



Les Chabotteries

Association des Chabot

No 27 Summer 2014

Hébertville-Station pays tribute to Frederic Chabot



Jacynthe, Esther, Frederic, Madeleine Labrecque (mother), Marie-France, Andrée, Jean-Marc and Lynda (left to right)

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Message from the President



First, I would like to wish you a pleasant and sunny summer. We have, I believe, completed our database; it is now up to date. The distribution of membership cards has begun. In addition, there are plenty of things to come, but we need help from our members.

Marcel Chabot was our Secretary, Webmaster and layout designer of the newsletter *The Chabotteries*. He has resigned for personal reasons. In addition, our director, Jean-Louis, is in convalescence. This means that we need help if we want the association to continue to live.

Claude and Diane's health is no longer what it was. They always have a desire to help, but they would like to take a little more time for themselves. Even though he was no longer on the Board, Claude, the Founding President, contributed more than 80% of the work to support the association. Not to mention that Diane was doing research several hours a day. The rest was done by others.

Without your help, the association is at risk. Whether the Board, in the drafting of texts, information, and in all that relates to the review, we need backup. Nobody is asked to work full-time, only a few minutes of your time may save your association which is in great danger. This could be the end of this beautiful dream.

Brunch on October 12, 2014 could be the last one, if you do not get involved. For my part, I would like the opportunity to do more, but I have to earn my living. Besides my six day work week, I spend twenty hours on work for the association. I can do no more for the moment.

It is with a heavy heart that I make this appeal for help, I join all those who believe in it and have so much desire that the CHABOT association continue to exist.

I believe there is still time to tell us that you like your organization, and you will step up as soon as possible.

Maryo Chabot Tremblay

Very special information



Hello, everyone. As of April 3, 2014 the Board received, with regret, the resignation of Secretary Marcel Chabot. He occupied several positions: the layout designer of the newsletter, and the webmaster of our website that he had mounted and supported himself for all these years. Marcel was

there from the first collection and all other thereafter. I'm sure you agree that this is sad news, and we extend our sincere thanks on behalf of all Board members.

After reviewing our regulations, I participated as governor for an emergency board meeting held on April 12, 2014. Considering that I had just finished organizing the next annual meeting on October 10, 2014 in Cookshire, I temporarily accepted the position of Secretary for the survival of our Association.

For those who also participated in the assembly of all *the Chabotteries*, I will continue to share my knowledge with the Board. I would also like to inform you that the administrator position held by Jean-Louis Chabot is now open.

It is for health reasons that he could no longer maintain his commitments. The Board joins me to thank him and wish him better days.

In summary, you can see the team diminish, but the work continues. If you know of new retirees having time for a new challenge, please contact us with their names.

Claude Chabot

Temporary Secretary



My Little Joy (p'tit Bonheur)!

Like Félix Leclerc, I picked up my *p'tit bonheur* (little joy), and put it over my tattered clothes! My



own *p'tit bonheur* is music. Music was introduced into my life when I was a child, by my father, who also finds joy in this beautiful passion.

The many evening gatherings of my Chabot family in St. Sabine, Bellechasse county, helped me discover that this passion is not only personal, but also easily shared; It allows us to communicate emotions easily...the urge to laugh or cry. In my recollections, I also remember my grandmother (Rosa Tanguay, Adrien Chabot's wife) who used to have fun coming out with *ruine-babines* (lip ruining) tunes, songs of good old Quebecois folklore.

The Chabot family is packed with musical talent. There is uncle Serge Chabot, guitarist, who has been part of several bands, including one in which he played with his brother Marcel and his sister Normande. Serge, at the time, proudly wore his hair long in order to look like his rock'n roll idols! Today, he is focused on playing for his own pleasure and that of the family without leaving aside his passion. I love to hear Serge sing—his voice is so sweet; he plays and sings with great emotion.

It is important not to forget Marcel Chabot, a man of many talents; guitarist, mandolinist, and singer. He now has several albums to his credit. Marcel is a lover of *Bluegrass* and *Country* music, so he has made his own interpretations on his recordings.

You may have even seen Marcel in the streets of Quebec city, guitar suspended on his neck, playing

as a public entertainer, sometimes accompanied by his son, Guillaume Chabot. He is also a fan of this musical style, and being a virtuoso in everything he touches, he makes good use of his beautiful voice and his exquisite guitar playing.

