

The Townships Sun

Townships Life and Culture: Past, Present and Future



Vol. 45, No. 3

September 2017

\$2.50

The projected date for the next publication of The Townships Sun is November 6th.

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Annual General Meeting (AGM)
for The Townships Sun
October 25, 2017 at 7:00 p.m.
in the Marguerite Knapp Building
257 Queen St. Lennoxville
Food and Refreshments will be available

Front cover photo by Ben Mabetti, back cover photos by Heidi Monk.

Front and back cover design by Tom Standish



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The Townships Sun Inc. is a non-profit volunteer organization publishing the Townships Sun 9 times a year:

Member of: QCNA (Quebec Community Newspapers Association) and CARD (Canadian Advertising Rates & Data). Registered with La Bibliothèque Nationale du Quebec. Publication Mail Agreement: #40016398.

Subscription \$25, U.S addresses \$30

We acknowledge the financial support of the Government of Canada and by the Ministère de la Culture et des Communications du Québec in the form of Project and Operation Grants.

The Sun welcomes manuscripts, letters, photos, and anecdote. Submissions should include the contributor's full name, phone number and address..



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The Townships Sun Presents Canada's Prime Ministers

On the front cover of the Townships Sun, April-May edition, we presented photos of Canada's Prime Ministers. Many of our subscribers expressed an interest in having the photos and names of Canada's Prime Ministers. At your request we present to you the Prime Ministers of Canada in this 150th year of Confederation.



1 Alexander Mackenzie



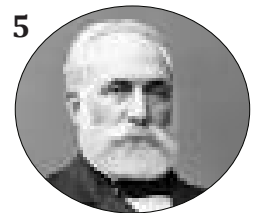
2 John A. MacDonald



3 John Abbott



4 John S. David Thompson



5 Mackenzie Bowell



6 Charles Tupper



7 William Laurier



8 Robert Borden



9 Arthur Meighen



10 William L. Mackenzie King



11 R.B. Bennett



12 Louis St. Laurent



13 John Diefenbaker



14 Lester B. Pearson



15 Pierre Elliott Trudeau



16 Joe Clark



17 John Turner



18 Brian Mulroney



19 Kim Campbell



20 Jean Chretien



21 Paul Martin



22 Stephen Harper



23 Justin Trudeau

Terms Served as Prime Minister of Canada

1) 1873-78 2) 1878-91 3) 1891-92 4) 1892-94 5) 1894-96 6) 1896-96 7) 1896-1911 8) 1911-1920 9) 1926-26 10) 1921-26, 26-30, 35-48 11) 1930-35 12) 1948-57 13) 1957-63 14) 1963-68 15) 1968-79, 80-84 16) 1979-80 17) 1984-84 18) 1984-93 19) 1993-93 20) 1993-2003 21) 2003-2006 22) 2006-15 23) 2015-present

Twenty Years

By Ben Mabetti

Many, many years ago a friend had given me a wood stove. It was a pile of large black metal pieces which had been in his garage for decades, and most of them showed their age. I hauled the parts home, cleaned off all the rust, painted and assembled it. The main body, because it was so heavy, had to be worked on in the kitchen, and it took three of us to get it there. The stove had become less than safe over the years: one could observe the flames in the firebox through the side, and the insurance inspector was carping about fire hazards. The chimney, which I inherited when I bought the house forty eight years ago, passed through the wooden wall of the kitchen. Admittedly it had a large collar of cement around it. However, what made me quite nervous was the brick chimney into which the metal flue was attached. It went straight up through the loft of the shed and was supported by four wooden posts. These posts sat on a floor of rough boards, like a barn.

I was uneasy because not only did the floor have a pronounced downward tilt with a ratio of one foot in twelve, but this floor tended to bounce up and down when one walked across it. Seeing these facets of my system, the inspector immediately put the kibosh on all of it, adding that there had to be a sheet of metal set on the wall behind the stove and that the ceramic tiles underneath had to be extended. In his zeal, he did not notice, because the fire was not lit, the rather lacy side to the stove.

So I had to lay down tiles, demolish the brick chimney, replacing it with a stainless steel flue straight up through the ceiling, and, since I was on a safety binge, procure a new stove.

At that time I could find only two companies building these traditional wood stoves, and although they were about the same price, they were very different in the quality of metal casting. I decided on a Heartland Sweet Heart stove. In due course, a large wooden crate was deposited outside my kitchen door. The delivery men informed me that was as far as they went.

Luckily, most of the pieces were separate, to be bolted on. The challenge was moving the main body of the stove,

weighing several hundred pounds, indoors and up onto its base, which keeps it off the floor. With considerable pushing, shoving, and leverage, the stove was finally in place and I could start on the chimney. Considering

that absolutely nothing is straight in a house that is more than one hundred and fifty years old, and that I was loathe to cut another hole in the roof, it all went very well. For the sake of aesthetics I decided to cover the shiny silver chimney, which now stuck up out of the roof, with a plywood box. This was an era of poor health for me and I have an indelible memory of lying on my side at the top of the steep roof. I do not enjoy heights, and I was trying to focus on building the box. I had come back from an unpleasant visit to the hospital, where a very large (well over two hundred pounds) oncologist, armed with what I assumed was a tool akin to a chisel (needless to say I did not look), was ramming this tool into the back of my pelvis with great force. I, with my face to the wall, my lower back frozen solid, and wishing I

could be somewhere, almost anywhere else, was trying to think happy thoughts. I guess I was up there on the roof, trussed up in a big, uncomfortable padded bandage, trying not to think of the pain in my rear end due to the thawing of that area of my body. The chimney was boxed, covered with flat tin, given a *trompe-l'oeil* covering made from terra cotta-coloured asphalt roofing material cut into the size of bricks and attached with nails and roofing tar. It didn't look authentic up close, but it is seldom that chimneys are scrutinized by those on the ground. Later, upon the arrival of the inspector—who marvelled that I had managed to erect a brick chimney— it was with satisfaction that I informed him that it only *looked* like a brick chimney.

Since then, twenty years ago, Sweet Heart has been our main source of heat, as well as providing the tool for cooking all meals, from the beginning of the heating season, which can start in September, until the end of May. Outdoors, the temperature is way below freezing, it is snowing hard, the wind is blowing around like the wrath of God, and I am sitting in the warm kitchen, glad to have Sweet Heart humming away at my back.



LISA DRIVER

Sweetheart

Welcome to Canada

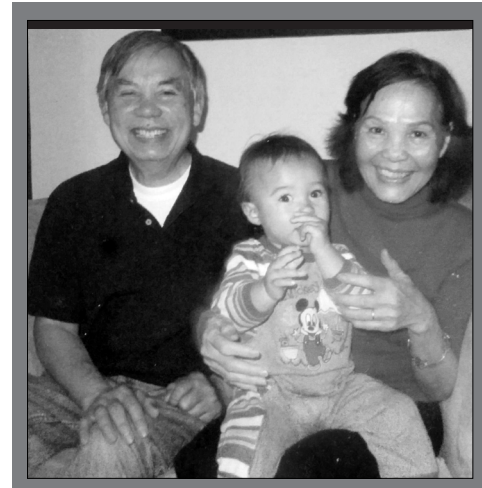
By Queenie Monk

I would like to introduce you to a Vietnamese-Canadian couple in their seventies. They were on a lightning trip through our province. I was surprised at their fearlessness, as they negotiated hotels, cities and travel with their limited English and no French. Then I heard their story.

