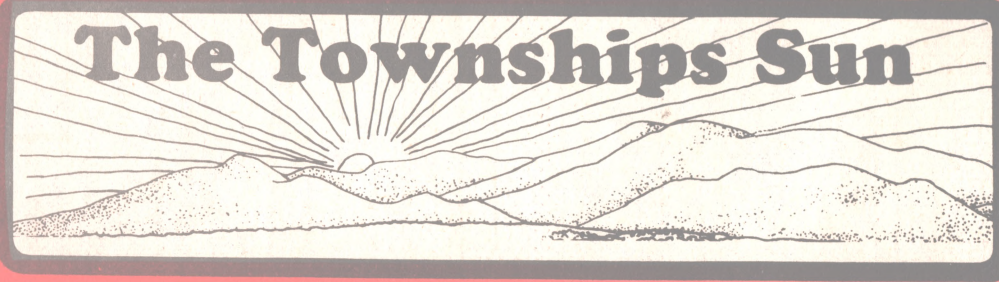
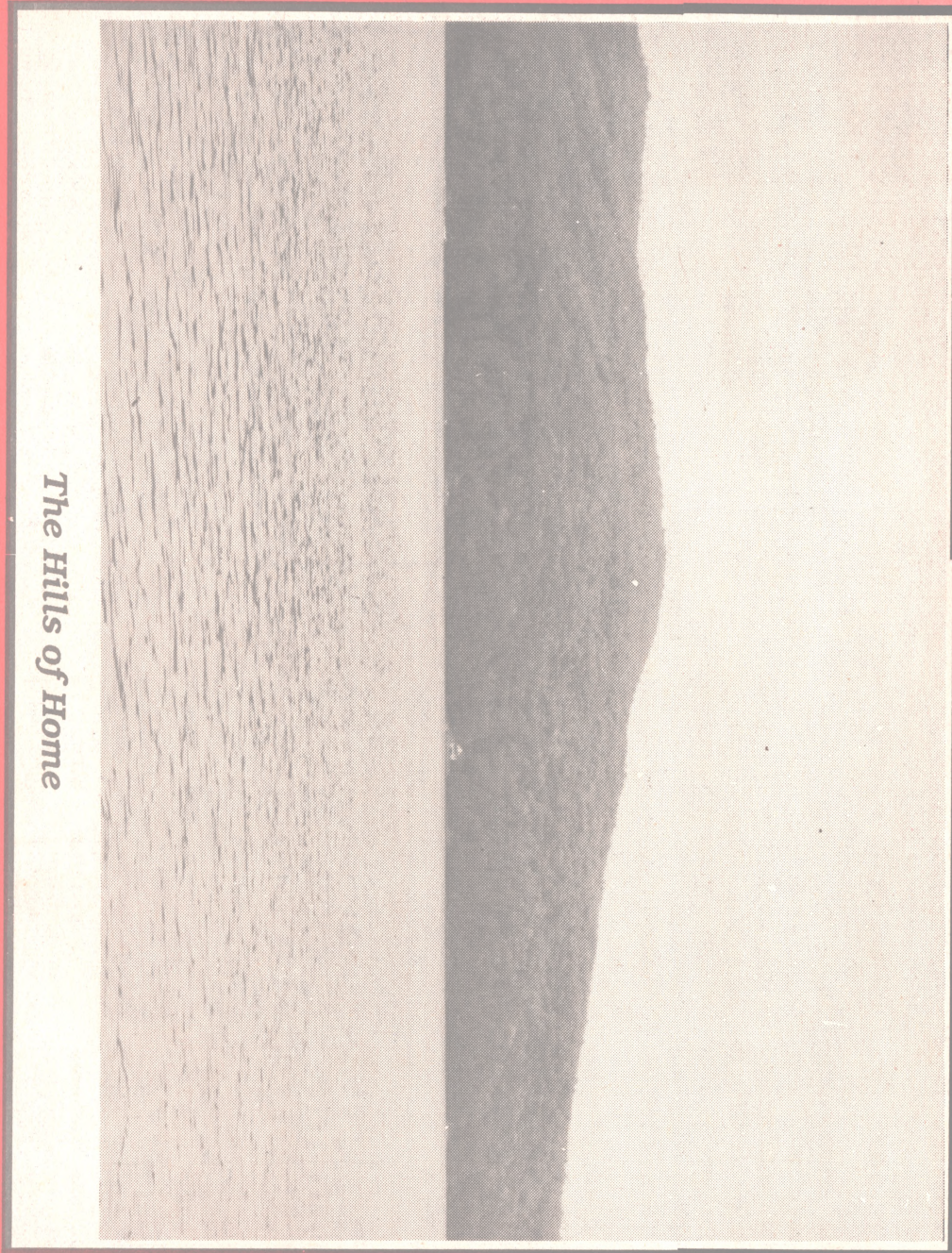


The Townships Sun



The Hills of Home



The Townships Sun



\$ 1.50

Volume 18, No. 1

July 1990



*The Maple Leaf Flies Proudly
Beside Lake Massawippi*



Writer's award winner 1983, 1985, 1987
Feature photography award winner 1988



Editorial

Last month was my month to make mistakes. Somehow the notice of Summer Solstice Festival at The "Jardin de l'Oiseau d'Or" did not make it into the issue. My apologies to Louise Masson. I promise to do better next time. Also my apologies to Claudette Beaudry at Fleuriste Lennoxville Enr. for the mixup in the pictures of the flower basket in her advertisement for Mother's Day.

I suppose that the Editor of a newspaper is supposed to say things about Meech Lake this month, but frankly I simply don't know what to make of the antics of our politicians.

Now that The Meech Lake Accord is dead there are more questions than answers.

For me the biggest question is, "Did the Government of Canada really intend that this Accord should be approved?"

If they did, why was nothing done until the eleveneth and a half hour (as one astute reporter put it)? Why was our Prime Minister so busy he couldn't call a First Minister meeting sooner, even though he admits that it was planned a month before it was held? Why did Senator Lowell Murray make an announcement of the plan to go to the Supreme Court before Newfoundland voted?

It doesn't take a psychologist to know that Clyde Wells would react with anger.

Patricia Ball

dence over the health and well-being of Canadians. Surely those who looked to Hon. Doug Lewis and his government for leadership on this vital issue deserve better than this.

Marclen Fournier, B.A.,
M.D., C.S.P.Q.
Ottawa

Dear Editor:

Thank you for Frank Harding's article on Cycle-touring. Many from Stanstead County and beyond have associations with the Tomifobia. My great grandparents left Scotland in 1830, heading for the frontier of the American West in Ohio. During the lengthy Atlantic crossing Mr. Steele convinced them that the desirable destination would be Beebe (Steele's Plain in those days). So they took up farming on the slopes of the Tomifobia, just north of Beebe. They must have soon acquired a taste for Maple sugar, for through the following generations a sugar bush was an important part of any farm layout.

The very name "Tomifobia" has a unique resonance. I expect that the stream's power potential at Rock Island was recognized in early times. Below that point

The Centre Hospitalier Universitaire de Sherbrooke (CHU) has issued a warning for all people travelling in the United States to take precautions against Lyme Disease.

The disease, caused by a tick bite, has been reported in states along the East Coast from Massachusetts to North Carolina. Cases also have been reported in Vermont, Maine, New Hampshire, Wisconsin,

the river appears to meander placidly through the fields, but even here it could go on the rampage in Spring freshets. I believe it was about 1927 when it took out a road bridge, and washed out a stretch of the Boston & Maine Railway embankment, leaving the rails suspended across the gap.

I am extending my senior's subscription. Keep up the good work of reporting Eastern Townships events, past and present.

Ellsworth Lorimer
British Columbia

Dear Editor:

I like the paper because it is different — positive in editorial comments and has "roots".

Margaret Russell
Dorval

Dear Editor:

This is my best way of keeping in touch with the names of my childhood and I have enjoyed every issue.

Isabel Duffett
Ottawa

Dear Editor:

We really enjoy the Sun and look forward to receiving it every month. Please keep up the good work.

Myrtle & Cliff Allan
Sherbrooke

Minnesota, California, Oregon, Georgia, Utah and Arkansas.

The tick lives in areas of woods, bushes and tall grass.

Precautions include wearing long pants, closed shoes, socks and long sleeved shirts.

Check yourself and your pet frequently for ticks. Remember the tick is very small. Watch for the characteristic bulls-eye rash.

If you have further questions call Dr. Monique Drapeau or Dr. Serge Dery at the Department of Community Health [819] 822-1380.

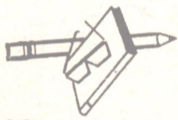
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Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

I still maintain that a true Quebecer, or Québécois, is a Canadian citizen who lives in Quebec. While I now live in Ontario my ancestry is in Quebec and I'm a fourth generation English-speaking Quebecer, dating from the early 1820s. The question arises — does this make me a distinct society type?

Ernest McCallum
Kingston, Ontario

Dear Editor:

This letter expresses the deep disappointment of Canadian physicians with the federal government's decision to not implement the smoking ban on international flights by Canadian carriers on July 1st as promised.

We are distressed to see that the profits of the airline companies and the tobacco manufacturers take prece-



Ice and Floodwood on the Tomifobia River



Lorimer Bridge Carried Away by Ice Jam



Spring Scenes on the Tomifobia—Near Beebe Plain

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The Townships Sun welcomes manuscripts, letters, and anecdotes. Material should be typewritten, double-spaced, and addressed to the Editor. Material accepted is subject to editing and revision. While all reasonable care is taken, we accept no responsibility for loss or damage to unsolicited material. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Vanishing Borders

by Marlis Wehr

They will be torn down — by the end of this year, the 162-km long Wall separating East Berlin from West Berlin will have gone, and by the end of 1994, the two lines of six-foot high and over 300-km-long first-quality rigid wire fences between the two Germany's will have disappeared too. So will, of course the prison-like watch towers in viewing distance from each other built on the noman's land between the two wall and fence lines. The carefully trained German shepherd dogs running back and forth on the so-called death-strips, the meticulously 'groomed' sands of the noman's land zone, have been advertised for sale since November 9th. Since that date the use of pesticides on these 'death zones' has stopped — the weeds and the grass are growing again. Soon it will be good farmland again, as it always has been until 1961. Although nobody wants to see these sinister border structures ever again, hopes are expressed to preserve some parts of them in a future Museum of German History, a pet project of Chancellor Kohl's to be built in Berlin not far from the Brandenburg Gate. One must not forget. There is a lot to be remembered — a trip through East Germany is an open History book.

The land between the Baltic Sea and Bavaria, between Lower Saxony and the Oder-Neisse rivers is still called the German Democratic Republic, although the 'Hammer and Compass', the state's official emblem, has been taken off the flag with its colours of black, red, and gold, and it has also disappeared from all public buildings and stationery. What will happen to the Marx-Engels monument (only erected there in 1987!) on the big plaza behind the Volkskammer (East Germany's once 99.99% 'consensus' parliament) in East Berlin? What will happen to the Volkskammer itself which had replaced, on the order of Party Secretary Ulbricht, the severely war-damaged yet reparable 'Stadtschloss,' residence of the Prussian and German rulers until 1918. Will the Volkskammer, an architectural misfit of an ugly glass box, go and the castle be rebuilt? Without it the historical centre of Berlin with its many stately and monumental buildings along Unter den Linden remains disjointed

and sadly incomplete. Besides, with the prospect of only one parliament in a united Germany, the Volkskammer will become redundant.

