

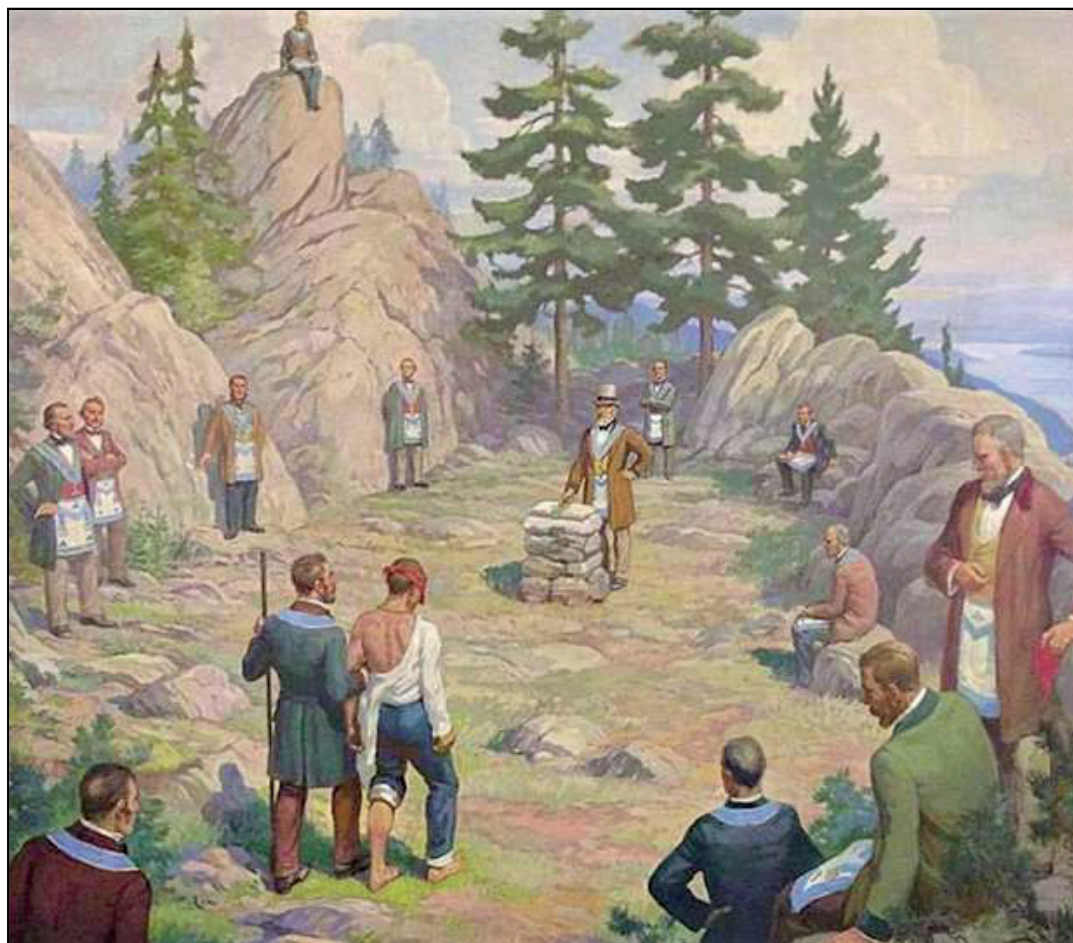
A JOURNEY TO THE TOP OF OWL'S HEAD

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Quebec Heritage News

VOL 15, No. 3

SUMMER 2021



Living in the Centre of the World

A Life-long Laurentian Adventure

Names, Dates, and DNA

Finding the Roots of Indigenous Genealogy

Wish You Were Here

Montreal Hospitals on Old Postcards

Quebec Heritage News

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Cover: 1858 Owl's Head Communication, painting by Adam Sheriff-Scott R.C.A.,
Grand Lodge of Quebec.

EDITOR'S DESK

Private Parts

by Rod MacLeod

There we were, just minding our own business, strolling along in the warm early spring sunshine over the rolling hills, admiring the stark bald branches above and the meandering rivulets below, enjoying the peace – when an ATV roared up and a man shouted at us to get the hell out or he would call the cops.

Did I mention we were trespassing?

We had rediscovered Meadowbrook Golf Course during the early part of the Covid-19 lockdown. Over “the Hump” (Montreal West’s curvaceous railway bridge), you turn onto a path bordered on one side by the sunken CP tracks (heading to Lasalle or Mile End) and on the other by the sprawling rear vegetable gardens of the rows of post-war flats. Beyond these gardens, the path continues next to a sagging fence that marks the edge of a vast open green, and at the very end meets another set of CP tracks, these heading to the West Island. But just beside these tracks is a break in the fence, and you can saunter through and wander over the green – as we did on our mid-April excursion, loving the crunch of thawed turf underfoot and the staccato tap of woodpeckers working away in creaking trees. We were not alone: there were lots of dogs and lots of dog walkers, the latter keeping a pandemic-friendly distance but eager to exchange superlatives about the weather, the fresh air, and the sheer joy of getting out in it again. We asked one dog walker, who was obviously a regular, about the legality of using this space. The verdict was that, until the golf season really got started, the club turned a blind eye to visitors. Hooray!

Well, that wasn’t our impression a few days later, on our third visit, when a grounds keeper turned not so much a blind eye as purple with rage. This was private property! We had no right to be there! Judging from the intensity with

which he expressed this message, it was clear that defending this turf was an ancient battle, now taken up with righteous proprietorial zeal. Clearly this fellow was of the “shoot ‘em on sight” school of groundskeeping, or at any rate would have had us transported or hanged from a gibbet had the law been what it was a couple of centuries back.



He was right, of course, and we were wrong. After stating lamely what we had been told of the lenient off-season policy, but meeting only threats, we retreated. On the way home, we expressed righteous indignation, then rationalization, then reluctant contrition.

Since then, I’ve been musing about the nature of property and the nature of space, and the assumptions we make about both. When we think about space, interior as well as exterior, we usually talk as though there are always clear distinctions between “public” and “private.” The law often seems to operate this way too. In practice, however, there

is much ambiguity, particularly around questions of ownership and access. When it comes to green spaces, things are actually pretty grey. For that matter, when it comes to grey spaces (the “urban jungle”) things are also pretty grey.

We are taught at an early age to revere private property. I remember that as suburban kids we were acutely aware of boundaries: certainly the ones represented by sidewalk and street, but also the largely imaginary borders separating units of familial possession. “You’re not allowed on our property,” snarky playmates would announce, as though they had been deputized by absentee parents to assert absolute control over distinct patches of lawn – a notion particularly absurd given that our parents would have seen property lines chiefly in terms of how much lawn they had to mow. But the go-to expression to designate one’s house and surrounding ground was “property” – and it still is, much to my frustration. We ought not to think of our homes primarily as something we possess by legal title, especially when we are playing tag or reading a book in a hammock.

But even the boundaries we thought we understood as children were ill-defined. As a suburban home owner, I know full well that a big strip of my lawn next to the sidewalk is not “my property” but in fact belongs to the municipality – even though I mow it, edge it, and would raise hell if the municipality attempted to chop down the tree in the corner of it. This proprietorial instinct is not unduly romantic, I would argue, even though the law would clearly not be on my side were I to challenge the municipality’s right to chop or otherwise tinker with said strip of ground. But in an ideal world where litigation is not stooped to, the municipality and I have an understanding, whereby this bit of property is a mutual responsibility,

Meadowbrook, April 2020. Photo: Elena Cerrolaza.



under overlapping jurisdictions. Property is a two-way street.

When it comes to ownership and access, the street itself is also a two-way street (even when it is one-way). The “street” is quintessential public space: a common way that connects our private dwellings and allows us to get from them to other places for social or economic purposes. Most streets are owned by the state (in its various guises) – hence the term “King’s Highway” and the roads carved by governors of Lower Canada to open up townships. Back in the nineteenth century, the city of Montreal expropriated strips of farmland to open streets, and also received donations of land from landowners eager to sell accessible suburban lots. Because streets are owned by the state, we think of them as “public,” which implies that we have a right to use them. We defend this privilege jealously. We “take to” the street when we wish to protest something – not only because a street can accommodate lots of people but also out of a sense that it is our hard-earned right to do so. We also talk of “taking back” the street when our right to be there seems threatened; we do so in the belief that public ownership implies a public responsibility for making streets safe. Cities’ attempts to do this usually take the form of regulation, including policing. Regulation can certainly make streets more comfortable places for

respectable people to gather – look at what happened to Midtown Manhattan in the late 1990s. But for racialized and marginalized people, the regulation of public space can be insidiously disruptive, even fatal. Streets are not level playing fields, notwithstanding the fine work of steamrollers and asphalters.

Playing fields are not level playing fields either – if we include parks and playgrounds in that category. Most of us recognize that parks, unlike streets, often require the qualifier “public,” since we’re familiar with the historical effort of creating parks out of private land or (in the case of national parks) the wilderness. Indeed, once upon a time the term “park” meant the landscaped grounds of vast private estates that Thomas Gainsborough painted and that Jane Austen’s characters got pneumonia traipsing across during storms. Public parks are also much more regulated than streets; some are even closed at night. They are also linked to government more than streets are, even though both need regular upkeep. National and provincial parks are national and provincial services, just as municipal parks are municipal services, like pools, rinks, and libraries. Access to parks is generally not restricted to local residents, however – although some Montreal-area municipalities have recently proposed prohibiting outsiders from using picnic tables in their parks, apparently believing that people cooped up in downtown apartments through the long Covid winter have no business, and certainly no right, heading to suburban parks when the spring sun finally shines. It is true that apartment dwellers do not pay for the upkeep of suburban parks through

property taxes (at least not directly), but surely that should not be the condition for right of access; if it were, one would have to produce a federal Notice of Assessment in order to visit Banff.

The regulation of public space has its counterpart in private space. I can’t do whatever I like with my home, not if it endangers or offends the community. In this sense, private property (the exterior, anyway) is part of public space. To some extent, even interiors can be subject to regulation – and it is on this assumption that much heritage conservation work operates. Heritage activism stems from the belief that the owners of private property do not have an absolute right to destroy or irreversibly alter their old buildings and ancient green spaces. When it comes to such historic places, we feel a sense of collective ownership that trumps private property – at a moral level, if not a legal one. This sense of collective ownership does not mean that we claim any right of public access. What it does mean is that the owners of such buildings are custodians as well as the holders of deeds, and that they are responsible for something greater than mere property.

Of course, right of access can be a factor when it comes to privately-owned spaces that are not homes or businesses. A classic example is cemeteries. As those who work to preserve old cemeteries know, burial ground is usually privately owned. For a great many small, out-of-the-way cemeteries, there is effectively no regulation, meaning that it is easy to access them – and far too easy to desecrate them. But access will occur even in the best regulated cemeteries. The granddaddy of Quebec’s heritage



Top: “St. Margaret Street, Montreal,” c.1910. McCord Museum, MP-0000.825.8.

Bottom: Nature and heritage in Mount Royal Cemetery. Photo: Rod MacLeod

burial grounds, Mount Royal Cemetery, prides itself on being open to the public, and happily lauds its natural beauty, its historic significance, and its monumental art. This was not always the case. In the 1970s and 1980s, management provoked widespread public outrage by clearcutting a mountain top for new grave sites and claiming the company could do what it liked with its property. As of 1990, new management wisely reversed this policy and renounced this attitude, recognizing the cemetery's responsibility to the community, to posterity, and to the environment. None of this takes away from the Mount Royal Cemetery's right to regulate the ground it owns: some years back, it banned cyclists, whose high-speed schussing down cemetery paths was felt to be disruptive. Respect for this space is the price that we, the public, pay in return for our (tacit) right to visit. This understanding is a major change from the situation some decades back, when owning cemetery "property" (i.e., a burial lot) was what enabled you to enter cemetery space.

Which brings me, of course, to Meadowbrook. Now, this particular golf course has been the focus of an endless battle between developers and preservationists, so it is perhaps not surprising that the groundskeeper we encountered was so immediately antagonistic. The Meadowbrook debacle has pitted landowners against several municipalities, golfers against nature lovers (which golfers, perhaps counterintuitively, are implicitly not), and conservationists against the City of Montreal (over cleaning up, or covering up, the historic St. Pierre River, which runs through here). Turning Meadowbrook into a public park would be lovely, of course. Yet, given the lingering possibility that a huge chunk of this land could be torn up and developed as condos, perhaps the status quo (a functioning golf course) is the best option on the table. And just for that reason, it surely behooves the owners to allow visitors, at least during the off season. With so much at stake, with nature and history and human health factored into the equation, shouting "private property" just doesn't cut it.

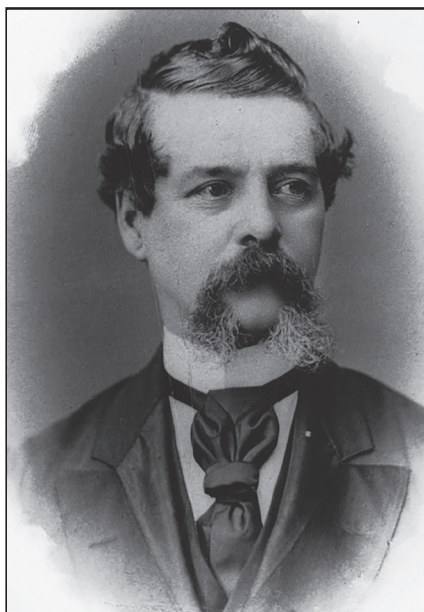
It may not be easy being green, but it's a good deal harder being grey. And grey is just where most of us spend most of our time.



LETTER

The Park's Forgotten Father

I have just received my Spring 2021 edition of the *Heritage News* and, as usual, have found it very interesting and a great read. I would like to note one point, however, concerning the article by Susan McGuire ("A Park for All Montreal"). In this otherwise excellent history of Mount Royal, there is no mention of Bernard Devlin. To be fair,



most articles about Mount Royal also neglect to note Devlin's involvement, unfortunately.

