

NEWS CLIPPINGS WE HAVE GATHERED

WORLD:

Philae space probe lands on speeding comet after 10 year journey, sends valuable info home, but shuts down as solar batteries fail to recharge

Paralyzed man in Poland walks again after stem cells injected into completely severed spinal cord.

Cheezies inventor James E. Marker dies in Belleville, age 90

Graco stroller recall. Spring-loaded fold lock can pinch little fingers. Aspen, Breeze, Capri, Cirrus, Literider, Sierra and Sterling models Aug. 2000 to Nov. 2014. Contact Graco for free repair kit.

CANADA:

Conservatives support NDP bill to make Remembrance Day a national holiday. Article Pg. 16

Over \$1.1 billion in unspent funds at Veterans Affairs since 2006

Anti-radiation KI pills to be given to residents living within 10 km of Ontario nuclear plants

Pollution turning Canadian lakes to Jelly, threatening drinking water. Article Pg.8

Canada Accelerator and Incubator Program allocates \$7.7 million over 5 years for small businesses in eastern Ontario.

ONTARIO:

“Caregiver Leaves to Help Families” now in effect, giving job security to caregivers.

Ontario to make ranked ballots available in time for 2018 elections. Municipalities can opt in, replacing first past the post system.

Province creates steering committee to examine how to double agribusiness growth by 2020, providing 120,000 jobs.

Ontario approves Cataraqui Source Protection Plan to strengthen local source-to-tap drinking water protection.

COUNTIES:

Renfrew County’s new tag line is “Experience our History, Share our Future”.

Renfrew County Red Cross celebrates 75th Anniversary

Annual Valley Heritage Radio Holly Jolly fundraiser set for Saturday, December 6 to raise funds for Renfrew County Suicide Prevention and Crisis Centre

Frontenac Official Plan sent for Ministry of Municipal Affairs and Housing approval. Approval authority for development will shift from the province to the county.

LOCAL:

White-nose syndrome wiping out bats in Eastern Canada. Facial fungus kills during hibernation.



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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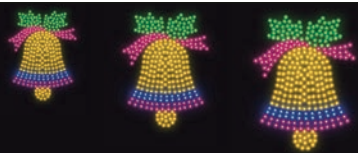
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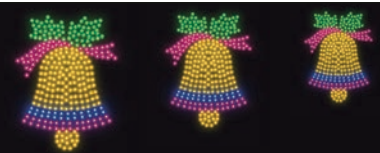
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**We've been building in The Highlands for 29 years
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by Garry Ferguson

First, the news from the Pole. Santa is in the throes of his annual, last-minute frenzy and is working his elves 16 hours a day. There's some grumbling and talk of unionizing but otherwise, not much happening here: weather is much like yours, same snow, same polar vortex.

Now for Griffith and Matawatchan. On October 14, 2014, the Matawatchan Hall Board renewed itself during the Annual General Meeting. Though the pot-luck supper that preceded the meeting was a success (meaning lots of flavour, lot of variety and lots of people) it was not the sole reason for the record turnout. Most of the folks who joined the board came well after we'd licked the pots and pans clean.

President Mark Tomlin has been joined by V.P. Wendy MacFarlane and Directors Tracy Hunchak, Sharon Holleran, Kelli Sullivan, Ken Birkett, Gitte (Brigitte) Chess, Pat Burton and Dave Burton. This mixture of experience and new blood will no doubt do a bang-up job of administering the hall over the next year. Remember, all meetings are open to the public. Good luck guys.

That **series of pot-luck suppers** has proven to be an even greater success than expected. Each one brought out a goodly number of people but the last, November 22, drew a crowd of 60 + from as far away as Eagle Hill. The last chance of the year to tuck into a great feed with good friends (bring a favourite dish) will come at 5:30 p.m. on Saturday December 13th prior to the annual Christmas Tree Lighting which happens at 7 p.m. As in years past, there'll be hot chocolate, goodies and a carol sing in the hall after the lighting.

The Northern Lights Seniors Club (NLSC) has also come up with a new look at its meeting on November 19, 2014. Denny Barnes is now at the helm as the new president and Joan Jacques has taken over the vice president position. Sandy Downs is the secretary and Nancy Reid the treasurer.

For those over 50 who might want to become members, be assured the NLSC will welcome you with open arms – well, almost. Just show up right after the noon-time Fellowship Luncheon on the third Wednesday of each month and ask to join. There'll be no medical, IQ test or background check but you will have to produce a bill with Sir John A's picture on it. The bi-weekly euchre get-togethers have been suspended over the Christmas Season but will resume at 7 p.m. on January 02, 2015 and lo the **NLSC Christmas Party** will come to pass on Tuesday December 09 at noon.

Folks at the **Denbigh Griffith Lion's Club** came up with so many seasonal events that they had to send out a double-sided flyer just so we could keep up. Beginning with the **Christmas Craft Sale**, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., on Saturday December 06, they've evidently decided to involve even us grumps in their lineup of festivities.

At 6 p.m. on December 06, the **Denbigh Santa Clause Parade** will be-

gin to wend its way through the beautiful downtown area to the hall where all can enjoy some snacks and a chat with Kris Kringle himself. If you hear a commotion in your yard on the evening of December 08, for goodness sake, don't call out the dogs. It will be a pride of Lions about to thrill you with their **beautiful renditions of carols** in four – well at least one – part harmony. The **Children's Christmas**



Santa arriving at the Matawatchan Hall last Christmas and he brought gifts, "Just to tie you over until Christmas." Check this column for upcoming sightings of Jolly Saint Nick!

Christmas Luncheon in the Pineview Free Methodist Church, Cloyne, gathering at 11:30 and serving at noon on December 08. For \$18 and a can of beans, you'll get turkey and all the trimmings with a smile. To reserve, call Sandra at 613 336 0157.

At 1 p.m. on the Saturday December 13, the Society will celebrate



Christmas Tree Lighting in Matawatchan last year. It was fun singing carols together under the stars. Join the group on December 13 at 7:00 in downtown Matawatchan.

May you have a very Merry Christmas and a prosperous – health and happiness wise - 2015!

Party in the Lion's Hall will begin at 11 a.m. on December 14 with all the good things in life like music, candy and soft drinks – and Santa. Sorry parents – no bar.

As usual, the cats will close out the year with the annual extravaganza better known as the **New Years Eve Party**. Festivities will commence at 9 p.m. and end at 1 a.m. (yeah, right) on, of course, December 31. For \$20 you can dance the night away to the offerings of a disc jockey, pig out on snacks, pig out again on a midnight buffet and get to have some champagne all the while winning prizes – hopefully for good behavior.

The Madawaska Highlander has been getting around and is read even in far-away places with exotic names such as **Cloyne and maybe even Northbrook**. I know this because the learned historians who inhabit the **Cloyne and District Historical Society (CADHS)** have asked to have their events included in our humble column. I have been associated with the CADHS in a number of different ways over the years and have found them to be a friendly, welcoming group of individuals seriously dedicated to the preservation of local history. Though the Society's mandate extends north only to Denbigh, its members have shown a keen interest in our little plot of Renfrew County. They have even taken a bus tour through the area (I can just hear the snickers) and have had yours truly give presentations on our history. It is our pleasure to let our readers in on the Society's plans for the next month or so.

The CADHS folks will host a home-cooked, full-course, sit-down

an **"Old Fashion Christmas"** in the Barrie Township Hall. There will be all the good, fun-producing comforts like mulled cider, hot chocolate, carols and laughs. The best part: admission is a toonie.

On Saturday January 24, the organization's **Robbie Burns Supper** will get under way in the Northbrook Lions Hall at 5:30 p.m. with an hour of cocktails before supper. Yup! You can wear your kilts, eat haggis and get your knees up (but not too high because of the kilt thing) with some country dancing. For more info or to reserve, call Gordon at 613 336 0157 or Ian at 613 336 2203.

There's a community-minded gang in this township who have been toiling away (much like Santa's elves but taller) over the last six years for the good of us all – again like the elves. Collectively known as **The Greater Madawaska Senior's Housing Corporation**, the gang – along with a host of local volunteers – has been raising \$'s wherever and whenever possible to salt away a nest egg toward the day when some government (any one of the many levels would do) will smile and bestow on them grants big enough to begin getting some of our old carcasses in out of the weather.

The present board consists of President Bill Griffiths, V.P. Bill Beacham, Treasurer Pat Holleran, Secretary Juliette LeGal along with Directors Gail Holtzhauer, Jim Ferguson and Nancy Reid. At any given time – summer, spring and polar vortex – you'll find someone out flogging tickets or hawking wares at craft sales, flea markets (no weddings or funerals – yet) and bake sales.

A permanent project, the **NU2U Shop**, operated by some of that volunteer host, has raised over \$5000 this year alone. At the time of this scribbling, there's an army of folks out there selling tickets on a framed, 16 X 20 inch landscape painting donated by well-known local artist (also musician, composer, carpenter, photographer, woodcutter, farmer and

man-about-town) Harold Kaufmann, two beautiful watches (handy if you can tell time) donated by John and Nancy Reid and two gift baskets (worth \$100 each) put up by the corporation. The winning tickets will be drawn at the **Lions' Annual Christmas Craft Sale** in the Lions Hall, Griffith, on December 06.

If someday, somewhere, when you're least expecting it, one of those someones pops up, looks you in the eye and says, "Wanna buy a ticket?" we hope you'll do the right thing.

To all our Highlander readers, be you near or far, we at the (giggle) News Desk would like to send along our best wishes for the Yuletide Season.



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.

LAKELANDS FAMILY HEALTH TEAM

By Lion President Tony Fritsch



\$5,000 Cheque presentation to the Lakelands Family Health Team, an important resource for Denbigh area residents, supported by the Lions Club.

The Denbigh Griffith Lions Club is part of Lions Clubs International which is the world's largest service club organization. There are more than 1.3 million members in more than 45,000 clubs worldwide. The Lions organization was founded in 1917 and the Denbigh Griffith Club was formed in 1998. The major Lions Clubs projects are focused towards 'giving sight' (conducting vision screenings, equipping hospitals and clinics, distributing medicine and raising awareness of eye disease), serving youth (support local children and schools through scholarships, recreation and mentoring), and grants (supporting local and international humanitarian and health-related projects). The Lions motto is "We Serve" and our local Lions are part of a global service network, doing whatever is necessary to help our local communities.