East Berlin has, indeed, quite a few showpieces in its historical centre around which all governmental and cultural activities gravitated. Before the opening of the border, most Westerners, with the implicit encouragement of the East German authorities, preferred the guided bus tour — the crossing of one of the two border points seemed to be this way less stressful (it was still sufficiently unpleasant to discourage you from coming too often). In turn, the concentration of tourists in a sight-seeing bus with a predetermined schedule of stops and a compulsory East German guide allowed the East German régime to control what it wanted you to see and to know. Since November 9th of last year, this has totally changed. An incessant flow, or better flood of curious people streams from both directions through the dozens of new (and rather pointless) border crossings, particularly through the ones hastily erected to the left and right of the Brandenburg Gate. Particularly, the Western visitors cannot any longer be kept away from what it once should not see or know about: the low quality of housing, industrial and consumer goods, the incredibly high levels of pollution, the list is endless and I have to admit, I am still in shock about what I saw and experienced. At the expense of good house-keeping for the good of the people, prestige and representation had become the obsession of a government totally alienated from its citizens.

I stayed in Berlin with my brother and his family. Together we made excursions into many parts of East Germany. Often I also went alone with my rented car to revisit places where I grew up as a child and where I found refuge with my grandmother in the country during the days of the air-raids. On a particular Tuesday, my sister Angelika came from North Germany for just a day to join me and our nephew Andreas for a get-acquainted stroll through the historical part of (still East) Berlin. We left our car on the western side just a few hundred feet away from the Brandenburg Gate (a classic structure of the late



East Berlin — Angelika and Andreas are standing on former No-man's Land; in the background, the Brandenburg Gate under scaffolding.

18th century) which is the 'end point' of Unter den Linden, Berlin's equivalent to the Champs Elysées in Paris and once the most splendid boulevard in Berlin. The three of us walked towards the border crossing point located to the right (with another one to the left) of the Brandenburg Gate. I suppose if we were asked to name only one building that we connect with the city of Berlin, without any hesitation the Brandenburg Gate would be it. Its fame and its role in the history of the city have made it as world-famous as the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. For us three Berliners it was an exciting adventure to walk and see the other 'half' of our own home town. We were absolutely thrilled to share this very emotional experience together. Angelika, born in West Berlin forty-four years ago had never been in 'East' Berlin until this day, Andreas had been there just once when he watched last Christmas his father jogging along Unter den Linden with thousands of other jubilant Berliners. I, myself, had been there a few times when I still lived in (West) Berlin and since 1959 maybe three times. But the atmosphere was always threatening and uninviting.

When we reached the crossing point, the border guard seemed confused. No problem for Angelika or Andreas. But my Canadian passport (with all the appropriate G.D.R. visa stamps inside and for which I had paid \$90) — this was different. "As a foreigner you have to go to Checkpoint Charlie". Luckily, after some pleading we succeeded in convincing him that common sense should prevail. He relented. Such a 'success'

story would never have had a ghost of a chance before November 9th. (On our way out, four hours later, at the other side of the Gate, it took a discussion of five minutes and the authorization of two superiors, to 'release' me to the West! Just as an aside, criss-crossing the east-west border about two dozen times during my four-week stay in Germany, I encountered border guards of the 'old' brand of state security grumpiness about four times. They were nasty, arrogant, and obviously determined not to let old habits die too easily!).

We walked and walked. Like real tourists we constantly consulted our Baedeker guide — street names, buildings, their location and their significance. Everything had to be found out. The beautiful pantheon-like Hedwig's Cathedral, which is the Archbishop's see and the centre for all Roman Catholics in Berlin and the surrounding region of Brandenburg, yet not accessible until recently to Roman Catholics from West Berlin; the impressive French Dome, once spiritual home to the nearly thirty-thousand Huguenot refugees, scholars, merchants, and artisans, arriving and staying in Berlin at the end of the 17th century swelling the ranks of 'old' and 'new' Berliners to nearly sixty-thousand — Berlin since then has always been a city of transience and of newcomers who very quickly became fiercely loyal Berliners, yet it is hard to find families whose grandparents were born Berliners (mine came from the tiny Eichsfeld village of Küllstedt/Thuringia, which actually was my last 'East' German stop,

and from Riga on the Baltic Sea); the Berlin Dome, a Wilhelminian/Victorian oversized church where you are warned by a bilingual sign (German and English), "Beware of pick pockets". A few minutes later, Andreas nearly 'lost' my pocket camera he had around his neck when somebody suddenly cut the strap from behind — fortunately the thief was too slow to pull the camera away before it hit the pavement — two skateboarders had been cruising around us for quite a while and suddenly they were gone — yes, freedom has many meanings! I was thinking right away of the gypsy children in Paris who were probably better trained than these two guys. Indeed, Unter den Linden and surroundings have obviously been upgraded by the thieves' union and awarded a Triple A for high yields to be gained from unsuspecting dumb tourists. The presence of thousands of people strolling around there has made this area a new addition to the profitable chain called 'Thieves' Paradise'. East Berlin can be proud — it has arrived!

There is no Macdonald's (yet). The next best thing are — if you can find one — little canteens. Well, we found one just below the Marx-Engels Bridge (formerly the Schlossbrücke whose name became meaningless once the Schloss was demolished in the early Fifties) and next to the Museum of German History (a Marxist-Leninist version and soon to be dissolved as I found out a few days later when I did a tour of its exhibits, but this would be another story about change and peaceful revolutionizing and what happens to the interpretation of historical events).

Like all good East Germans conditioned by many years of practice, we took our proper places in the two line-ups, Angelika for food, and I for the beverages. I took longer since they had run out of rinsed glasses and I had to wait until glasses were brought back from the tables after three patrons had left. In a hitherto planned economy, the opening of the borders created unforeseen bottlenecks — and the shortage of glasses was just one of them.

A few steps beyond the Zeughaus and in front of the classicist 19th century monument dedicated to the victims of fascism (formerly it was

Continued on Page 4

Vanishing Borders

Continued from Page 3

dedicated to the Unknown Soldier) — the whole East German state right from its first day of existence justified its legitimacy by its claim to be the true champion of all anti-fascist forces — we became unbelieving witnesses of the Changing of the Guard when a marching band and two goose-stepping companies arrived. A few yards away from us, the voice of the C.O. amplified by a microphone, choreographed a spectacle of precision and stirring 18th century Prussian marches. The final salute, "To the Victims of Antifascism"! We could not help but thinking of all the victims of the East German Communist rulers who were executed, or incarcerated, or forced to leave their homeland because they dared to speak up. We found it also very hard to digest the obvious contradiction: on the one hand, the Prussian rulers' castle had been torn down and, yet, the same régime claims to be part of an historical tradition of Prussian origin. The statue of a horse-riding Frederick II (the Great), the most Prussian of all Prussian rulers, and his Royal Opera House served as a backdrop to this strange performance of doubletalk dialectics. (The statue, actually, had been mothballed for decades until a few years ago, when the régime considered it convenient to reestablish links to the past, no matter how absurd this would be). Again, we asked ourselves — when will this farce of goose-stepping lie be discontinued? Indeed, we realized that this incident did not indicate showmanship but the serious problem of brainwashing and poisoning of millions of minds for more than two generations. Watching the Changing of the Guard, Communist style, drove this point home very clearly.

We had a most exhilarating and a most stimulating and a most thought-provoking day when we visited our hometown's 'other' half — so close and yet so unknown to



East Berlin — New border crossing

us until now. We are the "Westies", and 'they' are the "Ossies" (new nicknames for West and East Germans, respectively). We are the "Westkiekers" (Berlinese for people from the West), and 'they' are the "Ostkiekers" (people from the East). When we returned to my brother's apartment, we were not so sure how this newly-found opportunity for all Germans to grow together will evolve. My subsequent excursions into other parts of East Germany and conversations with young and old people confirmed this feeling of general bewilderment. Throwing away one shoe, does not mean that the new one will fit. The Lutheran and Catholic pastors will have a lot of work to do and they need all the help they can get to restore in the people faith in God and faith in Life. The peaceful revolution in East Germany had its beginnings in the two churches, particularly in the Nicolaikirche in Leipzig. History will record that everything became possible once the spark of courage jumped over from the church halls into the streets, "We are the people"! The clergymen I met were men of remarkable strength. The new East German Minister of Defence and Disarmament is a

Lutheran pastor himself. The commitments made by the brand-new East German coalition government provide hopeful signs of absolute honesty and appreciative sensitivity to its eastern neighbours. For the first time, East Germany will have commemorated on the anniversary of June 17th, 1953, the bravery of the workers who demonstrated against the government then and who were ruthlessly suppressed by Soviet tanks. More than 20 workers were executed, tens of thousands arrested and given subsequent jail sentences. A national holiday in West Germany, June 17th was always classified until this year as a counter-revolutionary movement. Justice never comes too late.

In Ahlbeck, only a stonethrow away from the Polish border and a resort place on the shores of the Baltic Sea, I met a young local woman in a restaurant. She summed the whole situation about the extraordinary development in East Germany very neatly up in these few words, "The borders are gone — I am so happy that we can all meet and talk to each other again". We embraced and we knew — a lot of catching-up has to be done.

Short Notes

Good things come from small places, as far as Quebec's English-language community newspapers are concerned.

For the second year running, the editor of the *Standard Journal* has won the major writing award presented by the Association of Quebec Regional English Media (AQREM) at its annual meeting.

Peter Scowen took the Paul Dumont-Frenette Memorial Prize for overall excellence in 1989, after submitting winning entries in two of eight categories. He received Honorable Mention in two other divisions.

Ann McLaughlin, *Sherbrooke Record* received an Honourable Mention in the News Story category. Grant Siméon, *Sherbrooke Record*

won the Feature Photo category.

To make life simpler for its clients, the Régie des Rentés du Québec is introducing a direct deposit service for beneficiaries of the family allowance and any of the other three family assistance allowances (allowance for young children, allowance for handicapped children and allowance for newborn children). Allowances can now be directly deposited in the beneficiary's account at a bank or *caisse Desjardins*.

Canada Post made \$149 million for the past fiscal year. The Crown Corporation paid a dividend of \$60 million.

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Does Anyone Know?

by
**Marjorie
Goodfellow**



Readers living in or near Drummondville will be interested to learn that the Quebec National Archives has placed 300 microfilm reels containing church register information for the region prior to 1882 in the collection of the Côte St. Germain Documentation Centre located on des Ecoles Street. These are duplicates of reels held at the regional archives located in Sherbrooke and Trois Rivières. Who knows, perhaps you will find what you want there, thus saving yourself the trip to one of the other ANQ outlets.