Devlin seems to me to have been a very interesting character in Montreal's

history. He was of Irish heritage, a lawyer, a city councillor, a contemporary and adversary of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and an advisor to the United States government of Abraham Lincoln. He also commanded a regiment during the times of the Fenian raids.

Devlin's role in opening Mount Royal Park is expressed as follows in his Wikipedia entry:

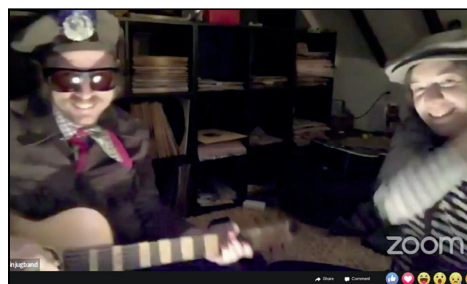
From 1863 to 1870, Devlin sat as a member of the Montreal City Council and as alderman for St. Lawrence Ward. While there he proposed the establishment of Mount Royal Park on the mountain of the same name occupying the heart of the city. He fought long and ardently and finally succeeded in having his scheme adopted (1876), thus securing for Montreal one of the most beautiful public parks on the continent. His concurrent efforts as city attorney subsequently saved thousands of dollars for the city in park-related expropriation cases.

I have no idea why Devlin's contributions to Montreal history generally are often forgotten, and in particular why he is seldom mentioned for his part in the creation of the park.

Fergus Keyes
Montreal, Qc.

QAHN NEWS

“QAHN has really stepped up during the Covid pandemic,” says executive director Matthew Farfan. “I’m proud of the work accomplished by the whole team. Our online programming has been exceptionally rich and varied, and a number of other major initiatives are now under way.”



A Different Tune: Musical Heritage

“A Different Tune,” a 15-month, Canadian Heritage-funded project overseen by Glenn Patterson,

came to completion in December. Glenn was able to pivot during Covid from a heavily performance-based program to an almost entirely online format, and feedback from participants at online events all over Quebec has been very positive. Dave Felker, for example, of CASA’s The Gaspesian Way, one of our partners, wrote that the collaboration with QAHN helped them “not only... boost local membership, but also... reach a population across Quebec.” Glenn’s “expertise in music and heritage helped us hit home the message of why we exist here on the coast, by supporting the promotion of heritage and culture. And... his technical expertise in the online platforms helped us shape our own capacities and offer for future activities.



Belonging and Identity

QAHN's project “Belonging and Identity in English-speaking Quebec” was funded by the Government of Quebec's Secretariat for Relations with English-speaking Quebecers, through the intermediary of Concordia University. The aim of this project was to help local organizations develop original heritage programming pertaining to English-speaking Quebec that would be accessible during the pandemic.

“This project took some doing to get off the ground,” says Matthew Farfan, “but once funding was secured, project director Dwane Wilkin did an excellent job working with 10 local heritage partners, all members of QAHN, to create projects that are priorities for them.” Participating groups included the Colby-Curtis Museum, Hemmingford Archives, Richmond County Museum, Heritage New Carlisle, the Council for Anglophone Magdalen Islanders, Cantley 1889, the Société d’histoire du Canton d’Orford, the Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum Society, the English Community Organization of Lanaudière, and Missisquoi Museum.

In total, these partners received nearly \$50,000 from QAHN through this project, and a fair amount of mentoring along the way. Local initiatives have included everything from a monument in a historic cemetery in the Gatineau Valley, to a database of artefacts in the Magdalen Islands, to a mural in Richmond. At an online “show and tell” attended by over 200 people, William Floch of the Secretariat recognized that QAHN is “trying to build bridges... all the time in your work,” and underlined “how much we appreciate the work that you're doing.” Best news of all, perhaps, is the fact that the “Belonging” project has just been renewed for a second year, with work already under way.

Heritage Talks Online

This year's Heritage Talks program was funded by the Chawkers and Zellers Family foundations, and by Canadian Heritage. It included a series of 15 superb online presentations, all overseen by Heather Darch, with support from Glenn Patterson in “master control.”

The talks got under way in February with “Crystal Gazing: Building Exhibition Spaces in Montreal, 1855-1882,” with Rod MacLeod, and continued through to June with “Fire and Ice Cream: Unpacking the 1819 Burning of a Montreal Confectionery,” with Elena Cerrolaza. In the intervening weeks, a veritable pantheon of talented speakers populated the program: Grant Myers, Jody Robinson, Barry McCullough, Tina Therien, Fergus Keyes, Simon Jacobs, Keith Henderson, Caitlin Bailey,



Top: Musical Heritage.

Bottom left: Belonging.
Bottom right: Heritage Talks (Simon Jacobs).

Sandi Beebe, Neil Faulkner and Joan Garnett, Nancy Marrelli, Dorothy Williams, and Suzanne Morin. The moderators managed the events with aplomb, overcoming the inevitable technical glitch that occasionally arose, and feedback from viewers on Zoom and Facebook Livestream was enthusiastic. One participant wrote, "I appreciate everything that I am seeing and hearing from the charming host to the speakers and then to the group conversations afterward. I am so happy that I don't have to go downtown, find parking and be out on a dark night. Please, please keep this program going online."

Another viewer said, "I am so proud... of the impact you are making helping people learn and connect and be part of something in a year that has had so many disruptions and adjustments." In all, several thousand people viewed the conferences "live," with single-event attendance as high as 550.

Irish in March

In March, QAHN co-hosted two special online Irish-themed events with partners in Quebec City, Shannon and Valcartier, in honour of the St. Patrick's season. Coordinated by Glenn Patterson, programming included airing archival footage of the 50th Shannon Irish Show and screening "Echoes of a Fine-tuned Valley: Musical Memories from the Jacques-Cartier Area," a QAHN-supported documentary about musical heritage around Shannon-Valcartier by Allison Kirkwood. These two live events were viewed by a staggering 2,700 people.



London Journal of Canadian Studies

Still in March, QAHN collaborated with a British organization, the UCL Institute of the Americas, a UK-based multidisciplinary institution for the study of Canada and the Americas, to launch online a new edition of the *London Journal of Canadian Studies*, guest edited by QAHN members Sam Allison and Jon Bradley.

QAHN's Christina Adamko flawlessly coordinated the event, which included a number of scholars, including Dick Pound (of the IOC), John Bird (a member of a Manitoba First Nations community, speaking about Truth and Reconciliation),

and former British High Commissioner to Canada Sir Nicholas Bayne.

Nearly 175 people participated on Zoom and Facebook in this, QAHN's first transatlantic conference. One participant described the event as "one of the best organized conferences I have attended." Or as Tony McCulloch, of the UCL Institute of the Americas, said, "Thank you again... for the excellent job you did in hosting the *LJCS* panel yesterday." High praise indeed!

Annual Conference, British Association for Canadian Studies

As a result of our success with the online launch of the *London Journal of Canadian Studies*, QAHN was invited to host the annual conference of the British Association for Canadian Studies. This event, which featured a range of scholars, with discussions of the October Crisis and other topics, took place online over two days in April. It was coordinated by Christina and Glenn, and like the *LJCS* launch, was another successful ocean-spanning initiative.

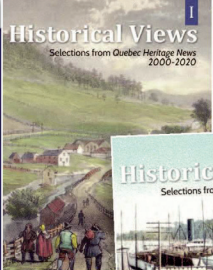
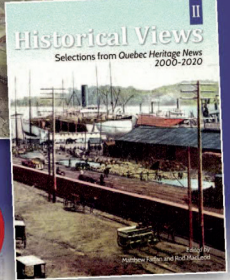
Over the course of the two days, over 380 people viewed at least part of the program on Zoom or Facebook Live. Feedback from our British colleagues was also excellent. Sir Nicholas Bayne, for example, wrote: "I congratulate you and others on the very successful panel on James Cross and the response to his kidnapping by the FLQ... The transatlantic link to QAHN strikes me as being a great asset for BACS."

Scandal Makers

QAHN's online mini-documentary series, "The Scandal Makers," now includes six installments. This fascinating series, which spotlights some of the seamier stories connected to people buried in the cemeteries of Missisquoi County, is hosted by Heather Darch, with camera, editing and drone work by Thomas Gasser. Available on Youtube ("QAHN Home"), "The Scandal Makers" has proven so popular that QAHN plans to continue the series this summer and fall. Work is already under way researching stories at graveyards in other parts of Quebec.



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Anthology: *Historical Views*

What do forgotten heroes, ancient burial grounds, a famous horse, a fish, a colossal sailing ship, a suffragette, a magician and an unsung genius all have in common? They are all stories featured in *Historical Views: Selections from Quebec Heritage News 2000-2020, I & II*, a new two-volume anthology published this spring by QAHN in honour of the organization's twentieth anniversary. Produced in softcover box sets and in hardcover, this beautiful collection is available in limited numbers (only 250 softcover and 25 hardcover sets have been printed). It includes 120 articles by over 60 different authors, and is lavishly illustrated with close to 150 archival and contemporary images in full colour, sepia and black and white.

Edited by QAHN executive director Matthew Farfan and *Quebec Heritage News* editor Rod MacLeod, *Historical Views* includes an array of articles from the first twenty years of QAHN's quarterly magazine. Topics in the collection are divided into 15 chapters ranging from "Local Heroes" to "Indigenous," from "Settlement and Immigration" to "Burial and Lore," and more. An introductory chapter by Rod MacLeod, "Old News," looks back at how *Quebec Heritage News* magazine has evolved over the years.

This project was nearly a year in the making. In June 2020, an editorial committee was created to determine criteria for selecting articles for re-publication. The committee (Grant Myers, Sandra Stock, Past President Kevin O'Donnell, Rod and Matthew) agreed that only history-themed articles would be chosen – as opposed to opinion pieces, news items, or stories on current events or historical places, many of which could seem dated if re-published years later. Once the final selections were made, and chapter themes determined, Matthew and Rod began the task of re-editing scores of articles, choosing images, determining format, finalizing design and layout, and soliciting reviews. Dan Pinese and Matthew saw to the layout while Sylvain Leblanc handled the graphic design.

Members of the editorial committee are delighted with the

results. Grant Myers describes the anthology as "a fitting tribute to the many researchers and writers that have dedicated themselves to ensuring that the rich, but often overlooked, history of Quebec's English-speaking communities is preserved and can be recognized by future generations," while Rod MacLeod calls it "an entertaining tour through some of the lesser-known gems of Quebec history, recounted by a range of experts from across the province."

These sentiments have been echoed across the heritage community and by educators and members of the general public. Doug Brown of John Abbott College calls the anthology "a testament" to "community of memory," a "celebration of life in Quebec," and "QAHN's gift to everyone for whom that life and heritage have, or will have, meaning."

Mary Ducharme of the Hemmingford Archives says: "It takes good storytellers to impart a sense of the meaning of history. The many voices in this anthology bring to light a wealth of stories in the grand biography of English Quebec." Raymond Théberge, Canada's Commissioner of Official Languages, says the anthology will "help make the rich history and heritage of Quebec's English-speaking communities more widely known and appreciated."

Historical Views: Selections from Quebec Heritage News 2000-2020, I & II, softcover edition, sells for \$45 (\$40.50 for QAHN members), plus \$20 postage within Canada. The hardcover edition sells for \$70, plus \$20 postage within Canada. To order by e-transfer or Paypal, please make payment to home@qahn.org. By cheque, send payment to: QAHN, 3355 College, Sherbrooke, QC J1M 0B8.



Mark Your Calendars: QAHN AGM June 26, 10 a.m. (ZOOM)

QAHN's 2021 annual general meeting will take place over Zoom on June 26, at 10 a.m. This event will include an update on our various projects, the state of our finances, the announcement of our 2021 Marion Phelps and Richard Evans award recipients and a friendly exchange among members. Please email QAHN at: home@QAHN.org for information on how to participate, and to receive relevant documentation.

THE FULFORD RESIDENCE

A Dilemma for Both Elder Care and Heritage

by Sandra Stock

As the seemingly endless Covid-19 pandemic rolls on, many serious social issues have emerged. One of the most urgent is the less-than-ideal treatment of the frailer segment of older Canadians, even in what appear, superficially at least, to be high-end facilities. One example of this sort of failure of care is the sudden announcement in March 2021 by the board of the Fulford Residence of Montreal that its remaining 21 residents (from a possible capacity of 38) will have to move by September. The board had decided to close the Fulford.

January 2021 saw an outbreak of Covid at the Fulford, even though the staff had been taking every precaution and the residence had been spared up until then. Ten residents and a staff member's husband died from the disease. There had already been a decline in the number of residents, but the announcement of closure was a complete and unhappy shock to the families of those remaining residents. This unique and very specifically Montreal English-speaking institution is now facing an uncertain future.

The Fulford Residence was begun by the Anglican Diocese of Montreal in 1855. It was called the Church Home until 1982 when its name was changed in order to comply with provincial government legislation. Although the residents can now come from any religious denomination, a strong Anglican presence remains: for example, the Anglican Bishop of Montreal still serves as the president of the Fulford's board of governors.

Origins: Bishop Fulford

Francis Fulford was born in Sidmouth, Devon, in 1803 to an aristocratic family that had been major local landowners since the twelfth century. As a "second son," Francis was destined for some sort of profession, as he would not inherit land and titles. Luckily, Francis Fulford was an intelligent and well-motivated person who excelled academically. He became an Oxford fellow and later pursued a vocation in the church. In 1830, he married Mary Drummond, from an equally highly placed family from Hampshire. Their eldest son ended up inheriting all the Fulford

estates from Francis' childless older brother.