They had lived through the Vietnam War. When the Americans airlifted out without notice, he and many others fled the invading army, which they could no longer hope to face. He tore off his uniform, grabbed a pair of civilian pants, which proved to be women's, and jumped on a boat. With no money or supplies, he made his way across Southeast Asia by doing odd jobs. He eventually reached San Diego, but would not stay in the country he felt had betrayed his people.

He was sponsored by a church in Edmonton. On the way, in San Francisco, he saw a Vietnamese man huddled on a curb, head down. It was truly a picture of despair. Approaching the man he recognized a relative. "Get up," he said. "We're going to Edmonton." This man went from being in charge of 3,000 men, to become a painter's assistant, in his new home. He set out to learn a variety of jobs and, he saved every possible cent. "I knew I would never see my wife again," he said, "but I hoped to save one of my children."

Back in Vietnam, his wife was captured and imprisoned for over four years. She was captured in place of her husband. "I survived to be able to see my children again," she said. "I knew I had lost my husband." Her sister and mother took her 4 children, including a tiny baby. After the peace between the United States and Vietnam, she was released. Walking toward her sister's house, she suddenly stopped, thinking, my children won't want me. They won't even know me. Then the door opened and



A happy ending
Q. MONK

they ran screaming to throw their arms around her. The Edmonton church sponsored them all. The family were reunited and her husband had never remarried. He had waited for her.

Determined and hardworking, they raised their children to be solid citizens, highly successful (three are doctors) and very appreciative of the country that gave them a chance. They have nine grandchildren and have a comfortable life. They could move to an easier climate, *but they will never leave.* "My father, my uncle and cousins died in the war," he told us. "We lost our children, we lost our family. Now we have grandchildren and we have peace."

As I heard this story, I could not help thinking, what a struggle just to be! How incredibly lucky I feel to have been born into a country at peace, a country with a heart. Thank you, Canada! Happy 150th, everyone!



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Food for Thought

by Kathleen Rattigan

"Taking food into the body is a ritual way of absorbing the God into oneself."

-Thomas Moore, Care of the Soul

AH – fabulous food! Mouth watering watermelons, sweet strawberries, endless varieties of healthful vegetables, all part of the unending cornucopia of vibrant, living food that is pouring out from our abundant earth. How blessed we are to live in one of the most fertile valleys on the North American continent. And yet, despite this profusion of healthy food, we are also suffering from many imbalances within our bodies. Why?

I see the answer every time I do grocery shopping in our local supermarket. Grocery baskets piled high with white bread (which I personally call edible napkins), sugary deserts, salty snacks, canned foods which have the life force of a doorknob, and frozen dinners. Fast food, plastic packaging, and almost everything that can be popped into a microwave seems to be the way of eating for nearly everyone that is in that store. Yuk!

C'mon folks – we can do better than this! Many moan that they have no time to prepare "real" food. I acknowledge the truth that our lives have many time demands, and it takes time to prepare healthy and nourishing food – yet - the time it takes to watch a one hour show on T.V. is the same amount of time it takes to steam some fresh vegetables, toss a green salad, and grill or bake some chicken or fish. To rip open a frozen dish, throw it in to be "nuked" and call that food is insulting to both our bodies and our intelligence.

Eating with awareness is delicious. Have you tasted the Quebec strawberries? They cause me to close my eyes in delight and I am freezing bags of them to savour this winter. I grow fresh sprouts to toss in my salads that are made from luscious deep green leaves of all kinds. I eat fresh fruit every morning to gently awaken my body and get its engine running. In the colder weather, one of my favourite things to do is start a home made soup simmering on my old wood cook stove and bake up a batch of rich and healthy muffins. I love good food and have learned that while eating is a wonderful pleasure, intelligent eating is an orgasmic experience.

And yet, as in all things, there must be a realistic balance. There are times when I prefer to eat chocolate

ice cream instead of a healthy snack of nuts and raisins. At times I crave the satisfying crunch of salty chips rather than a bowl of air popped popcorn. So I have reached a healthy compromise with myself. I live quite comfortably with an 80-20 ratio of eating – 80% healthy with a generous 20% allowance of eating the "forbidden" foods. This works well and satisfies both my intelligence and nutritional needs, while allowing my "inner child" the joy of snacking on the not so healthy treats.

To feed our body and nourish our soul takes a new and higher awareness of the joys of healthful eating. The market abounds with both the good and the bad, the beautiful and the ugly, and the choice is ours to make. Honouring the body that is the temple of our being is both wise and good.

Let us return to the old ways of eating whenever possible. Simple, clean and abundant food is always available and is surprisingly inexpensive. Adding herbs and spices can turn a plain pot of peas into a delicious delight. And remember, it is vital to cook with love in your heart, and the knowledge that your food is nourishing those you feed. Soul food for the spirit, and good food for the temple of your being; now that is healthy!

"Life itself is the proper binge."

-Julia Child



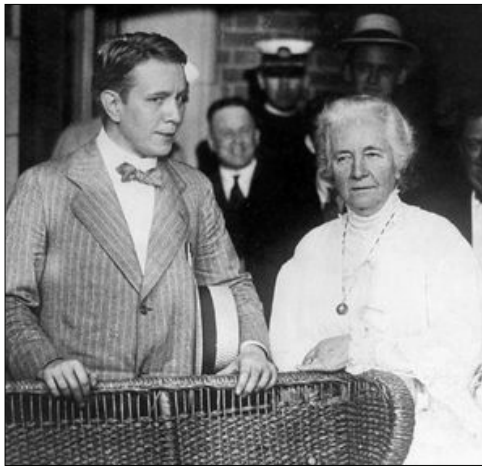
The image shows a campaign card for Hon. Marie-Claude Bibeau. On the left is the coat of arms of the province of Quebec. In the center, the name "Bibeau" is written in a large, bold, serif font, with "Hon. Marie-Claude" above it and "DÉPUTÉE COMPTON • STANSTEAD M.P." below it. On the right is a black and white portrait of Marie-Claude Bibeau, a woman with short dark hair, smiling. At the bottom, there is a dark grey bar with white text providing contact information: "175, rue Queen, bureau 204", "Sherbrooke (Québec) J1M 1K1", "marie-claude.bibeau@parl.gc.ca", "819 347-2598", "819 347-3583", and "www.mcibibeau.liberal.ca".

Harry Kendall Thaw & Evelyn Nesbit Part 3:

The dark story of the Millionaire and the Beautiful Girl in the Red Velvet Swing

By Merrick Belknap. in collaboration with the Townships Sun

I will take you deeper into the story of Harry and Evelyn, a story dark and dangerous, a story of tragedy, entitlement, jealousy and lust. As we have seen in Parts One and Two, being a millionaire does not necessarily guarantee a happy life. This is a story of darkness. So join me, and once more “curl up with a good crook.” In the end death comes to all: it is the happiness or sadness that we create from the time of birth to death that dictates our lives.



Harry Kendall Thaw pictured with his mom

Harry Kendall Thaw (February 12, 1871 – February 22, 1947) was the son of Pittsburgh coal and railroad baron William Thaw. He had a half-brother Benjamin, a member of South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club but it appears that there was no family unity. Harry's early life was described as violent and paranoid; his mother claimed the problems started in the womb.

