

SAD FAREWELL TO CHARLIE BURY

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Quebec Heritage News

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Unzera Shtetl

Rediscovering the Laurentians' Jewish Farm Colonies

Nothing Quiet on the Home Front

Recruitment and Conscription

A Brief History of the Grace Dart

150 Years of Caring for the Poor

Quebec Heritage News

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Cover photo: Willie Rudy at the Kottenberg/Rudy/Rosenberg farm, 1950s.
Photo: courtesy of the Jewish Farmers of Ste. Sophie/New Glasgow and St. Lin.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Historical neutrality

As I am writing, we are on the cusp of another provincial election. Traditionally QAHN has remained above the political fray and we will continue to do that. At the same time, we have not shied away from engaging with the political process when representing cultural heritage in the hallowed halls of parliament, especially when actions that are proposed are not in the interest of those we represent. We have recently found ourselves in this position again with the current government's proposal to change the history curriculum in the schools and CEGEPs. We have sent a brief to the parliamentary commission voicing our concerns that the proposed curriculum will be too narrow in focus, presenting a limited or unbalanced view of the history of where we live, that may be better designed to suit the present political agenda rather than leave the students with the ability to make balanced, informed decisions for the future based upon a neutral full-spectrum presentation of the past.

In his ground-breaking 10-year research project that has just been published, *Je me souviens? Le passé du*



Québec dans la conscience de sa jeunesse, Jocelyn Létourneau asked students to sum up Quebec history in one phrase. The results have been revealing, with clear divisions between Anglophone and Francophone students, and with up to a third of Francophone students tying their sentiments and frustrations back to a lost battle that happened over two hundred and fifty years ago. I fear that a politicized and biased teaching of history will only serve to exacerbate the frustration and completely ignore the reality of over 200 years of members of our communities living and working together to build this great land. I hope I am wrong.

QAHN has also joined forces with the Fédération Histoire Québec in recommending that students should get to know their local history through local historical societies. We feel that if students can grasp the history that surrounds them, they will ultimately be better equipped to understand historical events and concepts in context.

Simon Jacobs
President, QAHN

EDITOR'S DESK

Our tribute to Charlie Bury

Hearing the news a couple of months ago that Charlie Bury was in hospital prompted the realization that *Quebec Heritage News* would have to present a feature on its first editor. Wistfully conscious of the irony, we asked Charlie if he would like to be the one to write it – in effect a mini-memoir. He seemed agreeable to the idea, but in the end the effort proved too much. We decided to turn instead to Carla Straessle, who had cut her reporting teeth in the 1980s under Charlie during his tenure as editor of the *Sherbrooke Record*. The following article is our tribute to the man.

Back in 2000, Charlie had been an obvious person to preside over QAHN's fledgling newsletter – although in retrospect it strikes me as the equivalent of getting Martin Scorsese to shoot your wedding video – and he nurtured it from three sheets stapled together into a full-fledged magazine. Contributing various bits of writing, and later a regular President's Message, I came to value Charlie's editorial advice and imaginative grasp of illustration and layout, but it was during the July 2003 – April 2004 period that I really got to know him, when he sat as QAHN's interim executive director and I first served as president.

Charlie's management style was idiosyncratic, to say the least, but he brought a real talent to the job. A mine of information, with a knack for easily finding out about whatever he didn't know, Charlie proved an ideal person for

QAHN members and others in the community to have only a phone call away. He also had a nose for networking opportunities and was constantly sending me offers to attend social and cultural events at which QAHN's presence could prove beneficial. His tagline when phoning was "It's the perpetual nuisance!" – a phrase my family members would repeat with a grin when handing over the receiver.

I came to value Charlie's quirky humour as well as his breadth of knowledge on subjects as diverse as the varying flavours of Townships beef, who rated as the best Quebec premier ever (Charlie's vote: René Lévesque), and the politics of Fiji. On a memorable trip back from a government meeting in Ottawa, Charlie took me on a tour of Kahnawake, pointing out the spots where he had reported from behind the barricades during the Oka Crisis. Amazing stuff.

Good bye, Charlie. It was a pleasure and a privilege to have worked with you. Whatever you may have called yourself, a "nuisance" you never were (though I imagine it is a useful quality in a journalist), and "perpetual" takes on a different meaning with the passage of time. No one will ever take a call from you again, nor hear your voice on the other end of the phone.

Which is a real pity, as you were a hell of a guy to talk to.

Rod MacLeod
Editor, *Quebec Heritage News*

OFF THE RECORD

Remembering Charles Bury

by Carla Straessle

Charles Bury was never one to shy away from controversy. Nor could he resist a good story. And, that's exactly what he gave local reporters in early January as he lay in hospital, his body failing him but his mind still going strong.

From his bed in the Centre hospitalier universitaire de Sherbrooke (CHUS), Bury told about winning the right to smoke prescribed marijuana in his room via a smokeless vaporizer. The reason he wanted it? "I've never died before, so I don't know exactly what it's going to be like and this will help me to get my way through that."

His story was picked up by news outlets nationwide and got what he saw as needed debate going on something he felt could benefit terminally ill patients like him. As his daughter Rachel put it, even on his death bed, her dad still managed to "stir the pot."

All those who had the good fortune to have known Charlie Bury during his rich but all-too-short life are in mourning. Townshippers in particular have lost a larger-than-life, unfailingly interested and interesting, kind, funny and talented institution. And, with his passing, he took with him a wealth of knowledge of the area, its stories and its people.

During his nearly 16 years at *The Sherbrooke Record*, Bury mentored a steady stream of young reporters, showing them the ropes in his understated way: how to get a story, where to find its location ("Where the cars are parked"), how to ask tough questions while being fair, and reminding them that their job was to serve the public, not the chamber of commerce. He honed their writing skills and made the job incredibly fun.

Dubbed by many as the "Charlie Bury School of Journalism," it served his former reporters well. Many went on to jobs in journalism and communications across Canada and beyond, taking

their rock-solid *Record* foundation with them.

Before becoming a Townships transplant in his 20s, Bury spent his youth first in Montreal's NDG, and next



in the then-rural West Island suburb of Baie-d'Urfé. There, he and his three siblings were free to explore nature, which remained a great interest throughout his life, and learn about the world around them.

His first link with the Townships came from his mother, who was born and raised during the Depression on a farm in Sweetsburg (now part of Cowansville).

During his childhood, she and his father introduced their four children to this part of the world on family drives through the area. Many years later, his parents would retire and live out their final years in West Brome.

Bury's connection with newspapers may also have come from his mother,

who worked on the *McGill Daily*, writing and taking pictures while a student at the university. Her father before her had published and edited a little Cowansville newspaper.

Even as a child, Bury said, newspapers appealed to him and he always knew he'd eventually become a "newspaper guy." It started with his newspaper routes at about age 10.

"I used to be a delivery boy for the *Montreal Star* and *The Gazette*," he recalled. "It was on Lakeshore Road in Baie-d'Urfé and Sainte-Anne-de-Belleve, which was a provincial highway, and sometimes I'd be walking with my bag or on my bike on it in the middle of the night."

Then, after finishing his morning route, he'd arrive home with an hour or two to spare before school, so he started reading the entire *Gazette*, every day. "I was already a good reader – I could read by the time I was 3," he noted. "My older brother, Philip, was always teaching me everything, always helping me. And I insisted on knowing how to read as soon as he did." This set the stage for a lifetime of sometimes heated, but usually friendly, debate and competition between the two eldest Bury siblings.

Those who knew Bury recall his solid values: a tremendous sense of justice, honesty and public duty. Over the years, he volunteered for a wide variety of causes: as a fireman, as a game warden, and with Quebec 4-H. And he left his indelible mark as a social activist, fighting for causes and defending rights he believed in, notably those of Anglophones. In the late 1970s, he took part in protests against the Parti Québécois and Bill 101, the Charter of the French Language, which he saw as an unjust curtailment of English-language rights and services in the province.

During the Oka Crisis in 1990, Bury, then chairman of the Canadian As-

sociation of Journalists, with which he was involved for 30 years, was instrumental in helping ensure the continued flow of information from the journalists covering the stand-off to the general public.

A perhaps little-known fact about Bury is just how early his taste for social activism began. By his own account, it was at the tender age of 3½, when he and his mother went to visit the new chapter of the Montreal Children's Library in NDG's Benny Farm, a post-war housing complex for returning soldiers where the Bury family began.

"We learned, to my alarm," he recalled, "that I couldn't become a member because I was too young." His mother took on the library. "We went before the board of directors to say that this was all an outrage, and to question how I could be too young to become a member of the library as long as I could read." His mother proceeded to have him read from a book he hadn't read before, and they changed the rules.

The thing with becoming such an early reader was that, inevitably, he found school boring. The teachers' solution was to get him to help kids who were having trouble reading. "That was more interesting anyway," he said. Later, he taught young reporters the crafts of the trade, always with patience and confidence in their abilities. He would go on to teach journalism for a time at the Université de Sherbrooke and was even sent by *The Record* and Texas Instruments to Fiji to teach newspapers there to use computers. "They couldn't find anyone else in the Commonwealth who knew how to use them," he joked.

Bury enjoyed reminiscing about his high school years at Macdonald High in Sainte-Anne-de-Bellevue on the beautiful campus of McGill's Macdonald College.

"School was so different then," he said. "We had a cadet corps, as most schools did in the 1950s." He became a sergeant-major and said that one of the cadet corps' more interesting features "was a room with a double lock on it, and inside was a stack of working machine guns and another stack of little bomb-launching mortars."

This was, he explained, "to protect the world. It was the '50s and the world was about to blow up. That's what led to

the liberation of the '60s and '70s – the maniacal tightness of the '50s."

Photography was another of Bury's lifelong passions, from the time he got his first Kodak Brownie at age 4. One of Bury's fondest high school memories was going up in a ski-plane from Lake St. Louis with a neighbour's pilot dad to shoot aerial photos of the school campus. By now, he was part of the school's camera club and taking photos, which he started selling at about age 15, "long before I was selling stories."

"We took pictures, for various important, serious, professional reasons, of the cheerleaders, then they'd buy them from us." He also edited the high school magazine with a friend.

Also at age 4, Bury was introduced to museum-going, which throughout his life would help feed his constant quest for knowledge. "He would read about everything he saw in them," recalled his son, Luke, adding, "and he'd retain the information."

Over the years, in fact, Bury's curiosity led him to read, research and become an authority on everything to do with the Townships. The media often looked to him for comment or information on local history, politics, agriculture or events. Daughter Rachel referred to her father as "my personal Google – before Google even existed."

This extensive knowledge, and particularly his love of history, prompted Bury to become involved with the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network, serving on several committees and most famously as the founding editor of its magazine, the *Quebec Heritage News*. Even after stepping down as editor, Charlie continued to volunteer for QAHN in numerous capacities, most notably in early 2011 by helping to present the Network's brief to the Committee on Culture and Education as part of the consultation process for Bill 82, the Cultural Heritage Act. He also sat on the board of the Chemin des Cantons, in which capacity he regularly promoted the magazine as a vehicle for featuring aspects of Quebec's heritage.

Bury's biggest heritage project was the Eaton Corner Museum, which brother Philip called Charles' "pride and joy." Its collection includes artefacts from the late seventeenth century when the settlement began, from the mid- to late nine-

teenth century when Eaton Corner was in its heyday, and from the turn of the twentieth to recent times.

In 2010, the town declared the Eaton Corner Museum's four buildings to be a heritage site, further protecting the museum complex. In 2012, as president of its board, Bury was instrumental in helping the museum acquire the historic Foss house, which will be used to display part of the collections, something of which Bury was fiercely proud.

Charles was the rebellious one of the four Bury children, recalled Philip, who credits their mother with teaching him and his siblings to question and debate.

"She would challenge any unsupported assertion and force us to reason our arguments," he said, a skill that would serve Bury well throughout his life.

"That great questioning mind, that ability to question and debate, made him a challenge for parents and teachers," said Philip, adding, "but our parents loved him every bit as much and the teachers learned that there was a really smart guy behind the argument."

When he got to McGill, Bury found that university life didn't offer what he was looking for. He failed a few courses and lost his army scholarship and went to work as a bouncer in downtown Montreal.