This brief family history (a tad Jane Austen on the surface!) is not what we would immediately associate with a clergyman who was a progressive and tolerant thinker and who was established in the Diocese of Montreal as its first Anglican bishop. Nevertheless, he was sent to Canada, which until that time was all under the Diocese of Quebec, based in Quebec City. Montreal wasn't the capital of anything in 1850: Quebec City had pride

of place through age and possibly better civic behavior, and Montreal's stint as capital of the United Canadas had ended in the flames of St. Ann's Market the year before. However, Montreal was the economic centre of all Canada and its population was expanding quickly. There was a large Anglican (Church of England) segment, mainly military, government and professional people: at that time, most were directly from Britain but also some third generation families, many Montreal-born.

Bishop Fulford was active in the wider Montreal community and supported the many societies that then existed to improve education and public welfare, such as the Mechanics' Institute (now the Atwater Library), and he was one of the founders of the Montreal Art Association (now the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts) in 1860.

In 1855, Bishop Fulford and his wife, Mary, saw the need for an establishment that would shelter and protect young women who came to Canada from abroad as governesses and teachers. This facility started off in a house on St. Dominique Street, and when Christ Church Cathedral opened on St. Catherine, the facility moved to a larger house on Aylmer in 1864. Fulford died in 1868 and Mary Fulford returned to England, but the succeeding bishop, Ashton Oxenden, and the Montreal clergy, continued to support the home.

The Home: Moving on Up

In 1878, the Diocese moved the Church Home to an even larger house at 116 University Street. By now, this location was central to the Golden Square Mile residential area and the



commercial hub of Montreal – now increasingly north and west of the old Ville Marie/Old Montreal district. The house would also have been just steps from the Cathedral. According to About Us, Our History, Fulford Residence, “the Committee of Management uses its discretion in the selection of applicants, so that persons benefitting may likely live happily in social equality as members of one family.” The first resident was an aged and sick governess, Miss Munson.

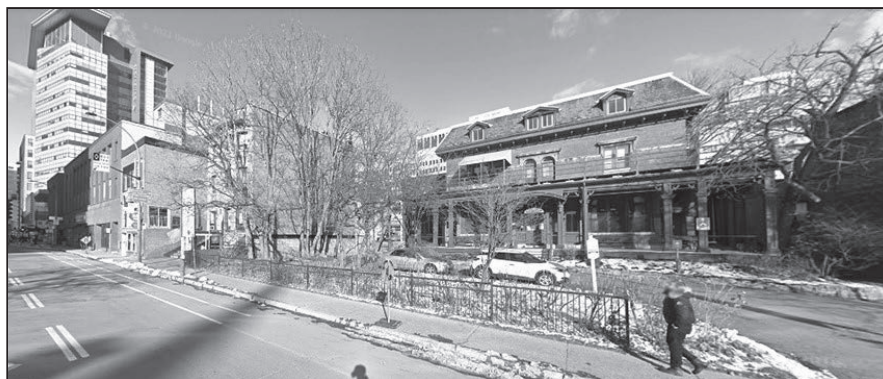
Although not directly stated anywhere in the materials regarding its history, the Church Home’s mission had obviously transformed from the care of young immigrant women to a home for aged ladies. Never overtly stated but also very clearly implied was a certain class bias as to what sort of residents these ladies should be: educated middle-class single women who had worked, the elderly widows and aunts of well-placed Montreal families, and the connections of clergy. The Church Home remains single sex, which is quite unusual for the present day. Yet we must remember that women had little personal freedom in the Victorian age when the Fulford was set up and also that women (still) outlive men and were and are more likely to end up alone as they age.

The Church Home was steadily expanding in the late nineteenth century, as was Montreal’s population. A much larger house was required. The Diocese held a fundraiser, with impressive results, and purchased the Major Estate at 403 (now 1221) Guy Street, its present location. In September 1890, the Church Home was dedicated by Bishop William Bond, who stated that “it might be the happy home of many women in their time of need, whether it be from infirmity, bereavement or old age, that it will commend itself as place of gracious and active benevolence to those women of the Church of England whose lives have fallen in pleasant places, who have homes of their own, where in sickness and mature age they have affection and care which beautify the evening of life.”

Erin Cottage: An Important Heritage Site

In *Mansions of the Golden Square Mile*, Brian Merrett and François Rémillard describe the Major House as follows: “It is always a surprise when driving along Guy Street to come across this large, country style house surrounded by the buildings of modern downtown. The piece of land which separates the house from the street and the verandah which runs along the façade give it the look of a summer cottage somehow transplanted to a district of hotels, stores, offices and public buildings.”

The house was built in 1859 for James E. Major, who was a partner in the firm of Dyde & Major, inspectors of potash and pearl ash. The architect was Thomas Seaton Scott (1836-1895) who was later architect-in-chief for the Public Works Department of Canada. The Major house, called Erin Cottage, was Scott’s first known work. The construction style was simplified Italianate, the most fashionable style at the time in Montreal. Scott used brick rather than stone, unusual for a Square Mile house, but then this location was very much in the country, surrounded by orchards and farmlands and perhaps the less formal look of brick was thought more suitable. The Major



family lived there for thirty years. Luckily. The Major house has had only two owners, the second being the Anglican Church since 1891.

The exterior and interior of the Fulford preserve the features of the period, including ornately carved wood moldings, fireplaces, windows and general layout of Erin Cottage. There are still front and (small) back garden areas. The spacious verandah and graceful semi-Mansard roof, present a balanced and pleasing picture. This structure looks like a home to live in, not a large pile built to impress.

The heritage value of the Fulford Residence is incalculable to downtown Montreal, which, with few exceptions, has lost so many of its nineteenth century historic buildings. There is now very great concern within the community as to the fate of this unique building, should the Diocese proceed with its plan to close it. Montreal is dotted with abandoned ecclesiastical buildings suffering from various degrees of disrepair that usually have led to demolition or unattractive “façadism.”

The families of the remaining residents at the Fulford are continuing their fight to preserve the institution at its present location. As negotiations with the board and the Diocese have not gone well so far, this group has contacted the media and the wider community for support. The optics of this situation do not appear good for the Anglican Diocese of Montreal. A long-time, well-regarded care home for elderly women, located in an outstanding heritage building, is being closed – and this during a dangerous pandemic that makes it doubly difficult for the residents and their families to even look for alternate living quarters. There must be some way to save the Fulford as it is and, in a cooperative manner, for the board and the families to work together towards renewal.

For more information about the struggle for the Fulford Residence, contact www.savefulford.ca

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HIDDEN BEHIND A NAME

The Challenge of Indigenous Genealogy

by Wes Darou

According to some estimates, 40% of French Quebecers are of Indigenous descent (Peterson and Brown). But according to the historian and genealogist Eric Pouliot-Thisdale, based on actual marriage records, only 21% of the population is of Indigenous ancestry. In addition, according to DNA analysis, Indigenous roots account for an average of 0.8 to 2.1 per cent of the genome of Quebecers of European descent (Moreau and Labuda).

Thus, doing genealogy about Indigenous People is a challenge. There are Indigenous people out there who do this genealogy professionally. I am not one of them. But I will discuss five of the real historians and genealogists below.

This article looks essentially at the interface of Indigenous and Non-Indigenous family histories. And I need to be clear from the start: My family has no claims to Indigenous ancestors.

John Dugald Cameron and the Fur Trade

John Dugald Cameron (1777-1857), my distant relative, was the manager (that is, the factor) of fur trading posts in the Nipigon Region, in what is today north-west Ontario.

Cameron was born in Sorel, Quebec. His family settled in Canada after his father fought for the British in the American War of Independence. When he was 16 years old, he began working as a clerk for the North West Company in Montreal. He had little education but he thirsted for knowledge and largely educated himself by reading “almost every book that ever came within his reach,” according to his superiors (Van Kirk).

After working in Montreal, Cameron became a fur trader in the

Nipigon for ten years. In 1804, he married an Anishinabe woman, Okaquajibut. He and his wife were then posted to seven other trading posts in the region and points west.

I asked several Anishinabe-speaking friends what Okaquajibut's name could actually mean, with no success. It is very difficult to back-translate to Indigenous languages because the languages were generally non-written and because the Non-Indigenous person who first recorded it may not have been able to hear the sounds correctly or simply did not think it was important.



Lesson learned 1

Transliterating and back-translating between an Indigenous language and French or English is extremely difficult.

Okaquajibut's name seems to be untraceable. However, the central syllables of are Kaqua, which means "porcupine" in several Algonquian languages. Kakwa is a well-known family name among the Innu of Lac Saint-Jean. Note that the upper case "-wa" is a very light syllable, sometimes barely pronounced – like the "-le" that ends some Quebec swear words. The name has been anglicized from Kak^{wa} to Kurtness. The family presumes that this was done generations ago by an unknown priest in the Cree territory of Northern Quebec

(Kurtiness).

Okaquajibut's name was Christianized into Marie-Charlotte Lespérance, a charming name but one that completely obliterates her heritage. Thirty years later, the couple married in an Anglican Church in Red River Colony (Winnipeg today). In her Anglican marriage documents, she was referred to as just "Mary."

Lesson learned 2

When priests baptized (read “civilized”) Indigenous people, they generally anglicized or gallicized (that is, made French) their names. Okaquajibut becomes *Lespérance*; *Kak^{wa}* becomes *Kurtzess*.

With the help of his wife, Cameron mastered the Anishinabe language. He had a strong relationship with his Anishinabe colleagues. According to historian Sylvia Van Kirk, “John Dugald Cameron had a remarkable career in the fur trade. He was much admired by his colleagues and the Indigenous communities for his integrity, kindness and generosity.”

Okaquajibut would have been crucial to this success; communities were understandably more open to doing business with one of their own.

By 1844, Cameron's health was deteriorating and he moved east, settling near Grafton, Ontario, with his wife and four of their children. He remained true to his wife, unlike many traders, despite the fact that the society carried a lot of racial prejudice against Indigenous people at that time (and still does). He also took great pains to educate his seven children, including the girls. Educating girls was also exceptional at the time.

Daughters Anne and Geneviève stayed in Red River. Eventually, one son, Duncan, moved to California, perhaps for the gold rush. Another, James, became a Baptist minister in Sault St. Marie and married two Anishinabe women (not at the same time). The

remaining children stayed in Ontario and seemed to racialize as White.

In her 1833 marriage record, Okaquajibut is referred to as “Mary, an Indian woman.” Her daughters Anne and Geneviève, in their marriage records, are referred to as “Half-breed (French).” In the 1870 Michigan census, James is first listed as “HfB” (Half-breed). This is stroked out and changed to “Ind” (Indian). Duncan is listed as “W” (White). There is no ethnicity listed in the Canadian censuses for the other children, but in later censuses their grandchildren are generally listed as “English.”

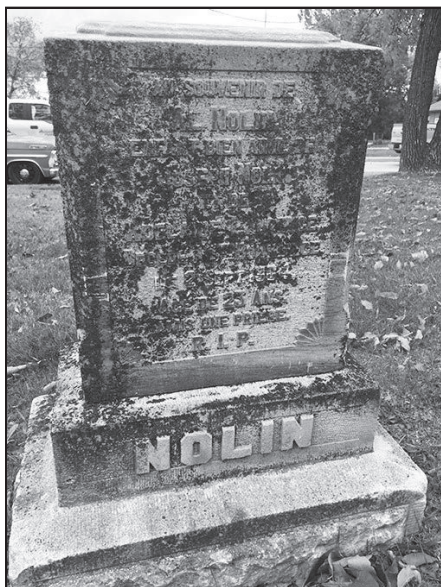
After John Dugald’s death in 1857, Okaquajibut moved back to the Red River Colony to be near her daughters Anne and Geneviève, who had both married into respected Métis families: Anne to Augustin Nolin (1781-1868), Geneviève to Joseph Daigneau (1794-1867).

The St. Boniface archives have documents, called affidavits or “scrips,” where Anne and Geneviève received their official Métis status. As remuneration, they were given the choice of accepting 100 acres or \$100. They both took the land. According to the archivist who found the documents, it is a reflection of how bright these women were.

With the fortune inherited from her parents, Anne bequeathed a church and land east of Winnipeg. In 2018, we visited the St. Boniface archives, Le Centre du patrimoine. The archivists, three of them, engaged completely. It took them 15 minutes to find the document saying that Anne built a church in Sainte-Anne-des-Chênes:

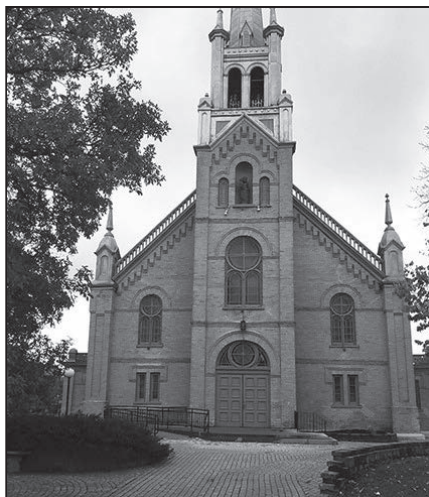
The newspaper, Le Métis, in Sept. 8, 1873, reported that Mme Augustin Nolin, left in her will the sum of \$150,000 for the construction of a church in Ste-Anne. Who was this Mme. Augustin Nolin? It was Helen Ann Cameron, daughter of John Dugald Cameron, a bourgeois in the North West Company and then in the Hudson Bay Company and the mother of the misters Nolin of Ste-Anne. Mrs. Nolin died on Aug. 8, 1873. We consider Mrs. Nolin one of the great benefactors of the parish.

Anne and Augustin had a famous



son, the honourable Charles Nolin (1838-1907). He was a colleague of Louis Riel when the Red River Resistance broke out, though he eventually voted against establishing Red River as a separate province. He was elected to the Assembly but was promptly arrested (like Riel). In fact, he had become the leader of the “anti-Riel Métis,” something I had no idea existed. He was re-elected in 1891 and actually sat for a year before being forced out by court order.