The Denbigh Griffith Club currently consists of 24 members and contrib-

utes to many projects and organizations locally and globally. Our Club donates about \$20,000 each year to a variety of projects and causes. One of our current major initiatives is to donate \$25,000 over 5 years (\$5000 per year) to the Lakelands Family Health Team in Denbigh. This Clinic serves the greater communities of Denbigh, Griffith, Matawatchan and the surrounding area.

The satellite office of the LFHT in Denbigh has increased access to primary health care for residents of this remote and isolated area. Patients now have more access to a physician and nurses, as well as access to a NP, a dietitian, a mental health counsellor, and an advanced foot care specialist, in their home community. LFHT offers several programs (hypertension, diabetic, smoking cessation, Healthy You: Weight Management), and preventative care. Emergency care is also provided at the Denbigh site. Because the donations

to the LFHT have been used to purchase equipment for the Denbigh site, patients have the opportunity to have more tests completed locally. Prevention of disease and chronic disease management make a healthier community.

We have made a difference!

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We have made a difference!



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to ALL!*

A NIGHT ON THE TOWN

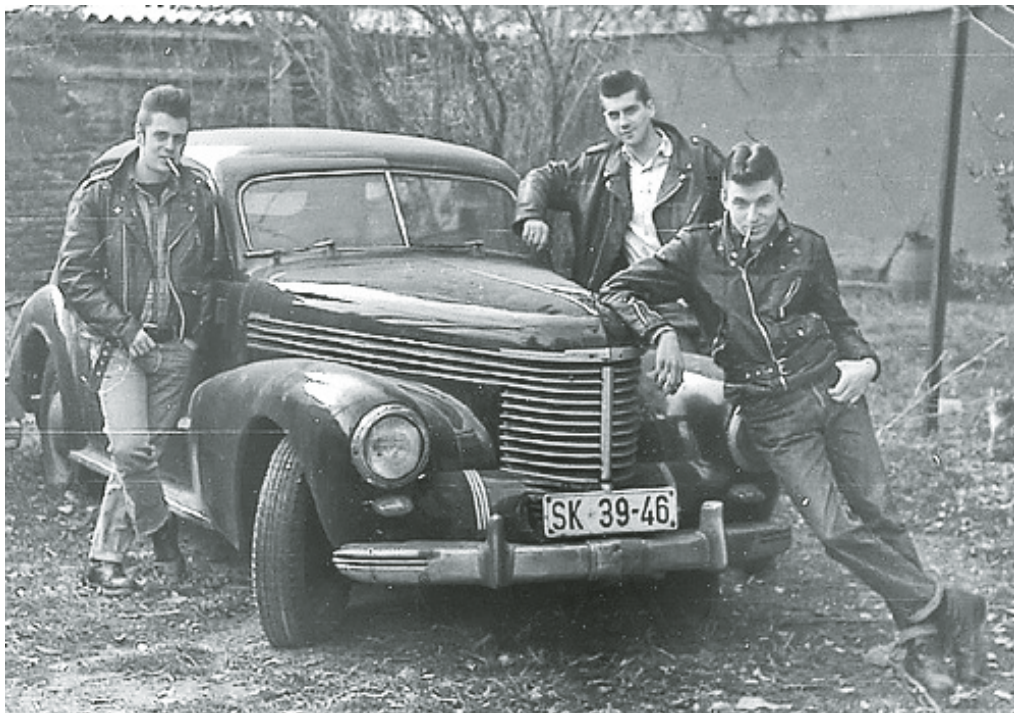
By Antonia Chatson

My father ran the drama club at the high school where he taught and I attended. He primarily said that he created the club as a venue for me to flaunt my wares, but I noticed that he enjoyed every minute of the directing of the plays. He never did give me a lead role, for he said that he did not want to show favoritism. But never mind, I had a lot of fun with the subsidiary roles that he deemed fit to assign me. And then there was all the fun that we members of the drama club had off the stage.

We were all rather in awe of and envious of two of the members of the drama club, Craig and Lisa. They would get all geared up at a play rehearsal either after school or of an evening. They would save their grand finale for a Harvey's drive-through in the late hours of the night or the wee hours of the morning. Craig was 16, and he had the use of one of his father's cars whenever he wished. His father owned a riding stable so I guess he could afford it, but I wondered if he knew for what pranks his son used the car, whether he would have been so generous with it.

Craig and Lisa would roar into Harvey's parking lot and squeal to a stop at the back end of it. Then the yelling would begin. Craig would accuse Lisa of all manner of infringements and Lisa would yell back in defense of her actions. When Lisa felt that she was not being taken seriously enough, she would fling out of the car, slamming the door behind her and sob her way over to a fence. Then she would lean over it wracking her body with great shaking sobs. She had long, black hair which she wore hanging straight down and parted on the side. The side that had the bulk of the hair usually would hang over half of her face. With a great dramatic gesture, she would right herself, flinging her hair away from her face, just long enough to see if Craig was taking the bait. Sure enough, he slammed out of the other side of the car, stormed up to her and pretended to hit her across the head.

By now - you are no doubt wondering how the staff and patrons at Harvey's Hamburger Joint were responding to this set up. A few patrons who were munching on their burgers, left the



You are who you pretend to be...

building and strayed over to observe the proceedings. Others took their food and went to the cars and observed from there, having a front row seat. Newcomers would park their cars at a safe distance and view the proceedings from there, reasoning that this was more interesting than getting something to eat. Workers at Harvey's craned their necks to see who was winning.

I am not sure at what stage this dramatic scene reached its finale - perhaps it was when Craig and Lisa either got tired or hungry or perhaps it was when they had milked their audience enough. Anyway, when it was over, it was over and peace once more reigned in the parking lot. Craig and Lisa went inside for much needed refreshment, others went back for either some or more. Craig and Lisa were given a standing ovation once people realized that it was a put on, and with their dramatic skills honed a little sharper, they felt a feeling of enviable satisfaction. I never did find out if Harvey's ever gave them a kick-back for the business they generated.

Craig and Lisa were the envy of us all, but none of us felt that we had it in us to do something so risqué -until, that is, my father invited a few members of his drama club to spend a weekend with us at the farm. There were six of us altogether, 3 fellas and two other girls, all younger than myself, who should have known better.

But the lure of the stage is almost as strong as the lure for gold. I had heard that things heated up pretty good during the dark hours of Saturday night and into Sunday morning in the bright lights of Shelburne. So we decided to check it out ourselves. The boys, whose hair was rather long as we had just finished producing an 18th century play, practiced slicking it back with various tonics, into a ducktail. With their shirt sleeves rolled up and their collars turned up at the back, they looked like three mini Elvis's. Us girls put our hair up in rollers, as was the custom then, when going out for a bit of fun. We dressed in low cut blouses and smeared on the make up and chewed gum violently. We decided to arrive at the big city on the stroke of midnight. We all had a nap in the evening before we went, so we would be well rested for our adventure.

So at precisely 11:45, after a snack and a cup of coffee, we loaded ourselves into the Chevy and proceeded towards town with great anticipation. We arrived there - and the main street was deserted, not even so much as a parked car with a couple necking in it. The streets were very wide as they often were in old towns in order to accommodate horses and buggies in by-gone days. We cruised slowly down main street and out into the burbs -not sighting a living creature. I turned at the funeral parlour, went around the block and started down Main Street again,

at a crawl, hoping to lure those wild ones out of hiding. Nothing. This time I turned at Henry Ford's Garage and went around a different block and tried Main Street once again. "If there's no sign of any one this time", I said, "we go home, knowing that rumour is not all it's cracked up to be."

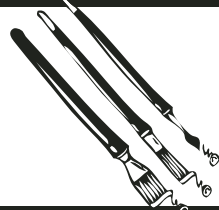
Suddenly, out of nowhere, a rusty old boat of a car, screeched up beside us. I was so shocked that I slammed on the brakes. We looked over into the car to see that there were four youths in it, two in the front, two in the back seat. Their windows were rolled down and their arms hung out over the doors. With their other hands, they held bottles of beer. They slurred out to us, "Case of beer to the one who reaches the undertaker first." I'm not sure what the other five members of our crew did, but I chewed hard, leered at them and shouted, "Sure thing".

The newcomers had one major advantage over our car - from a sound point of view - theirs had no muffler and I think there was something wrong with the carburetor. There was, however, nothing wrong with their gas pedal, and they were off with a howl, a screech of tires and a fog of emission. They obviously meant business, and suddenly I was scared. I took off after them at a speed that would have shocked my mother and at the first side street that I saw, I made a quick turn to the right! Get me out of here was all I could think. If I drove parallel to a concession road out of town, I could cut back to it and slink out of town before they knew we were not behind them. Or maybe I could park in someone's driveway and we could all scrunch down on the floor for half an hour or so.

Oh, Oh, here were lights coming at us and they slammed to a screeching halt a few inches from our front fender. All four of the youths hung out of the windows, yelling "Chicken" at us. "Once more, you suckers", they jeered and I sensed some annoyance in their tone. Nothing for it, but back to the line up position. They followed us impatiently to the main highway through town. This time, I thought, I shall ply my thespian trade a little more convincingly. By the by, where are the police when you need them? On second thought, forget it. I revved up the car's engine in neutral

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and was cheered on by my fellow passengers, who jeered and shouted at the other car, raising their hands, hoping that in the darkened interior, the occupants of the other car might think they were holding a bottle. We roared down the main street, neck in neck, but as they inched ahead of us, I deaked down an alleyway that led to Townsend's Welding Shop. I pulled up in front of the shop, turned off the car lights, shut off the engine and of one accord, we all ducked down. I think we even stopped breathing! We waited, as we heard the other car, now joined by a second one, race up and down the side streets looking for us. Well, at least they had each other, I reasoned.

After ten minutes they seemed to cease looking for us and their noise subsided. Guess they had gone to greener fields. Just to be sure, we waited for another fifteen minutes. Only then I sat up, started the car, proceeded along another lane-way without lights, till a road to the right led us to the road out of town. With the other occupants of the car still on the floor, I pretended to park and waited another ten minutes to make sure the coast was clear before we got onto the outward bound road on which we proceeded homeward at a speed that would have made my mother proud.

My parents were waiting up for us. We were a little subdued when we first went into the farmhouse, but as we related our tale, little by little, the embellishments seemed to multiply. It was only in our own minds that we realized that our brush with reality was a little too real. Perhaps our acting skills should be limited to the stage. It was a more controlled environment and just a tad safer!



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.

GREATER MADAWASKA PUBLIC LIBRARY By Sharon Shalla



We recently rolled out the welcome mat for babies and their families at the library. The annual Nancy Gorra Baby Book presentations were held November 18th at the library. The program is in memory of the late Nancy Gorra and welcomes new babies residing in the township to the library.



