

Quebec Heritage

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News



Drinking Age

QAHN Turns 19 in Style at Knowlton's Lakeview Inn

The Battle for Trout

Fenian Raids at Huntingdon

Freeing the Spirit

Finding New Uses for Rural Churches and an Old Prison

Quebec Heritage News

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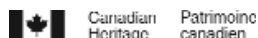
BOOKKEEPER

MARION GREENLAY

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From Lake View to Dairy Queen on the Lachine Wharf Rohinton Gandhi

Cover: Paul Steger and Dairy Queen family, Lachine, 1980s.
Photo: courtesy of Paul Steger.

EDITOR'S DESK

Golden Square Peg

by Rod MacLeod

It was the end of a dark, cold, wet afternoon in late November, and the year was an embarrassingly long time ago. I stood in an endless line of students, most of them a good six years younger than I was, to see a man I hoped might have some work for me. Since my return from studying in the UK, I'd been pulling long hours at a shopping mall photo lab, which paid the rent but somehow didn't convince me the Master's degree had been worth it. Having heard that a prof in the McGill History Department was running some sort of research group that seemed suited to my skills and interests, I went down there on my day off. Unfortunately, it was term paper return time, and so, when it was finally my turn, I entered to face a guy who looked pretty steam-rolled, glasses dripping off the end of his nose and clearly in need of a scotch. It promised to be a hard sell. But I could see him brighten almost at once, as soon as it was clear I hadn't come to haggle over a grade. He listened as I described my earlier research reconstructing Medieval London using land transactions ("I bequeath a parcel of land lying between the King's Highway and the Preceptor's tower...") and he considered my suggestion that there might be a way of adapting this approach to what his group was doing. He explained that the group did hire researchers, but they were typically grad students; would I be interested in starting a PhD? I told him no; I'd already made up my mind I didn't want to study any more.

Almost exactly ten years later, Brian Young took me out to lunch to celebrate my successful doctoral defence, capping a long but productive mentorship. He then asked me what I planned to do next. The obvious answer was:

look for work, and in the meantime try to turn my thesis into a book. Somewhat surprisingly, the former proved a whole lot easier to do than the latter.

I'd written a thesis on the origins of Montreal's Golden Square Mile, using land transactions ("a lot of ground situated in the St. Antoine faubourg bounded on the North-East side by the repre-



sentatives of Judge Reid...") to track the emergence of a wealthy residential suburb. With a background in urban history, I'd been fascinated by the parallels with other cities in which such elite spaces appeared: London (Mayfair), Edinburgh (the New Town), New York (the Upper East Side), Philadelphia (Society Hill), Boston (Beacon Hill), and Madrid (the Barrio de Salamanca). They all had their Golden Square Miles, as it were. I strove to make this point as my major "thesis," even as Brian laboured with growing success to convince me that I was actually onto something much more interesting.

My goal had been to move beyond the sort of coverage the Golden Square Mile usually got: writers tended to profile either its opulent Victorian architecture (including how little of it is left) or the Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous.

By focusing on real estate, I was able to show how enterprising businessmen moulded space in order to attract socially ambitious middle-class families, along with institutions such as churches, schools, museums, and a major university. Related studies of some of the other cities I mentioned described a similar process. But, as in many other aspects of

Quebec history, there is a danger in emphasizing what is similar at the expense of what is unique. Sociologist Gérard Bouchard (he of the much-lamented report on Reasonable Accommodation) famously referred to Quebec (well, part of it, but you could extrapolate) as "quelques arpents d'Amérique" – implying that the province wasn't culturally all that different from the rest of the continent save for its use of French. And he wasn't wrong, as any visit to a Quebec shopping mall will confirm. But you can't scratch Quebec history very deeply without realizing that it really

is a distinct society.

By the time I'd finished my thesis, though not quite in time to work out the implications, I had come to understand something I ought to have picked up on during my time as a Medieval historian. I would go on to explore this idea while researching the Mount Royal Cemetery and Quebec's education system and its Jewish community. Working with QAHN and other community organizations also gave me a take on how this idea played out.

The idea was this: cultural differences matter when it comes to shaping human environments. When people talk of the Two Solitudes, or glibly refer to "English" versus "French" ways of doing things, they are not just rehashing old prejudices. Of course, cultural differences are infinitely more nuanced than such idioms imply, and they cut in many

more complex ways. But people do operate within mindsets, and these mindsets derive from distinct and often conflicting legal, religious and philosophical traditions. Land ownership, for instance, meant very different things to French and British settler societies, and something wildly different again to Indigenous peoples. Religious differences mattered a great deal, and profoundly influenced how people saw the world; they still matter, of course – witness Quebec’s current debate over what certain people should be allowed to wear.

The Golden Square Mile, I now more confidently argue, was a profoundly Anglo-Protestant place. Its developers and its residents were keen to demarcate it as separate from the rest of the city, and in a way from the rest of the province, whose denizens they saw as suffering from one or more of the following drawbacks: being poor, being French-speaking, and especially being Catholic. Establishing this separate space whence they could look down on the rest of the population was made immensely easier by virtue of said space being literally more elevated: one cannot understand the Golden Square Mile without appreciating the crucial importance of the mountain on the side of which it sits. The book I have been fitfully writing ever since that celebratory lunch with Brian has a working title (suggested to me by QAHN colleague and friend Dwane Wilkin) that nicely captures the attitude of its protagonists: *High Ground*.

My latest inspiration to get this dang project finished has been a conference on the Golden Square Mile to be held at McGill this summer, whose organizers were decent enough to invite me to give the keynote address. Hopeful that I will not be seen as an aging crank with a checkered career inside and outside the world of academia, I hope to hammer out a number of points for attendees to consider over the course of the proceedings – above all, the importance of land, of topographical elevation, and of cultural difference. With luck this will light a fire under me. I need closure on what I started all those years ago when I went through the door into Brian’s office.

After all, I gave up a promising career in the photo lab.

Letters

Fake History

Once again, a stellar issue (*QHN*, Spring 2019): thoughtful piece on appropriation by Rod MacLeod; an excellent story by Sandra Stock on J. W. Hughes, who took advantage of the changing time, moved with it, and like others of his generation established a new and prosperous business; and excellent, albeit sad, reading about the loss of the salmon fishery on the St. Francis by Dwane Wilkin.

But what has stirred me to write was Messers Allison and Bradley’s “Fake and Foul,” the account of the new English language history textbook, which appears to present a narrow view of history: the only legitimate contributors to the development of the province were Francophone and the contribution of others is not worthy of acknowledging. Montreal was a mecca for British and American business investors in the nineteenth century and made that city and the province prosperous. It is interesting that Quebec history is portrayed as only commencing in the 1960s when the power of the church was negated. Will students learn why the revolution did not come before then? More important is the challenge this text gives to teachers to bring some balance to the presentation of history to their students, or are they expected to brainwash their classes with the politically determined view in the text?

*Daniel Parkinson
Toronto, On.*

California Dreaming

I hope that someday we can explore the deep history of what is now called Quebec from a truly global historic perspective rather than continuing to focus on the views of quarreling, recent European conquerors and settlers in one particular part of what we mistakenly call the New World.

First Nations lived here for millennia before being invaded by first the French and then the English. New France was, like all European conquests of the era, mostly about theft, extraction, and displacement of Native peoples and their natural resources. When Protestant England defeated the Catholic French in 1759, the destruction of Indigenous

peoples and lands just continued under a different European master, with the added exploitation and suppression of the remnants of the French population unable to escape back to the mother country.

The endless quarrels in Quebec between the ever-resentful former conquerors / later conquered / now resurgent French and their English and Anglophone former overlords who now find themselves displaced in turn by the resurgent French tell us little about where the future of these beautiful lands needs to go. The Québécois insistence on “Je me souviens” focuses on a particular time and place of European conquest – especially the cruelties of the British (but not the French) – rather than on the global and local times to come, with all their staggering environmental and social challenges. This limiting of historical memory to grievances stemming from the local conquest of one European exploiter by another with little mention of historical and modern First Nations is surely not adequate for today’s students and global citizens.

As a Quebecer (a Townshipper) of mixed English-French descent living in California, I see familiar European-conquest quarrels playing out here, as well. The indigenous peoples were conquered by a European Catholic nation (in this case Spain, and subsequently, independent Mexico) which then were themselves conquered by another group of European-origin invaders: Anglophone former English colonists, mostly Protestant, called Americans. What could go wrong?

Any modern Quebecer or Québécois could predict the outcome. Predictable disasters continue to ensue...

Perhaps teaching the history of California would provide some interesting perspective for students in Quebec?

*Linda Buzzell
Santa Barbara, California
(Chumash land that later became part of the Alta California province of Spain and then Mexico before the 1848 American conquest.)*

QAHN News

by Matthew Farfan

2019 Montreal Wine & Cheese

QAHN's 6th annual Montreal Wine & Cheese, held at the iconic Atwater Library in Westmount, was a highlight of our April programming. Organized by QAHN's Montreal Committee, this yearly event has become something of a tradition for members of the heritage community, both English- and French-speaking, and a great chance to network in a beautiful setting. This year's event attracted over 80 people, including special guest MNA Christopher Skeete. Guest speaker Susan McGuire provided an excellent presentation on the Mechanics' Institute, the precursor of the library.



atmospheric confines of Golden Rule Lodge No. 5 in the Eastern Townships, the oldest Masonic Lodge in the country.

A special live heritage fiddle music performance took place at the Benny Library in Montreal. This event, courtesy of musicians Glenn Patterson, Laura Risk and Brian Morris was, by all accounts, a crowd favourite.



2019 Heritage Talks

QAHN's second annual Heritage Talks program, funded in part by the Chawkers Foundation, came to a conclusion at the beginning of June, following a series of fourteen superb events, held at heritage and cultural venues all around Quebec.

Among the final events was a guided walk through some of Missisquoi County's most historic graveyards. This activity was led by Missisquoi Museum curator Heather Darch. A talk by Grant Myers and Jean-Jacques Rousseau, called "Golden Rule Lodge: the Masonic History of Stanstead," took place in the

Due to the success of this year's program, QAHN will almost certainly be holding a third Heritage Talks series, beginning in early 2020. Stay tuned!

