



Les Chabotteries

Association des Chabot

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It is often said that it skips a generation ...



Isabelle, Mathieu & Melanie
Pages 8 and 9

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Association des Chabot et Les Chabotteries

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Notice
Please note that the date to renew your membership now appears on the mailing label on the back of your newsletter.

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President's Message



To all Members

It is a real pleasure at the approach of the summer season to greet you and wish you a lot of pleasure and fun . I would like to say a big thank you to all the collaborators. Without them, I could not do a issue of this quality. I sincerely believe that this is one of our most beautiful edition of Les Chabotteries.

As you may have noticed, our website is constantly renewed. There is still some parts to be added and as the English version to do.

I want to thank the members who support us by renewing their subscription. Also, on my behalf and all our members, would like to welcome the new members who have joined the association every month.

Do like Claude, Diane and Helen, send me stories about your parents, your children to diversify our issues of Les Chabotteries. We need a lot of text and stories to continue to offer you what you expect.

We would like to hold our next annual brunch and our general meeting in Ontario, near Embrun. You live in the area and you would like to help us; you can do this by either creating a committee or you implying there to prepare for this day of celebration for Chabot. We are at your disposal for any information and ways to proceed how to realize this project which is important to us. I thank you in advance for your cooperation.

As I often say, we can be proud of our

Association and I am honored of the confidence you bear me as your president. I will do everything to live up to your expectations.

Your help would be very valuable to your Association to continue to grow. Every one are welcome, no matter the task where you would like to get involved. Have a good summer !

Important Notice to members

I would first like to thank you for the support to your Association by renewing your membership for one year, for 5 years or for life.

Now, as it is very expensive to send the notice by mail, I thought, for reasons of economy, adding the date of the expiration of your subscription on your mailing label on the back of your magazine "The Chabotteries." In this way, I think you would not wonder if this was paid or not.

At the same time, members who would like to receive the review electronically would also allow the association to achieve savings. Of course, we will continue to mailed the magazines to members who do not have access to the Internet and those who would continue to receive their magazines in print.

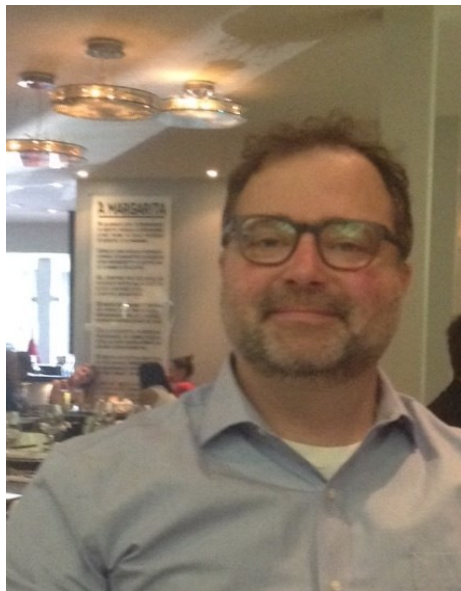
It is important to note that the association gives you a grace period of one year to pay for your subscription. Once this period has expired, you will be considered non-actives. I invite you to visit our new Internet site at www.association-chabot.com and send us your feedback.

NB Those interested in receiving the internet magazine will send me their confirmation to the following address:

association-chabot@videotron.ca

The Direction.

Rene << Mechanic >> Chabot



He is the son of Mr. Jacques Chabot and Françoise Rochette. A man who enjoys life even if it has been through. He is married and has three children. Here are a few lines written his own story of his hand and I transcribed.

René Chabot << >> Mechanics

Here written briefly, which sum up my experience of my last decade. Ultimately it is through all this experience my message is heard

In October 1992, at the age of 28, doctors diagnosed me congestive cardiomyopathy. I was given a 50% chance of having a normal life and the other 50% was the transplant.