The following extract from the 1855 register of baptisms, marriages and burials held by the Anglican Cathedral of Quebec is a reminder to family historians not to restrict their searching to the church records of their ancestors' place of residence: "Peter Cook, of Drummondville in the County of Drummond, Bachelor, was married by Licence to Clurinda Faulkner, of the same place, spinster, this third day of October in the year of our Lord, one thou-

sand, eight hundred, and fifty-five."

Witnesses were Valentina Cooke and Eleanor Menut. Menut was a family name often seen in Kingsey and Drummondville registers of those days. Valentine Cooke may have been a friend rather than a relative of Peter Cook, although the different spelling of the surname may have been the personal preference of a brother or cousin.

This month's mail bag contained a letter from Audrey Martin McCaw. She referred to the verse in May's column about Danville: "I am a descendant of the Gibsons of

publication. So far no one has. If anyone knows of the whereabouts of a copy, please write to me at P. O. Box 1135, Sherbrooke, Quebec, J1H 5L5.

Another letter asks for information on the Hopkins and McLean families, as follows:

Hopkins

Al Tilden Hopkins — Born April 7, 1849, in Windsor Mills, Quebec. Died Sept. 12, 1900, in Coaticook, Quebec. Married Mary Jane McLean, August 15, 1876, in Windsor Mills, Quebec. Children: Florence Martha, Al Alexander, David Brown. Any information on the parents and family of Al Tilden Hopkins.

McLean

2 brothers came to Canada from Scotland and settled in Windsor Mills or Richmond, Quebec. 1 brother was Alexander McLean who married a Martha Hicks from New Hampshire or Fairfax, Vermont. They had 9 children.

Information Required: Date and place of birth, death, marriage of Alexander. His other brother's name and any information about him. Any information about the parents of the two brothers.

If you can help, please write to:

Mrs. Audrey Hopkins, 631 Waterloo Street, Burlington, Ontario, L7R 2S9.



Danville and Kingsey Falls, and the Gibson brothers mentioned ... were my great uncles." Readers will recall that J. Clifford Moore's enquiry as to whether anyone knew of "Historical Sketch, Kingsey Pioneers" was published in the same issue. Mrs. McCaw wonders whether anyone has informed us of a location because she, too, is interested in reading this

planted on a smaller scale. Experts are now doing experiments with different plants to see which adapt best to northern areas like Great Whale River.

From 1981 to 1989, Hydro-Québec stocked Rivière au Loup Marin and Bacon stream with 165,000 young lake trout. Then starting in 1985, 200,000 eggs were introduced at the foot of the Outardes-Trois generating station and in the reservoir's tributaries. The young lake trout are now travelling down into the reservoir to reach full size, to the great joy of sport fishermen.

For the past two years, visitors to the site of the former Sept-Chutes generating station have been able to learn about the stages of electricity production and take advantage of outdoor facilities like hiking trails, look-outs, picnic areas and playgrounds.

When Hydro-Québec develops a site, this has an impact on all lake, river, land and forest ecosystems. Hydro-Québec was already interested in protecting the environment 20 years ago. The

corporation began by adopting an environment policy and code. Today the Vice-president Environment has a staff of experts and a budget of more than \$40 million to carry out impact studies and research on the environment.

Crusading for Canada's wilderness

On Canada Day, two individuals will embark on "wilderness crusades" to raise money and awareness for World Wildlife Fund's **Endangered Spaces** campaign.

Martin Kastner, a father of two, will cycle 6,700 km from Vancouver, British Columbia to Sydney, Nova Scotia, while Paul Bezooyen will canoe the Yukon River from Whitehorse, Yukon to St. Mary's, Alaska, a distance of 3,700 km. Canadians can pledge their support for every kilometre cycled and/or canoed and all proceeds will go to help save Canadian wild places through the **Endangered Spaces** campaign.

The **Endangered Spaces** campaign seeks to ensure that each of Canada's 350 natural regions is represented

by a park or other protected area by the year 2000. To date, federal, provincial, and territorial governments have completed less than half of the job. Human activity is quickly chipping away at the remaining wild places that once made up so much of the Canadian landscape. Unless we act now, the opportunity to protect our wilderness heritage may be lost — forever.

WWF is asking Canadians to support the wilderness crusaders in their struggle to save Canada's **Endangered Spaces** by making tax deductible contributions in the form of pledges for Paul Bezooyen's canoe trip and/or Martin Kastner's cycling trip. Pledges can be made by calling WWF at 1 — 800-387-8660.

Books Available at The Townships Sun

(all prices include postage)

- The Vine and the Branches by Reg Conner \$39.00
- A Community With Deep Roots by Barbara Verity \$14.00
- More Tales of the Townships by Bernard Epps \$5.00
- Gold Prospecting and Panning by Donald Morrison \$9.95
- A Doctor's Supplication by Dr. Gordon Loomis \$5.50

Box 28
Lennoxville, Quebec
JIM 1Z3



Hydro-Québec celebrates Environment Month

Ospreys were being electrocuted and were causing blackouts because they were building their nests on hydro poles. By relocating these nests, Hydro-Québec found a "green" solution to the problem, just as the company had found ways to promote bluebird nesting in the power lines.

Some of Hydro's achievements over the past ten years have been systematic reforestation of areas where roads, lines, dikes and dams were built to stabilize the slopes, avoid erosion and preserve the countryside. About six million alders have been planted at Manic 5. Willows, jack pine and myrtle have also been

EVER THOUGHT ABOUT A CAREER IN CORRECTIONS?

The Ministry of the Solicitor General brings together the major operational elements of the federal government concerned with the administration of the Criminal Justice System under the direction and supervision of the Solicitor General.

Employing over 10,000 persons (3,000 in Quebec), the Correctional Service of Canada, as part of the Criminal Justice System, contributes to the protection of society by actively encouraging and assisting offenders to become law-abiding citizens while exercising reasonable, safe, secure and humane control.

In Quebec alone, there are approximately 3,650 inmates on registry who are under the custody, control and vigilant supervision of correctional officers. These inmates are incarcerated in eleven penitentiaries of different security levels, throughout the region (Laval, Ste-Anne des Plaines, Cowansville, Drummondville, Donnacona, Port Cartier and La Macaza).

Men and women selected through a public competition process can be hired in positions such as correctional officers or case management officers.

1. **Correctional Officers** must meet medical and educational requirements: completion of secondary school diploma, before being given a staff training course. At the Staff College, candidates will acquire knowledge regarding inmate behaviour and will gain an understanding of how the Correctional Service attempts to encourage change in each inmate through the management of his or her individual case and how the officer will contribute to this change by his own involvement and interventions. They are also taught how and when to properly make use of a firearm or equipment (radios, walkie-talkies, mace, restraints, etc.) and the responsibilities entailed. When candidates graduate and don their uniform, they know that they are prepared to fulfill an important function in our society: protecting and helping people.

2. **Case management officers** must also meet educational requirements. They must have obtained a bachelor's degree from a recognized university with specialization in criminology or social work or psychology or sociology. These employees are responsible for assessing offenders for institutional placement, program participation, and making recommendations as to their eventual reintegration into society.

A wide range of career possibilities are available within the Correctional Service of Canada. A working knowledge of both English and French is required in these types of work. Have you thought of a career in corrections?

You can apply by completing form PSC 3000, available at any Canada Employment Centre (**competition number 90-SCC-OC-IV-QUE-IA**). Should you wish to talk to someone about these career opportunities, please call (514-662-3404); the address is:

Correction Services Canada,
3 Place Laval, 2nd floor,
Laval, Quebec
H7N 1A2



Service correctionnel
Canada

Correctional Service
Canada

Boy Scouts of Canada

Lake Lovering Scout Reserve

by Judy Lane

On May 11 to 13 the Sherbrooke District held a Scout Camporee at the Scout Reserve on Lake Lovering. This is a piece of land with a beautiful beach that is reserved for the Boy Scouts of Canada. It has three bunk houses, but the Scouts use camp sites that are positioned at intervals through the woods.

Although there is a dining hall, the Scouts make their own campfire and cookout at their campsites during the summer.

The camp chief, Don Blanchette — A.D.C. Scouts, assisted by the District Secretary, Dale Dykstra, was busy reorganizing the boys into separate groups for supper the day I visited the Reserve. This consisted of making sure each boy was dining with a troop other than his own. As there was six Canadian troops, plus the Venturers, from the Sherbrooke District as well as four American troops and one from Waterloo,



1st Dixville-Coaticook

Quebec, this was quite a process.

The activities planned for this weekend included water safety, fire starting, silk screening, woodburning, compass reading, firearm safety and outdoor cooking. I was there at lunchtime and the outdoor cooking smelled as if the boys were doing a good job! The troops from

the Sherbrooke District were: 2nd Bury — Scoutmaster Kit Dougherty; 1st Dixville-Coaticook — Scoutmaster James Bailey; 1st Lennoxville — Scoutmaster John Dykstra; 4th Lake Magog — Scoutmaster Ken Dezan; 1st North Hatley — Scoutmaster Mary Rolland; 10th Sherbrooke — Scoutmaster Kent Malone; District Venturer Company —



Troop 3, Newport, VT.

Sher-Lenn-Dix;

Each troop invited another Canadian or American Troop to come spend the weekend. The participating troops were: Troop 40 — Sunapee, N.H.; Troop 3 — Newport, N.H.; Troop 38 — Claremont, N.H.; Troop 316 — Claremont, N.H.; 1st Waterloo — Waterloo, Quebec;

One thing to marred this

beautiful reserve. During the winter vandals had broken into some of the bunkhouses and destroyed some of the windows. The Sherbrooke District keeps this reserve just for the boys to have summer and winter fun and it's really sad when outsiders come and break up things.

Happy Scouting, everyone!

Heritage essay contest '90

"Across the generations"

Townshippers' Association announces the winners of its 6th Annual Heritage Essay Contest, this year entitled **Across the Generations**.

We asked students to write us about their relationships and experiences with their special older person.

The contest was judged in May by a panel of three. Their task was a difficult one but accomplished with the following results:

Grades 1-3

1st prize Grandmother Tina Beaudoin; 2nd Prize My Special Person Angela Croteau; 3rd Prize My Grandma Mandy Elston; Honorable Mention My Mom Michaela Campbell;

Grades 4-6

1st Prize "Across the Generation" Sarah Chute; 2nd Prize The Man I've Come to See Heather Martin; 3rd Prize Staying at my Uncle's Melissa Irving; Honorable Mention My Grandfather Michael Coleman;

Grades 7-9

1st Prize In a World Full of Darkness, Comes Light Dominic Fryer; 2nd Prize My Grandfather Tessa Wegert; 3rd Prize Too Young to Understand Jenifer Wong; Honorable Mention George Sophie Pannell;

Grades 10-12

1st Prize "Across the Generation" Jennifer McElroy; 2nd Prize Grand-

mother Christine Blinn; 3rd Prize My Great Uncle Millard Kristy McCurdy; Honorable Mention Mon Grand-pere Philippe Marleau;

All the students who entered the contest will be receiving a Certificate of Merit for their participation in the contest.

