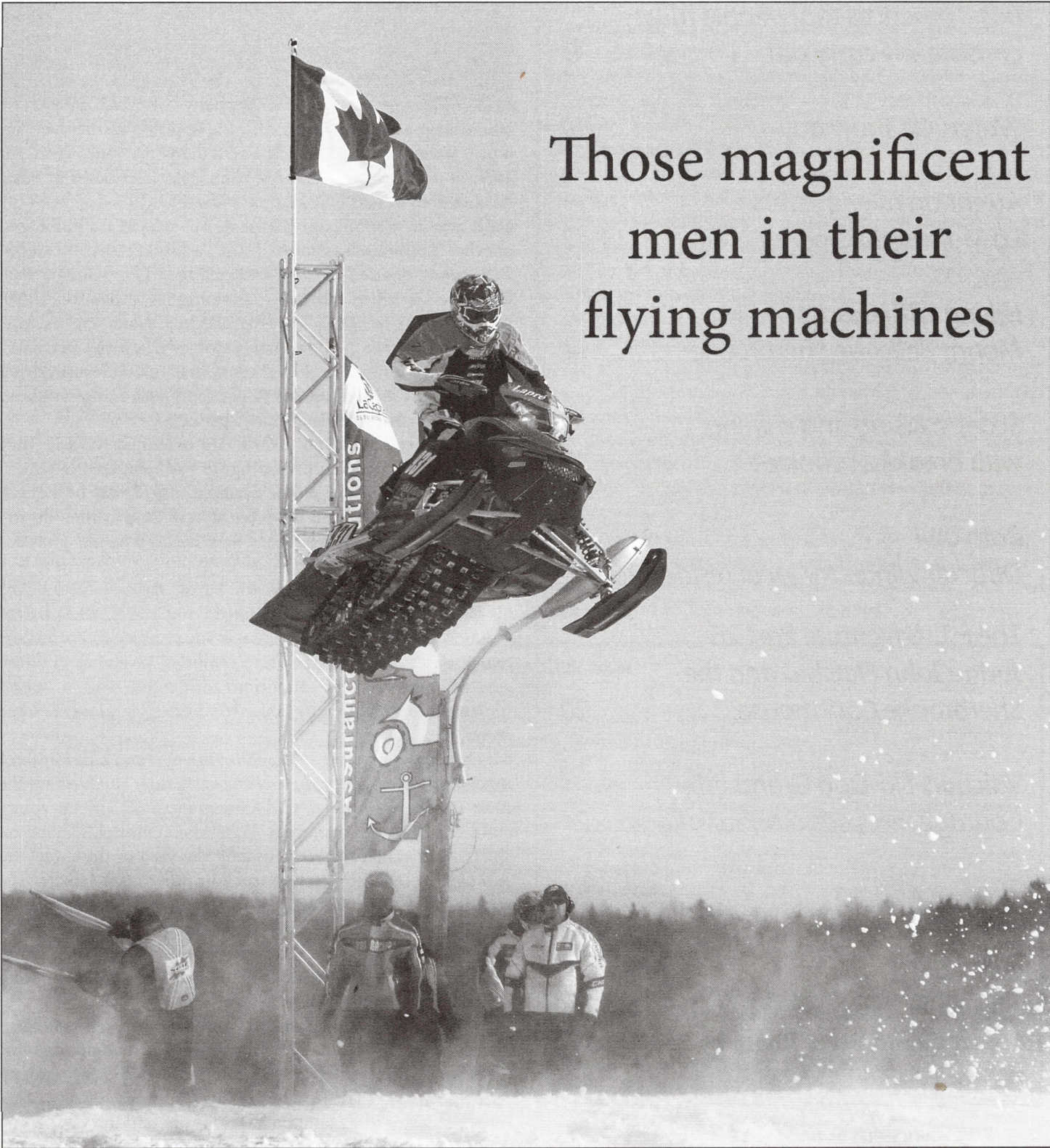


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Those magnificent
men in their
flying machines

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FRONT PAGE

Snowmobile racer takes to the air at the Valcourt Grand Prix. Photo by Al Barber.

Keep children safe on the farm

If they haven't lived the horror themselves, everyone who lives in a farm community has at least heard the stories. Crushed by a tractor. Poisoned by pesticides. Rammed, kicked or bitten by an animal. Suffocated in a grain bin or drowned in a pond.

Farming is a way of life for many Canadian families. It is also one of the most dangerous industries in Canada, say the statistics. And too often, farm families, especially children, think of the whole farm as a playground. But the opposite is true – it's not a play space, it's a work place, and a dangerous one. The farm exposes children to machinery, chemicals, livestock and other hazards they would never face anywhere else.

Each year in Canada an average of 115 people are killed and another 1,500 are hospitalized due to farm-related incidents. Between 1990 and 2005, 217 children aged 14 or younger were killed on Canadian farms. An alarming number of them, 99, were five years of age or less. For children under 15, machine runovers were the predominant cause of death (42 per cent), followed by drownings (15 per cent), machine rollovers (11 per cent), animal-related injuries (7 per cent), and being caught in or under a non-machine object (5 per cent).

Hazards encountered on a farm are extremely varied. They range from runovers to poisoning, to bad tempered livestock. The hazards also change. For example, a field may be a good, safe place to walk one day; but a few days earlier during harvesting, the same field could have been an unsafe place for a child.

March 14 – 20 is National Farm Safety Week. The Canadian Federation of Agriculture and the Canada Safety Council encourage all Canadian farm families to ensure the safety of children on the farm. Injuries involving children can be prevented by attention to details, and a sound understanding of fundamental safety principles. Here are some recommendations.

Machinery: Every year, children are run over and killed by farm machinery. Bystander runovers and extra rider runovers are the most common causes of agricultural fatalities among young children. Bystander runovers occur when children playing on the farm or ranch worksite (usually the yard or driveway) are run over by a tractor, pickup truck or other farm vehicle. The vehicle is generally reversing at the time of the runover. Extra rider runovers occur when a child falls from a machine they had been riding as a passenger and were subsequently run over. Enforce a "no extra riders" rule on tractors and other farm machinery.

Drowning: The victims of drownings on the farm are often less than six years old. Drowning dangers include dugouts, lakes and ponds, manure pits and sewage lagoons, among others. Fence off farm ponds and manure pits, or any other source of water that could be hazardous to children. Supervise



Never text behind the wheel.

children in and around water at all times.

Livestock: Even good-tempered animals can become dangerous. Cattle can knock down and trample a toddler without noticing the child is even there. Even a small animal can become dangerous if it or its offspring feel threatened. Keep children away from animals, especially in livestock-handling areas.

Pesticides and other chemicals: Keep children away from farm chemicals. Store the chemicals in a cabinet, room or building that can be locked. Keep them in their original containers, and ensure they are properly labelled. Never throw chemical containers or small leftover amounts in the garbage or other place accessible to children.

Flowing Grain: It takes only two or three seconds to become helplessly trapped in flowing grain. Crushed or bridged grain can suddenly collapse. Flowing grain in bins and wagons can drag an unsuspecting victim down like quicksand. Make grain bins and work areas off-limits to children.

A safe place to play: The best way to keep children safe is to have a designated play area on the farm. Provide fenced-in

play areas with high-mounted, self-locking, gate closures for young children. By limiting children's play areas to a specific location, the safety zone is greatly increased and exposure to farm dangers is decreased.

Teach small children the fundamentals of safety, such as which areas are off-limits. As they grow older, explain why certain things are dangerous. When they start helping with the work, make sure they are properly trained, keeping their limited strength and experience in mind. The safe way to do things is not always obvious to a child, so always explain and enforce the safety aspects of the job. Children often imitate what they see. Above all, farmers and their workers must set a good example, both for their own safety and as a role model for children.

"Everyone has a role to play ensuring there are viable solutions for keeping safe on the farm," explains Ron Bonnett, CFA president. "Statistics show us that about 85 per cent of farm related incidents are due to human error.