The medication allowed me to have an almost normal life for 8 years. My heart was weakening quietly, until January 2001 when my kidneys have launched a signal of alarm. Transferred to Laval hospital in Quebec, after many tests, my name appeared on the list of Quebec-Transplant May 15, 2001. It was from that moment that I began the wait.

At first I was in my environment, and at work it was livable. During November, two months I was hospitalized for waiting there. My kidneys suffered of insufficient of blood supply. My pulmonary pressures were very high when a crucial decision was imposed on me: the implant a ventricular assist system. Time was urgent.... The risk of having a transplant was made too big.

They implanted me a <<mechanical heart >> in January 2002. I have pursued my expectation safely, finding my energy, a quality of life that I had for a long time.

December 16, 2002 << the call came >> after almost a year of waiting! I received this extraordinary gift: LIFE

A family, someone committed an act of unconditional love that allowed me to be born again. I owe them all my gratitude. I through that gift.

Significantly: to show their appreciation to the Hospital Laval, the Chabot family has established the CHAB Invitation in 2002, a golf tournament, whose honorary president was insured for five years by Jacques Chabot Sr., president of Sitraco industries and has donated \$ 100,000 since its inception, to support the development of the Hospital Laval.

In 2007 I met this gentleman in the office of their family company. The Chabot's Association was just beginning when I heard this story, and since that time, I dreamed to share with you this story.

Recently, and still being in genealogy, I came across an article about a promising young actress named Catherine Chabot. After examined my files, I discovered that she was the daughter of Rene Chabot and Nathalie Beurivage.

My curiosity let me see this man known affectionately (Lion Heart)

Always so friendly, I wish him long life.

Claude Chabot
Association des Chabot



Beer has no secrets for Alain Harbour and Danny Chabot



Michel Bédard
Published on February 6th 2012



Danny Harbour and Alain Chabot pooled since a year their passion for microbrewery to the delight of more and more fans of imported beers and terroir in various regions of Quebec. <CP> (Photo by Michel Bédard)

Microbreweries in the spotlight

Brothers-in-law in life and business partners in the commercial field, Alain Harbour and Danny Chabot from Beauport have recently shared their passion for microbrewery.

This complicity delighted more and more number of amateurs of imported beers and local produce of various regions of Quebec.

Danny Chabot is the owner for more than 20 years a convenience store at Cap-Rouge, which offers a choice of over 760 different brands of beers, of the institution holding the record in Canada in this field. He received last year the Tribute Award to the "Grocery stores and specialty stores," from the Department of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food of Quebec following the vote of 60 microbreweries on marking the element of the year.

"I am very proud to hold the Canadian record for the largest number of micro-brewery beer cases sold in a weekend, from Thursday to Sunday, with a total of 1503 cases of 24 beer in four days. Customers are increasingly loyal because I offer them the opportunity to make a box with mixed beers so they can discovered other products . There are very good beer in Quebec. We have nothing to envy to Belgium and Germany, maintains Mr. Chabot who has also had the chance recently to be invited

Published February 6, 2012

to visit the headquarters of the Bitburger German brewery as the largest seller of this brand of beer in Canada.

A weekly tasting

To showcase its variety of beers, Danny Chabot offers a weekly tasting and this formula has received a very warm welcome from customers.

"What better way to enjoy our product if we want to sell it! I complete the whole thing with the choice of a glass. It pays to have a beer in a suitable glass. White beer in champagne flute glass to keep the bubbles longer and a brunette beer in a balloon glass that highlights the flavors as a digestive", Mr. Chabot, confessing knowing collectors having 4,000 to 7,000 glasses.

Place the beer and food pairing

Led by the business success of his brother-in-law, Alain Harbour has created a year ago his own business "Degustation et animation de la Rive." "It's been over 10 years that I was waiting for the appropriate moment due to go into business. I specialize in food pairings and beer by travelling across Quebec for groups of all kinds, family, friends and office parties. It is a unique concept. The beer is a family affair, "said Mr. Harbour has already had the chance to meet many television celebrities, including Marina Orsini, Alain Dumas and Josée Turmel as part of a media tour.

