

NEWS CLIPPINGS WE HAVE GATHERED

WORLD:

Rosetta spacecraft reaches Comet 67P/Churyumov-Gerasimenko. Spacecraft will send lander to surface in November.

100th Anniversary of Shackleton's Trans-Antarctic Sailing Expedition on "Endurance"

Obituary: Peter Marler, July 5, age 86 in Winters California. He decoded birdsong in the 50's, proving for the first time that animals make sounds for communication.

Quebec Civil Code to be amended so animals will no longer be "personal property" but living, "sentient" creatures.

CANADA:

250th Anniversary of signing of Treaty of Fort Niagara, which significantly affected the outcome of the War of 1812, forming Canada.

100 years after WWI began, National Defence site counts 6696 war memorials in Canada at www.cmp-cpm.forces.gc.ca/http://www.cmp-cpm.forces.gc.ca/dhh-dhp/nic-inm/sm-rm/index-eng.asp (or Google "DDH search for a memorial")

Australian firefighters join forces from Ontario and other provinces to help fight BC wildfires

Great Lakes water levels recovering faster than they have in decades thanks to more snow, more ice cover and increased rain.

Ontario wildfires well below 10 year average.

Lake Erie Algae blooms affect drinking water for hundreds of thousands in Ohio. Article Pg. 12

Zebra mussels and farm fertilizer runoff determined to be primary cause of algae blooms in Lake Winnipeg.

ONTARIO:

Deadly, canine parvovirus sweeping Cornwall. Vaccinations available.

Experience with SARS pandemic has prepared Ontario for Ebola possibility.

Smart meters that started fires in Saskatchewan not used in Ontario

COUNTIES:

Lennox & Addington celebrates 150th Anniversary on Saturday, August 23, 2014, 6:30 pm, outside at the County Court House 97 Thomas St. E., Napanee

Renfrew County Tagline Contest will run Aug. 1 - Sept. 15. Vote Sept. 16 - Oct. 15. For info: <http://www.countyofrenfrew.on.ca/departments/human-resources/tagline-contest/>

LOCAL:

Municipal Elections October 27:
New candidates in Greater Madawaska
Article Pg.11



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

ABOUT US

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by Christie Laundrie

Summer, and what a great summer, slipping into fall, early signs are everywhere. The odd red or gold leaves, a bit of sumac already in red plumage, but still the countryside is rich in greens and tall, colourful flora. Not a friend of heat, I look forward to the cooler days. More about that later, but first what's happening...

Vacation Bible School will be operating at the Denbigh Hall the last week of August, Monday 25th to Friday 29th, 1:30 to 3:30. For more info, contact Angela Bright at 613-333-1901.

Watch out for the annual Denbigh CountryFest coming your way on the 12 to 14 of September. This year there will also be an Arts & Crafts fair at the Community Centre. Friday is Cafe and Music at the Hall. Saturday will be the lumberjack games and Oktoberfest Dinner. Sunday a horse pull, with the weekend showing other activities for kids. Call Alice at 613-333-9542 for more info.

The annual Anishinabe Pow Wow will also take place on the third weekend of August at the Golden Lake Reserve start-

ing on Friday night and ending on Sunday afternoon. Info: http://www.algonquinsofpikwakanagan.com/pow_wow.php

Back to the fall... When I was six, my grandfather told me a story of how the fall leaves got their colour. "One night in early September, God, in his eternal wisdom and with a mischievous grin, left the pearly gates slightly open. The cherubs, always ready for adventure, saw the gates ajar, snuck into the craft room and then laughing, gleefully slapping paint onto the leaves in the most disorganized array of colour. Just before dawn they crept back into heaven and God, in his infinite love, with a chuckle and a twinkle in his eye, softly closed the pearly gates behind him.

Griswold and yours truly (I hold a diploma in Forestry and Wildlife) have always been strong advocates for the animal kingdom, both wild and domestic. We were surprised to learn of the Land-O-Lakes Petting Farm owned by Barry and Donna Smith. The Smiths had fostered four high-trauma children and discovered the one girl, Desiree, seemed to relate to wounded animals. When they took a 3 day

old calf, unable to walk, Desiree tended to its wounds, changed the dressing, fed and watered it and sat holding its head in her lap for hours. This incident led the Smiths to rescue more animals in the hope the wounded animals' needs would help to heal the psychological wounds of the children. It turned out to be a 2-way street, with the children helping the animals in return.

The Smiths now run a farm animal rescue station just south of Cloyne, where they house about 50 abused or hurt farm animals on a three acre lot. There are bunnies, geese, ducks, chickens, goats, a cow who loves to hug you, a huge bull so tame you can pet his nose, a peacock, ponies, just to mention a few.

Slate Falls resident, Lorraine Jensen told me the turkey came to her, put his large wing around her shoulder and laid his head against her arm. What a perfect place for children and adults alike to interact with animals of all descriptions.

A long list of volunteers help to organize, feed, and care for the animals

and Monika Wilkes was kind enough to give me the names of all of them. They come from Madoc, Kingston, and one from Oshawa. Some, like Dave Tucker, come every day. Imagine! It's good to know so many people do care.

One has to go and see for oneself the miracle of animal/human contact. Yours truly was amazed at the place, but saddened to learn the farm was in financial trouble and will have to destroy many of the animals and close its doors to the public. My husband and I donate a monthly fee to the Toronto Humane Society through automatic withdrawal from our bank account. What if 100 people would donate 5 dollars a month to the Rescue Farm? That small amount could mean continued survival.

As it was family fun day when I was there, the owners were busy with visitors, but I plan to return at a quieter time to collar the entire story of this wonderful place for future publications. It's a valuable tourist attraction!

CALABOGIE BEAT

by Skippy Hale

We have been riding a weather heat wave this summer. I almost put my woodstove on a few weeks ago, but I need to replace one of the tempered glass windows in the door. Out came the woolly socks and layers. I get a nice breeze from the river, so my house is quite cool on the hottest of days. Those pioneers surely knew how to build houses. The house is oriented and the windows are placed to maximize the good effects provided by Mother Nature. They also built them sturdy. The rumble of a train going by several times a day did not seem to affect the stability. The floors may slant, but the house is stable.

We moved to the country for a change of pace at the end of 1999 and never regretted it for a moment. If I ever move back to the city, it will be hard to adjust to water which does not come from my own well or sewers which need to be replaced. I know where my water comes from and where my sewage goes. It is under my control. When we moved here, I knew that all of the services we grew up with might not be here, but roads on school routes would be plowed in the winter. Cleaning my driveway however, is my responsibility, not the Township's or the County's. They look after Public Roads and my taxes cover those roads, not my property or anyone else's. Pri-

vate Roads are the owner's responsibility, not those of the County or the Township. The County just paved a section of road past my house. It never occurred to me to ask them to extend the pavement onto my parking area, my private roadway. That would be just silly.

I am excited about all of the hard work done and being done by the volunteers of the 'Raise the Roof Committee'. Folks of all ages and walks of life have given their time and energy to improve the East side of the Community Centre property. Money has been raised through grants and donations. Rich and I have supported this project through attendance at fundraising functions and financially. Local businesses have contributed in person and in kind. We always hear grouching about Calabogie not pulling together. Here is a perfect example of folks doing so.

I have heard that some folks oppose this project. I guess they do not skate, roller blade, skateboard, play tennis or look forward to community dinners outside in the summer or a local farmer's market. Personally, I skate. I suffered through years of wonky ice at the East end of the rink. The surface was uneven due to the poorly graded ground underneath. The flooding took hours in the middle of the night

due to a low-powered stream of water going through what looked like a garden hose. I do not know if that has improved since I am not out in the middle of the night to check.

When we have large dumps of snow, the attendant has a small snowblower and shovels to clean the surface. Luckily, the young lads help before their late night hockey, just like the days of shinny on the pond. However, the ice melts underneath if the snow stays on for any length of time and the surface becomes pitted when plowed. If you are concerned about your taxes, get the real scoop by calling Brian Hunt or the Township Office. It is public knowledge and the rumours and innuendo which are flying about are just that. Thank the volunteers: young parents, local businesses, seniors and kids. I do and appreciate their efforts every time I lace up my skates and see the rosy cheeks on the beginners with parents hunched over as they guide their wee ones. My heart beats with joy.

I hope that the next Council will be as good for the Township as those finishing up this term. You have big shoes to fill. Thank you Peter, Brien, Karen, Bruno and Glenda for a job well done!

Karen, you have served this township for many years, giving of your time and energy for the benefit of

Griffith-Matawatchan and the township as a whole. Good luck in your retirement from public life. You have earned it.

Mayor Peter: thank you, thank you, thank you! You have always had your 'hometown's interest' at heart. You put up with guff from others when you were doing a very difficult job. There were times when we were on opposite sides of an issue concerning the library, but you always respected me as a professional and I respected you. Best wishes for the next leg of your journey.

Next issue, I want to explore some of the peaceful places around Calabogie. Eagles' Nest, Stillpoint and the Schaly's garden are examples. Hank invites you to tour anytime. Please send me an email if you have any suggestions for the article.



Skippy Hale moved to Calabogie with her husband Richard Hale Christmas '99. She has been active in community and church activities. She loves children and brags about her three grandchildren, 'Preschool Storytime' and school visits when she was the GMPL CEO/Librarian, and weekly Sunday School classes at Most Precious Blood Church in Calabogie.

By Garry Ferguson



Live music, petting zoo, Little Ray's Reptiles, Lions Club Barbeque and Vendors galore inside and outside at the Lions Club Hall in Griffith for the first annual Greater Madawaska & Area Showcase.

The Area Showcase, organized and shepherded by a group of hard-working Greater Madawaska Township office folk – to be referred to herein and hereafter as “The Powers That Be” – turned out to be all, and more, than hoped for. Credit is also to be scattered around among our Fire Brigade, a host of vendors, churches, Lions, musicians, police, medics, the Pine Valley and the

Nu 2 U ladies. I never did get to see the reptiles (snake charmer show) so don't know if there were any constrictors on site. Before I left though, I did carry out a head-count on friends and family to ensure that my worries about boas were all for naught. Hopefully, the Powers That Be will be heartened by their success and we'll see an even bigger version next year.

The Fish and Game's Annual Pig Roast, at Holleran Acres, drew a large hungry crowd again this year. I never did understand the golf tournament and, based on the condition of the survivors straggling off the course, have always been afraid to ask, but the grub was first class: that I understand.

This free, everybody-welcome yearly

bash is the Club's way of thanking the community for its support.

For those interested, the Club has organized a free (donations gleefully accepted) Ontario Federation of Anglers and Hunters meeting to be held in the Matawatchan Hall from 10 a.m. until 3 p.m. on August 24. It's very important that you check in asap with Brian Sut-



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It was a wonderful day and a happy crowd at the Fish & Game Club's Annual Pork Roast

cliffe (613 333 9564 or sandrasutcliffe@explornet.ca) so that he can make sure you'll get fed at noon. A reminder to the deer-stalker crowd; this is only a meeting, so don't come armed.

The Matawatchan Hall Board is planning its Annual General Meeting for 7 p.m. on Tuesday, October 14 in the Hall. With pending resignations of long-serving members and the temporary loss of its president, the board needs new blood and help. Again, as in the past, there is a danger that the building may go the way of the dodo for lack of interest. To ease the burden and lessen responsibilities, the board has, in recent years, changed its mandate to ease the workload. The present members would certainly welcome any help by way of additional board members, volunteers for specific duties or even a show of support by coming out to the AGM. The public is welcomed at all board meetings and input is appreciated.