Following up on his early certainty that he'd end up with a career in journalism, he applied for a reporter's job at *The Gazette*.

"I was told you have to go away to some small town first and prove yourself – some place like the *Sherbrooke Record*, which they named," he said, adding, "Instead, I came out here to be a hippy."

He married, settled down in Saint-Herménégilde, close to Coaticook and the U.S. border, and had his two children and got a job as a manager in one of the bigger factories in Coaticook.

Then, in 1975, Bury got his first taste of professional journalism, writing and taking photos for the monthly *Townships Sun*. He said that the hippy group he had become involved with published it. Eventually, he became hungry for

more. So in 1980, he applied to replace James Duff in the editor's job at *The Record*, which publisher George MacLaren had bought from Conrad Black several years before.

"I had a few interviews with George, his law partners and a couple of other investors," he recalled. They hired him, he said, with a few conditions. "I had to cut off my ponytail, take out my earring – and undertake not to promote marijuana use in the pages of the paper." MacLaren disputed the earring condition and has maintained over the years that, "Charlie took it out on his own." This is yet another example of Bury's pragmatism and respect.

He complied, it worked out very well, and he stayed on as editor for about 16 years. "Once I got going, it was a lot of fun."

He set out to transform *The Record* into the solid community newspaper he knew it could be. He covered all sorts of news, politics and local events, and traveled around the province and further afield. He even met the queen* at a reception in Quebec City, and Ronald Reagan in a hidden room at the Château Frontenac. He saw many changes during his years at *The Record*, among them the move to computers in 1982.

After stepping down as editor in 1996, he continued to freelance for the paper in various capacities until 2006. "I wouldn't have had it any other way from how it happened," he said.

Bury earned the respect of politicians and some sought his counsel over the years and also enjoyed a good laugh with him. This past New Year's Eve, he took calls in hospital from former Quebec premier Jean Charest, who credits Bury with having encouraged him to enter politics as a young Sherbrooke lawyer, and from NDP leader Tom Mulcair.

In fact, December 31, 2013, ended up

Editor's note:

**In his stocking feet, moreover. It had been raining and his muddy shoes would have tracked a mess all over the carpet, which he did not think appropriate to the occasion. He spoke to her about the plight of Fijian journalists in the wake of a recent coup, and she apparently shared his concern.*

being what daughter Rachel called "a strangely beautiful going away," when old friends, employees, colleagues and family gathered in his room at the CHUS to reminisce with him, thank him and laugh together.

Bury contributed, at one time or another, to virtually all English publications in the Townships, and many beyond. But he was equally at home in French, and had regular columns in *La Tribune* and on Radio-Canada.

As long-time Sherbrooke reporter Luc Larochelle of *La Tribune* stated at Bury's February 15, 2014, memorial gath-



ering, Bury didn't differentiate between the English and the French. He recalled an occasion from years ago, when both he and Bury were interviewing a 100-year-old English-speaking businessman. He was nervous about having his story compared to Bury's and that he might be missing something. He said he was impressed at how completely fair Bury was about it – his only interest being that Larochelle get the same information out to his Francophone audience.

That sense of fairness and grace was evident in all facets of Bury's life, remaining with him right to the end. In addition to teaching her children about fairness and good manners as children, Bury's mother also taught them to be very careful about their use of language.

"She and Charles were just about the only people from whom I'd accept criticism of my grammar," said Philip.

He pointed out that Charlie did so right up until his final days at the Maison Aube-Lumière, a palliative care facility on the CHUS grounds. Bury carried that precision he applied to his English into his French, which he learned in school, but really more from listening to hockey on the radio, he said.

Even in his final weeks, he would watch hockey on television, close his eyes and see the game in his head, recalled Rachel. Bury enjoyed sports and was an umpire for many years for adult softball around the Townships.

His unflagging curiosity and interest in many subjects would over the years lead Bury to take long road trips to learn about new places and people. He even took a final trip this past fall.

"His love of history and deep interest in our First Nations took him to the home of the Huron, in North Central Ontario," said his brother Philip. "But of course he couldn't just go there. He went by way of Chibougamau and Kirkland Lake and returned by secondary roads in Southern Ontario – a trip of about 2,600 km."

In his final months, daughter Rachel, son Luke, partner Catherine Campbell, brothers Philip and Bill, and sister Anne were by his side every step of the way, being his advocate, keeping him company and trying to make him as comfortable as possible. There was also a steady stream of friends, family, former colleagues, and those to whom he had made a difference at one time or another.

On the second-to-last day of Bury's life, Marc Nault, his successor as president of the Eaton Corner Museum, paid him a visit. Unsure what he could bring him as an offering, he decided on an antique hand-forged, six-inch-long square nail that had been saved from the Foss house. Bury, despite being very weak, smiled, accepted the nail, examined it, then held it to his chest, and declared, in French, "Formidable!"

Following his passing, *The Record* announced it would carry on Bury's legacy by establishing a journalism scholarship in his name.

As Philip concluded at his brother's memorial gathering, "If the best any of us can hope for is to love and be loved, then Charles had it all."

He will be deeply missed, but always remembered.

QAHN News



Security for Heritage: An Exciting Program

QAHN is offering an exciting menu of workshops this spring especially designed for museum lovers and local history buffs keen to learn how they can better safeguard heritage in their local communities. Preventive conservation methods, tips on thwarting threats to collections, and ways to protect archives and heritage buildings will feature among the many topics to be addressed as part of QAHN's Security for Heritage conference series. These workshops are perfect for historical societies, small museums and other organizations that face preservation needs and security challenges, as well as private collectors.

The first full-day conference gets under way April 4 at the Morrin Centre in Quebec City where conservator Jean Dendy of the Centre de Conservation du Québec (CCQ) will join firearms collector Ross Jones to explain some common threats to antique wood and metal objects. Advisers from the Department of Canadian Heritage will also be on hand to show how financial help can be obtained to create new exhibits, update collections-management systems and acquire professional-skills training. We round out the day with presentations on crime deterrence and a session on rare-book and historic-paper conservation, led by the Morrin Centre's curator Maxime Chouinard.

Full-day conferences in the Security for Heritage series are also planned for the Gaspé, West Quebec and the Eastern Townships regions.

On May 1, the Eaton Corner Museum in Cookshire-Eaton will host a morn-

ing panel presentation on risk-management, led by public security officials and a property-insurance specialist who has worked extensively with the community sector. In the afternoon, archivist Jody Robinson of the Eastern Townships Resource Centre will demonstrate the principles of paper preservation. The day finishes with a workshop on caring for old photographs, led

by Chloë Southam, director of the Colby-Curtis Museum.

Long-time curator Heather Darch will be in New Richmond on May 16 to present her insider's guide to running a small museum on a shoestring budget. She'll be joined in the afternoon by Rachel Dell, director of the Cascapedia River Museum and curator of the Chaleur Bay Military Museum, who will share her insights into managing historic community collections. We finish the day with a workshop on archival preservation, led by archivist Jeannot Bourdages of the Musée de la Gaspésie.

On May 30, the Security for Heritage series continues in Wakefield at the Fairbairn House Heritage Centre, with morning workshops on historic-house maintenance, textile conservation and collections management, featuring curators Megan Gruchy and Rebecca Bunch and a member of the teaching staff at Algonquin College's applied museum studies program.

It's back to the Eastern Townships on June 27 and another full day of workshops at the Missisquoi Museum in

Stanbridge East, including a full-morning session on conservation, led by art conservator and museologist Cari Ensio. A panel discussion on building and collections safety will feature experts from the insurance industry and public security. The day wraps up with a session on archival photograph preservation.

2014 Heritage Essay Contest

QAHN is offering students in Grades 4, 5 and 6 prizes for the best true stories about remarkable people, events and traditions from Quebec's past. Contest deadline: April 30, 2014.

2014 Heritage Photo Contest

QAHN's annual Heritage Photo Contest is open to students enrolled in English-language high schools in the province of Quebec. Contest deadline: April 30, 2014.

"An Island of Stories" Contest

QAHN and The Quebec Federation of Home and School Associations have teamed up to create "An Island of Stories," a contest that will enable students in and around Montreal to explore their family history and to share it with their community.

Students are invited to submit to QAHN a brief essay describing a location in Montreal and its significance to their family history, and to post their submissions to QAHN's Mapping the Mosaic website. Prizes will be awarded to winners from among elementary and

QAHN AGM! Mark Your Calendars!



Saturday, June 7, 2014
Stanbridge East, Quebec
Register now!

high school students. Contest deadline: April 30, 2014.

For more information on any of these school contests, contact QAHN at (819) 564-9595, toll free (877) 964-0409, or home@qahn.org.

Annual Volunteer Recognition Awards

QAHN is currently seeking nominations for its annual volunteer recognition awards – the Marion Phelps Award and the Richard Evans Award.

The Phelps Award honours outstanding long-term contributions by an individual to the preservation and promotion of Anglophone heritage in the province of Quebec, while the Evans Award recognizes outstanding long-term contribution by an organization or group of volunteers.

If you or an organization you are involved with would like to nominate an individual or a group for an award, please contact QAHN at (819) 564-9595, toll free (877) 964-0409, or home@qahn.org.

The 2014 winners will be honoured at QAHN's Annual General Meeting in Stanbridge East, Quebec, on Saturday, June 7, 2014.

The deadline for nominations is March 31, 2014.

100 Objects DVD

QAHN's DVD "The Identity of English-Speaking Quebec in 100 Objects," which comes with an attractive 12-page booklet, features essays on each of the 100 objects selected for the project, over 500 photographs, a detailed historical timeline, and six documentary videos.

To order a copy, send \$13 (which includes s/h) to: QAHN, 400-257, Queen, Sherbrooke, Qc J1M 1K7. For non-QAHN members, add \$2.00 per order. Makes an excellent gift or fundraising tool. For bulk orders of 20 or more, send payment of \$6 per DVD, plus \$20 s/h.

Order while supplies last!



Letter

Congratulations on another fine issue of *QHN*, Winter 2014. I especially liked "The Lady in the Green Hornet" and Amy Fish's not-so-eventful trip to Quebec City.

The reason I liked the Ruby Leishman story is that it takes place in our neck of the woods, near Vankleek Hill – just across the river from us in Quebec. I taught students from Arundel, our family attended church in Grenville and I know quite a few folks who have moved to our side of the river from Argenteuil County.

After reading the article, I called a friend of ours, who is originally from Arundel, and lives down the road from us. Sure, he knew about the Leishman Family – in fact he helped to dig the graves of both Ruby and her brother – something that country folks do.

Something else country folks do (when they have a mind to) is to go out of their way to be helpful. Shortly after I called our neighbour, who should come knocking at our door but that same neighbour with a book about Arundel: *1856 Arundel 2006 – 150th Anniversary Family Histories*. Although he had to get back to the farm, he took time to show me some of the pictures in the book and gave me a little background on each.

Again, keep up the fine work and please don't invite me to go fence climbing with you.

Jim Caputo
Vankleek Hill, ON

Editor's note: "Identity" Confusion

In the Fall 2013 issue, the article by Myra Shuster entitled "A Feast of Identity: The Potpourri" included the full text of the poem "The Potpourri on Stanley Street" by Renee Rodin (in *Bread and Salt*, Talon Books, 1996), with her permission. It may not have been clear to readers, however, that the title of the article was drawn directly from Rodin's poem, as was the title of one of the subheadings, "Safe, Dark Space." *The Quebec Heritage News* regrets any confusion that may have been caused.

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Tragedy in Shrewsbury

by Sandra Stock

On the weekend of January 12 and 13, St. John's Anglican Church in Shrewsbury, in the Municipality of Gore, in the Laurentians, was the victim of an alleged arson attack that completely destroyed the small wooden structure dating from 1858. Some of the funding that was to be directed towards repairs and renovations is now being set aside as reward money for information leading to the capture of the perpetrators of this totally senseless and vicious crime against local heritage.

Scott Pearce, mayor of the Municipality of Gore, stated that his community is of course devastated by this event but they have already made plans to continue on with the restoration of the site. They probably will erect a cairn in memory of the church. Pearce said

that since the church's deconsecration in 2010, when the building became the property of the municipality, he and a group of volunteers had been working on the site, replacing damaged woodwork and painting the exterior.