A question remains: what languages did these people speak? This is not obvious. According to Van Kirk, Okaquajibut and John Dugald spoke the Anishinabe language. John's baptism took place in French in Chambly, Quebec, and his godmother was named



Marie Cécile Chorest. Okaquajibut received a French name, Marie-Charlotte, presumably during a baptism

by a French missionary at Lac des Pluies. The two daughters, Geneviève Daigneau and Anne Nolin were identified as Métis. They probably spoke the Métis language, Métchif. So, who in the family spoke what languages? Anishinabe? French? Métchif? English? Perhaps all four?

Duncan Cameron

Duncan Cameron, John Dugald’s uncle, was also a fur trader and had an Indigenous wife. Like Okaquajibut, she was crucial to her husband’s success in fur trading. “During at least the years 1807-1812, Cameron had an Indian wife (until her death) and family, a connection that evidently linked him to the Ojibwas of the Loon Clan in the Nipigon area” (Brown).

In 1806, Duncan Cameron “dealt with the Natives in a very extravagant way,” according to a HBC employee, James Swain. “He supplied them with Jamaican rum, Brazilian tobacco and elegant uniforms.”

Unlike John Dugald, Duncan Cameron did not acknowledge his children. In a letter, he advised a young relative not to let “Love get the better of Reason... if he should get Married before he is settled in a Proper way, then all his future prospects are finished... This I too well know by dear bought experience.”

Lesson learned 3

People may conceal or deny their Indigenous ancestry.

The Verreault family

My wife has a possible Indigenous DNA hit on her maternal great-grandmother’s side. The most likely connections would be her Verreault relatives. Innu historian and genealogist Louise Siméon of the Musée amérindien de Mashteuiatsh informed us that the Verreaults are a well-established family from Mashteuiatsh First Nation on Lac Saint-Jean.

As it turns out, my wife has three relatives who were worked at trading posts in the region: Chicoutimi, Pointe Bleu (today Mashteuiatsh) and Ashuapmushuan Posts.

• Amable Verreault (1738-1811), my wife's direct ancestor, was a fur trader who managed the trading post at Chicoutimi. He came with his wife, Françoise-Philothée Poitevin. She was a French-Canadian, and her line of the family included two Filles du Roi plus an American captive, Rose Otis. Amable and Françoise eventually returned to Château-Richer, Quebec.

• Amable's brother Louis, however, stayed. He was the head of the post at Mashteuiatsh. He never married, but he lived and died there.

• Amable's nephew, François (1760-1825), married an Innu woman, Marie Petsiamiskueu (meaning Woman from Betsiamits, and thus probably not her real name). Their children eventually settled in Mashteuiatsh and are listed as "Montagnais" in the 1871 census.

Lesson learned 4

Some Europeans, like the Verreaults and the Cameron sisters, assimilated into indigenous communities. To complicate research, Indigenous people were not included in early French censuses, nor were itinerant fur traders, the "coureurs des bois."

Another possibility of Indigenous heritage would be Rose Otis (1677-1729), mentioned above, a Quaker child from Dover, New Hampshire. Rose was taken captive during a French and Abenaki army raid in 1689. After two years in an Abenaki village, she was baptized as Françoise Rozotty. She was then sold as a servant to a family in Beauport, Lotbinière. She was given her liberty at the age of 18. Surprisingly, she stayed in Canada and married a local French-Canadian. A street in Quebec City is named for her.

Lesson learned 5

Some changes such as the Rose Otis case were intentional (if odd).

I asked an Abenaki genealogist, historian and poet from Odanak, Sylvain Rivard, why Rose would have stayed. He

said that the story is well known in his community. The Quakers were "very hard on children" (his words) with strict upbringing and frequent beatings. She was much better treated by the Abenaki and the French-Canadians, so why would she go back for more abuse? There was also an outside chance, he said, that she was in fact an Abenaki who was captured by the Americans and then re-captured by the Abenaki.

A third possible relative would be Marie-Thérèse Falardeau (1727-1807). Her parents were both French-Canadians but they lived in Loretteville, a Wendat (Huron) community, today Wendake. Her two younger brothers appeared on the "Loretteville Huron Register," making them Huron, right? Not so.

According to Stéphane Picard, a historian and genealogist who works for the Huron-Wendat Nation Administration, the parish priest of the town of Loretteville (a French-Canadian town) also officiated in the adjoining Wendat village. All acts were recorded in the same register from 1762 to 1904. After 1904, the Wendat used their own separate register, and the Falardeaus were not on it.

Lesson learned 6

Acts such as adoptions may have been unregistered or informal. According to our guide at the Wendake Traditional Centre, priests would often give "illegitimate" White children to travelling Indigenous families because they knew they would be well treated. Similarly, residential schools did not generally keep death records for the children they were supposedly caring for (Indigenous genealogist Rose Marie Paquette, Fort Coulonge, Quebec, December 13, 2019).

Les Couchie

DNA is fun but it can give the occasional surprise. Les Couchie is a Nipissing Anishinabe from North Bay, Ontario. Les had his DNA done and he found out that he was 12% Basque!

Les Couchie has almost no history of White people in his family. There is one Scottish great-great-grandfather, Norman MacLeod. He was factor for the

Sturgeon Falls Hudson's Bay post until his death. There is not a hint of Basque.

With Les Couchie's permission, I approached a marine archaeologist, Robert Grenier, an expert on the Basques. He did the underwater archaeological work on the pre-Columbian Basque fishing boats that were found off Red Bay, Labrador.

Grenier explained that the Basques were here probably 500 years before Columbus. They did not come to colonize, convert or conquer. All they wanted to do was smoke their fish and get home safely. They made friends with the locals, sometimes very good friends. And so their DNA spread westward. According to Grenier, for DNA to move from Labrador to North Bay in 1,000 years is a snap of a finger in historical time.

In general terms, with some degree of statistical confidence, people may find that their DNA matches a limited sample of an Indigenous reference group closer than the general population. There is simply not enough information provided by the current tests to confirm actual affiliation, much less identity (Esselmann). A person of Indigenous and Non-Indigenous ancestry may not automatically be considered part of the Métis peoples, especially if it dates back several generations. To be considered Métis, the person must have lived in a Métis environment or otherwise identified with the culture. Indigenous identity is much more than a simple question of genetics and genealogy (Palmater).

Lesson learned 7

For now, be wary of Indigenous DNA reports.

Lesson learned 8

On a related subject, Melanin-challenged (i.e. White) families may want their ancestors to be Indigenous. It is odd, but a lot of people seem to be descended from "Indian princesses." Les Couchie refers to this as "delusions of nobility."

Conclusions

Several precise problems in conducting Indigenous genealogy have appeared

above, some technical, some ethical.

In 1985, Bill C-31 gave official Indigenous status to the families of women who lost their status because they married Non-Indigenous people. This is fair and cherished legislation. However, today some groups are trying to game Bill C-31 to find Indigenous ancestors so that they can gain the financial benefits of status, real or imaginary (Leroux). This is problematic on several levels, including the fact that some groups are trying to use their supposed Métis status to counter legitimate struggles for Indigenous title.

Aboriginal genealogy is complicated by a variety of factors related to colonization, general disrespect and even genocide – and the denial of such. However, these challenges make the research very interesting. In the era of Reconciliation, family histories reveal fascinating visions of our common history.

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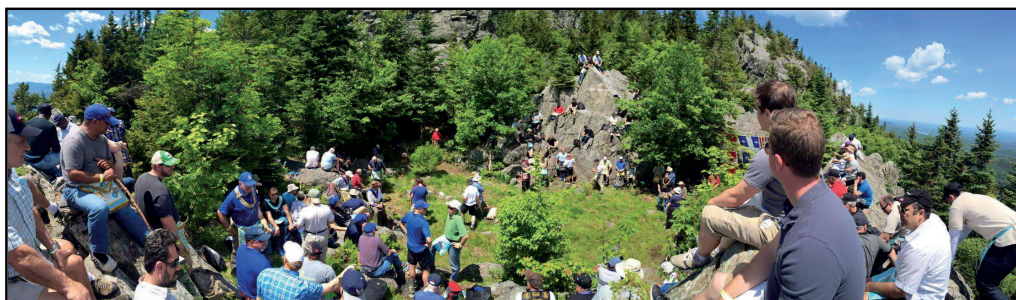


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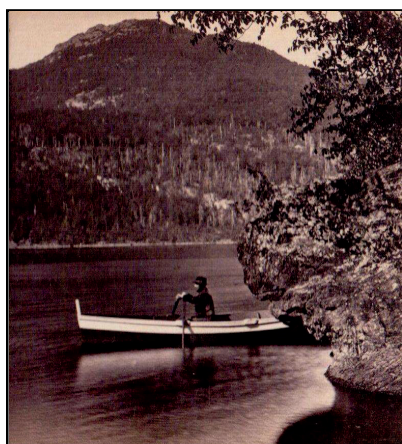
ON HIGH HILLS AND IN LOW VALES

The Masonic Lodge Room on Owl's Head

by Matthew Farfan



Owl's Head Mountain, in the Eastern Townships, rises to an altitude of 750 metres (2,460 feet). Although by no means the loftiest peak in the region, the mountain does command a view of



Lake Memphremagog below that is nothing short of breathtaking. Memphremagog, which extends northward for 52 kilometres (32 miles) from Newport, Vermont, to Magog, Quebec, is one of the most storied lakes in the Townships.

Huge fish lurking in the depths; a smuggler hiding out from customs agents in a cave; a serpent rearing its head to scare the wits out of

water skiers: these are just a few of the many legends, tall tales, and fish stories connected to this lake.

Some of Memphremagog's traditions are connected to the Indigenous peoples that once inhabited the region. The lake's name is said to mean "great pond place" (in Abenaki) or "great expanse of water" (in Algonquin). Historically, there have been many different spellings and interpretations of the name "Memphremagog." The islands and landmarks around the lake are infused with First Nations lore. Owl's Head, which dominates the western shore, is no exception. According to historian William B. Bullock, the mountain is named for Abenaki Chief Owl; the summit was said to resemble Chief Owl's profile "when in repose."

In 1851, a sprawling hotel called the Mountain House was built on a promontory on the southeast foot of Owl's Head. In the early years, the hotel was accessible only by steamer. A popular activity for guests was hiking to the top of the mountain along a trail that began at the hotel. In more recent times, a ski resort was opened on the north face of the mountain in 1965.

Fred Korman, the developer, retained control of the facility for over 50 years; he is a living legend if ever there was one.

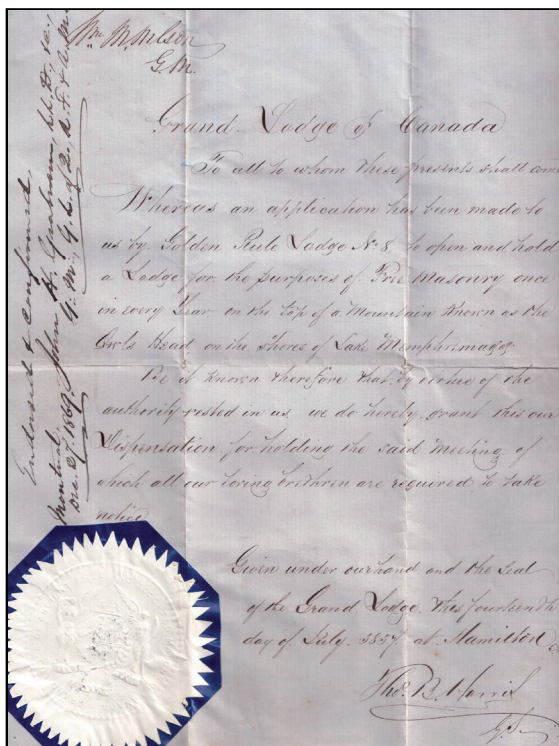
Another facet of Owl's Head lore pertains to the Freemasons. The mountain is the site of the only outdoor Masonic "communication," or meeting, in Quebec. This event, hosted by Golden Rule Lodge No. 5 of Stanstead, is one of the largest gatherings of this so-called "secret society" in the province. It attracts Masons from across Quebec, eastern Canada, New England and other parts of the world.

The tradition of the Owl's Head communication dates back to 1857. In that year, Henry Joseph Martin, the Master of Golden Rule Lodge, had the unusual idea of holding a meeting atop the mountain. (Owl's Head would have been visible on the horizon from the lodge in Stanstead.) According to Golden Rule Lodge historian Arthur Henry Moore, the idea of holding an outdoor meeting of the lodge "found a home" in Martin's "poetic mind," and from the windows of the lodge, Martin "doubtless, had watched the setting sun disappear behind this abrupt elevation" to the west.

What is unclear is whether or not Martin was already familiar with the upper reaches of the mountain, perhaps from a prior visit to the Mountain House, or if he knew of the unusual cleft, a kind of natural amphitheatre, concealed in the mountain's south side. What is certain is that his idea for the outdoor communication was inspired by the Masonic belief that in ancient times Freemasons met "on high hills and in low vales." Martin applied to William Wilson, the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada (the governing body of Masonry



in the country at the time), who had actually visited the lodge in Stanstead the year before, for permission to hold an outdoor meeting. A special dispensation was granted and the very first Owl's Head meeting was held on September 10, 1857.



Moore described that momentous occasion as follows:

twelve faithful and true Masons ascended the steep incline and at the top of the mountain their eyes rested on a panoramic scene of unrivalled splendor. Crossing to the western side of the summit and descending somewhat, they entered a hollow basin in the rock... the portal of the basin can be securely guarded and here, for the first time in the history of the Craft in America, a lodge was opened "on the top of a high hill," and in a "deep vale" thereof, like the meeting-place of the Brethren of old.