And human error can be a serious crime, says Bonnett. "Everyone who undertakes, or has the authority, to direct how another person does work or performs a task is under a legal duty to take reasonable steps to prevent bodily harm to that person, or any other person arising from that work or task." Failure to do so is criminal negligence.

If convicted, there is no limit to the fines that can be assigned, as it is an indictable offence under the Criminal Code. In a charge of criminal negligence causing death, the maximum sentence is life imprisonment if convicted. "Our producers need to take this responsibility seriously," explains Bonnett. "Safety is part of the cost of production and farmers need to review their existing policies and procedures, do the training, and budget to buy the necessary equipment. Safety must be top-of-mind in all we do."

"Most children consider it to be great fun to ride on Daddy's knee while he drives the tractor," says Marcel Hacault, executive director of the Canadian Agricultural Association. "But Dad needs to wake up! That tractor is not a toy."

The Townships Sun

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Accounting:
Marion Greenlay

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The Townships Sun, P.O. Box 28, Lennoxville post office, Sherbrooke, QC J1M 1Z3
Tel: 819-566-7424 E-mail townsun@netrevolution.com



Life in Barnston West

The Great La Vérendrye Photographic Expedition

By Jerome Krause

Sometime in the early 1970s I acquired a U.S. Navy surplus, wooden 8"x10" Deardorff folding field camera. It was relatively new for a Deardorff, having been built in Chicago a bit after 1950, and I had had some encouraging success with it at that point. For example, the U.S. National Endowment for the Arts awarded me a Photographer's Fellowship based on work I created with that camera, and it was the only such fellowship ever awarded to anyone living outside the United States.

A Deardorff camera was rather exotic then (still is) and was a thing to behold with its varnished mahogany construction, nickel-plated brass hardware, and sheepskin leather bellows. It was about 32 inches from front to back when fully extended, excluding the lens and shutter which projected further out front. To operate such a camera it was necessary to use a very heavy and robust tripod to support the camera rigidly in position. Accompanying these items, I had two large suitcases filled with boxes of film, film holders, an over-the-head black focusing cloth, focusing magnifiers, a film changing bag, light metering devices, assorted tools, and other things, including lunch.

Using a camera like that projected a person back into the 19th century, because photographers then had no option but to use such behemoths, plus earlier on they also carried tents with them to develop their 8x10 inch negatives on the spot. But the newer films I had did not require a tent for immediate development, so a couple of heavy suitcases of gear meant that I was traveling light. Nevertheless, it was a wealth of paraphernalia to haul off into the woods.

But, here I must interject an unexpected motive for submitting this article to the Sun. Actually, it is a eulogy of sorts, or rather an appreciation of a man who was a very good friend of mine for over 35 years. He was a Townshipper if one is relaxed with a definition, and many people in these parts surely knew him. His name was Tom Hopkins.

Over the years Tom worked on assorted projects around Mansonville, then Ayer's Cliff, and he later purchased a nice country house more or less between Ayer's Cliff and Boynton. In that last location he spent some of his most agreeable moments in recent years and I was happy to share a few of them. It was less hectic on the outskirts of Boynton than in Montreal, where he invested the bulk of his time, but the city was where the money was.

When he died suddenly and very unexpectedly on January 23, at the age of 66, no one could believe it. Tom was robustly full of life; his passing was just wrong. He was an artist. In recent memory the Musée des beaux-arts de Sherbrooke presented an exhibition surveying 15 years of his work; the semi-retrospective was on view from June to October in 2008,

a major event for that nice little museum, and a substantial tribute that gave Tom's status as a painter just due.

Tom was always funny and a delight to spend time with. Like most people he began his career modestly, and what I would like offer to you now is an anecdote that reaches back to those modest beginnings.

In the summer of about 1977, Tom did not yet have an established reputation as a painter. He had a small rented studio space, and his teaching career, completion of his Master of Fine Arts degree, and rise to importance as an artist all would occur in years to come. He was trying to make ends meet as he also pursued his art. What he did already have in abundance was his charm, wit, and honest enthusiasm to experience anything and everything that looked interesting, or that expanded his broader participation in life. He had begun his graduate studies at Concordia University on a part-time basis, and since I was teaching in the graduate program then, we came to know each other well.

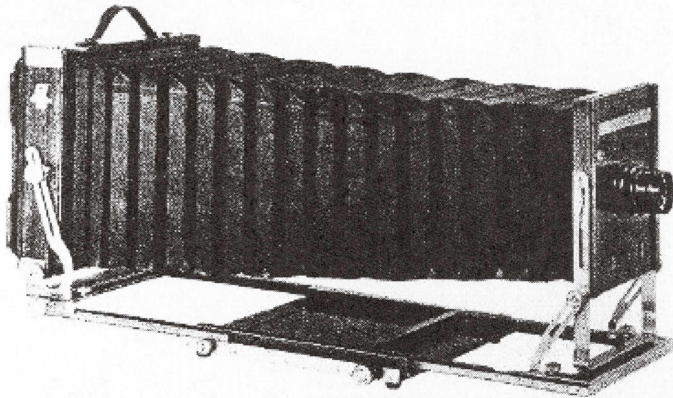
Although I taught in the painting program, at the time my work as an artist involved photography. For me, paint, cameras, paper and pencils, chainsaws, and other materials were all the same – tools to be used in service of creative ideas. I believed then that for an artist the exploration of ideas was independent of a brush, oil paint, or a hammer. Though I painted, too, I did not consider myself as a painter, I was an artist and my world view and the philosophy that stemmed from it was my focus. I still believe the same and have never felt comfortable confining myself to a unique discipline, but others do well by other means and flourish, such as Tom. And so, at that moment, a giant camera was the appropriate tool for the job at hand, which is to say, the particular ideas being examined.

My 4x4 pickup truck

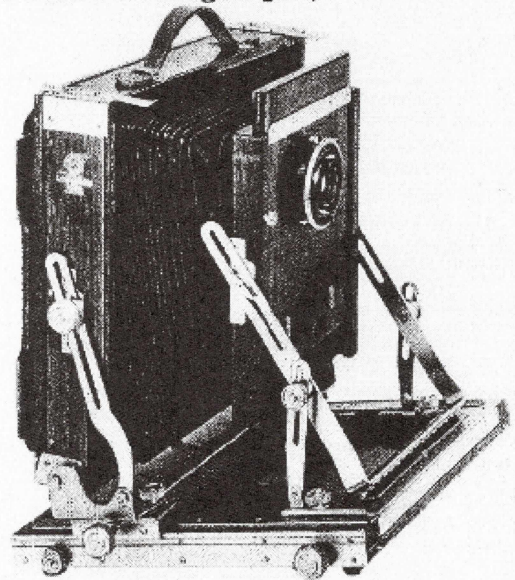
Tom, ever the romantic, really liked my almost-new 1976 Chevrolet 4x4 pickup truck. He had a truck of his own, an old red Ford that had a huge, solid brass ball as a shift knob (cold in winter!), but he said more than once that to him mine was a real woods truck. It was an earthy ochre color, high on its wheels, with a red-oak, slat-sided box in back to contain firewood. Perfect, in Tom's view; an idealized vehicle with which to seek adventure in the wild.