There is also my father, Yvan Chabot, a tenor with a powerful voice, a passionate singer and a guitarist in his spare time. A collector of several guitars, Yvan has a fascination for the beauty of his instruments: their wood, their resonances, their designs. My father realized one of his greatest musical dreams when, in 2003, he recorded an album where he sings songs that he loves. His album *Musically Yours* was a great success in our neighboring parishes.

At our family gatherings, all my aunts and uncles add a little something to the musical atmosphere. Some sing, others tap their feet, still others play the guitar or jingle the spoons. The family meetings are always a good excuse to get out the instruments and have a good time!

So my *p'tit bonheur*, is something I picked up from my family roots and not just something that I have acquired by myself. I am convinced that it is a gift that has been handed down to us all, that is, to me and my family. From an early age, I quickly understood the meaning of the music. My parents saw my interest and always encouraged me in my musical endeavors, either by giving me musical instruments or simply by agreeing to hear me practice, or by being patient while I tamed my new instrument. While they listened as I repeated the same lines in the same songs, they showed a rare patience, and I still appreciate it even today! What has really brought more serious music into my life is my joining the *Cadets* to which I belonged for some years. I became the Director of the brass band for *Cadet Corps 2948* of the *frontière* St. Justine. Bellechasse county and this position helped me to further my passion and knowledge of music, and to share it with others.

There is also the choir *Les Quatre Temps* (*The Four Seasons*) with which we produced shows and which, among other things, allowed me to discover within myself not only a musician but also a singer and a lover of the stage.

The years passed and this passion for music always remained very present in my life. I had the chance to explore several instruments that made their appearance either through friends or simply because of my fondness for new musical challenges. So I learned to play the flute, the alto sax, the guitar, the mandolin, the accordion, and the African percussion.

One thing led to another, and with some contacts and the desire to share my passion, I came upon the opportunity to get involved in some bands. The groups in which I now play, greatly appreciate my ability to play diverse instruments. I participate in three musical projects of which I am really proud, and I have recorded albums of original songs with each one of them: *Robbob and Limoilou Free Orchestra*, the *Blue Night Band*, and also the project of my lover *Sylvain Dominic*.

These three projects are important to me, and I do not count the hours given to practice and refining in



order to give quality shows. For now, despite my involvement, I can only live my passion, but I am hopeful that one day I will have the chance to earn a living doing what I love most in the world. The world of music is not easy and it takes hard work to make a living from this passion, but I intend to make this project a reality by continuing the hard work and giving it my free time. I know that one day I may become popular, and then, I will proudly bear my name: that of Roxanne Chabot.

Roxanne Chabot

<http://www.sylvaindominic.com>

<http://robbob.bandcamp.com>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hmZ3cOCY4Uk>

François Chabot Honored



François Chabot (left)

Mr. Jean-Marie Fortier Foundation awarded the Merit 2011 to François Chabot for "his many volunteering services and tireless dedication."

Retired from teaching, but still active on his cattle farm, Francois is involved in other organizations such as: *Knights of Columbus* in the Estrie area, *Catechesis** in St. *Camille* of Cookshire's parish, he is a reader and serves communion at mass.

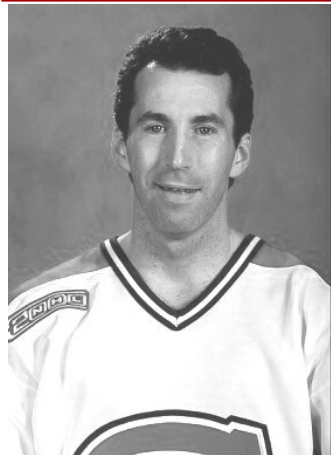
With emotion, Mr. Chabot has highlighted the contribution of his wife, Lucille Talbot, in his community, and the social life of Cookshire. He reaffirmed his commitment and love for the Catholic Church.

Here is the description of the man who volunteered to help me organize the next annual meeting of the Chabot's Association. Again he and his wife have confirmed that we would be well received by all Cookshire residents and by entire family because they are several as members to encourage us for several gatherings.

*Catechesis : Laic person who gived Catholic education to children or adult

Claude Chabot

Hébertville-Station Pays Tribute to Frédéric Chabot



Son of Leopold Chabot and Madeleine Labrecque, both from St. Lazare, Bellechasse, Frederick Chabot was born in Hébertville Station, Lac St. Jean County, on February 12, 1968. (Additional information in *Les Chabotteries* #10).