Communications on Owl's Head have taken place ever since in what is known as the mountain's "natural Masonic lodge room." This "lodge room" is actually a grassy bowl-shaped nook concealed on the south face of the mountain, beyond and below the actual summit. Below the lodge room is a steep cliff. The site is accessible only via a rocky path that is carefully guarded, or "tyled," whenever the lodge is in session. Masonic inscriptions from 1857 adorn the rock face that constitutes one "wall" of the lodge. The other walls are composed of a low ridge of rock that serves as rustic

"seating" for over 200 people. At the centre of the open area is an altar fashioned of stone.

By the end of the nineteenth century, the Owl's Head communication had been held a total of nine times, most often (but not always) on or near the Feast of St. John the Baptist (June 24), a date which is close to the summer solstice. Since 1901, the event has taken place every year, rain or shine.

Some years have seen a great deal more rain than shine. As early as the third Owl's Head communication, which took place on September 10, 1859, Henry Joseph Martin recorded in his personal journal that "we went up the Mountain... and opened Lodge. It commencing to rain, we called off to the Mountain House below, where we initiated William F. Annis. After dinner the Shefford Brethren left for home in small boats, and the rest of us took the Steamer 'Mountain Maid.' Stewart and I arrived at Beebe Plain at 9 o'clock in the evening, wet as drowned rats."

Extreme weather has been a frequent theme at Owl's Head ever since. In fact, it has occasionally rained so violently that the lodge room has filled knee-deep with water, with speaking over the sound of the rain nearly impossible. According to the lodge minutes, in 1968, it poured so hard that "it was undecided for a time whether a meeting should be held but since so many were present it was decided to go ahead and while the lodge was in session it did not rain enough to interfere." 188 Masons got soaked to the bone that year.

Golden Rule Lodge member Grant Myers recalls that in 2001 it rained so heavily the night before that the lodge "floor" was "shin-deep in water." Fog was also an issue. "Mist enveloped the top of the mountain," Myers recalls. "We were literally in the clouds... the fog was so thick that I could see nothing but a shadowy figure standing and speaking from the East." In 2020, the year that the Covid-19 pandemic hit, only three Masons were permitted to take part in the event due to rules requiring social distancing. There was no rain that day, but temperatures at the summit exceeded 35 degrees in the sun.

Typically, the Owl's Head communication attracts between 175 and 200 Masons. The record was set in 1970, when 287 members from 132 different lodges attended from across Quebec and 15 other grand lodge jurisdictions. Interestingly, in 1907 (the 50th anniversary of the event), an astounding 326 Masons signed the lodge register; only 206 of them, however,

actually climbed the mountain, the rest opting to relax at the base of the mountain with their ladies, or on the deck of the steamer parked at the old Mountain House wharf.

For over a century, access to the summit was strictly by hiking trail. In the days of the Mountain House, which burned down in 1899, that trail commenced at the lake. When steamer service on the lake was discontinued in the 1950s, a shorter trail led from a higher point on the other side of the mountain. The construction of the ski hill in 1965 meant that



Top: Dispensation, Grand Lodge of Canada, 1857. Golden Rule Lodge No. 5 collection.

Bottom: Owl's Head communication, 1901. Golden Rule Lodge No. 5 collection.

Masons no longer had to hike all the way up, and then down, the mountain; they could now take the chairlift (a five-minute trip) to



a point about three-quarters of the way up. In 1966, lodge secretary Alfred Aldrich reported that "many of our elder Brothers who did not feel up to the climb availed themselves of the chair lift... and countryside was seen from the lift not usually seen from the trail." The lodge room, however, is beyond the bounds of the ski resort; it is actually on property that is now protected by the Nature Conservancy of Canada, and there is still a steep hike to get to it.

Traditionally, the Owl's Head communication includes what is known as a Masonic "degree." On rare occasions, this has been a First (or Entered Apprentice) Degree, but most often it is a Third (or Master Mason) Degree. In the Third Degree ritual, a Fellowcraft (Second Degree) Mason is "raised" to the rank of a Master Mason. Performance of a degree is somewhat like acting in a stage play, with the officers of the lodge occupying the various parts. The Mason being "raised" is known as the candidate. Being the candidate on Owl's Head (like Grant Myers was in 2001) is considered an honour, and the experience of being raised on the mountain has been described as both moving and sublime, if somewhat nerve-racking, given the number of spectators.

A peculiarity of the Owl's Head degree is that, before his raising, the candidate must hike up the mountain carrying an antique pack basket made of wood and wicker. Before its journey to the summit, the "basket," as it is known by members of Golden Rule Lodge No. 5, is fully loaded with Masonic tools, regalia, a Bible, ropes, and the flags of Canada, the United States, and Quebec. Once packed, it weighs about 27 kilos (60 pounds).

Another important part of the Owl's Head communication is fraternal exchange. Following the completion of the degree, members of the fraternity, including dignitaries from the Grand Lodge of Quebec and other jurisdictions, offer greetings on behalf of their individual mother lodges and provincial, state or national jurisdictions.

It has become tradition for prizes to be awarded to the Mason who has travelled the farthest to the mountain (recent awards have gone to Masons from Africa, Europe, and the Philippines), and to the oldest Mason (it is not uncommon for Masons in their nineties to make the trip). Another tradition is the passing of the "plate of fraternal assistance." Here a container is circulated and Masons are invited to donate what they can to a charity chosen by Golden Rule, the host lodge.

Freemasonry is considered one of the oldest fraternities in the world. By definition, of course, a fraternity is a brotherhood, which is to say, a male-only organization. Freemasonry in Canada is restricted to adult men, although in some countries (France, for example) there are women's, and even mixed, grand lodges.

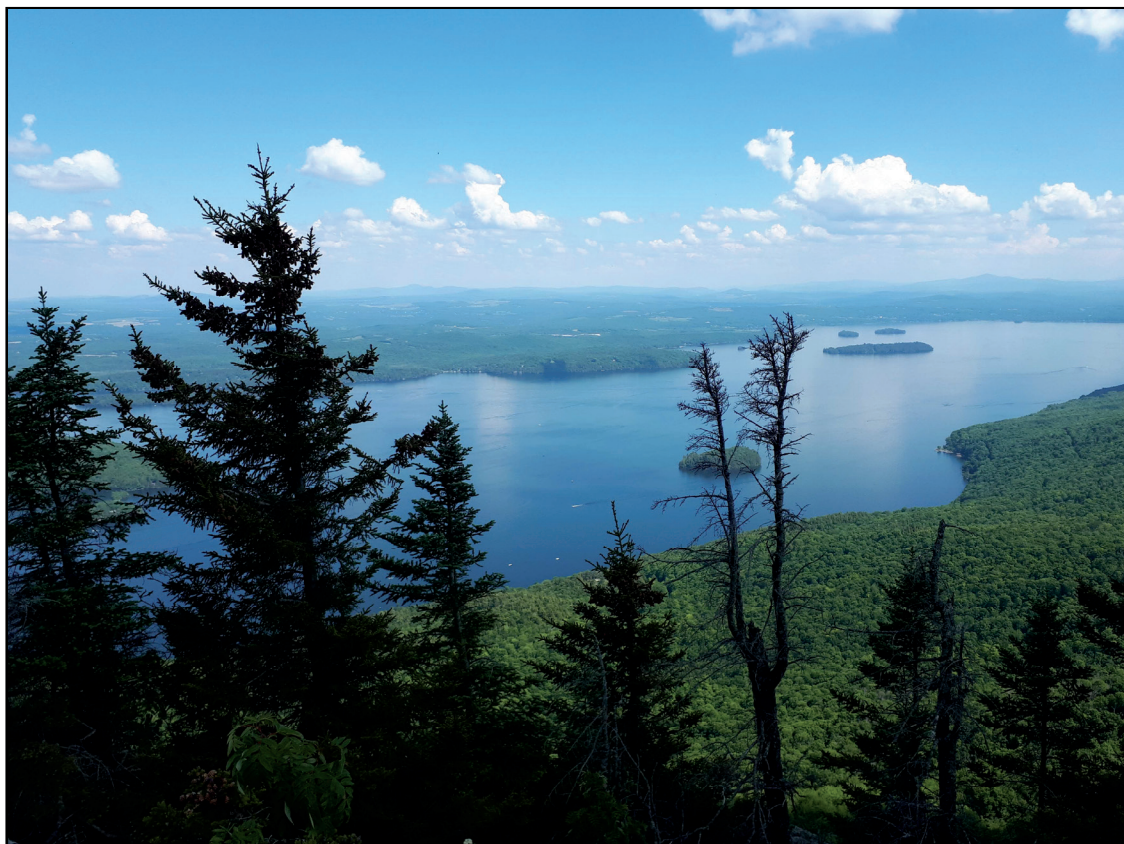
This is not to say that women have never been admitted into the lodge room on Owl's Head, at least when the lodge was not in session. In September 1906, for example, after the close of the mountain ceremony, the marriage of Master Mason Eugene Lee and his fiancée Verdir Violet Ellis of Fitch Bay was solemnized within the hallowed confines of the lodge. The Rev. George Clendinnen, a Mason, performed the ceremony with the entire fraternity looking on. According to the lodge minutes, the Masons were only "informed of the contemplated marriage after the steamer left Newport, and while the announcement was something of a surprise, they readily gave their sanction to the event, hardly less unique than the holding of a Masonic meeting on a mountain top."

In 1907, during the fiftieth anniversary of the Mountain communication, five women climbed the mountain and were admitted into the lodge. "Debarred from membership by the unalterable destiny of sex and the strange narrowness, as the ladies consider it, that confines the Order to men," as the *Stanstead Journal* put it at the time, the women were escorted down the path to the lodge room. There, with the Master's consent, they were introduced "into the picturesque secret chamber before the rites and ceremonies began, and the assembled Brethren received the ladies with grand honours appropriate to the occasion. The ladies... were greatly pleased with this graceful



Top: The Owl's Head basket.
Photo: Rachel Garber/QAHN.

Bottom: In the lodge room, looking south, 2018.
Photo: Matthew Farfan.



reward to their courage, then retired amid loud huzzas."

A photograph survives of this event. The women are pictured at the centre of the gathering, clad in long dresses and elaborate sunhats, the men looking on. By the expression on their faces, it must have been a memorable day. Rare occasions like this notwithstanding, no women have ever been admitted into



lodge during session. At least, no such occurrence has been recorded.

Finally, this year (2021), as the Covid pandemic continues to limit large public gatherings in Quebec, Golden Rule Lodge No. 5 will not be holding its annual Mountain communication in June. The plan, tentatively, is to hold the event some time in the fall when, it is hoped, most participants will have

been safely and fully vaccinated. Then, and only then, will this venerable tradition be able to continue as it has for so many years.

Matthew Farfan is a Past Master of Golden Rule Lodge No. 5. He has had the privilege of presiding on Owl's Head four times.

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NEW USES FOR OLD BUILDINGS

Repurposing Heritage in the Eastern Townships

by Bethany Rothney



The Foss House, Eaton Corner

The Eaton Corner Museum's welcome centre, located in the renovated Foss House, opened in June of 2016. After several years of deliberations, negotiations and eventually renovations, the house, completely restored inside and out, was ready to welcome visitors to the museum for its summer season.

The renovations began in October of 2015. Denis Palmer, Royce Rand and Richard Rothney worked at least one or two days a week to complete the work in time for the spring opening. Restoration work began in the old shed next to the house. Once completed, the team moved inside and began to gut the house, starting with the old bathroom and staircase.

Palmer recalls that he and the other workers had hoped to be able to save the beautiful, rustic old staircase. However, "it was too narrow to be used," he says. The bathroom was one of the more critical renovations on the house, as the museum wished to be able to accommodate people with disabilities. The old floors were pulled out and replaced. Then, the kitchen was rebuilt and new stairs installed. Finally, a wheelchair ramp was created in the back of the house. Outside, the house was stripped and repainted from dark mauve to bright white.

When asked what prompted such a big undertaking, both Palmer, who is a member of the museum's board, and Sharon Moore, who is the vice-president, cited the need for more display space, parking and wheelchair accessibility. In the early stages of negotiation to buy the house, the intention had been for the museum to purchase not only the Foss House but also the nearby Alger House, and to create a living history homestead. Unfortunately, the Alger House was far more deteriorated than the Foss House, and therefore could not be restored. As

such, the land that accompanied it became a parking area for the museum, and plans for the Foss House had to change.

The purchase of the Foss House was befitting, given the history of the property. The story, according to Sharron Rothney's 1992 book, *Eaton Corner*, is that Joshua Foss decided to move west after the War of 1812. He sent his trunk ahead of him, but upon arriving in Montreal, he found that the trunk had somehow made its way to the stagecoach in Eaton Corner. The leaves had begun to change by the time Foss arrived to retrieve it, and he fell in love with the area, where he would remain for most of his life. He built where the welcome centre now stands, and would later donate land for the Congregationalist Church, which now houses the museum. His house also became the local post office in 1857.

The Eaton Corner Museum now has three buildings: the former Congregationalist Church, which holds the permanent collection; the former Academy, which is rented and contains additional artefacts, including a re-creation of an old one-room schoolhouse; and now the Foss House.

Denis Palmer stresses the importance of having a location that is not only wheelchair accessible but also has an accessible bathroom. While two roads separate all three buildings, the bathroom at the Foss House is far easier to get to than crossing busy Route 253. Sharon Moore reiterates the importance of having a new welcome centre, as renovations in the museum proper (the church) had taken up the space that had once been used to receive visitors.

The late Charles ("Charlie") Bury, who was the museum's president when the whole project was first conceived, was one of the initiators of the original Homestead Project that saw the purchase of the two houses. "It's too bad Charlie did not get to see what came of their project," Moore says. Bury passed away in 2014, two years before the renovations in the Foss House were completed. While the final product is not what he had initially intended, he would likely be quite proud of the work that has been accomplished all the same.

