

Our nearest neighbours were the Hugh Crawford family. The mother was very old, and they had a retarded daughter who required a lot of care. My mother used to help them a lot. The Peter Cameron family lived close by, and they raised honey bees. They were so good to our family. We really enjoyed going down there for honey in the comb. Another close neighbour was the John Wright family. I can recall helping Mrs. Stanley Wright take care of her children. Some of that family still live in Warton. Those boys remember me.

By the time my youngest sister was born, my three older sisters were married so we were not so crowded. My youngest sister was born September 16, 1908.

His parents, while still in their sixties, did not have a home of their own and they thought they should be taken care of, so, of course, Andrew bought the farm that we lived on and took them in. My in-laws also had a four-year old granddaughter whose mother had deserted her, and they thought I should give her a home too. That was O.K. for a few years, but when we got a child of our own, it was more than I could take, so they found another home for her.

My husband and I worked very hard to make ends meet as we had six people to find food for. We cut logs and sold them or exchanged them for groceries at the general store. Later on, we were blessed with two more sons and still had the gran-

BOOK—William Henry, at the Victoria Hospital, London, on Monday, August 10th, 1937. Bill Cook of Purple Valley. Beloved husband of the former Edna Gilbert. Dear father of Carman and his wife Rhonda of Kemble, Connie (Mrs. Keith Fetting) of Tottenham, Cathy of Kemble, Carol Ann of Toronto, Cindy and Carrie, both of Purple Valley, Brother of Jack of Markham. The family will receive friends at the George Funeral Home, 430 Mary Street, Warton, on Tuesday from 2:00 to 4:00 and 7:00 to 9:00 p.m. Funeral service will be held in the chapel on Wednesday, August 12th at 2:00 p.m. Interment Colpoys Bay Cemetery. Donations to the Canadian Cancer Society would be appreciated.

the Bruce Frontier

my grandparents on my mother's side. My grandmother was Sarah Anne Charbonneau. My grandfather was McGuire Antoine Charbonneau. They lived on the property still known as Purple Valley. They were farmers. They had two sons who grew up, got married and had families, and they were farmers also. An adopted nephew who also farmed lived close by. He had no children. There were two daughters. The elder was my mother who got married and lived on Concession 14, Albemarle Township, and the younger sister married and went to live at Elmwood.

My grandmother was crippled when she was young. She stepped in a hole and twisted her hip so that she had to use crutches, and she actually walked with one foot behind the other. My grandfather, McGuire Antoine, dropped dead while speaking at a political meeting in the Community Hall. This changed the family life, and the boys decided they wanted to go to Western Canada. The adopted boy went to British Columbia.

All this time, my grandmother kept a small store in her home, and she also took care of the health of the community. She had no medical training, just her own experience. If anyone got sick, someone would come and get my grandmother, and she always had a bag packed ready. She delivered all the babies in the big families in the community. They never saw a doctor and they had faith in my grandmother. No one

ever went away to such a thing as a hospital. They just stayed home and worried it away, and made the best of things. There was a diphtheria epidemic once, and the Indian agent, a white man who lived on the reserve, lost two of his children, but I don't remember anyone else dying. Everyone got whooping cough. There was no immunization. Teeth were badly neglected, in the children especially. You got false teeth young. Grandmother Charbonneau always wore a white apron. In the winter she drove a horse and cutter, in the summer, a buggy. At any hour of the night she would go out to deliver a baby. My oldest sister went to live with my grandmother when she was old enough to go to school. When she was fourteen, she had a bad fall down the cellar steps and did not recover.

My grandmother decided she would like to take a trip to the west to see her boys. While there, she met a very attractive young widower who got interested in her, and they became friends. After she came home, the gentleman decided he wanted to continue the friendship, so he came to Warton. He helped to build a larger store, and, later, he and grandmother were married. This man was Malcolm McMiller, and he was nicknamed "Pappy" and my grandmother was "Mammy" as long as they lived.

They decided they would like to build a church. They bought a building at Oxenden across the Bay, had it taken apart and brought it

across the bay on the ice in the winter. Then it was moved up to Purple Valley with horses and wagons. The people in the community were so helpful, and soon they had stained glass windows installed and everything. It was a Methodist Church and we always had a Methodist minister over the years.

As time went on, my grandparents found out the store was too much for them, and they sold it to my sister, Margaret Gilbert who operated it for fifty-five years. She took over the responsibility of the church too, and when she passed away, the church was sold for a home to a man who lived in Toronto. He left a fire in the stove on one trip, and the church burned to the ground.

My grandparents went to live in the house now oc-

cupied by Ralph MacLean, and they spent the rest of their days there. They died

in 1920 and were buried beside my father in Colpoys Bay Cemetery.

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