"It depends of what people want. There are three parts to my presentations, the service only, the service and dish tasting pairing with beers and full animation with humor and interactivity on the history of beer and events around the world to celebrate", said Mr. Harbour, which offers the possibility of a home chef with experienced partners like Mario Martel of Culinary Academy, chefs Dany Marquis of Beauport, Samuel Bourque and Robert Daigneault of South Shore of Quebec City.

For more information, visit: www.degustationdelarive.com Beauport Express, member of the Group Telegram.

<http://www.quebechebdo.com/Actualit%C3%A9s/2012-02-06/article-2887586/La-biere-na-plus-de-secret-pour-Alain-Harbour-et-Danny-Chabot/1>



Québec *Hebdo*

It is often said that it skips a generation...

Without doubt you read my articles through the years in Les Chabotteries, but other than my face at the bottom of the page, you do not know me. I started researching my ancestors after the death of my mother in 2005 and since then, I work for the Chabot Association. When I was a child I dreamed to become an archaeologist, but like the genealogy there is only one step. Digging in search of relics of the past or search for data on missing persons through the parish registers, both are dusty. As techniques have changed, my research are made at home behind my computer screen.



All this to say that I have still made great discoveries through my research but let start from the beginning. I was born in Montreal, daughter of Julien Chabot and Adrienne Martel. I am the eldest of a family of four girls (Louise, Nicole and Francine), latest are twins and all we were born at home. It was not current in fifties that mothers still give birth at home, but as my mother had fast deliveries (I think that she washed his floor on her four legs as was said in those days), then a

phone call to the family doctor was at that time almost as fast as calling the ambulance. Furthermore, as my sister and I had less than eleven months of age difference, my mother dressed her two biggest alike and his two younger alike, so we often looked two sets of twins.

It is often said that when there are twins in a family, that skips a generation, but not in my family. From my mother's side, twins births were from one generation to another and even there also had triplets. Thus my maternal grandmother had two sets of twins who had less than a year apart.

Do you begin to understand what I am going to say ... and no, I did not have twins, except that we had triplets in 1980. I gave birth to two girls and one boy of only twenty-seven weeks of pregnancy and their survival has aroused a great concern, for us as parents and the perinatal physicians of the hospital where I gave birth.

They gave us ten percent chance to save one baby, but it must exist a God up there who made sure that our so small babies have survived. I'm sure, angels were already watching over them, because what do you think of giving birth to three little babies weighing only: 1½ lb, 2 lbs and 2 lbs 2 oz and in just seven minutes, because it was just enough that much time for the first baby to arrives and the last baby is expelled.

Three months passed by before the first baby was handed to us, the second was given the following week and the third one finally returned home the week after. For young parents without experience, you had to be organized and have patience as well as a lot of love to share. What would you say to prepare formula milk every day and sterilize twenty-four bottles of milk every day and without a dishwasher. Very premature babies have to be feed every three hours, so you can imagine that I almost had a bottle of milk in my hands and a diaper to change. Without help of my husband François, I do not know how I managed to pass through all this so easily.

On my Chabot side, there were also twins, but much less. My aunt Gisele and my uncle Marc Chabot, my father's brother, two of their triplet babies have been born alive in 1963.

All this to say that over generations we are dragging a family genetic inheritance. Thus on the family tree of our ancestors are related attributes of physical characteristics, family traits, genetic defects and sometimes psychological disorders that affect one generation to another and which are your genetic genealogy of your family tree.



My husband François, me and our 3 loved babies Isabelle, Mathieu and Melanie



Diane Chabot Pard

The so-called medal "Old Family"

Front side



In 1908, on the occasion of the celebration of ter-centenaries of the founding of Quebec City, medal said

"Old Family"

and whose picture is reproduced on each side of this text was presented to the descendants of settlers who had retained the ancestral land for over 200 years.

