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The Madawaska Highlander

Aug.-Sept.
2017

FREE Vol.15 Issue 4
Next issue Sept. 27, 2017

Celebrating Cottage and Country Life in Madawaska & Addington Highlands of Eastern Ontario

Summer doesn't end until September 21, so let's party on as warm days continue beyond Back to School days.

Welcome!



Julie Vincent snapped this pic of a wolf swimming in sunshine on Centennial Lake

...To the close of a summer of celebrations and commemorations, as we look forward to fall fairs, art shows, and studio tours amid splendid fall colours throughout the Highlands.

Once again our volunteer contributors bring us fulfilling fact and fiction, from serious to sinister and downright silly. It's all so well written you will feel like you are actually there. Breathe deeply in the Shaw Woods old growth forest with Happy Trails. Slap your forehead when Highlands Hiker reveals who the brains of the forest are. Hear the tunes as Ernie celebrates Music in the Bush. Be afraid as Peter reveals how song has the power to raise political ire in the Pete Seeger Story, and even more afraid when you read Antonia's Scaredy Cats & Hound. Get emotional as we visit Ypres in Return to Vimy Ridge. Then take a paddle, back in time to Fort William (L'Isle-aux-Allumettes) on the Ottawa River in Our Home on Native Land. But don't cry because the Pioneer Museum closes soon, Marcella brings us a bit of this and that from the digital collection to remind us so much is available online.

Feel the power of a father's love in Through the Ice - Centennial Lake 1970 and feel better about crossing after Survivor Guy shows us the power of preparedness in the winter.

Susan explains how flexibility and motion work to keep us strong and healthy and we hope Garry has been paying attention as he takes on Superman on the theory of flight.

So much has been packed into the last few weeks in the Highlands that Skippy struggles to pack it all into Bogie Beat. Just know that as you read this, our regional news reporters - Skippy, Garry and Angela will all be hard at work attending and writing about what's happening in the Highlands. Enjoy...



Hollyhocks soaking up the sun. Have you noticed how beautiful and bountiful flower gardens and wildflowers are this year?

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3784 Matawatchan Rd. Griffith ON
K0J 2R0
info@reelimpact.tv
613-333-9399
Business Manager: Mark Thomson
Editor and Advertising: Lois Thomson
madawaskahighlander.ca

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Message from the editor:

Check the Events Calendar for events in your area. We print what you send in, so if your event is missing or incorrect, be sure to email updates.

Check advertiser messages right away for important information, hours of operation, specials and ideas about things to do in the area. Tell them you saw it in the Madawaska Highlander!

We also maintain the matawatchan.ca website, which has a handy community calendar that is updated whenever new information arrives. The Tri-County area around Matawatchan, Griffith, Denbigh and Vennachar is the primary focus of that website. Also check out www.greatermadawaska.com and other township websites for events and information around you in the Highlands. Our community paper depends on the community, so if you have something to offer that our readers would enjoy, please contact us to discuss. We keep our advertising rates low to keep it accessible for small businesses.

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The Walter cartoon series premieres in The Madawaska Highlander and is a collaboration between Jens Pindal and John Roxon. Jens attended Sheraton College in Oakville and has been an animator working in the industry for 25 years.

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By Garry Ferguson

I'm no fan of recent movies, (except Dunkirk) so I usually can't take them seriously enough to make comment. There are limits to my silence though: sometimes I have to unload on my fellow/fellowette MattGriff homo sapiens. This time it has to do with the improbable disjoint between **Superman and the Theory of Flight**. It seems he's becoming quite popular on the big screen, these days, dealing out truth, justice and the American way with the advantage of supersonic flight. I can overlook that stretchable getup he's worn under his street threads since he arrived, as a baby, on earth – though it must be getting pretty ripe - but here's the irritant that sticks in my craw and keeps me awake at night. How in the name of all that's holy (including "Holy cow!") does Superman fly? Anyone who has been associated with aviation (yours truly is painfully, but gracefully, genuflecting) could go golly-west just trying to figure out that fanciful bit of physics law twisting.

Torontonian, turned Clevelander, **Joe Shuster (cousin to Frank of Wayne and Shuster Toronto comedy team)** totally ignored the **theory of flight** (it has to do with lift, thrust and drag - as if he cared) when he conjured up the comic strip character "**Superman**" and his ability to fly at will. It took more than a century for inventors to come up with powered, heavier-than-air flight after Swiss physicist, **Daniel Bernoulli**, formulated the **Bernoulli Principle** (I'm sure that our loyal readers are quite familiar with the **B.P.** but for those who have sworn to never read this column, I'll explain) Air, in this case, travelling over a curved surface – like the curved upper surface of a bird or an aircraft wing – travels at a greater speed and creates lower pressure than does air passing under the flat lower surface of the same wing. The difference in pressure creates "**lift**" and hauls a craft into the air providing it can gain enough "**thrust**" (ground speed) along terra firma to create "**lift**" and then maintain enough thrust (airspeed) to keep from returning, nose first, into the very firma terra. Again I ask; where in the name of Bernoulli's outhouse does the Supe get his "**lift**" and "**thrust?**" I'm assuming that re. "**thrust**" our readers would never be given to super-flatulence jokes, but if so (shame on you) there's still no "lift." That silly cape would act as a spoiler creating "**drag**" (not the kind that has to do with guys wearing frilly frocks) even if he could generate some "lift." It also bugs me that he can approach a building at Mache IV speed and without airbrakes, flaps or retro rockets land like a feather on the roof. By the Law of Physics (I don't know much about it but I'm told by a fellow from down-river that Parliament passed it in John Diefenbaker's time) he should crash through at least six floors before he slows down.

Over the decades, many enthusiasts



The Griffith Matawatchan Fish & Game Club's Pig (at least some part of a swine) Roast and Red-Neck Golf Tournament (a.k.a. PRARNGT- pronounced Parn-gut) at the Holleran Estates, Hutson Lake Road, on Saturday August 05 drew in excess of 120 extreme competitors from here there and away. Foreground in photo is Cliff Holleran, Squire of the Estate who, along with wife Pat, serves as grounds-keeper and champion of honest golf scores. Speaking (writing) of honest scores, Lori Vaniderstine and Bobby Hunt took first in the "Most Honest Score" category for the women and men respectively.



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Our Milky Way from a point near Napanee, Ontario. In attempting to count this collection of heavenly bodies (we're talking stars here guys) GMN's author reached a count of 19,456 when the phone rang. After a week, he's now back up to 453. The first three GMN readers that can prove that they have an accurate count, should call Editor/Publisher/Photographer/Delivery Driver/Gossip Columnist, Lois Thomson and arrange to pick up their free copy of the "Highlander." Photo courtesy of Mark Ferguson

The "Tall Boys" band has of late been quite harmoniously active with some thundering-good gigs at the Lions Hall, Pine Valley and Calvyns, (sounds like a musical hat trick) all in the Griffith area. This underhanded, sneak-up photo (not officially authorized by Tall Boys Inc.) was taken during a performance at Calvyns Pub and Eatery (downtown Griffith) on Saturday, July 15. From left: John "Cool Treads" Neale, Peter "Cool Hair" Fischer, Hannah and Vanessa Doucet-Roche, (harmony -blessed guest singers) Greg "Cool Knees" Roche and Derek "Cool Shades" Roche.



The 50th anniversary of Centennial Lake is the 50th anniversary of Snider's campground and a good excuse for a huge "family" reunion celebration complete with pot luck supper, speeches, slide show, bouncy castle and music by the Douglas Connection. What a bunch of happy campers!

added to the pool of flight knowledge – **no not Joe Shuster** - including a Brit, who chained his contrivance to a track so he wouldn't sail off into the blue. Otto Lilienthal – referred to as "**The Father of Flight**" in Germany – who after more than 2000 glider flights, had nailed down a lot of the flight fine points by the time of his death (he must have missed a fine point somewhere) in a crash. It was a Frenchman named **Clement Ader, however, who on October 09, 1890 flew his alcohol-fired, steam-powered monoplane – the Eole - 50 meters (160 ft.) near Paris, to become**

the first person credited with the all-duly-witnessed, first heavier-than-air, powered flight that took off and landed properly. That was only 108 years after **Danny Bernoulli's** death and here I am 127 years after Ader's flight still scratching ruts in my skull over the Supe's anti-B.P. secret.

It has been suggested that I take on another hobby to occupy my mind or just set out to pondering more important matters such as the hours of business at the Griffith dump. Perhaps those wise suggesters have a point, but on the other hand, wings and

a ramjet mounted on a new-and-improved Superman might help to ease my mind – somewhat.

At my age, I'm beginning to consider my wellbeing - heart-wise that is, so I left town over the **August long weekend** and stayed away until the excitement died down a bit. A **pseudo golf tournament, pig roast, sales, flea markets and rummage sales** in, at least, four places in Matawatchan alone, never mind the

Continued, next page...

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GM NEWS Continued...



Nothing draws a crowd like a Matawatchan bargain. No, this isn't the hardware section of the dump, it's the outside part of the Matawatchan Treasure Hunt (Yard Sale) held at the Hall and the United Church on August 5. Of course no event is complete without food (if you want the locals to show up). Home baking by Kathy Flagler and lunch by the Senior's Housing ladies filled tummies until dinner at the Fish & Game pork roast.

I don't know how they do it, but once again the clouds refused to rain on Matawatchan when something fun is going on, like at the Corn Roast BBQ and Ribbon Cutting at the Hall on August 19. Here you see assorted dignitaries cutting the ribbon for the Ontario 150 Community Capital Program grant to winterize the hall. Dignitaries L - R: Greater Madawaska Ward 3 (Griffith and Matawatchan) Councillor Glen MacPherson, Hall Board President Lois Thomson, GM Township Mayor Glenda McKay, Nikki Berry from MPP John Yakabuski's office, and last but not least Brian Sutcliffe President of the Griffith & Matawatchan Fish & Game Club. They all played a role in getting funding in place. Winterization work is almost completed.

Nikki Berry presenting the OTF Ontario 150 Community Capital Program grant plaque to Lois Thomson, as Glen MacPherson and Glenda McKay look on.

goings-on in Griffith, was enough to redline the cardio RPM gauge. Tote La Gang at the Camel Chute Campground also jumped into the frolics with the annual corn roast which, according to reliable sources, is to celebrate summer and Jacques' last legal pickerel catch - three years ago. Just to continue the fever pitch, the Matawatchan Hall Board threw a celebratory bash, August 19, to celebrate completion of the Hall renovations- Corn Roast, BBQ, Ribbon Cutting and all-around Matawatchan brouhhaha. Hope you made it. From the folks who pried the \$'s grant from the government's sweaty grasp and organized the project - led by President Lois Thomson, also TMH's intrepid co-publisher and editor; one and the same - to Peter Fischer and crew who demonstrated so much innovative skill and carpenterial (I think I heard my Spell Check curse at that one) know-how in carrying out the task, all should be extremely proud of the incredible

results. Now that the Hall will be heated year 'round, the Fergusons are thinking of moving into the furnace room for the winter. Stay in touch through matawatchan.ca.

Have no fear! The Lions (the Denbigh/Griffith variety that is) are still roaming wild and doing great thing for the community. They'll be back to feeding the tired, hungry and poor (we of the eternal pensions in other words) on the third Wednesday of the month - starting on September 20th. The Bingo Nights still go at 7 p.m. on every second Tuesday (next; 29 August) forever and ever. The biggest outdoor show in Canada - well at least in Griffith - the Annual Show and Shine, is only days away (August 26) so put your shoes by the door and scoff some coin from the kids' piggy banks for a donation at the gate. For real info call Jan at 613 333 1748 or just Google DenbighGriffithLions. As well, within shuffling (or staggering) distance,

will be a giant outside flea market beside the NU2U shop and another across road at the late Coral Kelly's yard. I may have to leave town again.

For weeks I wrestled with my conscience and concluded that I would have to publically apologize to my old (meaning long-time; not age) friend and fellow contributor, Ernie Jukes, for doubting - although temporarily - the veracity of one of his statements in our last edition. I read the caption accompanying the silhouette extolling the virtues of Tai Chi (page 12) as, "It also concentrates on mindfulness, relaxation and birth control." I found that hard to believe. Must have been a passing bout of dyslexia though, because several rereadings restored my faith. I whole-heartedly don't doubt that Tai Chi concentrates on "breath control." I promise to improve my reading skills for the next issue.



Garry Ferguson was born at Black Donald Mines. After graduating from the one-room Miller and Matawatchan schools and the two-room high school in Denbigh, he joined the RCAF and the world of electronics. After 8 years, he became a civilian and worked in Montreal for the Navy. During this time he joined the Reserve Navy and trained at Cornwallis NS. In 1970, Garry joined Air Canada where he eventually dealt with flight simulators until retirement. He was asked to join the Canadian Corps of Commissionaires and spent six years in security at Toronto's Pearson Airport and Nav Canada's Air Traffic Control facilities. In 1960 he married Carol Pearsall and they had four children - now middle-aged adults. Carol and Garry live along Lake Centennial and try to keep up with the hectic local social scene.

Lions on Horseback at M&R Feeds in Renfrew



the "Two Sisters on Horseback Ride Across Canada 2017. "We are two sisters from Grimsby, ON currently riding from Coast to Coast across Canada raising money and awareness for LFC Dog Guides. You can donate through our 'Shop Now' at the top of our FB Page! [facebook.com/KecingCanada](https://www.facebook.com/KecingCanada)."

Their older brother Joseph follows along on bikes ahead of them and is the photographer/videographer and all round assistant along the way.

On May 4th 2017, Katie and Jewel Keca set out from Mahone Bay Nova Scotia to ride their horses across Canada to British Columbia and a few weeks ago they stopped to feed and water their horses at M&R Feeds in Renfrew, which is where we caught up with them. Along the way they will be raising money for the Lion's Foundation of Canada Dog Guides.

You can follow along with their wonderful experiences in their journey across Canada on their blog at katiekeca.wixsite.com/kecingcanada, or see where they are heading next and meet up with them and their horses Lux and Ora.

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Province confirms design plans for Highway 17 expansion in Renfrew County. As to when there will be shovels in the ground, MPP Yakabuski hopes it will be as soon as possible.

A proposal to build a new passenger rail line between Windsor and Quebec City could see trains stopping in Tweed, Sharbot Lake and Smith Falls. Frontenac County council endorsed a resolution from the Eastern Ontario Wardens' Caucus (EOWC) that called on the federal and Ontario governments to financially support the project.

Ontario and Anishinabek Nation Sign Historic Education Agreement to Support Student Achievement, which is conditional to the signing of an agreement between AN and Canada

Ontario is seeking feedback on Draft 2041 Northern Ontario Multimodal Transportation Strategy until September 15 at nomts.ca

A group of emergency responders got together recently to promote FARM 911 - The Emily Project. Resi Walt of the Ontario Federation of Agriculture said the goal of the project is "all rural properties, whether buildings are present or not, have 911 signs posted.

If Frontenac County wants more tourists to visit, there will have to be more places for them to stay, according to a review of rural rental accommodations. The report recommended a review of land use policies that restrict rental properties in certain areas. Space should be reserved for commercial rental properties.

Watersheds Canada warns Hastings Highlands Council that lakes need protection, stating developers would be looking to the area as popular cottage country areas fill up. Municipalities should look to set models and bylaws to ensure developers work responsibly by limiting the percentage of development for a single property or setting guidelines for shoreline vegetation.

New York state officials are investigating a second wastewater discharge near Niagara Falls similar that turned the water near the Maid of the Mist dock black and smelly. High rainfall amounts are likely the cause of the overflows.

Ontario giving away 15K Eastern White Pine seed pods to make province greener, cleaner and to mark the sesquicentennial anniversary of both Ontario and Canada. In the 17 and 1800's these tall, sturdy, straight trees were constructed into ships' masts and the best were stamped and claimed by the Crown for their Royal Navy vessels. Participants can register trees they plant, including eastern white pine, on an interactive map at GreenLeafChallenge.ca.

A rare snapping turtle was found with a piece of metal driven into its shell, puncturing a lung, in Calabogie last month. It is recovering at a turtle sanctuary. An investigation is underway to find the culprit. Crime Stoppers' phone number is 1-800-222-8477. MNR's tip line is 1-877-847-7667.

Ontario's Ministry of Health and Long-Term Care identifies the St. Lawrence Islands National Park area, as a hot spot for endemic populations of ticks. Ticks should be removed with fine-pointed tweezers placed as close to the skin as possible, pulling out the tick with a single, firm tug.

Mosquitoes carrying West Nile virus (WNV) have been found in Laurentian Valley Township around the intersection of Highway 41 and Whitewater Road. First human case of West Nile Virus this year confirmed in Ottawa.

Aggressive Lonestar tick whose bite makes people allergic to red meat is arriving in Canada. It is difficult to diagnose because symptoms do not appear immediately. "It's like your throat swells up, you can't breathe, your blood pressure drops, and you black out," said the 63-year-old man who from Harcourt, a small community in eastern Ontario.

Dog strangling vine has been reported in the Denbigh/Vennachar area. The invasive species grows aggressively up to two metres high by wrapping itself around trees and other plants, or trailing along the ground. Dense patches of the vine can "strangle" plants and small trees. It can produce up to 28,000 seeds per square meter. The seeds are easily spread by the wind, and new plants can grow from root fragments, making it difficult to destroy. Leaving trails or entering areas containing dog-strangling vine can encourage the spread of this plant. Report sightings at eddmaps.org/ontario/report

Ontario's new Municipal GHG Challenge Fund will support projects such as renewable energy and energy efficiency retrofits to municipal facilities like arenas, and making energy-efficiency upgrades to drinking water or wastewater treatment plants, to achieve long-term and cost-effective pollution reductions.