Townshippers' Association wishes to thank the many people who made this year's Heritage Essay Contest the success that it was.

And last but not least Congratulations and Thank you to all the students who entered this year's contest.

The overall winners appeared in Crossroads — we're very sorry we don't have room for them all.

My Grandfather by Michael Coleman

I have chosen to write about my grandfather.

He was a prisoner of war in Hong Kong for 47 months. He told me he had to eat awful things like rats, snakes and bugs. And how badly he was treated. He was a barber and had to cut the Hong Kong soldiers hair for 10 cents each but at the end of the war he was never paid.

My grandfather went to war to fight for his country and so his children and grandchildren could be free. I am proud

of him.

When he got home he worked for very little money to raise his family. He worked in mills and on farms and used horses to pull his wagons. He hayed by picking up the hay with pitch forks putting it on the wagon that horses pulled to the barn and he unloaded it with pitch forks also.

He grew beans, then he dried them, threshed them with a flail and then sold them to the neighbours and friends. Lots of people liked to buy his beans.

My grandfather had two brown ponies and a little red wagon and he used to take me for rides.

My grandfather had a low voice. He never yelled at me. He never talked much.

I helped him with his garden and I helped him pick up red potatoes. He loved red potatoes.

I also helped him in his flower garden and sometimes I picked one or two for my mom and dad.

My grandfather always had time for me.

My grandfather died February 12, 1990, but I have lots of happy memories of him.

Grandmother by Tina Beaudoin

Once upon a time my grandmother and I went for a walk! Sometimes I slept at her house and she would always

kiss me good-night. We played games. She gave me carrot sticks. She loved me very much. She was beautiful and she was always happy. Sometimes she would take me to the restaurant, buy me a soft drink and hug me good-bye.

My grandmother was good singer and she sang me songs. We saw Kenny Rodgers in a concert in Sherbrooke. It was my grandmother's and my birthday present. She died at 67 year's old and I miss her very much.

Mon Grand-Pere by Philippe Marleau

Je n'avais pas neuf ans lorsque mon grand-père est décédé. Je n'ai pas pleuré. Comme n'importe quel enfant de mon âge, je pensais plutôt aux cadeaux que je n'aurais plus. Et je pensais à ma grand-mère avec qui je ne m'entendais pas. Elle me critiquait sans arrêt. Ce n'est que plus tard où je me suis aperçu que mon grand-père m'avait tant influencé.

Mes grands-parents passaient les étés avec nous et les hivers en Floride. La raison pour laquelle ils partaient pour le Sud était très simple: mon grand-père était trop faible pour déblayer l'entrée. Lors de leur retour, ils nous rendaient visite chaque week-end et parfois, aussi, nous allions les visiter.

J'appelais mon grand-

père, Dady et ma grand-mère, Mamy. Chaque matin, beau temps mauvais temps, mon grand-père Dady se réveillait toujours de bonne humeur. Je voulais tellement être comme lui. Il appréciait tout ce qui l'entourait.

Mon grand-père m'encourageait dans tout ce que je faisais. "Si tu le veux, tu le peux" me disait-il. C'était vrai. Tout ce qu'il m'enseignait, je voulais l'apprendre. Il me montra ses trucs de magie, me raconta ses histoires, m'enseigna à jardiner et à peindre. Il était un homme qui aimait la vie. Il aimait tout ce qu'il faisait, et je l'admirais pour ça. Il était un homme honnête, de bon caractère.

Durant les dernières semaines avant sa mort, nous allions le visiter à l'hôpital. Il était atteint du cancer. Il ne parlait pas. Il ne mangeait pas. C'était triste de le voir. Il avait perdu la mémoire. Ça me blessait de le voir seul dans sa chambre. J'avais moi du coeur à y penser.

Une semaine avant sa mort, on le ramena chez lui. Mon grand-père était un homme qui croyait fortement à la télépathie et à la Sainte-Vierge. Ma grand-mère lui expliqua qu'au mois d'avril, il serait capable d'aller dehors prendre l'air, lui qui aimait tellement la nature. Mais if

Continued on Page 14

SUMMER MEMORIES

Summer at Wallace Pond

by Sarah Greer

Every year there comes a time when my family (my mother, father, myself and dog) goes up to our cottage on Lake Wallace to open it up for the summer. That's one indication for me that summer has truly arrived. On the forty-five minute drive to Lake Wallace, there is a hill, and at the brim of it you can see the lake. It has always been a tradition between my father and I to try to trick each other to look a different way so that one of us sees the lake first.

I can always look forward to swimming in the lake, going sailing in our 12-foot "Betsar", and fishing for trout. Even our dog, Clyde, can tell when we are approaching the cottage in the car. There's something very unique about the place.

At the cottage, we play cards late almost every night. Since I was very young, I can remember sitting around our table playing "500" with my mother, father, grandmother and our friend from town Mark Taylor. When my hands were still small, I would sit on my mother's lap struggling to hold the ten cards.

Another cottage ritual is our first swim in the lake. The water is usually very cold when we first put out the dock and go for our first swim, but despite the cold, we brave the 15° Celsius water, and plunge in. That way we escape the mosquitos and black flies.

I have always enjoyed my summers at our cottage, just as my mother did when she was young. I hope that my children will one day love summers of swimming, fishing and sailing as much as I do.



Horse Fever

by Anne Struthers

For all you horse and pony lovers out there, you know what it's like to get the fever. You sleep, breathe and live for these magnificent animals. Up at the crack of dawn, watering and feeding, mucking out stalls and grooming,

carefully cleaning tack and breathing in the wonderful aroma of horse. When I wasn't riding I would stand and gaze lovingly at my horse lost in my fantasies of growing up and raising lots of Arabs with long flowing manes and tails.

I remember vividly one night lying in bed, planning where I would go riding the next day, when a little shiver of excitement went through me. Why wait for tomorrow when I could go now. It was a beautiful summer's night, just perfect for a short ride around the field.



Quickly I slipped out of bed and got dressed. My room was near the front stairs so I had no trouble sneaking out the door. I reached the stable and slid my hand around the wall to turn on the light. Suddenly I felt something soft and furry that was moving. It was a big fat rat and I had interrupted his midnight snack. I don't think I have ever screamed so loud in my life, of course Mum and Dad woke up with all the commotion and thoroughly reprimanded me for my escapade.

Needless to say the fever passed in time and now it is just part of a summer memory.

Remember Swimming in the Coaticook River?

by Betty Greer

As the Celsius level climbs, memories of swimming in the Coaticook River sometimes cross my mind. The social setting of the summer was a spot where the Coaticook River took one of its many deep curves down towards town. Our parents had probably been reassured that the water above town was clean enough to swim in. We certainly never gave it a thought.

With bathing suits under our shorts and blouses, and a scarf tied front and back around our heads, Janice, Jean, Carmen, Margaret and I would head up Cutting Street, cut in behind Niedner's factory, and wend our way to the

river. The beach was not pretty but offered a place for the bold to shed their clothes. The scarves were the last to go because they looked great with our bathing suits. The river was just the right width for us to swim across to the other side. Swiftly flowing in the middle, it deepened at the sharp curve and was deep enough at that point to swing from the rope which hung from an old tree.

The far bank had eroded to provide a muddy shelf in which to roll and cover oneself with as much mud as possible. It felt so wonderful to have cool mud plastered all over our bodies. It must have been attractive too because one of the people who enjoyed this weird social rite with me was my husband to be, John Greer. At thirteen, who considered serious matters like that? To fly from the rope into the deep pool of water took the most brave. I remember watching in envy, then returning to my own ritual of cool swim, mud bath, cool swim.

The days of summer fun ended cruelly with the advent of polio. No one I ever knew caught polio from swimming in the Coaticook River, but no one ever felt the same about the water after that.

Grecian Waters

by Kathleen Hanna

Last summer my husband and I, along with two friends, chartered a sailboat and spent 10 days sailing around the islands of Greece. The memory is tempered with sadness because it was made possible only by the untimely death of my best friend who left me some money and told me to enjoy myself.

Brian and I had visited Greece on several occasions and always wished for the opportunity to just way anchor and sail to wherever we pleased. Our wish came true when our friends, Steve and Louise, agreed to join us. The four of us, without any previous sailing experience, embarked on a trip of a lifetime.

I obtained the names of several charter companies from the Greek National Tourist Bureau in Montreal. We made our arrangements a full year before our proposed trip. As none of us had done any sailing previously we chartered a captain along with our boat. We chose our particular boat because she had three bedrooms and three bathrooms, very important in such cramped conditions.



Our first hurdle was to sail out of Athens past all the large tankers and ferry boats but soon we were quite alone. Our first stop was the island of Poros in the Argos Saronic. We anchored in a little bay and just jumped off the boat and had a swim before supper. We had provisioned the boat before leaving Athens. Our captain, Dietrick, a Belgian, was most capable and also came equipped with a thousand jokes. He really had his hands full teaching us the various knots and procedures involved in running the sailboat.

We were extremely lucky for the first three days as the weather was calm, perhaps too calm as we never really got the sails underway and had to motor from island to island. At the first sign of a breeze, the sails were hoisted. We all fell into our respective jobs without any trouble, I was positioned behind the wheel and there I stayed for 8 days, just loving it. The fourth day started off, as always, with a cloudless blue sky. Slowly the wind picked up and the sea began to swell and soon we were on our way down the coast of the Peloponnese towards Monemvassia. I was never really scared for my life but there were some very anxious moments. The worst part was the wind, it was so loud and never abated.

We finally reached

Monemvassia exhausted and still had the task of docking the boat which was made almost impossible by the waves. All that night we were buffeted against another boat which made sleep impossible. Daybreak brought some relief but the seas were still too rough to venture out. Dietrick stayed close to the radio to listen to the weather forecasts. Late in the afternoon he decided we could make it to a little place called Iraka along the coast of the Peloponnese. This tiny village was a pirate haven because it is almost impossible to find the opening in the sheer cliffs of the coastline. Its one claim to fame is that Telly Savalas, TV's Kojak, was born in Iraka. We slept with our port holes open under the stars.

It was very difficult to leave the next day but the sun was out and the sky was as blue as ever. The sea was so calm it was difficult to distinguish the line between horizon and sea. There were no other boats in sight, we were just five of us alone on the water. It is said that if you see dolphins on your first trip to Greece you will certainly return. Suddenly there were dolphins playing around the boat.

As the days progressed we felt some melancholy at having to leave the Makar (our boat) and Dietrick but the day did come. Dietrick actually let me steer the boat through the congestion towards Athens and even into the harbour. I guess I passed the test. We said a slightly tearful goodbye and made our way to our hotel. The comforts of having a shower with unlimited hot water and a comfortable bed made the transition a little easier. We all agreed that without hesitation we would do it all over again.

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flag as of February 15. The two red bars, also known as pales, represent Canada's two coasts. The white centre is unique throughout the world; no other country's flag has a centre area that is a perfect square.