This is Marie Chabot, wife of Ulric Plante, head of the parish of St. Pierrre, Island of Orleans and descendant of Mathurin Chabot established in the island of Orleans before 1666, who received the behalf of the entire descendants.

After twelve years of research and exchange with other Chabot, I sometimes stacked folders, telling me that I would one day check it.

Back side



As I looked more closely at a large folder that Mr. Gaetan Chabot, a lawyer by profession, had sent me many years ago, I came across this very interesting information and that I wanted to share with you. And for a better understanding of all these years between Marie Chabot and her ancestor Mathurin Chabot, here is her genealogy.

Mathurin Chabot married Marie Mesange 17/11/1661 at Notre-Dame de Quebec

Michel Chabot married Angelique Plante 23/01/1690 at Chateau-Richer, Montmorency

François-Marie Chabot married Ursule Ferland on 13/02/1730 in St-Pierre Ile d'Orleans

Augustin Chabot married Marguerite Noel on 01/13/1764 in St-Pierre Ile d'Orleans

François Chabot married Madeleine Turcotte on 06/21/1803 in St-Pierre Ile d'Orleans

François Chabot married Genevieve Couture on 09/02/1829 at St-Pierre Ile d'Orleans

Marie Chabot married Ulric Plante on 02/19/1867 in St-Pierre Ile d'Orleans



Claude Chabot no 1

A little wink on the life of Paul-Émile Chabot

Paul-Émile Chabot was born August 18, 1916 in Montmagny, and he was the oldest of thirteen children, and was the son of Albert Chabot and Annie Boulet. His parents remained four years in Montmagny and then they moved to St-Paul-du-Button. Paul grew up and worked on the family farm and in lumber camps. Often he went outside to help the family financially. His youth will pass under the sign of the music and he plays the harmonica. It is also a guy gallant and charming. As the heart on the hand, he always had in his pocket a pack of gum and offered to everyone. It was also a good storyteller some kept us laugh and others frightened us.

His mother:

My mother's health Annie was declining because of the disease. For her, giving birth to a child, every year, was really too difficult; severe fatigue invaded her and lung problems go from bad to worse. She had great confidence in his son Ti-Paul as she called him. She told him: "When I'm going to die, I want you to be who will lead me to my final resting and who will bury me. It was not easy for him to hold such promise, but he will do it. His mother died at the age of 41. In that time, preparation and exhibition of a deceased person was at home; Three days of mourning follows where relatives and friends can visit

the deceases. The day before the exhibition, Paul went for the hearse to the village. During the return, the doors of it opened by themselves, he was so frightened of about what had happened, he stopped only when he got home. He came in and shouted, "Go unhitch the horses, I am no longer able to do anything else." The day of the funeral was overwhelming for him, but she knew he was still able to do it.

Paul and Irene:

Later, life resumed its course for Paul. He met a few girls, but had not yet met his sweetheart. It was at St-Gervais (Bellechasse) that he met Irene Lemelin, daughter of Joseph and Marie Eugenie Remillard. After a few months of dating, they are already talking about marriage. They will go to Quebec to choose their wedding outfits. An anecdote, a day Paul lost his hat by a windy day, as then men always wore a hat, he had to buy another one.



Paul and Irene finally said "yes" January 26, 1943; The wedding dinner was made to the paternal home of Lemelin, at it brother Josheph. The next day, they took the train to Montmagny and it was Albert's father, Paul, who will pick them to drive them to St. Paul by horse before going to their house on the 2nd street in St. Paul also called Rolet. On the way they stopped at the general store to buy a aluminum water cup, a thimble, needles and wool for darning, it was a wedding gift. On arrival, before conducting the horse trailer in the stable, he said to those who lived with him, "now that I have a wife, I want her to feel at home".