Remember the Matawatchan Market and the Flea Market will alternate until the end of August. Flea-market vendors who may want to get one last kick at the can should contact Bill Graham at 613 333 1694.

Matawatchan Hall Board President Mark Tomlin has returned from hospital and doing well after his huge operation. A potluck benefit will be held Sept. 5, 5:30 at the Hall. Our thoughts are with Mark, Lois and the boys.

The current focus for the cats in the **Denbigh Griffith Lions Club** (the DGLC's) is the big, annual, August 23rd

(10 a.m. to 3 p.m.) **Show and Shine** at the Griffith Hall. Sunday the 24th will be the rain day. There'll be a lot more than just vintage vehicles to gaze at, though that alone might be enough to send many in the seventy-something crowd into day-long fits of nostalgia as they cope with revived memories of their teenage, drive-in days.

Police and fire fighter displays will be there for the looking as well as a market and a Nu 2 U sale where you can spend a few loonies wisely. All exhibitors and vendors who wish to get in on the action (call Jan at 613 333 1748) are welcome: just bring your own table Also, it might be your last chance to snag a 50/50 ticket and the dream of winning the \$1000. Remember, the DGLC's are scrambling to come up with their next \$5000 against the \$25000 pledged to the Lakelands Family Health Team in Denbigh so why not make Saturday August 23rd a "Be Kind to the Lions Day?" A generous donation at the gate, a smile or a compliment should suffice but they can get right snarly if you try to pet them.



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.

Griffith & Matawatchan Fish & Game Club Newsletter Highlights, by Karen Holleran

There's some interest within the club regarding repair of the boat launch in the Griffith subdivision. Brian will do further investigation to see if we can put this on our list for 2015.

We will be holding a raffle to help raise funds for the club. The prize will be the OFAH print of the year, a framed picture of male and female wood ducks. This picture will be on display and tickets will be available soon.

There is a recall on Remington Model 700 or 7 rifle series manufactured between May 2006 and April 2014. If you have one of these models or know of someone who does, go to the Remington website and you can put your Serial number in to see if your gun is on the list for recall.

Well...summer is here and it seems from various reports that we're being infested with bears. We're not sure of the reason, there are a lot of berries in the bush but the bears seem to want to get into freezers, fridges and garbage. So far, we've heard of 16 different homes or cottages that have been invaded.

Please remember to keep your garbage in a secure place...although there seems to be one bear in particular in Matawatchan that has this mastered already. She's really good at removing doors of any kind!

Bears are supposed to primarily inhabit forested areas. Keeping in mind that a lot of us live or cottage in forested areas, they reside in areas where they are best able to find food, refuge and den sites. Their entire life evolves around food. From the time they come out of hibernation until berry crops are available, they live off their stored fat, the limited energy provided by fresh spring greens and, yes, our garbage, etc. They get most of their food energy by feeding on berry crops. In the fall, then turn their attention to hazel nuts, mountain ash, acorns and beech nuts (or at least, they're supposed to).

While bears will eat carrion, in-

sects, fish, deer and moose calves, the bulk of their diet is plant material. Their natural preference is to find lots of high energy food, like huge berry patches, that will help them fatten up fast. Their survival and ability have and raise young depend on their ability to double their weight before going into winter hibernation.

We encourage you to join OFAH through the club at a reduced rate. The savings you get by purchasing through the club will more than cover your fish and game membership.

The cost of Memberships through the club is:

Adult Membership \$38.00
Family Membership \$49.00
Youth Membership \$34.50
Youth (no magazine) \$9.50

To join the OFAH contact Sandy Sutcliffe at 613-333-9564. The rates may vary minimally in 2014. So far we've not been notified of changes.

If you are already a member of the OFAH through another club, please let us know and give us your membership number. his helps us increase our numbers for added benefits being an affiliate club with the OFAH.

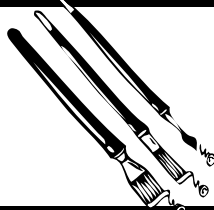
Memberships are available at local stores and from Board Members at a cost of \$5.00. We've been having a problem with some people not filling out their full addresses or your writing is not legible. We do our best to send every member every newsletter, however this is very difficult sometimes. Please write clearly and put your FULL address on your card.

Board members can be reached at the following address:

fishandgameclub@gmail.com
or Griffith and Matawatchan Fish and Game Club, 5445 Centennial Lake Rd., Griffith, Ontario, K0J 2R0.

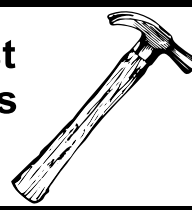
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RURAL VIGNETTES

DAD's DRIVING - More Adventures with "Uriah (The Heap)" Motorcar By Antonia Chatson

I was ten years old when my mother decided that I was old enough to take Uriah and the trailer by myself and go for loads of wood in the back pasture. After all I had been driving since I was seven - well, sort of. I would back then sit on my mother's knee and steer, gradually advancing to changing the gears when she put the clutch down.

I had been doing some practice runs in the meadows around the house as my legs and arms grew to the appropriate length that I could reach all the necessary levers, gears and pedals. I was a proud girl as I drove down the lane way, opened the gate at the foot of it and drove out onto 30 side road. As Grant Phillips had already been and gone for his morning chores there was not expected to be any more traffic on the road until he appeared tomorrow morning to do his chores.

I turned right and drove the 600 feet to where our gate led into the pasture. I turned right, opened the gate, drove through, stopped and closed the gate. I followed the fence line for another 600 feet then veered right and went kitty-corner across the field to where there were several old fence rows towards the back of the pasture.

There were scruffy trees along these and lots of windfalls over the years. We were never too particular about the size or shape of the limbs we threw into the trailer, as we whittled them down to size when we

brought them home. Firewood was also supplemented from Robinson's Sawmill in more traditionally shaped cut slab wood.

When I returned to the farmhouse, I was so enthusiastic about doing this all on my own that I would have none of it until I persuaded my father that it was his turn to learn. As he was in the minority, my mother also being keen on the project, he went along with my persuasion, and we all piled into Uriah. My mother wisely drove along 30 side road until we came to a stretch of road where there were no trees near the road, nor were there any ditches on either side of it - just flat mowed shoulders. She must have been prescient about the way things might shape up.

Having arrived at a suitable position in the road's topography, she stopped Uriah, and she and my father exchanged places. I kept mine in the back seat, hanging over in the middle of the two front seats, awaiting the opportunity to dispense advice - if needed.

"Now Roy, did you watch how I started the car?" my mother enquired of him.

"Well not exactly," he replied. And him a school teacher!

She got all his various appendages in position, then told him to put his foot on the starter. And then the yelling began!



Six year old Antonia Chatson and her mother, with Uriah the Heap.

"Keep your foot down ON the starter. Don't let up on the gas lever. Give it more choke. Now you've flooded it. Let up on the gas! Then with a violent lurch, as my father's left foot slipped off the clutch as he was wrestling with the choke and gas lever with his hands, Uriah jack-rabbed forward and stalled out.

Without a word, both got out and changed places. My father watched this time as my mother adeptly got the engine going. She put the gears into neutral and they changed places once more, my father now having the advantage that the car was going.

My mother explained to him how he had to change gears only when his left foot was on the clutch, meantime letting up on the gas pedal with his right foot. As my father was never a man of half measures, when he let the clutch up - he let it up! After he had stalled the car out three times, and my mother had three times restarted it and twice explained what the meaning of the word gradual meant, we finally got going jiggling down the road at five miles an hour..

My father did not seem to comprehend the switch from the hand held gas for starting the car and the foot pedal for when it was going so he was constantly going from one to the other, resulting in hideous leaps and bounds down the road.

Above the din, my mother roared to him, "It's time to change to second gear". My father never took his eyes off the steering wheel, till my mother placed his right hand on the gearshift, then he looked down at the floor in order to get his left foot positioned correctly on the clutch. The phrase 'remote control' never entered his vocabulary. Of course as his eyes went towards his left foot, his hand on the steering wheel also turned left, edging the car ever closer to a rail fence twenty feet off the road, behind which was a herd of cows looking curiously on.

My mother yanked right on the steering wheel which sent the cows on a rampage, kicking up their heels in excitement.

Back on the road my mother said she would change the gears if my father would just put his foot on the clutch AND not look at it. Of course this time his foot hit the brake - really hard - as the clutch was pretty stiff pushing. Uriah slammed to an abrupt stop and instantly stalled out again.

"That's it," said my mother. "I'll be doing the driving from now on Roy. You haven't a mechanical bone in your body. Stick to your teaching, you're good at that." And so ended Dad's driving day, on the day that it started. And much to the relief and amusement of our bovine audience, they exchanged places for the last time and my mother drove home.

Over the following decades many a book was read and many a sock was knit by her after she drove my father places and waited for him.



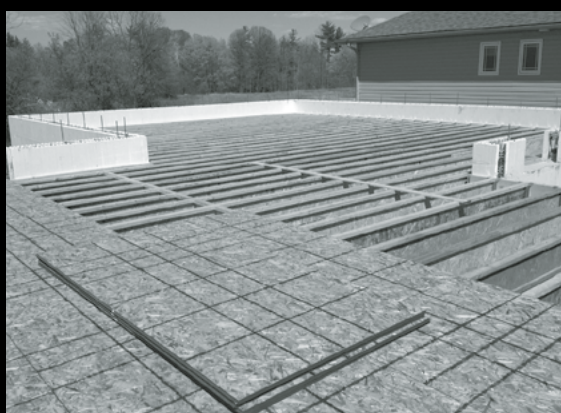
Antonia studied at The Royal Conservatory of Music and at York University. She taught in all levels in the public school system as well as giving private lessons in music. Her passion is the land. She loved her experiences growing up on the farm in Shelburne and twenty-two years of farming in Denbigh 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.

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LITERARY MATTERS

DR. KABOOM!

at the Greater Madawaska Public Library
By Sharon Shalla

There was magic in the air

On July 25th Dr. Kaboom (aka "Magic Dave") entertained an audience of all ages at the Calabogie Community Centre.



The show included lots of audience participation which provided for good times and laughs. There was even a visit from Elvis.



At the end of the show Dr. Kaboom sent all the children home with a balloon craft.

The library would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who attended the show and made a donation at the door.

For more information about the Greater Madawaska Public Library programs and events:
Call the library at 613-752-2317
Email at gmpl@bellnet.ca,
Or drop by 4984 Calabogie Road.
We're open Tuesdays from 1 – 7 p.m.
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HOW TO GET YOUR BODY TO LOVE YOU NATURALLY

by Susan Veale



Staying active is important for feeling better and living longer.

If you happen to stroll around Barnett Park in Calabogie on a summer's day Monday morning around 9:30am, you will find a dedicated group of people stretching their limbs and strengthening their muscles through a Pilates program. On Tuesday and Thursday mornings at 8:30am, you will discover a more senior, yet no less dedicated group of men and women enjoying the park atmosphere while flexing and extending through various controlled movements.

Both of these groups share a common understanding; exercise is the key to staying mobile and reducing the risk of heart disease, diabetes and depression. Staying active is important for feeling better and living longer.