Both Denis Palmer and Sharon Moore believe that the renovations have been a great addition to the museum site. While the original plans for the Homestead Project were not followed, Moore believes that the Foss House has fulfilled the museum's goals. The need for more accessibility, as well as climate-controlled storage, have been the most beneficial to the museum. Additionally, the Foss House offers the community a new space that can be used year-round for workshops, meetings and temporary exhibits. The feeling is that the Foss House has lived up to expectations. The hope is that it will continue to serve the community and the museum well.

King's Hall, Compton

During the summer and fall months, the town of Compton becomes a hot spot for visitors from across Canada and beyond. Compton was home not only to the country's twelfth Prime Minister, Louis St. Laurent, and to several idyllic orchards, but also to King's Hall, a former all-girls boarding school.

Many visitors may be unaware of the beautiful, old Tudor-style buildings of King's Hall, tucked away on Chemin de Cochrane. Founded in 1874 by Rev. Joseph Dinzey, Compton Ladies College, as it was then known, provided the Anglican community of the Eastern Townships with English education for their daughters. The institution opened with a total of sixteen students, but its population did not increase, and so it closed in 1884. Rector George Herbert Parker reopened the school two years later with a new corporation backing the project. Under this new leadership, Compton Ladies College began to thrive.

In 1902, under Headmistress Gena Smith, the school was renamed King's Hall, Compton, in honour of King Edward VII's coronation. Under proper leadership by the Church officials and a series of highly competent headmistresses, the school flourished. Even with the arrival of two World Wars and the Great Depression, the school managed to remain open and welcome young girls from across Canada and the world.

The school would amalgamate with Bishop's College School in Lennoxville in the fall of 1972, just two years short of its 100th anniversary. The decision came after four years of declining enrollment and financial issues at both King's Hall and Bishop's College School. Since closing its doors, King's Hall has served as a residence for Champlain Regional College and a hotel. Plans to turn the buildings into a series of condominiums were also proposed, although this never came to fruition.

In the summer of 2019, the buildings were sold to a Toronto-based group that has taken on the name "King's Hall" and plans to bring the school back to its former glory. A spokesperson for the King's Hall Foundation said that the buildings are currently being renovated. As they were vacant for nearly twenty years, there is no doubt that a considerable amount of work must be done. Once completed, the property will once again be an educational facility. This time, however, it will be a French- and English-immersion school for Asian students coming into Canada.

There is still much uncertainty surrounding the King's Hall property. The company's website conveys little information. When contacted, a spokesperson for the new owners stated: "After the renovation is done... we would like to build a student community to serve the university students in Sherbrooke." The company also hopes to include the community by hosting local events with the aim of promoting Asian culture and multiculturalism in Canada and the Eastern Townships. The optimistic outlook of the King's Hall Foundation is certainly encouraging.

The new ownership of King's Hall was perhaps a shock to some in the community. An unknown organization taking over such a staple in the town of Compton is a big deal, not only for the town but for the Townships in general. Hopefully, these new



owners can re-establish the school as a quality educational facility. If the plans to establish a multicultural centre come to fruition, the facility will no doubt have a positive impact on Compton and the Eastern Townships.

Winter (Prison) is Coming

Sherbrooke's Winter Prison is being given a new life. In December 2020, the City of Sherbrooke announced that it would be investing \$600,000 in a project to restore the historic site. This investment represents the beginning of the first phase of a renovation project that is ten years in the making. The Musée d'histoire de Sherbrooke has teamed up with the City of Sherbrooke and Destination Sherbrooke to turn the 150-year-old building into what they hope will become a tourist attraction.

According to David Lacoste, the Director of the Musée d'histoire de Sherbrooke, the project's total estimated cost will be approximately \$8.5 million. The city's investment, as well as that of Destination Sherbrooke, will amount to roughly \$750,000 – a fraction of the estimated \$3 million that phase one of the project is expected to cost. Lacoste says that the undertaking is only in the preliminary funding stages right now. In addition to the money that has already been committed to the renovation, the museum has also applied for funding from Quebec's Ministry of Culture, Canadian Heritage, as well as private funders.

Lacoste is excited about the project. He hopes that the museum will be able to offer "guided and immersive tours" of the old prison by 2021. The tours, he says, would cover two and a half floors, featuring three different types of cell blocks. The project has already garnered a lot of interest. The buzz surrounding the renovations and the potential of the site as a major tourist attraction are understandable considering how long preservation groups, especially the owners of the property, the Société de sauvegarde de la vieille prison de Sherbrooke, have been hoping for the prison to be restored. The Eastern Townships are already known as a tourist destination; the addition of Winter Prison to the list of attractions will only enhance that status.

Construction of Winter Prison began in 1865. The facility was opened in 1870, with construction completed two years later. In all, there are 51 cells at the site, some of them

Photo courtesy of Bishop's College School Archives.

measuring a mere two square metres, and most others are only large enough for a single bed and a chamber pot. Three cells were reserved for female inmates. The prison also has an infirmary, a chapel and isolation cells.

Winter Prison was known for its deplorable living conditions, the stone exterior doing little to keep out the bitter cold of winters in the Eastern Townships. Those same walls became unbearably hot during the summer. Winter Prison was home to a number of notable inmates. Donald Morrison, more commonly known as the Megantic Outlaw, was housed there while he awaited his trial in 1889.

Winter Prison closed in 1990 when Sherbrooke's Talbot Prison opened. The old building has sat empty for nearly thirty years as a result. During those three decades, there has been a lot of interest in reopening the building as an attraction. No doubt a portion of the funds from phase one of the restoration will go towards fixing the wear that time has caused to the property.

The recent developments surrounding the Winter Prison are cause for celebration. The re-opening of the site as a tourist attraction will serve Sherbrooke and the Eastern Townships well. The location is ideal: only blocks from the Musée d'histoire de Sherbrooke, the Musée des Beaux-Arts de Sherbrooke, and the Musée de la Nature et des Sciences de Sherbrooke. The downtown location will also offer visitors the

opportunity to experience some of Sherbrooke's best eating and shopping. If the success of other historic prisons, such as Quebec City's Common Jail (now the Morrin Centre) or Kingston Penitentiary, is any indication, Sherbrooke's Winter Prison will be a great benefit to the city.



*Bishop's University student **Bethany Rothney** interned for QAHN in 2020.*

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THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

This Road Runs through the Centre of the World

by Joseph Graham

We couldn't sleep that first night, December 21, 1978.

Five months of 14-hour days, seven days a week, building the house, and we were finally lying on a mattress on the floor upstairs with our baby in his crib not far away. There were no partition walls and the stairs were dangerously rudimentary, but we had achieved our first objective: to live on our own homestead on the rocky Canadian Shield north of Montreal with its fresh air and clean water. More than once, friends told us we were moving to the middle of nowhere.

As a teenager, I had reassembled a disused log cabin, ten by eleven feet outside dimensions, in the woods, far from any roads, on that same parcel of land. My mother had dreamed that her children would render this land fertile and feed the world.

Returning home in 1972 after being the blue-eyed son that Bob Dylan described in "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall," I hid in my cabin. My water supply was a nearby stream, kept open in the winter with a cube of Styrofoam and heated with a propane burner that shared a gas cylinder with an old stove. I would not have known what to do with a chainsaw. Money came from simple gardening tasks.

By 1975, ready to leave the woods, to try the world again, I took up an opportunity to help an uncle on his farm in the Eastern Townships.

Sheila, having followed a separate path, rejecting the values of her urban world, holed up in a little rented cabin in the same Eastern Townships village, working on drafting projects that she could deliver on her own time. It was not inevitable that we would meet, but we did.

Two years later, with a baby in tow, we came to that cabin on the rough parcel of land that my mother dreamed would feed the world. A long single-

track access now traversed the woodland and electric power was available, although not hooked up to the cabin. We had no work, but we did have some



savings, and a lot of time. We decided to build a house and move into it by winter. Sure, it was madness, but we had a chainsaw that I had learned how to use, an old truck and our youthful sense of immortality. Everything was possible – on condition that I start by building an outhouse.

With the crib on the main floor and our room in the loft, we lived in that cabin until the main house was finished up to the second floor, and then a falling beam caught Sheila on the leg. Crutches slowed her down but her main job, designing the house, was mostly done, and for the cooling autumn, Sheila's uncle and aunt had allowed us to use their chalet. On that late December day when

we finally moved in, Sheila was free of the crutches and I had no sense of touch in my toes. Nothing could have dimmed our ecstasy.

That first day in our new home, the snow was waist-deep, but the pump wasn't drawing. Without water our dream home was only a larger version of the cabin and was too far from the stream with its Styrofoam cube.

Winter had come in early and cold. The snow was already deep. The plumbing supplier rented me a large gas-powered pump. I carried it the few hundred feet down to the well, shovelled off the snow, pulled off the concrete cover and dropped the pipe in. As I poured water into the priming chamber, it froze solid. I carried the heavy pump back through the snow to the house to thaw. When I returned it to the well, I primed it with rubbing alcohol instead of water. Scaling down a ladder into the well, watching as water froze on the concrete wall, I discovered we had been given a defective foot-valve.

Once we had water, the cow, the calf and the chickens moved into the log cabin. In the spring we would plant asparagus next to the septic field.

We were safely hidden away in a forgotten corner of the Canadian Shield.

Slowly, over the ensuing years, we learned that our hidden homestead, far from being in the middle of nowhere, was on an old farm. A tiny white house across the small lake had been at the heart of it, and our little clearing that we protected as a wonder in the woods was the last of the long-abandoned fields. The neighbourhood, all forest, had simply grown back. The road, called a range road, had once been made up of a series of contiguous farms, each housing a large French Catholic family. Prior to

that, the Weskarinis had carefully stewarded this neighbourhood as a part of the huge Algonquin Forest, running all the way to the Ottawa River and beyond, far to the west. With their techniques, they did feed their world and had done so since before the Bible was written. The streams and small lakes teemed with fish and the woodlands were shared with deer, moose, bear and carnivores. The Weskarinis and other Algonquin peoples' culture was destroyed in the 250 years after Champlain arrived. Their forests and people were stricken with European illnesses and wars. The survivors concentrated in parcels to the northwest, and two Mohawk communities of the Seven Canadian Fires of the Iroquois fished and hunted on a reserved parcel near us. The balance of the land opened up for Settler farms in the 1870s and 1880s.

It was only a hundred years before our arrival that the Catholic farmers moved in – not long, considering we have been here almost half that long again. Both of these predecessors, the Weskarinis and the farmers, left little trace that we could immediately understand. We thought of our home as in an uninhabited forest. There was evidence of farming, but it was easy to miss. The farmhouses seemed nothing more than old country homes and the barns were gone. Our little field was exceptional, almost a natural accident. As we continued to explore, though, we discovered its history. Digging in the garden, we found a horseshoe, thrown who knows when, a time capsule with its nails still in place.

In the winter, when the leaves are gone, we can see the little, white-painted log house across the lake, on the other side of the Sixth Range Road. It was once the farmhouse of Dieudonné Tourangeau, where he lived and worked with his wife and their twelve or so children. Our house sits above what was one of his fields and for many years the lake itself was called Lac Tourangeau. From around 1916, the various farms along these roads changed hands, becoming country properties, mostly for



English-speaking people. Tourangeau sold in 1929 to the family of Rev. Dr. Graham Orchard, an Anglican priest, intimate of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and schoolmaster of Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ontario, a school with an extraordinary list of great Canadians who graduated from it. The neighbouring farm to the east became the property of a larger-than-life character named Father Gerald McShane, the longest-serving pastor of St. Patrick's Basilica in Montreal and founder, for his parish, of the children's camp, Camp Kinkora, in St. Adolphe. He came here over four decades and eventually some people began calling the lake McShane.

Long after both Father McShane and the farmer Tourangeau had gone, the lake maintained the two names. It wasn't until the French families again outnumbered the English ones that it finally became Lac McShane (MacShane). The French found the English-Irish name much more exotic than "Tourangeau."

The neighbour to the other side of Father Orchard was an American evangelist and medical doctor who bought the next two farms. His name was Dr. Charles Sibley and, a difficult child, at six years old he was put out with the sheep at his home in Crewkerne,

Somerset, England. He was expected to spend his life as a shepherd. A decade later, though, his family was obliged to move to America. A strapping teenager, he was the only one who could find work to carry his parents and siblings. I asked his granddaughter how he became a doctor and evangelist and discovered that, once his siblings could take over, he had applied to Dwight Moody's high school as a

mature student, graduating in the late 1890s. Moody was a well-known evangelist who had founded Northfield and Mount Hermon in Massachusetts, for girls and boys respectively, opening them in two stages in 1879 and 1881. In 1917, Sibley wanted to keep sheep again and acquired the farm. In the 1990s, ignorant of the school's influential role in my neighbour's grandfather's life, we examined a selection of private New England boarding schools, visiting eight of them, before choosing that same one for our own boys. Its evangelical vocation had long been abandoned.

Farms in the greater St. Agathe area had proved to be unsustainable as early as the 1880s and were being abandoned. Curé Labelle's railroad project brought some hope, seen as a means of shipping products to Montreal, but no one had imagined that the main use of the train would be personal travel. The first visitors to come were looking to flee the city in the summer as the accumulated winter detritus and cess began to thaw and mix its fumes with industrial smog. In the clean, crisp air of the country, they discovered that cash-strapped farmers were happy to abandon their farms for a very small price and try their hands

at some other business, usually associated with the service sector. Almost every farm in three townships changed hands and the new people who came to the Sixth Range Road form a part of that new community.

Down the road, we found a peculiar old man, H. McRae Miller, who also thought he was hiding. His paintings reflect the area as it looked in the mid twentieth century, and he also published poetry.