DIVERSITY AND ACHIEVEMENT *in Anglophone Quebec*

Your Story, Our Story
A travelling exhibition
on cultural and regional diversity
in Quebec

Hemmingford Archives, Hemmingford

June 15, 17, 18, 19

Fairbairn House Heritage Centre, Wakefield

June 22 to July 4

Missisquoi Museum, Stanbridge East

July 7, September 15

Cascapedia River Museum, Cascapedia - St Jules

July 8 to 14

Morrin Centre, Quebec City

July 28 to August 8

Richmond County Historical Society, Melbourne

August 25

Chalet Bellevue, Morin Heights

September 28

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Sponsored by the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network

- Explore the historical and contemporary contributions and achievements of the wide variety of cultures, traditions and regions in Quebec that have a connection to the English language
- Encourage conversations about culture and identity

And

- Encounter the intriguing people, places and events that enrich Quebec's unique historic past and expand its cultural diversity

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DONORS & DREAMERS

IT'S PART OF THE JOB

Getting board members fundraising-ready

by Heather Darch

This is the sixth in a series of articles by Heather Darch addressing the perennial question of fundraising. It was inspired by her work on the QAHN project, DREAM.

If you ask your board members what they think their number one job is in your organization and not one of them says fundraising, you're in trouble. Non-profits face chronic fundraising challenges today beginning with a lack of shared responsibility for fund development.

One way to address this issue is for boards to foster a "culture of philanthropy." This is a way of thinking in which board members have a part to play in raising resources for the organization. It's also about fostering relationships: keeping donors and acquiring new ones and seeing them as having more than just money to bring to the table. It's a culture in which fund development is a valued and mission-aligned component of everything the organization does.

"Non-profits with a culture of philanthropy see fundraising as a way of operating," says Alex Megelas, the Program and Communications Coordinator for the Office of Community Engagement at Concordia University. "It's a committed culture of planning and engagement that we need to bring into our fundraising."

It starts with board recruitment. We must be clear when we ask someone to serve as a board member that fundraising is part of the job. "Fiduciary responsibility connects to board responsibility." By saying it upfront, board members will understand their primary objective. "Board members are funding agents," says Megelas, "and they need to understand the expectations of being your board members." They will attend board meetings, they will serve on committees, they will represent your organization and they will raise funds. That means we all need to have delineated board rules and expectations.

The lack of clarity about board responsibilities can get us into difficulty and will result in the burden of fundraising being left to a few people. This might be an internal cultural shift for some boards and it might require people to step aside who don't see themselves in the role of fundraiser.

Board members have to be visionaries too. The board sets the

broad fundraising goals, provides the leadership for the funding strategies and ensures that there is adequate human, technological and financial resources in place. Success depends on the engagement of the board and its development of a detailed fundraising plan that compliments the organization's mission and strategic plan. "The board puts your organization on the right path even before the first dollar is raised."

Board members should also be donors to your cause. It will be a lot easier to ask for funding support when you yourself have given. The "my time is my money" response is no longer an option. Push back on this outdated way of thinking. Board members must be donors if there's to be organizational health. Alex calls this "100% board giving," and it means that every board member must

give "a thoughtful amount" each year. It's an expression of care and commitment and sends the message to other donors, prospects and foundations that the organization is worthy of support.

Board members need to be building your organization from its base by socially engaging the community. As Alex Megelas says, "The importance of this work on the ground can't be underestimated; it's incredibly impactful when board members can connect your organization to significant donors in their own networks." Board members can

and should help the organization expand the donor network and foster new relationships. They are ambassadors, not bystanders.

Finally, board members must be engaged. They may not be actually heading a fundraising activity but they should be involved in a supportive role whether it's by attending events, asking for funds, or talking about the organization and their personal story of involvement. They are also responsible for keeping fundraising efforts "donor-centric" – that is, focused on building relationships over time with donors and not just asking for money when needed. Their goal should be keeping donors as well as acquiring new ones and holding donors up as partners rather than just sources for funds.

Rubber stamping boards are not engaged boards and will not be able to develop a culture of philanthropy. Board members that embrace the concepts of a philanthropic culture and strive to ensure its success within and outside the organization, will enable the organization to sustain and strengthen itself.



Board members have a major role to play in fundraising; they must work hard and coordinate their efforts.

THE CUSHINGS OF LOWER CANADA

Part II: David McLane, Provocateur or Scapegoat?

by Joseph Graham

Editor's note: Portions of this article have appeared in different form in the Montreal Gazette.

The Cushing family, including five children, moved from Hingham, Norfolk, England, in 1638, and all ended their lives in Hingham, Plymouth, Massachusetts. The coincidence of the Hingham place-name suggests they had a strong influence, and the Cushing name has risen to prominence many times through American history. Lemuel Cushing, for whom Cushing, Quebec, is named, was one of these Cushings of stature, but how his branch of the family became Canadian is a murkier story.

After the American War of Independence, Job Cushing, Lemuel's grandfather, was recognized as a war hero, retiring as a colonel. In 1792, Job's son Elmer, Lemuel's uncle, founded the American Coffee House in Montreal. Initially very successful, after a fire in 1797, his establishment was seriously in debt and he was teetering on the verge of financial ruin. It was at this time that one of his hostel guests, David McLane, confided to him the details of a plot organized in the United States and backed by France to invade and recapture Canada. He swore Cushing to secrecy on pain of death. This was during the French Revolution and the early days of Napoleon Bonaparte. The colonial authorities in Quebec City and Montreal were paranoid, fearing the local Canadians would rise against them, joining Napoleon, and they saw an invasion as the spark that would precipitate such an uprising. The rebels who led the American War of Independence had already tried to capture Canada before, but now they had a French republic as their ally. To add to their concerns, the French were actively trying to get Louisiana back from the Spanish and were sup-

porting Jefferson for President with the understanding that the Americans would help them invade and retake Canada.

In a meeting with Stephen Sewell, his lawyer, Cushing responded strangely to a comment Sewell made about the restiveness of people called out to work on road construction projects. Becoming coy, Cushing insinuated that he knew something, that he himself was planning to get out of Lower Canada. Sewell concluded that Cushing needed reassurance that, if he told more, he would be protected. Every week, the authorities published warnings against sedition. Pamphlets were circulated and the priests read denunciations of the horrors of the revolution from the pulpit. People were actively encouraged to report anything irregular to the authorities. Complicating the matter, resistance to join the militias for fear of being posted in a war area far from home was misinterpreted as disloyalty.

As providence would have it, McLane, himself down on his luck and fleeing creditors, had met Citizen Pierre-Auguste Adet, the French representative to the American government, and offered to gather intelligence for him from Lower Canada. Adet gave him some money, encouraging him, and thought little more of it, but over time McLane's role grew in his own mind until he imagined himself to be much more than he was equipped to be. He was a big talker, not a trained spy. In his memoirs, published in Stanstead in 1826, Elmer Cushing wrote that he went to great lengths to explain that he would not participate in any such scheme and declared that he told McLane so right up front. He records a long, chiding speech that he made to McLane, pointed enough to warn McLane to get out of the colony if he really was an agent of an organized movement. Both men, failures in their endeavours, seem to have one-upped

each other through November 1796. When Sewell next met with Cushing, he set up a meeting for Cushing in Quebec, where he was reassured that he would remain a confidential source and would be rewarded with a large holding in Shipton Township in exchange for what he knew. Cushing had already gone beyond himself, implying that Adet himself had come to survey the colony for invasion. Once satisfied that he would be protected and rewarded for the information, even getting guarantees of compensation for his family if he were killed, Cushing named McLane and brought his friend William Barnard in to corroborate. Sewell took the story very seriously. Sewell's older brother Jonathan, the Attorney General, was also the chief prosecutor. All of their fears came together around the objective of capturing and prosecuting the poor, braggart McLane.

William Barnard and John Black came forward as witnesses for the Crown. Barnard testified under oath that he had met McLane in Vermont, and later in Montreal, and that McLane had admitted that he wanted to promote revolution in Canada. Black, another of the informers, was a ship's carpenter who had been engaged as a spy for the British because of his comfortable relationships with the French-speaking working class and who had managed to get himself arrested as a traitor in the process. Once he managed to get out of prison after his failure as a spy, Black discovered his former clients no longer trusted him. His business income gone, he ran for the Assembly, effectively capitalizing upon his relations with the working-class Canadians, but with the intention of trying to redeem his credibility with the British elite once elected. He was a credible witness. Charles Frichet, someone familiar to Black, invited him to meet a French general in the woods and when

he accepted, he met McLane. Seeing his opportunity, he arranged for the authorities to arrest McLane at Black's house and testified that McLane had solicited him to join in a coup.

Attorney-General Johnathan Sewell acted not simply to get a conviction but to make a public example of a traitor. Leading up to McLane's trial in Quebec City in July 1797, Sewell and the authorities were dealing with riots over a law that obliged the Canadiens to contribute their time, equipment and teams of horses towards the construction of roads. Moreover, they were still refusing to join militias. With these tensions and talk of spies and of an imminent invasion, someone like McLane, with no family or community to rally to his cause locally, was a perfect scapegoat. A conviction would allow the authorities to demonstrate what they could do if people did not fall into line, and that they could do it without any risk of offending any local family.

No associated rebels were found. Two novice lawyers were appointed to defend McLane, who pled his innocence. When he was found guilty of

high treason, they petitioned the court to have the ruling overturned because he was not a citizen, and therefore could not be a traitor. Chief Justice William Osgoode rejected the petition and sentenced McLane to be publicly disembowelled while still alive and hanged until dead. Luckily for McLane, he was hanged first.

The action may have had its desired effect. In discreet recognition of their loyalty, the British Crown awarded John Black 53,000 acres in Dorset Township (which he immediately transferred to his creditors), William Barnard 40,200 acres in Brompton, and Elmer Cushing 58,692 acres in Shipton Township.

It was during this period that Colonel Job Cushing, Elmer's father, moved to Canada. Could he have moved to stand with Elmer during these difficult times? Job's son tried to work with his brother in Shipton, but soon returned to be with his father in Trois Rivières. It was there that his sons Hezekiel and Lemuel were born.

Although he lost the American Coffee House to creditors, Elmer Cushing had proven his loyalty to the British

Crown and had been rewarded, but the story haunted Cushing even as he wrote his memoirs decades later. His nephews, Hezekiel and Lemuel, did not seek a future in Shipton Township.

Sources:

Elmer Cushing, *An Appeal Addressed to a Candid Public...*, Stanstead, 1826.

List of Lands Granted by the Crown in the Province of Quebec... https://www.swquebec.ca/land_grant/land_grants.html.

Several articles in the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*.

F. Murray Greenwood, *Legacies of Fear*, Toronto, 1993.

Joseph Graham, author of Naming the Laurentians, is writing a book that re-examines much of our early history, the elements that drove European society, and the extraordinary damage these ideas inflicted on North America.