George Burns once said, "If I knew I was going to live this long, I would

have taken better care of myself!"

Around age 40, muscle mass starts to decrease by 3-5%. After 50, this decline continues to increase. Muscle is what keeps us strong. It holds our skeleton, burns calories to help maintain a suitable weight and it is an important tissue for bone strength and balance. Without muscle, mobility can significantly decrease resulting in a loss of independence.

The good news... muscle can be built at any age of life as muscle tissue responds to exercise. One research study conducted in a nursing home in Boston, MA., using 100 male and female residents with the average age of 87, showed that exercise not only increased muscle mass and walking speed, but also muscle strength by an incredible 113%.



Flexibility also decreases with age. Although the studies showing changes in flexibility are not quite as extensive as those with muscle changes, evidence does suggest that stretching contributes to a significant increase in range of motion with neck, shoulder, elbow, wrist, hip, knee and ankle joints.

Balance is another area which can improve with exercise. Falling is a major contributor of fractures in the elderly and the second leading cause of spinal cord and brain injuries. Research has shown that muscle strength and balance exercises significantly reduce the risk of falling in people over the age of 70.

Staying active with regular exercise can also benefit cognitive function. Scientists have reported that brain neurons, the special cells that help with thinking, movement, performing bodily functions that sustain life and memory all increase in number with just a few days or weeks of activity.

In one study, MRI scans were being used to measure the amount of brain tissue found in adults 55 years or older. They found consistent results of decline of brain volume with age. There were significant decreases in brain density in the areas of memory and thinking, but these losses were substantially reduced with cardiovascular activities. Other testing has shown exercise improves age-related dementia, anxiety

and depression.

Our Calabogie Senior's Exercise class, those 65 and older or anyone with a mobility problem may participate. The class has been offered since May, free of charge through the Ministry of Health and the Township of Greater Madawaska. Exercises in this class can help increase neck flexibility which is important for safer driving.

Pilates participants benefit with an increase in strength not only in the core muscles but also in the shoulders, arms, hips and legs. These classes are weekly for the summer at a drop in fee of \$10 per class.

For more information on how to join in call Susan Veale BSc., KIN, Certified Pilates Instructor, at 613-752-1540.



Susan Veale started on her path as a healer as a Kinesiologist, with a degree from the University of Waterloo. After years of managing a large chiropractic clinic, she pursued training as a Natural Health Practitioner with certifications in Reflexology and Pilates. Other accreditations include an EMF Practitioner and a Reiki Master. Susan is the owner of Wellness Natural Health Centre, a private clinic offering alternative health care to individuals and families throughout the Ottawa Valley and co-authored the book, "For Love of God - An Intimate Journey." www.wellnessnaturalhealthcentre.com

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GREATER MADAWASKA TOWNSHIP

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS, October 27

The Race is Getting Interesting - Contention, Where There's No Contest?

By Lois Thomson

Please note that The Madawaska Highlander will only be covering municipal elections in Greater Madawaska Township. The paper reaches all of Greater Madawaska, but only parts of other townships and we don't have the resources to cover all 6 townships we touch. That work is being done very well by daily and weekly publications. Of course, we welcome candidates throughout our coverage area to advertise here. Rates and deadlines are available through www.matawatchan.ca.

You might think it unlikely that there would be any contest, let alone any controversy, in the race for Mayor of Greater Madawaska Township if there is only one person in that race, but that doesn't seem to be the case. The race is getting interesting.

Outgoing Mayor Peter Emon submitted a letter to council on July 23, 2014 with the subject heading "Response to

Article in Paper". It is posted on the township website. It begins with "No doubt you will be reading, in the next few weeks, a number of articles in the local papers about utterances from various candidates for the municipal election in October which may be inaccurate or overly hyped. These comments will generate a series of questions for you and staff and the following may help you as you formulate your answers." He doesn't name any particular candidates, but if you compare Jim Pratt's platform that he sent to The Renfrew Mercury and The Madawaska Highlander, among others, it matches up very closely.

The last line of John Pratt's opening statement about himself ends with, "I will bring accountability and transparency to that office." Peter Emon begins his letter with the subject of transparency: "Transparency: The municipality has and follows its policies in place

regarding transparency and accountability and they are based on provincial laws and policies. The provincial government has become increasingly directive of this and the last several years and we have complied."

Peter Emon's letter goes on to systematically defend his record, that of his fellow councillors, and township staff.

The subtitles include: Transparency, Policing, Debt, Asset, Private Rd, and Fire. It concludes with "I hope this has been helpful and if you have any questions, please ask." It is clearly directed to current council and staff and not to the public in general.

A letter like this is the right thing for a Mayor to do when the reputation of council and staff is in jeopardy, but could there be more to it? Why would Peter Emon want to address the public if he's not running for Mayor again?

Well, there could be a good reason. Peter Emon and his family have moved or will be moving to the Town of Renfrew, where he is challenging long-time incumbent Audrey Greene for the position of Reeve. In Renfrew, it is the Reeve who represents the town at the county level. If he wins this, he can also vie for the position of Renfrew County Warden. He certainly has the credentials for the job, considering he is the current county warden.

He has a huge motivation to keep his reputation intact.

So it seems we do have two people in the race. It's just not the same race. There is no forum for potential Mayor and potential Reeve of two different municipalities to duke it out, but I'm sure they both would like to do so. Something to watch, perhaps?

We also have new candidates for councillor in the township. Ward 1, with 2 positions, now has 2 candidates: Donald Mercer and James R. Easton. This is good, but still not much of a race. At least they can talk to each other at All Candidates Meetings.

Still no candidates have come forward in Ward 2 for the sole position, so we'll have to wait and see on that one.

Last, but not least, the addition of Glen MacPherson in Ward 3 gives Mark Tomlin a race for the one position. This makes Ward 3 the one to watch. I don't think it will be televised, but at least there will be a discussion and a choice.

Of course, I have to remind myself to be patient. There could be many people with hats poised to toss into the ring. Next issue should be a lot more interesting... We hope.

Township of Greater Madawaska Cenotaphs

The Township of Greater Madawaska has two cenotaphs. The Calabogie cenotaph is located at the corner of Madawaska Street and Gladstone Street. The other cenotaph is located at the Matawatchan cemetery at 2549 Matawatchan Road. The Township would like to ensure that all the names of Greater Madawaska Residents who served in WWI and WWII are included on the cenotaphs.

If you have any information on names that should be included please contact:

Victoria Thomas
Community Development & Public Relations Officer
19 Parnell Street
PO Box 180
Calabogie ON, K0J 1H0
Phone: 613-752-2222 ext 204

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FIGHTING FIRE IN THE HIGHLANDS - Through Education

by Lois Thomson

Whether we enjoy it or not, this cool wet summer has been a blessing for Ontario forest fire fighters. It doesn't always mean they get the summer off, though. It frees many of them up to fight forest fires in other provinces and territories or even other countries.

Fighting forest fires requires different training and equipment than for a large city, which differs again from rural situations. I spoke recently to Dave Murphy, Fire Chief for Greater Madawaska Township, to ask him about how fighting fires in the Highlands is different that it might be in cities. He told me that Eastern Ontario is the "most restrictive" type of region because of the terrain, with expansive forests and grasslands. That's one of the reasons the township drafted new, clearer bylaws to make sure people know what those restrictions are. One thing that is the same, city or country, is that every municipality must have fire prevention, safety and awareness initiatives. Everyone who burns must also know when a permit is required and know that it is cancelled during a total fire ban. Dave told me the permit process helps them keep track of who is burning and when, but it also provides the fire department an opportunity to talk to the permit holder beforehand to make sure they understand safe procedures. As everyone knows, the best way to fight a fire is by not starting one in the first place.

The other thing that is the same, city or country, is the 911 system, with some minor differences. With fewer lane-way numbers in the country, it makes it harder to pinpoint the location of a fire. Knowing your own 911 address, even if you are visiting, will help first responders locate the fire whether it's on your property or someone else's. If they get several calls, they have a better chance of "triangulating" to find the location, just the way they used to do from the fire watch towers.

The differences continue.

Although they are often referred to as a "volunteer" fire department, our rural fire fighters are not really volunteers. They are highly trained professionals that work on a part-time basis and also put in a



Fire fighting systems, gear and equipment differs from what is used in an urban setting. Here you see Greater Madawaska Township personnel unpacking equipment at the Greater Madawaska and Area Showcase.



Fire fighters showing a young child the portable reservoir and hose outside the Griffith Station #2. The Incident Management System is inside the garage. Adults and children alike are fascinated by the process.



Water from the collapsible reservoir is pumped into the fire truck then out again at high pressure while the tanker, or pumper truck does another run for water at a nearby lake or river.



First responders at the Greater Madawaska and Area Showcase outside Fire Station No. 2, Griffith with displays and brochures.

lot of volunteer time at fairs and picnics to educate the public. They are paid for training sessions, any incident they respond to, and for some public education events, like Fire Safety Week, where they make presentations at schools.

Because they are part time, they come from all over to respond to a call. If you see a private vehicle with a flashing green light on the dash, you know it's a fire fighter on the way to a call. They also don't all arrive at the same time. As each person arrives, they go to the Incident Management Centre. This is a desk-like case they use to show what they know about each incident including site layout, hazards, etc. as it develops.

Fire suppression in the country uses a two-part system. One crew to fight

the fire and another to keep up a constant supply of water. Each time the tanker truck fills up at the lake, it dumps its load into a portable reservoir about the size of an above ground swimming pool and heads back to fill up again. Water from the reservoir is siphoned into the fire truck, where it is pumped out again at high pressure. When the lakes are frozen over they can go two one of two dry wells at either end of the township. The dry wells reach the water under the ice for access all year long.

Next time you are somewhere that the fire fighters have a display, take the time to ask questions and look inside the trucks. It's really a fascinating process that our fire fighters are happy to share with you.

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TOLEDO - THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG

By Ole Hendrickson

Toledo Mayor D. Michael Collins lifted the city's drinking water ban at a Monday August 4 news conference after three days of chaos. The National Guard had been called in to provide clean water so residents could avoid potential health effects - including skin rashes, vomiting and diarrhea - of drinking Lake Erie water contaminated with blue-green algal toxins. While some toxins remain, the Mayor has declared the city's water supply "safe" for human use.

Scientists point to excessive phosphorus as the culprit in this incident. History bears them out.

During the 1960s, laundry detergents averaged roughly 10% phosphorus by weight. Lake Erie suffered massive algae blooms each summer. Whitefish, pike and walleye virtually disappeared. Research at Canada's famed Experimental Lakes Area - now abandoned by the federal government - clearly documented the role of phosphorus. The Canada Water Act was amended in 1970 to require detergent manufacturers to reduce phosphate in detergents to 2.2% by 1971. This was a key victory of the early days of the environmental movement.

In the U.S., the detergent manufacturers fought against binding national legislation. Nonetheless, citizen action led to a patchwork of municipal and state laws. Manufacturers grudgingly marketed alternative detergent formulations. This greatly reduced (but did not completely eliminate) clothes washing as a source of phosphorus pollution. Lake Erie returned to reasonable health - for a while.