Like them, many settlers remain in the country road and almost all their wives are pregnant. They visit them and help each other. One night Dad came back from the stable, he did not see the wire of the fence along the way and it takes the feet in it. The wire enroll magically around his legs and he managed to get rid of his grip. On entering the house, pale, he said to Mom: "She wanted to take me with her, but I'm not ready to go." Since this incident, Mom had to follow him every night for several months, that he may be able to go to the stable.

Paul was a lumberjack, trading of animals and especially a good measurer of wood, he only has a second school grade. He knows only signing his name, but for the rest, no need for pencil because it has a good memory. Mom said of him: "He has a small head, but it has a lot in it." They remain at Rolet (St. Paul Montmagny) for three years.

Dad bought another land in the rural road No. 2 was called Road Croche. A bigger house for Mom who was pregnant of her fourth child. As Dad his a trader, so it can buy more animals at better prices. He takes good care of his animals, and he knew how to do. One day he had to stop several horses on the run , he catch one of them by his nasal; he let hang out on half an acre before the horse stops.

With children who arrive every year, it was necessary that Paul assume the needs of his family. His lumberjack job led him to go away in the winter, to Clova in Abitibi, which was not the case for Mom. She was bored that much, enough to have nervous breakdown. The doctor made clear to Dad that he could help her out of her illness by takiing her on trip with him. So he bought a big truck to transport wood and Irene took the opportunity to be at her husband's side to go on construction sites.



During their absence, Helen and Yvette, their oldest daughters, keep and take care of their animals. Dad keeps his truck for a few years, but as it was not profitable enough, he will have to dispose of it. Papa will continue to be a lumberjack.

Dad also had other strings to his bow: he played music on weekends in homes with his brothers they were playing the accordion; they made dancing more than one accompanied by a small glass of gin and a good woman to cook meals. Sometimes during the week, we had exciting card parties with neighbors.

And what else to say about those beautiful Sundays, when we set out with Dad to go to mass. Dad was a practicing Catholic and very religious. As mom for her part, was to remain with the youngest at home. Me, Helen, I followed Dad everywhere, even in the wood. It gave me great confidence and my brothers were jealous. He called me Ti-guy. Dad was very proud of his wife. Irene, his wife, was a hard working woman, thrifty and she always always smiling. When he took mom to the store, he dressed her from head to toes. They lived 15 years in St. Paul Montmagny before going to remain finally in St-Raphael of Bellechasse

Papa become road maintenance foreman.. It was clever to lead men in their work and had a good business sense. One day he was even summoned for jury duty at the court. My father was also a jack of all trade, he even made strawberry fields.

They had 13 children: 7 boys and 6 girls. In addition, my parents were entrusted with the care of a young girl by the biological mother. They brought her up as if she were their child. The most upsetting periods was the death of two of their boys were very painful for them. Andre, who lived in Ontario, was hit by heart failure and never regain consciousness. The family donated his kidney and this generous gesture will be a little balm on their grief. Andre died a May 23, 1970 at the age of 23 in Toronto. Ten years later, it was the turn of Pierre that will make them relive the pain of the past. Aged only 17, Pierre will die after a car accident on May 25, 1980. This time, Mom will never recover because Pierre was still at home at that time.