There has been a sad history of vandalism at St. John's. The bell was stolen, the interior, including an antique organ, trashed, and some headstones in the surrounding cemetery broken several times. Unfortunately, St. John's was in a very isolated location, far from main roads with no permanent residences anywhere close to it.

Although it was one of the first settlements by Irish and Scots pioneers in the Lower Laurentians, the hamlet of Shrewsbury had lost its population by the 1940s. All that

remained was this church to which many local people, some of them descendants of the pioneer settlers, returned for a few services in the summers. St. John's was frequently written about in Montreal newspapers, and latterly on the Internet, as an example of a surviving heritage site. QAHN has featured the story of the Shrewsbury settlement and its church and cemetery both in articles and in the Cemetery Heritage Inventory and Restoration Initiative. Shrewsbury was also the setting for Margaret Cook's novel, *Land Possessed* – a local sensation when published in 1969 – and Don Stewart's historical drama, *Nature's Victory*, first performed in 2005.

At the same time, Shrewsbury's church and cemetery tended to attract less desirable attention, notably from pseudo "ghost seekers" and outright vandals. Even after some of them had been apprehended, vandals continued to damage this property. Vandalism became so impossible to stop that in December 2010 the Anglican Diocese of Montreal reluctantly chose to deconsecrate the church. The Municipality of Gore then had hopes of creating some type of seasonal community centre there and maintaining the historical cemetery.



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Sources:

Municipality of Gore.
Laurentian Heritage WebMagazine.



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FROM ST. CAMILLE, QUEBEC, TO RED DEER, ALBERTA

A Quebec farming family moves to the Prairies

by Eileen Fiell

Recently, one of our correspondents, Eileen Fiell of Invermere, B.C., asked QAHN to help her find a suitable home – preferably a local historical society or museum – for two cherished family heirlooms (a quilt and a hand-woven blanket) that originated in Quebec’s Eastern Townships. QAHN contacted the Richmond County Historical Society which indicated that it would be happy to provide a permanent home for the two items. The following is Eileen Fiell’s account of her ancestors’ move to the Canadian West, and of the eventual repatriation to Quebec of her family’s heirlooms.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, settlement in Western Canada was being encouraged by the Dominion Government. The railway had arrived in the west and this made it easy for immigrants from all parts of the world to find their way to the Prairies. For ten dollars, the Homestead Act allowed an adult male to claim a quarter section of land on which he would commit to erecting a dwelling and breaking in a certain number of acres by the following year. If these conditions were met, the settler and family were given title to the property.

This offer was compelling for some French Canadian farmers. Ananie Durand, a farmer in St. Camille, Quebec, moved his family and all of their possessions to homesteading land near Red Deer. The land he took up along with his adult sons was southeast of Red Deer near the town of Lousana. This town is located on the line of the CPR between Calgary and Edmonton, the two principle population centres in what

was to become, in 1905, the province of Alberta.

Ananie and Mary Durand (nee Fortier) brought nine children with them, one of whom was Sara. Sara’s fiancé, Oscar Forgue(s)* joined the family for the great cross-Canada move. At the Red Deer train station, he was delegated to supervise the unloading of two cars of family effects and building materials. The Durand family set off to locate the land they would farm, sixteen miles away. Oscar, who spoke no English, anxiously waited at the station until the next day before help came to move the goods. He eventually arrived at the homestead

where his future in-laws helped him to apply for a homestead as they had done. On November 17, 1903, he and Sara were married and took up residence in the first log cabin built on the property.

As both the Durand and Forgue(s) families had farmed in the same area of St. Camille, they all knew each other fairly well. The main difference was that the Forgue(s) family was Roman Catholic and the Durands had converted to

the Presbyterian faith. This likely caused some friction but it did not sever all contact between Oscar and his parents and siblings. Because of this contact, the next generation of children at least heard about their cousins from St. Camille. Sara and one of her sisters-in-law corresponded and put their daughters in touch with each other. Those two girls were Emelia Forgue(s) and Liesse Darveau whose mother was Oscar’s sister Amanda Darveau.

The two women met during visits to the east, and the bond between the two cousins was reinforced by a mutual appreciation of their ancestry. As a result of this long friendship,



**The marriage certificate of Oscar and Sara shows no “s” on the surname “Forgue”. The “s” appeared at a later date when documents were requested from the parish church in St. Camille. Oscar Forgue(s), who was born in 1884, the youngest of eight sons, said that his father André had been born at Megantic where he met his wife, Marie Devin. It is not known if they married there but subsequently they moved to St. Camille where they farmed.*

Top: Eileen Fiell with her heirlooms. Photo: courtesy of Eileen Fiell.

Bottom: A Prairie landscape. Burkewood Welbourn, “Track and Prairie,” 1907. Photo: McCord Museum, M2003.28.78.



in 1983, two family heirlooms – a quilt and a blanket – were sent to Emelia at her home in Invermere, B.C., as a gift from Liesse back in Quebec.

Eventually the quilt and blanket came into the possession of Eileen Fiell, great granddaughter of Marie Forgue(s), upon the death of her mother Emelia. It is with great satisfaction and

love that these family keepsakes return to the place which is a part of my heritage and in which they were lovingly created.

These two hand crafted items were attributed to Marie Forgue(s) nee Devin, of St. Camille, Quebec. My mother Emelia was told that 1880 was the likely date of fabrication.

THE QUILT measures 72 by 48 inches and is constructed on a blue cotton backing. The squares are made of cotton scrap material divided with plain blue fabric. The squares were assembled by hand and then machine-sewn to the strips by machine. The quilting was all done by hand with small, even stitches.

THE BLANKET measures 74 by 68 inches and is comprised of two strips measuring 37 inches wide. The two panels were sewn together by hand. The blanket is the natural colour of white sheep’s wool with coloured banding at both ends. Emelia was told that this heavy blanket had been entirely made by hand, and that the carding, spinning and weaving were done by Marie Forgues at St. Camille.

Jim Caputo’s Mystery Objects Challenge #3

Last issue we ran a photo (right) submitted by Jim Caputo of Heritage Gaspé of an object for readers to identify, with the following clue:



“In 1909, a 15-year-old boy working in an insurance office in New York City was killed with one of these.”

We received the following correct answer from Robert N. Wilkins of Montreal:

The item is an ink eraser. The young lad, George Spencer Millett, was accidentally killed when he fell on his ink eraser while being chased by young girls at the end of a workday in NYC.

To the right is another instalment in the Mystery Objects Challenge, a photo of the object and a clue from Jim:

This handcrafted wooden object (machine) would make many a person more comfortable in the summer.

Send your answers to: editor@ qahn.org.



Top, left and right: Details of quilt and blanket. Photos: Matthew Farfan.

WORLD WAR I: A CENTURY-LONG IMPACT

Recruitment and conscription

by Sandra Stock

The Great War, of 1914 to 1918 – or, given that it had an offspring three decades later, World War I – was the seminal event of the past century, marking off what we call the Modern Age from all preceding historical eras. When it started in the balmy summer of 1914 it was a war of horse cavalry, fanciful military costumes, officers sporting swords, and a Europe ruled by kings, queens and emperors, little changed since the Congress of Vienna in 1815. There was a Hapsburg Emperor in Austria-Hungary, a Kaiser in Prussia-dominated Germany, a Tsar and Tsarina in Russia, and a sultan ruling the Middle Eastern Ottoman Empire. These were large, powerful conglomerations of many religious and ethnic groups. When the war ended they were all gone.

The western European countries were nominally at least, either democratic republics (France) or parliamentary monarchies (Britain, Belgium). The main thrust of these Atlantic-bordering states had been to acquire vast colonial empires, which started as economic ventures (trade) but morphed into political domination. Of course, there was competition. Even inland, Germany pushed for African resources, and Russia aimed to gain greater access to the ocean in the north and the Black Sea in the south as well as to intrude into British-controlled India.

Even though there had been great advances in science, industry, health and education in most of nineteenth-century Europe, political, social and cultural attitudes had not kept up with these changes. Governments encouraged virulent patriotism, built up strong (if outdated) militaries, and discouraged dissent. The diplomacy of the times ran to secret alliances, touted as “balance of power,” with France and Britain lined up against the middle Germanic empires. Russia

aligned itself with the Atlantic group as a kind of eastern front against the Kaiser. Ironically, King George V of Britain, Kaiser Wilhelm of Prussia and

victory over Montgomery's forces that attacked Quebec City.

In the War of 1812, the population of Lower Canada rose to defend itself again, this time setting up real fighting units such as de Salaberry's Voltigeurs. In both these conflicts, there was very little interest from French-speaking, native-born citizens in joining with the American invaders in spite of strong propaganda campaigns aimed at them.

However, subsequent division along linguistic and ethnic lines came with World War I. There had been problems before – the Papineau Rebellion being the most obvious – but even that disturbance was really part of a wider thrust for greater democracy (Upper Canada rebelled also) and many non-Francophones supported the Patriotes and even participated in campaigns against the British. The big divisions of the nineteenth century were religious, not linguistic.

When war was declared in August 1914, Canada instantly joined as a member of the British Empire. There was a war frenzy to beef up existing military units and create new ones. The realities of modern, mechanized warfare had not occurred to anyone. From the onset,

Robert Borden's Conservative government pushed for recruitment and support for the war effort. Since much of the population of Canada at that time was first-generation or British-born, the greatest percentage of volunteers came from this segment. The existing Canadian armed forces were still very British-controlled and British-run. English was the only language of command, and there was little or no outreach or appeal to any part of the Canadian population that was not English-speaking and from a British Isles background. This inept approach to recruitment led to one of our federal government's worst public relations disasters of all time: the Conscrip-



Tsar Nicholas were all cousins and eerily resembled each other in appearances. It was an odd time.

So, what about Canada, what about Quebec, and how did all this affect us?

World War I had a significant impact; many issues we address today had their origin in the events of 1914. Prior to Canada's participation in this global conflict, our military involvement had been essentially tied to maintaining British North America as independent from the expanding United States. In the American Revolutionary War (1775 to 1783), Canadian militias had fought along with regular British troops to defend our territory and won a decisive

tion Crisis of 1917.

However, in contrast to the troubles to come, there was at least one example in Montreal in 1915-16 of an initially successful recruitment campaign. It was aimed at a specific population: Irish Canadians, both Roman Catholic and Protestant. All religious denominations were to serve together in a unit called the 199th Battalion, Duchess of Connaught's Own Irish Rangers. The Duke of Connaught was the current governor general of Canada; he was Prince Arthur, a son of Queen Victoria, and his wife Margaret Louise had been born a Prussian princess! This situation was typical of the period with its love for pageantry, royalty, and the imperial aura.

This was a time of severe unrest in Ireland itself and the struggle for Home Rule was to degenerate into the violent confrontation of the Easter 1916 rising. Leaders of the Montreal Irish community thought that forming this unified Rangers Battalion might help to mitigate the troubles back in Ireland. The Battalion motto was *Quis Separabit* (Who would separate us?), a somewhat ironic phrase given future developments in both Ireland and Quebec.

Although recruitment for the Irish Rangers was wildly successful at first, there were some snags as things proceeded. There was no problem with the denominational mixture which, at 65% Roman Catholic and 35% Protestant, reflected the make-up of Montreal's Irish community. Potential officers were drawn from the Irish Canadian upper middle class, most of them educated professionals, but only a few with any real military experience. These were the Loyola School graduates, Jesuit-trained, and the crowd from Lower Canada College and McGill. There was a sharp class division among Irish Montrealers at that time, with the bulk of the Irish still the working poor, living in Griffintown, Point St. Charles and parts of Verdun. The working-class Irish were slower to join up and many were rejected because of poor health; substandard living conditions was the main cause. Even so, this unit would be recognizably Irish Canadian. Many hoped that Ireland could follow the Canadian path of self-government, and had very little sympathy for the anti-British, even pro-German, sentiments of many Irish Ameri-

cans of the time.