F. Howard Wilson, scion of Wilson Paper of Lachute, retired





to live in the house he built on his wife Adrienne DesBaillets's country estate here, not far from her father's immense home. The DesBaillets had come from Switzerland. The first to arrive was Charles, an engineer at Rolland Paper in 1904, who soon took over responsibility for the Montreal aqueduct system. His son, Jacques, was a Montreal radio personality. His brother, Ernest, a Swiss-American, was a friend of Lorne McGibbon, the chief benefactor of the Laurentian Chest Hospital in St. Agathe. McGibbon was also a member of the Manitou Club and had asked DesBaillets, when he next returned to Switzerland, to find someone to teach skiing and winter sports. They convinced the young Émile Cochand to come to

St. Agathe. Cochand was the first professional skier in Canada. He met Lea Berger, also from Switzerland, who was a Cordon Bleu chef. Together they founded Chalet Cochand, one of the first resorts in the Laurentians.

Cochand was the first generation of his Swiss family to learn to ski. In the 1890s, the elders of La Sagne in the Swiss Alps had hired a Norwegian to teach the young to ski, and also began English lessons in order to get the area out from under the depression of 1873 by building up a tourist trade. That depression was immeasurably more severe than the crash of 1929.

In North America, also hard-hit, the Americans began a huge infrastructure program building railroads, and some of the smaller waves of that movement lapped the hills of the Laurentians, bringing us the Montreal, Ottawa and Occidental Railway. It became the well-known ski train, Le Petit Train du Nord, capitalizing on the Swiss work of developing skiing.

The banking system was also hit in that crisis. In 1891, George Hague became the first president of the Canadian Bankers' Association, revolutionizing credit. His son abandoned their striking summer house in St. Agathe, one of our local heritage homes, and moved to the Sixth Range Road, naming Lac Hague for himself. His descendants are still here.

Dieudonné Tourangeau lived here for only twelve years. His deed of acquisition mentioned a will that authorized a priest to sell him the farm, but the

registry number of the will was wrong. After guessing which number had been badly transcribed, I finally found where the will had been registered. The owner, the widow and survivor of the original homesteading couple, the Filiatraults, had hand-written it in that small house in October 1904, naming her nephew, a priest from Ontario, to be her executor, and adding a plea before God for forgiveness and a promise to forgive everyone she may have wronged, even committing to the costs of a large number of masses to be said in her memory for that purpose. Then she stated in the will that she had to finish it before her imminent departure for St. Louis, Missouri.

Why would this elderly widow living on a remote farm in a rural Quebec parish be going to St. Louis, Missouri, in 1904? This was not a casual trip. To undertake it, she even felt that she had to put her whole life in order in case she never made it back.

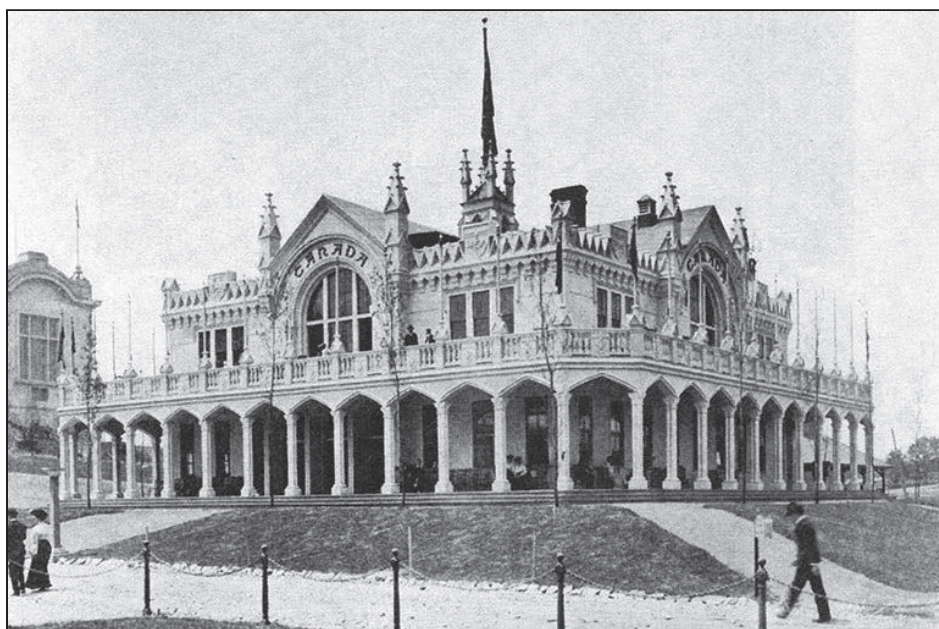
The mystery stood, irresolvable, until sometime later when Sheila told me that a book she was reading, *The Sweet Sixteen*, mentioned my aunt's aunt, Alice Asselin, as one of sixteen Canadian female journalists involved in a ground-breaking trip for women in journalism. They went to St. Louis, Missouri, in 1904 to cover the World's Fair. Further examination showed that another one of the sixteen was Cécile Laberge, the mother-in-law of Charles DesBaillets, the engineer whose daughter married F. Howard Wilson and lived on the family property on the Sixth



Top: Émile Cochand, Switzerland, 1909.
Photo courtesy of Joseph Graham.



Bottom left: McGibbon's Laurentian Sanatorium.
Bottom right: Little white house. Photos courtesy of Joseph Graham.



Range Road.

Even the widow Filiatrault with the little white house across the lake travelled there. The World's Fair ended in December and her rush to write her will was in anticipation of the trip.

Sometimes one feels that home is an anonymous place in the middle of an urban or rural nowhere, but every one of us lives in a corner of paradise that will reveal itself as being the centre of the world when we take the time to look closely. Once we have done so, we discover that it is where we want to be, to stay – home.

Two children, three grandchildren, poultry, greenhouses, four outbuildings and countless gardens later, we face the new challenges of homesteading in our sixties and seventies, living not on some unbroken rocky ground in the woods of the Canadian Shield, but at the centre of our world with all its prominence and promise, a place that we call home, and a place where we belong.

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

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GREETINGS FROM MONTREAL

Hospital Postcards of the Maude Abbott Medical Museum

by Richard Fraser

As with other museums, libraries and archives in Quebec, McGill University's Maude Abbott Medical Museum (MAMM) was closed to both visitors and staff at the start of the government-imposed COVID-19 lockdown in mid-March 2020. This meant that work with its anatomical and pathological material became impossible. In order to continue the museum's activities – particularly teaching and exhibit development – we decided to focus on something that could be manipulated easily outside its “home” in McGill's Strathcona Anatomy and Dentistry Building and displayed virtually on the museum's website. The MAMM collection of Montreal hospital postcards fit the bill perfectly.

Most people – particularly those older than 30! – are familiar with the printed postcard, which can be defined simply as a rectangular piece of stiff



Figure 1. Hôtel-Dieu de Montréal court yard. The space on the right of the photo is for a written message; the reverse side was for the address only. Illustrated Post Card Co., Montreal, c.1905.

has taken a variety of forms over the years. The earliest cards, known as

on the front (Figure 1). At first, they did not have images and were sent only domestically. Following a resolution at the first Congress of the General Postal Union in 1874, they began to be mailed internationally.

Postcards with small images on their front began to appear in the 1880s and increased markedly in number thereafter. Eventually, the image came to occupy the entire front, with a divided space on the back for an address and a message to the recipient. This arrangement increased their appeal and led to what has been called the “Golden Age” of postcards, from around 1900 to 1915. This growth was the result of a combination of factors, including the nature of the images used, the easing of government restrictions, and advances in photographic and printing techniques. The increased use was remarkable: it has been estimated that as many as seven billion cards were mailed worldwide in 1905!

Before World War I, most postcards were manufactured in Germany because



Figure 2. Montreal Maternity Hospital. The Hospital (founded in 1843) was first located in a small, rented building; it moved to the specially constructed building pictured here in 1905. Valentine & Sons Publishing Co. Ltd., 1911.

paper meant to be mailed without an envelope. As with many other objects, it

“postals,” included space for the recipient's address on the back and a message

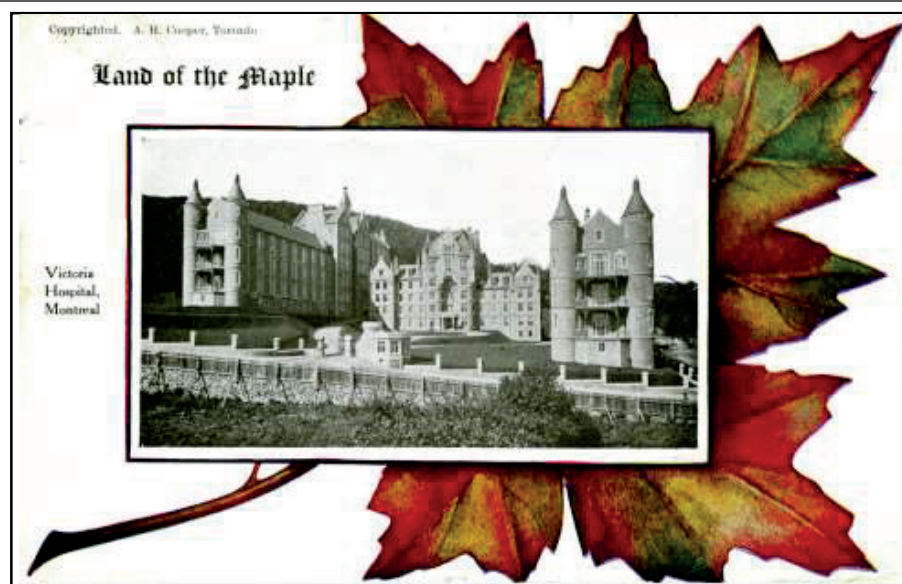


Figure 3. Royal Victoria Hospital: *Land of the Maple Series*. A. H. Cooper, Toronto, c.1907.

of better printing quality. During and after the war, many were printed elsewhere. Often a white border surrounded the front image in order to use less ink. So-called “linen” cards were developed in the 1930s; these had a high rag content, enabling quicker production and a brighter appearance to the dyes. These cards were in turn supplanted by chromocrom-style cards, which included pictures similar to those used for camera-derived colour prints. This variety predominated in the second half of the twentieth century. Although still in production, use of traditional printed postcards has declined since the development of digital technology and the introduction of e-cards in 1994.

Many publishers, from large international companies to single-person enterprises, were involved in designing, printing, and selling postcards. Some had catalogues that listed both new and previously printed cards for sale and delivery by post. The MAMM collection includes examples from nine companies that had an address clearly associated with Montreal. Among the most important of these were the Illustrated Postcard Company (located in the Temple Building on St. James Street, now the site of the St. James Theatre), the Novelty Manufacturing & Art Co., and Valentine & Sons. The last named company was founded in 1825 in Dundee, Scotland, and began producing postcards in the 1890s. It expanded to Canada in 1903, at first in Montreal (with offices in the Coristine Building

on St. Paul Street) and later in Toronto. The Canadian part of the company was eventually purchased by Montreal businessmen George Clark and Percy Black. Most of the company’s first cards showed images of Canadian scenery; however, buildings – including several Montreal hospitals – were also showcased (Figure 2). Some companies developed postcard themes, such as “The Land of the Maple” series, in which the photographic image overlay a coloured maple leaf (Figure 3).

The MAMM collection includes approximately 125 postcards that depict 34 Montreal area hospitals, hospices and

asylums from about 1900 to 1960. Although some of the cards appear to be “collector cards” – with no stamp, address or message – many were clearly used and some have legible messages on the backs. They were written by patients, hospital staff, and tourists to Montreal and were meant for a variety of purposes. As might be expected, many gave news about an illness or comments about the hospital where the patient was staying. However, non-medical purposes were also used, including invitations to an event in Montreal, contest entries, and trip souvenirs.

The medical messages sometimes give interesting insights into medical care at the time. For example, one translated message on the back of a Hôtel-Dieu de Montréal postcard, posted in 1942, stated: “My Dear Mother and companions, your prayers traced a favourable echo in Heaven and I have the honour to tell you that my condition is improving and that the diagnosis is not the same.” A sample of these personal messages became part of the museum’s online exhibit. However, its major part consists of card face images that show the hospitals or hospices. Most illustrate the buildings themselves via drawings, photographs or diagrams; some show patient wards or treatment areas. The stories of the institutions and their buildings are sometimes complex

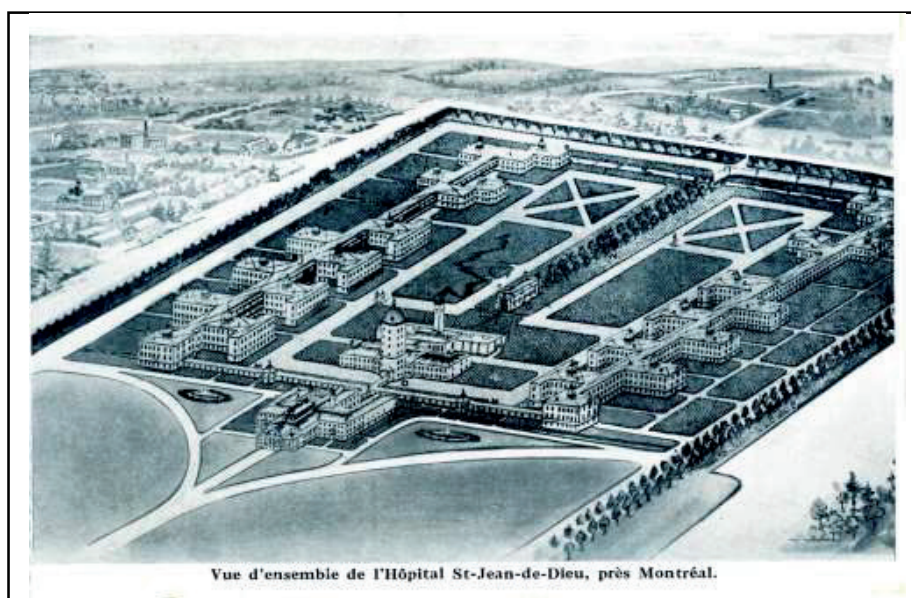


Figure 4. Hospice St-Jean-de-Dieu. Diagram showing the hospital’s east and west wings and central chapel. Publisher unknown, c.1930.