A plan to build a liquid natural gas liquefaction and export facility in Port Edward, B.C., will not go ahead after a careful review of the project amid prolonged depressed prices and shifts in the energy industry.

An Ontario man has lost his court case against Hydro One over electricity delivery charges he received for his cottage that was disconnected from power for months. He will not appeal.

Under the Fair Hydro Plan, the majority of Hydro One customers will see an average reduction of 31 per cent on their monthly bills, meaning an annual savings of about \$600*. Rural customer delivery charges are now in line with urban delivery rates, as of July 1, 2017.

Woman's power shut down by condo after charging hybrid electric car. Number of electric vehicles registered in Ottawa has doubled, but condo bylaws lag behind.

Health Canada is expected to roll out a revamped food guide in early 2018. It will move from a servings-based approach to a lifestyle approach, emphasizing vegetables, portions, and home cooked meals. It will move away from prioritizing industries—like Dairy Farmers of Canada, for instance—and toward consumers.

An agriculture apprentice from Ghana wants to recreate Ontario's dairy system in a place

where a glass of milk is considered an exotic drink. Ghana depends on bulk milk imports. Awaku hopes to establish himself before major foreign players gain a larger foothold on the growing middle class market.

Heavy rains in Eastern and Southern Ontario have delayed planting, which means yields will be lower. For many farmers, it has been too wet to harvest hay.

An intoxicated British Columbia man was arrested and fined \$1,000 after setting off fireworks, and defying a province-wide fire ban, at his home in Williams Lake.

Ontario will add an additional 36 beds at The Grove, Arnprior and District Nursing Home

Renfrew paramedics testing cutting-edge ultrasound in the field, which allows paramedics to scan and diagnose patients with possible internal injuries before they get to the hospital. Renfrew is a mainly rural service, with the closest trauma centre in Ottawa.

A dementia risk report states that what's good for the heart is good for the brain. Exercising your body is as important as exercising your grey matter throughout your life.

Scientists reversed brain damage in girl, 2, who almost drowned in a pool using intense oxygen therapy. She said she opened the baby gate and door, to get a ball that was on the pool.

Study reveals habitual action game players have less grey matter in a major part of the brain. Depletion of the hippocampus leads to a higher risk of developing brain illnesses and diseases ranging from depression to schizophrenia, PTSD and Alzheimer's disease.

A new study shows that people living in rural areas, and young children in particular, are at a lower risk of developing inflammatory bowel disease. Children experience a protective effect against IBD if they live in a rural household. Environmental risk factors that predispose people to IBD may have a stronger effect in children than adults.

Researchers found that the higher the levels of certain pro-inflammatory cytokines, the more severe the symptoms of chronic fatigue syndrome symptom were, suggesting a link between excess inflammation and the disease. This provides "a solid basis for a diagnostic blood test." The new research may encourage patients who have been told it was all in their heads.

A federally funded study has found that 20% of sausages sampled from grocery stores across Canada contained meats that weren't on the label. The mislabeling rate is low compared to Europe, which is as high as 70%. CFIA is now considering a broader study on the issue.

Small, independent brewers say big beer companies are stepping up a campaign to buy craft breweries, opening local brew pubs, allegedly controlling beer distribution, buying up hop farms previously used by craft brewers, and even quietly buying a stake in an online beer rating website, making it difficult for beer drinkers to tell if beers are actually local.

The Women's Sexual Assault Centre (WSAC) of Renfrew County was among the 15 recipients of this year's 2017 Attorney General's Victim Services Awards of Distinction.

The abortion pill Mifegymiso will be dispensed for free to patients across Ontario, but will still require a prescription. The drug, known internationally as RU-486, currently costs \$300.

Jordan's Parliament has voted to repeal a controversial clause that spares rapists punishment if they marry their victims and stay married for at least three years, according to Jordan's official news agency.

Global trends in the economy, emissions and population growth make it extremely unlikely (5% chance) that the planet will remain below the 2C threshold set out in the Paris climate agreement in 2015, the study states. "We're closer to the margin than we think," said Adrian Raftery, a University of Washington academic who led the research, published in Nature Climate Change. "If we want to avoid 2C, we have very little time left. The public should be very concerned."

Warmer temperatures mean the Canadian High Arctic's shallow lakes are no longer freezing to the bottom, allowing tiny creatures to thrive. Researchers predict these new conditions will be inhospitable to fish and will produce more greenhouse gases.

Partly a result of President Trump's immigration proposals, Canada began a program that produces temporary visas for skilled workers, focusing on tech, in just two weeks and that, unlike the American system, puts no cap on those visas.

Just under 275,000 liquid-filled glitter iPhone cases have been recalled after they reportedly caused chemical burns or skin irritation after leaking.

Workers at the Fukushima nuclear power plant in Japan have unearthed what appeared to be an unexploded wartime bomb.

Asteroid 2012 TC4, which is thought to be between 10 to 30 meters wide, will give Earth a close shave on Oct. 12, potentially coming as close to our planet as 6,800 kilometers. There's no danger of an impact by the space rock on this pass. But astronomers will be following the flyby closely, as a way of testing the international asteroid detection and tracking network.

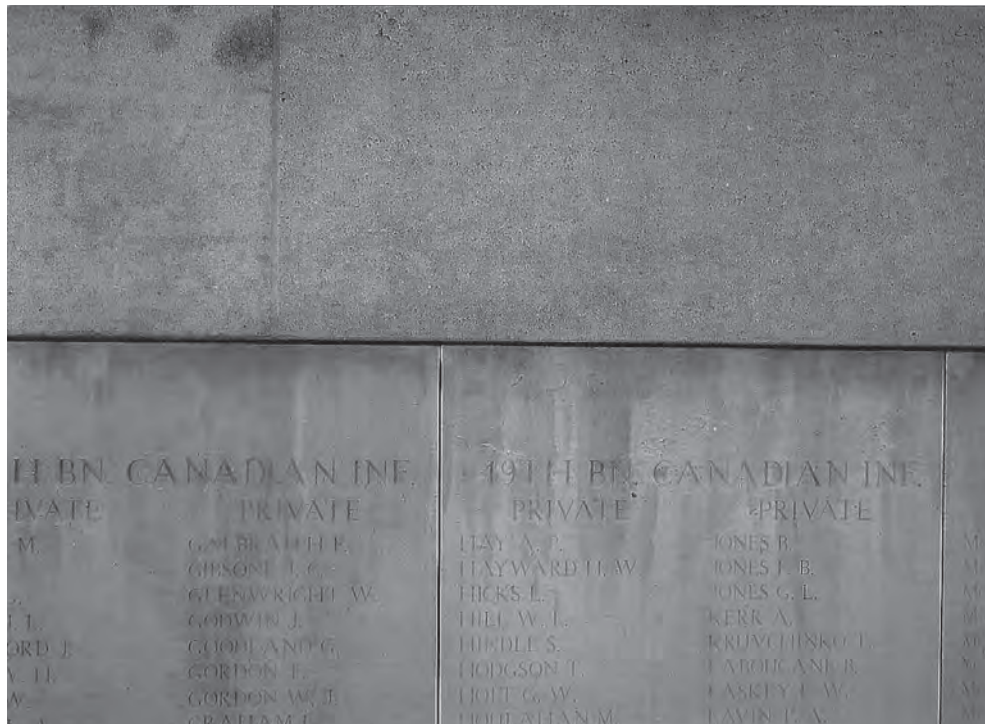
U.S. space agency has posted a job opening for a new "planetary protection officer" responsible for keeping alien microbes and other contaminants from infecting astronauts or spreading back to Earth itself.

'My sister says I am an alien': A 9-year-old applies to be NASA's planetary protection officer. He signed off with his name and appended it with "Guardian of the Galaxy"

Google delivers a Street View tour of the International Space Station. A camera anchored on bungee cords was used to take 360-degree 3D images in zero gravity.

Return to Vimy Ridge, 100 Years Later - Part 3 of 5 April 10, 2017 Ieper (Ypres)

By William (Bill) McNaught



Canadian Regiment names, chiseled into the Menin Gate, Ypres

Fifty kilometers north of Bethune, again in brilliant sunshine, we crossed the Belgium frontier at Armentieres, passing through small villages and colourful fields to Ieper. The route is full of turns and many roundabouts. Some towns have interesting speed-warning signs---when the speed limit is exceeded, a red, frowning face pops up but if the speed limit is respected, a green smiling face appears.

Once again the weather is deceptive. Ieper is the scene of 3 major battles, 1914, 1915 and 1917 (Passchendaele). The downtown square is dominated by the Flanders Fields Museum. It is filled with Canadian students absorbing a little of the reality. At the west end we find the tall Menin Gate, with its lists and lists of fallen soldiers including Canadians who were gassed in April 1915. One of the soldiers was Private Gordon Hay, my mother's uncle, from a small village west of Hamilton, called Troy.

Fortunately, Gordon Hay survived but the effects of the gas permanently damaged him so that when he returned his life was very difficult. Gordon died very young, age 54, in a military hospital. For the Hay Family, the war

ended in April 1915. In contrast, to the Ball and Gregg Families, who could not overcome their losses, Gordon's health problems created a strain which was somewhat manageable. Gordon lived with his parents, was home when they died and joined his brothers in presenting a silver chalice to the Troy United Church in their memory. The family circle, though damaged, was not broken.

The Flanders Museum makes a strong impression. A video highlights two undulating lines, red for the foe and blue for the allies, forward and backward for more than 4 years, each small movement representing lives lost. At no time did the red line encompass Ieper but the cost is recorded on the walls of the Menin Gate.

A panorama details the sequence of events. It re-creates the low-lying mist that slowly crept and enveloped the allied lines in April 1915. The Canadian troops were sitting vulnerable without any gas mask protection. The gas attack is presented as the unthinkable, a bolt from the blue. It was horrendous and criminal but I was left with one question---Why did the British Military Leadership with its reputation for preparedness not an-



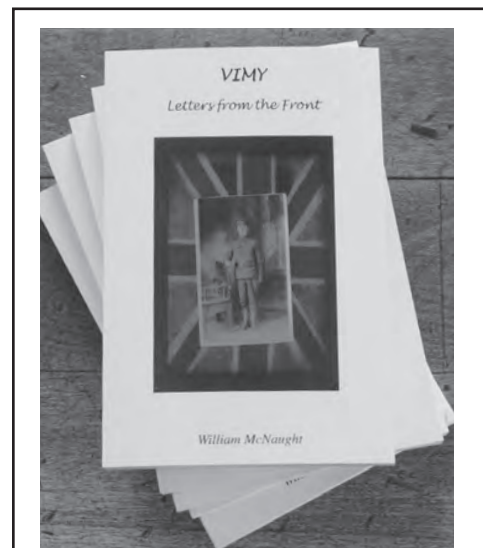
Vimy Museum Ypres

tipate the use of gas and protect their soldiers? No answer was provided.

Further along, the panorama describes how British General Haig solidified his reputation as a Waster of Men. It details the nightmare of the Third Battle of Ieper, Passchendaele in the Fall of 1917. General Haig urged his forces on to this village of no military significance through mud, sinkholes and swamps in torrential downpours. Canadian General Currie objected, advising General Haig that the cost would be 16,000 Canadian casualties. He was right. These veteran Canadian soldiers would be sorely missed during the Spring 1918 offensive launched by the foe. Passchendaele was abandoned by the British forces just a few months later.

General Haig overruled, saying that the capture of Passchendaele was a necessity. It was not necessary militarily but politically. Three allied administrations including the government of Canadian Prime Minister Borden, survived 1917, in part due to the "victory" at Passchendaele.

I met a veteran of Passchendaele on the Toronto Subway in 1977, sixty years after the nightmare. He was not just bitter at General Haig but strongly aggrieved. Calmly, he stated that he had the opportunity to record his disgust with the General when he visited his grave in Britain. "I pissed on his grave", the veteran said quietly. He believed that it was a duty he felt as a survivor on behalf of those who hadn't survived. He spoke with sincerity.



Vimy: Letters From the Front

John Leslie Ball, son, brother, uncle, boyfriend, left his farm in Vennachar, Ontario in the Fall of 1915 expecting to return in time for spring plowing. Instead, he signed Attestation Papers and died in France on April 12, 1917 during the Battle of Vimy Ridge. His family resisted efforts by the Canadian Government to transform his death into a heroic act. Ninety years after his loss, John's descendants gathered to celebrate his life. William McNaught, the author and grandnephew, tells the story from the perspective of the family of Private John L. Ball, #835576

Profits at the picnic go toward the Matawatchan Hall's "Almost There, Toonie or Two" Renovation Fund.

Available online through battlefields.ca Or pick up your copy at Matawatchan Hall events throughout the year

Glaeser's
Country Store

Art & Giftware
Groceries - Fresh Produce
Bacon - Sausage - Eggs
Milk - Cheese - Icecream
Homebaked Pies
Hunting & Fishing
Confectionary
Fresh Brewed Coffee

Open 7 days a week
8:00am - 7:00pm

See you in Downtown Denbigh!
Owners, Karen & Peter Lips
DENBIGH POST OFFICE

BOTTLE RETURN DEPOT

156 Bridge Street, Denbigh 613-333-1313
Drop by for a visit and let us know how we can assist you.

Also check:

www.matawatchan.ca/Events
www.greatermadawaska.com
www.addingtonhighlands.ca
www.northfrontenac.com

CHURCH SERVICES:

Matawatchan St. Andrew's United
 Sundays 8:30 am from February
 through July and
 11:30 am August through January

Hilltop Tabernacle
 Sunday School 10:00 a.m.
 Morning Worship 11:00 a.m.
 Office 613.762.7130
hilltop.pastor@gmail.com
www.hilltopchurch.ca
 Facebook Hilltop Church in Griffith

Vennachar Free Methodist Church
 424 Matawatchan Rd.
 613-333-2318
 Services June to August 10 am
 Sunday service time returns to 11am
 the weekend after Labour Day

St. Luke's United Church, Denbigh
 Sunday Worship and Sunday School
 10:00 a.m.

Emmanuel United, Schutt 8:30 a.m.

St. Paul's Lutheran Church
 Sunday School 9:00 a.m.
 Sunday Worship 9:30 a.m.

The New Apostolic Church
 Sunday School 9:00 a.m.
 Sunday Worship 10:30 a.m.
 Wednesdays 8:00 p.m.

Burnstown
 St. Andrew's United Church
 Sundays at 10:15 a.m.

Calabogie
 The Calabogie Bible Fellowship
 Congregational Church
 The Mill Street Chapel 538 Mill St.
 Regular service - Sundays 10:30
 a.m. Information: 613-752-2201

Most Precious Blood Catholic Church
 504 Mill St., Father Kerry Brennan
 Sunday Worship 8:30 a.m.

Mount St. Patrick
 St. Patrick's Catholic Church
 Father Holly
 Sundays at 10:45 a.m.

Calabogie St. Andrews United Church
 1044 Madawaska Dr. (on the
 waterfront) Sunday Worship 8:30am
 Communion 1st Sun. of the month

REGULAR EVENTS CALABOGIE:

Youth Sports Night
 Tuesdays 6:00 pm 8:00 at St.
 Joseph's Catholic School, Calabogie

Pickleball, Mondays and Wednesdays
 6:00 pm 8:00 at St. Joseph's
 Catholic School, Calabogie

Well Baby Clinic
 2nd & 4th Thursdays 10:30 am to
 11:30 am
 at the Greater Madawaska Library.
 It is aimed at children from 0 - 6.

Public Library Book Club
 Last Wednesday 11:00 to 12:30

Falls Prevention Program
 Chair exercises
 Seniors 65+ Mondays and
 Wednesdays 8:30 a.m. to 9:30 at the
 Calabogie Community Centre
 Contact Susan 613-752-1540

Pilates and More
 Monday evenings and Thursday
 mornings

Back Fitness and Stretch
 Mondays 3:45

Mindfulness Meditation
 new programs starting
calabogiemindfulnessmeditation.com

Calabogie Seniors Dinner & Meeting
 Last Thursday of the month - 5 pm
 Oct. to April at the Community Hall
 May to Sept. Barnet Park
 All seniors 55+ welcome. 752-2853

Renfrew South Women's Institute
www.rsdi.ca CalabogieWI@gmail.
 com Branch meetings held at
 Calabogie Community Hall
 2nd Thursday of the month at 7:30
 Contact: Marg MacKenzie, Pres.
 613-432-3105 or Hennie Schaly
 Sec. 613-752-0180
 Guests and new members welcome!

Calabogie Arts and Crafts
 Every 2nd Monday (If holiday, then
 3rd Monday), 10:00 am - 1:00 pm,
 Community Hall, (\$15 per year),
 752-1324

Lion's Club Bingo every Wednesday,
 7:15 pm, Calabogie Community Hall,
 752-0234.

The Calabogie and Area Ministerial
 Food Bank 538 Mill Street, Calabogie
 2nd and 4th Thursdays of the month
 9:00 am to 10:00 a.m. For
 emergency situations, please call
 752-2201

SPECIAL EVENTS CALABOGIE:

Canada 150 Garden Party at
 Fletcher's Octagon Studio, Sat. July
 22, 10am - 5pm. See our ad on
 page 13.

REGULAR EVENTS

GRIFFITH & MATAWATCHAN:

**Matawatchan Hall Events, 1677
 Frontenac Rd. Check online
 calendar at www.matawatchan.ca**
 Matawatchan Walking Club
 Wednesdays April to Oct. 9:00 a.m
 Nov. to Apr. 10:00 am
 Start at Matawatchan Hall
 Info: Bridgitte 613-318-8308

Matawatchan Mashup Saturdays
 Every Saturday 9:00 to 11:00
 Morning Social (tea, coffee, baked
 goods, craft making, (bring craft
 supplies and do it with friends)

Family Sports Nights Tuesdays and
 Thursdays at 6:30. We have new
 sports equipment this year. Kids
 choose the sport of the day.