The 199th headed overseas in December 1916 and started a tour of Ireland. This was a simplistic but well intentioned move to combat dissent against British domination there and hopefully to increase Irish recruitment locally. Later, when they reached England, things did not work out as planned. Rather than being deployed as a group within the Canadian Expeditionary Force, the 199th was broken up and the

Events in Montreal during the First World War also indicated that the Irish continued to identify with those who spoke their language, rather than those who practised their faith. From the fisticuffs at recruiting rallies in Place d'Armes and Victoria Square to the polling booths of St. Ann's, the Irish exhibited the features that distinguished them from the French Canadians.... In the half century since Confederation, many Irish Canadians had offered to Ireland and the imperial authorities the example of differences between Irishmen could be overcome and loyalty to the crown maintained in the Canadian model of self-government. (Burns, 581)

members assigned to different units to replace the growing losses. This decision met with great consternation on the part of the Irish Rangers leadership. Their first commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonial H. J. Trihey, who had been one of the chief organizers of the Battalion, returned to Canada disillusioned.

This sort of high-handed and insensitive re-assignment of troops was not an isolated incident. Problems developed with the overall command and replacing the devastating toll of dead and injured. The war was no longer the joyous, happy outing in aid of king and country that had started in 1914, the glorious spectacle of Boys' Own stories, and the romantic challenges of Rudyard Kipling. Instead, it was a terrible slaughter of men, and a waste of resources. Tanks, mechanized guns, trench warfare and even air conflict were the new reality. At the Second Battle of Ypres in April

1915, Canadian forces endured poison gas attacks, and although they continued to serve bravely, the real horrors of this modern style of conflict were becoming known to the population at home. It was now more difficult to attract recruits. The slogans of the propaganda machine were starting to ring a thin.

It was also becoming harder to present the war as a clear-cut ideological struggle – unlike World War II, in which the western democracies would be pitted against fascist totalitarian states. World War I was a harder sell: how could the Allies claim to be “defending democracy” and promoting the “rights of small nations” when one of their members was the despotic regime of Tsarist Russia? Even the western European democracies still had only limited suffrage at home, and both France and Britain possessed large colonial empires. These issues are of course more evident to us looking back a century later; at the time, misgivings about military participation were altogether different.

Recruitment was not a success among French-speaking Canadians, who felt no attachment to the European mother country, unlike British-origin Canadians, most of whom were fairly recent immigrants. The cultural differences between France and Quebec were enormous; at least two hundred years of political and social separation had left little in common. The strong ultramontane clergy of French Roman Catholic Quebec portrayed France as having been “lost” since the French Revolution, which had created a much more secular society with a weakened role for the Church. Support was no stronger for Britain, or for the British values promoted throughout English Canada, often in opposition to French Canadians and the French language. Disastrous political conflicts had recently arisen in Manitoba and Ontario, where governments refused to allow French public education. Moreover, French Canada still remembered the unhappy fallout from Riel's Northwest Rebellion of 1885, not even thirty years earlier.

When enlistment numbers continued to decline and Borden proposed conscription, there was intense opposition in Quebec. The war must have appeared irrelevant to French Quebecers, taking place in far-away Europe. Why should they fight

In Le Devoir, Henri Bourassa published editorials that both shaped and reflected the intensity of feeling on the matter in Quebec. Why should French-Canadian blood be spilled in defence of British liberties when the rights and liberties of his own people (on French language education in particular) could so easily be dismissed? Was not Borden just caving in to imperial pressure and thereby showing disdain for Bourassa's cherished principle of Canadian autonomy? (Gossage and Little, 172)

for an estranged France – or for a British king, especially when that king's army in Canada didn't speak their language and offered no positive benefits to them? Opposition to conscription was almost unanimous among French-speaking Canadians. This dissent was led by Henri Bourassa, then editor of the Montreal newspaper *Le Devoir*.

A recruitment campaign like the one geared towards Irish Montrealers might have met with some success. Regiments staffed by French-speaking officers and manned by local units that would be kept together might have helped break this opposition. Quebec had a proud military tradition, albeit mostly of home defence, that might have been tapped into by someone with even a modicum of public relations skill. However, this did not happen. It is true that the 22nd (French Canadian) Infantry Battalion, CEF, the precursor of the Royal 22nd Regiment, went to France with the Second Canadian Division in 1915 and fought with distinction throughout the war. However, the actual Canadian Expeditionary Force itself was not a totally

The greater difficulty of recruiting French Canadians for overseas service ought to have surprised no one... Most Francophone recruits were scattered throughout the general military populations and attempts to form distinct French-Canadian fighting units were strongly resisted. (Gossage & Little, 171)

independent entity but came under the ultimate command of British leadership. Canada was not yet an independent country. However, numbers were not being kept up in the fighting forces and enlistment had fallen off from the enthusiastic days of 1914. Canada did not have a large population so the potential pool was small to begin with.

Borden's federal election of 1917 focused on the conscription crisis. The government extended voting rights to overseas soldiers, women serving as nurses, and women who had close male relatives serving overseas. Women still did not have the vote in Canada although this wartime extension of suffrage helped them receive it, federally at least, after the war. However, conscientious objectors and recent immigrants from places identified as "enemy" (Ukrainians, for example) were denied the vote. This rather loaded election campaign of course paid off for Borden, and the Military Service Act was passed in 1917 upon the Conservative victory.

There had been incidents of civil unrest in Quebec previous to 1917 in regard to the threat of conscription and recruitment. In 1916, there was a near-riot at Place d'Armes in Montreal at a recruitment rally held by the aforementioned Irish Canadian Rangers.

This almost comic incident (see sidebar), conducted in the proud tradition of Montreal street uproars, was only a mild prelude to the many very serious disturbances that ensued from the imposition of conscription by the Military Service Act of August 29, 1917. In January 1918, the Borden government began to enforce this act. It found 404,385 men liable for military service, of whom 385,510 sought exemptions. Many may have had good reasons for these requests, but exempted men still had to have draft exemption papers. There was violent opposition to this in Quebec with the anti-war attitudes now firmly entrenched. In Quebec City, disturbances began over the Easter weekend of March 28 to April 1, resulting in four civilians killed, 150 people injured and \$300,000 in damages. The protests had begun on the Thursday when Dominion Police detained a French-Canadian man who had failed to present his draft exemption papers. Even though he was released, a mob had gathered at the Saint Roch Po-



lice Station. By Friday evening, an estimated 15,000 rioters had sacked the conscription registration office and two pro-conscription newspaper offices in Quebec City.

This unprecedented civic violence

It began when a soldier was addressing a noonday crowd and was subjected to "continual heckling, and several men started counter addresses, speaking in French opposing recruiting." Fights ensued. A policeman tried to arrest a Private Flannagan, but the constable was knocked down. The recruiting party headed back to the barracks. They were overtaken by two cars of policemen, two of whom apprehended private Flannagan and the officer in charge. Several soldiers then drew their bayonets and a general mêlée followed involving the police, the soldiers and on-lookers. The Rangers made it back to barracks, some with torn uniforms but with all men accounted for. The Irish Canadian Rangers seemed to be living up to the Irish reputation, alluded to by an M.P. from Ireland, who declared in an address to the battalion: "Whatever else we Irishmen may be, we are not bigoted worshippers of peace." (Burns, 575)

terrified authorities; Mayor Lavigueur of Quebec requested help from Ottawa. The federal government invoked the War Measures Act which gave them the power to enforce order; 780 federal soldiers, with 1,000 more from Ontario and the West, were sent to Quebec City. Despite such reinforcements, violence continued over the Saturday and Sunday, becoming its worst on Easter Monday. Armed rioters fired on the troops from hidden locations and the soldiers were ordered to fire on the crowds. This was probably the worst civil disturbance in Canadian history. It had originated from existing pent-up French-Canadian nationalism which intensified during World War I, mainly because of this conscription debacle, so mishandled by a frightened, out-of-touch federal government. The alienation of Francophone Quebecers only increased after this and fed into the social and cultural dilemmas that still face Canadian unity today. The Canadian government was probably scared by the recent example of the Russian Revolution. Fear of popular uprisings had spread throughout Europe and to Canada. Luckily, the war ended in November 1918 with the defeat of the Central Powers and the beginning of a very, very changed world.

Conscription has always been an unpopular idea. It has a long and shameful history. The oldest recorded use of conscription was in the Babylonian Empire in the reign of Hammurabi, 1791 to 1750 BCE, when forced military and public works duties were required of all male citizens. Evading this draft and even trading places for pay began with these ancient Fertile Crescent conscripts, as well. The First Emperor of the state of Qin, who would conquer nearly all of China, instituted conscription to construct and defend the Great Wall, from 221 BCE. In Europe, Napoleon's Grande Armée was heavily manned with conscripts from many nations, most of whom perished with the fatal attack on Russia. The resistance to the draft during the Vietnam War brought an end to conscription in the United States, but severely disrupted American society for at least a decade. At present, conscription exists in very few countries, mainly in what are called "emerging nations" and some dictatorships. There is a form of national service, not overtly military, in



a few places, like Switzerland. Conscription for direct military purposes is always a bad idea, and ultimately, a sign of flawed political leadership.

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World War I Facts

The Great War killed more people than any other war in history:

- 9,000,000 military personnel
- 5,000,000 civilians
- 7,000,000 permanently disabled

The war was followed directly by the Influenza Epidemic of 1918-19 that killed another 25,000,000.

World War I saw the first use of: submarines, airplanes, tanks, trench warfare on a large scale, and poison gas chemical warfare.

World War I led, directly or indirectly, to the Russian Revolution, the Great Depression, the rise of fascism, and finally, World War II which brought us the Holocaust and the Atomic Bomb.

Source:

Steven Mintz, "The Global Effect of World War I," www.gilderlehrman.org/history-by-era/world-war-i/resources/global-effect-world-war-i.

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Ecstasy to Agony: The 1994 Montreal Expos

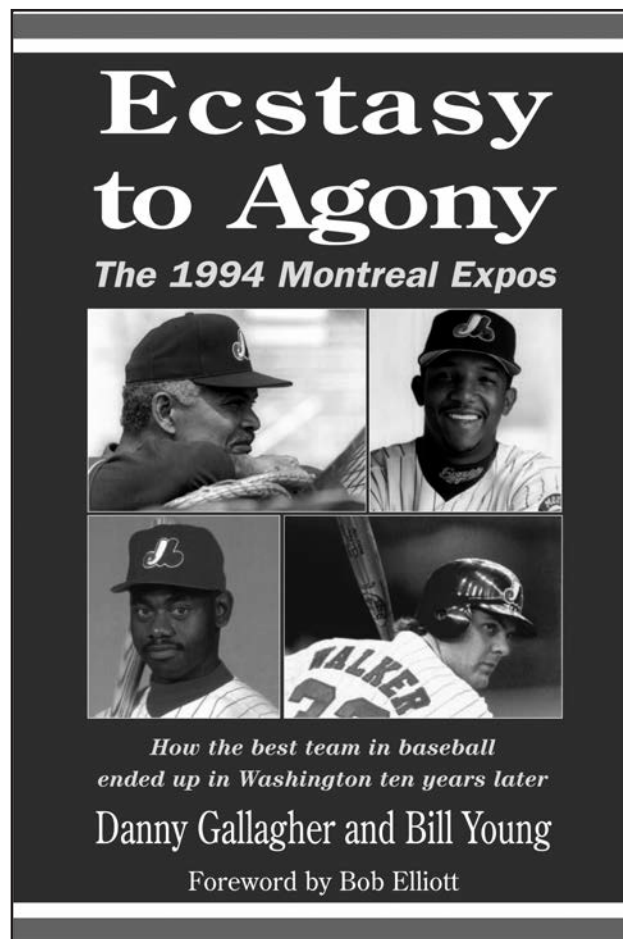
How the best team in baseball ended up in Washington ten years later

by Danny Gallagher and Bill Young

Ecstasy to Agony traces the fortunes of the Expos from that day in 1989 when the original owner Charles Bronfman decided to sell the team and step away from baseball, through the team's climb to glory in 1994 and then its final descent into oblivion ten years later.

Danny Gallagher and Bill Young are authors of the best-selling *Remember the Montreal Expos*. With its broad focus on the ins-and-out of that final decade, *Ecstasy to Agony* should appeal to Expos fans everywhere, from the most casual supporter to the most fanatical.

Ecstasy to Agony is now available at major bookstores across Canada, as well as online. Copies of the book may also be ordered by sending an email to expos94book@yahoo.ca.