Harry bounced among private schools in Pittsburgh. His teachers described him as unintelligible and a troublemaker. However, in spite of Harry not doing well, being the son of a millionaire granted him privileges. He was given admission to the University of Pittsburgh, to read law. Apparently he did little reading. Harry used his name and social status to transfer to Harvard University. He boasted about studying poker at Harvard, and spent his time on long drinking binges, attending cock fights and romancing the young women. His father objected while his mother provided Harry with a substantial allowance. She paid off large gambling debts, as well as paying to get Harry released from numerous brushes with the law.

His university stay ended with expulsion, for chasing a cab driver through the streets of Cambridge with a shotgun. Harry dismissed the incident, claiming the gun was *not* loaded. His studies soon changed from reading law to shooting up with morphine and cocaine. He bragged about making a habit of studying chorus girls from the Broadway shows. This pastime gave him contact with the architect Stanford White. White remarked to a group of chorus girls that Thaw was engaged in “wooing.” Harry blamed the women’s snubs on these remarks, and he focused his rage on White.

After Harry learned White paid attention to Evelyn Nesbit, he arranged to meet her at a party. White warned Evelyn about Harry, and for a time she avoided him. Thaw saw an opening when Evelyn was hospitalized. (Appendicitis was given as a reason for the hospitalization, however it was never confirmed.) Harry arrived bearing gifts; this impressed Evelyn’s mother as well as the headmistress at Evelyn’s boarding school.

Evelyn’s life was far more modest than Harry’s. Her parents were poor and unable to provide her with an education. She was beautiful, and showed talent as a singer and dancer. The family relied on the money she earned as a model and from theatre performances. Her career soared, and she joined a prestigious all-girl chorus.

Nesbitt was transferred to a sanatorium in upstate New York, on White’s orders. Both Harry and Stanford visited, never at the same time. Thaw remained an admirer of Nesbit while White’s attention waned. Thaw invited Evelyn and her mother to accompany him to Paris, where he spent large sums of money on them. He proposed but Evelyn resisted. Still, he pressed on for several weeks, hoping to gain her hand.

Under duress, Evelyn said she was unworthy to be his wife. She told Thaw that Stanford had taken her virginity.

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Evelyn Nesbit portrayed as The Girl in the Velvet Swing.

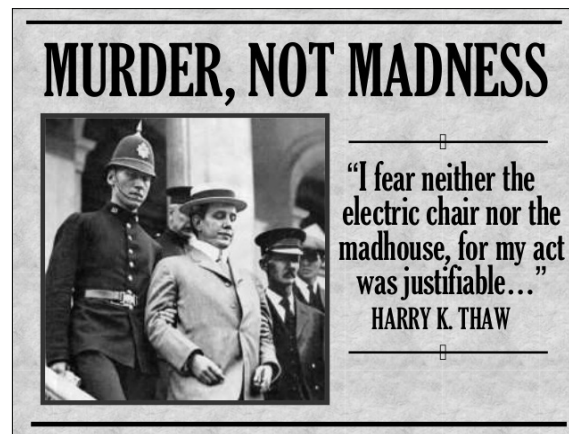
Of course, Thaw was enraged with White. Nesbit had attracted the eye of architect Stanford White, who kept a private suite of rooms in the tower at Madison Square Garden. The furnishings were of an oriental style, featuring a red velvet swing. White brought in show girls to use the swing, while he looked underneath their long dresses. As White's mistress, Evelyn was showered with gifts, and she remained his mistress for three years. At Harry's trial she testified that White's behaviour was far more than voyeurism: he would get Evelyn intoxicated and rape her while she was passed out.

Their time in Paris came to an abrupt end as Harry sent Mrs. Nesbit back to New York and swept Evelyn off to an isolated German castle. Thaw forced himself on Nesbit and beat her over and over with a dog whip. Evelyn, perhaps out of fear, stayed with Thaw. Eventually she convinced him to allow her to return to New York. Harry was obsessed with Evelyn, and over several years he wore her down. Harry's mother arrived at Evelyn's door, expressing her wish to have Evelyn agree to marry her son: "Settling down would help curb Harry's eccentricities." Evelyn gave in. She and Harry returned to Pittsburgh where they lived with Harry's mother. Following the marriage Harry's obsession waned. He would disappear to Europe for days.

Ultimately, Harry's jealous focus on Stanford White led to the shooting of White. Following Harry's first trial, he immediately divorced Evelyn who gave birth to a son, Russell Thaw, during Harry's incarceration. Harry vehemently denied that this was his child, but throughout his life he would occasionally offer money to Evelyn, although, it was never much. Evelyn could not shake free of this horrible time, and lived the rest of her life with the notoriety of being Mrs. Harry Thaw.

Harry's first trial ended in a deadlock with an insanity plea. With prompting from Harry's mother, Evelyn testified at the trial, with the promise that if Evelyn testified that Harry was only trying to protect her from White, she would receive a divorce and one million dollars in compensation. She performed well and Harry was found guilty by insanity. However, she got the divorce but no money. Harry's mother publicly declared she would spend the family's \$40 million fortune to have her son set free. None of the fortune was given to Evelyn.

Harry's lawyer exploited Nesbit's beauty, hoping to appeal to the jury's emotions. Evelyn described the events as follows: "Mr. White asked me to come to see the backroom and he went through some curtains. The back room was a bedroom, and I sat down at the table, a tiny little table. There was a bottle of champagne, a small bottle, and one glass. Mr. White picked up the bottle and poured the glass full of champagne...then he came to me and told me to finish my champagne, which I did, and I don't know whether it was a minute after or two minutes after, but a pounding began in my ears, then the whole room seemed to go around. Everything got very flat. Then, I woke up, all my clothes were pulled off of me, and I was in bed. I sat up in the bed and started to scream. "

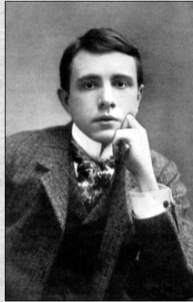


Nesbit's acting experience complemented Lawyer Delmas' legal ability. Judge Fitzgerald urged the jury to resist Delmas' appeal to their emotions. "Will you acquit a cold-blooded, deliberate, cowardly murderer because his lying wife has a pretty girl's face?" Harry was taken to New York's Matteawan State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. While there, he was granted a lot of freedom, so much so that he was able to walk out in 1913 and be driven to Coaticook, Quebec.

Incarceration changed little for Harry. The year following his release, Harry was accused of sexually assaulting and horsewhipping a teenaged boy, Fred B. Gump Jr. Yet once again Harry was declared insane and sent to the asylum. He was released in 1924. He then purchased an historic house, known as Kenilworth, located in Clearbrook, a

CONT'D ON PG. 9

COLD CALCULATED MURDER



Harry K. Thaw

Pittsburgh Playboy

Heir to Millions

farming community in Virginia. He integrated into the community and joined the Rouss Fire Company. He actually marched in some of the local parades, wearing his fireman's uniform. People viewed him as eccentric, but he did not run into any additional legal troubles.

After going through numerous reports I learned that, in the late 1920s, Thaw went into the film production business located on Long Island. His first attempts were short comedies and stories about fake spiritualists. He contracted John Lopez and well known detective story author Arthur B. Reeve, for scenarios on the theme of fake spiritualism. The scenarios were not paid for, resulting in a lawsuits; Harry claimed he owed nothing after switching to a film story of his life. Eventually, in 1935, Lopez was granted a judgement of \$7,000.