Unfortunately, phosphorus pollution and blue-green algae are back with a vengeance (e.g., in Lakes Winnipeg and Simcoe as well as Erie). Excess fertilizer nutrients from fields and pastures wash into lakes and streams and stimulate the growth of photosynthetic algae, bacteria and plants - a process known as eutrophication. High phosphorus inputs, in particular, favour blooms of blue-green algae, more properly called cyanobacteria. Toxins produced by cyanobacteria have been known for centuries to cause poisoning in animals and humans, with risks of liver and kidney damage, nerve damage, and gastrointestinal disturbances.

Modern agri-business is hooked on phosphate fertilizer. Only about one-fifth of the phosphorus extracted from phosphate rock is consumed as food - the remainder is released to the environment. A large fraction of the phosphorus we consume as food eventually ends up as pollution as well. Most sewage treatment plants are not designed for phosphorus removal.

This requires "tertiary treatment", beyond the limited budgets of most municipalities.

Pollution concerns have prompted efforts to encourage more efficient phosphate fertilizer use, but it remains on an upward trend. Government subsidies for liquid ethanol transport fuels have resulted in higher corn acreage and fertilizer demand. While net environmental impacts of bio-fuel use are hotly debated, there is growing evidence that replacing gasoline with corn ethanol has led to greater water pollution while only slightly reducing air pollution by greenhouse gases.

prices will increase. The fertilizer industry widely acknowledges that the quality of remaining phosphate rock is decreasing and production costs are increasing. Estimates of remaining supply range from 50 to 100 years. Within our children's lifetimes it will be impossible to produce food (and fuel) with current agricultural practices.

Avoiding starvation will require a major shift to use of human and animal manures. This is organic farming on a broad scale - as practiced by humans for millennia. It will mean dealing with higher labour and

property values, and reducing the occurrence of blue green algae blooms in Muskrat Lake - which has some of the highest phosphorus levels in Ontario. Volunteers with Ottawa Riverkeeper's River Watch program are monitoring the health of local water bodies. A younger generation is getting back into farming, bringing a new environmental awareness and a commitment to healthier diets. Ottawa now has a year-round organic farmers' market, and organic produce can be found at farmers' markets throughout the Ottawa Valley, including in Cobden.

Despite an overall worrisome trend of increased frequency of harmful algal blooms, there are many opportunities to take action to keep water safe for drinking, swimming and fishing. One of the most important is through your pocketbook. Buy food that is grown in the most sustainable manner - not most cheaply.

OTTAWA RIVER INSTITUTE EVENTS:

Mini-Bioblitz at Shaw Woods Sunday August 24th

The Ottawa River Institute, the Pembroke Area Field Naturalists, and the Shaw Woods Outdoor Education Centre are co-sponsoring a "Mini-BioBlitz" along the Connaught Trail. This relatively new, 3.6-km trail (http://www.shawwoods.ca/maps/connaught_trail.pdf) passes through a highly diverse section of the Dore Scarp through variety of forest and rock barren habitats interspersed with a complex system of wetlands. We will be recording as many plants and animals (birds, butterflies, dragonflies, etc.) as possible that day, with groups starting from both ends of the trail. No need to be an expert to come along. Please join us.

For more information, please contact info@ottawariverinstitute.ca

Marina/Waterfront Bird Walk August 23, Time: 8 am

Trip Leader: Ken Hooles
613-735-4430

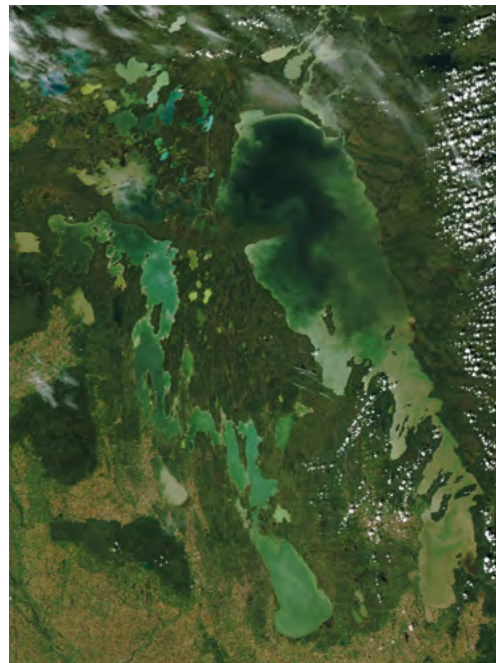
Meet at the Pembroke marina, by the mouth of the Muskrat River in Pembroke. Ken will introduce us to migrant birdlife along the Pembroke waterfront. There are usually gulls, terns, ducks, geese, cormorants and songbirds such as vireos, warblers, sparrows and finches. Surprises usually occur and it's a good social outing... a chance to meet some very nice people!
www.pafn.on.ca



Lake Erie algal bloom from space. Lake Erie provides drinking water for millions.



Lake Winnipeg shoreline. No swimming. No drinking. No fishing. No hunting.



Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba are sick, but get less attention. Human population is sparse.



Image borrowed from E-Tech Solutions web site. Our survival depends on coordinated efforts to clean up our environment.

This is a poor trade-off. Treating air and water pollution as separate issues no longer makes sense. We are sleep-walking into inter-connected, recurring environmental crises. More intense rainfall - a feature of our greenhouse-gas-disrupted climate - means more runoff and soil erosion and higher loads of sediment and phosphorus in lakes and streams. Streamside buffers in agricultural areas can help, but bigger changes will be needed.

The longer we remain on the fossil fuel treadmill, the faster fertilizer and food

transportation costs, appropriate application rates, risks of transmitting pathogens, and undesirable odors. Ideally, this will lead to smaller farms; mixed livestock, vegetable and grain crops; and reduction of the indirect dietary consumption of corn (used to produce meat and fructose-sweetened drinks).

In eastern Ontario we are seeing hopeful signs of citizen action bringing about positive change. Cobden area residents have formed a Muskrat Watershed Council, aimed at protecting water supplies and

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THE VIEW FROM HERE

RED TOWER CALLING GREEN TOWER

By Ernie Jukes, AOCA, of Camp J

"Well say now, listen here." Ol' Bill Parks would say. "De ye mind the time we used to slowly walk up the trail through Strong's (now Warren's) to Dan's Mountain? On the way to see the Fire Tower and the marvellous view from the lookout rock?"

We would pass the earlier MacPherson's homestead or at least what was left of it. Only a few logs remained of the house when I first saw it about 1940 with Eunice and Keith MacPherson. Yep, pickin berries on the way, in season as we went, if the bears didn't beat us to them.

and other towers would have in pin pointing a forest fire. In our neck o' the woods, when smoke was spotted he would immediately, by two way radio, call the next tower in our huge township, just north of Griffith on Jamieson's Mountain. From 100 feet in the air, with good binoculars one could spot smoke 15 or 20 miles away He would pass on the compass bearing from his Alidade or fire finder on his compass table. Once agreed he would then provide the reference by bush phone line to Matawatchan "Central" down at McLaren's residence. From there the "firefighters" were assembled by phone

gathered more men and equipment such as axes, saws, shovels and a pump, as we sped to the scene. Well named as a "dirty job" they said, lay ahead of us. I sure didn't realize what a tough, rotten challenge a bushfire would be. Immediately after reviewing the fire the Captain quickly laid out a Fire Camp off to the side and up wind, and directed the gang to fight the hot spots along the fire line. Using my canoe we pumped water from the river and used it as a reservoir up to the centre of what would have been a roaring inferno. We hacked and sawed and dug and cut some more. Together after a few days we finally beat

ice houses and other secret spots here and there.

It has been found that careless smokers are responsible for most of Ontario's 1400 forest fires annually.

Well today we miss those great Tower men and their steel observatories and their stories but the four tower corner pedestals and some of the guy line supports can still be seen near the Ranger cabin. And of course the marvellous view at the rock is still out there for you to enjoy. Now owned by Paul MacPherson, whose Great Grandfather Dan first



Matawatchan Post Card and water colour painting by R.E.Jukes

Most of the time these Towermen had nothing to do and it was probably one of the loneliest jobs to be found, so your visit was a welcomed event. Most visitors would sign the guest book in the Ranger's cabin. Many brave individuals of all ages would climb the 100 foot steel tower to be greeted at the trapdoor in the cupola by a gregarious Towerman. Some took a lunch and spent the best part of the day. You may have been one of those visitors. These same visitor records with your grandfather's signature are in "Drawer twelve" of the "Wall in the Hall Museum". My nephew Billie at the age of four is shown as one of the youngest climbers.

Even though there was a leased road allowance from Hutson Lake Road right up through the Hutson farm (today Birketts), not many vehicles travelled it. During fire season our Towermen would walk up from Matawatchan from May 1st. to October 1st. Proximity allowed them the comforts of home at the end of their day. This was better than many of their 320 brother firefighters who due to remoteness did not have that privilege.

Once inside the tower's cupola he would explain the accuracy how he

or from wherever they may be. If you were asked it was a legal offence not to participate.

In 1922 they built a wooden Tower using horse and wagon to get materials up the mountain and Joe McLaren was the first Towerman. In 1924 they hauled the steel and wood up in trucks to make the higher steel tower and build the still usable Ranger's cabin. Later towermen were his son Basil McLaren, then a neighbour Roy MacPherson, followed by Eddie Clouthier. From 1961 to 1972 Harvey Malcolm watched over our forest. Then Ervin Kauffeldt took over until it was taken down, giving way to aerial reconnaissance about 1975.

On a very hot summer day in 1947 following a "gully washer" of a rainstorm Roy reported a lightning strike and smoke spot over on Black Mountain, right off the Madawaska River. Probably because I had a boat and vehicle I was called onto shore on a nearby lake and asked by the Fire Captain to leave my fishing guests that I was guiding and follow them. My Model A Ford "Fast Lady" with my canoe on the roof,



The fire tower cabin, as it stands today on private property, high atop Dan's Mountain

it into submission, while other men packed food and drink into us. By the end of the week we were able to leave the site in the care of two men. The rest of us returned home dirty and exhausted. If memory serves, much later I received a cheque for forty-seven dollars and fifty-two cents. Sure not a money maker but in those hard times some fires were "planned" nevertheless.

Now on the lighter side of living in our valley that same old Tower man Roy, walked with sort of a sway, almost a stumble, some said it was the effect of sitting all day in a swaying tower. Of course others accused the bottle of Lambs Rum he may have hidden in that rock pile along his route. The wives in those days viciously prohibited drinking at home and the whole county was dry, thus the formation of bootleggers. So the men had to resort to creative caches of bottles in woodsheds, barns,



Spectacular view from the fire tower location on the ground at Dan's Mountain. Imagine it 100 feet off the ground!

pioneered there. They welcome you but please simply refrain from smoking and take your garbage out. Thanks! They still say "The best way to stop a forest fire is to never let it start."



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 Memories

MEMORIES OF THE FIRE THAT DESTROYED VENNACHAR, APRIL 1903

By Bill McNaught

In 1903, logging was an essential part of the area known as Abinger. Vennachar, which is located on the watershed between the Madawaska River to the north and the Mississippi River system to the south, was no different. Many of the farmers, including Uncle Jim Grant supplemented their incomes as farmers by working for logging companies in the winter. Uncle Jim, who was tall, lithe and light of foot, guided log booms down to Arnprior where the Madawaska River joins the Ottawa River. Uncle Jim's special talent was corralling logs which had escaped from the boom. He picked them up along the banks of the river and guide them back into the boom. Pay day was in Arnprior. Uncle Jim would return home to Aunt Annie and his farm just south of the Ball farm, with some cash for necessities.

destroying the school, the hotel and the "parsonage" in the village before heading north-east and east, finally burning itself out in the direction of Plevna. The Methodist Church just east of the school on the south side of the road was not damaged. That may have been because the Church was built on rocky ground and the fire jumped to the north side rather than continuing east. Ball Lake is located north of the village and may have caused the fire to turn to the east after it passed north of the village.