Tai Chi with Maggie every Tuesdays
 9 - 10 and every second Saturday
 9 - 10am (26, Sept. 9, 23, Oct 7, 23)

Matawatchan Book exchange at the
 Matawatchan Hall any time the Hall
 is open, sponsored in part by the
 Greater Madawaska Public Library.
 Bring some books and borrow some
 books. Just sign them out and bring
 them back when you can.

**Denbigh-Griffith Lions Club
 Events at the Community Hall Hwy
 41 Griffith:**
 Bingo every second Tuesday at 7:30

Northern Lights Seniors Fellowship
 Lunch at Noon-Third Wednesday of
 the month at the Lions Hall Griffith.
 Everyone is welcome. Contact Mary
 McKinnon 613-333-2791

Northern Lights Seniors at the Lion's
 Hall after Fellowship Lunch
 Aug 16 - B.B.Q. Potluck with the
 Pickled Chicken String Band
 General Wellness Assessment by
 local Paramedics available from
 11:00am until after lunch

Diabetes Outreach Program
 every 3 months

Euchre First and Third Friday of
 each month, 7:00pm - 9pm Contact
 Dennis Barnes 613-333-1488

The Pickled Chicken String Band
 Mondays from 5 pm to 7 pm
 At the Pine Valley Hwy 41, Griffith
 Bert's Music Jam Every Thursday
 5 to 7:30 p.m.

SPECIAL EVENTS

GRIFFITH & MATAWATCHAN

BOOK NOW FOR MURDER MYSTERY
 TICKETS on September 16. Murder at
 the Disco! Call Tracy at 333-9598.
 \$20 per person includes dinner.
 Drinks sold separately. It sold out last
 year. Dress in your disco best! Tickets
 sold in advance.

Sept 2 Flea Market 9am - 2pm
 Matawatchan Hall
 Book a table and sell your stuff.
 Coffee/tea baked goods. BBQ lunch.
 \$5.00 table Contact Nancy
 333-9556.

November 5 (Sunday before Hunting
 Season starts), Sunday Dinner &
 Pub Night Featuring The Pickled
 Chicken String Band with Open Mic
 & Dance Playlist. A Matawatchan
 treat with Mexican eats! \$10 at the
 door. Bright orange and camouflage
 welcome! (Black tie optional) Play
 darts, Celebrate your birthday
 whenever it is!

New: Aerobics to suit all fitness
 levels led by an experienced
 instructor at the Matawatchan Hall.
 First session Sat. Sept 9 from 11 -
 noon. Then every second Saturday
 Sept 30 on. Day and time could
 change to accommodate more
 people. Bring running shoes & mat.

Tuesday October 3, 6:30pm
 Matawatchan Hall Annual General
 Meeting and elections. New
 members welcome.

10th Annual Show & Shine, Saturday
 August 26 at the Lions Hall, Hwy 41
 Griffith. Rain date Sunday, Aug 27
 This is a classic car show with lots of
 things to do and many great vehicles
 to see. Fun for everyone! There is
 food including a BBQ, refreshments,
 a market, games, and music.

Giant Yard Sale for Seniors Housing
 during the Show & Shine at the Nu 2
 U Shop next door

REGULAR EVENTS:

DENBIGH & VENNACHAR

FREE weekly "Play to Learn"
 playgroup at MAYO COMMUNITY
 CENTRE in Hermon Tuesdays 10:00
 am to 12:00 pm. snack provided

Denbigh-Griffith Lion's Club Hall
 25991 Hwy 41 Regular Events:
 LIONS CLUB BINGO
 Tuesdays 7:00 p.m. - 8:00 p.m.

Denbigh Music in the Park/Hall
 Every second Sunday from 1 to 3 pm

Denbigh Diners:
 Full Course Meal \$7.00
 Nancy Dafoe 613-333-5164

Denbigh Hall Exercise Group:
 Monday classes at 10:00 am.
 Thursday classes at 1:00 pm.
 TOPS Tuesday at the Denbigh Hall
 Basement @8:30am Contact Mary
 McKinnon 613-333-2791

DACRE REGULAR EVENTS:

Games Night, 2nd and 4th Fridays
 Open to ideas. Contact Michael at
dacacommunity@gmail.com

CLOYNE & NORTHBROOK

REGULAR EVENTS:

Exercise Bootcamp at the Clar-Mill
 Hall in Plevna Tuesdays & Sundays
 7:00 pm \$5 per class. Bring indoor
 shoes, a water bottle and a mat.

MILK BAG MATS



Drop off your large milk bags at the Griffith
 and Mount St. Patrick Waste Transfer
 Stations. **There is a bin for them by the office.**
**Please do not leave them in the Donation
 bin, which is only for clothing.** The Ven-
 nachar Free Methodist Church women will
 weave them into sleeping mats for disadvan-
 taged and displaced people around the world.
 Please help by dropping off milk bags.

SEND US YOUR EVENTS:

**Lois and Mark Thomson
 The Madawaska Highlander
 3784 Matawatchan Rd.
 Griffith, ON, K0J 2R0
info@reelimpact.tv
 613-333-9399**

Bogie is a Happenin' Place!

By Skippy Hale

This is your column, so contact me to report on activities before or after events. (613)433-1131 bogiebeat@gmail.com

Once again, there is so much to report that I am happy that others fill in when there are two or more events at the same time or I am away doing Grandma Stuff. For these helpers, I am terrifically grateful. This has been a very busy summer here in the 'Bogie. Now where to start!

Family Fun in Barnet Park



How lucky we are to have this wonderful park in our village! It was gifted to us by the Barnet brothers before I moved here. My quick research did not show me when, but I did find a bit about their family from Renfrewshire and their emigration to Ireland in the 17th Century. I believe they may have been part of the Plantation group, Scots who were sent there by England and displaced the indigenous Irish, but more work on my part is necessary. The more I do this column, the more I need to learn.....

This park is the centre of memories for our village. Many folks plied their troth there with beautiful Calabogie Lake in the

background. Baby and Wedding Showers, Pilates, Lions' seniors' Appreciation Picnics and Family Re-unions have been celebrated there. Over the years, repairs, restorations and additions to the park and cottage were done by the Seniors' Club, CABA, the Lions, the Township and the Barnet Park Committee. One can see that the constant string is the volunteers who have and continue to care for this gem. It goes to show how much we all love 'the Barnet'! In the past, some members of Council were rumoured to want to dispose of it. It was donated to the people by the Barents and true or not, no one would dare do so.

Junior Rangers

Recently, two public events were featured. On July 13, Cole Lascelle, Coen Benoit, Cory and Khole Villneff were at the Park. They are Junior Rangers who travel around the County doing environmental tasks. They spent the day cleaning up our park. They have visited us for the past three years. It is a great way for young people to spend their summer and a super learning experience. They learn the value of hard work; spend time outside; learn about the flora and fauna of Renfrew County; share this knowledge with others, and develop new friendships. Young people, born in 2001, interested in spending next summer, should check out this link: <https://www.ontario.ca/page/stewardship-youth-ranger-program>. Application starts in February 20



150th, 100th, 75th and 50th Anniversaries and Family Day



Pierre Desmarais Allison Fay-Turner entertaining at the Barnet Park Family Picnic



Austin, Caitlin, Logan



Egg and spoon races and sack races were fun for participants and spectators alike.



Kite flying over Barnet Park



William Griffiths AKA Pastor Bill



The second Public Event was a Family Day in the Park on July 29. It was part of the Township's Canada 150 celebrations. It was a great afternoon. We were privileged to have a tour of the Calabogie Generating Station which will celebrate 100 years in November. Shuttle buses took us from the Park to the station. Barrett Chute will celebrate 75 years in August and Mountain Chute will celebrate the Golden Anniversary (50) in November. Mr. M.J. O'Brien's company, The Calabogie Light and Power Company, built this station in 1917 to provide electricity to this area and now it feeds power into the grid. The generator is a vertical one while most others are transverse. It has only been rewound once in 1935.

The dam wall is to the right of the generating wall. With the record-breaking rainfall, there was too much water so the extra water is flowing over into the Spillway. The President of OPG made a special visit on July 28 for the celebration. MJ was a clever forward-thinking person who started off as a young man surveying the route for the K&P. He made his money in mining, logging and was instrumental in bringing hockey to the area, which evolved into the NHL. I digress. I live close to this dam so it was nice to be inside and have some idea what happens when the siren goes off. It has been going continuously due to the excess water, which is a waste because it is more power than is needed so it is money flowing out the other side! The station is undergoing refurbishment at this time and may be replaced within 10 years.

Perhaps that will mean more jobs to the area which seems to be part of the local history! For more information, visit opg.com and, STAY CLEAR. STAY SAFE!

The next stop was to visit the MNR Trailer where I met Mark Lamont, a Conservation Officer. It was a beautiful display of stuffed animals of all kinds, a fox, owl, and many other creatures of the air, earth and water. He explained the kinds of work he and his colleagues do. His uniform included a small pistol which is more for emergency purposes. They serve on boats, ATVs and snowmobiles and are on the look-out for poachers, fishing or hunting over the limit or out of season. They usually give a warning. A ticket from them is much less than if you are turned over to the OPP.

Young people interested in a future as a Conservation Officer can apply to Algonquin or Sault College. It is a 2 year course and includes Natural Resources, Environmental Sciences, Fish and Wild Life, and Forestry. There is also an additional year if Law Enforcement is an interest. Fire Suppression is another specialty.

The rest of the afternoon was spent eating great hamburgers and hotdogs with all the fixins'. What summer picnic would be complete without potato salad? Kudos to the chef! Pop and water were available to keep our whistles wet. Food was supplied by the Township, but a donation jar was there to help support the new playground equipment which was deemed unsafe. I hope it is placed in a different spot. While it is often

Colton Creek

PROPERTY MAINTENANCE

613-334-8010

coltoncreekp@gmail.com

JOEY ROSENBLATH

**Snow Removal · Dock Removal
Fall Cleanup · Pressure Washing
Brushing & Chipping · Cottage Checkup
Tree & Stump Removal · Landscaping
General Household Maintenance & Repair**

shady enough, it has always been plagued with mosquitoes and poison ivy when I have taken children there.

Just like any old-fashioned picnic, there was a tug-of-war and sack races with kids hopping in grain bags from the Calabogie Brewery. It was a joy to watch (and many giggles!).

Last, but not least were the musicians who entertained from 4 till the last table and chair were packed away at about 7:30. We were entertained in the large gazebo by local talent: Allison Fay-Turner, Bill Maxwell, Marie Buscomb and Pierre Demarais with Pastor Bill as the Sound Man who also sang some Lightfoot and other songs.

He jammed along with Allison, Bill, Marie and Pierre in some good old Rock'n'Roll and Gospel songs. After two encores, in spite of the applauding crowd, they called it a night.

For those who were elsewhere, I encourage you to come next year. It was lots of fun and a chance to enjoy our beautiful park and mingle with friends old and new. I of-

ten hear the refrain, 'There used to be lots of village activities in the old days.' Someday, these will be the old days, so come out and participate and do honour to the wonderful Friends of Barnet Park and the Barnet Park Committee who work so hard to give us the memories. Thank you all! No names in case I miss some of you. I had a fantastic time!

Bogie Store Grand Opening



Chris Fleming helping out at the BBQ



Manager Mike Cobus, Owner Sean Miller



Amanda Richardson, Meagan Gilchrist serving customers



Sean Miller and Mom, Betty-Lou

Saturday, August 5th was a wild and crazy day! We must have broken the record for number of cars, trucks, motorcycles and ATVs in the village! At one point, they were parked from the Most Precious Blood Cemetery to the Peaks. There were messages on FB giving a 'heads up' on the numbers of parked cars. The reason for the enormous Parking Lot was the Spartan Race at the Peaks. It was great for business at the Grand Opening of the Bogie General Store. Line-ups were long at the gas pumps and at the free BBQ. The food was great and though free, there was a donation jar for the 'Raise the Roof' project. Sean Miller, the owner, aided by Chris Flem-

ing, kept the hot dogs and burgers going. Sean hires locally and wants to give back to the village. He has a home on the lake, so feels committed to the community.

All staff members wear grey golf shirts so it is easy to identify them. They are friendly and helpful and seem to be happy to be there. This is good. There are two floors of merchandise and Mike Cobus, the Manager says that they carry over 25,000 items with more coming in. There are all sorts of supplies for the trades, electrical, plumbing, hardware and painting. They have fishing, camping and hunting supplies; bedding, kitchen goods, snacks and Leon Mulvihill's

Calabogie Coffee. The Post Office has moved to a corner of the store. Tracey has limited hours, but the mailboxes are within the store. This is excellent since as long as the store is open, the mail boxes are available. There is an outside Mailbox for when the window and/or the store is closed. Public Washrooms can give a respite to hikers or visitors. On a corner of the Parking Lot, McGregor's have set up a Produce Booth so seasonal, locally grown vegetables and fruit are there too. Congratulations on your Grand Opening and giving folks another reason to move or visit here!



McGregor's at Bogie General Store
Sabrina Gill

Spartan Race

The Bogie store was busy with many folks coming in to view the merchandise and stock up on hardware and other supplies. However, there were many dirty folks who popped in as well. I say 'dirty', not to be rude or disparaging of locals and others, but to acknowledge the many customers who had completed the Spartan Race at Calabogie Peaks. They were hungry and thirsty after their Herculean feats! There are a series of obstacles which exhausts me and makes me joints ache just thinking of it! Everyone's

comments were positive and running up the ski hill would not be my idea of fun, but I am impressed by the folks of all ages from Calabogie and area who joined hundreds(?), thousands(?) of visitors. The massive line of cars was an indication that Calabogie is a destination and I commend Paul and Liz Murphy for the variety of events they hold to introduce our little bit of Heaven. Next big event is the Blues and Rib Fest at the Peaks. Now, that is more my speed!



This is a placeholder for Spartan Race photos. If you don't see any race photos it means I didn't get them in time, but not to disappoint you, I am just as happy to put in this photo of my young assistant who likes to help me type my articles.

Hmmm... I wonder if my new furry friend might have had anything to do with my missing Spartan Race photos.

Healthcare in the Bogie



Tamatha with adult
Photo by Morgan Strachan-Johnson

Last month, I wrote that I would be highlighting Health Care Professionals. This month, Fred Shepherd RMT and Tamatha Strachan RIDH will be highlighted. Thanks to these two entrepreneurs, we have additional services here in the village.

Fred Shepherd

"Massage therapy is the manipulation of soft tissue and joints of the body to help augment

rehabilitation of injuries, to decrease cortisol levels (stress levels), to improve circulation and decrease inflammation." Fred Shepherd attended Everest College in Ottawa and graduated as a Registered Massage Therapist. He has been an RMT for 5 years. He divides his time between Perth, Ottawa and here and in September, Almonte. He said, "I really like Calabogie, and it seemed like an area that was under serviced for massage therapy. People shouldn't have to travel all the way to Renfrew or Arnprior for massage treatment". I have heard from many clients who have experienced his care and felt so impressed. He is registered, so clients can claim their massages for insurance purposes. He accepts cash, cheque, or credit card, but he is not set up for debit. Due to changes at the Francis Street address, he is temporarily at Calabogie Peaks. For appointments, call (613) 883-7553, email Fredjshepherd@gmail.com or check out his Facebook page.

Tamatha Strachan

Part of my mission statement is to assist low income clients with accessing den-

tal hygiene services. She graduated with honours from the Dental Hygiene program at Algonquin College in Ottawa as a Registered Independent Dental Hygienist. Her career has been very intense with 5 years as a Dental Assistant and 15 years as a Dental Hygienist. Up until now, Tamatha has always worked in Ottawa and the Valley at traditional General Dental practices. I admire entrepreneurs and Tamatha also saw a need here. Many residents have mobility and transportation issues and getting into town for traditional dental services creates difficulties. She has started a Mobile Dental Hygiene Service to accommodate folks in Calabogie and area. Her services include comprehensive oral exams & periodontal assessments, cleaning & polishing of teeth, fluoride & desensitizing treatments, silver diamine fluoride treatments to arrest decay, sports guards, preventative sealants, denture care, interim stability therapy (temporary filling to provide relief and prevent further deterioration of the tooth until the client can get to the dentist), oral hygiene instructions and referrals to appropriate health care providers. She can

be paid through most insurance companies, including ODSP, NIHB and Veteran Affairs work with independent practitioners. She files the claim and is reimbursed by the company so that client does not need to pay up front. She accepts cash, cheque or payment plans. Contact her: (613) 220-6534, email: gerberadaisy@hotmail.ca, Calabogie Smiles Facebook Page or Instagram with a website in the near future.



Skippy Hale is a Retired Nurse and Librarian. She and her husband settled here in December 1999. After her husband's death in 2014, she decided to stay in Calabogie where she enjoys many friendships and is engaged in several volunteer projects. The loves of her life are her 3 children, their spouses, her three granddaughters and one grandson. She keeps busy with arts, crafts and getting stories for the Highlander.

Music in the Bush
By Ernie Jukes of Camp J



Various assortment of musicians at Matawatchan Picnics in years past. As you look at the rest of these photos, you will see many of the same faces. Many play in more than one band.