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INDUSTRY AND REFUGE

A brief history of the Grace Dart Extended Care Centre, 1863-2013

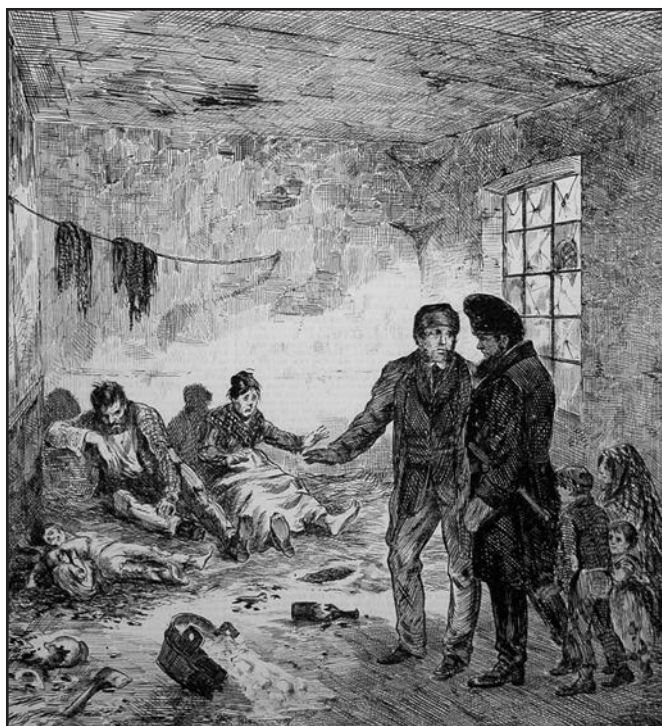
by Gary Aitken

This is the story of a not well-known but highly successful Montreal institution that has carried on its mission for 150 years. The Grace Dart Extended Care Centre of today began “as nothing more than an audacious effort to eliminate poverty in Montreal.” When the centre started in 1863, the intention was to provide care in the form of food, clothing and shelter to the city’s poorest citizens. Today it is a large 350-bed, public long-term care facility mainly serving the Anglophone community. Although circumstances have changed enormously over 150 years, the centre is still caring for people as its founders intended.

Most of this article is based on the original minute books, where the language is not quite in tune with our twenty-first century sensibilities. The poor are referred to as the “wretched” and the “dregs of society.” The building where the “permanent inmates” lived was officially known as “The Old People’s Home,” and was adjacent to the “Home for the Incurables.” Even the name under which this well-intended institution was founded was Dickensian, and it would function under the grim-sounding but descriptive “Montreal Protestant House of Industry and Refuge” until 1953.

Montreal developed rapidly in the mid-nineteenth century as a large city with a promising future, and as a thriving transportation centre with the benefits of its port, the Lachine Canal, the Victoria Bridge and the railways. But with growth and prosperity came an influx of people in vast numbers who for the most part arrived in the city seeking a better life and expecting to find work. Many came with nothing more than the clothes they were wearing. Illness, acci-

dents, old age and a lack of skills handicapped many of the new arrivals. Often the only work available for newcomers was seasonal, or required experience they did not possess, and therefore not everyone prospered. There were people living in crowded hovels or on the streets. At that time there was no government assistance to speak of. Other cities in Europe and America created workhouses, asylums and almshouses,



whose essential purpose was to get poor people, especially beggars, off the streets, but Montreal was slow to respond.

Victorians saw the “pauper class” as being of two types. The “Deserving Poor,” who were prepared to work but could not, either because of injury or old age, were entitled to Christian charity. The “Undeserving Poor” were viewed as either lazy, alcoholic, badly behaved or of immoral character. The “dregs of society” might get some sustenance at a soup kitchen, but they were not allowed to stay in an overnight shelter.

By 1860, a number of Scottish and English merchants in the city attempted to devise a system of aid for the destitute. Seeing starved and frozen corpses on the street each winter no doubt heightened their resolve. Among the group of Protestant businessmen and ministers who felt it was their duty to help their fellow human beings (as the minute books keep reminding us) were the Molson brothers, William and Thomas. They had been working with John Redpath, William Workman, William Murray and others to start a refuge to get Protestant beggars off the streets and provide at least a minimum of food, shelter and clothing to the indigents.

In February 1863, Thomas Molson died. His will stated that his 75-acre farm property at Longue Pointe, a narrow slice of land that extended from the banks of the St. Lawrence River to above Sherbrooke Street, was to be used for the creation of a House of Industry and Refuge. However, if his wishes were not fulfilled within a certain time period, the property would then revert to his estate.

Motivated by this deadline, the founders quickly prepared draft legislation and approached friendly legislators. The Act to Incorporate the Montreal Protestant House of Industry and Refuge was assented to on May 12, 1863. The Act set out the purpose of a Protestant institution which, being urgently needed, would serve as a House of Industry for destitute persons in the City of Montreal.

The founders canvassed their prosperous business friends, asking for substantial subscriptions; they were also very generous themselves. Some donors gave as much as \$2,000, an enormous amount at that time. Anyone who gave more than \$400 became a Life Governor and was entitled to vote for the board of

“Frozen to Death,” 1872.

Source: McCord Museum, M982.530.5156.

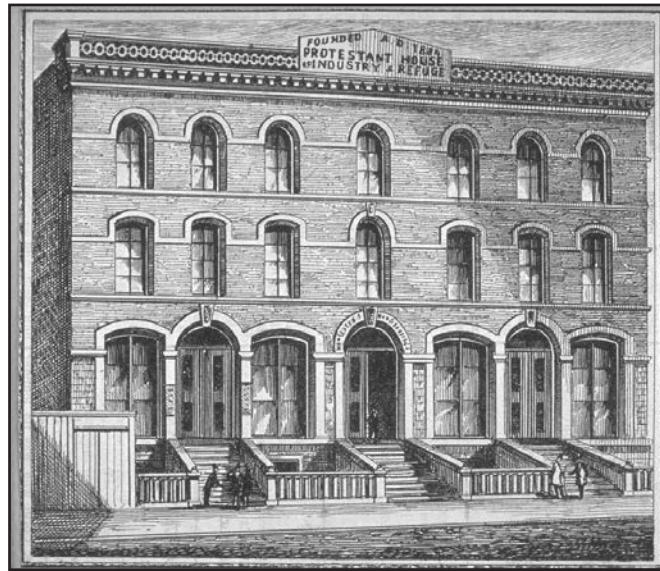
governors. Ordinary citizens provided smaller donations, all dutifully recorded in the accounts book. Some were as low as the \$1 received “from a poor clerk.” By September 1863, the subscriptions totaled over \$70,000, in addition to the Molson farm, valued at about \$5,000.

Anxious to begin providing relief before the onset of winter, the newly-elected governors organized committees to deal with several urgent matters. First, they organized a non-denominational soup kitchen, located in Fortification Lane. Over 25,000 quarts of soup were distributed the first year. As the city’s population increased, so did the rations of soup, exceeding 90,000 quarts at one point. Much of the soup stock was donated by local merchants.

A second task was to provide a Night Refuge. The governors opened a temporary overnight shelter in Campeau Street in the Marsteller building, awaiting the construction of permanent premises in the city. During the first year, the aggregate number of lodgings provided was 6,735, of which 1,634 were Roman Catholics. (A careful accounting was kept of the religious affiliation of each person, perhaps just to demonstrate compliance with the by-laws.) Overnight inmates would get a bed plus bread and soup. In the morning, the men were asked to spend an hour or two chopping kindling or doing other work. Women would do light chores.

A third activity, the one that most closely resembles that of the Grace Dart of today, was the accommodation of longer-stay inmates unable to care for themselves. Although the governors called them “permanent,” they meant that residents could stay only until they were able to find work, return to their families, or live elsewhere – and this even though each resident only cost 15 cents a day. Inmates were meant to be looking for work, perhaps as handymen or seamstresses, but the refuge had very limited success in placing them in suitable jobs. There were quarters for both men and women, and these inmates were kept separate from those in the overnight shelter.

The fourth and most onerous task was poor relief, to distribute food, fuel and clothing to the deserving poor families in their homes. This task demanded much effort from the governors, who acted like modern-day social workers, visiting homes and doling out help as necessary. Although the soup kitchen and the night refuge were open to any-



one, regardless of religion, the distribution of material to people’s homes was only meant for poor Protestants. The governors emphasized that the soup or other food they doled out was to be nourishing, but “not sufficiently tempting for those who can, by any efforts, do better.” Repeatedly, the governors stated in various ways that only through honest labour could a person have any self-respect.

It soon became clear that a building was needed to house both the overnight shelter and the long-term facility. Near the end of 1864, the governors purchased land at the corner of Dorchester and Bleury streets from John Donagani, a Montreal city councillor, for \$15,000. The three-storey structure they put up was not very handsome, but remained in use until Dorchester was widened to become a boulevard in the 1950s.

This building, often just called “The Refuge,” contained the soup kitchen, the overnight refuge, a large room available for use as a school or religious services and a basement used as a workroom by the inmates. The second floor contained a dwelling for the superintendent and the board rooms for the governors’ meet-

ings, which averaged more than one per week. Dormitories were on the top floor. The basement of the rear building was for coal and wood storage and also contained the washing room and toilets. Again, the idea was for inmates to do some light work in return for shelter. The men chopped kindling or did painting and cleaning. Women were taught to sew and embroider so they could become employable, perhaps as lady’s maids.

The governors made an arrangement with the nearby Montreal General Hospital. Doctors from the General would pay regular visits to the Refuge, deal with the inmates’ medical problems and often make suggestions for improving sanitary conditions. In return, when destitute patients were discharged from the General they would be taken in by the Refuge. This arrangement no doubt arose from the several men who sat on the boards of both institutions, such as John Redpath and William Molson.

During those first years in the city, the efforts of the board continued and expanded. The city’s population and the number of poor grew and constantly tested the Refuge’s resources. Wealthy Montrealers were frequently asked to contribute. What seems to have impressed the governors is that their “self-denying work” (as they called their voluntary efforts) did have an effect. They frequently made the claim that the Refuge never turned away a member of the deserving poor.

A large and well-organized group of ladies known as the Industrial Ladies Benevolent Society managed the rooms where the female inmates worked and were trained. This organization had been affiliated with the Refuge almost from the beginning. As female inmates in various states of health, age and skills were admitted, the Society strove “to provide employment in needlework for as many poor women as possible irrespective of age, nationality or denomination.” By these efforts “a great number of women have been enabled to earn an honest and independent living.” The attitude was the same for both men and women: regain your self-respect by finding work.

The good ladies who voluntarily worked at the Refuge were to a large extent already connected, judging by their names; they were the wives and daughters of the governors. Jane Redpath was president of the Industrial Ladies Benevolent Society for many years, but other names are also quite recognizable. Each year they submitted a detailed, well-written report at the annual meeting describing the amount of work they accomplished as well as making serious recommendations to the governors on improvements to the House and the well-being of the inmates. They joined the doctors in pushing for more and better bathing facilities. When doctors recommended that a newly arrived inmate's filthy rags be burned and clean clothing provided, the Ladies set their charges to work making new garments from donated material. In effect, the inmates were now in uniform – not attractive perhaps, but clean. The female inmates earned income by sewing flour bags for one of the mills. In time, the training they received was such that some of them were described as “seamstresses of the first order and for underwear of the nicest finish, the Industrial Rooms is justly famed” (Annual Report, 1886). However, the compliment was somewhat diluted in the next sentence: “Such a large majority of the women are so very incompetent.” Although the Ladies’ Society considered the House of Refuge to be their primary mission, they did other good work in the city and continued to do so well into the twentieth century.

While the governors worked diligently to manage the Refuge on Dorchester Street, they also began to search for a country location. Montreal was a dirty, smelly, unhealthy place – perhaps the worst in North America – and plagues and epidemics would continue to arrive, especially in the summer heat and dust. The proximity of taverns and other temptations of the city also distressed the governors, who seemed determined to improve the moral character of the inmates. The answer was to find a

home in the country with clean fresh air, well-away from the inmates’ haunts and immoral associates. Initially, the Molson Farm in Longue Pointe was not considered because it was so far away, over



six miles from the city. The governors also looked westward, an area where there were likely to be more Protestants. On one occasion, they drove in carriages along Upper Lachine Road to look at country properties in Notre Dame de Grace, but decided that such a location was also too far from the city. They looked at farmland in Westmount and all around the mountain to Outremont but found nothing suitable. An additional concern was having enough funds to construct a new building, particularly in the midst of a serious economic depression during the 1870s.