(Canada Post)

**The Canadian Flag:
A Canada Day Standard**

While you enjoy Canada Day festivities this year, ask yourself this simple question: Why is it that all Canadian flags look exactly alike?

Think about it. It is no coincidence that the maple leaf is always the same shade of red from one flag-pole to another, and that Canadian flags are always twice as long as they are wide.

Flags are consistent across Canada for the same reason that light bulbs and electrical plugs are. It's all because of standards.

The standard for the Canadian flag is published by the Canadian General Standards Board and approved as a National Standard by the Standards Council of Canada.

(Standards Council)

Highlights at Bury Sunday July 1

- 7:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m. Fishing Derby (\$1.00 for kids under 12)
- 8:30 a.m. Music in the Street
- 8:30 a.m. Pancake Breakfast
St. Paul's Rest Home
- 9:00 a.m. Arts & Crafts and Flea Market
New Town Hall
- 9:00 a.m. Baseball in the Park
- Noon. GRAND PARADE
- Afternoon and Evening Memorial Park
- 2:00 p.m.: Show by Rainbow Cloggers
(Fee of \$3.00 includes dance)
- 4:00 to 6:00 p.m. Bob Lasenba
- 8:00 p.m. Dancing Nashville Cat
Bob Lasenba
- 10:00 p.m.: Sunset - Fireworks

Highlights at Knowlton Saturday June 30

- 12:00 p.m. Activities
- 5:00 p.m. Roast Beef Supper (Tickets \$10.00, Parking included, available from local merchants, Lions members or at the gate)

Sunday — July 1st

- 9:00 a.m. Activities
- 10:00 a.m. Frog Jumping Contest
- 11:30 a.m. Antique Car Parade
- 6:00 p.m. Music by Wayne Durrell
- 6:30 p.m. 4th Annual Duck Dash
- 7:00 p.m. Square Dancing "Brome Squares"
- Sunset — Giant Fireworks
- \$3.00 Parking Per Day

The Knowlton Canada Day is organized by the Lions' Club of Knowlton

Highlights at Hatley Monday July 2

- 10:30 a.m. PARADE
- Afternoon Tartan Twirlers; Dog show; Music by Keith Whittal and Gail Klinck; Races
- 7:00 p.m. Music by John Foster, Stewart Deacon and Albert Nutbrown; a special sister skipping demonstration; Mid-Eastern Dance Group (an artistic female group that does belly dancing).
- Fireworks

Highlights at Stanstead Saturday June 30

- 11:00 a.m. PARADE starts in Beebe and ends in Stanstead.

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HATLEY

Canada Day

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July 21	Niko Beki (Lambada)

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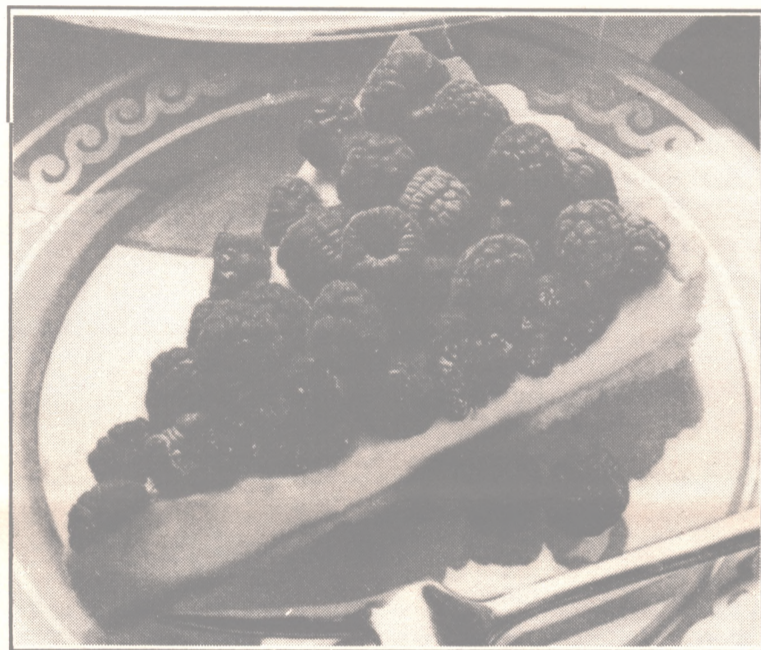
Viens-t'en à Laurentide!

"Raspberries"

by
Marge
Heggison



July brings a multitude of fresh produce, including raspberries. If you are lucky enough to have a garden with a row or two of them, you can indulge in a number of tasty treats. Otherwise you'll be limited to the wild berries you can find or those you'll find in the produce department. In any case, raspberries are wonderful, fresh off the bush.



Raspberry Pie
Pastry for 9 inch double-crust pie
4 c raspberries
2/3 c sugar
2 TBsp quick-cooking tapioca or cornstarch
1 TBsp lemon juice
2 TBsp butter

Toss berries lightly with a mixture of sugar and tapioca. Spread in pastry-lined pan and sprinkle with lemon juice. Dot with butter. Cover with criss-cross strips of pastry. Seal strips against pie edge with water and flute edges. Bake at 425°F for 20 min., then reduce heat to 350°F and bake until filling is thickened and pastry is golden, about 40 min. Cool before cutting.

Raspberry Torte
Wafers:
6 egg whites
1 1/2 c sugar
1 c flour
3/4 c unsalted butter, melted
2 TBsp water
1 TBsp vanilla

Raspberry Sauce:
2 c raspberries
1/2 c sugar

Cream Layer:
2 c whipping cream
1/3 c icing sugar

Wafers: Line 2 baking sheets with parchment paper or grease and flour sheets. Using 8 inch plate, trace 2 circles on each sheet. In large bowl, lightly whisk egg whites; gradually whisk in sugar, flour, butter, water and vanilla just until blended. Drop 1/3 cup of the batter onto each circle on prepared baking sheets. Using metal spatula, gently spread batter as thin as possible into circle. Bake 1 sheet at a time in upper half of 400°F oven for 8-10 min. or until edges are just

beginning to brown. Remove from oven and let cool on rack for 2 minutes. Using metal spatula, remove wafers from baking sheet and let cool completely on flat surface. Repeat with remaining batter. You should make 9 wafers in all. Wafers can be made ahead and stored in airtight containers for up to 2 days.

Raspberry Sauce: Purée the raspberries in a blender or food processor. Strain the purée to remove the seeds, put it in a small pan, and stir in the sugar. Cook over medium heat, stirring frequently, until the sugar dissolves; remove and cool. Cover and refrigerate.

Cream Layer: In bowl, whip cream with icing sugar until soft peaks form. Assembly — Place 1 wafer on a serving plate. Spread with 1/2 cup of whipped cream. Drizzle with 1/4 cup raspberry sauce. Repeat layering with remaining wafers, cream and sauce, finishing with wafer. Cover and refrigerate for 1 1/2 to 2 hours or until wafers have softened just enough to cut.

Raspberry Bombe
2 envelopes plain gelatin
3 c raspberry juice
1/2 pint whipping cream
Soften gelatin in small amount of cold water. Add 1/4 cup boiling water to dissolve. Add gelatin mixture to berry juice. Cool until syrupy, then whip until frothy.

Whip cream until stiff. Add 1/4 of juice-gelatin mixture to whipped cream and stir, then add remaining juice.

Pour into a mould or individual serving dishes and refrigerate until set. Serve topped with whipped cream and fresh raspberries. Serves 4

Raspberry-Cream Tart Pastry Shell
1 1/2 c flour
1/2 c butter, softened
1/3 c sugar
1 egg white

Custard filling
1/4 c sugar
3 TBsp flour
1 envelope gelatin
1/4 tsp salt
2 eggs
1 egg yolk
1 1/2 c milk
2 TBsp almond liqueur or 1/2 tsp almond extract
1/2 c whipping cream
1 pint raspberries

Prepare and bake pastry shell. Preheat oven to 375°F. Into medium bowl, measure flour, butter and sugar. With hand, knead mixture until blended. Pat pastry onto bottom and up sides of 10 inch tart pan with removable bottom. Bake 20 min. or until pastry is golden. Beat 1 egg white; brush over hot pastry shell. Cool pastry shell in pan on wire rack. Remove side from pan.

While pastry shell is baking, prepare custard filling. In heavy 2 quart saucepan, stir sugar, flour, gelatin, and salt. In medium bowl with fork, beat eggs, egg yolk, and milk; stir into sugar mixture. Cook over medium-low heat, stirring until gelatin is completely dissolved and mixture thickens and coats a spoon about 15 min. (**Do not boil**) Remove saucepan from heat. Stir in almond liqueur. Refrigerate until mixture mounds slightly when dropped from a spoon, about 1 hour.

In small bowl, beat whipping cream until soft peaks form; fold into custard. Spoon mixture into cooled pastry shell. Arrange raspberries on custard. Refrigerate tart 1 hour or until custard is set. Makes 10 servings

Raspberry Jam
4 c raspberries
3 c sugar

Clean the raspberries, put them in a large pot, and crush them with a potato



masher. Cook for 15 min. to reduce juices. Add the sugar and bring to a boil. Cook, stirring, until the mixture registers 214°F on a jelly thermometer. Skim off the foam, pour into hot, sterilized jars

and seal. Makes about 2 pints

Raspberry Flan
1 c flour
salt
2 TBsp sugar
1/2 c butter
1 TBsp vinegar
1 c sugar
2 TBsp flour
3 c raspberries

Combine 1 cup flour, salt and 2 TBsp sugar. Add butter and vinegar and mix well with hands. Press gently into 9 inch pie plate.

Mix together gently 1 cup sugar, 2 TBsp flour and 2 cups raspberries. Place in pie plate. Bake at 400°F for 50-60 min. Sprinkle with remaining berries after removing from oven.

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Border Restaurants

by
Joan
Stephenson

A kilometre from the Canadian Customs at Highwater is the understated quiet village of North Troy, Vermont. Less than 10 minutes drive from Jay Peak and a little more than 15 minutes drive to Newport, this village boasts a restaurant that is as good as anything in the area.

The North Troy Village Restaurant is housed in a stately 100 year old house that was the former REBA Hotel, vacant for more than eight years. Irene McDermut bought the building in September, 1988, and started the restaurant operation in October, 1989.



The North Troy Village Restaurant

french fries with the Coquilles, and home fries with the chicken, with pickled beets and a spiced round of pickled apple. Baked potato was also available, as was coleslaw.

For dessert we chose a grapenut pudding (\$1.25) which was a mixture of grape-nuts, custard, and raisins, topped with whipped cream and a chocolate mousse cake (\$2.50) which was dark, dark, chocolate with whipped cream. Both were equally sinful and delicious. The coffee was hot and plentiful and the tab came to \$27.41.

We also had a large glass of Zinfandel California vin blanc which was \$2.50 a glass.

The menu is a large one for such a small place. Five appetizers, two soup steaks, ribs and chicken, fish, pasta, burgers, omelettes, desserts and a kids' menu as well. The wine list shows many excellent California wines, as well as imports. The prices are reasonable compared to Canadian wine prices.