Well say now, listen here, its been a long time, like 500 years or so since the voyageurs played and sang as they canoed into our neck of the woods on the Madawaska, adding a new sound to the singing and drumming that echoed through these hills for thousands of years more. The shanty men fiddled and sang of the bush and logging in the bunkhouses of yesterday. Then that period of time when we all danced to valley country music in old barns. And we are sure familiar with the sounds of guitars and violins growing in Ontario's hunt camps. If we have listened we may remember some local artists that went down to the Grand Ole Opry, and today our

homegrown bands can be heard on 98.7 Radio out of Renfrew or more locally right out of Griffith, Denbigh and Matawatchan halls.

De ye mind the time...well I suppose it was about the late '40's or so. We always had a fair amount of activity around our village and one of them was a gid ole fashioned barn dance up river near Varrin's. We had just walked from our village and Irv Strong and I were resting on a split rail fence listening to the hoe down when he said "Ern doesn't that music jes make you wanna dance?" Yep, it sure did. Perhaps it was a wee bit later when I had been haying with Keith MacPherson and his sister asked if I could



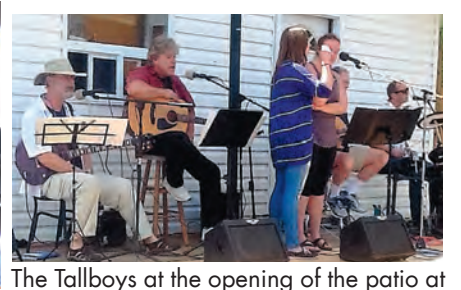
Commonly seen at the Pine Valley Restaurant in Griffith, the Pickled Chicken String Band treats a wider audience on Valley Heritage Radio and travels the area.



Although groups like these fiddlers seen here at the Denbigh-Griffith Lions Show & Shine, "band and disband", the music continues.



Woodstack, all the way from Calabogie, at the Matawatchan Picnic this Canada Day



The Tallboys at the opening of the patio at Calvyn's. Every occasion is made special with live live music.



Hwy 41 performing at the Apostolic Church in Denbigh.

Photo by Carol Ferguson

teach her to round dance. Well Eunice had a vinyl record entitled "One September Afternoon" and a windup gramophone which we used. Quieter moves yes, but admittedly lacked the action, fun, and exercise of valley square dancing.

The long evolution of our Canadian folk music is shared by the ballads of early settlers moving ever north and westward. They originally brought their music with them, much of it remembered in song only. Our country music today is still influenced by the early French Acadians' fiddle and flute, the Scots pipes and German drums and stringed instruments and also Irish and Celtic fiddle tunes. Ukrainian and Polish dances also added to our Madawaska highland culture. In this transition from folk to country & western, the home and also our church choirs and school bands have taught basic skills while developing a real opportunity to play and sing. This has produced many great musicians that have been loved by our farmers and backwoods communities across Ontario for centuries.

It has never lost it's appeal here on Carswell's Mountain and I recall one time we "do si doed" the night away when my cousin Walt Taylor and his Rhythm Ranch Riders made an impromptu visit to Camp J. They were returning from a gig in Pembroke to their home in Belleville to play on radio. The whole village seemed to be in our side yard where we now play horse shoes. Another time, a curve to what this music and early dances could bring. Three locals woke up ready for breakfast but with one common complaint, they all had a black eye, coincidentally the same left eye. All earned in the defence of our fair maidens from that notorious Slate Falls gang. No, they didn't make it a habit as the few who performed at so many other Saturday night dances. With yet no electric lighting in our area, the young gladiators were difficult to observe in the summer moonlight... as the band played on, just a ball of white shirts rolling in the dust.

"Allemande left and corners all" some callers of the day included names like Johnson, Ilan, Snider, Dodge, Kelly, LeClair

Denbigh-Griffith LIONS CLUB
10th Annual Classic Car SHOW & SHINE
Saturday August 26, 10am - 2pm
LIONS HALL, 25991 Hwy 41 Griffith
Rain date Sunday August 27

Food & Refreshments
Live Music, Games, Market
FUN, FUN, FUN!

All exhibitors and vendors welcome. Just bring your own tables.

Info: Jan 613-333-1748 Hall: 613-333-1423

Registrants: Dash plaques for 1st 150 registrants
People's Choice Awards - 1st, 2nd, 3rd
Photo prizes for best costumes
matching car vintage



Calabogie Pilates & More



Fall Classes
Starting in
September & October
Get in shape the fun way

Beginner, Intermediate / Advanced Pilates
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Square dances at the Matawatchan Hall used to be weekly events. There is a renewed interest in square dancing. Learning to dance is easy. Learning to play the fiddle and call are in danger of becoming a lost art.



and Vincent, and many who were also members of the band...and always in demand. Almost every dance had its own special individual step dancer as an extra treat. And often some talented singers would add to the night out. Someone once said "that when the power of love and music overcomes the love of power---the world will know peace---certainly we will know a better place." Another kind of power but pertinent...I still have the battery powered radio that brought music, news, sports and stories into Camp J. Very similar to the way others across our vast landscape during the 1920's, 30's and 40's, were informed and entertained. Communications and enjoyment are much easier today. The fun of creating it yourself with others, may also be offered at our Matawatchan Community Hall which didn't come about until the 1950's. It's a meeting place for folks to enjoy our music, and a lot of other activities.

While Ontario celebrates 150 years in Confederation this summer, Quebec celebrates over 480 years of exploring and building North America and is Canada's and Ontario's wonderful French connection. Because our history is so much older it is only natural that our musical and sports experience is also older. Thus, the earlier birth of baseball, hockey and basketball, not to mention many inventions. The list is huge! We continue to

celebrate the joys of our musical traditions that developed from our early European immigrating communities. But of course due to greater population the U.S. carried it to huge acceptance there. Country music by many titles has become popular around the world. Our CBC and BBC Radio, plus television and our touring musicians such as Messer, Prophet, Stompin Tom, Snow, Carter, Lightfoot, Murray, Tyson, kd Lang, Twain and so many more, have all aided its continued growth.

Canada has maintained its ethnic cultures and preserved our languages and customs to a far greater degree than our US counterparts. Many countries have contributed to our "Country" vocal styles and we in turn have in fact influenced many US singers. Yep, to sing it our way. Our unique accent has presented Country, Bluegrass, Hillbilly and Western with a voice in our own distinct fashion, setting the pattern, for a very long time. It's not just alive and well, but still growing, in our Madawaska Highlands.

With glowing hearts our very own Ottawa Valley Country Music Hall of Fame was established in 1980. Perhaps some of our readers and music makers may be among the inductees that are appointed every May at the Centrepointe Theatre in Ottawa. Our songmen and musicians are well represent-

ed at virtually every public happening and holiday and deserve more credit. Some of these include our very own Pickled Chicken String Band that offers Hillbilly with a twist, The Highway 41 band that claims to be the best darn fiddle, piano, folk and gospel group around, and then The Thursday Afternoon Boys, The Tallboys, and you can hear Bert Kauffeldt's group in his Pine Valley restaurant in Griffith every Monday and Thursday evenings. There are many more, too numerous to list!

So Promenade... here's a sneak preview call that affects local singers, songwriters, musicians, bands and anyone closely associated with the village of Matawatchan's country music infrastructure, plus any tax payer of our Ward 3 including residents of Griffith. You will understand that we must maintain a necessary spirit of community in this request to create a new song for little, old "Matawatchan." This logging, mixed farming and retirement community has lots to put to music. It may be simply sounds or smells from our rolling hills and forests. Consider our clear lakes and wild game. What is your own appeal about living in Matawatchan? Is it a piper on the mountain, boating on the Madawaska, sounds of chainsaws, fun at the hall, clinking of horseshoes, or shots fired, way off, during the hunt? Yep, there's plenty to sing about!

Hey give it a try...start thinking about it... you are probably more imaginative than you realize.

Watch future Madawaska Highlanders for specific details to be presented by our musical experts.

So, tune in next month and I hope to see you at Camp J for shoos or at the hall for Tai Chi or drawing... Ern



R. Ernest Jukes

For 65 years, Ernie has been an artist in residence in Matawatchan at Camp J, collecting a rucksack of tales and preserving stories of people and happenings in the Highlands through many publications including his books and for The Highlander since its inception. His donated paintings of our valley and records of our fire tower may be seen in "The Wall in the Hall Museum" in the Matawatchan Hall.

VENNACHAR DENBIGH DISPATCHES

By Angela Bright

*The Denbigh Griffith Lions Club's 10th Annual Show & Shine, Classic Car Show happens on Saturday, August 26th, 10am to 2pm at the Lions Hall in Griffith, 25991 HWY 41. There will be door prizes, dash plaques (first 150) and People's Choice Awards. Bring along your pocket book as there will be lots of opportunity to shop at the Lions Market, book sale, and new to you items, as well the wares of various vendors and exhibitors. Enjoy the BBQ, refreshments, licensed bar, music, and 50/50 draws. Admission for spectators and vehicles is by donation. All exhibitors and vendors welcome; bring your own tables. Contact Jan 613 333 1748. Rain date: Sunday, August 27th.

*The end of August brings changes to the hours at the Denbigh library, as it does every year at this time. Visit addingtonhighlands.ca and click on the library tab for details.

*You are invited to Denbigh's 150th Celebration on September 15th & 16th. On Friday, September 15th, there will be a Target Shoot at Heritage Park starting at 5pm, \$2 entry fee. Prizes awarded for Best Shooter in each category. The canteen will be open, serving up hamburgers, hot dogs, drinks, chips and chocolate bars. At the Denbigh Hall there will be a Café, evening of music and a bar at 7pm. Admission is \$5.00. A Silent Auction will start that evening and go until Saturday at dinner. There will be 50/50 draws both Friday and Saturday. Saturday, September 16th is a Roast Beef Dinner with pie for dessert \$12, 5-6:30pm, at the Hall. That evening The Debenham Brothers will be on stage at 8pm. Tickets are \$15. Call Betty 613-333-2366.



*Looking for some fresh fruit & veggies close to home? Place your order on Wednesday, August 30th at Vennachar Free Methodist Church, 1-4pm, for a Good Food Box that will arrive on Thursday, September 21st. You can choose just veg, just fruit or a mix with three sizes of boxes to choose from. Questions, need more info? Call Angela 613 333 1901.

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This column will seek to recognize historical individuals and locations of First Nation and Metis history in the Greater Ottawa Valley.

Fort William & Algonkin Burial Ground

By Noreen Kruzich



Fort William, Quebec (originally named Lac des Allumettes) once beckoned native peoples for trade, gatherings, religious ceremony and for burial. Old records indicate the land was given the name Allumettes by French explorers, who saw Indians extracting reeds at the water's edge and using them for "fire sticks" or matches.

Tucked away along the shore of the Ottawa River on the Quebec side is a commemorative plaque marking a little known Algonkin cemetery. The cemetery is only a part of a much bigger picture that allows you to step back in the time of the fur trade era. Fort William, Quebec (originally named Lac des Allumettes) once beckoned native peoples for trade, gatherings, religious ceremony and for burial. Old records indicate the land was given the name Allumettes by French explorers, who saw Indians extracting reeds at the water's edge and using them for "fire sticks" or matches.

This Fort William just outside of the village of Sheenboro, as opposed to the well-known Fort William at Thunder Bay, Ontario, is you might say a hidden gem worth a visit by any history lover. In 1695, a trad-

ing post was set up at by Compagnie du Nord. And eventually, the post became known as Fort William after William McGillivray, the managing director of the North West Company from 1804 to 1821. With the Hudson Bay Company's monopoly on the fur trade, it was taken over as such and operated until 1869. So, the site has an extended history along the river.

This former Hudson Bay post included a Chief Factor's residence, a blacksmith shop, old stone storehouse and clerk's house. Additionally, a white-painted wooden church was erected by the Hudson Bay Company in about 1857 to be used by visiting missionaries of any denomination. Nearby, a tall cross guarded the small burial ground on a rise of land above the river. The original cross was placed there in 1838 and another was installed in 1958 to continue to

mark the burial ground. A chain-link fence was installed around the burial ground in 1995 to protect the grounds from vandals.

I tracked down Joann McCann who cottages in the area and who played an instrumental part in seeing that the historical cemetery received acknowledgement. McCann, an Historical Research Consultant, says over the years she felt the area was "not being respected". McCann provides the occasional tour of Fort William as an historical guide as well. She relates that at the height of the Algonkin influx into Fort William, some 200 Algonkins gathered at the site in 1885 waiting for the Catholic Bishop to arrive from Pembroke. I found that indeed even after the Hudson Bay company abandoned the post, Oblate missionaries continued to make an annual visit to the chapel. A former

owner of the general store once was quoted as stating that native peoples used to come to trade from as far north as the James Bay area. A multitude of tents would be erected all over the cleared land and they would partake in horse races and other sports. In the past, native artifacts of copper tools, arrowheads, and clay pipes have been found around the Fort.

The chapel originally referred to as the "Chapel at Fort William" became known as St. Simion's during the period 1868 to 1888, but then records show it to be known as St. Theresa of the Little Flower Chapel. The parish was attended by native peoples and settlers, who were primarily Irish and French farmers and lumbermen.

It is said that the natives connected with the post would stay two to three weeks in late summer, waiting for the arrival of

OUR HOME ON NATIVE LAND



The huge sandy beach makes this location on the Ottawa River (Kitchisibi) a perfect spot for hundreds of canoes to come ashore, as they continue to do today.



Some of the names you will see at the cemetery are Joseph Miness, Ignace Wabikons, Benjamin Jako, Jean Baptiste Tanasko, Edward Kakwabet, Baptiste Pinsindawati, and his son Mani Stokwa. These are familiar family names, although spelled in various ways, at both Algonkings of Pikwàkanagàn First Nation in Golden Lake and at Kitigàn-zìbì Algonkin First Nation in Maniwaki, Quebec. A plaque was erected there in 2007.

priests and would then return to their hunting grounds. One recording in 1864 of a visiting missionary provides a snapshot of family names of the Anishinàbe Algonkin who traveled there. Some of those listed are Joseph Miness, Ignace Wabikons, Benjamin Jako, Jean Baptiste Tanasko, Edward Kakwabet, Baptiste Pinsindawati, and his son Mani Stokwa. These are familiar family names, although spelled in various ways, at both Algonkings of Pikwàkanagàn First Nation in Golden Lake and at Kitigàn-zìbì Algonkin First Nation in Maniwaki, Quebec.

McCann feels this little cemetery on the shores of the Ottawa River needed extra recognition and preservation as part of national history. She says a plaque erected there in 2007 does just that. There were no memorial monuments or individual markers in the cemetery. McCann adds Algonkin Grandfather William Commanda, an Algonkin elder, spiritual leader, role model and former Chief of the Kitigàn-zìbì Anishinàbeg First Nation near Maniwaki, Quebec, was consulted on the wording of the plaque. Commanda passed away in August of 2011. Also, Pikwàkanagàn members chose the sacred colour red for the sign's background representing their heritage. Over the years the cemetery and the overall site has seen vandalization by man and destruction from weather, and yet a good portion of the site has survived among majestic red and white pines and a sand

beach which extends as far as the eye can see. It was finally listed on the Canadian Register of Historic Sites in 2008.

Could it be that the rare isolation of this site, a point of land on the Ottawa River, has aided in the preservation of this unique concentration of heritage buildings and the burial ground? Hotel Pontiac (the largest structure and the former trading post) is open this summer serving meals and providing accommodations and entertainment and even a water taxi from sites off the Pembroke area shoreline. It's a perfect setting to envision a piece of history and to watch the sun close off another day.



Noreen Kruzich is the author of *The Ancestors are Arranging Things...a journey on the Algonkin Trail* (Borealis Press/Ottawa/2010) nominated by the publisher for that year's Governor General's award.

Kruzich was recently awarded the Prix Gêmeaux for Best Research on the documentary *Trick or Treaty* written and produced by award winning filmmaker Alanis Obomsawin. Kruzich specializes in First Nation and Metis family genealogy and social history
www.noreenkruzich.com

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Mushrooms - The Brains of the Forest

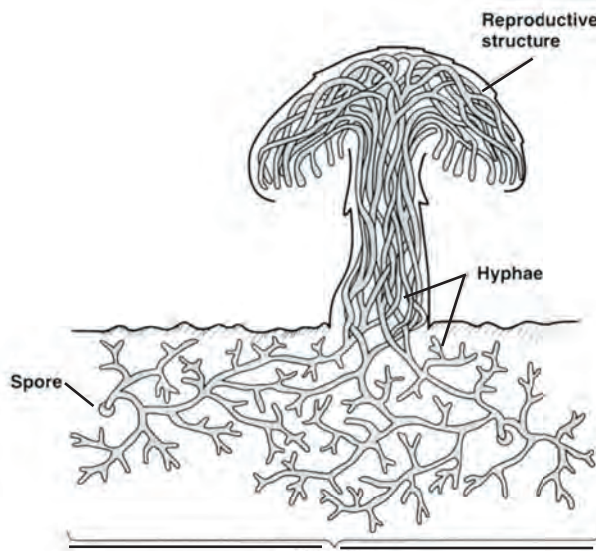
By Colleen Hulett



Even these Brain Mushrooms don't look very smart, but it turns out they are!

When you hike onto a dark and damp trail, a trail covered with a thick canopy of trees blocking most of the sun so that only thin beams of sunlight can make it through, you suddenly feel calm. Calmness is the automatic physical response an old growth forest gifts us. Your eyes relax. It's quiet although you can hear the Pilated Woodpecker's ancient call in the distance. You begin to take deeper breaths and longer exhales. Your lungs fill with clean oxygen. Then you smell it. You smell what? Mushrooms. You look down and there right at your feet is a mushroom begging you with its scent to notice it. Do you think the mushroom is ugly? Do you think it's beautiful? Seriously, when it comes to mushrooms the eye IS in the beholder. I promise you, the day you come across a velvety and vibrant orange Chicken of the Woods Mushroom and its shockingly larger than your head, you may easily get hooked on the fungi kingdom. It happened to me. It happened right here in the Madawaska Highlands.