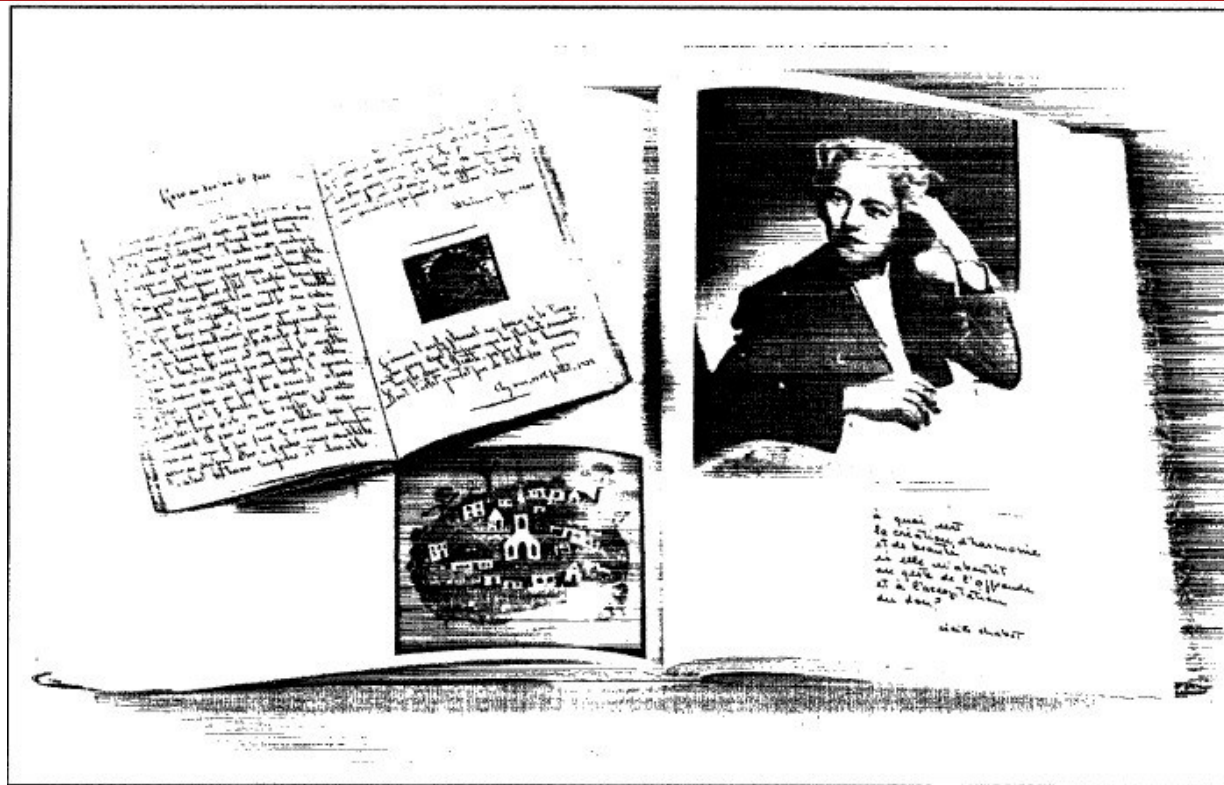
Twelve years later, Mom had a brain aneurysm. She survive 13 months before deceased December 12, 1993, at the age of 66 years. Mom's death was a great loss for dad. He will continue to live in his house before going living from home to home. The fact of living there where he was so happy, alone made him so sad, but legate his house to us.. He met some ladies, but nothing materialized and especially none of them could replace Mom. Although Dad had a good health throughout his life, time will do its work and he died May 27, 2000 at the age of 83, after a long life. Even today, we his children still laugh at his jokes and we remember its optimistic about life. By telling you his life, I felt I was reliving my childhood.

Hélène Chabot, member No. 103

Written by her (his oldest daughter)



Cécile Chabot has marked Quebec literature



To those who have not had the chance to read the article that had been dedicated to her in our magazine issue # 19 as well to renew the memory to some who have forgotten, here is the story of Cecile Chabot.

Once upon a time, a little girl who once from L'Annonciation, (Deux-Montagnes), Quebec that one day, a woman, leave an indelible trait in the literature of the country. Small line, but how beautiful.

Born September 11, 1907, daughter of Ferdinand Chabot and Alma Dubreuil, and died May 30, 1990 at the Hotel-Dieu Hospital in Montreal, she lived a fulfilled childhood memories at L'Annonciation before following her Parents in Saint-Césaire, the Eastern Townships and then in Montreal.

But she never or forget the green and the transparency of the waters of the L'Annonciation, and above all this childhood. In 1964, she signed the preface to the autobiography of Dr. Come Carrière, Under the sky of L'Annonciation.