Recipients this year were: Jaxon Dodds, Grayson Reddy, Alisha Forrest, Myles Darmody, Grayson MacLean, Felix Haelssig, and Abigail Briscoe, shown in photos, above.

We are most grateful to the Calabogie Women's Institute for providing funds to purchase the bags, purchase the content including a board book and keepsake, and have the artwork done on the bags. Artwork is done by local resident, Denise MacLean.



*Thank you
to the residents of Greater
Madawaska for the confidence
you, as voters, entrusted in me
to keep our Township moving
forward. It is an honour to be
elected your Mayor and I do
not take this responsibility
lightly. Now it's time to
Git-R-Done!*

*An extra thank you
to my supporters who worked tirelessly to help me with
my campaign and my opponent for running such a fair
and competitive campaign.*

*As the Christmas season will soon be upon us, I want to
wish everyone a very Happy Holiday and extend
Season's Greetings to you and your families. May the
holidays bring you all the joy and happiness that is part
of this time of the year and may we be ever mindful of
the spirit of caring and sharing the Christmas season
brings. It is my wish that 2015 be filled with peace and
prosperity for all.*

From my family to yours

Glenda McKay

Mayor Elect, Township of Greater Madawaska

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BABY BOOK BAG PRESENTATIONS

If you would like to submit your baby's name for next year's Baby Book Bag program, please email the library at gmp1@bellnet.ca, or call 613-752-2317.



Sharon Shalla with Denise McLean, designer of book bag artwork

I would like to take this opportunity to wish everyone a happy holiday season and all the best in the new year.

Please note, we will be closed December, 24th, 25th, 26th and reopen on December 27th.



A QUESTION FOR LOCAL HISTORY BUFFS

By Lois Thomson

I recently received an email from a Madawaska Highlander reader who was wondering if I knew where he could get a copy of "Along the Madawaska - A History of the Townships of Griffith and Matawatchan", printed in 1983. He and his wife had found it invaluable in piecing together some of their own family history, but their copy had grown dog eared. Since Mark and I have a couple of copies, I was able to give him the information that was printed on the back page (his back page was missing). If anyone else is interested, it was printed in Sharbot Lake, by The Printing Place, 613-729-2324. It's likely out of print, though.

This got me thinking. Is there a way to keep track of all of the historical publications? Which ones are still in print and where can I buy them? Are there any available online? A lot of local history has been preserved and there are so many stories yet to be recorded or printed, but even with all of that effort, there is a risk that these short print-run publications will be lost, one by one. You see them for sale in Church basements and at Craft Fairs. Some are hard covers, but many more are paperback, or cerlox bound and almost all were small print runs of as few as 100.

What I can't get over is how many people have interviewed the elders, written their own stories, collected photos and maps and often used their own funds to print as

many copies as they could, to share those fascinating stories. Mark and I have a collection of historical books about the area and keep discovering more. Many were given to us after we started publishing the paper, earlier this year. We have quite a few, yet we keep finding more. How many are there and where are they?

That's where our local historical societies, museums and libraries come in. Storing these printed works in a place where only people with white gloves are allowed to turn the pages has its merits, but a very worthwhile project would be to digitize all of these wonderful books. Is anyone up to the task of preserving our history to share with all? If so, we can all do our part. Scan a book. Seek out the authors and scan the original photographic prints, digitize the original voice recordings and films. That way we can work together, in our own homes, to create a database that's accessible to anyone on the web, anywhere in the World.

Of course this would have to be coordinated so copyrights are honoured and authors get paid. We would need a web site and communicate about who is doing what...

If you have any thoughts about this, please contact Lois or Mark at The Madawaska Highlander info@reelimpact.tv or matawatchancentre@gmail.com

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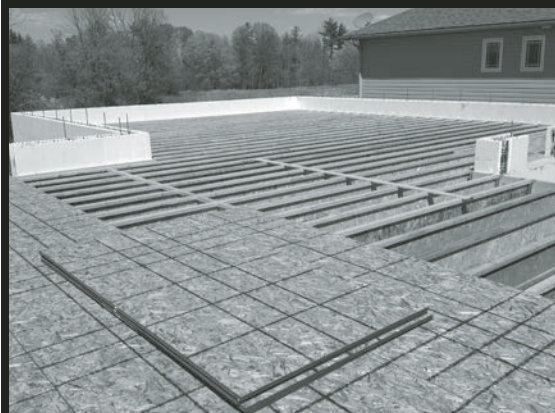


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GRIFFITH MATAWATCHAN FISH & GAME

By Karen Holleran



Jamie Keller's prize winning buck

Deer Hunting season is over for another year. 31 deer in all were weighed in. Contest winners are:

Jamie Keller with the winning buck at 206 lbs.

He also won the Mystery weight with his 144 lb buck.

Tom Leonard won the largest doe at 142 lbs.

Kimberly O'Brien from Kinburn won the shotgun.

The Hunter's Ball was great again this year, not a large crowd, but fun was had by all!

ESPECIALLY AROUND CHRISTMAS TIME

By Garry Ferguson

On summer evenings, young men gathered on the veranda of the general store. The shy, the braggarts and story tellers came to escape loneliness and boredom. Unfortunately, the search for amusement sometimes drove them to display a collective coarseness beyond the inclinations of any individual.

He appeared to be a man, from my low, three-year-old vantage point, but the quiet boy, who usually listened, had barely reached his teens. On a night that must have been desperately short of excitement, a group of older smart-alecks removed his pants – just for laughs.

The crowd dispersed unusually early – before dark. I've always imagined that shame made those who watched want to escape, but I don't know. He remained with his humiliation, on the hill between our house and the store, sobbing while I watched in silence.

A short attention span let sympathy evaporate quickly but the scene was chiseled into my memory. For the first time, a gang's heartless prank forced me to sympathize with the underdog and each time I witness the evident misery of a public humiliation, I remember.

I'll never know how his short life was influenced by the incident: on a Christmas Eve, not many years later, his body was cut from a demolished Pontiac, but I often wonder – especially around Christmas time.

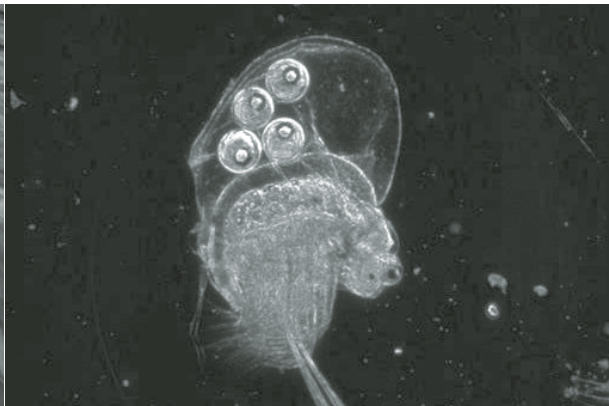
ALGAE BLOOMS & JELLY BOOMS, THE EFFECTS OF POLLUTION

By Lois Thomson

Acidification of Canada's waterways, caused by over 150 years of industrial pollution including acid rain, is creating an ideal habitat for tiny jelly-covered organisms called Holopedium. Good news for Holopedium is bad news for traditional plankton (like Daphnia water fleas) that serve as the foundation for fresh water ecosystems, all the way up to the fish we eat and animals that rely on fish for food. These jelly-coated creatures also threaten our fresh water supply by clogging filters.



Holopedium isn't just found near industrial sites, acid rain carries pollutants that affect even remote lakes and soils far from any factories.



Daphnia, the good plankton, have a heavy exoskeletal shell that requires calcium, but Holopedium protect themselves with a thick jelly coating that requires little calcium.

Another threat to Daphnia comes from a reduction in oxygen levels deep in lakes, which creates better conditions for larval midges, Daphnia's primary predator. Scientists aren't hopeful that the consequences of industrial pollution over the last 150 or so years can be

reversed, but let's hope it can be halted. Before there is any hope of cleaning up a lake or river, we have to stop pollutants from leaching into those waterways from groundwater passing through contaminated soils.

Serious efforts are underway to clean up a number of our important waterways, including the Cataraqui watershed. This means understanding how and where the groundwater flows, identifying contaminated sites and remediating the soils or filtering the groundwater in some way. The City of Kingston won two Federation of Canadian Municipalities Sustainable Communities Awards for their innovative efforts to stop contaminated groundwater from re-polluting the river. The next step is to clean up sediments in the river itself.

It took over 150 years for us to get into this mess. Our only hope is to act quickly and wisely to halt contamination and hope nature accepts our apology.

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Merry Christmas!

Thanks for helping us off to a great start!
Happy New Year from Karen & Peter Lips



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

Thank You!

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate Glen on his win in Ward 3.

To all those who supported and encourage me during my campaign, as well as voted for me on election day, I give my thanks.

It was an honour to receive each and every vote.

Thank you all!

- Mark Tomlin

Congratulations to Pat Bauer of Edmonton, (formerly of Matawatchan)

Winner of the original watercolour on canvas by ER Jukes

Thank you to everyone who bought raffle tickets to support the Matawatchan Hall Winterization Project!

CHURCH SERVICES & COMMUNITY EVENTS CALENDAR

CHURCH SERVICES:
Denbigh, Vennachar, Griffith & Matawatchan
[www.matawatchan.ca /Events](http://www.matawatchan.ca/Events)

St. Andrew’s United Church
Sunday Worship
Aug to Jan. 11:30 a.m.
Feb. to July 8:30 a.m.
Christmas Eve Service 7pm

Hilltop Tabernacle
Sunday School 10:00 a.m.
Morning Worship 11:00 a.m.
Evening Service 6:00 p.m.

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

St. Luke’s United Church
Sunday Worship and Sunday School
10:00 a.m.

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

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

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

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

Most Precious Blood Catholic Church
504 Mill St., Rev. Ric Starks
Sunday Worship 11 a.m.

Mount St. Patrick
St. Patrick’s Catholic Church
Sundays at 9:00 a.m.

Calabogie
St.Andrews United Church
1044 Madawaska Dr. (on the
waterfront) Sunday Worship 8:45 a.m.
Communion 1st Sunday of the month

EVENTS:
Calabogie
GM Library Pre-school Storytime
Thursdays 10:30 am to 11:30 am
at the Greater Madawaska Library.
It is aimed at children from 0 - 6.