Frederick began to play hockey at the Atom level in St. Bruno during the 1977–1978 season. For the following two seasons, from 1979 to 1983, he played in the Pee Wee and Bantam Leagues, in Métabetchouan, Quebec. He played in the Midget League in Alma; from 1983–1985; and 1985–1986 for the St. Foy AAA Midget Club, where he was recognized as the best goalkeeper in the league, which awarded him the *Ken Dryden Award*. He was also named the best goalkeeper at the *Canadian Midget AAA Championship* in Moncton.



Frederick was drafted in June 1986 by the *New Jersey Devils* in the NHL without having played a single match in the major-junior hockey league in Quebec. He has proven himself as a goalie in several teams including the *Montreal Canadiens* and the *LA Kings*. In addition to playing for several North American teams, Frederick was also part of a team in the *German Elite League*. While playing hockey, he set up a hockey school for goalies. This hockey school operates in Quebec and Europe. He played 17 seasons in the NHL, AHL and the IHL in Germany and Austria.

In July 2013, the Municipality of Hébertville-Station officially unveiled its new multifunction building. On this occasion, where some sixty guests were gathered, municipal authorities unveiled this new building as the *Frédéric Chabot Centre*. During his visit to Hébertville Station with his wife Suzanne Danau and his son Gabriel, Frederick attended the ceremony, together with several members of the Chabot family.

Frederick is currently working as a goalie consultant for the *Edmonton Oilers* (since 2009). He has to his credit some 27 years of experience as a coach. This Chabot family is proud to have a member who, through hard work, is reaping the fruits of his efforts.

Reference

<http://www.lacstjean.com/Sports/2013-07-16/article-3316873/HebertvilleStation-rend-hommage-a-Frederic-Chabot/1>



Diane Chabot Pard

The Chabot: two clans, one family

In my family, there are two clans; the “2 T” (Chabotte) and the “o” (Chabo). It seems to me that going from one to the other can be done in the snap of a finger. For example, when we left Gaspésie to settle in Montreal, while crossing the Jacques-Cartier Bridge the “2 T” were magically transformed into “o.”

Suddenly, I became a Chabo even if the spelling did not change a bit. Explanation: in the big city, it is the Chabo who lead, and in the countryside, the Chabotte rule.

This transformation of the phonetics of our name always seemed to me to be like the passing of salt water into fresh water at a very precise point in the St. Lawrence River. The ship sinks lower as soon as it arrives in fresh water. It is a precise line that extends from one shore to the other.

My father never belonged to the Chabo clan. He was definitely a Chabotte from head to toe, and up to the last years of his life he got insulted when they called him Mr. Chabo.

As far as my older brother was concerned, the Chabo were snobs, intellectuals of low virility, while the Chabotte were as tough as leather. To him, it was treason to become a Chabo.

I owe a lot to my sister, Colette who belonged to the Chabo tribe (since my childhood).

She made it a profession of faith that I was forced to admire because, at the time, she had to correct the pronunciation of all those who said our family name. Before the most recalcitrant, she had an argument which I still

use today. “Do we say Brigitte Bardo or Brigitte Bardotte?” I have not yet met any person insensitive to this witticism.

Are there more Chabotte than Chabo in existence? I don't know, but when I am called Chabotte, my soul always makes a little grimace even if I manage to hide it. The truth is that I have reconciled myself with the Chabotte who represent to me the goodness and humanism of my father while the Chabo often have more head than heart. I will leave the last word to my mother who would say, “put them both in the same pocket, stir them, and you will have the perfect Chabot!”

Reluctantly, I tell myself that we are not the only family to possess a double phonetic ending, two clans who feel defined by the sound produced by their name. Think Oimet, Paquet, Talbot, Turcot, and many others.

Gaétan Chabot, just like his sister **Colette**, is a journalist. He was a radio and television commentator before becoming a communications consultant to large companies and a designer for big advertising agencies. A scriptwriter, he wrote, among others, **LES YEUX DU CŒUR**, (The Eyes of the Heart), a documentary on talent with Celine Dion's mother and her famous daughter Celine. More recently, he worked to adapt to the screen the documentary on the philosopher and writer Placide Gaboury.