The road south of the village had many farms. Uncle Bob Gregg's farm was the most westerly farm on the east side and was located beside Uncle George Hughes farm at the junction of the road going north and the road heading over to Wensley on

don't describe the horror and trauma. There is an eye-witness account from my Mother, who was just 6 years of age, when the fire erupted. She was at school that day with her brother, John, and her sister Lillie. The school class photograph for 1902-03, probably taken in September 1902 before the school was destroyed, identifies the teacher as Bob Stewart and captures the images of 26 children, including a young, light blond-haired Martha Ball, my Mother, looking vulnerable and shy.

What was it like that day, when the fire roared north? The teacher had a plan for he moved the class outdoors away from the school on the south-east side to the opposite corner on the north-west side to the Connor property. At that time, the Connor family ran the village store, which also

bedridden inside the Connor home. He instructed his older students to dismantle the bed and set it up in the relative safety of the orchard. Other students helped Mrs. Connor back to her bed under the apple trees. Each student was given a small can of water to douse embers, which were floating into the orchard. Huddled in spaces beneath the apple trees, the teacher and the students watching in horror as the fire came toward them, hearing its roar and feeling its heat. The teacher must have had his hands full, knowing that his students might panic and flee from the safest location in the village. The urge to panic must have reached its crescendo when the fire enveloped the school. The teacher probably felt panic as well for the fire could have crossed the road to the Connor store and into the orchard, destroying an entire



Young James, Herbert and RJ McNaught



Class of 1902 - 03, Vennachar School photo from the book "This Was Yesterday", by Christina Hemmer
Back row: Mary Bebee, Jennie Bebee, Lillie Ball, Goldie Gregg, Ed Bebee, Laura Gregg, Lillian Sweetnam, George Bebee, Arthur Sweetnam, Arthur Buffam, Duncan McCrimmon, Arch Bebee. Second row: Martha Ball, Lena Sweetnam, Myrtle Gregg, Ralph Bebee, (3 unidentified), Alex Gilmour, Bill Gilmour. First row: Addie Gilmour, Minerva McCrimmon, Teacher Bob Stewart, Guy Bebee, Lorne Bebee, (unidentified), John Ball, Claude Bebee.

Many local farmers would fell trees for lumber on their farms and were in the process of clearing their lands for more cultivation. There was little farm equipment and in the rocky landscape, it was impossible to use mechanized equipment even in the 20's and 30's. Uncle Herb Ball still used horses for the cultivation in the 50's. As a result, there was lots of scrap wood lying around which fed the fire as fuel.

The accepted story is that the fire started south of the village of Vennachar and roared up the road leading to the village,

the road to Plevna. Nearing the village, the Ball farm was on the east side of the dirt road. Sullen's farm was on the west side. The fire spared the southerly farms and roared up the west side of the road, missing the Ball farm as well. Just before the village, the fire jumped to the east side where the village school was located.

No one was killed but, according to the accepted version of the forest fire of 1903, Vennachar never recovered. The centre of village life moved to Denbigh. But the facts hide more than enlighten for they

served as the stop for the stage from Lavan on the Kingston and Pembroke Railroad on its way to Denbigh. The store also served as the village Post Office. Later in the 20's, Grandma Ball's cousin, Simon Ball, operated for the store after he married the Connor daughter. Behind the store was a small apple orchard.

Mr. Stewart brought his 26 hysterical students to the orchard, away from the store and the brush. But there was an added complication. According to Mother, the teacher discovered that Mrs. Connor was

generation of village children.

Mother was already familiar with the evil of fire. Shortly before her birth, Mother's brother, Wilson Hughes had died in a farmhouse fire in late December 1894 along with his cousin, John Gregg. The home belonged to Jim Grant and both boys, aged fifteen, burned to death. Grandma Ball had impressed upon her children the fear of fire and suddenly the fire was before Mother's eyes, more horrific than Grandma had described. It must have seemed that the fire would burn her too.

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But the horror did not end when the fire crossed to the north-east side consuming the hotel and the parsonage. There was devastation to the south. I can picture Mother, the little blond girl, looking south through the smoke, wide-eyed, certain that her mother, Grandma Ball, her father, Grandpa Ball, her brother Herbert, and her grandparents, John and Christiana Gregg, who lived in their own home on the Ball farm, had been burned alive, leaving her an orphan. For it appeared impossible that anyone south of the crossroads could survive the inferno.

I can imagine the relief when the fire turned away from the Connor and so many young lives were spared. A short while later, Grandma and Grandpa Ball came up

The photograph of Mother after the fire shows an eight-year old girl in a dress with long wavy hair and a determined, un-emotional look on her face, the look of a survivor. Although she only spoke of the experience in a factual manner, I always suspected that a small part of her was always the little girl facing the fire. Whether it was the result of this near-death experience or just her natural intelligence, Mother applied herself both at Church and at school. At Church she collected money for the Methodist Missionaries in faraway lands. In May 1911, just after her fifteenth birthday, she was awarded a book, Fifty Missionary Stories, written by Belle M. Brain, for her fund-raising in Vennachar. The next month, her father, Grandpa Ball died.

At school, Mother was an excellent student. As a result, she left the village to attend high school in Napanee, the only high school in the County of Lennox and Addington. She boarded with a family in Napanee. The administrative custom in Ontario at that time was to encourage local students to take teacher training and return to her community to teach until they married. Louis Gendron, Mother's teacher, encouraged her to attend the summer session of the Model School in Sharbot Lake in July and August 1915. Upon graduation, she returned home and began teaching in the Miller Settlement between Vennachar and Matawatchan. Her photograph, a newly minted teacher, age nineteen, shows the same determined, unemotional gaze, but no smile. She is wearing a thin chain

around her neck. This was the woman who married Dad, Thomas McNaught at the Methodist Church on September 17, 1917. But first, she had to suffer a tragedy, which marked the rest of her life, the tragedy she could not talk about. It came in a telegram from France on a Saturday morning in late April 1917.



Herb Ball after the death of brother John Leslie Ball at Vimy Ridge April 12, 1917



Young John, Martha (mother of Bill McNaught), and Herb Ball

the road from the Ball farm. It had been spared as had the Hughes farm and the Gregg farm to the south. I can also imagine their apprehension as they passed the remains of the school and their joy when they heard the young voices from the orchard. Some called it a miracle but Mother never spoke of the fire in those terms. She had stared the fire straight in the face and survived. But the trauma and the fear stayed with her. This was the tragedy that she could talk about.

It was at the Methodist Church, where Mother learned to play the organ and developed a fine soprano singing voice. It was significant that Mother won the award for fund raising for the Missionaries for the village was split on religious grounds. My grandfather, Fred Ball, and his family were members of the Methodist Church but his brother, John Ball, and his family supported the Free Methodist Church. John donated the land on the east side of the road to Matawatchan for the Free Methodist Church. It is still located on that land.

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MUSICAL LEGENDS OF THE VALLEY

WARD ALLEN By Garry Ferguson

Author's note I: This, the fourth in a series saluting Valley musicians, features one of Canada's greatest fiddlers, Ward Allen who, many times, came with the CFRA Happy Wanderers to the hall in Denbigh when yours truly was in high school there. Bob King, who will also be featured, and Joe Brown (remember the Brown Family) were also members of that band.

In the days when the CFRA Happy Wanderers took their act on the road, Ward Allen would launch into a fiddle tune early in the program. As he began, Bob King, the featured singer with the group, would step behind him and, with a cranking motion, pretend to wind him up. The windup was make-believe but the fiddling was real. Man, could he take off.

Warden (Ward) Amber Allen was born May 11, 1922 on a farm along The Baseline near Woodham, Ontario. He was fortunate to come from a family that was musically inclined: of four older brothers, one played the piano and one the fiddle. His mother played harmonica and his father step danced. Ward was however, a self-taught musician with a natural gift. At four years old, he climbed up onto a piano stool and decided to experiment with the ivories. By the time he climbed down, he could play a tune: at the age of seven years, he had mastered that instrument.

Ward's father, George, who was born in Windsor Ontario, and his mother, Jeanette Gardiner, who came to Canada at a young age from Lincoln, Nebraska, were married in 1906 (approx.) and eventually took over the family farm at Kirkton where their five boys were raised.

When Ward was nine years old, he was the victim of an accident that left him scarred for life. He was with a group of people, on a neighbour's farm, watching some horses work out when another youngster jumped into a car and backed over Ward and he spent the next year in a hospital. For the rest of his life, the sight in his left eye was affected and a metal platen inserted to reinforce a damaged skull, caused him terrible headaches during cold weather. In later years, several surgeons offered, for no remuneration, to repair the resulting scar from his left temple to the eye but he refused. He had, understandably, acquired a strong aversion to hospitals and doctors.



Album cover, 1 of 3 volumes recorded in 1954 on Sparton wax – or vinyl.

At 12, Ward was performing at dances with his brother Lorne (father to another Ottawa Valley fiddler, Jim Allen of Aylmer, Quebec), from whom he learned much of his repertoire. After a stint at harvesting in Manitoba and as a lumberjack in British Columbia, Ward returned to Ontario in the late forties and became serious about his fiddle music. He made appearances on the CKNX Barn Dance out of Wingham, Ontario and easily won several regional contests but he was about to hit the big league. In both 1949 and 1950 Ward won first prize at the CNE fiddling competition, then in 1952 and 1953, won the Western Ontario Championship. In 1953 he also won the Canadian Open at Shelburne, Ontario over 86 other contestants and was chosen to represent Canada at the International Fiddling Contest at the Louisville State Fair in Louisville Kentucky.

Ward Allen began his recording career in 1949 for Alvina Records and, in 1954, put three volumes of Ward Allen Presents Maple Leaf Hoedown on Sparton wax – or vinyl. When Her Majesty the Queen requested those recorded compositions for her private collection, there was no doubt that Ward had secured a permanent place in the history of Canadian music. It would probably be safe to say that every present day Canadian fiddler who knows how to rub rosin onto a bow, includes Maple Sugar and Maple Leaf Two-Step in his or her repertoire.

In the summers of 1955, 1956 and 1958 Ward became a featured member of the Wilf Carter tours. In 1958 alone, he travelled over 35 thousand miles to visit 108 towns and cities, It's said that, despite the tiring schedule, he never failed to accommodate all who requested autographs at any of these appearances.



Garry Ferguson created this poster for the Ward Allen Tribute. Garry was a founding member of the Heritage Music Association, which closed after 5 years of hard work and dedication.

At the request of Ken Reynolds, the CFRA Happy Wanderers founder and manager, Ward joined and remained with that band for 10 years. From 1955 to 1964 the group broadcast a mid-day show from Monday to Friday on CFRA radio and from 1964 to 65 on CJOH TV's weekly Barn Dance.