The North Troy Village Restaurant also has three to five specials each night starting at \$9.95.

The bathroom facilities are commodious, charming, and clean as a whistle.

The only slight complaint we had was that the service was too speedy and efficient, not quite enough time to digest between courses and we would have also liked to see a salad without iceberg lettuce for a change.

The North Troy Village Restaurant

**Main and School Street
North Troy, Vermont 05859
Owner, Irene McDermut,
Tel: [802] 988-4063
Closed Tuesdays
Reservations suggested**

The Crossing at Richford is a favourite with Canadians from the Abercorn and Sutton area, and well it should be, as the Canadian Dollar is as good as the U.S. dollar here on week days.

The dining room, and the area with booths, seat in total 143 people and this restaurant is only closed four days a year. There is also a banquet room which seats 500 and there are 23 employees steadily on the payroll.

You can't miss the Crossing. When you leave the Canadian Customs go straight for less than a mile. It's there on the left hand side, the building with maroon awnings.

The menu is vast and the portions lavish (too much for some of us oldies) but owner 'Jack' Charbonneau says his clientele likes this. The peanut butter pie with chocolate sauce hits the top on the calorie counter and my grandchildren, without fail, order this. On my visits there, I have also seen many an adult devouring this rich, rich, wonderful dessert.

My friend and I were there on a week night. She had prime rib at \$9.95, french fries (a bit greasy, she said) salad first, creme de menthe parfait \$1.75 and coffee 65 cents.

I went the fish route and had scallops marsala, which I must say, for my palate, were totally delectable at \$10.95 and with salad and coffee, I was replete.

My friend had a glass of California burgundy \$1.75 and I, a Chablis at \$1.75. Both good honest wines. Cost for our meals was \$28.65.

Owner and manager 'Jack' Charbonneau has had ties in nearby St. Albans for

many years, and has been in the trucking business in Connecticut for 33 years. His wife, Martha, worked for the IRS in Connecticut.

"I got tired of driving trucks" said Jack. "Martha does the administration and I run the rest of the business. Our banquet setup for weddings and all is the best in Franklin County and we are reserved ahead for months".

The Crossing was Roger's Café fifty years ago and has always been an important site in Richford.

The service on the night we were there was efficient and friendly. Again, the portions copious. The bathrooms are clean and adequate.

**The Crossing
Richford Vermont
Telephone [802] 848-3393
Owner Jack Charbonneau**

Short Notes

Watch out for pedestrians!

Darn those pedestrians! They never seem to cross the street fast enough when you are waiting to make a turn, or else they walk right in front of your car without looking.

The conflict between motorists and pedestrians goes back to the first car on the road. But remember that motorists are sometimes pedestrians and vice versa.

The Groupement des assureurs automobiles asks you to remember that while a motorist is not likely to get really hurt in an accident involving a pedestrian, the pedestrian, on the other hand, often faces death or serious injury.

Author's Mini-Series, Canada's first private correspondence school for beginning freelance writers, is celebrating its tenth year in business in 1990. To mark this special anniversary, fifty-dollar discounts are being offered to students who enroll for an initial course in humour, short story, or non-fiction writing.

Ruth Buchanan, the school's director, is herself a creative writing instructor, editor, and author of more than twenty years' experience.

Buchanan started the courses "to provide economical, effective freelance writing courses here in Canada to people with little or no access to college and university programs."

Free information about the courses may be obtained by writing to Author's Mini-Series, Box 699, Penticton, B.C. V1A 6P1.

Denis Leroux, a student at Sherbrooke University, has been awarded a grant, by the Minister for Civil Protection, to undertake a doctorate in planning emergency measures and management of the transport of dangerous materials with the aid of a geographic information system.

Good things come from small places, as far as Quebec's English-language community newspapers are concerned.

For the second year running, the editor of the Stanstead Journal has won the major writing award presented by the Association of Quebec Regional English Media (AQREM) at its annual meeting.

Peter Scowen took the Paul Dumont-Frenette Memorial Prize for overall excellence in 1989, after submitting winning entries in two of eight categories. He received Honorable Mention in two other divisions.

Ann McLaughlin, Sherbrooke Record received an Honourable Mention in the News Story category. Grant Siméon, Sherbrooke Record won the Feature Photo category.

To make life simpler for its clients, the Régie is introducing a direct deposit service for beneficiaries of the family allowance and any of the other three family assistance allowances (allowance for young children, allowance for handicapped children and allowance for newborn children). Allowances can now be directly deposited in the beneficiary's account at a bank or caisse Desjardins. (Régie des Rentes du Québec)

Canada Post made \$149 million for the past fiscal year. The Crown Corporation paid a dividend of \$60 million.

The IODE is celebrating its 90th anniversary by building the IODE Centre for the Percussive Arts at the International Peace Garden on the Manitoba-North Dakota border.

Townships Gourmet



McDermut comes from New Jersey, but has had a special affinity for the 'north country' most of her life, with good friends in the area and a brother who spent his summers at camp nearby.

Extensive renovations, which took a year, make the dining area, which seats 45, an attractive pleasant place with panelled wood and bright wallpaper. The bar, with its eight stools, is a pleasant place for an aperitif, but my friend and I came to eat, and eat well we did.

Our starter salad, which is often served in the United States before the main course, was crunchy and pretty to the eye with green pepper, tomato, and the proverbial iceberg lettuce. The blue cheese dressing was good. My friend ordered coquilles St. Jacques. The scallops were in a rich cream sauce slithered with plenty of mushrooms and bread crumbs (\$10.95) I chose the broiled chicken with a delightful orange glaze at \$9.95. Served with these were

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SEA OF LOVE



by
Ron
Romanado

You never know what to expect by placing a personal ad in the classifieds. In this case, it's a bullet in the back of the head. Not really the result one anticipates.

The thriller *Sea of Love* is a commentary on the quest for a meaningful relationship in contemporary society. Finding that "someone special" becomes problematic for

many, who turn to dating services or advertising in personal columns. What better method for a serial killer to seek out male victims than to contact those lonely hearts who place poems in the classifieds section of a newsweekly.

Al Pacino plays Frank Keller, the rumpled and worn middle aged 20-year veteran detective of the New York police force. Typically in this genre of film the hero is going through a mid-life crisis and gets maudlin about his ex-wife when he drinks to excess and is lonely. Yet, fortunately, Pacino breathes sufficient life into the character to make him credible. Though, at

times, the script weighs him down. Pacino works well with his film partner, big likable John Goodman of *Roseanne* fame, as they try to solve the case of the spurned lover.

The best way to track down the murderer is to advertise as well. Pacino and Goodman run their own ads and then meet their respondents for a quick drink under heavy surveillance. After each half-hour date, the wineglasses are removed for fingerprinting.

One blind date, played by Ellen Barkin, takes such instant dislike to Pacino, she never touches her wineglass. However, lust at second sight

leads to a torrid affair which threatens to evolve into love. A single parent and a successful business person, Barkin's modern woman is also a sensual lover. In fact she's

raw sexuality is disarming and makes her perfect for the role.

Pacino's dilemma is whether he betrays her trust by seeking to confirm or disprove the growing mound of circumstantial evidence or risk being murdered in his bed.

This movie works. It is a bit slow at times and the ending is a little too pat but overall it is a gripping thriller. Be forewarned! It isn't R-rated for nothing. The language and sex scenes may prove to be offensive for some.



perfect but there's one problem - she's also the prime suspect in the killings. Barkin's direct manner and

Missisquoi Museum opens for 26th year

The Missisquoi Museum is once again open to the public. May to October. Admission: Adults — \$3.00, Seniors & Groups — \$2.50, Students/Children — \$1.00. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily.

1990 Exhibits

To celebrate the centennial of the Incorporation of the Municipalities of Bedford and Stanbridge 1890-1990 the Missisquoi Historical Society will feature a display of over 50 photographs, taken from the society's archives, giving visitors a pictorial history of these two municipalities over the past 100 years. Other exhibits throughout the museum complex depict life of home and work and work in the 19th century in Missisquoi County. A complete refurbishing of the "Victorian Home" will delight visitors, and return them to another time. Also on display: the flag commemorating the Fenian Raid and the Battle of Eccles Hill in 1870, recently restored by the Centre De Conservation Du Quebec along with other Fenian Raid memorabilia. Other exhibits of toys, dolls, a hand carved circus parade, tools, textiles, china, farm machinery, and the General Store. A slideshow depicting the beauty of Missisquoi County will interest young and old alike.

Picnic tables are available. Bilingual hostesses will greet you. Information: [514] 248-3153.

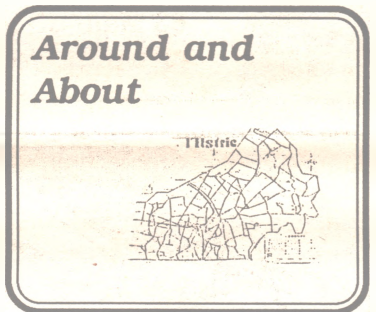
The Celebration of Bedford's 100 Years

Beginning at 1:30 p.m. on Friday, September 7, 1990, the Centennial Committee will proceed with the official opening of the celebrations at the fair grounds.

September 7: 2:00 p.m. Afternoon of fun and frolic;

5:00 p.m. Launching of the Souvenir Album; 5:30 p.m. Souvenir Album on sale; 9:00 p.m. closing

September 8: 8:00 a.m. Centennial Breakfast; 9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. Centennial Sale; 9:30 a.m. Walk-A-Thon; 11:00 a.m. Planting of a red oak tree; 11:30 a.m. Unveiling of commemorative plaque;



12:00 noon Dinner; 1:00 to 7:30 p.m. Afternoon of fun; 8:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. Dancing; 9:30 p.m. Fireworks
September 9: 8:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. Breakfast; 11:00 a.m. Church Service; 12:00 noon Dinner; 2:00 p.m. Afternoon of fun; 6:00 p.m. Beef cook-out; Evening entertainment is planned.

Society fundraiser

The Brome County Historical Society is once again holding an art raffle as part of its annual fundraising activities.

The prizes, all generously donated by local artists and craftsmen include works by John Ballantyne, Eve Gossage, Gordon Ladd, and Mary Martin. Gwen Simpson of "The Lyon & The Walrus" provided an excellent framing job for Mrs. Gossage's oil painting. Another prize is a beautiful handbound sketchbook donated by bookbinders — Sharon Cole and Marusha Taylor.

The Society thanks Brian Greene of The Barn Press, and Immeubles Stuart for their assistance in the printing of the tickets.

The sketches and paintings consist of: "March 2nd" — sketch by John Ballantyne; "The Stage" — sketch by John Ballantyne; "Jay Peak" — oil by Eve Gossage; "The Curling Roof" — oil by Gordon Ladd; "Pinnacle" — Watercolour by

Mary Martin, S.C.A. Two of these works are currently on display at the Bank of Montreal, Knowlton.