Gaétan Chabot, son of Joseph

Thérèse, a Woman with a Big Heart



I'd like to tell you about my mother, who was a welcoming and very generous person, even if she seemed strict. Maman was the daughter of Arthur Chabot and Maria-Eva Boulet. She was born on March 12, 1930, the ninth of twelve children. She spent her childhood asking endless questions. She wanted to know and understand everything. She told me that her nine sisters and two brothers always found a way to blame her for the stupid things they did, so that she would get punished. They were jealous, because Maman was a success at everything she tried her hand at. She spent her life learning. Her mother used to say, "If you have a problem, go see the Little Housewife; whatever the problem is, she'll find a solution." Whether it was cooking, sewing, knitting or anything else, she always had a solution or would search until she found one. She was always ready to help anyone, at any hour of the day, and that never changed.

Maman wanted to be a teacher, but her mother didn't want her to become one; because she needed Maman at home. Maman managed to convince her mother with a little maneuvering and the support of her father, whom she had spent many hours helping in order to make his work easier. One day my grandmother told her, "Go study, but you'll have to do your chores all the same!" Maman was so happy. Her dream became a reality, and she taught for several years. She was well respected by her students and employers. She was very sad when she had to leave teaching in order to return home and help her mother. She loved teaching so much.

She met her future husband (Rosaire), whom she dated for a while and then married in August of 1950. Maman



had several miscarriages and only managed to give birth to three children: Danielle, Maryo, and Gilbert. Her skin wasn't very elastic and as a result her internal organs got shoved around during each pregnancy in order to make space for the baby. Her doctor told her that we were miracle children.

My father's health was fragile, and my mother had to work hard to make ends meet and give her children the best. She worked as a seamstress, making everything from business suits to sequined wedding dresses, to children's clothes (Maman would make us clothes out of Papa's old suits). She also knit extensively. Being an excellent cook (if not to say a cordon-bleu cook), she created all sorts of dishes.

After Maman had carried on her courageous struggle for many years, Papa's health was restored and he was able to find work. Things returned to normal. Then, in 1997, Papa died. Maman never really got over her loss, and her sadness stayed with her for a long time.

Maman loved crossword puzzles. A real crossword fan, she was blessed with a limitless memory. She was involved in various activities, and served as a resource person in many fields.

Our door was always open. Our home was where both the Tremblay and the Chabot families got together, and where others came for help and comfort. Countless family get-togethers and holidays were celebrated at our house.

I remember how my uncles would call Maman up and ask her, "So, when are you going to make us some Chinese food Therese dear?" She would often make Chinese food for over twenty people: egg rolls, fried rice, pineapple chicken, almond chicken, spare ribs, and more.

Maman's mother stayed with us for about fifteen years. Grand-maman took turns staying with each of her children, but she would always come back to stay with us. She said that there was no other place where she felt more at home.

See more on page 15

Joseph-Emile Chabot, photographer



Joseph-Emile Chabot, third child in a family of seven, was born on March 21, 1897 in St. Lazare, Bellechasse county. He was the son of Jean-Baptiste Chabot and Marie Labrie. Vital statistics may be found in *Les Chabotteries* #7.

He was initially a barber in Quebec, then he learned the trade of photography under the auspices of the Livernois family, more precisely with Jules Livernois. The studio *J. E. Livernois LLC* had a wealthy clientele: politicians, members of the clergy, etc. They specialized in portraits, political personalities, as well as urban and rural landscapes in the local area as well as Quebec. The latter represent a large portion of the photographs published in the magazines *Canadians Illustrated News* and *L'Opinion Publique*, two of the earliest illustrated periodicals in Canada. Imagine the opportunity Joseph Emile was presented during his apprenticeship.



Slicing cod on the Riviere-au-Tonnerre, 1920—1930

Photo: Joseph-Emile Chabot

Joseph-Emile Chabot discovered the North Coast (la Côte-Nord) prior to 1920, when he was a game-keeper on the Isle of Anticosti. Perhaps he already had a camera at that time. What is certain is that he returned to the Côte Nord in the early 1920s. His first experience was short lived, because the inhabitants of the region refused to receive him with his camera: having been scammed in the past by those who claimed to be photographers, but never sent the promised photographs. J. E. Chabot decided to purchase a portable dark room in Quebec, and returned to the North Coast. In 1924, he became an itinerant photographer and left to photograph the Amerindians of the Côte Nord. On board a rented schooner, he operated a floating studio and wandered all the way up to Lourdes-de-Blanc Sablon.