Harry sold his Virginia home, Kenilworth, in 1944 and died in 1947 of a heart attack at the age of 76. At the time of his death he was living in Miami. In his will he left Evelyn \$10,000.00, less than 1% of his fortune. Evelyn had tried to commit suicide in 1926. She had lost her job as a dancer at the Moulin Rouge Café in Chicago and was living quietly in Northfield, New Jersey. During World War II Nesbit lived in Los Angeles teaching ceramics and sculpting at the Grant Beach School of Arts and Crafts. She was a technical adviser for the 1955 film "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing" for which she was paid \$10,000 for her participation. Nesbit died in a nursing home in Santa Monica, California, on January 17, 1967 at the age of 82. Her son Russell William Thaw grew up to be a noted pilot during World War II.

This beautiful, young, and talented woman was exploited and abused. "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing," most certainly lived a tragic life. The men in her life were both controlling and evil, which leads me to question why she was treated in such an uncaring manner later in life.



Harry declared sane.

Ferme Wera

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Hotspots for Quebec Muskie

By John A. Viau



Red with fish.

Quebec has many summer muskie hotspots. Here are some of the best. Some are famous, some less famous and some are almost a secret.

Quebec's well-known Muskie hole is, without a doubt, the reefs and weed beds off Windmill Point on Lake St. Louis, just offshore from Ile Perrot. This legendary body of water has produced trophy fish for generations of Muskie fishermen. Troll adjacent to and over the weed beds in anywhere from seven to 15 feet of water.

Another Lake St. Louis hotspot is the weed beds adjacent to the St. Lawrence Seaway channel which traverses the lake from east to west. Try trolling at a good clip alongside the weed beds in 12 to 25 feet of water. Also worth a try on Lake St. Louis are the reefs above and below St. Nicholas Island and around Dorval Island. Also, try trolling the sand flats adjacent to the weed beds in 15 to 18 feet of water at four to five miles per hour at about eight feet in depth.

Another prime Muskie hole, which is starting to rival Windmill Point in popularity is the Ottawa River. The Ottawa River is a long, winding river that covers over 300 miles. It is one of the last fisheries with a naturally reproducing Muskie fishery. Over the years, the Ottawa River has produced three world record releases. The Ottawa has every type of fishing available – from top water fishing to spinner-bait fishing.

Another good bet is the Riviere des Mille Isles, between Rosemere and St. Eustache. These waters are very lightly fished, but there are trophy class muskies to be had for the persistent angler. If you would like some beautiful Laurentian mountain scenery when you're fishing

Muskie, then try Lake Maskinonge near St. Gabriel de Brandon or Lac Tremblant near St. Jovite. The scenery is spectacular and there are enough Muskies to make the fishing very interesting.

Lake St. Francis is another prime fishery that offers muskie in high numbers and many trophy fish. Try trolling alongside large weed beds at a fast speed. Prime hours are starting from sunset to around 10 or 11 o'clock.

Last on the list of Muskie holes are the Chateaugay River from Ste Martine to Ormstown and the English River from where it flows into the Chateaugay River upstream to St. Chrysostome. Both of these rivers have yielded Muskies up to 40 pounds over the years and I've seen even bigger.

If you are just getting into fishing and are serious about catching a trophy sized fish, then I strongly suggest the services of a good Muskie guide. Here is a list of the very best:

Mike Lazarus specializes in the waters around the island of Montreal, the St. Lawrence River and its tributaries and the Ottawa River. He holds the all tackle world record for live release with a length of 58 1/2 inches and a 29 inch girth. He fishes 171 days a year from opening day right up to December 29th. He supplies all tackle, lunch and a video of your trip. He is 100 per cent catch-and-release. His phone number is 514-683-4555.

Another Montreal area guide, who comes highly recommended, is Marc Thorpe. One of his best Muskies to date is a fish that measured 51 inches long by 27 inches in girth and weighed in at 51 pounds. Marc guides on Lake St. Louis, the Laprairie Basin, Lake St. Francis and the Ottawa River. His season begins the third Saturday in June and runs until November 15th. The fishing is, once again, catch and release and photos and video can be taken during the trip. Marc will supply the tackle, or, if you wish, you can bring your own. Call him at 450-975-4942.

On Lake St. Francis, the man to see for Muskie is Art Laframboise of Dundee. He is a real Muskie master who knows them inside out and then some. Art's phone number is 450-264-5818.

Last on the list of Quebec Muskie guides – but certainly not the least – is Wayne Johnson of St. Jovite. Wayne

CONT'D ON PG. 11

CONT'D FROM PG. 10

guides on the Ottawa River, Lakes Tremblant, Devon and Ouimet. Lake Ouimet is closed to public fishing but Wayne has permission to fish and, from what I hear, it's prime Muskie water. Wayne's best Muskie is a 32 pounder that measured 52 inches. Wayne also practices 100 per cent catch and release. He tells me that his average outing lasts four to five hours and is sometimes good for four to five muskie or more. Wayne's phone number is 819-425-7318.

It is a fun day for the fishing enthusiast.

Note: In the August issue pages 12 and 13, photo credits read "John Viau and Townships Sun". These should read John Viau only. Apologies from The Townships Sun.



John with fish.

Labour Day

By Townships Sun

Canadians celebrate Labour Day, our signal that summer is ending, on the first Monday of September. Although Labour Day is now considered a time to relax, the long weekend originally gave workers the opportunity to campaign for better working conditions, when workers stood up for and celebrated workers' rights.



Trade unions organized parades and picnics, but today many people see the first Monday in September as the opportunity to head for the cottage or take a trip

before getting back to business. Here in the Eastern Townships the Brome County Fair, held over the Labour Day weekend, is a popular event. Businesses in general are closed, as well as post offices, schools, government offices, etc.

The origin of this day is traced back to April 15, 1872, when the Toronto Trades Assembly organized Canada's first big demonstration for the rights of workers. At that time, twenty-four Toronto Typographical Union leaders had been imprisoned for striking to get a nine hour work day (it was considered a criminal conspiracy to disrupt trade) and the aim of the demonstration was to obtain their release.

Public support for the parade was enormous, giving authorities no option but to recognize the important role that trade unions played in Canadian society. One of the parades passed directly in front of the house of Canada's Prime Minister, Sir John A. MacDonald. He appeared before the gathering with a promise to repeal all Canadian laws against trade unions. Within the year, this goal was reached, which led to the founding of the Canadian Labour Congress in 1883.

Canadian workers are justifiably proud of this day. Their efforts and strong stance resulted in great strides in improving workers' rights and working conditions. So Canadians, enjoy this day. Your ancestors fought hard to improve working conditions and give us a better life and a day of rest!

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Townships Trivia

Riding the Rails: Part 2

By Matthew Farfan, QAHN

QUEBEC ANGLOPHONE
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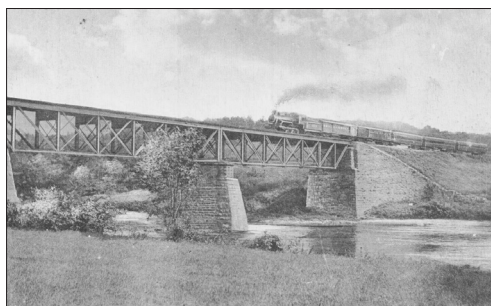


RÉSEAU DU PATRIMOINE
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The nineteenth and early twentieth centuries saw a huge railway boom across the Eastern Townships. It was driven by the need to access raw materials, a desire for quick transportation, the growth of industry, and a mania to build more and more branch lines. Literally dozens of railway companies competed for territory and markets.