By and by, I mentioned my interest in making photographs of grand human interruptions imposed on, more or less, pristine nature. Odd things in the woods, one might say on a smaller scale. I mentioned Parc La Vérendrye as a possibility, far enough from Montreal to have an adequate black fly population, but not so far as to require long-johns in July, either. I told Tom how I intended to haul my Deardorff up there, in order to impose a certain discipline and manner of seeing on myself, as had the earlier 19th century photographers who explored the frontiers to bring images of them back to the inquisitive masses

Deardorff Swings for Corrective Photography

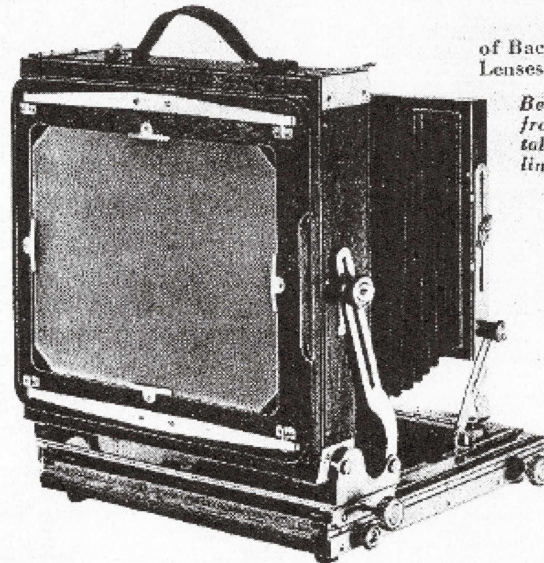


Copying and Long Focus Position
 Triple Extension 30 inches
 Three points for focusing

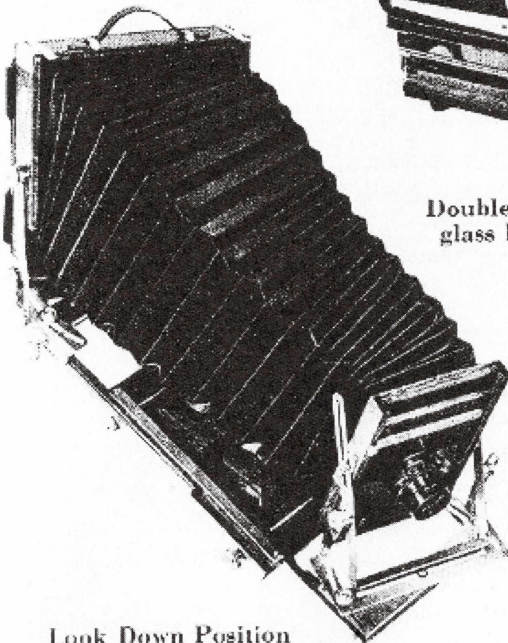


Wide Angle Position
 of Back and Front for extreme Wide Angle
 Lenses with no Cutoff or binding of bellows

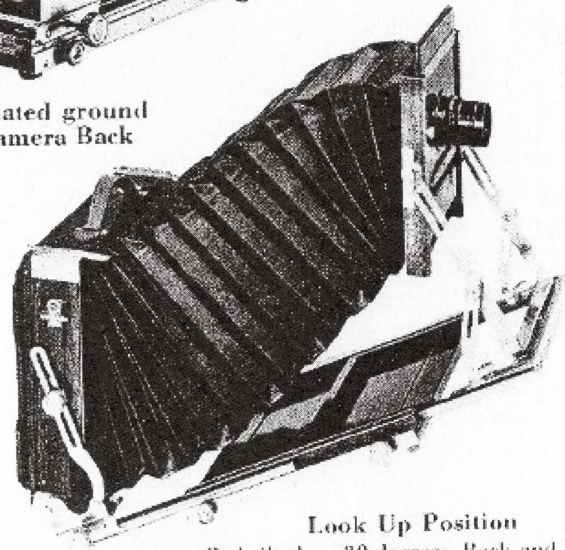
Bed of camera tilted up. Back and front swung vertically and horizontally for the correction of those lines on the negative



Double Spring actuated ground glass Reversible Camera Back



Look Down Position
 Bed tilted down 30 degrees. Back and Front swung 30 degrees vertically and 20 degrees horizontally



Look Up Position
 Bed tilted up 30 degrees. Back and Front swung 30 degrees vertically and can be swung 20 degrees horizontally



Tom Hopkins, 1944-2011. Photo by Gary Munden.

in the cities of the east.

There was the Barrage Cabonga up there, I pointed out, and the massive reservoir that it had created, linking many small lakes together into an impossible maze of waterways and islands. Of course, the whole of this landscape was artificial and the Cabonga Dam was the guilty agent in this. The project would be hard work, because this time I would go without a canoe and would have to haul my gear on my back.

"I'll be your bearer!" Tom said. He meant it. The sentimental notion of time-travel to a previous era (when bearers were essential) in order to do work engendered by modern ideas was complete. We began packing.

Neither of us had time for a long trip, but we would be some days in the bush and fortunately I had two tents, both small, one old, the other not. Otherwise, we assembled the assorted camping gear that I owned and shortly thereafter set off on a grand adventure to produce a noble photographic portrait of the (altered) wilds of Quebec in the near northwest beyond Montreal.

According to the Société des établissements de plein air du Québec, "This territory was initially created under the name of Réserve de la Route-Mont-Laurier-Senneterre in 1939 – the year when Route 177 (now 117) from Mont-Laurier to Abitibi was to be completed. With this increased accessibility,

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it clearly had to be protected by a special status. About ten years later, the Québec government raised it to park status and gave it the name of La Vérendrye to commemorate the 200th anniversary of the death of this famous explorer (1685-1749). Not until 1979 did this huge territory become a wildlife reserve."

27 happy waitresses

So, as it happened, Parc La Vérendrye was still in a state of development and evolution as we began our journey. Our expedition was not quick to develop, either, because I have never travelled anywhere with anyone who recommended stopping for coffee more often than Tom did. We started from my house near Way's Mills, in the Townships, and he suggested stopping for coffee in Ayer's Cliff, no more than ten minutes from the house! We had been well fed and watered at home before we started. We didn't need gasoline, the truck was powered by caffeine... Anyway, we trundled off and made twenty-seven waitresses happy before we got to La Vérendrye. More exactly, they all fondly remembered smiling Tom.

Even though the underlying idea was to investigate an ersatz 'pristine' wilderness that had been created by man's intervention, this was not to say that the going wasn't rugged. The artificial nature of the place probably made travel more awkward. Of course, I wanted to see and photograph the dam itself. A few questions asked of locals allowed us to find the access road to the dam; at the time it was

unimproved and long, meaning that it was dirt, heavily rutted, and garnished with plenty of sizable rocks.

The woods truck was up to the task. The tires that were on that truck were of a many ply bias type construction, which is referred to today as a 'third world tire'. This means that they were tough and able to stand up to the abuse all those rocks provided, but that they rode and handled poorly. They were rough and noisy, but Tom's only complaint was that the bumpiness made him spill his coffee on his pants. I observed that this did not change the colour of his pants very much, since there was a lot of coffee on them already, not to mention enough oil paint for a quick landscape study.

The dam road went many kilometres into the bush, but there were no campsites to be found along it since the road was not part of the developed park as such. We noticed a small sign indicating Lac Bronze, and decided that the name, at least, sounded promising. The Bronze Lake 'road' was a questionable track through the forest. It consisted of two ruts with brush growing between them, but the challenging parts were the steep rock faces. The truck had compound low gearing in four wheel drive. What this meant was that it could crawl very slowly up alarmingly steep and tilted Canadian Shield granite and this made the trip vastly more rewarding as far as Tom was concerned, but then it wasn't his truck. "Relax," he said, "go for it."



Cabonga reservoir. Photo by Jerome Krause

On the beach

It was amazing that the shore of Lac Bronze, at least where the road ended, had a sandy beach. It was late in the day, we ate our canned goods that we had burned in a pot over the fire, and set up the tents on the sand, facing the rosy sunset. Naturally enough I gave Tom the older tent, while I tried out the smaller new one. "You will be fine," I said to Tom, "just remember to tuck something under the edge of the door to make a seal there" - there was no bottom zipper.

Little did we know (the truck had no radio) that a low pressure front was rolling in, and this meant rain. It also meant terrific wind, and that wind came straight across the lake, directly at us. My tent was at slightly more of an angle, because it occurred to me that there would be no sunset to look at when I awoke in the morning, but Tom wanted the full Hollywood experience. He got it.