As established in my last article, we know the highlands host a plentiful mix of deciduous and coniferous trees. Well guess what? Fungi's primary food source is feeding on dead trees. Different mushrooms like different trees. This fact undoubtedly means the highlands house a super large collection and variety of fungi. This is good news. The more mushrooms the merrier. If we have a good variety of mushrooms in the highlands it means we live within a very healthy ecosystem. American mycologist Paul Stamets, states fungi have an important role and that role is to regulate the earth's ecosystems. What? Mushrooms? Yes indeed. In his book *Mycelium Running: How Mushrooms Can Help Save the World*, Stamets explains that mycelia form a thick networking web under the forest, like the internet highway, and it 'unfolds into complex food webs, crumbling rocks as they grow, creating dynamic soils that support diverse populations of organisms'. Their power to breakdown and chew



The mushroom you see above ground is only one part of the fungi. Beneath the surface, mycelia form a thick networking web. That's where the real brains are.



To many, Chicken of the Forest actually tastes a bit like chicken.



Juniper Rust on the left and Turkey Tail on the right. Common names are very descriptive.

everything stems from how oxalic acid is formed in the carbon-rich mycelia. The implications of how mushroom mycelia can turn anything thought to be impossible to get rid of, like the toxic PCB's for example, into a non-toxic form of food for its environment, has far reaching implications. You really need to go on YouTube and watch a Ted Talks video featuring Stamets lecturing about 6 major uses of mushrooms. One of the major uses is very encouraging for pollution control on Earth. Consequently, from years of studying the fungi kingdom in the forests of Washington state, forward-thinking Stamets has created many patents focused on the powers of fungi. Lucky guy.

intelligence of mushroom mycelia. And what he told us in that lecture created a paradigm shift in me concerning the environment. If what Terry said was true, scientists didn't understand very much about mushrooms or the inner workings of the natural environment. So, Terry proceeded to tell us about the intelligence of mycelium. If you don't know, Mycelia is plural for mycelium which is the vegetative part of a mushroom that travels underground creating a vast network of fine feathery white threads under the forest floor. Next time you are on a hike in the highlands flip over a rotting log so you can see the whitish mycelia for yourself. The above ground mushroom is simply the fruit of the fungus. Terry had slides and scientific facts before us. He talked about a fantastic scientific experiment done with mycelia in a petri dish. The experiment consisted of two identical mazes in two different petri dishes. Dead wood was put at the end of the maze. He wanted to see how the mycelium would travel to find its food. In the first petri dish, the mycelium found its food no problem in good time. He noted that it wasn't fooled by the maze and didn't even venture into the wrong pathways presented to it. Then he put the mycelium in the other identical maze and he shockingly didn't have time to hit the stop watch.

I first learned about the importance of mushrooms over 15 years ago. I attended a lecture at a health show in Toronto hosted by Herbalist Terry Willard. He was into the business of marketing mushroom supplements and appeared to be a certifiable mushroom freak. (Sorry Terry, you were ahead of your time and I didn't understand your genius yet) Terry started with explaining how fungi shares a common ancestor with animals and consequently are more related to animals than to plants. It's fitting we call their group the fungi kingdom. Terry proceeded to talk about the

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Tinder Birch Polypore is very papery and makes good tinder, or kindling.



Witches Cauldron, of course.



Jelly Ear seems to be a fitting name for this one.

Cool. Archeologists around the world have uncovered innumerable artifacts with mushrooms, that were revered by shamans and leaders alike. I ponder the thought that maybe there is some reality to the mythical tree of life that has eluded us through the centuries. It is a long shot but just maybe it's not an above ground tree but the upside-down 'tree' of the fungi kingdom.

Sources and Videos to View:

Mycelium Running: How Mushrooms Can Help Save the World by Paul Stamets, 2005.

Ted Talks Paul Stamets: 6 ways mushrooms can save the world 17:44 minutes and well worth the watch

National Audubon Society: Field Guide to North American Mushrooms Gary H. Lincoff 1995

Mushrooms of Northwest North America by Helen M. E. Schalkwijk-Barendsen 1991



The King Bolete, also called Porcini, is indeed the king of edible mushrooms. The classic shape.



Artists Conk toughens as it ages making a good surface for artist to carve

of tons fungi yet to be identified. Identification is a complex task so always consult and expert. If you go foraging for mushrooms it will be wise to stick to easily identifiable fungi. What we do know is the fungi found in old growth forests are the wisest and hold important and indispensable information for the Earth's ecosystems. Stamets is worried at the rate of deforestation on our planet and believes governments should quickly protect our forests as a matter of 'national defense'. This is serious stuff here.

As I sit here trying to finish this article and pique your interest in that lowly mushroom before you and begging you with its scent to acknowledge its fundamental importance to our survival. I'm reminded of another thing that Terry Willard said so many years ago at the health show. He said when you look at a cross section of the soil with the fruiting mushroom body on the surface and its rooting web-like mycelium below the surface it uncannily looks like an upside-down tree!

The mycelium was on the wood instantaneously. Wow, the scientist couldn't believe it. Did that fungus memorize the route? Did it have intelligence? We all sat very quietly in the audience. Terry went on to mention how the knowledge concerning mushrooms was advanced in the far east. Slide after slide he showed us beautiful watercolors of emperors holding Reishi mushrooms in their hands. He said the Reishi mushroom was only consumed by world leaders at the time of the paintings and was kept from the citizens. He said the Emperors took Reishi they believed it rewired their neurological pathways and purified their thoughts so they could converse with gods of ancient wisdom. Terry was bottling it up and selling it medicinally for concentration and focus. He said it was great for students or anyone with concentration or memory issues. He said the Dali Llama ingests Reishi every day to gain 'universal wisdom'. Wow. (Today, you can readily buy it in any health food store)

In year 2000, just after we discovered how wrong we were about the expected 'millennium' computer technology crash (at midnight December 31, 1999 remember? How unintelligent of us, eh?), scientist Toshuyuki Nakagaki published the controversial article that basically said because the mycelia in the petri

dish experiment chose the shortest route and refused to venture down the wrong pathway it showed it had a 'form of cellular intelligence'. That didn't go over very well in 2000 but today in 2017, Stamets asserts that mycelium have been proven to be "aware, react to change, and collectively have the long-term health of a host environment in mind. The mycelium stays in constant molecular communication with its environment, devising diverse enzymatic and chemical responses to complex challenges." For example, during challenges like experiencing a drought, the 'internet highway-like' mycelia send everything they are connected to, information on how the ecosystem they host should behave to save itself from a shortage of water. The ecosystem responds accordingly to the information. It couldn't survive without the informative mycelia.

The environments of a specific mycelium can be vast. In fact, while studying the extent of a fungus in Oregon, it was found to be almost as large as the whole state. It covered thousands of acres in a logging area. It was huge. I think of the common saying, 'when a tree falls in the forest does it make a sound'. Yes, said the fungi kingdom. Ha-ha. As much as they do know, Mycologist's will tell you they still have a lot to figure out. To date there are

Colleen has a B.A. in Geography from Carleton University, with a concentration in Cartography and Satellite Imagery. She has completed many courses in photography and drawing at Algonquin College and studied the Art and Science of Herbology with Herbalist Rosemary Gladstar. Please contact Colleen for questions or to book a guided herb walk or hike. Photographers, Artists, and those seeking to de-stress are welcome, too. Hulet.Colleen@gmail.com www.calabogiehiker.com Twitter: Highlands Hiker @calabogiehiker



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North Frontenac Studio Tour



Put Sept. 30 to Oct 1 weekend on your calendar for this enjoyable road trip!

24 Artists living and working in North Frontenac Township would like to welcome everyone to the 4th annual North Frontenac Back Roads Studio Tour. This tour was inaugurated in 2014, and takes place on the last weekend in September – Sept 30/Oct 1 for this year. The tour has been a great success, and more artists have joined it each year.

A big attraction for the tour is the fact that it takes place during the height of Autumn colours, and in an extremely beautiful part of Ontario. Just north of Highway 7, and a little west of Perth, the area is composed of hills, lakes and lovely hardwood forests, especially beautiful in the Fall. Tucked in amongst all this beauty are several quaint villages and a population that includes quite a number of artists, living and creating in their own versions of paradise. Visiting them and their studios is always interesting and evocative.

A huge variety of art can be seen on the

tour. Artists include painters, fabric artists, photographers, sculptors, jewelry makers, furniture makers, and even an alpaca farm and an artisanal cheese factory. To preview what can be seen on the tour, please look at the website northfrontenacbackroadsstudiotour.com. Information on each artist can be found there, as well as a map of the tour. For those returning to the tour, several new locations can be found with new painters and sculptors exhibiting. Of course, all the participating artists will be showing new work, and you will be interested to follow their developments.

Because the tour covers quite a large area, many visitors take both days to try and cover every studio. A number of lodges and B&B's in the area can provide accommodation. For those unfamiliar with the area, it can be found just half an hour outside of Perth, 20 minutes north of Sharbot Lake, and 10 minutes east of Cloyne/Northbrook.

Bittersweet Gallery Sept. 30 - Oct. 9
Richard Gill Celebrates Canada with his 45th Anniversary Fall Show

Leonard Cohen, Rick Mercer, Wayne Gretzky, Emily Carr, Joni Mitchell, The Tragically Hip, Buffy Saint Marie, Glenn Gould, Oscar Peterson, Don Cherry, Maud Lewis are just few personalities that many of us admire or revere as purely Canadian. They are among just a few that will make up the all Canadian cast of at least 45 icons that Burnstown sculptor Richard Gill has chosen to portray in clay for his show this fall.

Highlights will include the iconic beauty of Canada's wilderness and milestone events like Chris Hadfield tethered to the Canadarm space shuttle suspended over planet earth. Another work captures the magic and colour of Cirque du Soleil depicting the strength and grace of the human form.

Well known for rendering a vast array of custom works since the 1970's, this 2017 show marks a milestone of creative energy in his 45 year career as a full time artist sculptor. His show is an event that reveals his most creative conceptual ideas presented in a cohesive body of work. His kiln-fired hand

sculpted wall plaques in clay relief are as unique and diverse as we are as a people. Beautifully rugged and resilient as our own Canadian landscape; his evocative works withstand the test of time becoming truly iconic.



"Canadian Icons" opens at Richards fog run studio at Bittersweet Gallery in Burnstown Sept. 30 Vernissage from 2 til 8 pm and continues to Oct. 9 daily from 11 to 5. Richard will give an artist's talk Sept. 30 at 3 & 7pm and 3pm Sat. Oct. 7.

Octagon Gallery Calabogie Last Waltz, July 22



Wally and Sheila Fletcher with Renfrew-Nipissing-Pembroke MPP John Yakubuski, July 22.

Over 200 people attended a public garden party at the Octagon Gallery, which was opened one more time after having been closed for a few years. It was a tribute to the many artists who exhibited their work there and a thank you to the many friends and customers who came by over the years.

It was also a rare opportunity to look around the beautiful grounds the Fletchers still maintain and have a peek inside the century old Octagonal building they so lovingly restored. It was an office for a lumber company on the shores of the Madawaska River, now Calabogie Lake. It will continue to be used as a private residence.

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To my Father From "The Boy"

I can well remember that eventful day December 14th, 1970. In fact, circumstances that controlled destiny that day had started the previous spring.

I grew up on a farm and annually we drove twenty-five to forty head of cattle to what we called "The Ranch". This was some twenty miles, as the crow flies, from home. It was a desolate country which had once been the site of two large farms. The area between the ranch and our farm is bisected by the Madawaska River, now known as Centennial Lake (man made), and broken up by numerous lakes. There is also an Ontario Hydro high tension line running through this area.

Access is gained by one of two roads. The first is only a rough trail used by the Hydro to maintain their lines. This is the route we take each spring with the cattle. The second is a roundabout route. It follows the contours of Centennial Lake, to some degree, and connects our area with the town of Calabogie.

To further complicate matters, the area was "Tree Farmed" some years ago by Gilles Lumber Co., which created many rough logging roads. Ideal for cattle to follow, but unpassable now by any means except walking. As in previous years, we put our cattle down in this area.

When fall arrived, we could not locate six head of cattle. We made numerous trips into this area searching for the cattle. We even had my uncle fly over the area with his four seater Comanche airplane. All to no avail.

Now it was the middle of December. We had about two feet of snow. Dad knew that if the cattle were still alive they would not be able to find fodder much longer. He also believed that they were probably lost on one of the many points of land reaching out into Centennial Lake.

This Saturday morning in December, Dad asked me if I would like to go with him on his Ski-Doo. We would travel down the shoreline of Centennial Lake searching out these points that Dad had not been able to check earlier in the fall. The weather had been quite cold for some time and in fact it was a cool 12 degrees Fahrenheit this day. The only problem we thought we would incur was slush on top of the ice as we had just had a recent fall of snow.

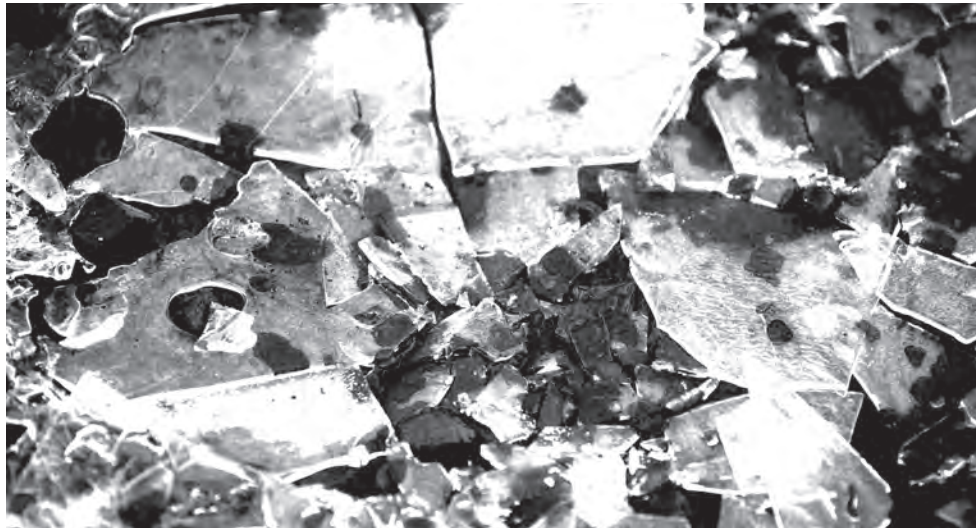
My Aunt and Uncle were going to accompany us on their snowmobile but changed their minds at the last minute, telling us they would start later, meeting us on our way back. This left dad and myself on one snowmobile.

We had an early lunch and after dressing, Dad putting on his Ski-Doo suit, myself just putting on an extra pair of pants and sweater. We left.

It is about five miles from our home to where we would set out on the lake. Dad had been over the trail as far as the lake the day before, so we had no trouble on the trail as we were riding double on the Ski-Doo. It was a beautiful day, the air crisp and clean, the sky a deep blue with only a few clouds in sight. Nothing to hint at the trouble to come.

On arriving at the lake, we immediately checked the depth of the ice by chopping a hole with the small axe Dad always carried on the Ski-Doo. We found that there was from eight to ten inches of ice, more than enough to carry us. We knew the level of the water drops and rises with no set pattern because of the automatically controlled floodgates at the dam on Centennial Lake. Knowing of the peculiarities of the currents, we decided to travel as close to shore as possible.

We travelled for approximately a mile and a half in this manner, checking the depth of the ice frequently. We found about two inches of snow on top of the ice and very



little slush under the snow. Now we had arrived at a branch in the river (lake) when it joined Mackie Creek, making it necessary for us to cross over the main channel, a fairly large body of water, to reach the left shore. The wind had drifted the snow deeper here, in places to a depth of more than a foot. Since it was necessary that we cross here, Dad picked the best route, or so he thought, and we were off.

Unfortunately, we were not able to see the two small air-holes until we were almost on top of them. As Dad swung to avoid them, we hit an area of deep slush consequently bogging our machine down. It took us quite some time to free the Ski-Doo as we had to tramp the slush down. In this manner, we made a road for the Ski-Doo to travel on. Eventually we managed to free the machine. We were now faced with the decision whether to continue on or turn back. At this point a check on the depth of the ice showed that we were now travelling on less than five inches.

I knew that these cattle meant a heavy financial loss to Dad. More important, that if they were alive, he would not want them to face a lingering death of starvation. I thought that if we travelled close to shore, in the manner we had been doing, we would be safe enough. With my vote, we decided to continue on.

After we had bypassed the mouth of Mackie Creek, we had to cross back to the right shore. This we accomplished with no problems. This placed us in an area where Dad had not been able to search the previous fall. We left our Ski-Doo and started out on foot. Our search proved fruitless and after an hour of wading through snow to our knees, we returned to the Ski-Doo.

It was only another mile to our rendezvous with destiny. We continued along the shoreline until we were three quarters of the way down the next bay. Dad turned to me saying we would cut across the ice, the distance being less than a thousand yards. We could see patches of bare ice, cutting down the possibilities of running into slush. I nodded my head that I understood. Dad started across at full speed. How were we to know we would not reach the far shore this day?

About half-way across, I felt the snowmobile start to sink, losing speed. Thinking we had hit another patch of slush, I dropped off the back to lighten the load and give Dad a push.