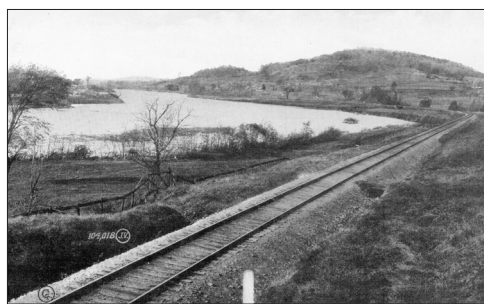
1 This view of the Grand Trunk Railway “Express” was taken around 1910. Name the location!

- a) Sherbrooke
- b) Drummondville
- c) Richmond
- d) Coaticook



2 This c.1905 view of the Grand Trunk was taken along which river in the Townships?

- a) The St. Francis
- b) The Massawippi
- c) The Yamaska
- d) The Coaticook



3 Dudswell Junction, seen here around 1920, was on the line of which railway?

- a) The Quebec Central
- b) The Boston and Maine
- c) The Lévis and Kennebec Railway
- d) The Drummond County Railway



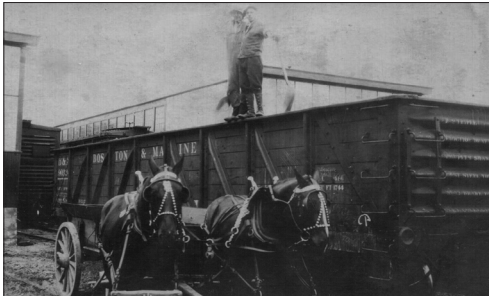
4 This photograph depicts the Potton Springs Hotel in Potton Township, and the hotel’s little train station in the foreground. People once flocked here in droves to take “the cure.” What railway line was this hotel on?

- a) The Orford Mountain Railway
- b) The Boston and Maine Railway
- c) The Missisquoi Valley Railway
- d) The South Eastern Railway



5 The Massawippi Valley Railway, which was leased by the Boston and Maine, once serviced the Butterfield Tool factory (seen in the background in this photo). What town was this?

- a) Beebe
- b) Stanstead
- c) Rock Island
- d) Highwater



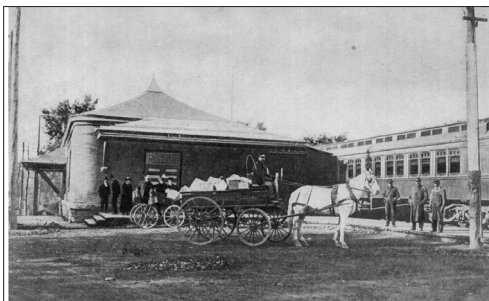
7 The line through Stanbridge East was originally built by the South Eastern Railway. This company was eventually swallowed by the...?

- a) The Grand Trunk
- b) Canadian Pacific
- c) Canadian National
- d) The Montreal and Southern Counties Railway



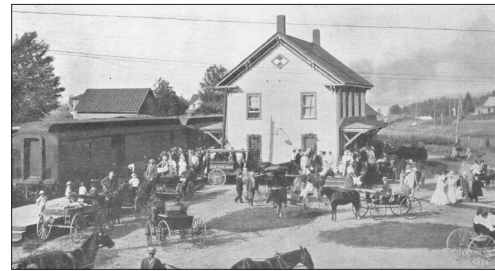
9 In 1885, a second station was built on the other side of Sherbrooke - this time by the Waterloo and Magog Railway. Just three years later, the station (and the railway) were purchased by which railway giant?

- a) The Grand Trunk
- b) CP
- c) CN
- d) The Quebec Central



6 Knowlton's first train station, seen here c.1900, was built by which company?

- a) The South Eastern Railway
- b) Canadian Pacific
- c) Canadian National
- d) The Waterloo and Magog Railway



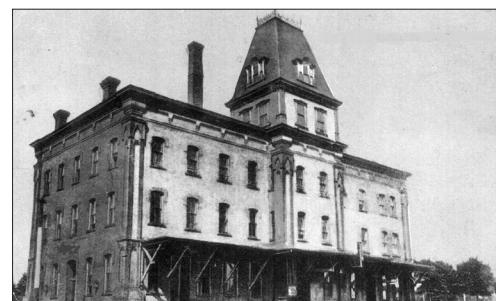
8 Union Station in downtown Sherbrooke served how many different railways?

- a) Two
- b) Three
- c) Four
- d) Five



10 The largest station in the Townships, seen here, was built in 1873 as the headquarters of the South Eastern Railway. What town was it in?

- a) Cowansville
- b) Bedford
- c) Granby
- d) Farnham



ANSWERS
1) c 2) a 3) a 4) a 5) c 6) a 7) b 8) c 9) b 10) d

Newfoundland is as Great as they Say

By Heidi Monk

Back in February, a friend in Victoria sent me an email asking if I'd like to plan a trip to Newfoundland during the summer. It all seemed quite far away, but with the fanfare around free entrance into national parks for the year and the limited number of people allowed on the hiking trail we wanted to take, we decided that reserving early was a good idea. And so the planning began. In the end, fewer people than I expected enjoy backcountry hiking. We didn't see a soul the whole time. But, I am getting ahead of myself.

Our party of three hailed from Whitehorse, Victoria and Montreal. Before doing the long range traverse, a rugged unmarked trail in Gros Morne National Park, all hikers need to report to the visitors centre for a short briefing, the day before they head out. This gave us a reason to explore other more accessible parts of the park. We took advantage of this and started by visiting the Tablelands. It is said that this is where the earth is naked. In one of the few places on the planet, the mantle is exposed, and nothing grows on this sort of moon-like reddish surface that you hike over. We also scooted over to a couple of more beautiful and fascinating landscapes. At Green Point for instance, we explored a coastline with sheets of shale that are about 30 million years old. While there we looked for fossils. We had dinner at Rocky Harbour and caught a lovely sunset, being on the west coast (of Newfoundland).

That first day, the inner nerd in me kept repeating "geology rocks." Really, I think everyone wants to learn all about rocks, erosion and plate tectonics when they visit Gros Morne.

Day two we were eager to begin the hike for which we had all gathered. To start the hike, we took a boat to the end of Western Brook Pond. This is a spectacular route through fjords on either side, which were carved by glaciers many years ago. The pond itself used to be connected to the ocean but eventually got cut off when the earth— that had been weighed down by massive glaciers— slowly rebounded. The boat dropped us off at the end of the 'pond' (anywhere else you'd call it a lake) and we began a climb up to the top. As we would soon come to discover, the scare tactics at the orientation session had some merit. An unmarked trail is code for large segments of bush whacking; wear long sleeves and pants, and make good use of your compass and GPS if you ever want to get out. We were rewarded with waterfalls

and views of the pond, as well as large quantities of moose droppings, but no moose. This would end up being a theme, leading me to wonder whether the story of the thousands of moose bred from 6 original moose brought over from the 'mainland' wasn't just another tall tale for which fishermen are renowned.

Moose or no moose, we were ushered into our dreams by the call of a loon on a lake, one of my favourite sounds. The next day, our most common encounter was mud. Walking through bogs, water would squirt out from each footstep. At the first river crossing I lost my water bottle. After unsuccessful searching, my companions kindly assured me I could use theirs and we continued on. I was a bit sad since I have been putting stickers on the bottle for years from all the places I've hiked and canoed with it. This practice was beginning to tell a story.