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

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

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

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

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

Denbigh, Vennachar, Griffith & Matawatchan
Matawatchan Hall Annual General
Christmas Tree Lighting
December 13, 7:00

Potluck Supper, 5:30

Denbigh

Denbigh, Santa Claus Parade
Dec. 8, 6 pm

Denbigh – Griffith Lion’s Club:
Christmas Craft Sale, Sat. Dec. 6,
10am - 2pm

Children’s Christmas Party,
December 14, 11am
Bingo: Every second Tuesday night
August 5, 19, etc.

New Year’s Eve Party,
Dec. 31, 9am - 1am
Euchre: First & Third Friday of each
month at 7:00 p.m. at Lions Hall

Fellowship Lunch at Noon-Third
Wednesday of the month Contact
Mary McKinnon 613-333-2791

General Wellness Assessment by
local Paramedics available from
11:00am until after lunch

Diabetes Outreach Program
every 3 months

North Lights Seniors:
Third Wednesday of the month
at 1:15pm at the Lion’s Hall after
Fellowship Lunch

Christmas Party
Tuesday, Dec. 9 noon

Euchre First and Third Friday of each
month @7:00pm at the Lions Hall
Contact Sandy Suthcliffe 613-333-
9564 or Sandy Downs 613-333-1931
The Pickled Chicken String Band
Mondays from 5 pm to 7 pm
At the Pine Valley Hwy 41, Griffith
Bert’s Music Jam Every Thursday
5 to 7:30 p.m.

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

Denbigh Diners
Full Course Meal \$7.00
Take out Irene and add Nancy Dafoe
613-333-5164

Denbigh Hall Exercise Group:
Monday classes at 10:00 am.
Thursday classes at 1:00 pm.

TOPS Tuesday at the Denbigh Hall
Basement @8:30am Contact Mary
McKinnon613-333-2791

Cloyne & Northbrook
Cloyne & Area Historical Society
Christmas Luncheon, Dec. 8, Free
Methodist Church, Cloyne, 11:30
call Sandra at 613 336 0157

Old Fashioned Christmas
December 13, 1pm
Barrie Township Hall

Robbie Burns Supper
Northbrook Lions Hall, January 24,
5:30 pm Call Gordon at 613 336 0157
or Ian at 613 336 2203

Send us your Community
Events:
Lois and Mark Thomson
The Madawaska Highlander
3784 Matawatchan Rd.
Griffith, ON
K0J 2R0
info@reelimpact.tv
613-333-9399

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*Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from
Bert, Carol and everyone at the Pine Valley!*

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Sundays 8am - 8pm
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MUNICIPAL ELECTION WRAP UP

By Lois Thomson

I found the following notice on the Greater Madawaska Township web site. I have been checking it a lot since becoming editor and recommend it for anyone who likes to stay informed.

All residents are invited to come and say farewell to Mayor Peter Emon, Councillor Bruno Kierczak and Councillor Karin Lehnhardt.

*Tuesday, December 9, 2014 7:00 pm
Calabogie Community Center
574 Mill Street, Calabogie
We will also be welcoming in our new members of Council:
Glenda McKay, Mayor
Brian Hunt and Nicole Guthrie,
Councillors Ward 1
Harold Murphy, Councillor Ward 2
Glen MacPherson, Councillor Ward 3*

Remember these new names. They are your councillors, your voice and your source of information about policy direction and issues. Township staff works under their direction with the resources they are allotted. If you have an issue, concern or suggestion, bring it forward. Council can't act on what they don't know.

Voter turnout was down this year, with 44.31% of eligible residents voting, compared to 54.62% in 2010. Perhaps it was due to the fact that one councillor was acclaimed (Ward 2), but there still should

have been turnout to select a new mayor and school board trustees. Perhaps it was voter apathy. It could have been due to a lack of campaigning, or too few public debates. Or maybe it's the make up of the population. Mail in ballots were introduced a few elections ago to make it easier for seasonal residents to vote in October elections.

Seasonal residents significantly outnumber full time residents, so their votes count. Are they voting? If not, are they simply leaving the day to day workings to full time residents? If everything is peachy, then why worry about it at the cottage on the weekend? Low turnout can also be seen as an endorsement of the way things are.

Greater Madawaska Township has very unique assets and issues that require a strong and unified council to manage. It also has an amazing volunteer and business community of full time and seasonal residents who care about and support the community. Many councillors come from these groups. Working collaboratively will make your jobs and our community an even better place to live than it is now.

Show your support of the people we elect. Plan to attend the swearing in on Dec. 9. Light refreshments will be available after the ceremony.

REVIEW, REMEMBRANCE, REPAIR...
by Skippy Hale

The year is winding down. Hallowe'en has passed. The Hunt is over. Some will have a freezer full of venison. Some will have memories of the fellowship in the evenings. Snow has fallen in the Bogie. Soon 'Bogie Lights' will officially begin our Christmas Season.

We can thank Amber Gorra for her annual Craft Fair in late October. My fellow crafters set up tables to show their wares and perhaps sell a few items. It was a first experience for me. While I did manage a few sales, the best part was mingling with folks I have not seen in a while. The big winner is the Raise the Roof Committee with table rentals going to the fund. Food Bank donations were also requested. Once again the Arts and Craft Club provided a lovely Tea Room and delicious light lunch. Community get-togethers are so much fun.

Remembrance Day was celebrated with much solemnity at our Cenotaph on Sunday, November 9, 2014. Recent events where we lost two of our soldiers through violent attacks made this ceremony so much more touching. John Watts has volunteered willingly for years distributing wreaths, contacting fellow Legionnaires, members of the military from Garrison Petawawa, the Air Cadets and the Renfrew Pipe and Drums. Nothing stirs the hearts of this Celt like the skirl of the pipes. The prayers and homilies by Pastor Bill Griffith, of the Calabogie Bible Fellowship, and Pastor Ryan Kim, new Minister at St. Andrew's United Church were most inspirational as were the words of Hope by Mother Theresa read by Hank Schaly. The hymns sung by the choir and the solo by Marie Buscomb added to the solemnity of the occasion. Mayor Peter Emon fulfilled the emceeing duties and General Newson (ret) took the salute. It was a sunny day, but the sudden arrival of a brisk wind, echoing through the speakers made for a very cold afternoon. One thinks of the young men in the trenches of World War I and those fighting through the winters of World War II. The cold was a small irritant for us because we could go to the Community Centre for a hot drink and return to our warm homes. They marched and fought through the worst of weathers. Thank a Vet. Lest We Forget.

Churches in Calabogie and Area have been so integral to the community at large. One of the earliest is St. Gabriel the Archangel in Springtown. As you know, a dedicated group of volunteers (The St. Gabriel's Historical Restoration Committee) have been struggling to preserve this pioneer church. We have slowed down due to the lack of funds at our disposal. This is frustrating, both because of the fervour of the volunteers and the disintegration which continues faster than we can keep up. Several initiatives which are needed: support of the floors; repair of the front step; reparging (if that is the correct term) of the northwest outer wall; repair of broken windows; clean-up of the interior vandalism; as well as other cosmetic repairs. Attempts were made to paint the front entrance this summer, but the weather interfered. Over the winter a new road sign is being prepared and glass will be returned to the large circular window for spring installation.

Recently, Joel McCrea, descendant of a family who settled Springtown (named for the town they left in Ireland), and I began a survey of the cemetery. Working with a map from the Archives in Arnprior, we began to walk with divining rods to locate individual graves. Many of the markers have been covered by overgrowth or have been removed. Take a dive under the Springtown Bridge and see those thrown into the water. We began by taking an intact monument as our stating point and comparing it to the map. We soon realized that the task is much larger than we originally thought. Errors in the map occurred in the first and second rows. Graves are close to the fence with much overburden (grass, bushes) in the area. Due to those errors, we decided to do random tests throughout the cemetery. We were left with more questions than answers.

Joel and I believe that we owe it to those early pioneers buried there and to their descendants to find these graves and missing markers. If you notice any large pieces of flat stones on your property or in old fences or as doorsteps, please examine them. Check out large slabs or smaller pieces of stone, for markings, even if hardly legible, to see if they can help us solve these

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Grave markers at St. Gabriel's church are broken, missing or overgrown.

A recent find at the United Church gives us a peek at the generosity of veterans in the past. Watch for the story in the next report.

puzzles. If you find old grave markers (even a small piece with 'Mother, Father, Daughter, Son or Infant' engraved on it), please contact me. We would appreciate

...RENEWAL & BEST WISHES



Saint Gabriel the Archangel Church in Springtown is one of the earliest churches in the area and has fallen into disrepair. A group of dedicated people is working to preserve it.

their return so that we may pay proper respect to these folks who opened up this area. Finding out about one’s past is a popular endeavour and we wish to enable folks to find their families. My heart went out to one young woman, who remembered coming to her Grandma’s funeral as a child, and could not find her marker.

To help raise funds for the work, Carole McCuaig has written a Memory Book about the families who settled the area. She donated the time and writing of this lovely book so that we might raise funds. Kevin McCrea donated the money for the printing of the books. Pictures from families and other interested folks were donated for inclusion. It is extremely well researched and a wonderful history of Springtown’s families. Contact Kevin at McCrea’s Heating and Air-conditioning or me to obtain a copy. You may also contact the author if you wish to have a copy mailed to you.

The official start of the Christmas Season in Calabogie begins with the lighting of trees and lights at Heritage Point. Local businesses and organizations support this fun evening. Our dear friend Hank Schaly leads the singing of carols and then at the push of a button to the sounds of oohs and ahhs, the magic happens. The whole Point is illuminated with hundreds of sparkling lights. What a beacon to see all winter from around the Lake. Brrr, then it’s into the log cabin for hot dogs and warm drinks. Thank you Calabogie Seniors for

organizing this wonderful community tradition every year!

Rehearsals have begun for the Annual Christmas Concert. Every year, Marie Buscomb gathers local musicians and singers for a beautiful evening in support of the Raise the Roof campaign. It just gets bigger and better. When I spoke to Marie, I learned that there will be some very new and upcoming wee choristers. It will be held at St. Joseph’s Catholic School Auditorium on Saturday, December 6th from 7:00 – 9:00 p.m. Please bring perishable food donations as well as your admission fee.

Then the next day on Sunday, December 7, Santa comes to town! Oh the fun of gathering behind the Catholic Church and St. Jo’s School and putting the floats together. While waiting for the festivities to begin, pop in to Most Precious Blood Church for their Christmas Bake Sale. The Fire truck sounds its siren and it’s off around the village. Kids bring your sacks to collect goodies thrown from some of the floats. Back at the Community Centre, Santa holds court for all those who have been nice and those repenting being naughty.