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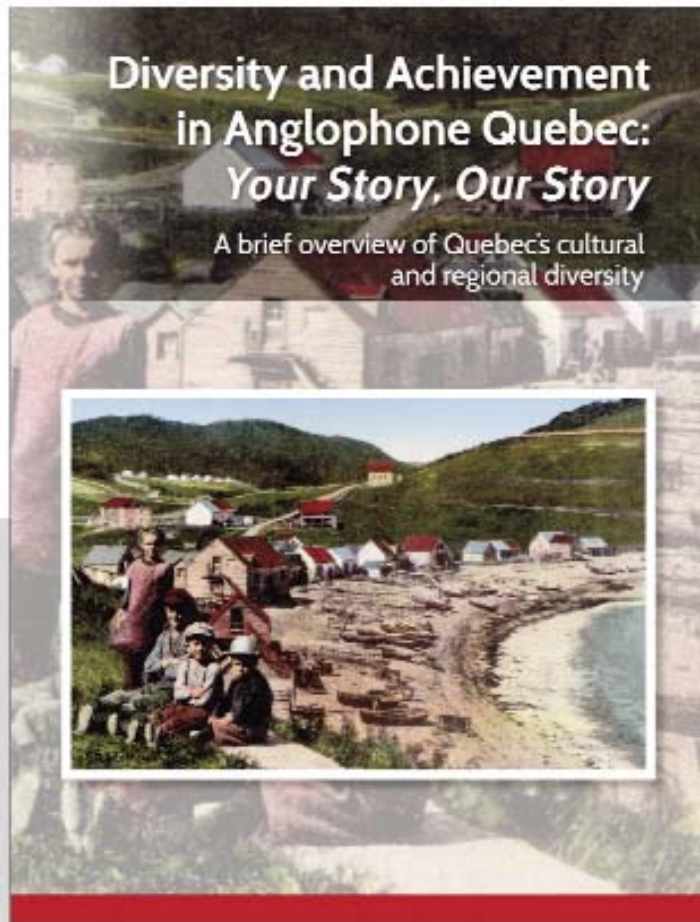
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EVOLVING VOCATIONS

Sacred and Secular Uses of Old Rural Churches

by Mark W. Gallop

Empty churches dot the landscape. Some of these structures speak of decay and loss.

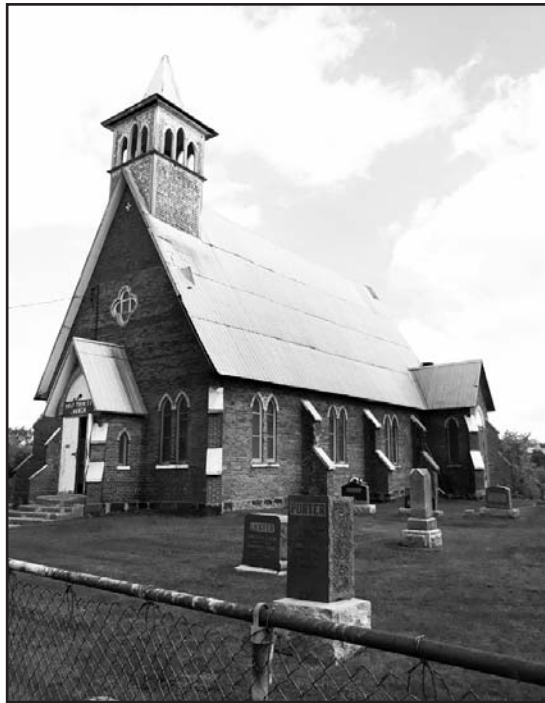
But this is a glass-half-full story. While there are many houses of worship in Quebec lost through neglect or demolition, there are also examples of preservation and transformation that deserve to be acknowledged and celebrated.

My great-grandfather, Stanley Dickson, followed his older brother into the Anglican priesthood in the Diocese of Quebec in the last decade of Queen Victoria's reign. The Dickson brothers married Stevens sisters and served in a number of rural villages in picturesque parts of the province through their careers. Remarkably, the churches in all of the parishes served by Stanley are still standing and the current use of each of these buildings provides interesting and inspiring reflections of the ingenuity of rural Quebec communities.

Built in the Carpenter Gothic style that became popular in the Victorian era, all of his churches have a similar look. All but one are wooden structures, with steeply pitched roofs and high windows with pointed arches. A couple have buttresses, not so much to add stability but to give a small building a greater sense of scale. Carpenter Gothic adopted its form from the Gothic Revival style and the Oxford Movement, which advocated the restoration of the "best" liturgical and stylistic elements of the pre-reformation English church. The style also suited the modest budgets and easy access to lumber of rural Quebec parishes.

In theological circles one speaks of a "vocation." Stanley had a vocation – a call to serve God in the communities where the bishop of the day felt he would be best suited. But just as a minister has a vocation, so can a structure. Congre-

gants in organized religions know that it is the people and the community that are at the core. The building is simply a shell that houses the faithful. Heritage special-



ists speak of a building's *vocation communautaire* and sometimes this vocation evolves from the spiritual to the secular.

In the Anglican Church, someone with a vocational call to ministry first pursues a theological education, in Stanley's case at Bishop's University in Lennoxville, with a degree completed in 1894. The next step is ordination as a deacon and a period serving as a curate in a parish under the supervision of an experienced minister. For Stanley, his curacy took him to the far reaches of the diocese: Entry Island in the Magdalen Islands.

Entry Island is one of three English-speaking communities in the archipelago but the only inhabited island not connected to the others via a causeway or sand-

bar. It was then and remains an English bastion populated mostly by the descendants of Scottish sailors, some of whom were shipwrecked on the islands. Stanley over-wintered with the residents from the fall of 1896 to the spring of 1897 and taught school as well as attending to the islanders' spiritual needs. His supervising minister, the Reverend John Prout, himself only recently ordained, was a boat ride away in the larger community of Grindstone.

All Saints' Church on Entry Island had been built only the year before Stanley's arrival. The physical building he served in no longer exists but All Saints' continues in every other way. By the end of the Second World War, the original building was in need of major repairs and was no longer large enough to hold the full congregation. A replacement was built with local labour, much of it voluntary, and continues to serve as a spiritual and community hub for Entry Islanders to this day.

After the usual year as a deacon, Stanley was ordained as a priest and assigned to his first parish: St. Barnabas' Church in the recently founded village of Agnes on the eastern shore of Lake Megantic. Agnes was named to honour Agnes Barnard, the widow of Sir John A. Macdonald. It merged with the town of Megantic after less than two decades of existence.

It can be a challenge to get to know an ancestor who died a quarter century before one was born, but with Stanley I had access to two illuminating windows on his life as a young minister in Agnes.

The first is a sepia photograph of a parish outing. Although the text on the reverse was partially cut away to fit the image into a smaller frame, it tells me it was presented with "Compliments ... to the Rev. Mr. Dixon" (a common misspelling of his surname). Fifteen adults and two children are posed before a large

canvas tent. The apparel seems formal, particularly for the women, suggesting some effort made for a special occasion. A summer parish picnic seems likely although there is no evidence of food or drink, other than a split-wood half-bushel apple basket peeking out from behind a lady's skirt. Stanley is easily identifiable with his clerical collar and dapper straw boater hat. There is a quiet confidence in his look, with the authority of his position outweighing his fresh-faced youth.

Supplementing the photograph is Stanley's own script chronicling the flow of the significant life events of his parishioners. The Bibliothèque et Archives nationales du Québec (BAnQ) website provides digitized images of many historical church registers, including St. Barnabas's registers of baptisms, marriages and burials. Stanley's wife, Anna, often stood as witness at these ceremonies. These rites included the christening of each of their own four children, including my grandmother's in 1903.

St. Barnabas' was constructed in 1891. With a capacity of about sixty congregants, it was a warm and intimate space, well suited as the first parish of a newly ordained clergyman. Although the English community dwindled after the Second World War, the congregation soldiered on, but it lost its resident minister in the 1970s and became the responsibility of a neighbouring parish. Services were later restricted to the summer months, and then to only special occasions.

An unused building inevitably deteriorates, and St. Barnabas' was at risk until it caught the imagination of the Lavallée family in 2017. Stéphane and his three adult sons were all deeply affected by the Mégantic rail disaster of 2013 and involved in the town's recovery. The loss of so much of the built heritage of Lac-Mégantic inspired them to look to preserve what was spared. They acquired the vacant church and lovingly restored it as a live music space under the name *Chapelle du rang 1*. The 2018 concert season featured a combination



of emerging and provincially-renowned artists, with most events sold out.

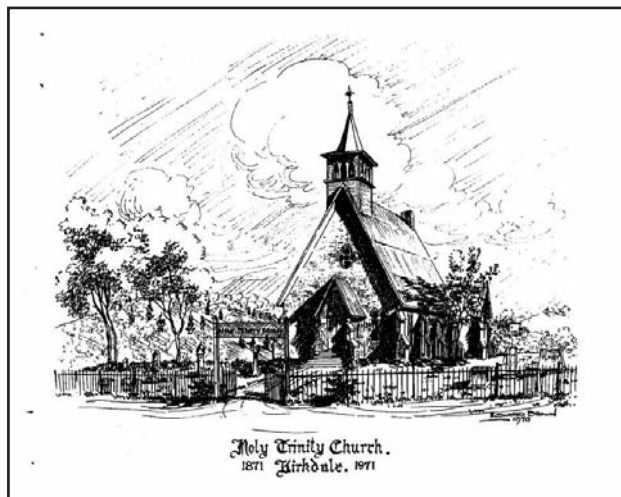
In 1904, the Bishop transferred Stanley 25 kilometres due east, from Agnes to its sister parish of St. Alban's, Scotstown. Until Stanley's appointment to St. Barnabas', the two parishes were served by the same minister. Built in 1888, St. Alban's was a slightly larger and more established parish in a thriving lumber town. Stanley remained in Scotstown for a decade, leaving for his next appointment on the eve of the Great War. The congregation continued on its path until 1992 when the church was deconsecrated and sold to the municipality for one dollar. For a number of years it fulfilled an important new and energetic vocation as a children-focused community centre offering arts programming and a toy lending library (a *joujouthèque*: a term newly added to my vocabulary). More recently the town has sold the property to a publishing house.