Photo of the St. Joseph North Boulevard in 1960 (studio of J. E. Chabot on the right.)

It was in Roberval, Lac St. Jean that J. E. Chabot opened the Photography Studio in 1924. He met and later married Alice Boivin on June 21, 1926. They had three sons: Marcel, Emilien, and Bernard.

For half a century, J. E. Chabot immortalized the life of Saguenay-Lac-Saint-Jean and particularly that of Roberval, focusing on the regional film history.

On September 9, 1976, Joseph-Emile Chabot passed away. His son Marcel continued his father's endeavor in the same studio that remained unchanged for many years. The Studio Chabot closed its doors in December of 1910, after an 84 year presence in Roberval. His collection was acquired by the municipality of Roberval.

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<http://www.ville.roberval.qc.ca/publications>



Diane Chabot Pard

Charles Chabot and son, a family story Part 2



Rosario Chabot

In 1936, Charles Chabot became the owner of the telephone exchange in St. Zacharie. This was installed in a room specially fixed for that purpose in the family home (this locale was called the central office). The network covered the whole parish or village and the county. All telephone lines converged on the house, supported by huge poles. Once

introduced into the small room, the lines were plugged into the telephone exchange. The switch board was about five feet high, three wide and 15 inches thick. The base was wider to allow for writing and to operate the exchange. A handle was attached to the board, which was used to sound the signal over a telephone line. In front of the operator, there were several double-rows of lines fitted with cards and, at the bottom, holes with a small door which would go down when someone wanted to reach the switch board. A bell was heard and at the same time a small door



Jeanne-d'Arc Chabot

would come down, the operator would introduce one of the two cards in the hole, and after answering could put the speaker in communication with the person who was sought. To reach this person the operator looked at the board before him on which were written the names, phone numbers and the corresponding signals for each subscriber (e.g., a long ring and two short ones). Then the operator signaled the code on the line and listened to know whether the respondent was responding to the signal. When the two people were in contact, the operator closed the line, but later returned to the same line, and when the conversation was over both plugs were pulled out. There were private lines (doctor, church offi-

cial, businessmen) and common people living in the country. On common lines, each subscriber knew his signal and replied when his was heard, otherwise he would ignore them, but some would allow themselves to listen in anyway. When the device was lifted to respond, a small signal was heard indicating that there was someone listening on the line, and this sometimes led to arguments between people connected to the same line.

When there was a fire in the parish and someone phoned firefighters to come, the fire chief was notified from the central office by the operator with a button connected directly to the fire department siren. If the fire was raging in a rural area, the operator of the switchboard would plug into the lines of the rural areas' subscribers and make several small strokes so residents knew there was something going wrong. They would listen and be informed that there was a fire and help was sought to control the blaze. Sometimes, on Sundays, the owner of the cinema asked to make a general call to let people know there was a movie in the afternoon. At this point, the operator plugged into several lines, and read the message.

The resident who did not have a telephone would go to the telephone switchboard. A device was mounted on the wall, and the operator could enable him to communicate. The telephone office was in operation early in the morning until nine o'clock at night. After that hour, the owner would get up at night to respond. During the week it was rather quiet, while weekends were busier. Night calls were reserved for the doctor, the priest and taxis. The annual fee was \$10.00 to \$15.00 depending on the line (shared or private). Also, there was a charge for long distance calls. At the end of the month, the administration compiled the calls and the owner's children went to collect the money. In some places, they gave small tips during this visit. The three elders of the family, Camil, Armandine, and Jeanne D'Arc all acted as switchboard operators.

In the early 50s, the console had been changed for a more modern one. It had become automatic and had lost its crank and the small lever with which the operator would signal the numbers.

Trivia: When there were high winds the lines touched and sometimes they remained tangled together, which caused a disturbance on the line. To solve the problem, people used a long pole that slipped between the two lines to untangle them. When this happened, my father had to follow the line in the area where there was trouble in order to locate the problem. Someone had to accompany him, as he was driving his pick up truck. Once, I accompanied him, and after we came out of the village I began to watch the line with him. Suddenly, the sound of a siren was heard. It was a provincial police officer who wanted to check the condition of the driver. The officer said that the truck was swerving erratically. After an explanation, he let us go with a goodbye and advice to be careful. During the winter, work was often done with a snowmobile, because the roads were not always well maintained in the rural areas.