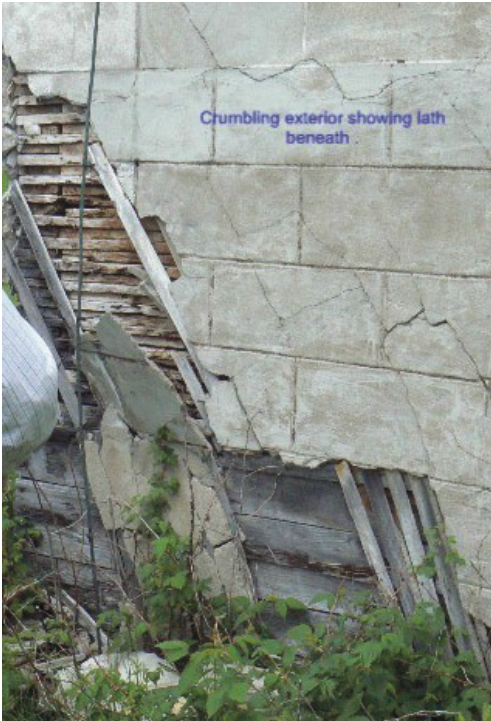
Every event is supported by our Volunteer Firefighters. From Canada Day to local races, Remembrance Day and the Parade, they are there. Most of all, when you dial 9-1-1, they are there. Take it from me, they are there. Shake their hands and say, ‘Thank you’ and pull to the side of the road



Several fund-raisers are taking place including these hasty notes and gift cards with an image of St. Gabriel Church painted by local artist Kim Lepine, available at Stillpoint for \$5.



Broken steps at St. Gabriel the Archangel Church



Broken parging revealing lathe strips.

when you see the green blinking light. It means they are off to help a neighbour.

I will be spending a brown Christmas, because that is the colour of everything in Phoenix but will be available by email. My daughter, son-in-law and 2 year-old granddaughter Maddie live there. It is usually lonely for them with all the family back in the cold north. It won’t be the same without Rich this year, but we will get through it. He would say, “Kiss your spouse; hug your kids and be happy!” So Have a Happy Hanukah and Merry Christmas. See you next year. Meegwetch.



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.

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THE STOVE, THE CUTTER, AND THE BUFFALO

By Mark Thomson

I can't nail down the exact date, but it was in the mid-eighties that I attended the auction. I went with a purpose. It was to buy The Stove.

Before I describe the journey leading up to that day here's a dispatch from Ian Coulthart, a resident of Matawatchan...

This November's snowfall seemed to have arrived right on schedule. Claire Kleiboer was invited to enjoy a ride in a restored cutter which had been owned by her family so many years ago. Mark Thomson had kept the cutter in storage since acquiring it at the Boicey family farm auction some years past. Clair, whose mother, Jean and stepfather Clarence lived in the Black Donald Hills area near Leclair Lake, some kilometers from the village of Matawatchan, was eager to see her old sleigh again, as she recalled it from childhood memories.

During the summer of 2013, my wife, Reina and I, acquired the cutter from Mark and Lois Thomson and set about restoring it. The cutter is a two-seater open sleigh, originally pulled by a single horse - a one horse open sleigh. It resembles a style called the Portland Cutter and/or Western Queen. It may have been manufactured in the Brockville area by the Canada, or McLaughlin Carriage Company. It had no manufacturer's identification, so its origin isn't known for certain.

I kept as much of the original sleigh as possible, but had to replace a lot of wood from the floor, which had suffered from dry rot, and added some steel bracing. With the help of Reina, we found a stylish fabric and the seat, sides and backrest were upholstered. A ring of shiny sleigh bells brought it back to life.

November 21st was a cold, sunny day with just enough snow cover. I hooked up the cutter to my ATV, a replacement for the horse of years past. Claire enjoyed the honour of being the first to ride in her family's old sleigh since it had been spruced up and restored. Reina and I hope that many more of our friends will enjoy a ride through the woods in the old cutter, while listening to the sleigh bells - a reminder of the past.



Ian & Reina Coulthart, Mark Thomson, Claire Kleiboer (daughter of Jean Boicey) pictured in restored cutter draped with the buffalo robe.

The Journey

It was the winter of 1980. I was 20 years old, broke and not doing well at college. I was a city boy from Aylmer, Quebec, but had spent most of my summers at my grandparent's farm in Matawatchan. So, with no real purpose in life at the time, I readily accepted an offer from my cousin, Michael Kelly to work for him in the bush as a log skidder operator. Now, looking back, I can remember almost every one of those incredible days.

This is a story, in part, about the time we worked for the Forestry Department. Michael was contracted to thin out a managed forest east of Calabogie, off highway 511.

I was boarding at my grandparent's place and Mike would pick me up at 5 AM. It was a long, cold winter's drive from Ma-

tawatchan to the site. Shortly after day-break we were running our machines - Michael on the chainsaw, me on the skidder. At noon we would build a small campfire on the skidway and toast our sandwiches on sticks over the flames - the best sandwiches ever! At the end of the day we would head back home. A couple of these return trips shaped my destiny. Back then Clarence and Jean Boicey lived in a small log cabin on Centennial Lake Road. Their place was on the way home and Michael and I would sometimes drop in for a visit. I knew in advance that a visit was about to happen when Michael would stop in Calabogie to pick up a bottle of red wine.

They were always happy to see us. Clarence, Jean affectionately called him "The



Jean & Clarence Boicey taken beside the wood stove, temporarily installed in Annie and Basil Thomson's kitchen (Mark's grandparents) in 1996.



Log house 3724 Centennial Lake Road now belongs to the Vincent family from Renfrew.



The Stove inside log house. Taken shortly before the auction.



WIND WATER AND MOTH PROOF. The diamond shaped logo sewn onto this Ontario Buffalo Robe made by the Robe & Clothing Co. Kitchener, Ontario. This was known as a Diamond Buffalo Robe, made with a heavy felt covering over an even thicker buffalo hide.

Old F**ker" (Really! I'm not making this up), would sip a cup of wine, listening to our stories of the day and telling us his from the past. The cabin was "off grid" (still is), lit inside by the warm glow of oil lanterns. Jean hovered around The Stove, correcting Clarence's stories as he spoke. She always insisted we have a bowl of homemade soup that was forever simmering...

The Stove! I fell in love with The Stove!

After that winter I returned to school. Michael forged on in the logging business. Four or five years flew by and it came time for Jean & Clarence to move. Almost everything they owned, including the house and The Stove was put up for auction. Even though I was still pretty much broke,

I knew The Stove was mine.

Bidding started at \$600 and ended at \$1400. Someone else wanted the thing, but not as badly me.

Oh, I almost forgot. I also had the winning bid on the cutter and the buffalo blanket. You did a great job Ian!

Jean and Clarence are now gone. My good friend Michael died tragically in 2003 doing what he loved the most - working as his own boss, outdoors in the forest. I miss them all.

The stories are mine to keep and pass along. I think of them every time I look at The Stove.

THE HUNT

By Ernie Jukes of Camp J.



Moose Hunt Bivouac, pen and ink sketch of one of the young men's adventures, by RE Jukes

Well here we are and it's that special season again. The sumac's on the hill are scarlet, much of the woods have dropped their red and orange.....now we can see through the bush and across to the runways. Isn't it always an amazing time of the year no matter how many years we have seen it? The hunt comes with the fall and continues to attract lovers of the outdoors. The true hunter is attracted to little things in nature as well as his quarry of game. Such things as the smell and colour of the bush, good working dogs, sunrises on the mountain, geese flying south, and maybe a hunter's moon. Perhaps most important of all are the outdoor companions we make and hopefully last a lifetime. A lot more to it than just killing or eating wild game.

Much of our hunting of ducks, grouse, turkey, bear, deer or moose can place us in a very happy autumn period for sure, leading up to our most appreciative family time of Christmas. We are so fortunate to experience what we have in these sprawling highlands of Ontario...and we are big! Little wonder our lure of the wild has brought so many Europeans and Americans to our province. We are twice the size of Texas, larger than Alaska and almost the size of western Europe....truly the world's last frontier for most outdoor activity. While most folks don't enjoy killing, the hunter is a conservationist and protects our game in many ways for the future.

This time of year we may enjoy many more smells...at least they seem more vivid. Like morning coffee and gun oil and wet dogs, probably wood smoke, and the cedar blind and hopefully freshly shot gun powder in the air. And an abundance of sounds you know, like that annoying, chattering squirrel that exploded just when you thought you heard a whitetail coming your way through the wet leaves, and getting real close. Or that early barrage of shots probably a Browning Semi, annually coming from Thomson Mountain on opening morning. Yep, I've been lucky, I've sat and smelled and tasted the hunt, here and there, for a lot more seasons than I can even remember....probably more than my share, if anyone is counting. Got a lot of sketches done between calls with the bargau as well.

Of course, I do recall the day I got my first deer almost 70 years ago, and stopping for

a tea break about 10am to celebrate. We had been over by Hutson Lake since about 6am in the cold and dark. We met by the rock piles and that split rail fence on the trail, just below Dan's Mountain. (Still there today, below Birkett's and overlooking Shumski's). There my Dad, Walt Jukes and friend, Joe McLaren had the water bubbling over the fire by the time Nelson, Basil, Lyle, Alan, Lornie and the rest of us Hunters of Renown gathered. The gang soon related to me emptying my 7mm. Mauser, a war souvenir, and they asked me if I was busy making hamburger, ha! But we still hung what I considered one heck of a nice buck, right up with the rest at Camp J.

Well say now, we sure are a lot more mobile today. With ATV's and trailers or Gators with winches and electric tilt boxes. And along with other equipment improvements there is a modern butchering method of deboning which removes much of the objectionable "tallow taste" in the deer meat....but funny how the experience remains just as exciting in that same outdoors.

The harvest continues, as it has for hundreds of years, the Whitetail herd continues to prosper and some tools of the hunter stay exactly the same. Expert hunters say good equipment is important but being a good shot and having patience is still paramount.

Of course it probably goes without saying that a hunting licence does not entitle the right to trespass on private property or hunt without a plan. An informed hunter studies his game. Knowing where they are and knowing how to get them in your sights is obviously imperative. Hey...did I say "be quiet"? And what about optimism? A safety rule in most gangs is that you never shoot unless you have a harvesting shot, with bow or gun. And then like fishermen the "big, bigger, biggest" stories begin.

Good weather...bad weather, it is almost the same to an ardent outdoorsman. However, at this time of year when it's cold and damp isn't it nice, when day is done to get back to camp? After dinner we may sit around the fire sipping on a favourite drink and talk about hunts past.

continued next page...