We climbed up and down during the course of the day, making our first acquaintances with "tuckamore" of which we would come to learn, one definitely wants less. As I was in the midst of reading *The Hidden Life of Trees* (which I recommend) I was particularly taken by these hardy, windswept trees that persisted in difficult terrain. Tuckamore is the name people in Newfoundland give to dense stunted spruce "patches" that can vary tremendously in size, ranging from a few square feet to what seems like entire forests. The trees themselves vary in size from about knee high (and relatively easy to walk and navigate through) to just a little taller than me (read, you can't see over them). In this case, branches of these creative and densely packed trees are absolutely everywhere. The following day we did some very creative crossings...

Anyhow, toward the end of the afternoon we spotted our first large animal, a caribou, since we'd been hiking, although we'd seen a black bear on the road our first day. Later a caribou couple came to drink from the river we were camped at, which was pretty special.

The following day the caribou seemed to beckon us along, often appearing on the trail ahead of us. We greatly appreciated them, since at times we were caught up in the tuckamore and hardly able to think of anything except escape. As I mentioned, we got creative. I'd lean my full weight (with my backpack on) into the branches, hoping they'd cede. Other times I found myself awkwardly

CONT'D ON PG. 15

CONT'D FROM PG. 14

scrambling over them, or crawling underneath their branches. I cannot express the relief we felt when we emerged from a particularly trying patch!

After the hike we checked out some coastal towns and made our way across the island to St. John's, which really is as picturesque as the postcards. The streets are lined with brightly coloured houses (which frankly I think all cities should mimic since it's so cheerful). We stayed in one of these charming century homes. A short hike around Signal Hill between the town and the ocean provides a view of the city and the rugged shore line that earned the province the title of "The Rock." It is a lovely entrance to an amazing city.

I left having seen only a portion of the province but totally enchanted by what I saw. Newfoundland has much more to offer, including puffins, whales and icebergs (and apparently moose). I guess I'll have to come back. I bought a sticker for my new water bottle and am now headed back to work. I wonder where the next sticker will come from...

***All back cover photos courtesy of Heidi Monk:**

Rock and sky: Walking through time at Green Point

Beach at sunset: sunset at Rocky Harbour

Waterfall: A good excuse for a rest and a snack

Fjord: The view overlooking Western Brook Pond

Caribou: Caribou

Shoreline with water during day: A sunny day on Signal Hill in Saint John's

Coloured houses: The charming streets of Saint John's

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Anatomy of a Band

By Jan Draper



PHOTO COURTESY OF HI-FINS

Overheard at their performance at the Piggery, "My cheeks hurt from smiling and my throat was sore from singing. I knew the words to every song. I could not even leave to go to the bathroom."

Some among us remember the screams and fainting that accompanied a Beatles concert. Most young women lost the power of speech when the Fab Four appeared. I doubt that young people now would be any more articulate if they suddenly ran into Beyoncé and Jay Z, Lady Gaga or Drake. Musicians are universally loved and admired, so many young people begin their own bands. Most do not make it and hang up their guitars. Others keep on going and, despite their day jobs, create successful bands. A good example is the Hi-Fins.



JAN DRAPER

Spy Demo, guitar and vocals

Recently this British Invasion tribute band came to the Piggery in North Hatley. The concert was sponsored by the Boundary Rotary (more on that later). The Hi-Fins is a great group. They play the music made famous by the British bands (and a few others) who were the hallmark of sixties music. And somehow at a concert, we are there and then – back in the summer of love with flowers in our hair. (For those too young to remember, these guys

will create the sixties for you.) Why is this band so good at what they do? Why did they have many people at the Piggery on their feet and singing until their throats were sore?



JAN DRAPER

Paul McCrowe, bass and vocals

Paul McCrowe thinks that the success is partly due to the music they have chosen. "The British Invasion music... is timeless. We see it in the faces of fans young and old at our shows. It's pure, it's raw, it is the greatest music in recorded history, and we're proud and honored to be able to bring it to audiences everywhere." Indeed, the Hi-Fins focus on some of the best-loved pop music in the world resulting in instant audience recognition and guaranteed participation. Who does not want to dance to a much-loved Beatles favorite?

Paul McCrowe and his longtime friend, Spy Demo, have been singing and playing together since they were kids, "spending hours and hours at a very young age trying to

CONT'D ON PG. 17

CONT'D FROM PG. 16

make sounds that made sense.” Clearly their talent was unusual, the basis for any musical success.

Years later, in 2007, Paul and Spy began the band. In 2008 they found a drummer and played as a trio, “stirring up some noise and interest around the local music scene for a power British Invasion Tribute trio.”



JAN DRAPER

Ted Doyle, drums and vocals

Their name is a bit of a puzzle: Spy Demo loves crosswords and was looking for the second syllable to a word that turned out to be hyphen. Musing aloud, Spy said ‘Hy--phen?’ and Paul said, “Great name!” thus the Hi-Fins with a hyphen in it. Clearly Paul and Spy have an interesting way of communicating!

The Hi-Fins realized that they needed a keyboard player to make their sound complete, and that process involved a greater overhaul than anticipated. Thus Daniel Stecko, the sought-after keyboard player and a very talented musician, joined the band. And unexpectedly, a new drummer came on the scene, too: Ted Doyle, who had been playing with Beatles tribute bands for years. Both musicians share with Paul and Spy a passion for music.



JAN DRAPER

Daniel Stecko, keyboard and vocals

Are the Hi-Fins full-time musicians? No. All four have the inevitable day job—just like Townships bands—that include builders, teachers, mechanics, fire fighters, and so on.

Among the four, only keyboardist Daniel Stecko studied music. He concentrated on classical piano and took the grade 7 exam at the Royal Conservatory in Toronto. The others are all self-taught. They sing and play several instruments, beginning, as noted above, when they were kids.

Through their time together, the band has rehearsed over 400 songs. “Learning and playing and sometimes - tossing,” says Paul. “We very much like to gear our set lists (songs we choose) for a very upbeat “get up and dance” groove.”

Paul continues, “We all know pretty much instinctively when we start a song in rehearsal for the first time whether it’s a “keeper” or not. Not much is spoken or discussed but usually after we end it, we just know with a toss of the head or a nod or simply the look on our faces. We know if it’s right or not. ... Usually a whole lot of that process is dictated by what we all feel from the shows we play and from the reaction of an audience.”

So when the Hi-Fins learn and practice new numbers, they do not arrange the pieces with pen and paper but by adding or subtracting as they play, “extra keyboard sound, guitar chord, bass line or drum roll or extra harmony... it just sounds right.”

In almost every show the Hi-Fins add two to three new songs and those they rehearse with care, applying their collective intuition to a song until they decide if it is what best captures the feeling of the original.

When I asked about practice space, Paul said, “As for our practice space, we’ve been renting the same studio space for roughly 10 years, SoloDrum Studios (small plug for the studio) which we love!”

It becomes clear how important emotion is to the success of this band. From the development of a new arrangement to their engaging performances, it is the emotions that are at the heart of the Hi-Fins: the overall mood of a concert and the specific feelings of the songs are paramount and keep the audience enthralled from beginning to end. The shows are high impact, each including around 40 songs, as opposed to most concerts which have only 20 to 30. Through every step of the process, from choosing a song to performing it, the Hi-Fins stay in their right brains, where emotion and creativity are based, so none of the emotional energy is ever lost and their audiences respond with total immersion in an evening that is non-stop and intense.