Tickets are on sale at Mag Plus, Knowlton Brouillettes, Knowlton, Reilly House, Mansonville and at the Museum at 130 Lakeside, Knowlton. The drawing will be held at the Society's Arts & Crafts Fair on October 7 at 3 p.m.

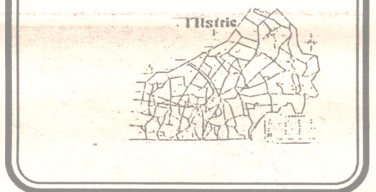
The Society looks forward to your support.

An art symposium, Symposium de Peinture de l'Estrie (1990), will be held August 16 to 19 at the Grange du Bourg St-Bernard on Route 112 West. (take exit 115 from the Eastern Townships Autoroute). 18 artists and sculptors will participate. The Honourary President will be Francesco Iacurto, R.C.A., from Sainte-Foy, Quebec.

The public is invited to see their works and talk to them. Info: [819] 564-8454.

Continued on Page 13

Around and About



12:00 noon Dinner; 1:00 to 7:30 p.m. Afternoon of fun; 8:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. Dancing; 9:30 p.m. Fireworks
September 9: 8:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. Breakfast; 11:00 a.m. Church Service; 12:00 noon Dinner; 2:00 p.m. Afternoon of fun; 6:00 p.m. Beef cook-out; Evening entertainment is planned.

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The SNEEZE July 20 - August 11

by Anton Chekhov directed by Harry Standjofski

translated & adapted by Michael Frayn
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A comic collection of Chekhov's earlier humorous works concerning relationships - not to be confused with his later dramas.

Eleemosynary August 17 - September 1

by Lee Blessing directed by Ilana Linden

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Beatrice directed by Rena Cohen

by Geraldine Farrell

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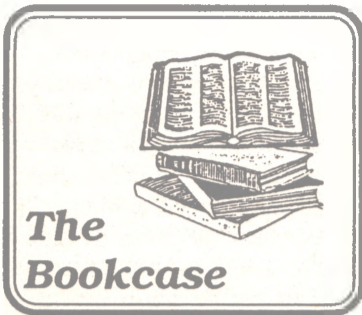
Memories of an Outport Son

by
Kathleen
Hanna



It is so pleasant to read a book and feel good from beginning to end. **Memories of an Outport Son** by Arthur Boorne Lovelace is one such book. Arthur Lovelace needs no introduction to most Townshippers because he was the United Church Minister in Lennoxville for 15 years. Having been brought up in the

boats which had accompanied us were all headed westward for home. We soon realized that we were alone — the ocean was so large and our boat was so small! Evidently the others knew something that we didn't, because we noticed the water around us quickly covered with a thin layer of ice. This ice soon thickened into a heavier layer; in Newfoundland this is called "slob", and it is often difficult, if not at times impossible, to navigate a small craft through it. We couldn't row the boat with oars, so Fred took the "slob hauler", and I took the



spond. Our hope of getting home that evening depended on reaching the apex of the water, so frantically we pulled, pushed and tugged the boat until finally we reached the clear water. Manning the oars we now started to row as fast as humanly possible towards home. Our dangers from certain death amidst the ice floes, were not over. The sides of the triangle gradually started to close in and we faced the danger of being trapped once more in the slob. The guardian angels were watching over us that terrible night, as we were able to emerge from the triangle into a narrow strip of water that touched the shore line, as the sides of the triangle quickly closed leaving not an inch of clear water behind us. Talk about luck! It certainly was on our side that fateful day.

Throughout his life Mr. Lovelace kept a diary, which greatly aided in clarifying certain memories and I believe also helped formulate his writing style which is fluid and easy to read. This book is a real treat for those who knew Mr. Lovelace during his tenure in Lennoxville and now those of us who did not have the pleasure before can acquaint ourselves with Arthur Boorne Lovelace.



Rev. Arthur and Mrs. Jean Lovelace

Roman Catholic faith I did not know Mr. Lovelace personally, therefore I bring no preconceived opinion to this book.

I leave this book with an overwhelming feeling of regret for never knowing Mr. Lovelace even though we lived in the same small town. We, as Catholics, were no encouraged to attend other services. He writes this book with great humility, good humour and down home story telling. The result is a very fine read.

We start off in Greenspond, Newfoundland, at the beginning of the 20th Century. Life is not easy but the sense of community is strong. There is little distraction from the daily routines and fishing dominates the economy. One gets a real sense for the rhythm of life being brought up on an isolated island. The thin line between life and death can be broken by the changing wind as related in one of Arthur's stories:

"And so, on a balmy and cloudless afternoon, my friend, Fred Meadus and I, during our half day off from clerking in Boorne's store, set forth in a borrowed rowboat, in search of the seals floundering around in the water near Greenspond Island. All signs indicated a perfect afternoon for hunting seals. A narrow strip of water separated our homeland from the main patch of ice that stretched eastward as far as we could see The time passed quickly and suddenly we noticed that the other

two oars, placed them horizontally on the slob, stood on them, and endeavoured to push the boat homeward. We now had about four miles to cover, and with the ice thickening and darkness approaching, our hopes of ever seeing the land again, quickly faded. If the wind suddenly changed, caught in the ice floes, we knew we would be driven towards the British Isles. In those days there were no airplanes, or helicopters, available to rescue us, and with a sudden drop in the temperature we would have little chance of surviving the night. Instantly our spirits were revived for just ahead of us we saw clear water, the shape of an isosceles triangle, the apex a few yards from us and the base close to Green-

Around and About

Continued from Page 12

Courses will be offered to Senior Citizens by the Elderhostel Programme at a choice of three locations.

La Capucine

La Capucine is a family-style inn located in the mountains of southern Quebec at Sutton, 19 km from the Vermont border. Each room has a private bath and the cozy living room has a piano, stone fireplace, tables for card playing, large TV and comfortable lounging furniture. The staff pride themselves on home-cooked meals. The outside swimming pool, ski trails at Mount Sutton, nearby tennis and golf invite relaxation. Fall colours are spectacular. Eld-

erhostelers may register for only one program week.

August 26 - September 1 — The Forest Ecology, Points to Make, An Introduction to Quebec

September 2 - 8 — Beginning German I, Quebec English Fiction Writers of the 20th Century with Joan Stephenson, Map and Compass Reading

September 23 - 29 — Beginning German II, Joy of Bridge
September 30 - October 6 — Basic Camera Skills, Geological Foundations of Scenery, Points to Make

Auberge Laketree

The Laketree Country Inn has grown out of the family home on the 350-acre Friedenstal Farm. The twenty-
Continued on Page 14

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Set and costume design by: Peter John McHugh

'Monique Leyrac has done it again, star-vehicle play fits Leyrac like a glove' — THE GAZETTE — Pat Donnelly —

July 17 - July 21

Written and Directed by: Michael Bawtree
Starring: Monique Leyrac

Sarah Bernhardt & the Beast

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'...breathing scope and depth in their portrait of Larkspur and its inhabitants' — THE TORONTO STAR — Henry Matkiewicz —

July 31 - Aug. 4

Written by: Dan Needles
Directed by: Douglas Beattie Starring: Rod Beattie

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the Dining Room

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'The Dining Room is funny and rueful and, very moving' — NEW YORK TIMES — Frank Rich —

Aug. 9 - Sept. 1

Written by: A.R. Gurney Directed by: Gregory Tuck
Set and costume design by: John C. Dinning

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Mon Grand-Pere

Continued from Page 6

répondit étrangement qu'il n'allait pas y être. Et le dernier jour de mars, il mourut ...

C'est vraiment sa mort qui m'influença. Mais lui, il m'a donné courage et m'a montré à apprécier ce que j'avais. Je ne l'oublierai jamais pour ça. Sa mort m'a influencé de deux façons. La plus importante est celle qui concerne ma famille. Un an avant sa mort, mes parents avaient divorcé. La famille était déchirée. On n'était plus une famille unie (cousins, oncles...). Sa mort nous a rassemblés et m'a personnellement rapproché de ma grand-mère. De plus, sa mort m'a amené à me poser des questions concernant la télépathie et la Sainte-Vierge. Aujourd'hui, je crois qu'on le sait lorsqu'on va mourir.

Mon grand-père était mon plus grand ami au monde. J'ai tellement appris de lui. Toutes les expériences que j'ai vécues avec lui sont inoubliables. Ce sont ces expériences qui m'ont influencé. Pourquoi fallait-il que je perde un si grand ami?

Around and About

Continued from Page 13

room inn on the hill is very gemütlich keit, artistically furnished and overlooking a six-acre private lake (Lac l'Ours Noir). Surrounded by the forest and Sutton Mountain Range, hostellers can enjoy boating, hiking and swimming in the unpolluted lake. Knowlton, a small, restored, Victorian village is famous for its art, antique and specialty boutiques.

Aug 12 - 18 — Sketching Nature's Scenery, Getting to Know the Forest Environment, History of Brome County

Sept 2 - 9 — Getting to Know the Forest Environment, A Pilgrimage to Mozart, The Many Faces of Eskimo Art

Auberge Schweizer

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acres of farmed campus land. Excellent cuisine featuring home-grown vegetables and meats from our own beef herd. Aug 19 - 25 — The Geological Foundations of Scenery, Music Appreciation, Acid Precipitation and the Environment Aug 26 - Sept 1 — Music Appreciation, Shellcraft, Acid Precipitation and the Environment Sept 9 - 15 — Folk Art Painting, French, Issues in Animal Rights and Ecology

The Cultural Village will be held at Lake Megantic from June 28 to July 1. The theme this year is "A Whole World Stirs"

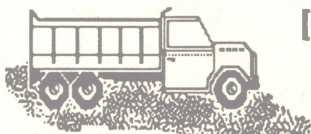
The choral show will be June 30 at Sainte-Agnes Church. The Visual Arts will have displays and a new category "Books and Letters" will be added. Crafts will be well represented, as will various organizations of the region.

A photo-rally will be held. Twelve questions will be asked and be answered by taking photos in the village. The course must be walked between the hours of noon and 4:30 p.m. Info: [819] 569-9731 or [819] 583-0630

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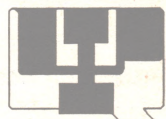
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Last Minute News

Beginning June 25, long distance charges will be eliminated between the exchanges of Richmond (826) and Sherbrooke (562-3-4-5-6-7-9, 820-1-2-3) (Bell Canada)



The Townships Sun

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Have You Thought About Security?

by Timothy O'Read

You live out in the country and you feel safe and secure. There's not one of your neighbours that would take anything of value and not return it, is there?

These days the first part of that may not be a safe assumption. It seems that thieves will travel anywhere if they think they can get saleable merchandise. Have you really thought what would be the situation should someone carry off the collection of tack that you've built so carefully over the years. Is there a replacement for those trophies that you worked so hard to earn? Do you know the value to a thief of that equipment? Would it be worth someone's trouble to steal it? Don't laugh at the idea of someone travelling a distance to steal. There is the case where two boys brought half-ton trucks from Montreal to Lennoxville to steal furniture. Absurd, but true.