During the years of operation of the central office, a man was employed full time-year round to assist my father in the work of installation, repair, putting up poles, and other jobs.

Around 1952, these early telephones were replaced by automatic telephones. The customer had only to lift the receiver, and the signal went through automatically: it was a vast improvement.

To 1956, the Honorable J. D. Bégin, Minister of Colonization, MP for Dorchester, probably a shareholder of the *Dorchester Telephone Company* and a resident of Lac Etchemin, entered into communication with my father. The *Dorchester Telephone Company* wanted to buy St. Zacharie's telephone company. After lengthy negotiations, and because it offered an opportunity to upgrade the system once again (to a dial system), my father decided to sell his company. At the request of the *Dorchester Company*, my father built two locales to accommodate all the new instruments. One of these was located behind the St. Zacharie Credit Union and the second next to the church of St. Aurélie. (*The St.*

Aurélie Company was also acquired by the *Dorchester Company*.)

In the fall of 1957, the Honorable J. D. Bégin proceeded to the official opening of the new telephone system. The blessing of the central office again was made by the parish priest (Father Tardif). A banquet for dignitaries was held: including Minister Bégin, my father Rosario Chabot and his son Camil, the mayor, Leopold Drouin, ecclesiastical authorities, and several representatives of the *Dorchester Company*. They all took the opportunity to place long distance calls, for once it was free. As for my father, he phoned an old uncle in Connecticut.

My father founded the *J. Rosario Chabot et Sons Funeral Home*. According to the records of the Home, February 26, 1945 was the first time services were rendered, that upon the death of a young man, 18 years 4 months old. The service included:

The rental of:
 2 lamps: \$5.00
 1 carpet: \$5.00
 2 pedestals :\$1.00
 8 armbands: \$1.50
 1 trolley: \$.50
 1 kneeler: \$.50
 1 pall: \$.50
 glasses and stand: \$.25

The purchase of:
 10 lanterns @ .10 each = \$1.00
 21 thank you cards: \$.53
 for a total of \$15.78

On March 14, 1945, there was a listing of a funeral of another person, including the rental of equipment (as above), the purchase of a casket (\$45.00) and the direction of the ceremony (\$.50) over 21 lanterns and 47 thank you cards, and an embalming cost for the sum of \$63.27. It should be noted that embalming was practiced at the residence of the deceased and was performed by a traveling embalmer.

Before there was embalming, neighbors came to wash the deceased and prepare the body for the mortuary. The deceased was laid on boards covered with fabric. A worker or a person of kinship manufactured the coffin, and the morning of the funeral, the deceased was placed in the coffin. Around 1945, they began to deposit the body in the coffin. It was the same for the hearse that was owned by the Church. Pulled by horses, it was fitted on skis in the winter and wheels in the summer. The funeral home evolved and in 1950, my father built a funeral home adjacent to the family house.

After the sale of the telephone company in 1957, my father decided to expand his territory and bought a house in the center of St. Prosper village. He had the building moved away in order to build a new funeral home which would be the head one for *J. Rosario Chabot and Sons Funeral Home*. Once the lot was freed and the plans ready, he began the construction of the two-story L-shaped building. It was a self-built construction: he looked after everything from the foundation to the painting. He was assisted by two of his sons, Camil and Richard. This building included the exposition rooms, the embalming room, coffin showroom, a garage capable of holding three cars, administrative offices and lodgings. The construction began June 22, 1958 and ended around November 28, 1959.

The same year, during construction, my father had purchased a brand new 1959 Cadillac. It was used as an ambulance and could be con-

verted into a hearse for a funeral. After acquiring the ambulance, service was available 24 hours a day, seven days a week, for the people of St. Zacharie, St. Aurélie, St. Prosper, St. Louis, St. Benjamin, and St. Rose.



The inside of the mausoleum was made by Charles Chabot

Embalming was done in St. Prosper by a traveling embalmer. Richard was trained as an embalmer at the University of Montreal.

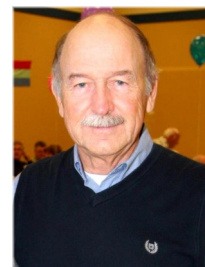
My father died November 2, 1962, at the age of 56 years. Our mother continued managing the company, assisted in the administration by her son Camil, and in the operations, by Richard. The ambulance service was abandoned around the year 1973. The company has always been successful.

In 1977, Camil and Richard acquired the company. They continued to give the same excellent service.