SHOCK! Instead of landing on ice, I was submerged up to my head in water. I could not touch bottom with my feet. We had hit an area where there was only one half inch of ice! Suddenly I was swimming and swimming for my life. The Ski-Doo had stopped about twenty feet in front of me. The back end was submerged. The front end was clinging to solid ice. I couldn't see Dad, but, actually the thought never entered my mind that he had drowned or was under the ice. Funny, I can still remember the sound of the motor running, as I swam heavily towards the Ski-Doo. Fate was against me. Just as I reached the Ski-Doo, it slowly sank past me, leaving

only a wisp of steam when the water closed over the motor.

At this stage, though I didn't realize it, I must have been in shock for Dad was laying on the ice only feet in front of me, yet I still hadn't seen him. He had managed to clamber over top of the Ski-Doo, before it had sunk, and push himself on his stomach away from the brink of death.

I was not cold, or did not feel the cold of the water as yet. I could however feel myself getting heavier with each passing second. I realized that I must some way manage to get out of the water.

To this end, I swam to the edge of the hole to try to drag myself out. First, I found that with my gloves on I could not get enough grip on the ice and kept slipping back into the water. I immediately drew my gloves off throwing them out on the ice in front of me. Now I could get enough grip on the ice, but, the ice kept breaking under my weight. I knew then that I had to get some of my clothes off. I knew my boots would be full of water and would be the heaviest part of my apparel.

Fear still had not clutched me. Possibly, I had either bypassed that stage or being young and foolish had no fear of drowning. Regardless, the thought of drowning had not crossed my mind. I was determined to beat this situation. To this end, I had decided I would have to go underwater to remove my boots. I was ready to submerge when I heard a shout. I could hardly believe my eyes or ears. There was Dad crawling on his stomach towards me. Then I knew fear. Fear not for myself but for Dad. I was just one of his children, there were seven more at home plus my mother. What would happen to them if Dad and I both were to drown?

I hollered at Dad to stay back. Determinedly he kept inching closer. I pleaded with him to go back. I would manage to get out on my own. I can still vison Dad with that fixed determined mask on his face, creeping even closer. Nothing I could say would stop him. I was of his blood, and regardless the cost, he would expend all his efforts to save me. I will remember his next words to my dying days. "Reach out Son."

I literally threw my right arm at Dad. I believe God caused it to grow at least a foot, for my wrist was caught in a grip like that of a vise. Before I could comprehend what had happened, I was lying out on the ice, out of the clutches of a watery grave. I will carry the scars, on my wrist, for the rest of my life, where Dad's fingernails had broken the skin: Oh what proud scars. Proof of a fathers love for a son.

Still we were far from safe. Our axe had gone down with the Ski-Doo, I was soaked to the skin, and Dad was just as wet from laying in the slush and water. With our combined weight on the thin ice, I could feel it actually bending and saw the water creeping up on it. If we both fell in, I knew we would never be able to get out again.

The cold was beginning to reach my body and it would not be long before I would

be unable to move. We had to start moving. Dad was fearful of breaking through the ice again and did not seem to be able to make up his mind which way to go. We had only two choices, either straight ahead or back the way we had come. One way was untried, what lay ahead? Our back trail had held us up this far. I could feel my body starting to go numb. I reached for my wet gloves and started out crawling, wiggling like a snake to be truthful, over our back trail.

God must have had his hand on us, for we made it back safely to shore. Looking back all I could see was my hat floating in the black water. Our clothes were starting to stiffen up in the cold air. The sun was also starting to slide over the horizon and we had nine long miles to travel to warmth and shelter.

Dad pulled a half-rotted pole out of a deadfall to use if we should break through again. This, we hoped, would bridge a hole if we fell through or if one of us fell through the other would use it to pull him out. We had no matches to start a fire to dry ourselves out. We would have to rely on what heat our bodies would generate. At this point I was worried about Dad for he previously had had Rheumatic Fever three times, the Doctor had said that the next time would be fatal.

I thought it would be best if I set the pace, so I started homeward at a fast lope. I mentioned something to Dad about wondering if an old man could keep up with a youngster, receiving only a chuckle for reply. Before we had travelled very far our clothing had frozen into an armour of ice. This was a blessing, for it kept our body heat inside. The only problem I had, was keeping my hands warm. I also found it difficult to bend my knees. We were worried about crossing the place where we had previously been stuck with the Ski-Doo at the airholes. We had to cross here regardless of how we felt. Walking very carefully and keeping fifteen to twenty feet between us we crossed safely.

We were almost to our point of entry onto the ice. I was expecting to meet my Aunt and Uncle any time. These hopes were brutally shattered when we came upon a message in the snow. "We were here, where were you?" Yes, where indeed had we been! It seemed, that on seeing this my strength evaporated. I could go no farther. We had still five miles to go. I wanted to stay here until Dad reached home and sent someone back for me. Dad realized that by the time he could get home and send someone back I would be frozen to death. He would not hear of it. Jumping into the air, he actually clicked his heels together three times, laughed, and said, "I'll lead the way now, you try to keep up with the old man".

The Ski-Doo trail was not frozen enough to carry us. We were breaking through with almost every step. If we moved off the trail we had to wade through snow to our knees. Each step was harder to make than the last. At this point, I was sure it was an impossibility for me to keep going.

That five miles seemed like an eternity: There are only short periods I can remember. The hill Dad helped me up, the time when I fell, and he came back and stood laughing at me, wanting to know if I wanted him to carry me the rest of the way. I'm sure he must have been as tired as I was, how he managed to stay on his own feet plus helping me was a miracle.

Finally, I can remember coming to the hill that looks down on our home and thinking nothing could look more like heaven or be farther away. I begged Dad to leave me here, but, he said that if we had come this far together we would finish together. At Last the door to the house was only feet, then inches in front of us. No one had as yet spied us as they were getting ready for supper and thought we would be riding home in style rather than almost crawling on our hands and knees.

Hunter and Hunted By Howard Popkie

Back in 1947 it was deer season and I was with my cousin Lloyd Skripchuk on the side of a hill. It was a good place to look out across a field beside a big swamp at Black Donald. My Uncle Charlie Murphy was in the swamp, howling like a hound because we didn't have a dog to do the job. Lloyd was dressed in a big cowboy hat and a deerskin vest, with a bag of Bull Durham smoking tobacco in his shirt pocket. His rifle was a long barreled 38.55 lever action.

He said to me, "Listen to Charley. He sounds like a fox to me." We could hear Charlie coming closer to the edge of the field. We watched for deer as he came closer, but all that came out of the swamp was Charlie. He was a little deaf from his time in WWII from 1939 to 1945 in the Artillery. He shouted to Lloyd and asked if any deer came out. Lloyd yelled back, "No!" Charlie yelled louder, "I can't hear you!" Lloyd always did what he could to make me laugh when I was a kid, so he treated Charlie like he would a hound and shouted, "Get back in that swamp and give tongue, you Bastard dog!" Charley had no idea what we were laughing at.

When I lived at Black Donald, the deer season only lasted for 2 weeks. When I got to Korea in 1952 the North Koreans had open season on me the whole year round and there were a million of them all gunning for me. The chances for them to get me were pretty high, but with all my fine training in Canada and a bit of luck, I made it through.

I was in the Support Company with the Vickers Machine Gun Platoon. We also had a 25 pounder field gun and a Sherman tank dug in near our gun pits, with the barrel of the guns just level with the grass, making the barrel of the big weapons look like a snake in the grass. They helped us kill North Kore-



I'm in here somewhere, in Ottawa in 1953, happy to be back from Korea, but missing the adventure ans, because our rules of engagement was to kill the enemy with the least expenditure of lives and ammunition on our side.

My gun pit was just down the trench from the big weapons. When they fired on the enemy, the sound from them, along with my Vickers, did enough damage to my ears that today I get a pension from Veterans Affairs for damage done to my hearing due to extended machine gun fire. I thought of Uncle Charlie often then.

After surviving the first six months I thought I could stand a chance of lasting another six months when it will be time for my battalion to be relieved by the next battalion of PPCLI. We had three battalions and only one served in Korea at a time. After a whole year, those million hunters didn't bag this Black Donald boy, so it was time to go home.

516 lads from just like me that came from Canada are in the ground in Korea. I often think of them. With only the grace of God it's not 517 and I'm still above ground.

When the war in Korea was over, Canada didn't need three battalions of the PPCLI, so the 3RD Battalion became the 1st Canadian Guards. We were parade square soldiers now, with training to work well as 1,000 troops on the parade square to put on a show for tourists in the summertime on the lawn in front of the Parliament Buildings. That was in

1953 and by the time my three years were up in July 1954 the only thing exciting I did was go absent without leave with Sergeant Christy to my home in Black Donald for a few days and a few beer.

Ray Christy was my sergeant in the Korean War for a year in the Vickers Machine Gun Platoon, so we were buddies. When we got back to camp, Sergeant Christy was punished for going AWOL and taking a private with him and I got off scott free because they said I was influenced by my Sergeant. They said all the time I was with him I was in the army and was not absent without leave, even though I was really the culprit and got Sergeant Christy to go with me to Black Donald. I had the car and the beer and he was a drinking man, but I guess he had heard so many of my stories in Korea he just had to see the place for himself just to see if it was true.

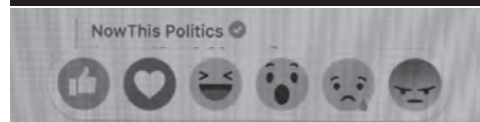
I finished my three years of service in 1954 at the age of 19, when I was finally old enough to have joined it in the first place. My paperwork shows my age as 19, the same age as when I joined three years earlier. In 1957, after three years of civilian life, I joined the PPCLI again on a whim for another three-year term. It was a peacetime army and not too exciting in Canada, but I knew what I was in for.

The Montana twins were two American lads that spent the three years with me. One lad was named Bob. He was real funny and he really hated the army and was waiting on the paperwork to finalize so he could get out. He said to me, "The next time I get the urge to join the army I'm going to go out behind my house and dig a slit trench, get the hose and fill it half full of water, then stand in it all night with an empty rifle and hope by morning that feeling will be gone."

We were training on Vancouver Island the second time I joined the PPCLI. The officers had a white band on their arms. They were observing the training to see how it was going. They had roped off an area and anyone that was so-called killed had to spend the day in the roped off area. My Corporal said, "Popkie, you were in Korea, so you take the Bren Gun and go across the clearing and hide in the bush and fire on us." We were all using blank ammunition. The Bren Gun was an automatic with a 30-round magazine. When I fired a few rounds at them they did their thing where 10 men fire their rifles at me while the Bren gunner runs up a few yards, then the Bren Gun fires while the 10 riflemen advance. It's called leapfrogging. I got out of there seconds after I fired the first time, but they still thought I was there. There was low land around the clearing by the bush. They didn't see me run around the clearing and get behind them. I got behind a big stone for cover and fired two magazines, that's 60 rounds into their backs. The officer watching said I killed them all. They all had to spend the rest of the day in the roped off area.

That night at supper time, the Corporal came up to me and said, "Popkie, you killed me and all my men." I said, "If I ever go into battle with you I don't want you to get me killed, so I thought I would give you some training, too."

EDITORIAL



Fake news became a partisan buzzword during the latest US election, the effects of which have spread around the world. What is fake news? How do we know what is true? To find out I turned to... yes, the Internet. I found an article posted in May, by Evan Annett at the Globe & Mail (a trusted news source) called, "What is Fake News and How can you Spot it: Take our Quiz." It is very well done and worth looking up. And do take the quiz and repeat it until you get 100%, as I did.

In the Globe & Mail article Evan sates, "On The Globe's live news desk, telling real breaking news from the fake stuff has been an important part of my job as a digital editor. Discerning the truth is tricky enough as it is with the usual hazards of rumour, incomplete facts, spin and simple misunderstandings; hoaxes make it even harder."

This is a big concern and much needs to be done. The executive summary for a recent Stanford History Education Group study, called Evaluating Information: The Cornerstone of Civic Online Reasoning, stated that "Overall, young people's ability to reason about the information on the Internet can be summed up in one word: bleak". It went on to say, "Many assume that because young people are fluent in social media, that they are equally savvy about what they find there. For every challenge facing this nation, there are scores of websites pretending to be something they are not. Ordinary people once relied on publishers, editors, and subject matter experts to vet the information they consumed. But on the unregulated Internet, all bets are off. Michael Lynch, a philosopher who studies technological change, observed that the Internet is "both the world's best fact-checker and the world's best bias confirmer, often at the same time." Stanford is working with educators to

develop curricula to address this and it would be a good idea for all of us to take the courses.

If a majority of people are basing their thinking on potentially false information we are reduced to an angry mob shouting slogans at a perceived enemy without any deeper understanding of the issues. Believing something based on false information is a dangerous thing that turns you into someone else's pon and could lead to extreme anger and radicalization. This explains the lack of thoughtful discussion, argument, and debate in the comments sections. It usually comes down to a childish game of "Is too! - Is not!" and a reference to Hitler. (Look up Godin's Law).

Everyone with access to the "net" is a media citizen. We are now part of a network of journalism and we owe it to society to attend to the ethical policies of any trained journalist. The Society of Professional Journalists was established in 1909 to improve and protect journalism. From their home page, "Members of the Society of Professional Journalists believe that public enlightenment is the forerunner of justice and the foundation of democracy. Ethical journalism strives to ensure the free exchange of information that is accurate, fair and thorough. An ethical journalist acts with integrity."

Disinformation is spread for profit, political gain, criminal purposes, and just to see if your hoax will be believed and reposted, occasionally on national news. They are destructive to society if believed to be true, and shared. Sitting on the cusp between real and fake news are articles from satire sites like The Beaverton. You always have to check if it's a spoof before sharing.

Google and Facebook are developing systems to help out, while maintaining free speech. It's a difficult balance, but we can all help make it easier by sharing only what we know to be true and taking down any old posts, we now know to be untrue.



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Shaw Woods

By Lesley Cassidy



Shaw Woods trails have many displays of information



There is a lot of life to see along Fufflemucker Pond Trail

"I want to come back!" declared my cousin's five-year-old son as we finished hiking a trail near Eganville on a hazy July day. Surprised, I wasn't sure how much he would enjoy wandering around looking at the trees, rocks, and the Snake River as much as he did. These days, between television and portable devices, getting kids outside has a lot of competition.

It was easy to convince my cousin to enjoy a quiet day without the kids so that I could take her five-year-old son and nine-year-old daughter for a hike in Shaw Woods. Being from a suburb of Toronto, the kids live in a concrete jungle almost 11 months of the year. Their parents are not into the outdoors and don't enjoy camping, hiking, or any outdoors activities. Spending a few weeks a year at the family cottage is their only exposure to the natural world. Recently, we had taken them camping in a provincial park, but they were busy playing with friends so rarely stopped to notice the trees and sounds. It was time to expose them to the outdoors, with a goal being to build a respect and understanding of the natural world - the bush, the hills, and wildlife.

Shaw Woods is a natural choice for a first-time hike with kids. It is a vast 200-hectare property located near Eganville with multiple trails, a lookout perched up high with stunning views of a wetland and has activities and interesting features for students and adults alike. It is unique with over 50 hectares of old-growth forest and another 160 hectares of wetlands and mixed forest. There are numerous trails that range from .6 kilometres to 3.6 kilometres in length. Parking is free, there are washrooms onsite, a large picnic area and a building that allows respite from the weather or for presentations called "The Shack". The trails are very well marked and easy to navigate. There are maps available online and large maps at the site to view before you start your hike. Throughout the various trails, there are large interpretative panels that inform hikers of the various plants, animals found in the area and share information on how people survived back in the 1800s and the indigenous peoples before that in the area. There is a box for donations as well.

On this overcast morning, as we were driving through Mount St Patrick, the gray skies opened up and the rain poured down. There were four of us going on this adventure, I convinced another aunt to join me. The kids were quiet in the backseat as we kept looking at the sky wondering when the rain might stop. The clouds seemed to be dancing low over the mountains. Disappointed,

we weren't sure if the rain would dampen the kids spirit or they would be just as interested in going for a hike outdoors. It stopped raining and as we pulled off Bulger Road, the skies were gray but the road was dry. The kids jumped out of the truck - the five-year-old was excited, the nine-year-old girl, a little less so.

For the first trail, we selected the "Old Growth Trail", a 1.6 kilometre walk through a forest of hemlock, different types of maples, beech and birch trees. Dark, damp, and full of round thick tree trunks with little light poking through the towering trees greeted us. I tried to wrap my arms around one of the large maples and the kids marvelled that I couldn't touch my fingers together. With some trees over 200 years old, they had never seen such tall giants before. They half walked, half ran along, enjoying the musty woods and looking for the interpretive signs that highlighted the types of trees and plants. Frogs and squirrels were spotted and big smiles followed when the kids saw the large glacially deposited rocks which were much taller than they are. The trail was flat, damp and a little muddy in places with a nice downhill near the end.

As I walked behind the kids, I thought to myself what a gem Shaw Woods is for the Ottawa Valley. As you wander through the old growth, the trees almost whisper stories of long ago loggers and farmers trying to clear the land and survive. Piling stone fences, building grist mills, driving logs down the river, and cutting down thick tall trees with saws that required more than two men and took hours if not days, must have been back breaking work. It's hard to imagine the Shaw family and many others at the time, carving out a piece of humanity against mother nature's unrelenting isolated dense bush. It is a real live museum to our history.

Today though, it was all about touching the large tree trunks, listening to the sounds of the birds and the Snake River, and asking questions. They noticed the different shapes of the trees, the occasional bulging sections that stuck out, the two trees whose trunk had grown together and the beech trees with their "spots" and smooth bark. Hollow spots in the trees heightened their curiosity - they stopped and peered into the hole to see what animal or bird might be nesting there.