Holy Trinity Church, Kirkdale, was the only brick building amongst Stanley's parishes, his longest tenure, from 1914 to 1927, and the location most intimately connected to him. Kirkdale is a hamlet on the west bank of the St. Francis River just downstream from Melbourne and Richmond. This was the home parish of his wife, Anna, her parents, and grandparents. Stanley grew up only a few hundred metres away, but across the river in the village of Trenholmvile. Kirkdale was where Stanley and Anna were wed in 1898, where they buried their first daughter,

Muriel, when she died at the age of six months in 1902, and where they were eventually buried themselves. The church building dates from 1871 with roots back to the 1820s. The first church was built on land donated by Simon Stevens, Anna's grandfather. Stanley's incumbency at Kirkdale was noted for numerous improvements to the church, rectory and parish hall.

The rectory and hall have long since been sold off, but the church building remains consecrated and theoretically available for worship, although in recent years practical considerations such as cold and damp have led parishioners to gather in local homes instead. The church is set in the midst of an extended cemetery, with some of the burials predating the building by half a century. Annual income from an endowment fund covers almost all of the costs of cemetery upkeep so the church is surrounded by well-kept grounds and enhanced by the

natural beauty of its location as the land slopes down towards the river. While sometimes discouraged, the remaining parishioners soldier on, repairing the structure as donations permit. Vandals are a regular concern but the larger the padlock, the greater the damage that gets done to the door. Most of the furnishings have been removed and fortunately the dampness has so far forestalled attempts at arson. The wardens have tentatively enquired about the cost of demolition but the estimate is far beyond the means of the parish. The proximity of grave-stones to the outer walls of the





structure was part of the explanation for the elevated cost. So the monuments of our departed ancestors stand guard over the destiny of their church. While far from an assured survivor, Holy Trinity continues in its original vocation and looks with hope and faith to future support.

In 1927, the Bishop decreed that Stanley should trade places with the Reverend Arthur Oakley who was stationed on the Gaspé Peninsula. Arthur came to Kirkdale, and Stanley and Anna made their way to St. James' Church, Cape Cove (now Cap d'Espoir), with a magnificent view out to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Bonaventure Island. From a 1975 parish history marking the church's centennial: "Rev. and Mrs. Dickson occupied the stately old parsonage, surrounded by beautiful lawn and flowers, a favourite hobby of his. He was the first clergy to use an automobile as a means to get to Percé and Chandler, the other two churches in his charge. It was during Rev. Dickson's time here that St. James' Church Hall was built, which proved to be of great financial assistance to our church. It was eventually sold, however, in 1968, when the congregation became too small to use it effectively and it was falling into disrepair."

The church itself has fared much better than the hall. The last Anglican service was conducted in 2011 before de-consecration. Since then, the church building has acquired a surprising new vocation. It was purchased by four young local entrepreneurs and has become an artisanal gin distillery operating under

the name *La société secrète*. Their product, Les herbes folles, is made from a secret blend of aromatic plants from the region.

Cape Cove was Stanley's last mission. I grew up with the somewhat irreverent family story that he had "died in the pulpit." A contemporary newspaper tribute modified the tale to explain that he actually collapsed in the vestry prior to a Sunday evening service in July 1937. I have a letter written a month later from the church wardens to Anna, his widow expressing the esteem and affection in which the couple was held and accounting for the collection of \$234 in donations, ranging from 25 cents to \$20. Some of this purse was used for the purchase of a coffin (\$50), rail transport of the same with Mrs. Dickson and Mrs. Lecocq, an accompanying parishioner, from Cape Cove to Kirkdale, and associated telegrams.

What would Stanley think about the fate and present vocations of his churches? With some fatalism, I think he would at least be pleased to see them all still standing and serving spiritual and secular vocations in their communities. And his grave is one of those impeding an inexpensive demolition of Holy Trinity Church in Kirkdale.

Mark Gallop spent three decades in the investment and financial services sector, and now devotes his time to historical research and writing. He is a Trustee of the Mount Royal Cemetery and a Past President of the Atwater Library.

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QAHN's 2019 CONVENTION, KNOWLTON, JUNE 1-2

by Christina Adamko

Over 60 members of the heritage community gathered in the picturesque village of Knowlton, Quebec, for QAHN's 2019 Convention over the June 1-2 weekend, bringing together attendees from Montreal, the Eastern Townships, Quebec City, and the Laurentians. Participants at this year's gathering were treated to a host of activities throughout the event – which included a surprise announcement by two of QAHN's project directors.

The program commenced on Saturday morning with the annual general meeting which was held at the historic Lakeview Inn. President Grant Myers gave his report, highlighting key aspects of QAHN's mission in engaging its members in the preservation and promotion of the history and culture of Quebec's English-speaking communities.

Executive Director Matthew Farfan then outlined some of the year's activities such as QAHN's 2018 Heritage Fair, held last October in Richmond. Matthew also mentioned QAHN's role as an advocate for heritage preservation, citing examples of when the organization was called upon for advice and support. As Matthew stated so simply, yet effectively, "What great things we can accomplish when we do them together! And we have accomplished great things!"

Project directors Heather Darch and Rod MacLeod reported on the ongoing project Diversity and Achievement in Anglophone Quebec, which is funded by the Department of Canadian Heritage. Their bilingual traveling exhibition, composed of 24 banners, celebrates and promotes diversity within English-speaking Quebec. The banners feature eight cultural groups, including the Black, Chinese, Irish, Italian, Jewish, Mohawk, English, and Scottish communities. They will be displayed in high schools and cultural venues across Quebec.

Project director Dwane Wilkin gave a summary of the Communication Matters training program, which included a series of workshops in communities across the province, including the Outaouais and the Gaspé. As Dwane noted, a survey recently conducted by QAHN revealed that fewer than 30% of community groups currently have a formal communications strategy to support their mission. Communication Matters workshops covered topics such



as digital marketing, navigating social-media, and engaging youth in non-profits.

Christina Adamko reported on a successful season as project director for the second edition of the Heritage Talks speaker series. Thanks to funding from the Chawkers Foundation, the Heritage Talks program was able to expand from eight lectures in 2018 to fourteen this year. Well attended events took place in the Gatineau Valley, Quebec City, Montreal, and the Eastern Townships.

QAHN then put forth a resolution, agreed upon unanimously by all voting members, requesting that the Government of Quebec provide local municipalities with the expertise and funding necessary to ensure that important sites such as churches and cemeteries are protected. Holy Trinity Anglican Church and Cemetery in South Bolton were cited as subjects of growing concern.

Members also adopted the Action on Reconciliation Policy, which consists of three points outlining QAHN's commitment to read and become knowledgeable about the Truth and Reconciliation Commission's Calls to Action, the United Nation's Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples, and to encourage research and reflection on, as well as acknowledgement and promotion of, the Indigenous presence in our historical narratives.

Finally, no changes were made to QAHN's Board of Directors, as all six members who saw their two-year terms come to an end were unanimously re-elected.

In the Lakeview's banquet hall, the Diversity and Achievement in Anglophone Quebec exhibition was on display, along with a series of banners by the Quebec Federation of Home and School Associations outlining the achievements of the QFHSA. Several tables from QAHN's institutional members, including the Missisquoi Museum, the Colby-Curtis Museum, and Blacbiblio, offered interesting information.



On Saturday afternoon, attendees enjoyed a banquet lunch at the Lakeview Inn. Over dessert, guest speaker Philip Lanthier of the Knowlton Literary Festival offered an account of local literary history with his talk “Inventing the Townships: the Story So far.” Philip discussed the writers who not only illustrated the bucolic landscapes but also contributed to defining the spirit of the Eastern Townships with their words.

Heather Darch and Rod Macleod revealed their surprise announcement with an exciting launch of QAHN’s new publication *Diversity & Achievement in Anglophone Quebec: Your Story, Our Story*.

This new book, produced as part of the ongoing Diversity project, and designed to complement the much-criticized “official” provincial high school history curriculum, offers a bilingual overview of Quebec’s cultural and regional diversity, a must-read for Quebecers across the province.

The afternoon concluded with the annual awards ceremony. This year, the Marion Phelps Award was presented to Joseph Graham, a resident of Sainte-Lucie-des-Laurentides who has dedicated over 30 years of service as a writer and contributor to various heritage organizations across Quebec.

The Richard Evans Award went to the Potton Heritage Association for that organization’s long-term contributions to the preservation and promotion of Anglophone heritage in Quebec, notably the restoration of the Mansonville round barn, a tremendous undertaking made possible through donations and grants totaling \$645,000. QAHN director Jody Robinson presented the award to Sandra Jewett, who accepted it on behalf of the association.

Long-time QAHN director Sandra Stock was awarded a



Special QAHN Award in recognition of over 15 years of steadfast and continuing volunteer service to the organization. Quoting Cicero in her acceptance speech, Sandra reminded us all that “Not to know what happened before you were born is to remain a child forever.”

On Saturday evening, participants gathered at the Auberge Knowlton for cocktails on the patio followed by a meal inside the restaurant.

Sunday was another full day of activities in and around Knowlton. Joanne Croghan led the group on an entertaining guided walking tour of the village, enabling participants to discover the history and architecture of Knowlton.

Participants then gathered at Knowlton’s historic Old



Courthouse for a lecture by Dr. Dorothy Williams entitled “Saving Montreal: Blacks in the Battle of Chateauguay.” Dorothy spoke passionately about the little-known history of Blacks who served on the Canadian side during The War of 1812. This talk was followed by a delicious box lunch in the Court House.

The afternoon continued with a guided visit to the Brome County Museum, led by the museum’s curator, Jeremy Reeves. Jeremy took the group through the various buildings that house the museum’s collection, highlighting some of its most notable installations, such as their exhibit on Home Children and an original Fokker DVII First World War aircraft.

The convention concluded with a lively tour of the Tibbits Hill one-room schoolhouse, located a short drive into the Knowlton countryside. The visit was led by QAHN director JoAnn Oberg-Muller.



Top left: Banquet at the Lakeview. Photo: Matthew Farfan.
Bottom left: Annual General Meeting. Photo: Renee Arshinoff.

Top right: At the AGM.
Bottom right: Heading to lunch with the piper. Photos: Renee Arshinoff.