Moose on the Madawaska, painting by RE Jukes



Postcard sold at the Matawatchan Post Office and General Store, from a painting by RE Jukes Featuring Camp J as it was in 1944. It is now Ernie and Audrey's summer home.



The Story of Le Bargau... After setting up camp, start by cutting the desired length off a rough white birch. Pour hot water from the campfire onto the white side. It will instantly reverse its curvature to brown side out and rough side in. This helps to camouflage the horn brown and has your call passing through the hanging gobs of white birch-bark. Possibly disguising a poor call. With pinched nose one then whines high but softly as a cow moose enticing the giant bull. Repeat in sets of three every half hour or more until a sound or answer is heard. This may be enhanced by the breaking of small brush and rippling the water with a paddle to be a cow walking or pouring from the Bargau to suggest the cow urinating. (a real turn-on). I have found it an important and successful piece of Moose hunting equipment. There is a large painting in Camp J entitled "The Call". Of course when the bull grunts and starts in your direction some times crashing his way through the bush the Bargau should be used with care.



A hunting party from not that long ago... Things really haven't changed that much. There is a lot more to a hunting party than hunting.

Do you mind those moose hunts in the wilderness of Algoma or that herd of Caribou in the far north tundra? We may also talk about old pals and their ways, like Hal and Moe and Bill and Russ or Andy. Could they canoe! Could they build a fire in the rain! Didn't they get lost! Could they track or call!... Were they good around the camp. What wonderful, capable gentlemen. What wonderful times we had!

A most current and more serious consideration may be that one day some hunt camp members and perhaps a few other gun owners become part of a larger provincial militia. With serious threats to our Canada, the greatest country in the world, they may be our first line of defense.

Especially in remote areas which accounts for most of our vast area from sea to sea to sea. An extreme idea to meet extreme preparedness, not unlike our Arctic Rangers or the Swiss national guard.

Well now...there are plenty of happy outdoor stories about this favourite time of year, many aside of the hunt. Like yuletide wishes for instance which make us think of family, old friends, and peace. Wouldn't it be grand if more folks around this globe could enjoy the great peace and tranquility we have in these highlands...year round? Could we really ask for more?

Audrey and I wish all of our readers a very Merry Christmas...

And may you all enjoy the richness of your own delightful outdoor experiences and memories for many years to come.

Happy trails!

REJ



R. Ernest Jukes

For 65 years, Ernie has been an artist in residence in Matawathan at Camp, 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 Matawathan Hall.

CHRISTMAS AT GRANDMA BALL'S FARM, 1924...

By RJ McNaught, submitted by his nephew Bill McNaught



Tom McNaught's Model T Ford, as seen at a car show, would have looked something like this one. They had a top speed of 45 mph on good roads, which were hard to find anywhere at the time. It couldn't handle many of our hills and had to be put away for the winter in favour of more reliable transportation, the horse and cutter.

My first visit to Vennachar was in the summer of 1924. My parents and my 2 brothers, Herbert and James, and myself made the trip from White Lake, west of Arn-prior, in Dad's Model T Ford. The Model T had brakes only on the back wheels so Dad had his unique style of gunning it at the bottom of the many hills along the route and hoping that the motor would not stall out before cresting the hill. When it did stall, Dad had to apply the hand brake and keep his foot on the brake pedal at the same time to avoid rolling back down the hill. Mother had to brace the back wheels with rocks so that Dad could get out and crank the motor to restart it.

The route to Vennachar went north on the gravel road from White Lake to Burnstown, located on the north side of the Madawaska River. From there, we travelled west to Calabogie and Black Donald Mines, paralleling the north shore of the Madawaska River. The home stretch was the dirt road south through Matawathan to Vennachar, a total distance of 60 miles. There were two notorious hills on the route, first at Burnstown, where the road made a difficult "S" turn, plunging down towards the river, swinging sharply west,

and then just as sharply north to cross the river on the old wooden bridge. The bridge itself was one lane with wooden planks. It was always necessary to be on the lookout for other cars and horse-drawn vehicles. Dad never made the descent without generously applying the horn and villagers knew it was best to stay clear if Tom McNaught was coming.

The second hill of ill repute was Pine Hill, located west of Black Donald Mines. Dad would off load Mother and we three boys at the bottom or at the top of the hill, if we were returning from Vennachar. Dad would turn off the motor for five minutes to let the engine cool a bit. Then he got a good running start and hoped to make the top without stalling. Dad would toot the horn several times to tell us that all was well. We boys and Mother would walk up Pine Hill and get back in and we knew that the worst of the trip was over.

That trip stirred Mother's imagination. She had not been home for Christmas since 1916 before she and Dad got married in September 1917 in the Methodist Church in Vennachar. The trip back to Vennachar required planning for it occurred in win-

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...A 60 MILE JOURNEY BY SLEIGH IN 16 HOURS, MUCH OF IT IN THE DARK



James, Herbert and RJ McNaught at about the ages they would have been when they were tucked into the family cutter for a very exciting 16 hour, 60 mile journey from White Lake to visit their Grandma Ball in Vennachar in 1924.

tertime with plenty of snow covering the fields and roads. Cars were put up in the fall back then when the roads became impassable by car. Dad stored his Model T in the barn beside the manse at White Lake. During the winter months, Dad used a large cutter with black curved runners to navigate the poorly plowed roads.

The planning for the trip became the talk of the village. Dad had a horse, Dan, but it was determined that two horses would be required to pull the cutter over the 60 mile distance in one day. Bill Fraser offered to lend his horse, Barney, and a trial run was undertaken so that the horses could familiarize themselves with each other. According to Dad, the 2 horses were also tied in a double stall for this purpose. There was some apprehension about us boys. I was 6, Herbert was 5 and James was 4. The trip involved leaving in the dark and spending the last 6 hours in the evening in the dark on one of the shortest days of the year. The darkness required Mother to hold a lantern so that Dad could see the road ahead. Despite the apprehension, Mother won out.

The cutter had a wide seat for the adults and a smaller and narrow bench-like board for children, which meant that we had to ride backwards. Doors on each side closed everyone in and a thick, black fur buffalo robe protected the laps and legs of the passengers. The floor was covered with the folded horse blankets that were put over the horses when they were tied up to a hitching post or in the shed nearby. The blankets shielded our feet from the snow and cold under the cutter as it passed over the road. Dad had the luxury of a small metal foot warmer that was insulated and covered with a thick piece of old carpet. It was heated by a flat chunk of glowing pressed coke, which was ignited in the kitchen stove and inserted by a thin flat spoon into the small metal door at one end. It gave out a surprising amount of warmth for one or two hours. But this trip was 16 hours.

I don't recall very much of the journey. I do recall one stop at Black Donald Mines for a rest. I remember it well for in the living room was a Christmas tree decorated with real candles, all ablaze. It was the only time I had seen such a display. The horses were fed, watered and rested for two hours. We were able to stretch our young legs after the long sit in the sleigh and get a hot meal. This was the halfway point. Darkness descended early. The bush on both sides of the road seemed close and frighteningly strange. Mother said softly that she was afraid of wolves. At one point, both Dan and Barney stopped in the middle of the road and wouldn't move ahead. Dad gave Mother the reins to hold, got down with the lantern and walked up to the horses to see what was wrong. He discovered 2 bags of grain lying in the tracks in the snow. Dad loaded them into the cutter and a short time later, we came upon a farmer with a load of grain in his sleigh. The farmer was grateful and retrieved his bags of grain. Then he pulled to the side and guided us so that we could pass.

A few hours later, we lads woke up from sleep as we drove into the laneway of Grandma Ball's house---all stiff and tired from the long hours of inactivity. We were beginning to feel the cold wintry weather as the temperature continued to drop. Grandma, Uncle Herb Ball, my mother's brother and Aunt Minnie Ball, my mother's oldest sister were so pleased to welcome us as they had spent an anxious evening watching for us. Aunt Minnie, who lived in Kingston, had come home on the train as far as Lavant Station on the Kingston and Pembroke Railroad. There was a stage between Lavant Station and Denbigh, along the road through Ompah and Plevna. It stopped at the General Store in Vennachar. Every other day the stage met the train and went to Denbigh returning on the alternate days, bringing passengers and dry goods along this route. Aunt Minnie had been one of those passengers.

I do vividly remember the surprise vis-



This is a recently refurbished cutter that once belonged to Clarence and Jean Boicey (see story page 12). This is likely smaller than the one the McNaught family set out on in the dark that winter's day, but it's the same idea. A bench was added inside front for the boys, who sat facing backwards. On the way back they got to sit on a bench added behind the cutter, facing forward, thanks to Uncle Herb. Sleigh bells would have been on the horses, giving a nice jingle, all the way.

it that Santa made to Grandma's house Christmas morning. Santa greeted us all by name, passing out gifts and treats from a Christmas tree that was beautifully decorated in the corner of the small parlour beside the kitchen. We were surprised that Santa knew each of our names. Suddenly, we all realized that Uncle Herb wasn't there to meet Santa. He had wandered down to the stable to tend to the cows just before Santa arrived. All three of us wanted to run down to the stable so that Uncle Herb could meet Santa too. But the adults wouldn't let us go outside. "Too cold!" they said. And in the twinkle of an eye, Santa was patting our heads and leaving. A few minutes later, Uncle Herb wandered up from the barn. "You missed Santa", we shouted but Uncle Herb didn't seem heart-broken. He replied that he was sorry to have missed meeting Santa but he caught a glimpse of him travelling on down the road to Uncle George's farm and our Hughes cousins.

That evening Uncle Herb hitched up his horses, Roddie and Queenie, and we all

went on a sleigh ride to visit our relatives, Uncle George Hughes and Aunt Susan and their 7 daughters. Further on, we visited Grandma's brother, Uncle Bob Gregg, Aunt Bertie and our cousins, Goldie and Francis and finally to see Uncle Jim Grant and Aunt Annie. It was a delightful evening with Christmas eats at all three stops. Once or twice, Uncle Herb urged the horses to gallop along causing the sleigh bells to peal forth loudly and snow to be kicked backwards against the front of the sleigh from the horses' hooves. When this happened, Uncle Herb would burst out laughing. Aunt Minnie joined in with her throaty laugh. I even saw Mother smiling.

I don't remember how long we stayed on our Christmas visit to Grandma Ball's farm in Vennachar but eventually we retraced our route back to White Lake with Dan and Barney. We had a more comfortable ride home. Uncle Herb had boarded up the back of the sleigh so that we lads could face forwards. Such was my memory of our Christmas adventure as a family.