After a quick snack break at the long picnic table in the Pine Pavilion, we walked across Bulger Road to the east side of the Woods to hike the "Snake River Trail", 1.9-kilometre loop, ending up at the lookout. There were numerous boardwalks along

this section and the kids enjoyed the activities along the trail identified by signs on tall wood posts. These activities had information and questions about logging, types of trees loggers looked for in the 1800s, the logger's dance on the river and how companies identified which logs belonged to them. Taking time to read each activity and hike along the narrow Snake River kept them interested and busy. We climbed up the trail which became a little rockier near the top and followed it away from the Snake River. At this point, the kids did start to wonder where the lookout was. Once we reached the lookout, we had a snack and a break while we enjoyed the view and watching the ducks in the pond below. As we hiked back, the kids enjoyed hearing

the rushing water below their feet as they walked across the Shaw Woods dam.

It was a fun day out and a great place to visit. I learnt a few lessons about taking the kids out hiking: snacks - there can never be enough, bug spray is mandatory for a good time and the natural environment brings out their curiosity and sense of discovery.

Now to plan the next adventure they might enjoy. An ice fishing derby just might be it!

Of all the paths you take in life, make sure a few of them are dirt - John Muir

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Pioneer Museum Season's Finale - Historical Society Carries On

By Marcella Neely

The season ends soon. Only one week left to visit this gem in the woods. The Pioneer museum is only open 'till Labour Day.

If you haven't seen the latest acquisitions there is still time. Many upgrades have been added to the grounds, trees planted and picnic tables added for all to enjoy.

The Cloyne & District Historical Society will resume monthly meetings on September 18th. Come and join us. discussions and presentations pertinent to the history of this area make up the agenda. A cup of tea and social break follow. Meetings are held on the third Monday in the Cloyne Hall, across from the post office, at 1:00p.m.

Information and program will be posted on our website cloynepioneeremuseum.ca. Anyone searching local family can request information by email pioneer@mazinaw.on.ca.

The museum will be closed soon, but the digital collection is always available online. Below are some random pieces taken from the Flickr site.

Many volunteers and donations make the museum possible. We are humbly appreciative.

More information and photos at cloynepioneeremuseum.ca and Flickr. And at the museum during July & August every day 10 to 4.

Telephone Switchboard with Ellery Thompson



Ellery Thompson operated the Kaladar & Northern Telephone System located in Northbrook. When telephones went to dial-up in the mid-1960s this switchboard was no longer needed. Ellery (man in centre with striped tie) donated this switchboard to the Sunshine School - a school for developmentally challenged children located between Napanee and Odessa. A member of the school board (man with glasses) was present for this photo. The switchboard was to be used as a learning tool for the children. After the switchboard was of no longer use it was to be returned to Ellery and donated to the Pioneer Museum where it now resides.

Ellery purchased a smaller telephone system from James Vogen in Northbrook who was using the former general store in Northbrook (later Gladys Cup and Kettle) to house the equipment. Ellery rapidly expanded the system and offered telephone service to Flinton, Kaladar, Northbrook, Cloyne, Fernleigh, Harlowe and Ferguson's Corners (bottom of Eagle Hill). The Denbigh and Plevna telephone exchanges were purchased by Ellery later to further expand the service. During this expansion he employed many people including George Hawley as a technician.

Party lines were the norm. The more people on a single line, the

more hum was generated in the call. Every 20 subscribers would have a 'jackknife switch' which would enable a caller to reach further afield. For instance, someone calling from Northbrook to Matawatchan would need to first reach Mrs. Gregg in Vennachar who relayed the call to Denbigh. The Denbigh switchboard person would relay the call to Griffith and then finally to Mrs. McLaren in Matawatchan. Oftentimes switchboard operators had the switches by their bed so they could transfer calls after hours.

When the Northbrook switchboard was located in the former Liquor Store, a bed was located close-by for the operator.

Veterans Locating & Colonization Association 1903



After the Second Boer War (1899-1902) between the British Commonwealth and the Orange Free State and South African Republic, the Department of Crown Lands offered to Veterans "free" land grants. Veterans were notified by mail and sent a certificate similar to the one later in this photo stream. This certificate offered the land grant of 160 acres for an administration fee of \$5.00.

The presentation of the certificate to any Crown Lands Agent started the process of selecting the land parcel. Veterans had 2 years after receipt of the certificate to present same to an Agent. A pamphlet was prepared describing the lands available and a list of townships with lands in the program.

Corduroy Road - Addington Colonization Road



Logs or 'corduroy' can be seen in this photograph taken at what is now an ATV trail on Addington Road #4. They were laid perpendicular to the direction of the road over a low or swampy area. The result is an improvement over impassable mud or dirt roads, yet rough in the best of conditions and a hazard to horses due to shifting loose logs.

Vennachar Road Sign



Not an historical photo but an interesting one taken in the hamlet of Vennachar in 2010. We think the wording comes from, "Our town is so small, you poke your head around the corner, and you're plumb out of town."



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Motion and Flexibility to Help Stay Healthy

By Susan Veale

Movement is part of staying healthy, feeling younger and maintaining energy levels. Medical experts tell us exercise is vital for our well-being. Although fitness is a combination of aerobic capacity and strength, many people neglect the importance of stretching. Stretching should be a dedicated part of an exercise program rather than just as few warm up leg lifts or arm circles.

Good body posture is essential to keep our soft tissues and joints pain free and mobile. Bad posture is a result of a weakened and unbalanced muscular system.

In your thirties, connective tissue, muscles, tendons and ligaments start to shorten and loose elasticity. Children's bouncing, jumping and running is replaced by adult sitting, standing and stressing. The loss of agility and flexibility causes muscle tension and joint pain.

The human skeletal system is designed to work in symmetry. In other words, the muscles at the front of the skeleton hold the bones on one side, and the muscles on the back of the skeleton hold the bones on the opposite side.

All of these muscles must work together. To get movement, one shortens and the other lengthens. When there is an imbalance, if one side is stronger or longer than the other, there is an uneven pull on the bone and in turn this affects the joint where the movement is taking place. The uneven pull creates movement of the joint which is not smooth and therefore sets up for irritation and inflammation and eventually "arthritic joints."

Two other factors must be considered when



speaking about the muscular skeletal system. These factors are the importance of breathing and hydration.

Between the normal loss of water from the body through the lungs, lymph, kidneys and bowels and the lack of water consumption, the connective tissue may experience significant dehydration. Dry tissue does not stretch; it creaks.

Muscles exchange oxygen and carbon dioxide as nutrients and wastes respectively. The deeper and more relaxed the breath, the more efficient the exchange of these two gases. A muscle that receives more oxygen and rids itself of more carbon dioxide will be a healthier tissue.

In my practice as a Kinesiologist, I hear many complaints of back and neck stiffness, joint pain and loss of mobility. People tend to be-

lieve a painful muscle or joint should be a result of injury; however, in many cases, it is a result of a long period of muscle imbalance, dehydration and poor breathing.

The good news is, no matter what damage has been done or how old you are, correct, regular stretching can increase flexibility and strength and improvement can be felt within a couple of weeks.

Exercise programs such as Pilates and Aerobics can be beneficial to help improve flexibility and strength.

Aerobics classes start in September in Matawatchan at the hall. Contact matawatchancentre@gmail.com "Pilates and Stretch and Breath" classes start in Calabogie in September and October. Info and registration, please call Wellness Natural Health Centre.

Susan Veale, BSc. Kin., is a trained Mindfulness Meditation teacher, Kinesiologist, Pilates Instructor, Author and Natural Health Practitioner at Wellness Natural Health Centre in Calabogie ON. Her "by appointment" private clinic offers services of nutrition, soft tissue massage, energy medicines, homeopathic drainage, natural health products and mindfulness healing therapy for individuals and groups. Learn more: 613-752-1540 www.calabogiemindfulnessmeditation.com www.wellnessnaturalhealthcentre.com



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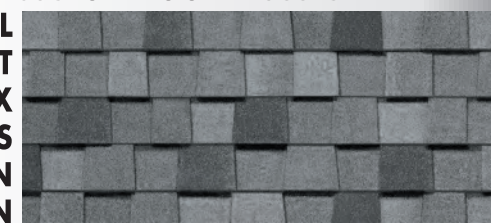
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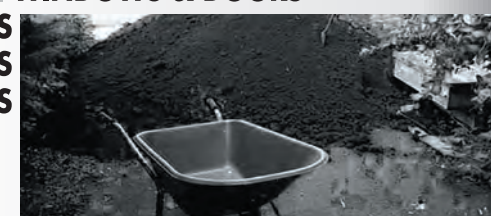
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Scaredy Cats and the Hounds!

By Antonia Chatson

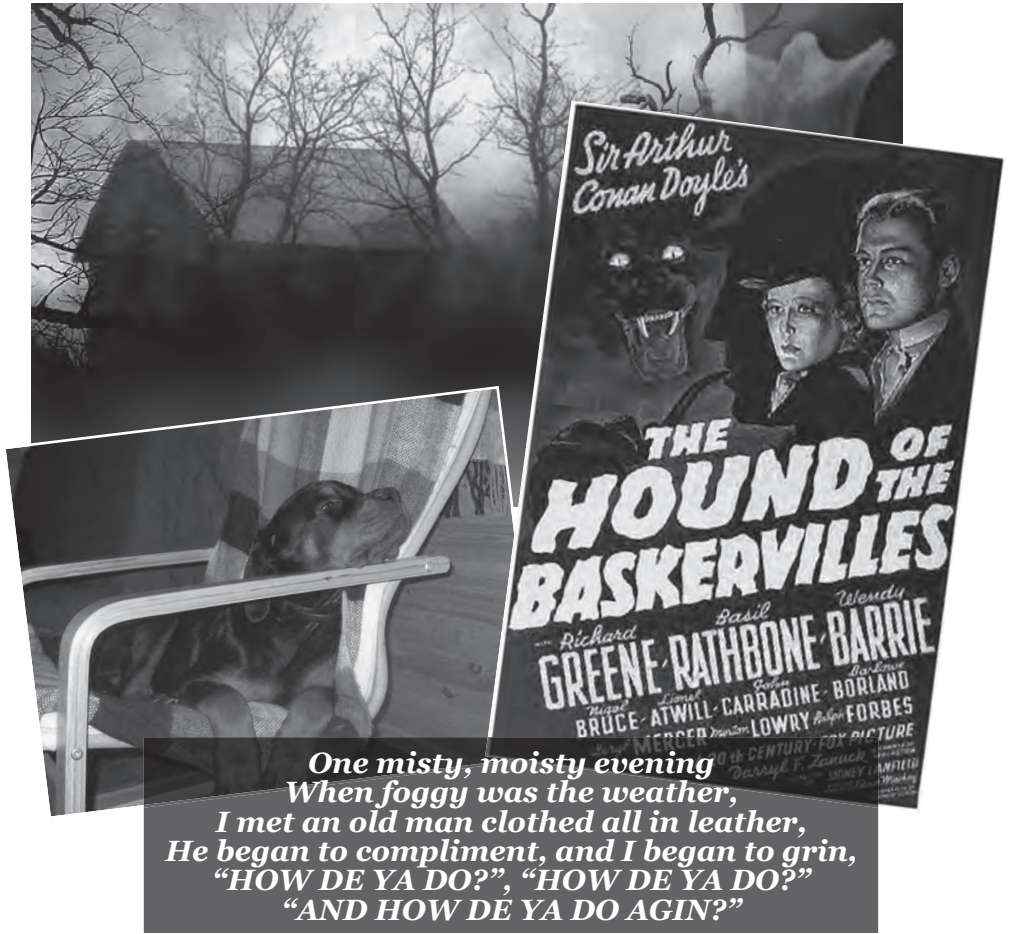
I usually took food down to the barn cats in the evening, but I was glued to the story of The Hound of the Baskervilles. We had roamed the desolate moor with Sherlock Holmes as he stealthily monitored the movements of its inhabitants. We had sat beside Dr Watson as he penned his observations and sent them back to Sherlock Holmes who was supposedly in London. However, since Holmes was not in London, these same missives were returned to Coombe Tracey.

From there, they were forwarded the same day to Holmes by a local youth to his headquarters in a prehistoric hut on the moors. We went with Sir Henry Baskerville to Merripit House at the invitation of its owner Jack Stapleton. And we waited with bated breath with Holmes, Watson and Lestrade as they positioned themselves behind rocks on either side of the path, along which Sir Henry Baskerville would be soon running for his life, pursued by the gigantic hound! As the shots rang out during the swirling mist which caused the death of the very mortal gigantic cross between a blood hound and a mastiff, liberally smeared with phosphorus, we, together with everyone else heaved a collective sigh of relief that Sir Henry had not died of either fright or wounds. And we marveled with Dr Watson at how Holmes could have seen the features of Jack Stapleton in the portrait of the original villain of the family, Hugo Baskerville. And this provided the reason behind Mr Stapleton's diabolical scheme of reinventing the canine apparition which would cause the death of the two men, Sir Charles and Sir Henry. It was only these two men who stood in the way of his inheriting the Baskerville estate. After all, what were a few lives between him and his rightful inheritance since he was actually the son of the

youngest brother Rodger. Rodger, the black sheep of the family, had to flee to Central America, as his behavior had made England too hot to hold him. There he was lost sight of and supposedly died of yellow fever. But - surprise - he had married and had a son, who (no surprise) turned out to be as heinous in his behavior, as his father, and his ancestor, Hugo.

It was now 10:30 and I knew the cats were waiting for me. I prepared the food and opened the front door. Imagine my dismay when I found ribbons of fog and mist swirling around me. I had turned on the skylight which lit my way the 300 feet to the barn, but as the barn was in a hollow, the fog was denser there. With many a sideways glance, I hesitantly made my way down the slope to the barn. I quickly opened the door and turned on the lights. I was a little puzzled, as normally some of the cats would be either up at the house or outside the barn if I were a little late in my delivery. Even when I opened the barn door there was not a cat in sight. I called to them. Normally, they would come running and scolding. But tonight, there was not a sound or sight of any feline. I started to get a little uneasy myself, so I quickly put the two bowls down on the floor, turned out the light, shut the door and hurried back up the hill through the fog to the safety of the house.

As I approached the top of the hill, I caught sight of a movement on my right coming up the road that ran in front of our house. It was a young man, so concentrating in something in his hands, that he did not see me. Then he turned into our driveway, walking quickly, and still looking down working at something in his hands. A thought swiftly passed through my mind that it might be a



gun. But then as suddenly I thought that, I realized that if he were going to use it, he would have to be looking at a target. He kept punching at it. As he got closer, I realized that it was a cell phone. I knew right away why he was spending so much time looking and punching at it - we had no cell phone service up here. I felt that the man was in distress, so I called out to him, asking if I could help him. We were both nearly at the front door now. He looked up and said, "My cell phone won't work here." "I know", I replied, "You will have to come in the house and use our phone."

It may have been a stupid thing to do. After all he could have been a criminal, but something told me that he was safe and that he needed help. I opened the door and preceded him into the kitchen, where my husband was sitting at the kitchen table. My husband looked up from the magazine he was reading and nonchalantly welcomed him. Our dog, who was a cross of several breeds, the predominant one being a Rottweiler, glanced up from the sofa he was sleeping on, then went back to sleep. The young man would have been in his early twenties and a total nervous wreck. Although I had told him we had no cell phone service, he still kept nervously punching at his phone. I pulled a chair out for him and handed him our phone. After he had dialed a number and waited, he said that they were not home. His hands were shaking, his eyes roamed all over and he fidgeted and squirmed in his seat. I went to the stove and put on the kettle then made him a cup of sweet tea. He kept looking at the cup for five minutes before he made an effort to grasp it and took a small sip.

My husband, who along with myself, had said nothing up till now, quietly asked him what was the matter. Haltingly, he told the following tale.

He was an apprentice mechanic, and worked for a man who had a business in Calabogie. He stayed there with his employer and his wife. However, his girlfriend was taking a course in Peterborough. Every weekend he would go and visit her. His employer usually loaned him one of his cars, but this weekend, one was not available, so he decided to hitchhike to Peterborough. He got there alright but coming home, it took a while before he picked up a ride with a man who was going his direction. He said the driver was not too communicative, but after all it was a ride. The drive, although lack-

ing in dialogue, was uneventful until the car topped Birch Hill and a police cruiser was spotted parked half a mile down the road.

The driver speeded up, and with no explanation, quickly turned right onto concession 6, where his foot flattened to the floor boards. At the T junction just half a mile in, he skidded round the corner on to Chatson Drive, past our house and zoomed down the straight stretch ahead of him. All the time, his passenger, our young man, was yelling at him to slow down and let him out.

Suddenly, 500 feet down the road, the driver slammed on his brakes in front of our neighbour's house, opened his door and ran out into the dark and the fog. This left his passenger in a highly agitated state. He realized that the driver was probably wanted by the police for something and that was what had triggered his flight the moment he caught sight of the cruiser. No doubt the cruiser had been waiting for his arrival. After realizing that he had been driving for the past hour with a criminal at some level or other, then waiting for the police to come around the corner at any moment and expecting to be apprehended, he sat for a few minutes in a state of shock. But the driver never reappeared, nor did the police appear, so he thought to phone his friend to come and pick him up. His only concern was his ignorance of his whereabouts. But seemingly, he had not made a connection between these two considerations.

Finding he had no cell service, he thought to go to a house. Our neighbor goes to bed at 8:00, so there being no lights on there. He saw lights on at our house, so he made his way up here.

It suddenly dawned on me why there were no cats at the barn. If this man's story was true, the driver was no doubt hiding somewhere in the barn, hence spooking the cats.

