we moved is that apparently my great-great-grandfather only had squatter's rights along the Opeongo, which ended with his death in 1909. This is the farm I grew up on and I well remember older relatives visiting and doing the tour of things no longer there, this is where the ice house was, or the chicken coops, the sheep folds, the pig pens and of course the orchard was bigger, and the pump house was there. But as a testament to progress, the barns grew bigger, there were new sheds for machinery and instead of mixed agriculture there was a specialization in dairy. There is a photo from the 1930's of my grandfather delivering his own milk to homes in Renfrew, that ended with the pasteurization legislation promoted by Adelaide Hoodless and the Women's Institute, none the less we have struggled on for the last 65 years or so delivering milk to the dairy instead.

*(Lynn) I've always had an interest in the history of our area and listened intently to the stories told by my elders around the kitchen table. One of my favourite tales related how my great-great-great grandfather and his 2 sons, fed up with only the worst land that was left in Lanark County, walked to the Pinnacle outside of Renfrew, looked across the Bonnechere River and saw stands of hardwood. They returned the next year, 1833, to start to clear the first farms in Admaston. I grew up on that farm where the original log cabin was known as the pighouse, ..... as people moved into bigger and better houses the animals got the one left behind!!! This picture shows my grandfather getting ready to take the milk to the local cheese factory, taken at the farm where I live today. As Gail has mentioned the business of farming has changed considerably from the days of handling cans of milk and sheaves of grain to the high tech machinery of today.*

(Gail) The new farm was opposite the Protestant cemetery and in addition to inheriting the farm, my father's father and my father inherited the secretarial and caretaking duties of the cemetery. The documents that record the founding of the cemetery are witnessed by both my forefathers and Lynn's as community minded Scot's. The first burial was in 1842, a farmer's daughter placed to rest on a sunny knoll.

*(Lynn) The stories that those headstones tell! A large monument for my great-great-great-uncle's family shows the death of 3 children within 2 weeks from diphtheria. A testament to the days before the vaccinations that we now take for granted.*

(Gail) In the same vein, our families are founders of the local church, Presbyterian