Mighty wind and pounding rain does little to help you sleep when in a small tent. I guess I slept some, finally, but I awoke to groans and other noises coming from Tom's tent. "How did your night go?" I said through the layer of black flies on the screen of my tent's door. More groaning. "It rained," Tom said. "I know," I said. "I mean in here," Tom replied. "This _____ tent is full of water; there's a puddle three inches deep on the

other side and my clothes are in it. Some of the mice drowned over there, too. I guess I should have finished that cheese I brought in here for a snack. That was a hell of a storm. Did you say something last night about the bottom of the door?" And then he laughed at all of it.

It amazed me on this trip that Tom indeed lugged my gear with no hesitation or complaint. He remained respectful of what I was attempting to do, and discussed the concepts involved with contemplation and useful insight. He made jokes and told stories, but he always remained attentive to the project at hand. He was a welcome asset in all regards and I hold dearly the memories I have of the entire experience. I wish I could recall more detail, but it was a long time ago.

So many people have remarked that Tom always remembered them, spoke to them, seemed pleased to see them, expressed interest in what they were doing, offered advice, offered help, and had time for them, no matter what. My sense is that he was authentically interested in everyone around him, and paid them attention as a matter of respect for them.

I know that he paid me respect when we were off on our grand adventure, and I appreciate it, still. The Townships should be proud to lay a small claim on him.

People, land and civil society, Part 2

Basic practices that people must consistently carry out

By Rod Leggett

The citizenry's mistrust of politicians and the political process has increased recently for the simple reason that abuses in the political process are increasingly common. Consider the recent Bev Oda affair, the unprecedented prorogation of parliament in 2008-09, but closer to home the Bastarache commission, the abuses mentioned in the infamous September 2010 Maclean's article and the lack of transparency at the municipal level in Montreal, Laval and many other municipalities. The Quebec government is so unsettled by the abuses that they now want to make mandatory an ethics class for all municipal councillors. An institution that has the monopoly of violence and coercion is hardly in a position to teach ethics, but I mention this to signal the degree to which the issue of corruption has overwhelmed the province.

Now, as citizens we cannot settle for the simple exposition of corruption, which often amounts to relishing the bittersweet juices of revenge that spring from humiliating a public figure. When political corruption occurs we must take a share of the blame as it is we 'the people' who elect our public officials and it is we 'the people' who must keep them in check, that is, vigilantly safeguard our institutions and democratic processes and not encourage the conditions where the contagion of corruption can spread. An irresponsible citizenry will get the irresponsible leaders it deserves, be it in the House of Commons, at the municipal council or in the workplace. This month we focus on the People part of our trinity and we review some basic practices that people must consistently carry out if abuses of power are to be eradicated, or at least minimized. The following practices are adapted from Gary Caldwell's forthcoming Canadian Political Culture: the rules of the game in public life and the justification of these rules.

To be honest and not to insert oneself in a conflict of interest

The obligation to be honest is founded on the postulate by which we treat people in the same way that we want to be treated. This rule figures among the social mores

that civil society explicitly promotes; it partakes of what is proper and decent but can sometimes be difficult to practice. 'The truth hurts' as the old adage goes and often gives the appearance of offence when spoken. It's usually the case that individuals accept with difficulty the truth of their actions and judgements, especially improper actions and misjudgements, but eventually they concede the incontestability of the truth and their error, and so transform accordingly. In the end the community, as well as the individual, are better for it.

*When political corruption occurs
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blame as it is we 'the people'
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and it is we 'the people' who
must keep them in check*

As for conflicts of interest, we must, when we are involved in an organization of a public nature, not only avoid them, but even avoid the appearance of a conflict of interest. Conflicts of interest exist when we are in a position to influence a decision that could be of personal benefit. It is for this reason that a municipal

councillor cannot conduct business with the municipality of which he is councillor; similarly, an employee or the spouse of an employee of a school board cannot become a commissioner.

To refuse to be intimidated by force and not consent to arbitrary actions

Intimidation by force and the imposition of arbitrary dictates do not work when citizens refuse to consent to them. Inversely, once we have consented to these non-civilized methods, it is difficult to turn back: the aggressor gains confidence and the victims lose confidence. As a Protestant German theologian noted with respect to the methods of the Hitler regime: 'When they came to take the Jews, the Protestants and Catholics did not protest; when they came to take the Catholics, the Protestants did not protest; and when they came to take the Protestants, there no longer remained anyone to protest.' This said, we must not await catastrophe to be courageous, as a catastrophic event is often the mark of imprudence, not necessarily misfortune. The seemingly insignificant acts of convenience in our everyday pursuits may need to be met with little acts of courage if fairness and equity is to be preserved for the organization. When small feats of courage are neglected, we suffer the consequences in

the long run. So a member of Parliament, for example, should not acquiesce to the arbitrary demands of the Prime Minister's Office, which can then grow accustomed to bullying and further damage the practices that ensure the civility of a venerable political institution.

Loyalty toward our political institutions

We have the duty to respect the essential features of our political institutions; it is a virtue to see to their maintenance and to encourage our fellow citizens to adhere to them as well. Among these institutions are those related to democracy: elections and the proper working of representation (deputies, mayors, councillors, etc.). All political institutions have sets of procedures, which represent the accumulation of wisdom, and so should not be overlooked for convenience's sake. It is important to recognize that unwritten rules and procedures also play a fundamental role in our political culture and so we cannot expect all processes to be explicit and readily available in print. At times, we will have to engage our fellow citizen in conversation, or an elder, to uncover the proper and most appropriate mode of functioning in a given situation – something that can be difficult to manage in large-scale political organizations. Moreover, we should note that unwritten practices cannot be easily suppressed by the arbitrary drafting of explicit rules. Above all, we must see to it that written rules and the law reflect the dictates of common sense and traditional wisdom, and so we must not be intimidated by the pens of lawyers or public officials, whose effects can be just as devastating as that of the sword.

Community wreckage is often due to the absentee nature of 'elite' and bureaucratic decision-making. It is not so much a question of good intentions as one of knowledge. Rarely can distant bureaucrats appreciate the intricacies and nuances of regional and local problems. For this reason, communities should demand that the subsidiarity principle be respected. That is, whatever can be managed at the local-level should be managed at the local level and only when the local level is not equipped to cope with a particular problem should decision-making ascend to a higher level of governance.

To know the laws and to obey them

So far as the laws are those of our Parliament, we are obliged to obey them. In the case of a regulation, we can demand that the law that authorizes it be made available to us; in all cases, we can refer to the letter of the law that was voted on in Parliament.

In Canada, many regulations and administrative exigencies are unjustified extrapolations of the law. The

abusive use of the social insurance number is an example, so it is by pure convenience and without any justification that agencies and institutions other than the Ministry of Revenue require of us our social insurance number.

The obligation to follow the law applies, naturally, to government and all para-government agencies. However, it is all too common that an agency entrusted with political power does not respect the law. For example, the Union of Agricultural Producers in Quebec (UPA)

does not respect the law that governs application of the marketing board it administers. There exists, in this law, a disposition by which the members of a marketing board, who gather in an annual assembly, have the right to a financial statement – other than that of the UPA itself – of the administration of their marketing board. Up until now, the members of the majority of the marketing board by the UPA have not succeeded in obtaining such financial statements; they thus cannot fulfil their responsibilities as members

and owners of their marketing board.

However, to obey the laws, we must know they exist: thus the saying 'no one can ignore the law', which is no small feat in a society as legalized as ours. In the case of the G-20 summit in Toronto in 2010, just days beforehand, the police utilized a hitherto non-existent regulation of the law governing public assemblies; consequently the demonstrators could not have possibly been aware of this 'law'.

At times, we will have to engage our fellow citizen in conversation, or an elder, to uncover the proper and most appropriate mode of functioning in a given situation – something that can be difficult to manage in large-scale political organizations.