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Scenes from QAHN's 2019 Convention & AGM Knowlton, June 1-2, 2019



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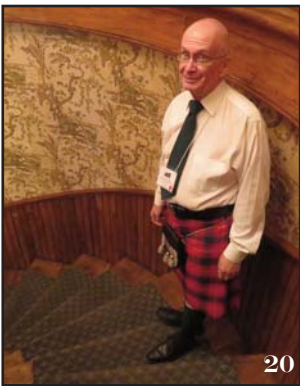
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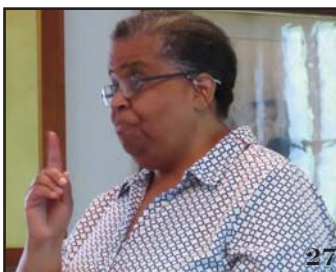
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Scenes from QAHN's 2019 Convention & AGM Knowlton, June 1-2, 2019

SHERBROOKE'S WINTER PRISON

One Step Closer to a New Purpose

by Duncan Crabtree

Just over six years ago, *Quebec Heritage News* introduced readers to the Winter Prison, an intriguing abandoned jail in downtown Sherbrooke. Author Jessica Campbell discussed the prison's construction, its history, and living conditions for the inmates. She also considered the future prospects of a building mostly left vacant since its 1989 closure and barely maintained by a small charitable organization. Although there was no apparent direction for the prison's future back in 2013, a plan to revitalize the building and open it for public use may come to fruition thanks to efforts by the Sherbrooke Historical Society.

A quick Google search will tell you that the Winter Prison, built in 1865, is the third oldest public building and the oldest stone structure in Sherbrooke. To get a more detailed sense of what makes this building unique and worth opening for visits, I spoke to Michel Harnois, Executive Director of the Sherbrooke Historical Society and a strong proponent of public investment in the Winter Prison so that it can be used for tourism and community purposes. Harnois highlighted some of the characteristics of the building that make it such a splendid original feature of Sherbrooke's historical judicial district. He cited the building's Palladian architecture, the attachment of the main building to the governor's house, its location across from a former judge's house and from the former Sherbrooke Court House (now home of the Sherbrooke Hussars), and the prison's intact courtyard. The courtyard's 18-foot-high stone wall is the last of its kind in Canada.

Beyond the building's physical attributes, the prison has more than a few stories to tell that form part of the history of the justice system in Canada and Quebec. It was the site of six hangings between 1880 and 1931. There were daring escape attempts over the years, one of which, in 1930, led to a man named Guillemette permanently escaping justice. A visitor to a reopened prison building would view the site where these sombre and thrilling moments happened. Another chilling reality to which visitors would be exposed is that the prison's conditions were known as some of the most deplorable in the province.

From the arrival of the first prisoners in 1872 until 1899, inmates used chamber pots rather than toilets. For the first 42

years of its existence, there was no running water; water was heated on a wood stove. The prison contained several shockingly tiny single cells (2 x 8 feet), just large enough for a narrow bed. The inhumanity of these cells was one reason for the prison's abandonment in 1989.

Since 2013, the Sherbrooke Historical Society has taken steps to try to convince politicians that a significant investment into the old prison would reap large rewards for Sherbrooke, both in terms of education and tourism. According to Harnois, the Quebec Ministry of Culture's position that it could give the prison "heritage protection, and the money that comes with it, only when there is a project that can assure the long-term viability of the site" makes perfect sense. As such, the historical society has worked to develop a plan to revitalize the prison that would gain the support of Quebecers and perhaps their elected officials. The plan estimates that as a tourist site the Winter Prison could see as many as 41,000 annual visitors, making it one of the most important attractions in Sherbrooke.

What could a visit to a restored Winter Prison look like? Harnois envisions both guided and non-guided tours, the latter being "interactive and even immersive." Through the use of technology, visitors would experience "what it was to live in the building as a prisoner or (to work) as a guard." They would also be able to "discover and learn about the evolution of the society of Sherbrooke and the surrounding (area) since 1870." Additionally, rooms in the prison could be used to host educational events, a function the facility will soon fulfill even in its present form. For example, plans currently exist for a philosophy teacher to discuss "incarceration, crime in society and justice" and for a history professor to provide a public lecture on the history of jails within the walls of the prison.

Before the building can be opened for regular public visits, however, there is work to be done. Although the building is structurally sound, according to Harnois, it requires significant renovations to accommodate large numbers of visitors. Two emergency exits will need to be added, stairways reconstructed, flooring restored, windows replaced, and peeling paint removed from the walls. Moreover, floors that were constructed through the middle of the building for maintenance purposes, blocking

years of its existence, there was no running water; water was heated on a wood stove. The prison contained several shockingly tiny single cells (2 x 8 feet), just large enough for a narrow bed. The inhumanity of these cells was one reason for the prison's abandonment in 1989.



Winter Prison, Sherbrooke. Photo: Matthew Farfan.



the natural light from the roof's skylight, will also have to be removed and replaced by walkways for visitors. In total, the estimate for these restorations is \$6.5 million. If the project is approved by the provincial government, \$5 million of that cost would be provided by the Ministry of Culture. The other \$ 1.5 million, Harnois says, would have to be found "somewhere else," such as through municipal grants or fundraising.

When I asked Harnois if things are looking up for the prison's future, he seemed optimistic. "The chances are good," he said. "The professionals in heritage preservation at the ministry are already convinced. We are discussing (options) with the city council. A decision could come in the months ahead." In order to demonstrate public support for the prison's transformation, the historical society has created an online petition linked to its website. It has now surpassed its goal of 2,500 signatures. Though nothing is certain, the idea of transforming the Winter Prison into a place "to discover, to learn" and "to feel the emotion of what it was to be a prisoner" seems closer than ever to being accomplished.



MesOpinions.com. "Pétition : Appui à la sauvegarde et la revitalisation de la vieille prison de Sherbrooke (Prison Winter)." www.mesopinions.com.

"Winter Street Prison." <https://archive.nationaltrustcanada.ca/issues-campaigns/top-ten-endangered/explore-past-listings/quebec/winter-street-prison>.

Duncan Crabtree is a History student at Bishop's University in Sherbrooke. He interned with QAHN in 2019.

Sources:

Jessica Campbell, "Sherbrooke's Winter Prison Inside and Out: Awaiting a Promising Future." *Quebec Heritage News*, Winter 2013.

Jarold Dumouchel, "Winter, la prison abandonnée de Sherbrooke." *Urbex playground*, December 15, 2013.

Interview by the author with Michel Harnois, March 15, 2019.

Top left: Winter Prison courtyard wall. Top right: Winter Prison front steps. Photos: Rod MacLeod.

Centre right, Bottom left: Edgar Genest, Winter Prison. Photos: BAnQ, 06M, E6, S7, SS1, D55345-55349.

THE FENIAN RAID ON TROUT RIVER, QUEBEC, 1870

by April M. Stewart

Living in one of Canada's small, rural communities situated only a few miles from the Canadian-American border means that there has never been a shortage of the "exciting" events, derring-do, and colourful characters that make up a large part of Quebec's history. One such event was the Fenian Raid on Trout River, Quebec, in 1870.

About as far southwest as you can get in the province, Trout River, in the tiny municipality of Elgin, is steps away from the New York state border. Relatively sparsely inhabited, it offered an easy access point for the Fenian Brotherhood, an Irish-American society dedicated to overthrowing British rule. Having acquired military experience during the American Civil War, which ended in 1865, their plan was to try and gain a foothold in British North America with the intent of using it as a bargaining chip against Britain to gain Ireland's independence or as a way to incite America to fight against their antagonistic British neighbours to the north.

The Fenians were bored: a popular Fenian marching song was "Many battles we have won / Along with the boys in blue / So we'll go and capture Canada / For we've nothing else to do." They also had little to lose and an axe to grind. They first set sights on Canada in April 1866, when they tried to raid Campobello Island just off the New Brunswick coast through Eastport, Maine. Troops of British and Canadian military, along with General Meade of the United States Army, foiled their attempt. As a historical upside, this incident highlighted to Maritimers their limited ability to defend their colonies and the need for some form of united defence. This realization prompted Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to vote for the Confederation Party in a subsequent election, and both provinces voted to join Confederation the following year (1867).

On June 1, 1866, another faction of Fenians crossed the Niagara River and captured Fort Erie in Upper Canada (Ontario). By June 3, they were driven out and back to Buffalo by Canadian Militia and British Regulars.

As reports of Fenian raids came in from across the country, worried citizens along Quebec's southern frontier called out several companies for active duty. Meanwhile, Fenians continued to trickle into Malone, New York – a mere 11 miles from Canada's border at Trout River. However, as stated in Robert

McGee's booklet *The Fenian Raids on the Huntingdon Frontier 1866 and 1870*, "On Monday, the 4th of June, [General Meade] arrived in Ogdensburg [New York] and, discovering that carloads of Fenian arms and ammunition were moving towards the frontier, he ordered them seized. At Watertown, Malone, Potsdam Junction, Rouses Point, St. Albans and New York, United States authorities seized [rail] carloads of Fenian supplies and in this way defeated the intended invasion."

On June 7, several hundred Fenians crossed the Missisquoi frontier and pillaged the Eastern Townships villages of Frelighsburg, Pigeon Hill, and Stanbridge, but on June 9 retreated back across the border when they received word that Canadian troops were advancing upon them.