On a 1955 December evening, while the group was doing a show in Smiths Falls, a lady friend of Ken Reynolds arranged a blind date for her friend from Ottawa, Ann Maclean. Though Ann was a city girl born and raised in Montreal, she hit it off well with her date, a gentle young man who'd come from a farm. It was Ward Allen. By spring the two were engaged. On August 25, 1956, after he'd returned from that second tour with Wilf Carter, Ann and Ward were married.

Their first home was in Hull, Quebec where in 1959 they bought a house, because during those three years of marriage, the size of the family had doubled. In 1957, son Wade had been born followed by another, Randy, in 1959. Wade now works in the advertising business in Toronto but unfortunately Randy died in 1989 in Vancouver, British Columbia.

One of Ward's greatest pleasures came from accompanying step dancers, especially Donny Gilchrist one of the valley's greatest. Ward would often say that if he ever died of a heart attack,

it would be from fiddling to Donny's dancing.

On August 3, 1965, at the age of 43 when Ward Allen did die after a heart attack, it was at his home in Hull. Over a two-day period, people lined up for city blocks outside an Ottawa funeral home to pay their respects before his body was transported by train to Exeter, Ontario.

Here, for another two days, the line-ups were as long and the tributes as heartfelt. After the funeral, on the third day in Exeter, Ward Allen was buried in Roy's Cemetery near the place where he was born.

The honours didn't stop with his death. In 1965, within weeks of his burial, Ward was inducted into the Country Music Hall of Fame in Nashville, Tennessee. BMI, Canada awarded him a Certificate of Honour for Maple Sugar in 1968 and The Ottawa Valley Country Music Hall of Fame chose him as its 1982 Inductee. More recently, The New York-based North American Fiddle Hall of Fame and Museum Institute honoured him as the Canadian Inductee for the year 1994.

Among the greatest salutes to Ward and his legacy, perhaps, are the tribute-style recordings made by his nephew Jimmy Allen (A Tribute to the Late Ward Allen) and by Graham Townsend. (Old Time Favourites of Ward Allen) To take advantage of the incredible improvements since Ward's death, Ann Allen has had produced a modern, digitized CD, aptly named Memories of Ward Allen.*

Ward Allen's skill with the fiddle and the melodies that he created on it will mark his time with us for as long as there is a love of Canadian music. It is fitting then that his resting place in South-Western Ontario will forever be marked by a prominent head stone on which is engraved a large fiddle.

*The CD Memories of Ward Allen may be ordered by calling 613 596 9027.

Author's Note II: The author wishes to thank Ann Allen, a very gracious lady, (not surprising since her mother was a Ferguson) for her outstanding recall and input to this article on her late husband Ward.

THE WILDWOOD CHRONICLES

HISTORY OF THE SWISS INN, DENBIGH - Part 3

By George Ross

Forty seven years ago Martha and Werner Lips along with their three children, Peter, Linda and Steve settled in the small, semi-remote village of Denbigh, Ontario, where Werner had taken up an unpaid position as Rector of the New Apostolic Church. They struggled for the first year with limited resources and no income before deciding to start their own business which they named 'The Swiss Inn'. What followed were many years of long seven-day weeks spent building their business, raising three children and serving the Apostolic Church.

Their tremendous work ethic and dedication to a common goal resulted in the Swiss Inn becoming the largest employer, at that time, in Denbigh and a landmark to countless travelers on Highway 41.

The Swiss Inn closed its doors in 2010. Today, four years later, it lingers on in the form of aging buildings and fading memories. It seemed that the story of the Swiss Inn would inevitably become buried by layers of passing years unless an effort was made to preserve its history. Martha Lips, now 75 years of age, still resides in Denbigh. I spoke with her in April of this year and asked if we could meet and discuss recording the history of the Swiss Inn. She kindly agreed. Sadly, Werner Lips passed away in March 2010. My first meeting with Martha led to several others involving many hours of discussion.

The history of the Swiss Inn is also the story of the Lips family. Both are so intertwined that this story could not be faithfully told if one were separated from the other. What follows is Martha's candid account of those years.

PART 3

I still have dreams about the restaurant, of everything being chaotic, with the restaurant full of people, tables that need to be cleaned, rooms had to be prepared, food to be cooked and served! I hope these dreams quit soon. It is like a nightmare. I have them often. I wasn't meant to have employees, absolutely not and I think my husband was too lenient also. When I saw things that needed to be done I would just get upset and I would just go and do it. I would get irritated and some of the staff knew I was upset. All my life I have had a tendency to feel guilty about things.

I was very quiet and shy growing up. I have trouble being forceful and I could not be an effective boss. Then I think we hired too many people. Lately we tried to figure out one day how many people worked for the Swiss Inn and I think we were up to about 30 and I think we could have gone higher. The cost of labour was much too high. Many times we had little left for ourselves.

But life was better after we moved into our new house. By the late eighties we had been in business twenty years. We

He ended up at highway 28. I watched everything happening. I ran back to the house, I phoned my husband and asked him to come home immediately and call the ambulance. Then I ran down to the car. My Dad was bleeding.

Well you know we had to close the restaurant. We did have an ambulance at that time. My father died on the way to Renfrew. He must have had some kind of stroke. These are things in life, you know. It was very traumatic. I had to help my mother, support my husband,

ent committees. He was away a lot at meetings and things like that. So I had to spend more time at the restaurant. Church activities took up a lot of his time and mine. Yes we had the business but the church was more important to him than the business. The business was a way for us to earn money.

I helped organize things like luncheons, big dinners. There was a lot of volunteer work. There were always incidents and events where I had to be involved and still concentrate on the business



Photos of the Swiss Inn from the Real Estate web site. Exterior and three views of the restaurant with stone fireplace and Swiss motif on bar. Listed under Re/Max Realty MLS®# X2726821

had a lot of regular customers. So life went on. The restaurant was good to us. Linda and Steven had left and were out working. Peter was still here and basically stayed and lived at the business. In the evening and at night he would tend to the motel.

At the end of the eighties my mom and step-dad were here visiting. One morning they were leaving to drive to Florida. Dad backed out of the driveway, turned around, then went straight down the driveway and kept on going. He drove across the road and down the hill towards the rink. Then he turned, went through the bush and everything.

my children, there was the business and the church. These are some of the things that happened in those years. I don't know what I would have done without my husband. I mean I would have been a basket case for sure. He was the pillar, the rock.

My husband was involved in the Land O' Lakes Chamber of Commerce, you know, trying to promote this area. He was very, very involved in this. He was one of the founding members. He was also President of the Land O' Lakes Tourist Association in 1981 and 1982 then again in 2002 and 2007. Over the years he was a member of 19 differ-

and also the children of course, when they were growing up. Well, we managed. And so life and the business went on through the '90's with all the usual things in life and what running a business brings. Later on in 2002 Warner received a Lifetime Achievement Award and a Community Builder Award in 2008 from the Lennox and Addington County Council.

By the way, although my husband's name was Werner I never called him by that name. I called him 'Schatz'. Schatz means 'treasure' in German. I never called him by his first name it

Continued next page...

was always Schatz. It got us in trouble a couple of times. People thought that was his name and they started calling him Schatz. We would let them know that actually his name was Werner. Employees always called him Mr. Lips and we never demanded that, but each employee, I mean some of the employees when I see them on the street today they still call me Mrs. Lips.

People appeared to have a lot of respect for my husband. He never went to town without his suit and tie. He never went to a meeting without his suit and tie. I said, "Who else goes to the meeting like that?" He said, "I don't care." One time my husband was mowing the lawn at the Swiss Inn when a friend passed by and made a joke out of him not wearing a suit. He kept everything inside, he was a very private person. We spoke together all the time you know, but some things he kept inside. Like for example, not very long ago I tried to think what was his favourite pie, what was his favourite meal, what was his favourite flower? I couldn't answer that. I had no idea. He liked everything, he never complained about anything. He came to Canada with the explicit view that he was coming to a new country and it was nothing like Switzerland and he had to adapt to this country. He decided to come here so he better adapt. New food, new everything, that's how it is in Canada. So I guess it was good.

In 1989 Steve was diagnosed with MS. He was having problems with his balance, he went skating and he couldn't skate, he'd do things and he'd fall down. He was in his twenties and there was a slow progression before he had a diagnosis. Of course it was worrying but a neighbour in Montreal had MS 25 years before and I thought there must have been some better treatment in the meantime. But there wasn't. Attacks of

MS were getting worse, so he agreed to undergo an experimental bone marrow transplant in 2003. It was an experimental new treatment.

Werner and I both went with Steve to speak with the doctor about the treatment. Anyway he was in the hospital for seven weeks. He was extremely ill, I mean he was really, really sick. I was there every week for one or two days. I had friends in Ottawa and a place to stay so that helped a lot. My husband looked after the business. Sometimes I



Motel section



Rooms

wonder how he did it. At other times when I was sick he had to look after the kids and the business. He had to look after the church. It was hard for him. Werner couldn't get to the hospital too often. We still made the trip together quite a number of times. When Steve got out of the hospital he came here to live with us. He stayed nine years. It took him a long time to recover from the effects of the treatment and still there were lingering problems caused by the MS. He couldn't work.

He did the best he could but it was very difficult for him. Of course I tried to support him as best I could and there was still my job at the restaurant.

Except for Steve's illness, throughout the nineties life was OK for our family. The restaurant and motel were doing OK. Yes we worked very hard and put in a lot of hours but we were happy. Linda was married and living in Kingston with her husband and two children. Peter was away working. Steve was living with us here in Denbigh.



Commercial Kitchen

END OF PART 3

To be continued next issue...

Parts 1 and 2 are available online at www.madawaskahighlander.ca



George and his wife Joan moved to Denbigh from Ireland in 2007. He is semi-retired and presently does work for the Township of Addington Highlands as well as volunteer work within the community. George & Joan own and operate the 'Wildwood B & B' in Denbigh. His interests include photography, writing, gardening and ocean sailing among others. George met Joan in Ireland after he departed Canada on an around the world solo sailing trip. He decided to postpone the rest of the voyage and has now set his anchor in Denbigh for the foreseeable future.

The Fire Lookout

A Poem found in the cabin of the Matawatchan Fire Tower, dedicated to the men who guard Canada's forests.

My lookout nest stands on the crest
Of a rocky mountain that tops the rest.
Up here all day in the breeze I sway,
And look out keep to the faraway,
O'er forests wide, on every side,
And lakes and isles on through clouds I ride.

High, high, with eagle eye,
I watch for fire as the wind sweeps by;
North, East, and West, my eyes I test.
Then far to the South, I never rest.

"Your nest looks frail. Does your heart
not quail,
As it shudders and shakes in the blasts of
the gale?"
Nay, I rest serene above forest green,
And trust to my cables scarcely seen.
When the wind blows strong or the day
seems long,
I pass the hours with this snatch of song...

High, high, with eagle eye,
I watch for fire as the wind sweeps by;
North, East, and West, my eyes I test.
Then far to the South, I never rest.

"Do you never tire in your lofty spire?"
I've a treasure to keep from the demon
fire;
Come rain, come sun, I take some fun
Watching the wildlife on the run.
"But so far above sod on this slender
rod!"
True, far from the earth, but near to God.

High, high, with eagle eye,
I watch for fire as the wind sweeps by;
North, East, and West, my eyes I test.
Then far to the South, I never rest.