"And finally, imbued with the harsh beauty of the country, having drunk mouthful to the purity of the air to wash away any dust and shadow, I slipped on the tip toe, through my native village and imagining returned as the little girl that I was passing through for the first time, I eagerly sought you among the echoes and reflections collected."

Life of Oeuvres

After many studies completed with the Sisters of the Presentation and a gold medal of the Society of poets of which she was vice-president, Cecile Chabot attended the School of Arts and Crafts and the School of Fine Arts where taught the great painter Alfred Pellon, to perfect his artistic path from 1933 to 1938. Because she painted all her life Ms. Chabot. for his poems, for his books to his friends, to the need to create. She is also found on the banks of the University of Montreal. For some time, she holds a position of the Department of National Archives of the Province of Quebec.



She always used to illustrate his books from the very first, *Vitrail*, in 1939, considered by experts as the first artist's first book published in Quebec. Other writings will follow one another: *Légende Mystique* (1942), *Imagerie: contes de Noël* (1943) (first prize of the Council of Public Instruction) and *Paysannerie* (1944). The war moderates her pen, but in 1961 published the excellent *Et le cheval vert, Contes du ciel et de la terre* (1962) and finally his latest, most complete, *Cri pour les quatre coins du monde* in 1976.

Recognized as a great traveler, she brought back from all the countries she has visited, many oeuvres that were enjoyed for generations, illustrations and many stories which are still unpublished.

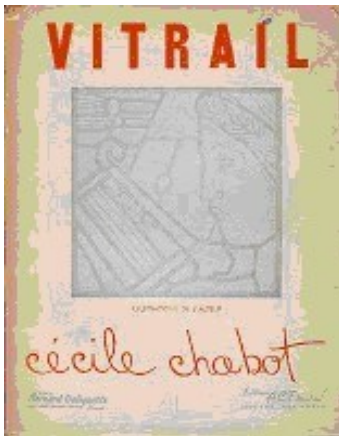
The writer is now recognized for her oeuvre of poetic tale of a rich language. Just read his long poem *Cri pour les quatre coins du monde* to understand the universality of her language and even more, her message.

Merits and Member

She was particularly grants from the Canada Council, the Department of cultural Affairs and the French government in 1948. With this award the writer will study at the Sorbonne, the Ecole du Louvre (France) as well as 'the Parisian workshop of Robert Bonfils, which pictorial influences is seen in the work of Cecile Chabot.

There, she was invited by Alliance Francaise at the University of Poitiers, at Normands of Paris and the Library of Orleans. In 1964, the Canadian Library Association for children she was awarded the bronze medal for her story entitled *Féerie*.. It was declared the best book of the French language.





On her curriculum vitae, let us add that she was a member of the Society of Canadian writers of the French language, the Society of Catholic Poets of France, International Pen and the Royal Society of Canada - the second woman to enter. She gave numerous conferences, contributed to various magazines and wrote radio scripts for Radio-Canada (1942-1946). Throughout her life, this writer held a significant correspondence with people as famous as Gabrielle Roy, Alfred Desrochers, Germaine Guèvremont, Rina Lasnier, etc.

At the publication of a selection of texts she did for Les Presses Laurentiennes in 1983, Benoit Lacroix presented the writer in the most flattering terms: "Artist of the miniature and tamed picture together poetess of light exploded, Cecile Chabot custody, childhood, even playfully as her first illuminations; in her, ever, still remains the intimate freshness of a fire word spoken in a low voice. "He is absolutely right.

Author: Ronald Mc Gregor
Published Monday, February 9, 2009

<http://www.linformationdunordvalleedelarouge.ca/2009/02/09/cecile-chabot-aura-marque-la-litterature-quebecoise>

http://www.crcfc.uottawa.ca/exposition_virtuelle/chabot.html

<http://commons.wikimedia.org>

*To all of you
Happy summer!*

*Diane Chabot Pard
researcher*



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