First, don't leave valuable equipment laying around outside when not in use, even if you are home. All of us can remember someone stopping by just to ask directions or maybe just to admire the stock in the pasture. This is more often than not quite legitimate, but there's always that odd time that someone is only looking the ground over.



3 blankets that showed me where to look even though I had not previously known there were horses at this house.

Take a look at your property with the eye of an outsider the next time you return to the place. What do you see that makes you think that the farm might have something worth stealing? Other than a neat, clean good looking exterior, do you see any evidence of valuable objects that might be easy to steal?

So, it's time to take precautions if you haven't already done so. A first step is to take a good look at your equip-

ment, maybe just to figure up roughly what it would cost you to buy replacements for those items which are basic necessities. Even this could give you a shock. A better way is to make a list and photographs, then sit down and really get a true replacement value.

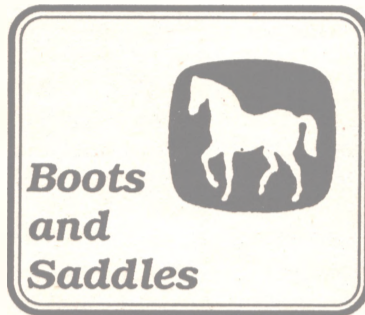
With this in hand it's time to talk to your insurance agent. Is all this equipment really covered? Do you just assume it is because you think your personal possessions are covered by your Homeowner's policy? This may or may not be true. There are some items, notably those not ordinarily kept in the home, which require a special rider and others that are simply not covered unless your insurance company has been notified that you own them. This also varies with insurance companies and the type of policy you have. If you take your horse to shows or parades your tack will not be covered by your homeowner's policy even when it is back at the home place. Shows constitute a special risk and so does tack which has been displayed at a show.

Ask if your insurance requires a photographic record in order to consider a claim, some do. Of course, such a record would always make any claim easier. Keep your picture record up to date and do not store it in the tack room.

Mark all of your equipment in such a way as to make it identifiable in case of a theft. Don't skip those small pieces because they aren't valuable. A thief might feel safe in keeping a small, common piece of tack for his/her own use, or offering it for sale with less care than usual. This could lead to an arrest even if the larger, more valuable pieces are not recovered. Be sure to post notices that your equipment is marked, not just in the tack room but also in your trailer and in the stall that you are using at a show.

Do you have a separate tack room? Can you build one? Put a good lock on it's door. Make sure that the door and it's frame are sturdy enough so that the lock cannot be circumvented by ripping out one or the other. If it has a window invest in a good grill. Put this on the inside so as not to advertise that there is some reason you do not want people to climb in through it. Again, make sure the frame is solid and solidly attached to

the building. Nail a solid piece of wood over the length of the window where the grill is screwed on, so as to cover the screws and the ends. Nail solidly so as to resist forcing.



Organize your tack room with separate sections. Either keep all tack of a similar kind, such as saddles together; or keep all equipment for a particular person or horse together. Don't leave bits and pieces of equipment scattered about, this makes it difficult to notice the loss of a seldom used piece.

Consider the exterior of your barn. Are there dark shadows that would allow someone to approach it or enter it without being noticed? What lights do you have? Are they well placed or do they contribute to the problem by causing shadows? If this is so, see if moving the light or installing a second one, would eliminate this dark spots. If these lights do not have a "sunset switch" or a time clock, are you fairly consistent about turning them on? Try to vary these times and don't forget to change the time clock as the daylight hours change.

Hydro bill a little high? Consider buying a light fixture that turns itself on when someone approaches the building. Fairly expensive, they have the advantage of being on for you whenever you go to the barn and can act as a surprise element should a stranger approach. Don't worry too much about small animals setting it off. It can be mounted in such a way that some height is required to set it off.

Are there bushes or other obstacles that obstruct the view from the house in such a way as to form a hidden pathway to the barn? Maybe it will be necessary to trim or even remove these. Did you plant a hedge, thinking to close off the view from house to barn? Rethink this strategy — especially if a horse has been stolen in your area. I know. No one steals horses in the Townships. Not yet maybe, but they do steal cattle so why not horses, especially young, rela-

tively unknown horses?

"But I have a dog to warn me" you say. If your dog barks, pay attention, don't fall into the trap of ignoring the dog just because it barks at every little thing. Investigate each bark. Most dogs can, in time, be taught to bark only at strangers.

While talking to your insurance agent don't forget "Old Dobbin" either. An animal, like a swimming pool, is considered an attraction and you are responsible for seeing that no one is hurt. Get liability insurance. Unless yours is a commercial operation, it is fairly inexpensive to add to your existing policy. In fact, it's downright cheap., on the order of something less than

\$100. a year. If your pasture borders a road consider things like a double fence line and a double gate so that the horse and people stopping along the road cannot reach each other. An electric fence, run the length of this side of the pasture, is cheap enough to install. Don't forget your dog, if you have one. This is another hazard, especially if you have encouraged the dog to be a bit aggressive.

Each stable and its surroundings are different. I'm sure you can come up with several other things that are specific to your place. Think about it and above all, do something to protect your tack.

EVENTS

June 30/July 1 Quebec Arabian Horse Association QAHA Horse Show (Arabian/Half-Arab, Open Classes) Ayer's Cliff Exhibition Grounds [819] 563-1704

June 30 Foster Horse Show Gala Dinner/Dance Information and Tickets are available through Signy Stephenson [514] 243-4272 and Cindy Fisher [514] 243-0331 in Brome Lake and Susan Burkman Mathurin [514] 263-8100 and Daniele Desourdy [514] 534-3255 in Bromont

July 6 A.Q.R. Event Ranch de L'île Yamaska Gérard melançon [514] 789-2990

July 7&8 Estrie à Cheval Trail Ride at Notre Dames des Bois

July 7&8 Dunham Horse Trials 2 Day Combined Event for Training and Pre-Training, Dunham, Qc. Info: Eric Bourbeau, [514] 295-2122 or [514] 466-2122

July 13-14-15 Circuit du Président Drummondville Prom. A.Q.Q.H et A.Q.R. Philippe Lebeau [514] 474-6272

July 15 Club d'Equitation Populaire de Sherbrooke Inc. Association Regionale de la F.E.Q. Dressage Horse Show Info: Louise Jolicoeur [819] 849-2077

July 21-22 A.Q.R. Event Festival de Dolbeau Prom: Gaetan Laroche [819] 395-2566

July 29 Foster Horse Show, Lions Park, Knowlton, Qc. Info: Anne Johnston, [514] 243-5767



471, Principale ouest
Magog, QC, J1X 2B2

Tél: [819] 843-3530

Events Calendar

July 1990

<p>June 20 — Aug 19</p> <p>Photograph Exhibit — Journeys and Souvenirs ... Pierre-Leon Têtreault, Central Pavillon Hall, Sherbrooke</p>	<p>June 22 — July 14</p> <p>Theatre Lac Brome. "Blithe Spirit" a classic comedy by Noel Coward. Evenings 8:30 p.m. Tuesday and Thursday matinees 2:00 p.m. Info: [514]</p>	<p>June 28</p> <p>Mobile Blood Clinic. Knights of Columbus Conseil 7518, Basement of de la Ressurrection du Christ Church, 1291 Gregoire St., Rock Forest 2:30 to 8:00 p.m.</p>	<p>June 29 — Aug 18</p> <p>Art Exhibits — Le Centre d'Arts Orford, Mont Orford Park, Rte. 141 North, Orford. Info: [819] 843-3981</p>
<p>June 29 — Aug 18</p> <p>Concerts — Le Centre d'Arts Orford, Mont Orford Park, Rte 141 North, Orford. Info: [819] 843-3981 or 1-800-567-6155.</p>	<p>June 30</p> <p>Steak B.B.Q. sponsored by Royal Canadian Legion at 120 Davignon, Cowansville. 5:30 to 7:00 p.m. Dance with Wayne Durrell's Orchestra. Welcome to non-members. Info: [514] 263-3545.</p>	<p>June 30</p> <p>Canada Day Celebration at Stanstead. Parade at 11:00 a.m.</p>	<p>June 30 — July 29</p> <p>Art Exhibit — paintings by Michèle Drouin. Arts Sutton Gallery, 7 Academy St., Sutton.</p>
<p>June 30 — July 1</p> <p>Canada Day Celebration at Knowlton. Duck Dash.</p>	<p>July 1</p> <p>Orchestre Baroque de Montreal presented by Centre d'Art Mississquoi at Bishop Stuart Memorial Church of the Holy Trinity, Garagana St., Freighsburg. 8:00 p.m.</p>	<p>July 1</p> <p>Canada Day Celebration at Bury. Parade at Noon.</p>	<p>July 2</p> <p>Canada Day Celebration at Hatley. Parade at 10:30 a.m.</p>
<p>July 1 — 14</p> <p>Photograph Exhibit by Martha Meagher and Jane Bradley</p>	<p>July 3 — 31</p> <p>Art Exhibit — Bas-reliefs by Leo Perreault, Sculptor. Memphremagog Library, 61 Merry North, Magog. Info: [819] 843-1330.</p>	<p>July 6</p> <p>Mobile Blood Clinics. Clarenceville. Noyan & Clarenceville. Optimist Club. Salle de loisirs. 1 Tourangeau St. 3:00 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.</p>	<p>July 6 — 7</p> <p>Art Demonstration. Leo Perreault demonstrating the making of bas-reliefs. Memphremagog Library, 61 Merry North, Magog. Info: [819] 843-</p>
<p>July 8</p> <p>Service of Celebration to mark the 50th anniversary of the first service at Beebe and Graniteville by Rev. A.B. Lovelace in 1940. 10:00 a.m. Social hour after the service.</p>	<p>July 11 — 15</p> <p>Bedford Fair.</p>	<p>July 15 — 28</p> <p>Watercolours by Sandra McLean. North Hatley Library, North Hatley.</p>	<p>July 19</p> <p>"Snowbirds" air show at Magog.</p>
<p>July 19 — 29</p> <p>St. Hyacinthe Fair.</p>	<p>July 23</p> <p>International Long Distance Swim. La Traversée Internationale du Magog.</p>	<p>June 24 — Aug 31</p> <p>Photograph Exhibit "Quebec Nature in Pictures" Le Musée du Séminaire de Sherbrooke, Le Centre d'Exposition Léon Marcotte, 222 Frontenac, Sherbrooke. Info: [819] 563-2050.</p>	<p>July 27, 28, 29</p> <p>Family Reunion for those named Girouards, Gerriors, Girroirs, etc., at Antigonish, N.S. Info: [902] 852-</p>
	<p>July 29 — Aug 11</p> <p>Oil Paintings by Renée Christie. North Hatley Library, North Hatley.</p>	<p>July 31 — Aug 5</p> <p>Sherbrooke Fair.</p>	

Cut out this calendar and hang it up so you won't miss any of these exciting events.
 If you would like your organization's upcoming event included in our calendar, drop us a note before the 15th of the previous month.