Upon retirement in 1996, they sold the *J. Rosario Chabot and Sons Funeral Home* to another funeral home in the area, but it still bears the same name and renders the same service.

Reference:
Acts and Deliberations concerning the Mission of St-Zacharie of Metgermette.

Viateur Chabot



For a unique adventure between the animal world, the nature and you!



Isabelle Bélanger, President, Executive Director

Mrs. Bélanger's professional experience as a health technician for animals for 15 years now allows her to take advantage of her expertise regarding animals, their care, and effects on humans.

During her teenage years, Mrs. Bélanger worked in a stable where she was in charge of maintenance of the premises and animals. Among her tasks, was to provide customer service. Since that day, she has dreamt of owning a horse. She realized her dream about four years ago, while becoming co-owner of a field with her husband of 20 years, François Chabot.

Always ready for new challenges, in 2014, Mrs. Bélanger decided to work at home in order to get closer to the people and her three children. She took a course in muscular massage, where she was trained in muscle release to promote respect, listening, non-judgment, availability, empathy, and a desire to help others.

François Chabot, Director of Operations

Thanks to his convictions, his will, his perseverance, his honesty and devotion to others, Mr. Chabot became known among his fellow citizens well enough for them to elect him alderman. Always ready to listen, advise, and help others, he would do everything possible to improve the lives of people around him.

Because of Mr. Chabot's inclination toward helping the citizens, especially the teens, he decided to give access to a place where they can express themselves via personalized horse riding, summer camps, zoo therapy, and a health center. Fully experienced in administration, maintenance services, developing, coordinating, and human resources, he is certainly ready for new challenges.

Together, Mrs. Bélanger and Mr. Chabot have, for a period of four years, been a Foster parent family for *Centre Jeunesse de Québec (Center Youth of Québec)*. This experience confirmed their desire to help others and have them realize that our society has a real need in this field.

Upon Mr. Simoneau's arrival in August 2011, Mrs. Bélanger and Mr. Chabot, both discovered they had the same wishes and same abilities in helping other people. Besides his expertise in the horing field, he has, for three years, owned three well-trained horses for zoo therapy. So, of course, he decided to add zoo therapy, summer camps, and horse riding courses to the already available services.

Four years ago, Mr. Simoneau met a little girl named Florence, who has Down syndrome. He quickly observed significant changes in the behavior of the child when in contact with the horses. Before therapy, she wouldn't touch anyone, and nobody could touch her. In a couple of zoo therapy courses, Florence opened to the world and to others. Touched by the improvement that Florence exhibited, Mr. Simoneau decided to give time and energy to the development of zoo therapy.

More photos on page 16.



Lysanne Rioux, remedial pet therapist

Lysanne officially came to the *Domaine L'Autre Monde (Domain the Other World)* in January 2013. With her High School Diploma in education and social adaptation, remedial training in pet therapy, and training in therapeutic horse riding, she is a well qualified resource for children. For either learning problems in school or an adaptation difficulty, she knows perfectly how to match interventions and reeducate in pet therapy with the horse. She has a real motivating approach for young ones with conclusive results.

Lysanne knows how to make the most of her experience, her talent and passion in order to give the best to children.

Nous joindre

Domaine l'autre monde

831, ave St. Brigitte
Sainte-Brigitte-de-Laval, Québec
G0A 3K0
Tel.: 418 825-4086



Thérèse, a Woman with a Big Heart (continued from page 8)



Thérèse has Alzheimer's now. She no longer remembers anything, and has trouble recognizing us. The only positive side to this situation is the fact that Papa's death no longer saddens her. I hope to be like my mother: a model for others.

Genealogical information:

Maman's grandfather was Magloire Chabot, and her grandmother was Marie Coulombe. They had thirteen children. Three of their sons (Arthur, Napoléon, and Albert) married the three Boulet sisters (Éva, Alida, and Annie). Thirty-four children were born of those three unions.

Mario Chabot Tremblay



The Board of Directors wish a very happy birthday to all members, their spouses, and parents, who have aged (or gotten younger!) one year during the last quarter. Health and long life!

It offers its condolences to those who have lost a loved one.




Domaine
l'autre monde
Équitation - Détente - Aventure

*François Chabot,
Director of
Operations*

<http://domainelautremonde.com/equipe/>

*Raynald Simoneau,
Director
of Custom Riding*



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