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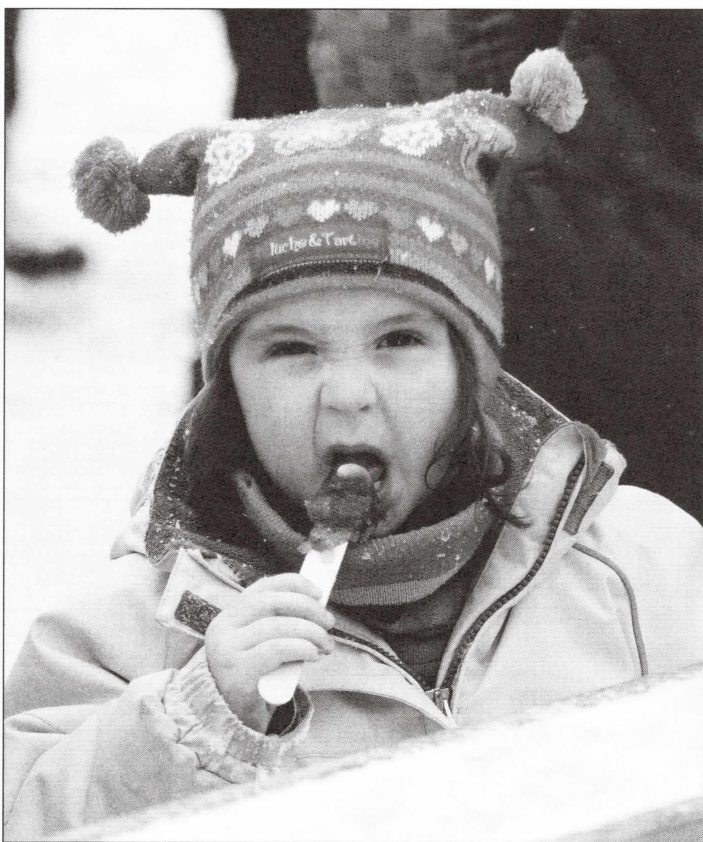


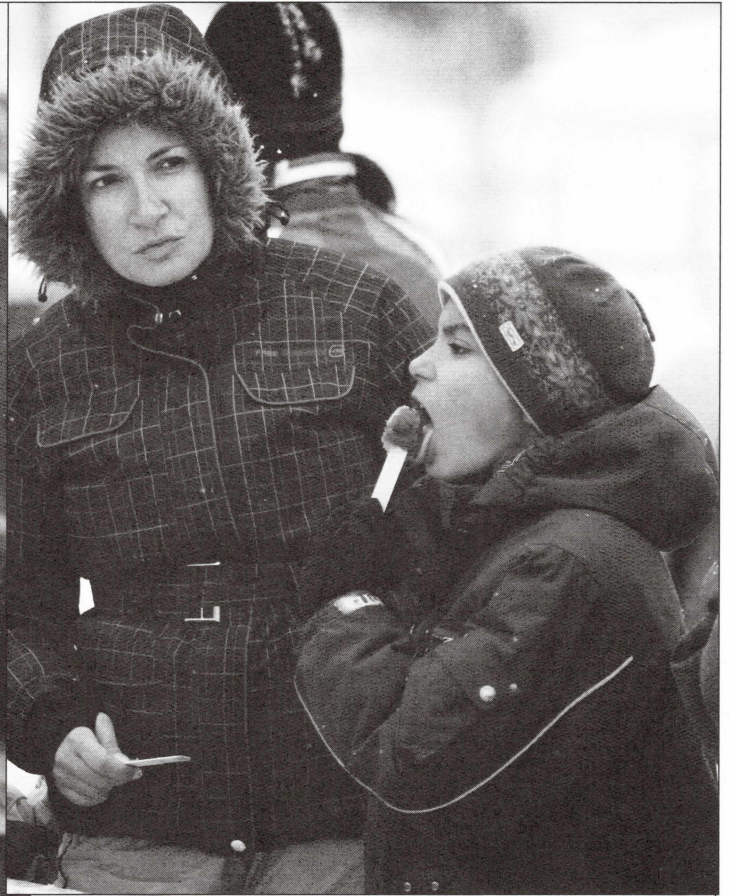
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Waterville snow day a big hit with local residents

Photos by Al Barber





What is the outdoor day in Waterville all about? Approximately 17 years ago the Sports & Leisure Association saw an opportunity to encourage their fellow citizens to celebrate winter by getting out doors to socialize with residents in their community..

This year Mother Nature was very accommodating weather wise. The Sports & Leisure Association served up 420 hot dogs, 300 hot chocolates, & eight gallons of the famous treat, sugar on snow. Thanks to Mr. Gerry Boudreau who has played a vital part in this event since it began. Every year he graciously accepts the responsibility of making the dessert for our Town's folks, with the help of his assistant Mr. Loubier. The sugar on snow was a success.

The addition of sleigh rides brought added pleasure to young & old alike. The Sports & Leisure Association would like to thank all who came out. We look forward to seeing you again next year. We would like your input on activities that can be added to this annual event to help make it more festive. Please feel free to communicate with the committee or you can also leave your comments at the Waterville Town Hall by calling or writing.

-- Waterville town councillor Anne-Marie Francis



Attention movie lovers: You don't have to go to Montreal to see great films

Discovering Sherbrooke's La Maison du Cinéma

By Brenda Hartwell

At a recent social gathering, a group of disgruntled Anglophones were complaining that they were hankering to see a good movie, and they were absolutely adamant that there were no English-language films playing anywhere in the Eastern Townships region. I cleared my throat and spoke up. I had just visited La Maison du Cinéma's web

site and I knew that this gem situated in downtown Sherbrooke currently had three interesting films playing in their original English versions. How is it that so many English-speaking Townshippers seem unaware of this jewel of a theatre? We need to spread the good news!

For the past few years La Maison du Cinéma has been one of my





favourite destinations. They always feature at least one English-version movie per week, and some weeks they offer as many as three or four films in English. And while the competition (The Galaxy) plays mostly blockbusters, the offerings at the downtown cinema are much more varied and interesting. Indeed the whole ambience of La Maison du Cinéma is more cultured, artistic, and friendly than the competition, and the well-chosen roster of movies assures me that the cinema is run by people who love and understand film.

In the past month (in an attempt to temporarily escape cabin fever), I have enjoyed excellent movies at this establishment. In years past, I would have had to journey all the way to Montreal to view Oscar-worthy films such as *The King's Speech* (a must see!) and *Black Swan*. While a trip to Montreal is a wonderful thing, it does take a huge chunk of time and involves a more serious outlay of cash than a quick trip to Sherbrooke. La Maison du Cinéma offers interesting movies at a decent price, close to home. What's not to love about that?

If you have never visited La Maison du Cinéma, it is very easy to find. Located at 63 King Street West in Sherbrooke, Quebec's largest independent cinema boasts an elegant, modern art deco façade. It also offers free parking at the rear of the building, accessible on either side of Rue des Grandes Fourches N. If you enter Sherbrooke on Route 143 from the south, continue past the King West intersection, and you will see parking signs on both the right- and the left-hand side of the road. After parking your vehicle, a walkway via a wide alley will take you to King Street West, bringing you to within a few short steps of your destination. Don't be shy to enter. Staff manning the box office have always welcomed me

with smiles and gracious courtesy. Although it is a busy place with varied simultaneous showings, this cinema has a relaxed, friendly atmosphere.

Once inside, you will notice that the snacks are much more reasonably priced than those of the local competition – you won't have to take out a bank loan when you order popcorn! Also, the theatres have been steeply terraced, so even if someone sits directly in front of you, their head will not obstruct your view.

Ticket prices are reasonable. Adults can see a movie during primetime for \$9.50, but tickets on Tuesday (any time) as well as weekday afternoons cost only \$7. Seniors 65 and over always pay just \$7, and students (under 25) can see a flick for only \$5.50.