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UP THE LINE TO THE FRONT LINE

CHRISTMAS 1939 (PLAYING WITH FIRE)

By Howard Popkie



When my Uncle Mark Subinski had all the trimming on the Christmas tree, he put little tin candle holders all over the tree with Christmas candles in each one. He lit them all, a good way to burn down the house.

My cousin Bert Stubinski got a steam engine for Christmas that he put water in the boiler and fire in the fire box. It got up a head of steam and ran just like a big engine. His sister Ruth was also

my cousin. She got an iron wood stove toy, just like the real stove and made fire it and boiled a play pot of water on her stove. These were toys that could burn the kids or even burn down the house.

My mother's sister Augie Skriptchuck always made a Christmas cake that was a dark fruit cake with white icing on it, three layers. I always got to eat cake when I went there at Christmas.



My mother decorated our tree with her mother's old trimmings from the 1800s and told me stories that Santa would come in the sky with his sleigh and a row of reindeer pulling it. He would land on our roof and come down the chimney into the house.

I would go to bed very early and look out at the stars to see if I could spot him. I was only five years old and she said there were little fairies about four



From lit candles on the tree to toys that use real fire, Christmas in 1939 was a little different than it is today.

inches high and they slept under toad stools. So when I walked along the path in the bush, I always had an eye out for them.

All through my childhood I slept through the night and missed seeing Santa and to this day I have yet to see a fairy that woman talked about.

CHRISTMAS EVE 1948 (THE TRAGIC SIDE OF FIRE)

By Howard Popkie

My mom wanted my father to make a candle holder from a birch block of wood with two holes drilled in it, 3/4 inches wide to hold two candles with spruce boughs and red ribbons for a Christmas display.

Dad didn't have a brace and bit, but he knew Bob Baker had one. It was dark out. I went with Dad to Bob Baker's camp, about a mile and a half down the road.

When we opened the door, black smoke and a black spaniel dog came rushing out.

We went in and Bob Baker was lying face down in the middle of the floor in a bed of coals where the floor was burning. He had been putting coal oil

in his lamp after dark with the wick still lit to give him some light. It all caught fire on him and he must have fainted.

We picked him up and put him on his bed. We put the fire out. Bob Baker was badly burned with his skin falling off on his hands and face.

Dad and I went to Black Donald, about a mile or more. We were walking in those days, as few people had cars.

There was a phone at Jack Wilson's store, so we phoned the police in Renfrew and waited for them to come to the store so we could show them the way to Bob Baker's camp.

When we got to his camp, the two police officers carried him out to the

police car, wrapped in the blanket from his bed and took him to the Renfrew Hospital where he lived until the Spring.

I think he was about sixty years old. I often wonder if the Lord played a part in saving his life that Christmas Eve.

~Thank You~

To all our friends and neighbours,

Lois, the boys and I wish to thank each and every person in our community for their acts of kindness and help throughout my illness and since my surgery.

We are truly blessed to live in such a caring and compassionate community. I will strive to repay these acts of kindness.

May you all be blessed each and every day.

Mark and Lois Tomlin

Our boys, Austin, John and Mitchell

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BEHIND THE TUNES

INTO THE 60s

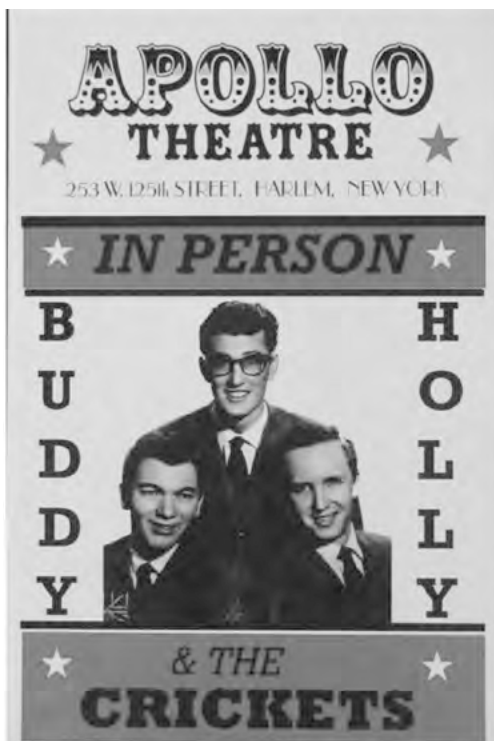
By Peter Chess



Buddy Holly performed twice on The Ed Sullivan Show

Norman Petty, acting as Holly's manager, contacted publishers and record labels, eventually landing a deal with Brunswick Records, a Decca subsidiary. The contract was signed for the "Crickets" on March 19 1957. Holly signed a contract with Coral Records, another Decca subsidiary, shortly afterwards, putting him in the unusual position of having two recording contracts at the same time. On May 27 '57, "That'll be The Day" was released as a single credited to "The Crickets" to try to bypass Decca's claimed legal rights. When the song became a hit, Decca decided to not press it's claim.

"That'll be The Day" topped the charts in both the U.S. and U.K. On the strength of that success, the band was invited to play twice on the Ed Sullivan Show, twice on "American Bandstand" and most unusually, but just once, on "The Arthur Murray Party". Proof of Holly's mass appeal was highlighted by his ability to win over an all black audience to rockabilly music when the band performed at the legendary "Apollo Theatre" in New York City in August '57. It took several performances for the audience to warm up to them, in part because many did not know they were going to see a white band in the first place. At the time, the Crickets were



the only group on a national tour playing theatres in black only neighbourhoods.

Since Holly was signed to a solo contract and as a member of the Crickets, two debut albums were released, "The Chirping Crickets" in November '57 and "Buddy Holly" in February '58. Two more singles were released

and became #1 hits, "Peggy Sue" and "Oh Boy". The third and final album "That'll Be the Day" was put together with previously recorded tracks and released in April '58. Curiously, "Peggy Sue" was originally titled "Cindy Lou", so named after Holly's niece. That changed prior to the recording at the request of Cricket's drummer, Jerry Allison, who'd had a fight with his girlfriend, Peggy Sue Gerron, who believed the name change would soften her feeling toward him. Apparently it worked as they were wed shortly after.



One of Holly's debut albums

In June '58, the band traveled to New York City to record at "Temple Studios", Decca's main studio complex. At the offices of a music publisher in the same building, Holly was intro-



Buddy Holly and Maria Elena Santiago

duced to a receptionist named Maria Elena Santiago and was immediately smitten. He asked her out on a date that same morning and proposed to her that evening. In her own words..."While we were having dinner, he got up and came back with his hands behind his back. He brought out a red rose and said, "this is for you. Would you marry me?" Within the beautiful red rose was a ring. I melted." Holly went to her guardian's house to ask her permission the next morning and Maria came running to him, jumping into his arms. Holly, rightly so, considered this a "yes". Less than two months later, on August 15 '58 they were wed in Lubbock.

Given that Holly was writing his own material, a rarity in those days, he had very definite ideas on the sound he wanted, he became more and more in-

terested in the production aspect of the New York recording/publishing scene, while the band members were homesick and just wanted to head back to Lubbock. As a result, in late '58, the band broke up.

Buddy and Maria rented a small apartment in Greenwich village, immersing themselves in their new world. Holly had some grand ideas for his musical direction now that he was free of the original limitations put on him by the four piece outfit. He was hoping to develop collaborations between soul singers and rock and roll, wanting to make a record with Ray Charles and gospel great Mahalia Jackson.

He also thought of becoming an actor like Elvis and Eddy Cochrane, going so far as to enroll in Lee Strasberg's Actor's Studio, where Marlon Brando and James Dean had trained.

In October '58, Holly had recorded a beautiful love song inspired by Maria entitled "True Love Ways", as well as two other notable songs, "It Doesn't Matter Anymore" and "Raining In My Heart". The songs were all firsts for him. Not only in the use of orchestral backup players, recruited from the New York Philharmonic, but also the tracks were his first stereo recordings. Regrettably, they were also his last formal studio recordings. Holly had already become disillusioned with Norman Petty for a number of reasons before he met Maria, but at her insistence he hired a lawyer to delve into what they suspected were financial irregularities. What they discovered was that Petty had been paying royalties into his own company's account. Not an uncommon occurrence in the music industry back then, when performers had little or no knowledge of the business and were easy marks for unscrupulous managers and promoters. So while the lawyers duked it out and the money owed was not forthcoming, Holly was forced to go back on the road to pay the rent. He was offered a spot on the "Winter Dance Party" tour, a three week jaunt across the Midwest, set to open on January 23 1959.

To be continued next issue...



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 Matawatchesan and have two granddaughters, Emma and Natalie. Peter is a member of The Pickled Chickens String Band.

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OVARIAN CANCER WALK OF HOPE on Sunday, September 7 at the Labyrinth in Burnstown

By Cheryl Babineau

On Sunday, September 7, 2014 Cheryl Babineau and Richard Gill of Bittersweet Gallery and Fog Run Studio will host for the second time the Burnstown "Ovarian Cancer Canada Walk of Hope", using the medieval 11-circuit Chartres-style labyrinth mowed into their meadow.



An aerial view of The Bennett-Lindsay Labyrinth of Hope (photo credit Art Latimer)

Cheryl and Richard often thought it a shame that the labyrinth was under-utilized. Wanting to put it to good use, the labyrinth became in 2013 a most unique setting for the first Burnstown Ovarian Cancer Canada Walk of Hope. Maintaining it is after all a labour of love and thanks to Kate Lindsay and Richard Laxton, the labyrinth is primed for another year.

A labyrinth is not a maze, but a single winding path that guides a participant to its centre and back out again. Unlike a maze, the labyrinth holds no tricks or dead ends. Walking a labyrinth is a right brain activity (creative, intuitive, imaginative). Many walkers of labyrinths report life-changing experiences, a sense of breaking through a barrier and finding answers, sometimes without even knowing they had a question.

This cause is especially meaningful to Richard as he lost his mother and two sisters to ovarian cancer and has two daughters at high risk.

Ovarian cancer is Canada's most fatal women's cancer. It is often overlooked and under-diagnosed and there is NO screening test. Ovarian cancer is often diagnosed in late stages, resulting in five-year survival rates of less than 30%. Ten to fifteen percent of the most common type of ovarian cancer is hereditary due to mutations in the genes passed through the family, either the father's or mother's side.

On that same day, the 13th annual Ovarian Cancer Canada Walk of Hope will be held in at least 45 other locations across the country. It is the largest one-day event in Canada that raises money solely for the fight against ovarian cancer.

Thanks to the generosity of family, friends and neighbours, the 2013 Burnstown Walk raised a grand total of \$8,000 for Ovarian Cancer Canada. Everyone is invited to join Cheryl and Richard again this year in supporting this very important cause by participating as a walker, starting your own team or sponsoring a walker. The 2014 goal is to raise \$16,000 and contribute to funding research to develop reliable early detection techniques, improved treatments

and ultimately, a cure. You will find more information on the Walk of Hope below. Labyrinths have been used for over 4000 years. They have crossed cultural and reli-



Starting in the Labyrinth

History

Bennett – Lindsay Labyrinth.

gious traditions and can be found in countries all over the globe. The labyrinth was a central feature in many of the European Roman Catholic churches in the middle ages and many of these still exist today. The most famous of these is at Cathedral of Notre Dame de Chartres near Paris, France.