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REMEMBRANCE DAY - LEST WE FORGET

ONE SOLDIER'S STORY

By Garry Ferguson

A Private Member's Bill to make Remembrance Day a Canadian statutory holiday has recently gained the support of all parties in the House of Commons. In aid of helping to make our readers aware of such good news, our editor has asked me to summarize a presentation that I made in memory of a local soldier lost in WWI.



Private F. Armados Varrin, before the war

A few weeks before our last Remembrance Day, Merv Varrin of Griffith, showed me photos and personal military documents of his great uncle – Private F. Armados Varrin - who was killed by a German sniper on Easter Sunday, 1916 near Ipers (Ypres) Belgium.



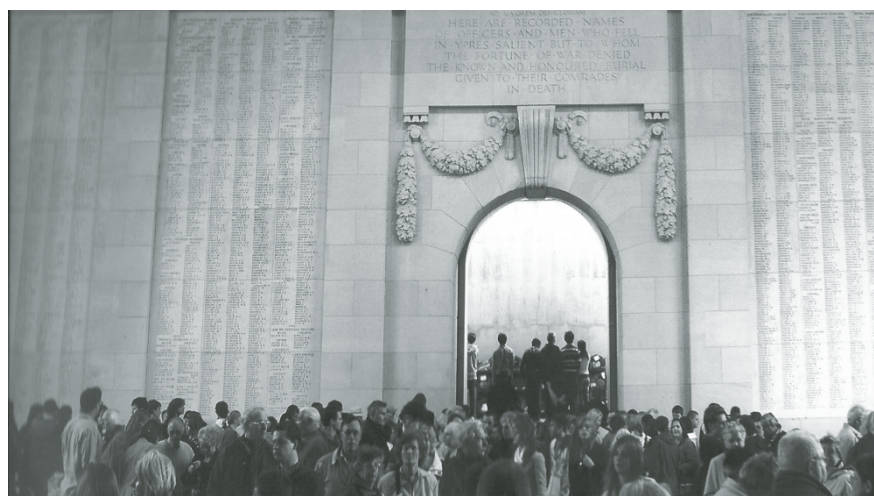
No. 1 platoon, 4th overseas draft, 79th Cameron Highlanders, 1915
In Winnipeg. Armados Varrin is in the middle row, far right

Armados, son of Catherine and Joseph Varrin of Griffith, joined up with the 79th Cameron Highlanders and shipped out with the 43rd Canadian Overseas Battalion to an area of Belgium known as the Ypres Salient. This sector of Flanders' Fields is not that far from the places where Canadians were subjected to the first poison gas attack and from where John McCrea wrote "In Flanders Fields."



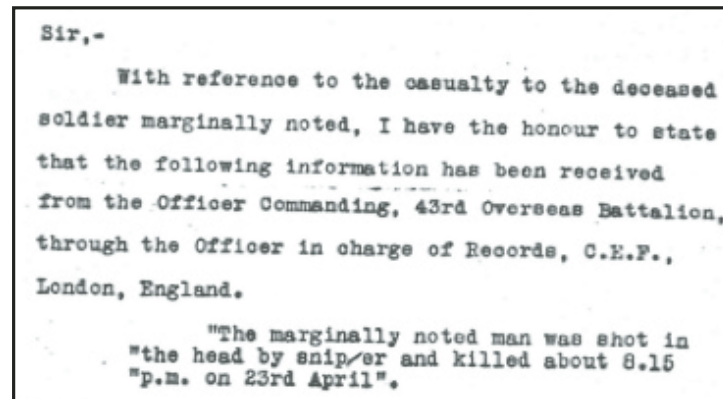
79th Cameron Highlanders in Winnipeg, before heading overseas.

Through 365 sunsets every year, the citizens of Ipers perform a remembrance ceremony under the huge memorial Menin Gate built over the road on which Amados would have walked on his way to the front lines. His name, with other Commonwealth dead, is inscribed on a wall of the gate.



Tourists at Menin Gate, Ipers Belgium. Names of Commonwealth dead are inscribed on the walls.

I asked and received permission to use Armado's story in a presentation at a Remembrance Service in St. Andrew's, Matawatchan. This service was held a short time after notices that WO. Vincent and Cpl. Cirillo had been murdered; two incidents that affected the whole country and dominated the national news for weeks.



Death notice addressed only to Armados' father. Name of the deceased is noted in the margin, but is not repeated within. 60,000 Canadian families received notices similar to this one.

While primarily paying tribute to a local hero, the presentation also contrasted the impact made on a country of 33 million after news of the death of two soldiers and that of 66,000 such death notices on a country with a 1914 population slightly greater than that of the present day Greater Toronto Area.



One soldier's death on Oct. 22, 2014 in Ottawa affected us all deeply.



Lest we forget one soldier. Armados' is remembered in Griffith

It is within our capacity to sympathize with the death of one soldier but the horror from losses during the "war to end all wars" is certainly well beyond my comprehension. The accompanying photos tell Pte. Armados Varrin's story much better than I ever could.

Go House of Commons!

Watch Garry's full presentation to the United Church on YouTube.com
[youtube.com/watch?v=Ma_9krnjNDY](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ma_9krnjNDY)

Editor's note: In November we received names of local people who were killed in the First World War and asked our readers if they knew of any others. We received more names and a correction on the spelling of others. These are only the ones who didn't come back. Countless others returned with physical and mental scars and even those who didn't leave home, suffered losses...

Duncan MacPherson
Colin Thompson
Norman Babcock
Gabriel Whiteduck
Lieford Wilson
David Ferguson

Bert Lambert
Peter Merchand
Armados Varrin
John Leslie Ball
Charles Ball
George Quackenbush



F. Armados Varrin, one of 60,000 Canadians to die in the First World War

IS YOUR CAT MAKING YOU CRAZY?
By George Ross

According to a 2012 study published by the Canadian Federation of Humane Societies the number of “owned” cats in Canada was 10.2 million, inhabiting 37.7% of households, with an average of 1.85 cats per household. The number of “homeless-at-large” (wandering around & fed by one or many people) and feral cats, has not been determined. There are too many cats according to the report, which centers on the “cat over-population crisis”. Their numbers are increasing at a rate of 3.6% per year.

Hundreds of thousands of cats are brought to animal shelters each year. The shelters are all at or near capacity with an unending stream of cats arriving at their doors daily. Figures from 2011 indicate that 600,000 cats in shelters did not find new homes. Only 44% of the cats were adopted out. Although the report did not say, I suppose the remainder were euthanized. Another grim outcome due to over-population is the increase of disease, malnutrition, mistreatment and early death among the unwanted and abandoned cats. Managing over-population includes euthanizing, spaying or neutering and adoption. Of course the latter two are the most preferable but with an ever increasing cat population the supply far exceeds the demand. 20% of cat owners do not have their cats spayed or neutered. In 2014 with the house cat population around 11 million that’s a lot of kittens!

The Canadian Federation of Humane Societies report concerning cat over-population, while dealing with the welfare of cats, does not go into the serious problems cats are responsible for. I don’t dislike cats, nor do I dislike alligators or any other predatory animal. Every creature has a place in nature. It’s just that cats have too much of a place. There are hundreds of thousands of unwanted cats and millions of “pets” roaming hill and dale. I tend to view them as an invasive species that has over-run the country with a devastating effect on local bird populations. If you woke up tomorrow morning and found that 11 million alligators were wandering around the land and Sparrows could speak, you’d easily get my point.

Strike up a conversation with a cat owner about their furry friend and inevitably they will trot out all the usual anecdotes and humorous expressions such as, “Everything I know I learned from my cat”, and so on and so on. You might even be told about the “presents” their little tabbies regularly leave on the doorstep. But after the smiles and laughter fades it remains that cats are cold blooded murderers. They kill millions of small animals just for the sake of killing. They also enjoy, and benefit from, an insidious relationship with a parasite known as “T. Gondii.” If you are a cat lover, your brain and your cat might be hosting the parasite. More of that later.

I expect that a majority of our 11 million cats spend some time of the day or night outside the house. There have been a num-

ber of studies by various groups concerning the predatory habits of cats and the amount of wildlife they kill. This pack of predators kills approximately 165 million birds annually in Canada. Some studies indicate the number is much higher. Imagine the total slaughter across the globe! There seems to be no stats on the number of squirrels and chipmunks killed each year by cats in Canada. There’s little risk in suggesting the number is probably more than a million. Cats are prolific killers and for the most part they seem to kill just for the fun of it.



Adorable, affectionate, and amusing, yet independent, cats make wonderful pets, but is there something you should know about them?...

In the USA where there are around 76 million cats. They kill approximately 4 billion animals per year according to George Fenwick, President of “The American Bird Conservancy”. Michael Hutchins executive director and CEO of the “Wildlife Society” says, “There is a huge environmental price that we are paying every single day that we turn our backs on our native wildlife in favor of protecting non-native predatory cats at all costs, while ignoring the inconvenient truth about the mortality they inflict.” A 2010 study by the University of Nebraska found that cats, worldwide, have driven 33 bird species to extinction. If there is a cat in your house or back yard you can help to reduce the needless killing of wildlife. A few things come to mind such as spay and or neuter, keep cats indoors or put a bell on the cat if it goes outdoors.

If you spend time around cats you stand a pretty good chance of coming into contact with the protozoan “Toxoplasma gondii”. The parasite infects most warm blooded animals, including you. Cats are primary hosts. Should you become infected by the parasite this causes a disease known as Toxoplasmosis.

Humans can also become infected with the T.gondii parasite by eating contaminated meat but in this article I will stick to the risk that cats pose. Considering that cats are a primary T. gondii host and that the parasite will be found in the feces of cats

infected with T. gondii, the possible fecal contamination of your hands is a significant risk factor. If there are cats in your yard wear gloves when working in the garden or when handling litter boxes. Prevent cats from getting into children’s sand boxes. Nuzzling your pet that has been scratching around in the litter box might not be a good idea.

All of the information included here and much more can be found on the internet. The following is quoted from Wikipedia. “During the first few weeks after exposure the infection typically causes a mild, flu-



like illness or no illness. However, those with weakened immune systems, such as those with AIDS and pregnant women, may become seriously ill, and it can occasionally be fatal. The parasite can cause encephalitis (inflammation of the brain) and neurological diseases, and can affect the heart, liver, inner ears and eyes (chorioretinitis). Recent research has also linked toxoplasmosis with attention deficit hyperactivity disorder, obsessive compulsive disorder and schizophrenia. Numerous studies found a positive correlation between latent toxoplasmosis and suicidal behaviour in humans. Research related to the effects of toxoplasmosis on personality and mental health was awarded the 2014 Ig® Nobel Prize in Public Health.