Some of the auditoriums are smaller than others. Intimate story-based films may be shown on smaller screens than the big blockbusters, but I have never had a bad viewing experience at this 16-screen cinema. La Maison du Cinéma boasts the latest in optical technology, DOLBY digital sound, and three theatres with 3D digital cinema.

I encourage one and all to check out the offerings of this wonderful cinema. You can visit their website in English at: <http://lamaisonducinema.com/en/>, or you can call: 819-566-8782.

During the bleak mid-winter there's nothing quite like an escape to another time and place via a well-crafted movie. Let the Maison du Cinéma whisk you away, and if you enjoy the experience help spread the word: You don't have to travel all the way to Montreal to see great English-language films!

Hiking with Gladys

Mount Bellevue Park – Sherbrooke

By Gladys Mackey Beattie

This month's venture will take us to a truly urban park – a large urban park. Located within Sherbrooke city limits, Mount Bellevue Park is large indeed. It occupies over 200 hectares of land so there is lots of space for nature and people. There are two 'mountain peaks' within its bounds. The higher peak is 370 metres high (1214 feet) and is named for John S. Bourque, who was provincial deputy for Sherbrooke from 1935 to 1960 and was a powerful cabinet minister under Union Nationale Premier Maurice Duplessis. The lower peak is Mount Bellevue, altitude 327 metres (1073 feet). Each is less than half the elevation of Mount Orford.

There is a network of walking, biking and ski trails, as well as alpine ski runs serviced by three lifts. The trails are well maintained and well used. Some are reserved for mountain

bikes in the summer and are used for cross country skiing in the winter. Certain parts of the park are ecological reserves. There are 15 kilometres of trails. Dogs are allowed, but must be kept on leashes. There is no admission fee for trail users. The southwest side of Mount Bellevue is reserved for walking, etc., while the steep north slope is the alpine ski area. Fees are charged for using the ski lifts and this area has a separate parking lot and a different clientele. It is also possible to rent snow shoes at the alpine ski chalet which is located at 1440 Brébeuf Street.

We are interested in the hiking aspect of this park, so I will deal only with the 'sunny side' of the mountain. This sector is located at 1813 Dunant Street, near the corner of Thibault Street in the former Ascot sector of west Sherbrooke. Directly





English. This illuminated metal cross is 100 feet high and was built and dedicated in 1950 on donated land. At night, it is visible from much of the city below. In recent years, it has been 'modernized' and is well adorned with communications equipment, so it now serves a double purpose.

THE GROTTTO

As you start along this road to the cross, you will notice a sort of rough cave, or grotto, carved into the rock face, on your left. There are also some crumbling monuments with religious inscriptions nearby. I remember when there was a statue in the now derelict grotto. It was evidently a very popular place for the devout to make a pilgrimage. There may have also been a building, perhaps a church on the hill above the grotto. Maybe some of our readers could fill in some of the details on this grotto. Dunant Street and Road, which goes almost to North Hatley, was officially named Chemin de la Grotte for many years. I met a nun from a local convent once when I was walking there, and she was quite put out that the whole of now Rue Dunant and Chemin Dunant were named Chemin de la Grotte. She said that it should have only been named Chemin de la Grotte from Belvedere Street to the mountain grotto. Once you reach the top of the little mountain, an outstanding

facing Thibault Street is a big parking area and a large sign showing the various trails. You may even take a city bus and get very close to the park entrance. Currently the No. 11 bus is the one to take. For schedules and more information on public transit, contact the Sherbrooke bus information service at 819-564-2687. By car, take Belvedere Street south in Sherbrooke and turn onto Thibault, located in the former Ascot sector. Drive right to the end of Thibault where it meets Dunant Street at a three way stop. The parking lot is visible directly across the road. Turn left, and the entrance to the parking lot is immediately on your left.

The many trails loop through and around many different types of vegetation and around the two peaks in the park. None of them are difficult walking. Most are wide and well gravelled. The first trail which most people take is the one directly to the cross atop of Mt. Bellevue itself. Go to the right from the sign at the parking lot. This is actually a wide road and is only 500 metres long and the slope is very gradual.

At the end of this road are the huge cross and a small monument to those who were responsible for erecting it. It is interesting to note that the inscription is in both French and





The magnificent view of Sherbrooke from the top of Mount Bellevue.

view of Sherbrooke spreads out before you. Continue a little further and near the base of the cross is a fenced lookout. Much of the city lies before you. The Magog River is visible, and the neat little streets leading into the older part of the North Ward make straight lines up from the river. Buildings flow in all directions. The three hospitals which make up the CHUS are visible as is the Beauvoir Sanctuary in Stoke. It is a guessing game to identify other streets and buildings. A map of the area would make it interesting. To the far right, farmlands are visible. This is a nice place to visit and even enjoy a picnic lunch at any season of the year. The trail directly behind the cross will lead you back to the parking lot and the whole walk is about a kilometre long.

However, it is nice to make a hike of it and take some of the many other trails. One of them will bring you to Sherbrooke University. Others wind around John S. Bourque Mountain, which does not have a view point. There are two other communication towers here in the park. If the alpine ski area is closed, and you want to test your lungs and legs, you can walk up and down on the steep ski trails. There are lots of different types of trees and plants, and there are birds of all kinds to be found by the careful observer.

This park is easy to access and its trails are open year round, while many other local trails are closed to hikers during mud season and hunting season. The views are rewarding. It is a good place to walk if you do not have a lot of time, or if there are very young children or people who can not walk far.

Happy hiking.

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Rising and shining with breakfast cookies

Remembering traditional recipes

By *Brenda Hartwell*

Our diet today is vastly different from that of our grandparents. Modern grocery stores are filled with exotica unheard of in times past. Food is no longer something to sustain life, it is something more akin to fashion. Each year clothing designers designate a new 'it' colour, and each year the food industry pushes a new 'it' flavour. A couple of years ago, the new flavour was pomegranate. Grocery aisles everywhere featured pomegranate juice blends, and upscale restaurant salads featured pomegranate kernels. I can imagine my grandparents asking, "What in the world is that?" I can also imagine their incomprehension and maybe some revulsion if they had been served a plate of sushi. And seaweed was definitely not on their culinary horizon!

I admit to being an amateur foodie. I love sampling new foods, fresh combinations, and novel dishes. But in the midst of all this plentiful novelty, it is good to remember that some of our traditional recipes are worth revisiting. During a recent trip to New Brunswick where I visited a dear old friend, I was reminded of a favourite recipe. My friend Eva told me about her two-year-old grandchild's delight when she was served "breakfast cookies." These breakfast cookies are commonly known in the grown-up world as "oatcakes" or "Scottish scones," and they are a healthy alternative to processed commercial breakfast bars. They are easy to make, are comprised of a few simple ingredients, are low in sugar, and contain no added preservatives. My own children, when they were small, were also delighted at the prospect of Mom allowing them to eat cookies for breakfast.

So if the morning routine is getting boring, if you are sick and tired of toast and oatmeal and dry cereal, why not give this recipe a try? Oatcakes are lovely served with apple sauce or fruit salad and yogurt. They are also a decadent delight when slathered with a thin layer of homemade jelly or maple butter. If your sleepy-eyed little ones have a hard time swallowing breakfast before you send them off to day care or school, breakfast cookies just might be the answer to your morning prayers.

Grownups will like them too. I admit that I could never be described as a morning person. My own mother can attest to many mornings when I tried to choke down a piece of toast before heading out to school. Breakfast is still not my favourite meal, but when I know my cookie jar is full of oatcakes, the thought of rising and shining is much more palatable! So, dear readers, if you or yours suffer from morning blahs, I would heartily recommend this old-fashioned recipe, which was given to my mother by a neighbour when we lived in Canterbury, near Scotstown, about 50 years ago. Why not give it a try,

especially during the maple butter season? And if you have small children in the house, serving them cookies for breakfast just might elevate you to being the coolest mommy or grandma in the whole world!