Figure 5. The Western General Hospital. The original hospital building is seen on the right. Valentine & Sons Publishing Co. Ltd., date unknown.

and include the addition of new wings, destruction by demolition or fire, mergers, and changes in mission and affiliation. The postcards provide interesting “snapshots” of these histories. In part because a number of the institutions depicted on the cards no longer exist, and in part to give the collection a Montreal context, we decided to include short notes about the histories of each hospital or hospice as part of the exhibit.

Hospice St-Jean-de-Dieu

The influence of the Catholic Church, manifested especially by several religious orders, was particularly important in the development of institutions that cared for Montreal’s French-speaking population. One example is the Hospice St-Jean-de-Dieu which opened in 1873 in the city’s east end. As with a number of other Francophone Montreal hospitals of the era, it was managed by the Order of the Sisters of Providence. The hospice was dedicated to the care of patients



Figure 6. The Protestant Hospital for the Insane: Perry Pavilion. Valentine & Sons Publishing Co. Ltd., 1912.

with mental illness and was initially comprised of several buildings constructed of wood. In 1890, these were almost completely destroyed in one of Montreal’s worst fires, in which approximately 100 people died. The hospital was soon rebuilt (in stone) as 14 separate pavilions, six on the east side for men and six on the west for women (Figure 4). Two pavilions at the front included chapels and space for the doctors and caregiver sisters. The Hospice was designated a “Hospital” in the 1920s; it changed its name to l’Hôpital Louis-H. Lafontaine in 1976 and to l’Institut Universitaire en Santé Mentale de Montréal in 2013.

The Western General Hospital

Secular health care institutions were more closely associated with Montreal’s Anglophone population. Many of these were developed with funding from local philanthropists or through special fundraising campaigns. The Western General Hospital was one of these. It was incorporated in 1874 and began accepting patients in 1880 in the Mills Building on Essex Street (next to modern-day Atwater Avenue and René Lévesque Boulevard). Partly as a result of donations from individuals such as Herbert and Fred Molson, it was able to expand and modernize over the years (Figure 5). In 1924, it amalgamated with the Montreal General Hospital, becoming its Western Division. This closed in 1956 when the General moved to a new site on Cedar Avenue (where it remains today). The Western’s buildings then became part of the Montreal Children’s Hospital.

The Protestant Hospital for the Insane

A psychiatric centre for the English-speaking population was founded in 1881 as the Protestant Hospital for the Insane. It was built on 110 acres of farmland in the southern community of Verdun next to the St. Lawrence River. Construction of its first pavilion, named after its founder, Alfred Perry, was completed in 1890 (Figure 6). A number of other buildings were built over the

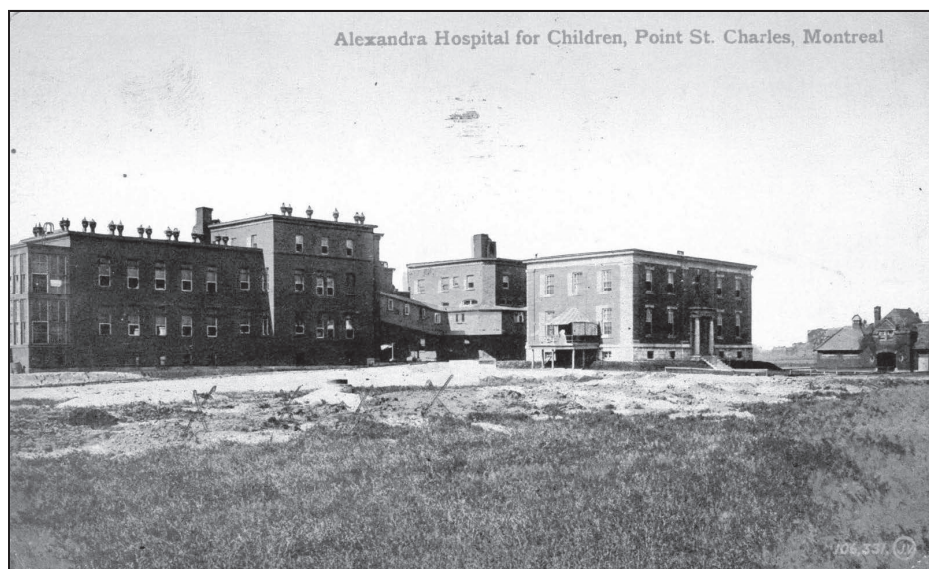


Figure 7. The Alexandra Hospital for Contagious Disease. Paired pipes included to optimize the building's ventilation can be seen on the rooftop edge. Publisher unknown, c.1907.

following 20 years as the patient population increased (to 1,200 individuals by 1936), including the Lehmann, Burgess, Reed, and Newman Pavilions. More pavilions were added in the 1960s; all were eventually connected by an extensive underground tunnel network. The hospital has changed its name several times, to the Verdun Protestant Hospital (1924), the Douglas Hospital (after one of its most important benefactors, James Douglas, in 1965) and the current Douglas Mental Health University Institute (2006).

The Alexandra Hospital for Contagious Disease

Also known as the Alexandra Hospital for Children, this institution is another example of Montreal philanthropy: Lord Strathcona gave \$25,000 (almost \$750,000 today) for its development. It was constructed from 1904 to 1906 on Charon Street in Point St. Charles to care for English-speaking children and adolescents with infectious disease (Figure 7). At that time, such care included isolating patients in dedicated wards; the main ones at the Alexandra were for measles, diphtheria and scarlet

fever. In 1948, the hospital opened a ward specializing in the diagnosis and treatment of tuberculous meningitis. Given the decreasing incidence of epidemic childhood infections as of the mid-twentieth century, the hospital dropped the modifier “for contagious disease” from its name in 1968 and changed its mission to the long-term care of children with physical and mental disabilities. In 1973, it merged with the Montreal Children’s Hospital as its Alexandra Pavilion. The latter closed in 1988 and its buildings have since been converted into residential (social housing) units.

The Royal Victoria Hospital

The Royal Victoria Hospital opened in 1893, in part as a result of large monetary donations from Sir George Stephen and Sir Donald Smith (Lord Strathcona), two Scottish businessmen who had made their fortunes in Canada. The hospital was designed in the Scottish baronial style and had a number of architectural features that gave it a resemblance to a castle. Probably because of this ornate and rather impressive appearance, a variety of postcards depicting it were produced in the early twentieth century. The MAMM collection includes over 40 different ones. Interestingly, the majority are variations on two images taken at almost the same vantage point but at different times (Figure 8). The earliest cards are in black and white; colourized versions appeared later.

The original appearance of the hospital was altered by a number of additions and changes over the 100 years following its initial construction. These can be appreciated in some of the hospital postcards.

A five-story Nurses Residence was built on the west side in 1906. Two large buildings were soon added to the north on the slope of Mount Royal behind the original structure: the Ross Pavilion for private patients in 1916 and the Woman’s Pavilion in 1926 (Figure 9). Among the most important later additions were the Allan Memorial Institute (for psychiatry, in 1944) and new surgical (1956) and medical (1959) wings.

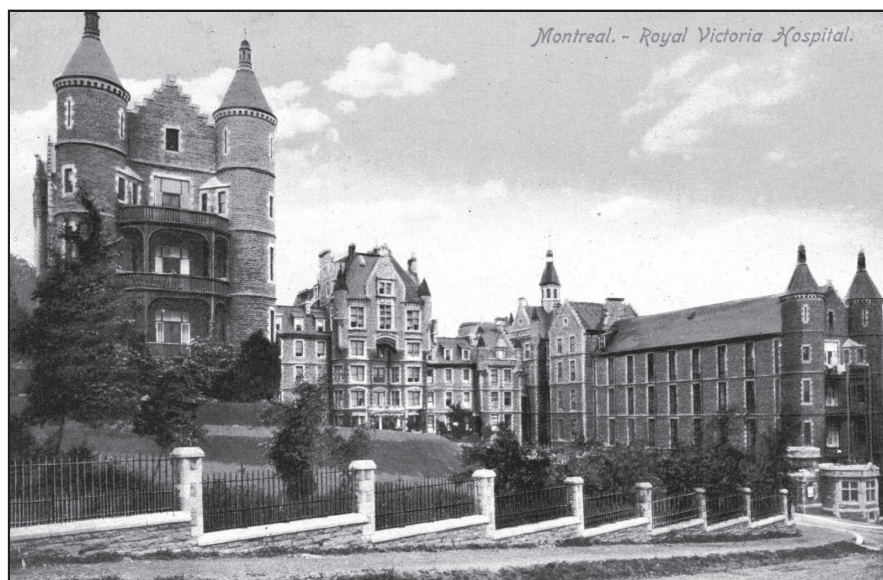


Figure 8. Royal Victoria Hospital: street view of original hospital with Pine Avenue gate house. Illustrated Post Card Co., 1909.

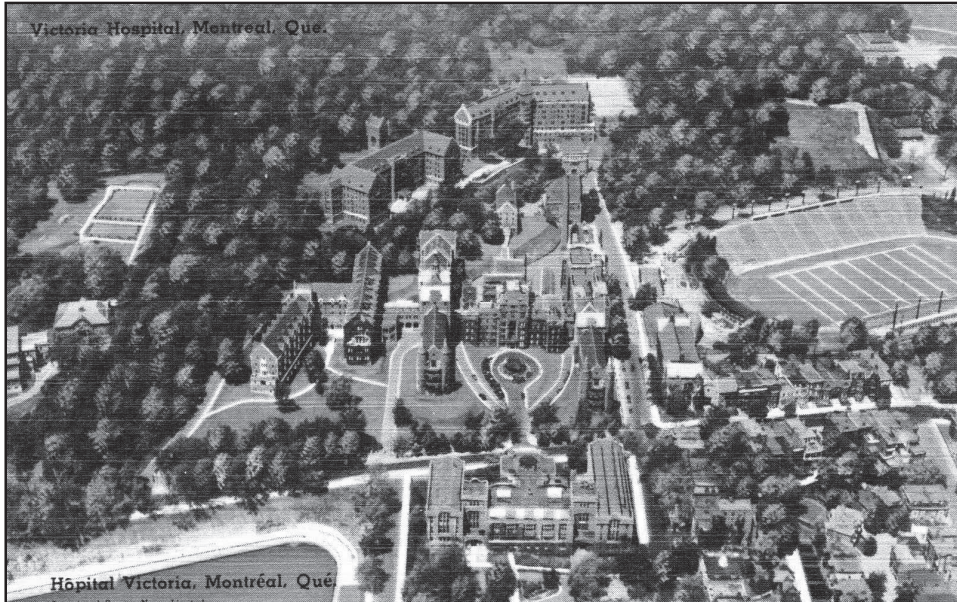


Figure 9. Royal Victoria Hospital: aerial view showing Nurses Residence and the Ross and Maternity Pavilions. Associated Screen News Ltd., c.1930.

Once the museum is able to reopen to the public following relaxation of COVID-19 restrictions, we plan to mount a physical display of the collection for museum visitors. Until then, the exhibit is accessible on the MAMM website at: www.mcgill.ca/medicalmuseum.

Richard Fraser is a Professor of Pathology at McGill University and senior pathologist at the McGill University Health Centre. He is the recipient of a number of teaching

awards from McGill as well as Distinguished Service Awards from the Canadian Association of Pathologists and the United States and Canadian Academy of Pathology. Although still actively involved in diagnostic pathology service and teaching, he has also developed an interest in medical history and has been the Director of McGill's Maude Abbott Medical Museum since its inception in 2013. With the assistance of his colleagues, he has been able to re-establish the museum as an educational resource for McGill students and staff, as well as the public at large.

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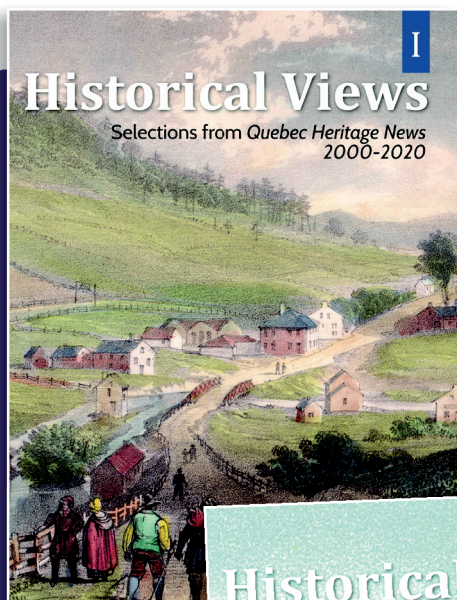
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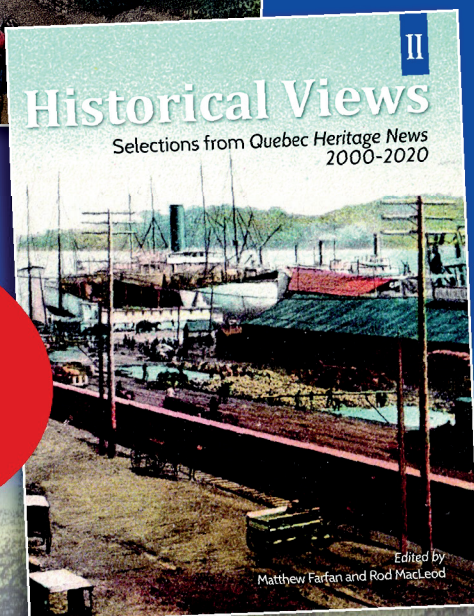
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