CONT'D ON PG. 18

CONT'D FROM PG. 14

When I photographed the concert at the Piggery, I was aware of how completely focused the members of the band are; Paul's face betrays the effort and concentration needed to keep an audience from unplugging. They are very tuned in to the audience as well and "could switch on the fly right on stage, if we see the crowd really enjoying the show at the pace we're moving. We'll continue doing just that, throw out a song and throw in another one that wasn't in the set list..... We love an audience to be on their feet, tap their toes, on the edge of their seats and hopefully, if there's a dance floor, to be on it! That's the goal of every show, have fun! Bring 'em to the sock hop, bring 'em to the Shindig! The Beatles, The Stones, The Kinks, The Who: All had high energy, everyone on their feet ready to leap towards the dance floor and stage! It was intense and great fun! We are, after all, a 60s British Invasion Tribute band."

One other reason for their success, said Paul, is their supportive wives, who are understanding, loving and strong women. So to Betty, Sophie, Nancy and La Bev, thanks for your part in keeping the Hi-Fins the "intense, passionate, energetic, and playful" band that came to the Townships.

So what's the recipe for becoming a success? Lots of musical talent, work, practice, incredible dedication, determination, a truly profound love for the music, the ability to communicate that love to an audience....and then some more practice and hard work. And of course, having a supportive spouse is pretty handy, as well.

You can see the Hi-Fins' new video at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zcllvhRuU_o

Many thanks to Paul McCrowe for his time and the info about his band.

Note: The Piggery encourages local groups to sponsor the concerts given there. It is a pleasure for the Boundary Rotary Club to work with the McKinvens to publicize a concert and sell tickets to help raise funds for the Pig and the community organization.

Boundary Rotary is one of over thirty-five thousand clubs around the world. These clubs do many projects in their own communities, as well as partnering with international clubs to do good work in other countries. The Boundary Club runs a secondhand bookstore in Beebe, Quebec, that supports local camps, libraries and schools, to name just a few of our initiatives.



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Catherine Day (1815-1899)

An Early Historian of the Townships

by Gerard Cote and Jean-Marie Dubois



COURTESY OF BROME COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Catherine Day

Catherine Day is likely known by many *Townships Sun* readers. There was a street named for her in the Sherbrooke borough of Lennoxville in 2005, replacing the name "Fortier" for a road opened in 1958. Another location, unfortunately known by very few people, was also named for her in 1994. It is the rest area located on the right of Autoroute 10-55 when coming from Sherbrooke, off of Autoroute 410 and before reaching the Saint-Élie exit.

Catherine Matilda Townsend was born at East Farnham on January 1st, 1815. She was the daughter of Pamela

Lawrence (ca 1782-1868) and Samuel Wells Townsend (1781-1817), a Loyalist from Guilford, Vermont, who settled in the Township of East Farnham in 1802. Catherine, however, grew up in Cambridge, Vermont. In 1839, she came to be a governess for a family in l'île Sainte-Thérèse (now Varennes), where she met her future husband. On May 2, 1840, she married Henry William Day (1817-1854). They had six children: Mary Matilda, Hiram Washington, Annie Pamela, Samuel Townsend, William Henry and Arthur Wells. After the death of her husband in 1854, Catherine became a teacher in Champlain, New York. At the start of the 1860s, she returned to Quebec to teach in South Stukely. That is where she wrote her first book, *Pioneers of the Eastern Townships*, in 1862-1863. Shortly before 1867, she came to live in Waterloo, likely to teach. There she wrote her second book: *History of the Eastern Townships*. She travelled all over the region to promote and sell her books. They are a gold mine of information for historians. In 1875, she retired and went to live with her daughter Mary Matilda Nash in Council Bluffs, Iowa. When Mary Matilda died in 1888, Catherine moved in with her son William Henry, in Grinnell, Iowa. At the end of that same year, she came back to South Stukely to live with her daughter Annie Pamela Knowlton. Catherine died in South Stukely on August 24, 1899 and is buried in South Stukely Cemetery.

Note: Gerard Cote works with the Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum Society; Jean Marie Dubois is at the University of Sherbrooke.



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Remembering One of the “Tom Sawyers” of Cowansville, Quebec

By Linda Knight Seccaspina

My uncle Frederick Alexander Knight was born in 1922 in Cowansville, Quebec to Frederick John (1890-1967) and Mary Louise Deller Knight (1894-1975). There is no written record that my Uncle Fred existed anywhere, not even on genealogy pages. He died at age 19 in 1941 and sadly, I only know a little of his story.

When you forget to talk about the past, or even ignore it on purpose, it vanishes into thin air—unless you are someone like me. I know I exist to tell the stories of memories and to remind you that every little thing that transpired in your family matters. Today, after not finding a trace of him, not even in a newspaper obituary, I decided to write what little I was told about him.

My Grandparents emigrated from England to Canada after the first world war with little baggage, except for Fred, who also transported his aging Mother, Mary Silley Knight (1858-1944). There was never any doubt that the family brought along their love for each other and their British stiff upper lips. While being extremely loving people they never lingered on anything in life. The young couple were brought up during World War 1 where Mary had to sometimes hide in manholes during the daily U.K. bombings and Fred was gassed in the trenches in France.

Their first son Fred, who was the spitting image of his father, was born in 1922 and my Father, Arthur John Knight, (1924-1983) was born two years later in 1924. There are no pictures of them, but my Grandmother said in a rare sentimental moment that her children almost killed her with their antics. Uncle Fred was apparently the leader being 2 years older and there were days my Grandmother had to hightail her short legs down to the big dye pond at Bruck Mills because the neighbours told her that her sons were going to die before lunchtime if she didn't go get them.

Bruck Mills opened in Cowansville, Quebec in 1922 as a silk mill in town and by the 1950s it employed over 100 people. Some of the material was dyed, and it was said that you could tell what shade the garments were being dyed daily by the colour of the water in the dye pond outside the mill. It was rumoured that some of the kids actually had the odd swimming contest in that pond to see who could get out the fastest when the colour of the water would change.

Fred Jr. and Arthur were not that stupid, but as far as I am concerned they were pretty high up on the food chain in not thinking straight. The both of them had built a raft at home, hauled it down the street to Bruck Mills, and maneuvered it around the dye pond like pirates my Grandmother said. Knowing how conservative my father



SOCIÉTÉ D'HISTOIRE DE COWANSVILLE

Bruck Mills 1948, Cowansville, Quebec

was I would like to think that I got some of my spirit from daredevil Fred Jr.

One day Fred Jr. pleaded for a B. B. Gun for his birthday and my Grandmother was having none of it. Like the film “A Christmas Story” she told my Grandfather not to buy it for him as he was going to put his brother's eye out. My Grandfather, the former military man, ignored my Grandmother's pleas and did indeed buy his eldest son the gun he so wanted. Within two weeks Fred Jr. had put someone's eye out and the victim was the neighbour's eldest child who lost the sight in his right eye forever.