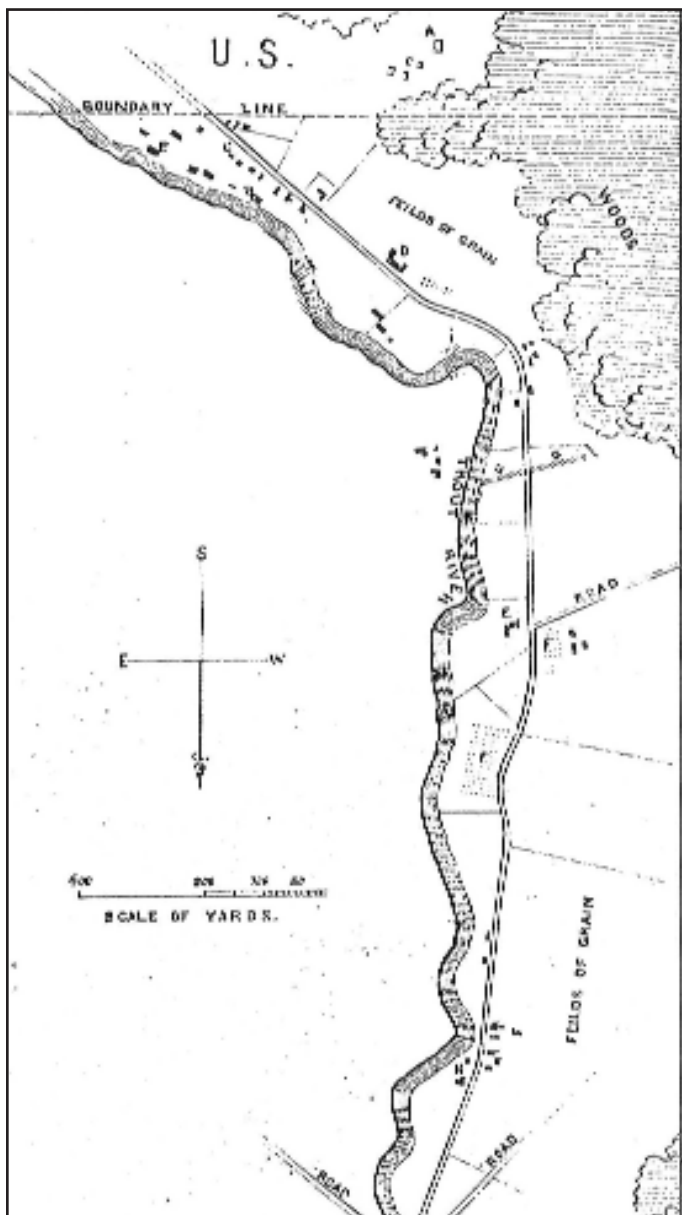
Everything was quiet for a few years, but then, in April 1870, Huntingdon area residents once again heard rumours of a planned raid. While there were no confirmed reports of Fenians gathering across the border, Sir John A. MacDonald stated in the April 14, 1870, House Proceedings that, unlike in 1866, preparations were now being carried on in secret. Contemporary American newspapers seemed to confirm this; they contained several references to Fenian preparations and the possibility of a raid, based on eyewitness reports that stated arms had been shipped in to Malone by rail and wagon throughout the previous winter and stored in the homes and barns of northern sympathizers.

On May 24, 1870, Lieutenant Colonel W. Osborne Smith, Deputy Adjutant General and the officer in charge of the defence of the southern frontier, received word from reliable sources that the Fenians were on the move. Around 3 p.m., Lieutenant Colonel MaEachern, who formed a local company of volunteers in 1861 at the behest of the British government, received a wire instructing him to call out his 50th Battalion Huntingdon Borderers and head for Huntingdon. The militia was also called out all along the border. That same day, the Fenians attempted to take Eccles Hill near Stanbridge around noon, but after firing and skirmishing for six hours, they gave up and retreated back across the border to Franklin Center, Vermont. While reports of the Fenians' defeat at Eccles Hill were reassuring, by May 26 reports circulated that the Fenians were now gathering on the Huntingdon frontier.

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Group of officers, Huntingdon, 1870. Photo: McCord Museum, II-92378.o.



Although Huntingdon was not a large town in 1870, it was a major hub for farmers and other businesses: situated on the Chateaugay River, it had a grist mill and a lumber mill. The American border was only eight miles away in one direction, and the St. Lawrence River eight miles away in another, where goods and travellers could access a steamer that would take them to Montreal or to Côteau Landing, where they could catch a train to Montreal. If the Fenians could get that far, they could continue on to wreak havoc in Montreal.

In the pre-dawn hours of May 27, the Fenians advanced half a mile into Canada at Trout River Lines, intent on building a barricade and anticipating reinforcements. But their dreams of overthrowing Ireland's British rulers by way of Canada were short-lived. At 3 a.m., the bugles sounded in Huntingdon and, by 4:45 a.m., 240 soldiers of the 50th Battalion Huntingdon Borderers, 500 soldiers of the 69th British Regulars from Quebec City, 300 soldiers of the Montreal Garrison Artillery, and 70 from the Montreal Engineers, along with several local farmers who joined them along the way, were on the march towards the Fenian encampment, singing loudly a number of pop-

The Battle of Trout River (Fenian Raid of 1870)

Composed by Arthur Herdman, a resident of the Huntingdon area during the Fenian Raids. Reproduced from memory by the late Tully Elder, Brandon, MB. Originally set to music, it was once a well-known historical ballad among Huntingdon area residents.

Early on Friday morning on the 27th of May,
The volunteers and 69th for Holbrooks marched away
To where the Fenians were in camp, our country to invade,
On Donnelly's farm they were entrenched to make a second raid.

At half past eight that morning, before the Fenians we did stand
Determined on the fields to die or drive them from our land.
Our volunteers extended to keep their right and left flank clear
The 69th were in the centre, the artillery in the rear.

Colonel Bagot, he commanded us to march with steady pace
And soon we'll rout the raiders from behind their hiding place.
We scarce gave them three volleys when they began to yield
Their knapsacks and green jackets were scattered on the field.

The volley from our rifles soon caused their ranks to reel
Across the line for shelter, they ran from British steel.
They ran in all directions, the cowards would not stand
Until our volunteers came up to fight them hand to hand.

We went pursuing after them, they quick left us behind
Until we reached the metal post that showed the province line.
Gallant McEachern was resolved no line should us divide
The Fenian camp we would destroy all on the Yankee side.

But from our brave commander came to us the word to halt
On no account to cross the line or he would be in fault.
His orders were imperative, neutral laws you're not to break
Nor set foot on Yankee soil a Fenian for to take.

We only took one prisoner, he once lived here before,
They called him Lorry Dowlander or the tailor Mickey Moore.
When he listed with the Fenians his bounty was to be
A splendid farm he was to have in the Township of Dundee.

Unlike a patriarch of old, promised land he did not find.
Two feet by six he may possess at the prison where he's bound.
But Cartier and his colleagues have set the tailor free
And like the Fenian brethren escaped the gallow tree.

Here's health to every volunteer who fought with will and skill
Who beat the Fenians at Trout River and likewise Pigeon Hill.
And to our brave commander who led us on that day,
May kind Providence protect him is all I have to say.



ular anti-Fenian songs of the day. By 8:30 a.m., they had arrived and the bewildered Fenians were immediately set upon by British commanding officer Colonel George Bagot's troops and a frontal assault by Lieutenant Colonel McEachern's Battalion.

Within minutes, the Canadians had the upper hand, firing as they ran towards an enemy who did not expect such a rapid approach. "It was not an intermittent fire," Robert Sellar, founder and editor of the *Canadian Gleaner*, noted in his eyewitness diary, "but one continuous fusillade." The Fenians were "running like sheep" for the border, Sellar wrote, leaving many weapons and rucksacks behind.

Sellar arrived at Holbrooks Corners in Trout River half an hour before the troops, and as he sketched out the terrain for *Gleaner* coverage, he noted that the Fenians had chosen their position well. Situated behind a 3-foot-high breastwork of rails and logs built along a line ditch from the river on their right (which provided a natural barrier) to the road on their left, the barricade extended past the road into a field of brush that provided protection and cover for the short distance to the border. To reach the breastwork, British troops and Huntingdon Border-

ers had to cross 300 yards of open field. But despite the Fenians' heavy artillery and optimal position, they were not prepared for the "speed and fury" that threw them into disarray.

The whole event took no more than thirty minutes and no one was injured on the Canadian side. One Fenian was killed, one was wounded, and one, John Moore, was taken prisoner.

Huntingdon lore includes stories and songs (including one composed by a contemporary resident of the Huntingdon area – see page 21) about Fenians who ran right past their base camp on the American side of the Trout River border and didn't stop until they reached Malone.

His Royal Highness, Prince Arthur, was stationed in Canada as an officer of the Rifle Brigade at the time and came out to Huntingdon a few days later to present the Borderers with two flags and offer his congratulations and appreciation for their bravery and skill at defending the Empire.

Ironically, the Fenian attacks along Canada's border had the opposite of the intended effect, which was to exploit Canada's poor defences, instigate trouble with its southern neighbours, and weaken Britain's rule. In the end, years of Fenian raids ended up solidifying public opinion in favour of Confederation and a desire to strengthen our national defence – something that politicians had up to then struggled to do.

April M. Stewart is a sixth-generation Quebecer who writes, farms, works in community economic development, and coaches agricultural stakeholders how to have better farm-to-consumer conversations.

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ALL IN ONE SCOOP

From Lake View to Dairy Queen at the Lachine Wharf

by Rohinton Gandhi

On Hallowed Grounds

While driving west along Lachine's St. Joseph Boulevard past the Dawes Brewery, the old Lachine Road turns right and then opens up like a vintage panoramic postcard. As you approach 32nd Avenue, the Dairy Queen's bright-red landmark roof immediately hits your eyes on the right, and then, as if by divine intervention, the architectural beauty of the Resurrection Church rises in the background. Passing 32nd, the left side of our landscape widens with the parklands of the twin lighthouses, the Lachine Wharf, and the open waters of the St. Lawrence.

It is on this tiny scoop of land that Lachine's rich heritage meets our own living histories of our first dates (usually in our first cars) to the Dairy Queen on the "River road." We didn't know then that we were all walking on hallowed grounds, which were just awaiting our return to redraw their outlines. There is something enchanting about this corner of Lachine; it has a feel like no other. Fortunately, we are still able to read the markers that lead us back to the glory days of the Lachine Wharf from today's Dairy Queen at Lighthouse Point.

Portage, anyone?

Before Jacques Cartier arrived in the 1530s, Lachine's shorelines, including the Lachine Wharf area, were natural landing sites for Indigenous people wishing to "portage" their canoes past the rapids. Later, European fur-traders would re-use these same routes when passing the rapids beyond Montreal. For

this reason, in the 1640s, the Lachine area became one of the first three parishes of Montreal, and the first to be built above the Lachine rapids. In 1667, this advantage made Lachine a permanent post for travelling in and out of the North American continent.

The opening of the Lachine Canal in 1825 brought hundreds of industries and created a boom in local business,



which included the new A. J. Dawes Brewery on St. Joseph Boulevard built only a year later. On November 19, 1847, the Montreal and Lachine Railroad became the first on the island. In 1850, the old Lachine Wharf was moved from 21st Avenue to its current 34th Avenue site so the C.N.R. railroad line could run to the end of its pier. As the canal made Lachine an industrial giant, its western-end and adjacent towns of Summerlea / Dixie and Dorval remained the sleepy vacation spots that urban Montrealers loved to flock to every summer. It is here, in a corner of Lachine's west end, that our first lines were drawn.