We encouraged our visitor to continue phoning his friend. In order to do, he had to sit on the couch where our dog Speedy was sleeping. With his close proximity, Speedy woke up and snuggled up to our visitor and laid his head on his lap. This instigated a conversation about dogs in general and Rottweilers in particular. His uncle had apparently raised them, so he was very partial to that breed. Eventually, he got through to his friend and my husband suggested that we drive him to Griffith, a place nearer to his home and a place easier to locate, because by now, it was close to midnight. I decided that

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I would go with my husband in the truck, just in case! As we passed our neighbour's house, we saw the car that the driver had ditched, off the road at a crazy angle. That was, at least to us, a confirmation of his story. All turned out well. After a short wait, the friend appeared and picked up our passenger. We had a short conversation with him after being introduced, and he thanked us so much for all we had done for his friend.

On our way home in the truck, I asked my husband how he had taken the events of the evening with such equanimity, considering that a perfect stranger had shown up at the door late at night. After all it could have been a hoax, it could have been a front, one could never be sure. My husband answered simply, "I watched the dog".

When we arrived home, the car was still in front of our neighbour's. I don't think my husband slept much that night. I could hear him leave the bed every so often and in a few minutes return with the news that the car was still there. Finally at 6:30 the next morning, he returned with the news that the car was gone. So my husband did get a few hours of sleep then. And when I took down food for the cats in the barn, the next morning, one by one they tentatively made their appearance. But first they had to hear my voice, and they were very much on edge. Another confirmation of the whereabouts of the driver last night, and his exit sometime in the morning.

And thus ended our Holmesian adventure. Quite enough of a thriller for us.



Antonia studied at The Royal Conservatory of Music and at York University. She taught in all levels in the public school system as well as giving private lessons in music. Her passion is the land. She loved her experiences growing up on the farm in Shelburne and twenty-two years of farming in Denbigh with her husband, Francis. She plays the piano at the services at the Vennachar Free Methodist Church, and lives on the homestead with her daughter Irene.

Canada 150 Celebrations Continue at the Greater Madawaska Public Library

By Sharon Shalla



Mike Blunden visited our storytime on August 17 and showed us his championship ring and medal



Parents and children had a great day climbing aboard fire trucks and learning about the Greater Madawaska Fire Department and fire safety. Here they are with their new fire helmets.

On August 10th we were treated to an up close and personal visit from the Greater Madawaska Fire Department much to the delight of the children...and adults too! The children had their pictures taken and were allowed to sit inside the truck. But that's not all! On August 17th we were most fortunate to have a visit from Ottawa Senators hockey player, Mike Blunden, in honour of our Canadian Hockey Day. Mike read a hockey story and even shared some of his own personal hockey experiences. Join us for "C is for Canada" on August 24th and some surprises too!

We are always happy to host Renfrew County Public Health Nurse, Jennifer McCuaig, for the Parent-Child drop-in the second and fourth Thursday of the month from 10:30 - 11:30 a.m. It's the perfect opportunity to drop by and discuss your child's development, get your baby weighed, and get some good advice on your child's sleeping or eating habits. The drop-in is geared to parents of children from infancy to 6 years of age. There's no charge and no appointment is necessary...just drop-in!

Our Tween Book Club is a fun, interactive group that meets every second Tuesday from 6 - 7 p.m. in the library Program Room to discuss a selected book and participate in an activity related to the book. It's open to tweens ages 7 to 12. If you'd like to join us, please drop by and find out more or send us a message to gmpl@bellnet.ca

We've got Lego! Saturday is Lego day at the library from 10:30 - Noon. Choose a building project suited to your age group including ages 1 right up to 101. Why not bring the whole family along!

Our Adult Book Club meets the last Wednes-

Come join in the Special Canada 150 Storytime activities and special events each Thursday from 10:30 - 11:30 a.m.



Mike is a Canadian Hockey player who played on Team Canada in the 2006 World Junior Championships.

day of every month in the library Program Room from 11 a.m. - 12:30 p.m. It's open to anyone and you are welcome to drop in to check it out. The atmosphere is relaxed and welcoming. We choose a moderator each month who is also responsible for bringing a snack. We choose a variety of fiction and non-fiction books and every third month it's an open discussion where members can talk about any book they have read and would like to suggest to the rest of the group. To find out more please message the library at gmpl@bellnet.ca or drop by the last Wednesday of the month at 11 a.m. to see what it's all about.

We'd love to hear from you if your child was born between November 2016 and October 2017. We will once again be hosting the Nancy Gorra Baby Book Bag presentations at the library in November. Please call the library or email us to let us know your child's birthdate and name and we will notify you of the date when the lovely hand painted book bags are being presented.

Did you know that our library participates in the Provincial interlibrary loan program? If there is a book, movie, or audiobook you'd like to borrow and we don't have it in our collection we can request to borrow it from another public library in Ontario. We have access to many of the public libraries who lend books and multimedia material through this valuable lending service. Come into the library to fill out an interlibrary loan form or send us an email request to gmpl@bellnet.ca. You can also phone in your request to 613-752-2317. The service is free of charge with your library membership!

RECENT ARRIVALS: Adult Fiction

Beartown by Fredrik Backman
16th Seduction by James Patterson
Against All Odds by Danielle Steel
The Alice Network by Kate Quinn
Banana Cream Pie Murder by Joanna Fluke

Adult Non-fiction

150 Years of Stats Canada: A guide to the Canada's greatest country by Andrew Boyd
The Happy Traveler by Jaime Kurtz
Guinness World Records 2017

DVDs

The Birth of a Nation
Blair Witch
Call the Midwife Season 6

New Magazine

Dr. Oz: the good life

Statistics for July

Circulation (items loaned out) - 706
In-library visits/traffic - 346
WiFi/public computers usage - 53.5 hrs.
New Patrons - 7
Electronic Books downloaded - 143

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Pete Seeger and the Power of Song - Part 12, Persecution by Association

By Peter Chess

On July 22 1950, the anti communist journal, "Counterattack", based in New York, published a pamphlet titled "Red Channels" "The report of communist influence in radio and television". Replete with a cover portraying a sinister red hand holding a microphone, inside were the names of 151 actors, musicians, writers, broadcasters and journalists, accusing them of fostering purported communist inspired manipulation of the entertainment industry. At the time, the "House Un-American Activities Committee" known as "HUAC", chaired by the rabid anti communist senator from Wisconsin, Joseph McCarthy, were already in the process of purging suspected sympathizers from government service, the entertainment industry and all forms of media enterprise. This resulted in the "blacklisting" of hundreds of citizens from working in their chosen profession, the most famous of which were the "Hollywood Ten". These people were accused of being "party to a broad communist effort to achieve domination of American broadcasting and telecasting, preparatory to the day when the Party will assume control of this nation as the result of a final upheaval and civil war."

Pete Seeger was named in the list of 151 accused, a copy of which was secretly mailed in a grey unmarked envelope to thousands of executives and employers



PETE SEEGER <i>Folk Singer</i>	
People's Songs	Reported as: National Chairman. <i>Bulletin of People's Songs</i> , 11/47.
Progressive Citizens of America	Entertainer, "Show Time For Wallace". <i>Daily Worker</i> , 4/5/48, p. 12.
Wallace for President Campaign	Led singing at rallies. <i>Daily Worker</i> , 10/18/48, p. 7; <i>Daily Worker</i> , 9/13/48, p. 6.
Communist Party	Entertainer. Peter V. Cacchione Supper for benefit of Community Club No. 2, Thomas Jefferson Section, Communist Party, 3/31/46. <i>Daily Worker</i> , 3/29/46, p. 10.
American Committee for Yugoslav Relief	Participant. Led singing at dinner, Hotel Pennsylvania, 10/24/46. <i>U. S. Senate Hearings on S 1832, Part 2</i> , p. 543.
Jefferson School of Social Science	Instructor. <i>House Un-Am. Act. Com. Index II</i> , p. S 49.
Schools for Political Action Technique	Instructor. Washington, D. C. schools 6/26-29/46. Official catalog.
People's Artists, Inc.	Participant. <i>House Un-Am. Act. Com. Index II</i> , p. S 106.



The fate of the Weavers changed the instant Pete Seeger's name made the Red Channels listing under McCarthy's House Un-American Activities Committee. It wasn't so much what he sang, but where he sang that put him on the list.

within the entertainment business. The contents of the pamphlet detailed incidents that confirmed the presumed disloyalty of the accused, such as attending a picnic sponsored by a labour union, or as innocuous as in Pete Seeger's case, leading a sing song at a benefit to raise funds for hungry children. Still not made public, the fear instilled by the consequences of non action, resulted in a wave of dismissals, terminated contracts and cancelled shows across a broad spectrum of the media industry.

When the pamphlet was made public a few weeks after the initial mailing for the cost of a nickel, the bookings for the Weavers began to dry up and the offer for their syndicated TV show was withdrawn. The bookings did not completely disappear, nor did they do so im-

mediately, but the writing was definitely on the wall, even though their records sold 2 million copies in 1951, spearheaded by "Kisses Sweeter than Wine". By then, however, the pressure was on and the entire group was under surveillance by the FBI.

It's difficult, in this digital age of instant information, to understand the stigma, coupled with the implied threat, attached to the notion of being seen doing business with anyone under surveillance by the FBI, or having been called to testify by HUAC in a seemingly endless parade of congressional hearings. It could end, or at least severely compromise careers or split up friends and families. In those days, teachers were fired from their jobs and students were threatened with expulsion from colleges and

universities for refusing to sign an oath of loyalty to the US government.

For a short while, Pete Kramer, the Weavers manager, was able to secure some work in smaller, out of the way venues and from promoters, mostly in the northeast, who were willing to risk the protests, hate mail and threats of violence that inevitably followed an announcement of a Weavers concert. In part, it may have been the group's sheer visibility that was part of the problem. With "Kisses Sweeter than Wine" getting so much airplay, to the right-wingers listening in, they would have been a constant source of offense. To the more extreme anti communists, they might as well have been waving a red flag (literally) in their faces.

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BEHIND THE TUNES



The Hollywood 10 were big names at the time. Humphry Bogart and John Houston managed to fight the charges. Those who could not never completely recovered.



During the McCarthy era, Folk music needed a new name to differentiate between "bad left-wing" and "good right-wing" folk music - Country & Western was born - to be the good guy.

The 1950 election resulted in Republican control of Congress and had transformed an angry minority into a fanatic, angry majority. This political upheaval, coupled with America's military stalemate in Korea, which dragged on through 1951 and 1952 caused a great deal of frustration across the nation. Helpless to defeat the North Koreans on the battlefield (or the Soviets backing them), the political right transformed any and all alleged domestic communist sympathizers into valid targets, in a wave of populism focused by suspicion, fear and hate. (Sound familiar?)

The Weavers, out there singing, selling records by the boatload, and making a lot of noise, attracted a great deal of attention. The fact that they were making money by getting Americans to buy

their records and that a company like Decca, who were earning hundreds of thousands of dollars in profit from their work, could only mean that they were a threatening corruptive force. Also, the "fact" that they had "sneaked" into their success so suddenly under the radar of the FBI, who already had a thick dossier on the group, and the rest of the political right, was deemed to be a moral offense. (In today's parlance, this could be called "fake news") Ironically, the fact that no member of the group had uttered a word in public, or privately, for all we know, about the war in Korea, was curiously irrelevant amidst all the controversy.

By the end of 1952, the group had called it quits. Decca no longer wanted to record their songs since it was difficult, if not impossible to get Weavers records

into stores and it was no longer possible to get their songs played on the radio. To their credit, Decca, honoured their contract for its duration until the summer of 1953. By then, the members of the group had already moved on to other activities. Seeger, himself, was never as comfortable performing with a group as he was solo, mostly due to the limitations it placed on his vast personal repertoire of songs. He liked even less the compromises they had made as a group, musically and personally, while pursuing their commercial success. Seemingly forgotten by the public for the next three years, their music banished from the airwaves and their records withdrawn from the bins, Ronnie Gilbert and her husband moved to California. Fred Hellerman became a music teacher. Lee Hays went to work writing

To do justice to the legacy of Pete Seeger, indeed, one would have to write about every significant movement for social justice in the United States, if not the world, within the last 80 years. - Jesse Drew, labour activist, video producer

commercial and radio jingles, under a nom de plume. Pete Seeger performed solo, mostly for children, at whatever school would have him. They may have fallen from grace and withdrawn from the public eye but those fans who had bought their records and attended their concerts were still out there. Harold Leventhal, the promoter who had first seen their potential in 1949 at the Vanguard was keenly aware of this and had come up with an idea.

Stay tuned...



Peter Chess immigrated to Canada from Leeds, England at the age of 9 weeks. The family settled into a converted barracks at the local airport near St. Catharines for a couple of years before moving into a wartime house. After serving in the Canadian Army Signal Corps, Peter restored antique furniture in St. Catharines, which is where he met his wife Gitte, her daughters Sheri and Belinda. They now live in Matawatchan and have two granddaughters, Emma and Natalie. Peter is a member of The Pickled Chickens String Band.

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Fall and Winter Survival Safety Tips

By David Arama



A warm fall day can quickly change. Layered clothing and waterproof footwear are basic essentials on any trip, even if the cold weather was "uncalled for".

As summer comes to an end, outdoor enthusiasts begin planning for fall and winter activities, including hunting, fishing, ATVing, and sledding. The transition from summer to fall, and fall to winter, can result in severe weather changes and unprepared outdoorsmen.

Pay attention to updated weather alerts, and radar/satellite data. Know when to seek shelter, and dress for nasty conditions. Every year, there are preventable fatalities in the great outdoors. The onset of transitional weather can catch folks off guard, unprepared for cold wet conditions, and it generally takes a few days to become acclimatized from the warm summer climate, to suddenly freezing dampness.



Compared to sleeping in the elements, this looks like luxury accommodations. Large garbage bags come in handy as a raincoat, undermat, windbreak, or to fill with leaves or snow for padding and insulation.

When travelling in winter conditions, have the following, at minimum, Survival Gear in your vehicle:

- sub zero sleeping bags
- wool blankets
- warm clothing, wool hat and socks
- high energy foods, eg. granola bars, trail mix
- water supplies
- flashlight
- candles
- shovel
- bag of sand
- emergency battery booster
- gas line anti freeze
- cell phone booster amplifier
- road flares
- emergency roadside service plan

If sledding or ATVing across frozen bodies of water, Please have a flotation device, ice picks, and a throw rope.

Leave an emergency trip plan behind just in case. Be safe, stay sober, and go out and enjoy the breath taking fall colours and winter wonderland scenery!

For fall and winter, dress for wet and cold conditions, with this in mind: Layering - Loose fitting - Lightweight - Lid

- Wicking or Base Layer
- Warmth or Insulative Layer
- Waterproof and Windproof, or Outer Shell

Excellent materials for Wicking and staying dry, include Merino Wool, Polar Fleece, and Polypropylene. For warmth, Woolen and Fleece, Thinsulate and Polar guard,

Thermaloft and Hollofill, are very good. Avoid cotton and down fill. Since both are useless if wet.

Remember, functionality is more important than fashion.

For hunting, wear Hunter Orange and visible colours.

- Construct and carry a survival kit on your person at all times when heading out into the bush, including the following basic necessities:
- waterproof matches, butane lighter, flint and magnesium stick
- solar blankets, tarps
- water purification tablets, tin can for boiling
- knife and folding saw
- compass, maps, handheld GPS unit, eg. Garmin-64
- cell phone, tracking device, eg. In-Reach or SPOT
- emergency foods
- instant heat packs

This Striker Ice "Predator" winter jacket doubles as a flotation device. It's like having a boat in your coat.



David Arama
www.wscsurvivalschool.com

My book, "501 Survival Tips that Could Save your Life", is available at major bookstores and Amazon.com. (\$21.95)



David is the owner of Marble Lake Lodge, and WSC Survival School Inc. David has appeared on numerous outdoor survival reality shows eg. Survive

This YTV, Bad Trips Abroad T + E, and offers a variety of training courses and camps.
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How to use Swedish Claws to Save Your Life

- When you see you are going in, put your hand over your mouth and nose to reduce the chance you will gasp in water.
- If you can, try to slow your fall to minimize the chance your head will go under. The general method is to spread your free arm, your other elbow and legs as you go in and pull your legs together as you get to about waist deep and swing your arms down as you approach shoulder depth.
- Once in the water, get your breathing under control (this may take up to a minute).
- Turn to face the direction you came in from (the the strongest and best known ice is probably where you came from).
- Swim back to the edge of the ice.
- Find and deploy your claws. Stab one into the edge of the ice.
- If you have a throw rope you can get at easily, throw it back to anyone you can who is still on good ice. Obviously the end of the rope should be attached to you (typically to a pack which has a waist belt and/or a leg loop).
- If you have poles of any sort, place them across the ice a foot or so from the edge (to support your weight better).
- Get the second claw in.
- Swim you legs up behind you
- Pull with the claws, lift with your elbows to get your body over the edge while kicking with your feet (a frog kick works well). It may take several kicks to get you out.
- Once out, roll away from the edge or drag yourself with the claws until you are sure the ice is strong enough to get up on your hands and knees and proceed until you are confident you can stand on the ice.
- Change into the change of dry clothes in a waterproof bag that you brought (assistance with changing is a big help). Get to shore or, if you are in a dry suit on, have some lunch and continue to enjoy the rest of your day.



Always let someone know where to find you. A few minutes away by sled could be a lifetime away on foot, especially if you are wet and cold.



Swedish Claws can be worn around your neck. Buying ones that float is wise. The spikes fit inside the opposite handles.



The Nebulous raft (above and below) is compact, inflates instantly and can support the weight of your sled or ATV.



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