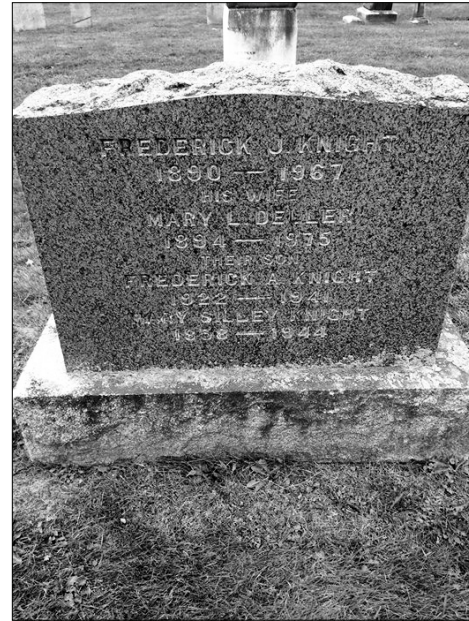
That one accidental shot by Fred Jr. ended up costing my Grandfather a \$1000 payment to the child's family in the 1930s. That very day Grampy took that B. B. gun and threw it up in the attic where it remained until the day the house was torn down and it vanished into history with the rest of the South Street house.

In 1940 a Tetanus vaccination was introduced in Canada and many parents didn't want to have their children vaccinated. My Grandmother told me that she had heard stories that a child in Dunham had gotten the inoculation and “ended up on all fours”. There is no proof regarding that statement of hers – but I know she went down to

the high school daily pleading to spare her children from being vaccinated. Mary Louise Deller Knight sat in the principal's office every single day for a month, but in the end both Arthur and Fred Jr. were inoculated.


After the inoculation Fred Jr. got sick and died 6 months later. Each day when the doctor would come down those orange stairs from the second floor he would tell my Grandmother that they had no clue how to help her eldest child. In 1941 Frederick Alexander Knight died at the age of 19, and the only memory that was left of him was a picture of him on the wall beside the verandah door. I have no idea what happened to that photo, and the only proof that Fred Jr. was born, lived, and died in Cowansville, Quebec is on the family gravestone that sits in the Emmanuel United Church Cemetery on Main Street in Cowansville.

Every single person needs to be remembered, and today my mind replays what my heart can't forget. My Grandparents gave me so little to remember about my Uncle Fred but maybe the key to immortality is first remembering a life that was so worth living- and today I mourn the loss of my Uncle and am writing about it for posterity. I implore you to share your family memories as these ancestors may be gone from your sight, but never your mind. Remember, you define what is important to you by what you dedicate your time to.



LINDA KNIGHT SECCASPINA

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Canada 150: How a Bank Note Tells a Story

The Bank of Canada is marking the country's 150th birthday by issuing a commemorative bank note. You can buy some lunch with this special \$10 bill, but take a good look at it first. Its visual elements are full of meaning and help to tell a story about our history, land and culture.

Bordering the large window are 13 maple leaves representing each of Canada's provinces and territories. The three metallic leaves at the bottom of the window reflect the leaves found on the shield of the coat of arms, which represent the many peoples of Canada.

At the bottom of the large window is an image of Owl's Bouquet, a stone-cut and stencil print by acclaimed Inuit artist Kenojuak Ashevak. A Companion of the Order of Canada, Ashevak has produced artwork that has been featured on a Canadian stamp and coin, but never before on a Canadian bank note. Ashevak lived and worked in Cape Dorset, Nunavut, the last territory to join Confederation, in 1999.

The pattern that appears across the top and bottom of the note is based on the distinctive Assomption, or arrow sash, which is an important cultural symbol of the Métis people. The sash also has significance to French-Canadian culture. Worn by habitants, the sash became a hallmark of the voyageurs and fur traders in the 18th century.

Representing Canada through meaningful visual content is a key aspect of the Bank's formal bank note design principles. The artwork by Ashevak, the arrow sash pattern and the portrait of Senator James Gladstone, who represents the role of Indigenous peoples in government, allow the Canada 150 bank note to represent First Nations, Inuit and Métis peoples. The note also depicts Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir George-Étienne Cartier and Agnes Macphail, three parliamentarians who have made significant contributions to Canada's political history.

In addition, the note incorporates symbols of Canadians' military service, including a vignette of the Hall of Honour, the central corridor of the Centre Block, and the Memorial Chamber Arch of the Peace Tower, both on Parliament Hill. Today, the Hall of Honour is decorated with various plaques commemorating the original Parliament building (destroyed by fire in 1916), Confederation and the First World War. The Memorial Chamber was dedicated in 1927 to all Canadians who died in military service during the First World War. It has since come to honour all Canadian men and women who

gave their lives in service to their country.

The Canada 150 note began circulating on June 1. In all, 40 million commemorative notes will be distributed through Canada's financial institutions. To get one, simply visit your local bank or credit union. Most of them will have a limited supply of these special notes to distribute over the counter. This is only the fourth commemorative note issued by the Bank of Canada in its 82-year history.

Visit www.bankofcanada.ca/banknote150 to learn more about the design and security features of the Canada 150 note. Follow the Bank on Twitter (@bankofcanada) for the latest news about this special note marking the 150th anniversary of Confederation.

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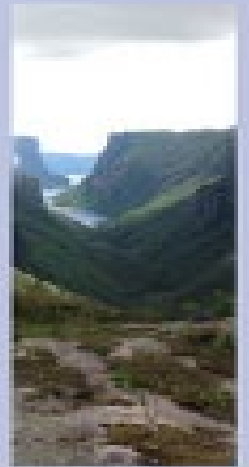
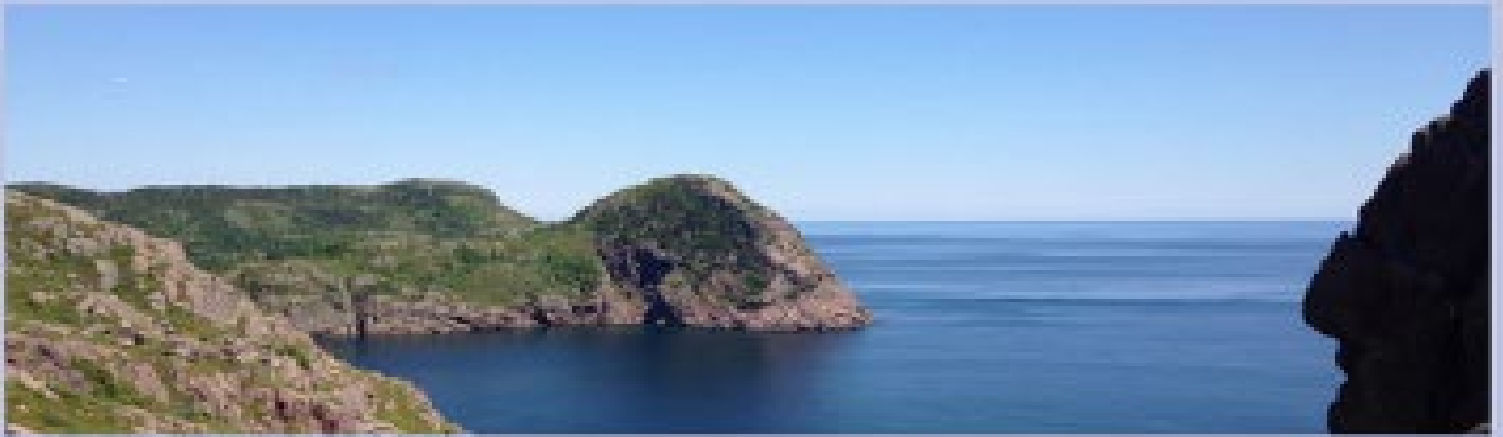
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Townshipper on the Move Heidi Monk