Sidelines: A Boulevard of Deslauriers

In 1860, Jean Baptiste Deslauriers (a grocer) was the first recorded "Deslauri-

ers" to own a business on St. Joseph Boulevard, his address No. 297. His relative, Hormisdas Deslauriers, was first elected as a town councillor in 1879 and would serve Lachine for many years in that role, in addition to running the family store as of 1888. In 1893, Hormisdas Deslauriers became Lachine's mayor, replacing A. J. Dawes (also of St. Joseph Boulevard). He established a new general store and a residence nearby at 478 and 480 St. Joseph, respectively. By the mid-1890s, many Deslauriers were found along St. Joseph Boulevard, representing a variety of trades, including a carter, a milliner, and a dressmaker. In 1897, Hormisdas Deslauriers lost an election to J. A. Descaries, and returned to his store fulltime. Yet, it was not the last we would hear of the Deslauriers on St. Joseph Boulevard.

The Lake View with a lake view

In 1896, the one-room Lake View Schoolhouse was the first building listed at the Lachine Wharf, sitting at 569/570 St. Joseph Boulevard (the site of the current church). The school closed one year later and the building remained unused until 1898, when Charles McHugh opened the Lake View Hotel at 570 St. Joseph, on the school grounds. What a sight it must have been, the glow of streetlights running alongside the boulevard, guiding its guests down 34th Avenue (then Dawes Avenue) from the nearby Grand Trunk Railroad (GTR) station, and from the evening ferries, to its doors! The Lake View Hotel remained the only structure at the Lachine Wharf well into the new century. We can only

*Lachine, Grand Trunk Railroad Wharf Station, 1910.
Photo: BANQ 0004542470.*



imagine, on that historic New Year's Eve, that the hotel rang in 1900 with a nod to the past, as many did then, by turning off its electric lights and singing Auld Lang Syne by candlelight.

A Birth of Twins

In 1900, the single wooden lighthouse (from 1849) was replaced by twin metal lighthouses, with the shorter (1-ring) front-range light at the long-end of the Lachine Wharf, and the much taller (3-ring) rear-range light 900 feet inland, behind it. By aligning with these two beacons, together with a floating buoy at the canal entrance, mariners were safely guided into the Lachine Canal (as they are today, only with three fixed green lights). Each white-based, red-capped tower had an outer circular metal platform around it to access the maintenance doors and headlamps. At the turn of the century, both lights were visible for 10 to 12 miles, guiding boats to the safety of the Lachine Wharf. (In 1991, both towers were protected as federal heritage buildings.)

The Grand Trunk takes a Lake View

The Lake View Hotel's first competitor appeared in 1905, when Mrs. J. B. Malo opened her Grand Trunk Hotel at 554/556 St. Joseph Boulevard. It was one in a chain of hotels meant to accommodate Grand Trunk Railway passengers during their North American trips. She owned and managed the hotel with



her husband Henri until 1912, when, like the *Titanic*, the Grand Trunk Hotel disappeared thanks to new car routes and fewer steam-powered ferryboats arriving at the Lachine Wharf. Mrs. Malo then restructured her hotel into row-houses with businesses at street level and tenants living above, reserving enough space on the site for the new J. B. Malo Restaurant, which she operated with Henri by her side.

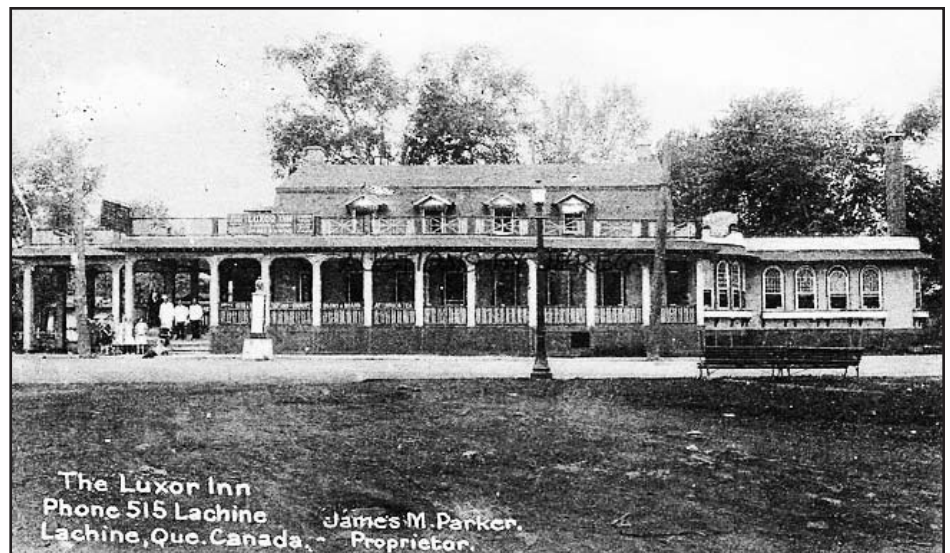
Sunset at the Lake View

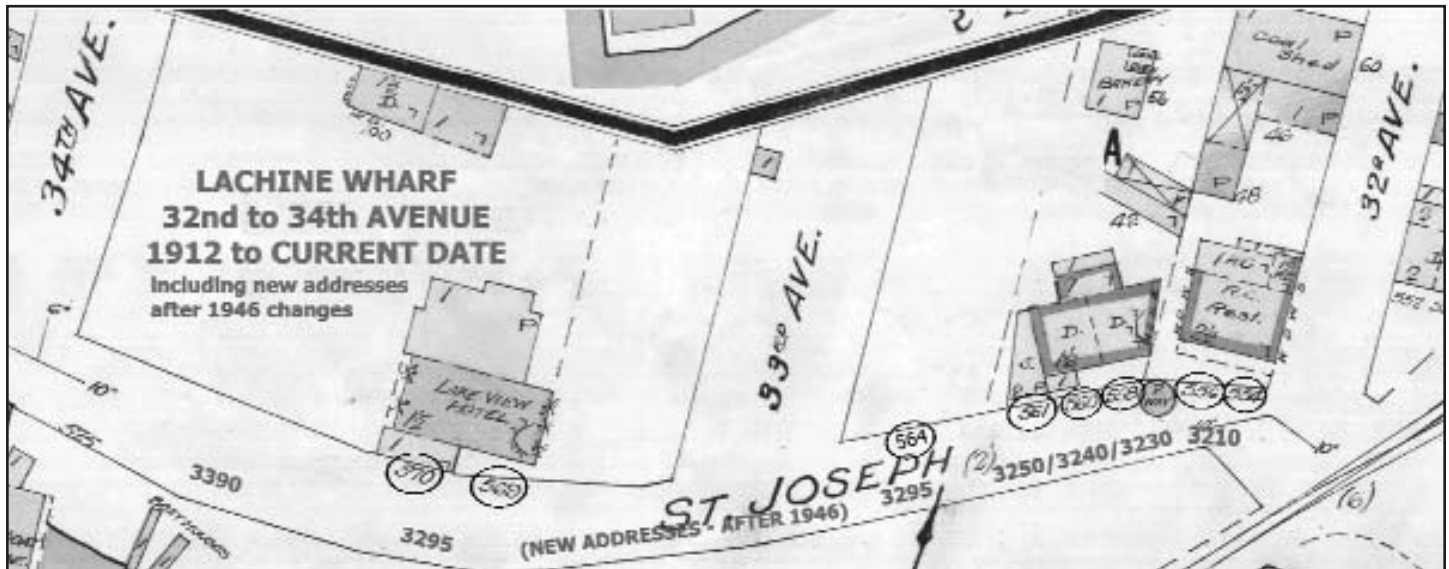
In 1913, the original Lake View Hotel added the new Lake View "Villa" at 644 St. Joseph Boulevard – to the west, in the old town of Summerlea/Dixie, which had been annexed to Lachine one year before. The Villa offered more rooms and a full menu. In 1915, as many Canadians fought in World War One trenches, the original Lake View Hotel

finally became a casualty of war under its last owner, George R. Major, leaving 570 St. Joseph without its "afternoon teas" for nearly the next decade.

The Lady Owns a Tavern

Throughout World War One and into the early 1920s, only Mrs. J. B. Malo's Restaurant operated in the Wharf area, still at 554/556 St. Joseph. In 1921, with America's Prohibition and Canada's Temperance policies (except in Quebec) on the rise, Mrs. Malo did the unthinkable: she transformed her restaurant into the J. B. Malo Tavern! Her move paid off, as many Americans, fearing prosecution and the dangers of bathtub gin, filled their glasses safely in Canada. Her tavern business thrived for many years, ever thankful for being on the right side of the border.





The Luxor Inn Rises from the Lake View

In 1923, the Luxor Inn opened under new owners Oscar Gauthier and J. C. Leclair on the very outline of the old Lake View Hotel at 570 St. Joseph, just a block west of Malo’s Tavern across 33rd Avenue. The Luxor shared the grand style of 1920s lakeside inns, with only leisure, fun and gaiety in mind. Its outer veranda wrapped around the ground floor and was covered by its open-air equivalent above, providing a direct view of Lake St. Louis in any weather. Ironically, its lower deck sign read “Afternoon Tea.” The Roaring 20s had arrived, and with them the Jazz age of speakeasies, flappers, and the Charleston. As Quebec had no Temperance laws, Montreal became an international destination for those seeking “re-

lief” along with some great jazz music. Although the jazz performers that played at the Luxor remain unknown, we do know that many of their “Montreal Tours” included hotels on the outskirts of town. By 1926, the Luxor Inn was riding high under owner James M. Parker, as the money kept flowing in from guests who were betting on a bottomless market.

Two Machinists walk into a Tavern...

In 1926, Mrs. Malo divided her J. B. Tavern in half, creating a smaller “tavern for sale” at 554 St. Joseph and a new apartment at 556 where she retired with her husband. Henri Malo was still by her side, and that year introduced her to a fellow machinist as a potential buyer. It was a young Raoul Deslauriers, a proud relative of ex-mayor Hormisdas Deslau-

riers (who had died in 1904), eager to enter the business world. He opened the “Raoul Deslauriers Tavern” in 1927 at 554 St. Joseph with a new plan to make it a central rallying point for snowshoeing, ice-fishing, hunting, and other winter clubs events. His idea paid off, as people came in numbers to compete for his championship cups. Another Deslauriers now dotted St. Joseph Boulevard, yet this one was right in the middle of the action at the Lachine Wharf!

Still Roaring after the Crash

In late 1928, James M. Parker continued to profit from the Luxor Inn at 570 St. Joseph, now catering to the crowds from Raoul’s Tavern, one block east. As the Times Square Ball dropped on New Year’s Eve, horn-blowers remained optimistic and kept spending beyond their means, riding the last waves of high times. Ten months later, on October 29, the impossible happened: the Wall Street Stock Market crashed, triggering the Great Depression. Oddly, the crash did not immediately impact businesses at the Lachine Wharf. In 1930, the Honeydew Restaurant opened and filled a new empty lot at 564 St. Joseph, on the eastern corner of 33rd Avenue. The Honeydew gave young families a place to dine that was strategically located between the tavern and the inn. By the end of 1931, all of the apartments surrounding Raoul’s Tavern were full and area businesses were still thriving... until the first grumble was heard from the Luxor Inn.