By 1877, the economy was starting to improve and the city had seen a considerable advancement in transportation. The Longue Pointe property in the east-



ern part of the island no longer seemed so remote. Again, a party of governors rode out in carriages to survey the farm and decided it was very appealing. The spot where they felt the country house should be built had an unimpeded view

two hundred yards down to the beautiful St. Lawrence River. Although, in the usual Quebec method of riverfront land division, the farm was only 75 yards wide, this was enough to build the structures they could foresee and that we can see today. At the 1878 Annual Meeting, “for reasons on both sanitary and moral grounds,” the board resolved to construct a country house at Longue Pointe, and asked architect Alexander C. Hutchison to prepare plans for the buildings.

In 1878, William Workman died. He was one of the original founders and the third president, from 1874 to 1878. A former mayor of Montreal, he left a will bequeathing \$20,000 for the construction of a building to be attached to the country house and to be called the Workman Wing. This bequest would finally allow the board to proceed with the long-awaited dream of having a place in the country.

Settling the estate was delayed, however, because Workman’s wealth was mostly in property. A deep depression in property values meant that there simply wasn’t enough value to meet the allocations to the various legatees. In 1881, to comply with the conditions of the bequest, the foundations of the country house were poured. Most of the building material was delivered to the site and a committee was even struck to plan the wording on the cornerstone.

The cost of the main building would be \$23,500 and the William Workman Wing would cost \$17,000. The cornerstone was laid in June of 1881, and, by the spring of 1882, most of the basic work was finished on what was to be called “The Old People’s Home.” The governors did not yet have the funds to finish the buildings and could only hope for additional donations and that the Workman estate would be favourably settled.

The main building was finished in 1883, and would be ready for occupation as soon as a proper water supply could be provided. During that year, letters were exchanged between the board and the Workman family who wanted to re-

Top: The Molson Farm and Outbuildings, Longue Pointe. Photo: courtesy of the Grace Dart Archives.

Bottom: The Moore Memorial Building and the Workman Wing, c.1916. Photo: courtesy of the Grace Dart Archives.

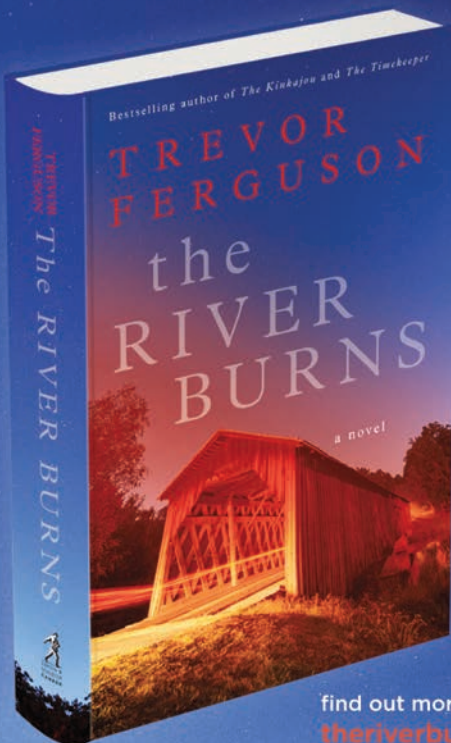


The poster features a large black silhouette of a hand pointing upwards on the left side. To the right of the hand is the Townshippers logo, which consists of a stylized sun with orange and yellow rays above blue and green wavy lines representing water. Below the logo, the word "Townshippers" is written in a blue, sans-serif font. The text "AGM 2014" is prominently displayed in large, bold, black letters, with "2014" in white. Below this, the website "Townshippers.qc.ca" is written in white. On the right side, the event details are listed: "FRIDAY 20 JUNE 5:30PM", "Orford Arts Centre", "3165 chemin du Parc", "Orford, J1X 7A2", "RSVP to ct@townshippers.qc.ca", and "819-566-5717/1-866-566-5717". The background is a gradient of green and white.

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duce the amount promised in Workman's will. The estate offered just 60 cents on the dollar, which left the board both discouraged and annoyed, as by this time they had given full credit to the late Mr. Workman in speeches, on the cornerstone and carved in granite over the main door.

When the Workman estate was finally settled, the governors received \$14,406. The buildings were soon finished but the board, still apprehensive about the deficit, deferred the opening date. Finally, in June 1885, the permanent inmates from the downtown refuge were moved to the new buildings, and the official opening took place on July 10, with the governor-general in attendance. That day, the board's president said: "The building will stand as a monument to the generosity of Montrealers for many years to come." Could he have ever imagined those same buildings would still be in use 120 years after he spoke those words?

With the opening of these distinctive new purpose-built facilities on the Molson farm property at Longue Pointe – an example of solid Gothic institutional architecture situated in a lovely rural setting with a splendid, open view of the river, the farm producing fresh vegetables, eggs and meat – the governors were finally entitled to the satisfaction of having achieved their Valhalla. At the same time, the less salubrious downtown activities continued even after the permanent inmates had all moved to Longue Pointe. In 1890 there were 30,722 night lodgings and 76,505 quarts of soup distributed at the Dorchester Street Refuge.

After the frustrations over many years of getting the country home up and running, it must have been with a great sense of relief to the governors when a subsequent building project went ahead without dispute or delay. A governor, James Moore, proposed to finance personally the construction of a building beside the Workman Wing, to be known as a "Home for Incurables" – an unacceptable name today. It was the most generous donation to date and the project got under way as soon as it was approved by the board.

It was erected just to the west and in line with the Workman Wing with connecting bridges between. This project was a great benefit to the work of the institution and its increasing reputation. Two other governors, George Burland and his son Jeffrey, agreed to pay for all the furnishings. This building also had a ceremonial opening, on November 15, 1894, with various dignitaries in atten-



dance. A few years later, another governor, the Hon. J. K. Ward, asked the board to pay for an oil portrait of James Moore in consideration of his extraordinary gift, the Moore Building having a value of about \$40,000. The board, always somewhat parsimonious, turned down Ward's motion on the grounds that it was not an appropriate use of their funds. However, in 1907, the board purchased and erected to the memory of James Moore an elaborate wrought-iron entrance gate and stone pillars formerly part of an estate at the corner of Mackay and Dorchester streets.

Bequests, donations and subscriptions were always dutifully listed in the reports – not just the regular, handsome amounts from families such as the Dows, Birks, Molsons, Redpaths and individuals such as R. B. Angus, Lord Strathcona, and Sir William Macdonald, but many smaller amounts, some identified only as "A. Friend" or "In His Name" or, for many years, "Old Lady, once an inmate of the Home."

The nineteenth century came to a close with the institution fulfilling its mission with enthusiastic support from the governors and the public. Of course, there were the usual challenges, mainly financial, and the need for greater income as the facilities expanded. There were complaints that inmates were being accepted as a favour, just because they

were elderly family retainers who needed a home to retire to, or because they belonged to a certain church. And the doctors stated that what Montreal needed was not just a home, but a hospital for the incurables. The twentieth century would bring many changes affecting the institution, including the government's role in society, healthcare, pensions, volunteerism and population growth.

The Montreal Protestant House of Industry and Refuge – its original name was still stubbornly in use – came to see considerable modernization. Electric lights replaced coal oil. Telephones were installed in both the city and country locations. The downtown refuge was sheltering an average of 100 people daily and providing coal and wood to 200 families each week. At a board meeting in 1906, one of the members noted that the man hired to collect the outstanding subscription amounts was not very successful, and recommended that a lady be hired instead, explaining that "whenever a lady approaches me for a contribution, they are invariably successful!" The board considered it a minor triumph, and a tribute to the care provided, when one of the residents in the Old People's Home died at the age of 99.

Tuberculosis was a frightful disease that killed millions of people across the world. Highly contagious, it flourished in particular among the poor, in crowded homes where family members infected each other. No cure had yet been discovered although it was becoming clear that rest, healthy food and sunshine were helpful. This insight led to the creation of specialty hospitals and sanatoria. In 1902, the board of governors took the significant decision to no longer accept inmates who had tuberculosis. It was a difficult choice, but without a doubt it prevented the disease from spreading to the healthy inmates. At that time, the honorary board secretary was Jeffrey Burland, a wealthy young man and generous supporter of the institution. Deeply concerned by the TB decision, he and fellow governor George Drummond (who was married to a daughter of John Redpath) founded a TB institute named after King Edward VII. In 1909,

the institute they started became the Royal Edward Chest Hospital, which opened in a house donated by Burland on Belmont Street, now the site of Central Station. Today, the institution is actively functioning as the highly-renowned Montreal Chest Institute, an integral part of the McGill University Health Centre. Other specialty hospitals were also created around that time as research began to show that some progress was being made when patients were isolated and subjected to long periods of rest, sunshine, fresh clean air and certain exercises. One such specialty hospital became an important part of this history.

At the turn of the century, a pharmacist named Henry Dart managed, with the help of some friends, to lease two small houses in the east end of the city, and later turned a large house on St. Hubert Street into a small TB hospital. Dart named the hospital for his daughter Grace, who had died a few years earlier from TB. When they outgrew the St. Hubert Street building in the 1930s, they raised substantially more funds to build the current structure on Sherbrooke Street. This handsome brick building is still in use, although no longer as a TB hospital. Many years would go by before an official link between the House of Refuge and the Grace Dart Hospital would take place. It is interesting that these two Anglophone centres in the eastern part of Montreal both enjoy such a long and successful history.

In the early twentieth century, the centre we know today began to emerge from the original variety of practical welfare programs started so many years before. The soup kitchen was taken over by another group. The Outdoor Relief distribution program was also transferred to a separate charity. Over the years, the governors moved away from a night shelter to favour longer-stay care, particularly for the infirm and elderly poor. It is notable that in 1912, fifty years after

the founding, a full-time nurse was hired for the first time.

The big events of the new century did not have much effect on normal operations. The main observation in the minute books during the two World Wars and the Depression of the 1930s mostly had to do with how donations dried up and how the cost of food, material and labour increased. In the early part of the century, due to a rapidly increasing population, the resources were pushed to the limit, usually operating at full capacity with a waiting list at the Old People's Home. The governors dealt bravely with the situation by taking every opportunity to expand the facilities with new construction at the Molson Farm property and improving existing older buildings. They could rely on a certain number of faithful donors and they were the recipients of a number of healthy bequests, along with the sale or expropriation of sections of the farm property. The riverfront below Notre Dame Street was sold for \$25,000. Several pieces of land between the buildings and Sherbrooke Street were expropriated by the City of Montreal to extend local streets. The CNR took some of the land for what now seems like a bargain price.

In 1913, for the first time in the cen-



tre's history, the doctor in charge reported that there was not a single death at the House of Refuge. He attributed this to the exceptional attention to cleanliness and the strict enforcement of the

rules.

In 1916, a building was erected between the Moore Home and the Workman Wing where the connecting passageways had been, filling in the unattractive gap. Apart from some renovations, there was no further construction until the badly-named "Home for Incurables" opened in 1929 on the east side of the Old People's Home. Happily, that name was changed a year later to the "Infirmary Home." In the old photographs of those grim, grey, Gothic, stone buildings, the most striking feature is the tower on the Workman Wing. It was removed in 1932 as it had deteriorated beyond repair. This was somewhat akin to a church losing its steeple. How unfortunate when a building loses its most distinctive feature!

The centre survived the Great Depression, although with considerably reduced income from investments. However, it was saved in part because by then the provincial government finally recognized the value of institutions such as this one, and started contributing annual amounts to the operations budget. The year the Depression started, the payment amounted to about \$17,000, a big part of the annual expenditure. In 1931, the centre had its first deficit in several years. Of course, the problem with the Depression years was that, just when the demand for services was greatest, the donations dried up. The "Dirty Thirties" provided a great test for the institution as it continued to provide overnight refuge to those in desperate need downtown, as well as long-term care at the Longue Pointe location.