The Bennett – Lindsay labyrinth in Burnstown is fashioned after the same pattern. It is cut into the lawn at Bittersweet Gallery and was originally measured and laid out by the late Peter Bennett of Renfrew (a dear friend of Richard and Cheryl) along with the help of Pete's wife Loana (Lou) and friend, Kathryn (Kate) Lindsay who is actively involved in maintaining it today.

It was in 2005 that Pete, Lou and Kate practically insisted on making a labyrinth at Bittersweet fashioned after Pete's and Lou's cut the meadow of at their property outside Renfrew. Cheryl and Richard, who felt this, might be too much maintenance, agreed when Kate offered to help maintain it. Pete and Kate re-installed the labyrinth in 2007 in its current position in the meadow. When Pete died in 2010, Kate, Cheryl and Richard decided to retain the labyrinth as a labour of love in Pete's memory.

The 2014 Burnstown Ovarian Cancer Canada Walk of Hope
Sunday, September 7, 2014

Where: next to Bittersweet Gallery at Fog Run Studio
5 Leckie Lane, Burnstown, Ontario

Registration, refreshments and opening ceremony begin at 9am. The walk will begin in the labyrinth at 10 am rain or shine at and will continue through a path that meanders around neighbouring barns for a 2.5 kilometer option or continue with a more strenuous walk up the hill on Leckie Lane to make up 5 kilometer (with a rest stop to visit the Coulas sheep along the way). Participants should be aware that the labyrinth surface is cut grass that can

be dewy in the morning with some uneven ground so comfortable footwear or walking barefoot is recommended.

The walk will then wrap up with draws for door prizes donated by area businesses and a grand prize of a clay relief sculpture



Richard Gill walking on Leckie Lane

by Richard Gill for the most funds raised. There will be brief closing remarks by Burnstown resident Denyse Campeau, National Director of Philanthropy for Ovarian Cancer Canada and Chair for this year's Burnstown Walk. Denyse can also be reached at dcampeau@ovariancanada.org



Cheryl Babineau in the labyrinth

- **Registration is \$25 and is waived for registrants who raise \$100 or more in pledges.**
- **If you raise over \$100, you'll receive a walk T-shirt!**
- **For more information, to register, or to pledge a Walker, visit ovariancancerwalkofhope.ca or call toll-free 1-877-413-7970**
- **Walk website: ovariancancerwalkofhope.ca**

Join or sponsor online at www.ovariancancerwalkofhope.ca. Just search by location Burnstown or by Richard and Cheryl's team name: The Bittersweets, or start your own team. Help us raise awareness and funds so that more women survive.

"A labyrinth is a metaphor for life's journey, it is like the walk we take in life – filled with twists and turns, always leading forward".

Source: Carleton Place community labyrinth brochure



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FROM THE EDITOR

By Lois Thomson

When I was about 6 years old, my family woke up in the night to the sound of sirens. We jumped out of our beds to see flames shooting out of second floor windows of a house identical to ours, just one street over. We didn't know until the next day that the fire was started upstairs by a short circuit behind the TV set. Luckily, the babysitter had let the children sleep downstairs on that hot night and all got out safely. I can't imagine how the parents felt when they returned home to see their children's bedrooms on fire, but it must have been similar to how the parents of Vennachar school children felt as they arrived at the burnt-out school after the wildfire had destroyed the village in 1903 (as described in Bill McNaught's story on page 14. At the same time, how did the children feel as they watched the fire tear through the village, not knowing where their parents were?

Of course, both cases could have turned out much worse, as in Howard Popkie's second story on page 19. And we have learned a lot about playing with fire since the early days at Black Donald, as reflected in Howard's first story, same page.

Fire fighting and fire safety in the Highlands has come a long way over the years, but one thing has not changed – prevention is key and prevention is only possible through education.

The majority of fires are caused by human activity, which is why The Ontario Fire Protection and Prevention Act, 1997, demands that all municipalities make public education about fire safety, a priority. As Smokey the

Awareness of forest fire prevention soared in 1944, when "Smokey the Bear" was rescued from a forest fire. Do we need to rescue a marine animal to do the same for water health? Unfortunately, fish just aren't cute enough for that.



Bear says, "Remember, only YOU can prevent forest fires."

When your fire department knocks on your door offering to look around your house for smoke detector placement and potential hazards, make sure to let them in and thank them afterwards. Their advice could save your life. Clean your chimney before the first fire of Fall. Get a permit before you burn and pay your taxes gladly, the money supports many important services, including fire safety education & prevention, equipment and training.

The combination of vast forested areas and grassy fields in the Highlands, coupled with camp fires, wood burning stoves and a lack of fire hydrants (for obvious reasons) make this area par-

ticularly vulnerable to fires and a challenge for fire suppression. Ernie Juke's story on page 13 about the old system of fire watch towers and my story on page 11 about modern day "volunteer" fire fighting round out what has become a fire safety theme in this, the season's third issue of the Madawaska Highlander.

A second theme has slowly made it to National headlines is that of watershed health. Even with this relatively cool summer with high precipitation in Ontario, algae blooms continue to threaten fresh water sources. The poisons these blooms emit have been affecting wildlife, killing not only our lakes and rivers, but whole ecosystems. Oddly, it's only when these issues affect millions of humans that we consider the

issue to be of concern, as related in Ole Hendrickson's Watershed Ways story on page 23.

As with fire safety, water health starts with education and prevention. If you are concerned (and you should be), contact a volunteer organization such as the Ottawa River Institute or the Muskrat Watershed Council and ask them how you can help. I wonder if we need a cute animal to be saved from an algae bloom, before the issue really strikes home. Unfortunately, fish aren't so cute.

Not all stories emanate from the headlines. Tucked away on page 8 is a public service advertisement for a benefit potluck supper for the Tomlin Family. It's good to know that the old spirit of helping out your neighbour continues in these busy times.

Life never goes the way you plan it, but for Lois and Mark Tomlin, it has taken some twists recently that leave them in a tough bind. They haven't asked for it, but they need help from the community. If you know the Tomlins, you'll know the story and will be at the Matawatchan Hall on September 5 at 5:30. If you don't know them, come to the Hall with a main course dish, a salad or dessert, an open heart, an open wallet, and get to know them. Mark, his wife Lois and their three grandchildren are familiar faces in the community, constantly volunteering and giving to others. It's to see people out to give them a boost when they need it most. In Mark's thank you message on page 19, he says he will pay us back, but Mark, you have already paid in advance!

The Madawaska Highlander welcomes letters to the editor.

TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor, Madawaska Highlander,

I am sure that most of us listen to the news and all of us hope we will get something done about seniors that get into accidents that are maybe preventable. Please note that I am almost 80 and this applies to me, too.

Drivers over 60 should be restricted to standard shift vehicles, because if they can use brakes, clutch and shift sticks properly it means that their brain is still working as it needs to work to be on the road. Too often older drivers should not drive and so often the results can be awful.

Maybe the insurance co's would find a way to gradually enforce this rule, by lowering rates for standard shift cars. I think the environmentalists would love it, too.

*Carmel Gowan,
Cloyne, ON*

Also: The Madawaska Highlands Observatory building looks so beautiful. One question; Does it have proper landing gear? It would obviously take off and fly well in any good storm!

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THE HEALING TREE

HAWTHORN TREE

By Robbie Anderman

Hawthorn is a small tree with fruit called "haws", and branches armed with formidable thorns usually longer than an inch. The haws visually remind me of a cross between a tiny crabapple and a rosehip. (They are?) very edible, but there's more seed than pulp. The thorn visually reminds me of the distance I want to keep between me and it. By cutting off a pencil-thick branch two inches on either side of a stout thorn, I can obtain a handy awl for working soft leather.

There are well over 100 species (some say 1000) in North America. The leaves and fruit vary in size and shape but they all have thorns. Hawthorn look alot like their relatives the Apple trees. They easily grow in thickets rather than keeping to a single trunk. They attract many of the same bugs and disease as Apples, and can be used as grafting root stock for Apples and Pears. Another name (for the Hawthorn?) is the Thorn Apple.

As a medicine the haws are used the most, with the flowers also in common use. Known as a heart tonic since the days of the Ancient Greeks, extended use of Hawthorn usually lowers blood pressure by dilating blood vessels and regulating heart action. It can strengthen inflamed or weakened heart muscles, relieve angina pectoris, arteriosclerosis, general stress and less serious nervous conditions such as insomnia. It has been recommended for executives (child care workers?) under pressure and strain.

Other uses are as a sedative, a miscarriage preventative, a diarrhea remedy, a sore throat remedy, a diuretic for edema (and?) kidney and bladder problems, a cough and whooping cough remedy, and an anti-emetic. It is also used as a wine ingredient, which is in turn effective as a heart remedy.

For heart-related problems, infuse one teaspoon of flowers in one-half cup of water and drink one to one-and-a-half cups per day, a mouth full at a time. Or, soak one teaspoon of crushed fruit in one-half cup of cold

keeping doses small, as overdosing can cause nausea.

A decoction of the ripe fruit has been used to cure sore throat and to help (arrest?) diarrhea. Crush one cup of haws,

time (about a half-cup)>

A poultice of the pulped haws or leaves has strong drawing powers. It's long been used to treat embedded thorns (!), splinters and abscesses, particularly whitlows.

The haws are gathered when ripe, usually in autumn. They contain Vitamins B and C and good quantities of silica, and are often made into jellies and marmalades. Taking 4 to 6 (haws?) daily is said to help prevent a miscarriage during pregnancy; they're also eaten to slow the menses.

The flowers, gathered in early summer, contain "coumarin", and anti-coagulant, and are quite edible on their own.

The leaves have many of the same qualities as the haws and flowers, but are used less often, perhaps because they're not as strong. They obviously would be the item of choice when neither haws nor fruit are available.

A tea of the inner bark or twigs has been used as a native women's medicine (?), and for bladder and stomach troubles.

The root bark tea has been drunk for general debility, back pain and "female weakness" (an unclear term(at best?)).

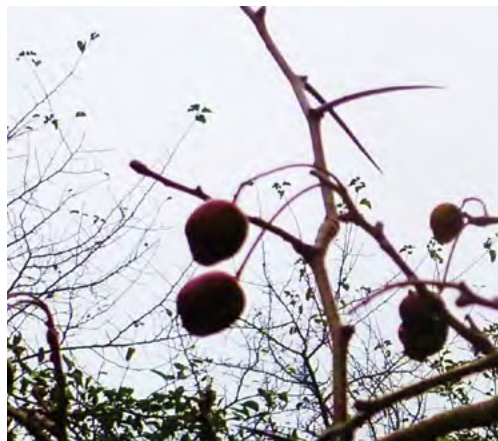
The buds have a tangy taste, often described as "pepper and salt" that makes them a pleasant addition to a spring salad just after they begin to open. This would provide an excellent "spring tonic".

The seeds and fruit were used by certain Iroquois People in bread-making, and were crushed and dried for storage for this purpose.

Being such a "pasture weed", cattle and deer readily browse the young growth. Over 36 kinds of birds, the gray fox and probably many other animals eat the haws.



Hawthorn tree photos from auburnmeadowfarm.com



Not so easy picking



water, let stand for 7 to 8 hours, bring quickly to a boil, strain and drink in the same manner as above. This should be followed steadily every day. Be aware of

boil with a cup of water for 10 minutes, strain, and sweeten with honey. For sore throat take a tablespoon at a time. For diarrhea take a wineglassful at a

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