The Lido and other Shuffles

In 1932, the reality of the depression had

Top: Excerpt from Goad’s Atlas of Montreal, 1912. Photo: Rohinton Ghandhi.

Bottom: Deslauriers Tavern, Lachine, 1935. Photo: Lachine Historical Society.

Communication Matters

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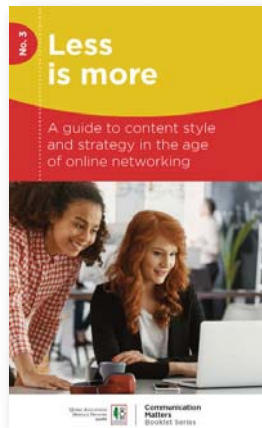
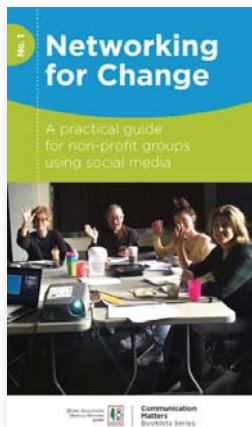
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finally crept in. The Luxor Inn became the Lido Inn under new ownership simply by changing its sign. The Honeydew was not spared: in 1933, it became the new Frank De Rice Restaurant, at 564 St. Joseph Boulevard, complete with drive-in parking and a full dining room. In 1934, an optimistic Raoul Deslauriers expanded his tavern into 556 St. Joseph; he then opened his new Chez Raoul restaurant at No.561, and set up Henri Malo's new Motorboat Shop at No.562, all at street level.

Outlines of the Great Depression

By 1935, fallout from the Depression rolled in like a thick fog and covered the businesses at the Wharf. The once exquisite Lido Inn became the Casino Club, a gambling parlour at 570 St. Joseph. The club only lasted another two years. In 1937, Frank de Rice extended his FDR restaurant at 564 St. Joseph, adding an outdoor front counter called Blue Bonnets, which served grilled and fried foods; the FDR continued serving pasta in the rear. Chez Raoul was sold to John Little, a tenant living above Raoul's Tavern, who renamed it the King Edward VIII Restaurant, still at 561 St. Joseph. Deslauriers now focused on keeping his tavern at the centre of all local sports events while its business remained good.

The Marching begins

On September 1, 1939, Canada declared war on Germany. At the time, business owners along the wharf were still dealing with the Depression, each in their

own ways. Raoul Deslauriers downsized his tavern into 554 St. Joseph, and formed his new Lake St. Louis Club at the 556 address. Meanwhile, John Little changed his restaurant's name from King Edward VIII to King George VI to honour the post-coronation Montreal visit in 1939. Frank De Rice supported the troops by promoting fundraisers throughout his chain of FDR restaurants, including Blue Bonnets on the boulevard.

Wartime: A Rationing Business

The bugle call for 1940 rang in and advised all Canadians to keep our wartime economy strong. The message had an opposite effect along the Wharf, as pub-



lic times of leisure became a luxury. After 14 years, the Raoul Deslauriers Tavern finally closed, with Raoul re-branding his Lake St. Louis Club at 556 St. Joseph as a café. In 1942, in the midst of war rationing, Frank De Rice closed his Blue Bonnets/FDR restaurant at 564 St. Joseph.

Lachine: It's all in the Numbers

Only specific businesses and apartments survived Lachine's renumbering of addresses in 1946, when all addresses from 554-570 changed to 3210-3390 St. Joseph Boulevard overnight. The 554 and 556 addresses merged into 3210 St. Joseph (Raoul's Lake St. Louis Café, with apartments 1-3 above it). The King George VI Restaurant at 561 became 3250 St. Joseph, and apartments above at 558-560-561 became 3230-3240-3260 respectively. After 11 years, Malo's Motorboat Service at 562 became 3295 St. Joseph, with only the outlines of the FDR and the Lido Inn showing on the two vacant lots, going east up to 34th Avenue.

In 1948, after 22 years, Raoul closed the Lake St Louis Café, his last business at 3210 St. Joseph, and became only a tenant there, in Apartment #1. He then bought John Little's King George VI Restaurant at 3250 St. Joseph and renamed it John's Restaurant in his honour.

The Resurrection Begins

It was in 1949 that Father John Durnin chose the Lachine Wharf as the ideal location for his "dream church" because of the area's rich historical significance. The Church of the Resurrection of Our Lord and its accompanying school were both erected in 1950 at 3390 St. Joseph Boulevard, replacing the old Luxor and Lido inns. Oddly, the church was constructed without any bells, out of respect for the patients at the old Lachine General Hospital, which was then only a block away on Notre Dame Street. The silent church would speak volumes in future years in rearing some of Montreal's most famous clergymen, including Fathers Emmet Johns, John Walsh and George Oakes. (Note that the original Lachine General Hospital merged with St. Joseph's in 1973 to form the LGH we know today. In 1962, the church gave its address as 34th Avenue, where the



Top: Frank De Rice restaurant menu, 1950. Photo: courtesy of Rohinton Gandhi.

Bottom: Blue Bonnets, Lachine. Photo: courtesy of Rohinton Gandhi.

rectory was located.)

Raoul finds El Dorado

By the fall of 1951, with the new church nearly completed, Raoul Deslauriers revamped John's Restaurant into the new El Dorado as a family diner, intended to welcome new church goers to sample his own house of worship. (Not to be confused with the El Paso Restaurant at 2901 St. Joseph in later years.) When the congregation held their first mass on Christmas Eve that year, the El Dorado was already doing good business. For Raoul, another leap of faith had paid off, one which continued for the next several years.

The Motorboat King

Henri Malo finally closed Malo's Motorboat Service in 1955, after 20 years in business at the same location, leaving 3295 St. Joseph forever empty. His own history, as husband of Mrs. J. B. Malo and friend of fellow machinist Raoul Deslauriers, had helped shape the Lachine Wharf area since 1905. After 50 years, Henri left the building with all of his memories in tow. In 1956, Raoul followed by closing his El Dorado Restaurant and retiring to his apartment at 3210 St. Joseph. It was the last business on the block to go; now only the old apartments remained.

The Last Deslauriers on the Wharf

1964 found Raoul Delauriers in his last year as a tenant at the location of his first tavern in 1927. He had built his life around that small section of Lachine. Yet in the end, not even his name remained to honour his contributions to this once vibrant corner; he faded into history. A year later, Roger Goudreault replaced him at the apartment and opened the Chez Lisa Restaurant at the old El Dorado address. It soon closed, and by 1968 only three of eight apartments



were occupied at the 3210 and 3240 addresses. By 1969, all of these row-house apartments were demolished, leaving only their outlines until even they were paved over for the newest arrival at the Wharf.

Donna's Dairy Queen

It was July 1969, and man had landed on the moon. "Donna" built her brand new Dairy Queen at 3210 St. Joseph Boulevard for its scenic location and to attract the couples now "parking" at the Lachine Wharf. It would be listed as "Donna's Dairy Queen" until late 1975; in 1976 it became "Dairy Queen Frozen Products" under owner Robert Perreault, and in 1983 "Dairy Queen Ltd." under owner Pierre Dumais. The original owner "Donna" left no further clues for us to



trace. By 1988, 33rd Avenue was no longer listed as "commencing on St.

Joseph Boulevard" as the parking lot now officially extended over it, between the church and the Dairy Queen.

The Stegers: A Family Business

In 1989, the Dairy Queen at 3210 St. Joseph Boulevard had been a successful business for 20 years. It was then that Paul Steger and his cousin Udo bought the franchise, under Udo's advice, as he already owned a DQ on Taschereau Boulevard. After a few successful seasons, Paul and his wife Spring knew they had a gold mine and bought cousin Udo's half of the franchise. Ice cream became their family business, and they added three of their own boys (Ryan, Corey and Jeff) into the DQ mix. For the Stegers it was all about the people, hiring summer students who remained loyal employees year after year. Many have found their own future spouses while dipping cones and making banana boats there; one "DQ" couple recently had triplets and shared their joys with their adopted family.

The Stegers continue to support their local school, sports, and church events as contributing community members. Their fondest photos and memories are of themselves surrounded by friends and family during events at the Lachine Wharf. Since the 1990s, Paul has promoted local musicians who perform in the DQ parking lot, creating lineup crowds at the restaurant. One loyal customer is like Sam "Tex" Finney, who is said to have been the fifth Marlboro Man" in the cigarette ads of the 1960s. Dressed like a cowboy, "Tex" still shares his memories of coming from North Carolina to New York City, first doing stunts for actor Lee Van Cleef, and then magazine ads for Madison Avenue, including Philip Morris. "Tex" and Paul continue to be great friends. In



2017, the old Dairy Queen signs were replaced with the new DQ logo in a national rebranding campaign.

50th anniversary 1969-2019

This year, 2019, marks the Lachine DQ’s 50th anniversary, and the Steger’s 30th anniversary as owners. Paul is now preparing to continue the DQ legacy with his son Corey, a legacy not only of 50 years, but of the many years of history before it. We know it will be in good hands, as the twin lighthouses continue to lead us back to a time when the Rapids Kings and Queens ran the river... only to arrive at the last Dairy “Queen” remaining within our Southwest Corners.

Rohinton Gandhi is a local author and historian who loves writing stories of Montreal in times gone by, specifically stories local to Crawford Park and the southwest part of the Island.

Sources:

Francine Golding (Lachine Historical Society): Interviews, research, and photograph permissions.

Paul Steger and family (current owners of the Dairy Queen at 3210 St. Joseph): Interviews and research.

Dick Nieuwendyk (historical writer of the “Then and Now” collection of articles): Research and photos provided with permissions.

Father John Kennedy (The Parish of the Resurrection of Our Lord Church at the Lachine Wharf).

Samuel “Tex” Finney: Interview and photographs with permissions.

Terry Mosher (Aislin): Dairy Queen cartoon with permission.

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Top left: Paul Steger and Sam Tex Finney. Photo: Rohinton Gandhi.

Top right: Paul and Corey Steger. Photo: Rohinton Gandhi.
 Bottom: Terry Mosher, Dairy Queen, Lachine. Courtesy of Terry Mosher.

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