The minutes in 1939 and the following years reveal only a few brief references to World War II, mainly relating to the scarcity of staff. In 1941, the governors acknowledged that new buildings would be required (just as they had been prior to World War I), using the land north of Sherbrooke Street – although "due to the disturbed international situation it is quite uncertain if such plans can be revived." That year, the federal government expropriated this land for use as a training area for the Army Tank Corp. After the war, the land was returned, but was then

re-expropriated by the city for a golf course. Ironically, the financial situation was better during the war than it had ever been, thanks to a number of large bequests, the old age pension scheme and the Quebec Public Charities Act. Although the war years could be summed up as uneventful for the centre, it was a time of strain on the management who were coping with increased expenses. The 1944 minutes note that the “inmates realize how fortunate they are in comparison with the frightful fate that has overtaken human beings in other parts of the world.”

After the war, the board planned an extension to the infirmary as well as to the Old People’s Home. In the late 1940s, the board agreed that the original House on Dorchester Street, still the location for the main office and boardroom, should be sold. As it turned out, events overtook them when Dorchester Street was widened into a boulevard and the Refuge, in use since 1865, was demolished. That was the end of the relief operations in the centre of the city. It also brought into question the name of the institution that still provided “Refuge” but no longer “Industry.” By this time, healthy inmates were no longer asked to chop firewood or to do work in the building in return for overnight accommodation. In January 1954, after much discussion and resistance from some of the governors, the old name, “Montreal Protestant House of Industry and Refuge” was changed to “The Montreal Protestant Homes.”

In the 1950s, more land was sold or expropriated. The farm, operating since long before Thomas Molson acquired it, was finally closed. A new structure, an extension of the Infirmary Building, opened with two floors, but was designed so that three more floors could be added. Further land was lost when St. Catherine Street was rebuilt to curve into Notre Dame Street. In 1958, a new hospital building with 146 beds was completed. At that time, health services were still essentially private. After 1960, the Quebec Hospital Act resulted in a legal separation between the “Homes” and the “Hospital.” In 1971, Medicare arrived, along with a shortage of doctors. By 1973, foundations had been created at both the Grace Dart Hospital (GDH) on Sherbrooke Street and the Montreal

Protestant Homes & Hospital, soon to be re-named the Montreal Extended Care Centre (MECC). The 1980s saw new construction resulting in the physiotherapy area as well as the splendid structure known as Molson Hall, appropriately named for the man who unknowingly started this 150-year journey. At its inauguration, Molson Hall was described as a sort of town square, where the residents could meet and socialize, hear music, eat meals, play bingo, and enjoy the other organized entertainments.

The Grace Dart Hospital and the Montreal Extended Care Centre, two Anglophone long-term care centres in the East end of Montreal, located about two miles apart, then found themselves being coerced by the Ministry of Health into a merger. It was not an enormously popular decision with either the staff or the residents. The board of directors took a realistic view, not having much choice. In fact, despite the problems of functioning on two campuses, combining resources in order to cut costs, and all the other normal problems in the Quebec Health care system, the newly created Grace Dart Extended-Care Centre functions as well today as anyone could have hoped. The yardstick most often used for judging healthcare institutions is the accreditation process. In 2012, Grace Dart again achieved a three-year designation, but this time with an “Exemplary” rating.

As for the future of the Grace Dart, there are two dilemmas. The first is that it is located far away from what the centre considers to be its community. Keeping its Anglophone status would be more likely in the western part of the island. The second dilemma is that, however well-maintained, most of the buildings are ancient and the expense of full renovations to current standards would exceed the cost of new buildings. So, just as the founders struggled with the issues of locations and buildings, the Grace Dart in its 150th year faces similar problems. However, a wonderfully long and successful history should give them the resolve to continue to provide “exemplary” care, as they always have.

Gary Aitken is the past president of the Grace Dart Foundation and an ongoing volunteer within the organization. He is preparing an official history of the Grace Dart Extended Care Centre.


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THE KOTTENBERG CONNECTION

Rediscovering the Laurentians' Jewish Farm Colonies

by Rod MacLeod

When you decide to get the old gang together, you usually don't count on five hundred people showing up.

The organizers of the reunion that took place on September 1 at the Club Optimiste in Ste. Sophie had originally expected maybe a few dozen. Most potential attendees were now widely dispersed across Canada and beyond. How many would come back just for a day? If the organizers had known what they were getting into, they might have thought more about crowd control, and possibly public funding. They might have given the project a snappy name and themselves official job descriptions. Instead, at a meeting only three weeks before the event, they looked at each other and asked: "Who are we, anyway? What are we calling this thing?" The messages that had gone out via Facebook and email and community newspaper listings had simply identified the people involved as "The Jewish Pioneers and Settlers of Ste. Sophie, New Glasgow and St. Lin," a title that would have been even more cumbersome, though more accurate, had it been preceded by "The Descendants of." What they were celebrating was "100+ years of Jewish farming in Quebec," which was also accurate enough, although it implied a wider focus than the Laurentians.

The event eventually acquired a titular CEO in George Polsky, grandson of one of the first settlers and currently the president of the cemetery association in Ste. Sophie. For this reason, Polsky was a good choice: the cemetery association is the closest thing to a governing body for the Jewish community since the school board dissolved six decades ago.

Indeed, all Jewish institutions in the area are managed from afar. No Jews actually live in Ste. Sophie or New Glasgow these days, although a number still

have business interests up there, mostly connected with farming. But even those that moved further afield have not forgotten their roots, and have passed this reverence on. Clearly, the desire to rediscover this heritage transcends time



and distance, to judge by the hundreds of people of all ages – the Pioneers' and Settlers' children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren – who gathered on September 1 to relive memories, real or vicarious, of life in "Unzera Shtetl."

The most extensive archival source for these memories is Fred Rudy. With the grudging approval of his long-suffering family, Fred keeps boxes and boxes of photos, clippings and other memorabilia he has collected over the years in the basement of his Laval home. He promises to donate it all one day to the archives of the Canadian Jewish Congress Charities Committee – where they would make an impressive addition – but in the meantime he wants them handy. Fred will take people up to Ste.

Sophie and New Glasgow at the drop of a hat, and when he shows you a landmark he will also have a bundle of photos and clippings in hand so you can compare what you see with what the place used to look like. Talk about your interactive displays!

Fred was a natural choice as memorabilia coordinator for the September 1 reunion, assembling photos and documents for display in the Club Optimiste. Some of this material was submitted by Ste. Sophie alumni who had been asked to search through their own basements. Most of it, however, was Fred's, along with sizeable contributions from other members of the organizing committee. Pearl Cooper had photos of her own Zaritsky family, along with school-related material from her mother Mary Frank, who had been the teacher in Ste. Sophie for many years. The Zaritskys were related by marriage to the Goodz family, who were well-represented in Pearl's photos, as well as in those of Murray Goodz, whose ancestry also includes the Alberts. Murray, a Montreal architect, undertook to create elaborate display boards with high-res blow-ups of these photos and accompanying text. The result was a museum-quality exhibition that lined the walls of the Club Optimiste and told the story of the area through the experience of several families.

I envy the ability of Pearl, Murray and Fred to relate to the people in these old photos. Each of them can glance at a group around a table and quickly rattle off the roll-call: "That's my uncle Max, and his wife Sarah, and her brother Leo, and his son Nate, and behind him our cousin Susan, and behind her the rabbi" – or something similar. Would that I could do that with my own old family photos, let alone recall anecdotes about most of the people in them, as Pearl et al do. I suspect that some of their facility

*Displays on Kottenberg's Hotel, Club Optimiste, September 1, 2013.
Photo: Rod MacLeod.*

comes from having recently revisited these photos in preparation for the reunion, and from having done so in the company of others with similar experiences. (It's the same way that, as we age, we remember things better with repetition and recall our oldest memories more easily than fresher ones.) Even so, their knowledge of this community is impressive, and speaks to a tight-knit group with a long common history.

It is equally impressive how far back these photos go, even to pre-immigration days. A Goodz photo shows fifteen members of the extended family assembled in their Shabbos best in 1914 Russia. The young couple at centre left are Murray's grandparents Moishe and Tzizie Goodz, and the babe in his mother's arms is Murray's father Joe. Before emigrating, the family would endure three years of world war, the Bolshevik revolution, two years of civil war, and Moishe getting shot by firing squad when a Russian militia occupied the village. Fortunately, the soldiers were in a hurry and didn't notice one corpse was still breathing, having only received a shoulder wound; Tzizie was able to drag Moishe home and nurse him back to health. But this was the last straw; it was time to leave Russia.

No easy feat, this, and it would be several years of wandering before the couple and their four children found themselves in Canada. Like thousands of Eastern European Jews, the Goodz family received financial aid from the Baron de Hirsch Institute, the international Jewish philanthropic organization, and its project for subsidizing resettlement, the Jewish Colonization Association. Moishe was able to purchase a small farm in Ste. Sophie, some twenty-five miles north of Canada's largest Jewish population, in Montreal. Joe eventually married Katie, daughter of Isaac and Sarah Albert, who had emigrated in 1905 from England (where a zealous official had anglicized their original name, Halpern) and founded a successful lumber business in Ste. Sophie.



In truth, farming was nearly impossible in Ste. Sophie (unlike New Glasgow) due to the rocky ground and poor soil. Many Jews fresh from shtetl life were, moreover, unfamiliar with the techniques for managing large farms that had been developed in Canada for generations. This realization proved disappointing to the settlers and to Mortimer Davis, the man who had been head of the Jewish Colonization Association's local branch. Fortunately, for both settlers and Davis, a solution presented itself in the form of an arrangement whereby Davis, one of Canada's wealthiest tobacco manufacturers, distributed tobacco seeds to the Ste. Sophie farmers every spring, and then purchased their crops at the end of the season. Tobacco soon became the region's most profitable crop, although to make ends meet farmers also turned to raising chickens and hogs, and later took in borders and seasonal guests.

Fred Rudy's family was also one of the first to settle in the area. His grandmother Sarah Kottenberg grew up in a

shtetl in the Ukraine cutting wood for making barrels. As the new century dawned, it was clear that shtetl life was growing harsher; Sarah and her sister Mary, both still in their teens, offered to give up their meagre dowry money towards the costs of emigration. Eventually a wealthy family friend, Louis Goldsman, brought them with him on his own voyage to Canada. Goldsman, who had been a successful tailor in Russia, started a men's pants factory in Montreal, where the two sisters were employed. It was there that Sarah met Simson

Rudy, whom she married, and, before long, Mary married another co-worker, Joseph Rosenberg. With money saved, and again with Goldsman's help, the sisters were able to bring their parents Nathan and Ida to Montreal, along with several siblings. The families soon decided that city life was not for them, and grew interested in the small Jewish colonies taking root in the Laurentian foothills. They were not impressed with the rocky ground in Ste. Sophie, but heard that the village of New Glasgow, just two miles down the road, had mills, a waterfall, dense forest, and soil that was perfect for farming. In 1903, Goldsman set them up with a small factory in the old mill to make pants for his business in the city. For the next three years, Nathan Kottenberg and his sons-in-law travelled back and forth to Montreal, a two-day trip by horse and wagon (in winter, by sleigh), taking finished product and returning with material for the next load.

Meanwhile, Nathan had applied to the Baron de Hirsch Institute and the Jewish Colonization Association for a loan, and was soon able to purchase a farm near the village. In 1906, the three families – Kottenbergs, Rudys and Rosenbergs – left the pants factory and moved to the farm. Sarah's son Willie (Fred's father) was born in 1908; Mary's son Harry was born the following year. Shimshon (and later the boys) ran the farm, while Joseph started cutting lumber and Nathan became a lumber merchant. The Achigan river formed the



Top: The Goodz family, Zvenigorodka, Russia, 1914. Photo: courtesy of the Jewish Farmers of Ste. Sophie/New Glasgow and St. Lin.

Bottom: N. M. Hinshelwood, "Mill and falls," New Glasgow, c.1900. Photo: McCord Museum, MP-1985.31.43.

“highway” for moving the logs six miles downriver to the saw mill in neighbouring St. Lin. Country life was hard work, but they ate well – largely thanks to Fred’s formidable great-grandmother, the matriarch Ida Kottenberg, whose garden produced a wide variety of produce which she turned into delicious meals.