Corinne's Scottish Scones

3 cups old-fashioned oatmeal
2 cups flour
1 cup butter (or shortening)
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup brown sugar
⅔ cup milk
1 teaspoon salt

Method:

Preheat oven to 375 degrees F.

Cream butter and sugar. Add oatmeal. Stir in milk then add flour, baking powder, and salt. Dough will be quite stiff. Roll out dough on a floured board and use a cookie cutter to make round cookies. (If you do not own a cookie cutter, you can flour the rim of a glass tumbler and cut cookies that way.) Place on a cookie sheet and bake until the cookies are firm and golden brown (about 15 minutes). This recipe yields approximately 4 dozen cookies.



The Peter Rabbit family pose proudly with a breakfast of scones.

March 2011 17

Difficult winter for local resident?



By Tom Moore

While refilling my bird feeders several weeks ago, I was surprised to see a barred owl perched over my deck in the upper branches of a maple tree. The bird was silhouetted against the bright blue sky, intently watching the endless comings and goings of the small birds. Several days later, on another cold bright day, the owl was back. Again it perched above the snow-covered yard, taking a keen interest in the red squirrels. The squirrels ran through the snow from several directions, homing in on the peanuts and sunflower seeds spilled from the feeders. For two days I was treated to a flight exhibition in the bright sunlight as the owl watched and hunted the squirrels, diving from perches on low branches in an attempt to snatch the squirrels from the snow. Surprisingly the squirrels were able to evade the sudden unexpected danger, twisting and diving

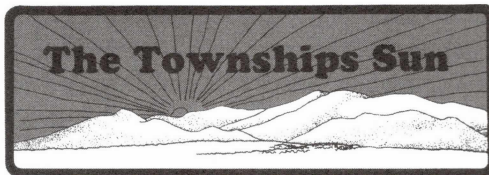
away in the snow. (None were caught while I was watching.) Normally a barred owl hunts from dusk through the night until dawn, spending the day roosting in dense woodland to avoid the attention of crows and jays and to find some degree of protection from the cold and wind. Barred owls are not a migratory bird. Studies show that they occupy a small territory of about one to four square miles (3-10 square kilometres). In a study of 155 banded barred owls the farthest traveler was found only 10 kilometres from the banding site. As a result, when food is scarce, they tend to extend their hunting hours, rather than flying off looking for more promising territory.

The barred owl is omnivorous but its main diet items (about 75%) are mice, voles, and other small rodents including squirrels. Birds up to the size of ruffed grouse comprise about 10-15%, with reptiles and amphibians filling in the remainder (obviously in summer months). This winter's heavy snow cover in my neighborhood, with several layers of impenetrable crust produced by rainy spells, may have made the barred owl's regular prey very hard to get, forcing the owl to desperate measures. Hopefully it will survive the next few weeks till spring restores a more plentiful food supply

In the meantime, my squirrel population has thinned out considerably, perhaps mostly due to fright.



Moore Nature Photo



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The Eastern Townships Adventure

Part 26

Judge John Fletcher & the Sherbrooke Courthouse

After years of official scorn and delay, in the 1820s the Eastern Townships finally gained recognition in the political and administrative structure of Lower Canada. The region obtained four seats in the Legislative Assembly and the new 'Inferior Judicial District of Saint Francis' was created. But the colony's arrogant British rulers continued to discriminate against the local population, which was made up of migrants from New England. Many members of the British elite were given lucrative official posts, and among them was the first local judge.

By Bernard Epps

Sherbrooke in 1823 was a muddy little mill town with fifty-four families living among the stumps and rail fences but its immense water power and its central location made it the obvious choice for the new courthouse and jail. The courthouse was built on the top of Flagstaff Hill as a two-storied wooden building with an out staircase to reach the courtroom, and protonotary and sheriff's offices with the jail and jailer's quarters below. The first case was for stealing and butchering a heifer belonging to William Bowman Felton (British, local land agent, Legislative Council member and apparently megalomaniac – ed.).

Another, for the theft of cloth, was colourfully described in verse by Captain J. Drummond;

Sherbrooke was then a little village;
Few houses were and little tillage.
The Court House then conspicuous stood
On Flag Staff Hill, all built of wood;
Two stories high, with outside stair

For to approach the Court room there,
Half lower story, that was the Jail;
The rest, the keeper's domicile.
Among first trials, by jury had,
Was one Tom Smith, an Irish lad,
Who stole a piece of cotton print;
And for the same, poor Tom was nipt,
Was tried and sentenced to the cat
With many stripes on his back,
And on the pillory there made fast
– A spectacle for all who pass'd.
The pillory and whipping post were made,
And in the jail yard were laid,
All painted black for the occasion.
Before made use of, Tom was missing.
Tom went to work, and was not slow,
Remov'd the bricks from sill below, –
Under first window next to the door;
So Tom crawled out – was seen no more.

A courthouse requires lawyers and the first in Sherbrooke appears to have been James Hallowell and his apprentice, eighteen-year-old Ebenezer Peck. Litigants needed a place to stay and so the Sherbrooke Hotel opened in 1823, owned by C.F.H. Goodhue but managed by Phineas Hubbard. Travellers required refreshment and in 1825, brothers Ira and Otis King bought a building on the town square from W.B. Felton and turned it into a tavern. The price was “4,000 gallons of good, merchantable, retailing first proof whiskey” made at Ira's distillery on the Dormon farm.

The first physician was Moses Nichols who had been the surgeon attached to Pennoyer's 5th Battalion during the Border War. He had come from New England in 1802 and was licensed to practice “Physic and Surgery” in Lower Canada two years later. He was also a justice of the peace, speculated in Townships land, and won a local reputation as “the calomel doctor” by prescribing that purgative for almost every ailment.

In 1824, Nichols, Sheriff Witcher, and W.B. Felton were commissioned to build a more substantial courthouse and jail. A two-story brick jail was erected on the Orford side of the Magog River between 1825 and 1827 but Papineau



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Happy St. Patrick's Day

and his supporters blocked funds for a new courthouse and the old wooden one quickly deteriorated.

Judge Fletcher ruled his court with an arbitrary English arrogance and styled the American settlers "brute men of the forest." He claimed extraordinary powers to have anybody "flogged, pilloried, have his ears cut off and nailed to the pillory, etc., etc. in term or out, by sovereign ipse dixit." He fined James Melton five shillings because he "did not like his countenance" and when suit was brought against one of his court officers, he dismissed it at once and threatened to jail the plaintiff for contempt if he dared do such a thing again.

In a Shipton distillery, Andrew Lovejoy once called Judge Fletcher "a damned old rascal who ought to be hanged." The words were reported to His Honor who haled Lovejoy into court on a contempt charge, fined him five pounds five shillings, and released him only after Lovejoy denied under oath that he had said the words attributed to him.

Elmer Cushing seems to have avoided Judge Fletcher's heavy hand but was severely hounded by creditors in Montreal:

Lot after lot was finally sold at Sheriff's sale, for the most trifling sums, until, at last, the whole of the thirty-eight thousand acres was sunk in the gulph of ruin; and fell into the hands of people who did not reside on the lands or in the townships. I found none but poor people would emigrate into our country. Men of property, who could command cash, would not venture their money in purchasing land where so many future disadvantages presented... I retired to the humble position of mechanic. Although wholly unacquainted with mechanical science, yet by patient industry and perseverance, I soon reached the degree of knowledge and correctness in my business, as to obtain a sufficient emolument to procure the necessities of life.

In his spare time, Cushing composed his *Appeal to the Public*, ostensibly to warn other Americans against settling in the Eastern Townships but in reality to revenge himself on all his real and imagined enemies. The work was to be printed by Ebenezer Eaton of Danville, Vermont, but enemies informed the printer that Cushing had betrayed David McLane and had had "an illicit and criminal intercourse with a married woman."