It was Ida’s fame as a cook that eventually convinced the family to open a hotel, the first of several “kosher hotels” in the Laurentians. To such hotels came city folk, industrial workers from the slums whose diets were poor, yearning to breathe free in the great outdoors and eat nourishing kosher meals like Ida served. (Many Laurentian resorts were closed to Jews, so the kosher hotels filled a vital niche.) Kottenberg’s Hotel opened in 1910, and consisted of a “big house” with fifteen guest rooms and another large building with a dining room and kitchen. The dining room, which could seat 100 people, also served as a synagogue on high holidays. (Rabbis frequently counted among the guests.) After two years operating at full capacity, the Kottenbergs built a third, smaller building (the “low house”) with additional guest rooms and a flat roof that served as a sun deck. Rooms in both houses were modest, but sensing a demand for accommodation from wealthier urban Jews, the Kottenbergs bought the adjacent farm and built a house with fancier rooms; this building, appropriately, was known as “Westmount.” In addition to chicken coops, ice houses, and a washing shed, the complex was eventually completed with a building known as the “lobby” which



served as a synagogue on high holidays but mostly as a recreation room for guests (and family, off-season). The principal outdoor recreation was the Achigan river: most afternoons, guests would trundle down to the banks and swim in the clear waters before heading back for tea. A stay at a kosher hotel was guaranteed to restore both spirit and body. Locals called their guests the “pleshiniks” – somewhat envious, perhaps, of their ability to relax while those who ran the hotels worked steadily through the summer.

Life in Kottenberg’s Hotel varied with the seasons as much as it did on the farm. Each spring, the two families (Rudy and Rosenberg) would sell most of their chickens and clean out the coops so they could move in themselves to make room for guests. They would also move the huge wood stove from the big house into the “summer” kitchen in the dining building; in the fall, it would return to the big house, along with the two families. Eventually they bought a big commercial hotel stove built at a foundry near Quebec City and transported by train to nearby St. Jerome; not being at all mobile, it took up permanent

residence in the summer kitchen.

In time, a third generation came to know this routine. One weekend evening in the early 1930s, a neighbouring family came over to take part in the usual dancing and games at Kottenberg’s Hotel, and brought with them a young woman named Mitcha, who had recently come to Canada having left her entire family in Poland, where they would all perish at the hands of the Nazis. The eldest Rosenberg, Harry, took a shining to Mitcha, and eventually married her. Willie, the eldest Rudy, met his future wife Jaye Cohen while she and her two sisters were staying at the nearby Fraiberg farm (Kottenberg’s was full). Sensing possibilities, Mr. Fraiberg dropped by the Kottenberg house to extoll the beauty of his three young guests. Willie took the hint – or more properly his parents did, since this was still an age of close adult supervision – and in due course Jaye joined the family. Most of the Rudy and Rosenberg siblings set up their own homes elsewhere, but Harry, Mitcha, Willie, and Jaye stayed on at Kottenberg’s and raised their children there. Fred’s earliest memories are of a steady parade of paying guests and summer nights in the chicken coop.

Harry and Willie and their siblings attended the local Protestant school in New Glasgow. This was essentially a one-room schoolhouse plus an adjacent ante-room with a pot-bellied stove the pupils lit each morning. The school dated back to the 1820s when New Glasgow had first been settled by Scots, and it remained under the control of local Protestant trustees until the 1950s. Its claim to fame was that Wilfrid Laurier



Top: Ida Kottenberg (nee Drosweet) on the farm. Photo: courtesy of the Jewish Farmers of Ste. Sophie/New Glasgow and St. Lin.

Bottom left: “The Lobby” at the Kottenberg Hotel, 2013. Photo: Rod MacLeod. Bottom right: Interior of “The Lobby,” 1960s. Photo: courtesy of Fred Rudy.



had been a pupil there; his parents, who lived in nearby St. Lin, had wanted him to learn English – a skill that served him well in politics, especially as Prime Minister of Canada at the time when Jewish families were starting to settle in the Laurentians. Willie Rudy followed in Laurier’s footsteps, as did his own son Fred, who has memories of the school stove and the agony on a cold day of smelling the soup warming for lunch when it was still only half way through the morning.

The Jewish families who settled in nearby Ste. Sophie had a very different educational experience from those in New Glasgow. As the parish’s population was largely Irish and French Canadian, the local school was Catholic. Jewish parents began to send their children there, but in the spring of 1913, the teacher’s antisemitic attitude obliged them to break their ties with the Catholic board. Farmers pooled their resources and constructed a shul, a building that was to serve as both the area’s first official synagogue and a schoolhouse. Mindful of the need to integrate with the wider society, they wanted the school to

be part of the public education system – the Protestant one, which operated largely in English and which had already made arrangements in Montreal with the Jewish community.

Arguing that the Jews, in fact, constituted the religious minority in the parish of Ste. Sophie, the farmers succeeded in convincing the Provincial Council of Public Instruction to approve the creation of a new school board, which they named “Scotland” in tribute to the Scots who had played such a key role in establishing Protestant education in Quebec. It was to be the only public school board in Quebec, and probably North America, that was run entirely by, and for, Jews. At the Scotland School, children learned the “English” subjects (Math, Geography, History, etc.) from a teacher certified by Macdonald College, and then learned Hebrew from the local rabbi, who was most often also the local shochet (poultry slaughterer) who did his work in a shed behind the schoolhouse. Both rabbi and shochet were hired by the school trustees, who also managed the nearby Jewish cemetery and acted as a kind of municipal govern-

ment for all kinds of issues pertaining to the Jewish community.

One of the English teachers was Mary Frank, who graduated from the Macdonald School of Teachers at the height of the depression and could find no work in Montreal. Hearing of a vacancy in Ste. Sophie, however, she applied, and got the job. Many of the older participants at the September 1 reunion, including George Polsky’s father Ruby, had fond memories of Miss Frank, who taught from 1934 to 1941. Part way through that period, Mary met Willie Zaritsky, a young farmer whose father had been one of the school’s founding trustees, and they married. Her daughter Pearl grew up in Ste. Sophie and attended the Scotland School until it closed in 1949, whereupon the students transferred to New Glasgow, and then St. Jerome or Montreal.

The shul’s role as synagogue continued, however – it still functions, albeit only on high holidays when a handful drive up from the city with the visiting rabbi. It is this crucial institution that the Jewish Pioneers and Settlers were celebrating on September 1, 2013: 100 years of the Ste. Sophie synagogue, aka the Scotland School.

The Jewish exodus from New Glasgow and Ste. Sophie as of the 1950s was in part the result of greater post-war expectations for education. Another factor was prosperity: successful agro-business (pickles, fruits and vegetables) did not require farmers to be constantly on-hand, and many moved to the city, where they were still only a short drive back. People like Fred Rudy and Murray Goodz wanted careers, and moved away



Top: Tea Party Alfresco at Willie Zaritsky’s Farm, 1945. Photo: courtesy of the Jewish Farmers of Ste. Sophie/New Glasgow and St. Lin.

Bottom left: Scotland School / Synagogue, Ste. Sophie, 1960s. Photo: Gault Finley. Bottom right: Mary Frank and her class with the Rabbi, Scotland School, c.1940. Photo: courtesy of Mary Zaritsky.

to study and then settled elsewhere with their own families. They and countless others returned to the Laurentians regularly, however; snapshots from the 1960s, 70s, and even 80s attest to the ongoing magnetism of places like Kottenberg's Hotel. Although the hotel closed in 1952, Willie Rudy and Harry Rosenberg and their families continued to call it home and continued to run the farm. Harry was a colourful character, a lover of classical music and opera, a perpetual tinkerer, and a collector of objects from ancient coins to old tools – the latter displayed prominently over the outside wall of his workshop. Where Harry was reclusive, Willie was outgoing, active in countless local institutions including the New Glasgow board of school trustees and later (alongside Willie Zaritsky) the Laurentia School Board in St. Jerome, where he served as chair. A member of the (largely Francophone) Ste. Sophie town council for 17 years, Willie Rudy was elected mayor in 1973 and served in that capacity until shortly before his death in 1982. After Harry's death four years later, the two widows, Jaye and Mitcha, stayed on in the big house for a few more seasons before selling it and the land to relatives and moving into the city.

My first visit to Ste. Sophie was in late 2000, in the course of research into Quebec Protestant education (See *QHN*, January 2004). A colleague and I met Murray Goodz's uncle Solomon, then 85 and just about the last remaining Jewish resident of the place, who took us to see the synagogue (not inside, it was locked) and the cemetery. We met Solomon again two years later at a (much smaller) reunion of Ste. Sophie alumni held at a restaurant in Ville St-Laurent. Later, we interviewed Mary Zaritsky in her Cote St. Luc apartment. Then we lost touch until last spring when the organizers of the "100+ years" event contacted us about making a presentation. It was a pleasure to get reacquainted with this community, meet Pearl and Fred and several other dedicated people, and learn the latest news. We were sorry to hear that Solomon Goodz had died some time after we had last seen him; Mary Zaritsky had died, well into her 90s, just a few weeks earlier.

But the granddaddy of reunions was underway, and we were delighted to fol-

low its progress and even make a few contributions. The day was a huge success: gorgeous weather, great displays, good food (a St-Viateur Bagel truck on hand with many kinds of bagels, drinks and salads), and five hundred people shunted smoothly from the Club Optimiste to the synagogue, the cemetery, and other historical sites in the area. George Polsky welcomed the crowd, Murray and Pearl introduced the speakers, and Fred acted as tour guide on the bus. It was an overdose of anecdote and catching up for the older set, and an education for the younger ones.

I hardly saw Fred that day, but I'd had the good fortune to visit the area with him (and his portable archive) the previous June. He had a key, so I was able to see the inside of the Scotland School for the first time. We went to the cemetery, where I saw the graves of Solomon Goodz and Mary Zaritsky, the latter still bare ground from the recent burial. Fred also showed me where Willie, Jaye, Harry, and many others whose stories I was getting to know, were buried. In New Glasgow, we found Laurier's school, now an antique store, and browsed around. While Fred conjured up scenes from six decades earlier, the young clerk listened wide-eyed, not entirely sure she could believe him but clearly intrigued by the suggestion that this building had a far more impressive heritage than any object on sale inside it.

And then at last Kottenberg's Hotel in all its glory – or rather something considerably less than glory. Having

been empty for some years, time and nature had taken their toll. We had to step through high underbrush to get to the back of the old dining building, but by peering through the window, I could see the classic iron stove that had produced such sought-after fare for generations. Harry's workshop with its fabled tool-encrusted façade was gone. So were the chicken coops. Two winters before, vandals had broken into the "lobby," tore out some decorations, and covered the walls and floor with graffiti. I took a photo, but Fred asked me not to show it to him as the damage was heartbreaking and he wanted to remember the room the way it had been. We hiked down to the river through several hundred yards of prickly bush; whatever path the "pleshiniks" had once taken is now completely hidden. The river was lovely, however, the view worth the burrs and scratches.

The good news is that the property has recently been purchased, and the new owner (a Francophone with some links to the area) is keen to restore the big house – as evidenced by scaffolding on one side. Moreover, it is his intention to open the place as a B&B, and to call it the "Old Kottenberg Inn." Kosher food will probably not be on the menu nor will it be likely feasible for guests to swim in the Achigan River, given its all-but-inaccessible location. But it would be a splendid thing for this little bit of Laurentian heritage to be revived, a part of a larger process whereby a new generation is rediscovering "unzera shtetl."



Rear of the dining room and kitchen building, the Kottenberg Hotel, 2013.
Photo: Rod MacLeod.

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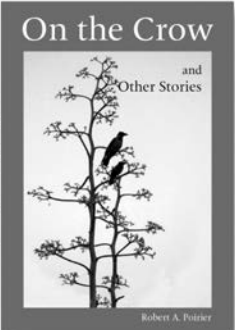
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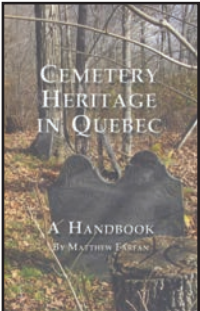
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