Poor Elmer Cushing simply added this correspondence to his manuscript and turned the whole thing over to Silas Horton Dickerson, a 24-year-old printer who had settled in Stanstead and launched the *British Colonist & St. Francis Gazette* on May 1, 1823. "Newspapers are printed in Stanstead Plain the first that ever were printed in the eastern townships of Canada," wrote an awed Ralph Merry IV in his journal.

Dickerson brought out Cushing's book in 1826 – the first that ever were printed in the Eastern Townships – under the clumsy title *An Appeal Addressed to a Candid Public; And to the feelings of those whose upright*

sentiments and discerning minds, enable them to 'Weigh it in the balance of the Sanctuary.'

The price was 35 cents in cash or "clean cotton or linen rags."

Silas Horton Dickerson & his British Colonist

In the spring of 1826, Dickerson published two letters in his *British Colonist* critical of Judge Fletcher's arbitrary highhandedness in a court which had no jurisdiction in criminal matters and only limited powers over civil cases. Fletcher saw these letters as contempt of court, had Dickerson arrested, fined five pounds and kept in jail until the fine was paid.

Dickerson informed Fletcher that the author of these letters was Francis Armstrong Evans who had emigrated from Ireland to Kingsey Township in 1813 and he, too, was haled into court and advised to employ counsel. Evans, who had served as a magistrate in Commissioner's Court and was familiar with the law, refused to do so and declared contempt of court proceedings against him illegal. He was jailed.

Evans filed an application for change of venue to Three Rivers and Fletcher ruled this was further contempt and kept Evans locked in Sherbrooke's new brick jail for three months until forced to release him on a writ of habeas corpus and two hundred pounds bail.

On November 23, 1826, Dickerson published another letter in his paper signed F.A. Evans and one signed 'Vindex' in the fashion of the times. Both were critical of Judge Fletcher. Vindex complained of a recent case from Shipton in which Fletcher had deferred his decision to the great inconvenience of both plaintiff and defendant. The defendant, annoyed at all the trouble and expense, asked the plaintiff why he'd brought the



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matter to court in the first place and the plaintiff had answered “for justice.” Defendant then retorted that justice could have been had without recourse to Judge Fletcher who overheard, misunderstood, and roared; “What? What’s that you say? Can’t get justice here? I give judgement to the plaintiff!”

Again Dickerson was arrested, charged with contempt, fined ten pounds and jailed until he could find four hundred pounds surety for three years of good behaviour. Dickerson’s Sherbrooke attorney, Pierre Joseph Cressé, formally advised Fletcher that his client intended to take action for false arrest in the Court of King’s Bench at Three Rivers. Fletcher called this contempt too, and so charged both Dickerson and his lawyer.

Believing that the freedom of the press was at stake, Dickerson published an account of the proceedings against Evans and himself in the *Colonist* of April 12, 1827. Once again he was arrested, found guilty of contempt, fined ten pounds and held in jail until another four hundred pound bond could be found.

Dickerson’s attorney filed fresh notice of action for false arrest and a new round of charges ensued. The question of law revolved on whether a judge was empowered to issue contempt of court citations for actions committed outside the court – sometimes very far outside – and whether he could act as both plaintiff and judge. At Three Rivers the Court of King’s Bench decided the matter was beyond its jurisdiction and Fletcher took this as approval, had Dickerson arrested yet again for appealing the case, fined him another ten pounds and sentenced him to fourteen days in jail.

‘Vindex’ turned out to have been Ebenezer Peck, James Hollowell’s legal apprentice who passed his bar exam in 1827 and returned to practice in Sherbrooke. He, too, was charged by Fletcher with contempt of court. His law partner, Edward Short, a grandson of the Reverend Robert Quick Short of Three Rivers who briefly ministered to St. Armand, was jailed for ten days for daring to disagree with a decision. Fletcher remarked that he’d like to impose an even harsher sentence but didn’t know of any sort of capital punishment to which Short, described as “a sociable man with an affable disposition,” retorted “I advise your honour to come down and try it!”

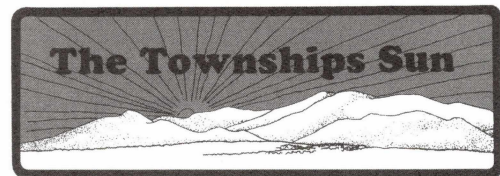
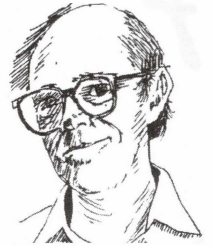
That hectic summer of 1827, Francis Armstrong Evans prepared a petition to the newly-arrived Governor Dalhousie on behalf of the citizens of Shipton and Melbourne. It complained of Papineau and his party blocking immigration and funds to develop the Eastern Townships while denying them adequate representation in the Assembly. Some residents of Shipton, he wrote, had to travel as much as seventy-five miles to vote in seigneurial Canada.

We most respectfully beg leave to represent to Your Excellency the necessity of a representation from these Townships; and also of fixing the place of election in proper and convenient situations; and humbly hope that if this boon, and just right – the birth-right of every British subject – is withheld by the ensuing Assembly of this Province, that your Excellency will be pleased to have the matter represented to the Imperial Government, that power must be entrusted in the Executive here to establish such new counties in the Townships as may be judged expedient and necessary...

The counties were reorganized in 1828 to give Townshippers more representation. Evans himself ran against Colonel Heriot in Drummond County – but then voted for his opponent as the better man. Silas Horton Dickerson ran as a reformer in the new County of Stanstead but the voters chose Ebenezer Peck, still only twenty-four, and Marcus Child, who had moved to Stanstead from Derby Line, Vermont, in 1824 to open a drugstore. Child, unlike most Townshippers, had opposed the Union Bill of 1822, and was successful enough in the Assembly to win grants for both the Stanstead and Charleston Academies.

NEXT: Rev. John Holmes & the Irish Priests

For many years the late Bernard Epps was the heart and soul of the Townships Sun. He was its main writer and editor, laid out the paper (as it was then) and for some years provided the Sun with office space in the Epps family home near Scotstown. Bernard Epps was also a diligent historian, and the Sun served as a forum for his sometimes controversial views. In his memory and for your reading pleasure, the Sun is proud to present in serial form one of Bernie’s finest works, *The Eastern Townships Adventure*.



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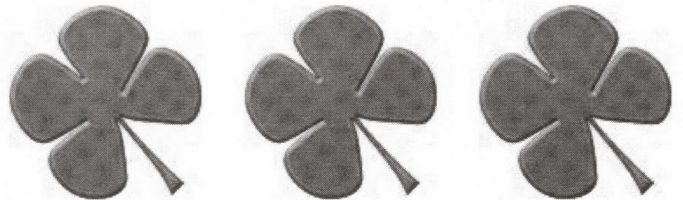
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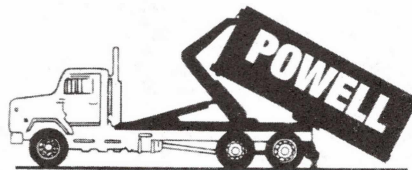
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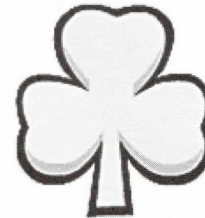
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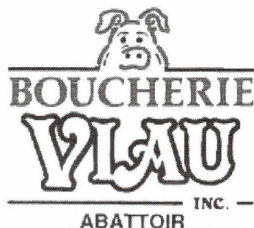
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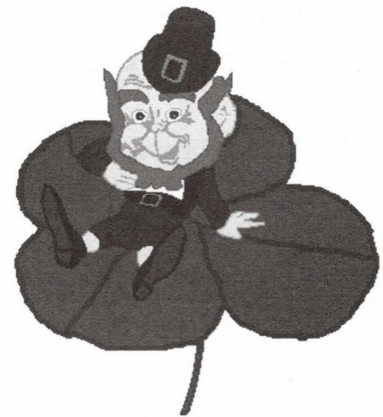
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