During acute toxoplasmosis, symptoms are often influenza-like: swollen lymph nodes, or muscle aches and pains that last for a month or more. Rarely will a human with a fully functioning immune system develop severe symptoms following infection. Young children and immune-compromised people, such as those with HIV/AIDS, those taking certain types of chemotherapy or those who have recently received an organ transplant, may develop severe toxoplasmosis. This can cause damage to the brain (encephalitis) or the eyes (necrotizing retinochoroiditis). Infants infected via placental transmission may be born with either of these problems, or with nasal malformations, although these complications are rare in newborns. The toxo-

plasmic trophozoites causing acute toxoplasmosis are referred to as Tachyzoites, and are typically found in bodily fluids.

Swollen lymph nodes are commonly found in the neck or under the chin, followed by the axillae (armpits) and the groin. Swelling may occur at different times after the initial infection, persist and recur for various times independently of anti-parasitic treatment. It is usually found at single sites in adults, but in children, multiple sites may be more common. Enlarged lymph nodes will resolve within one to two months in 60% of cases. However, a



It’s not my fault! I just carry a parasite that could make you crazy.

quarter of those affected take two to four months to return to normal, and 8% take four to six months. A substantial number (6%) do not return to normal until much later.

It is easy for a host to become infected with Toxoplasma gondii and develop toxoplasmosis without knowing it. In most immunocompetent people, the infection enters a latent phase, during which only bradyzoites are present, forming cysts in nervous muscle tissue. Most infants who are infected while in the womb have no symptoms at birth, but may develop symptoms later in life.” (Wikipedia quote)
On August 14th of this year CBC TV broadcast a program, “The Nature of Things” with David Suzuki. This is a quote from the program “..... wait until

Continued next page...

Professor Joanne Webster of London's Imperial College reveals "feline fatal attraction". That's when toxoplasma gondii, a single-celled parasite, convinces a rat that it's actually sexually attracted to the smell of cat urine. This makes the rodent easy pickings for its most dangerous predator. And all so the parasite gets to move into the cat, where it can reproduce and complete its lifecycle.

But guess what -- human adults can be infected by toxoplasma too. And when the parasite is inside us it doesn't know it's not on board a rodent and it tries the same mind manipulating tricks. Jaroslav Flegr of Prague's Charles University has linked toxoplasma infections in humans with increased traffic accident rates and even personality changes. Kevin Lafferty also studies toxoplasma, and he thinks it explains some of the differences between different human cultures." Imagine that! The expression, "Everything I know I learned from my cat", takes on a different meaning now. It kind of takes the humour out of it.

If cats are spayed or neutered and kept indoors everyone is a winner! Spay and neuter facilities should be accessible and affordable. Cats would benefit, families would not have to deal with fleas, parasites and the expense of unwanted kittens. The killing of birds and other small animals would be greatly reduced. Also, animal shelters, volunteers and animal care professionals would be better able to allocate more time, money and resources in dealing with other animal problems. Spay, Neuter, Adopt!

wildwoodblog.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.

UP THE LINE TO THE FRONT LINE

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

By Howard Popkie

I was seven years old and it was the middle of December. I was counting the days until Christmas morning.

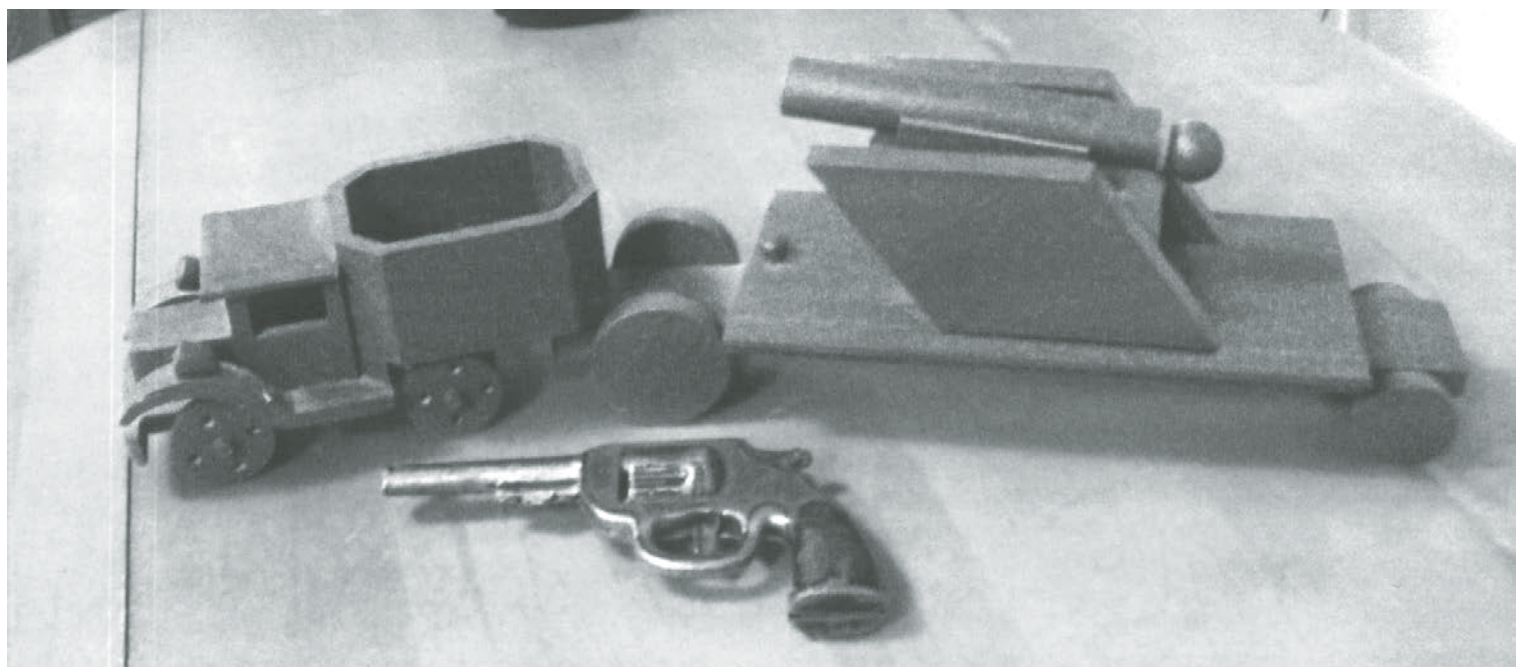
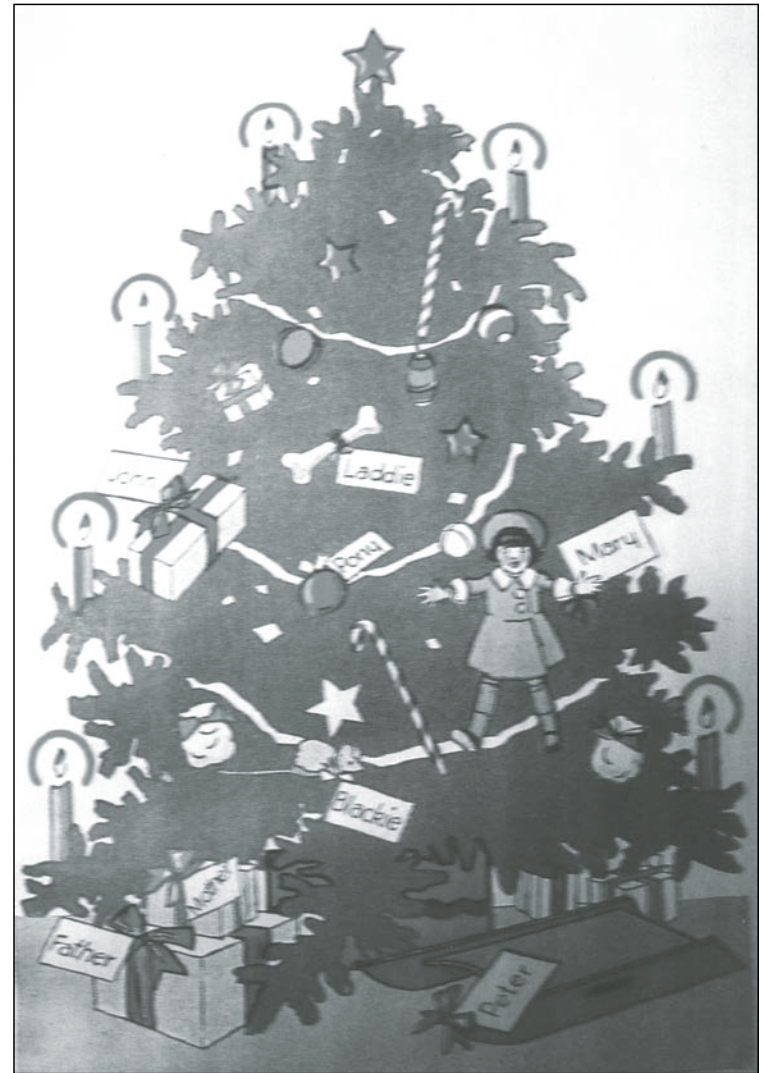
We got a spruce tree not far from home. We lived in a log house just outside of Black Donald a few miles. Mom put on the decorations from the 1800s she got from her Mother when she passed away. The Christmas wreaths were on the windows in the living room where we had put up the tree. Paper streamers were hung across the ceiling, with silver bells in the middle.

We had all picked out the toys we wanted to get from Santa Claus. The month of December he was on the cover of the Family Herald Newspaper, coloured in red and white.

We had to send to the Eaton's Catalogue for the toys we wanted and Santa Claus would deliver them in his sleigh pulled by a long string of reindeer on the night before Christmas.

Christmas morning came and as I came down the stairs to the living room, all the presents were under the tree. I got a wooden canon. I always liked war toys. It was spring-loaded and shot marbles across the floor. I got a bomber airplane made of tin and a tin revolver. I had a yellow pussy cat that I named Honey. Mom got me a little book called "Honey", with a picture of a little yellow kitten on every page. The story in the book read like this:

"I have a little pussy and her name is Honey. I wouldn't part with her for love nor money. Golden hair and amber eyes, paws so soft and face so wise. Plumy tail and rosebud tongue. From all the other cats among, there's none as sweet and Honey."



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THE WINTER LONG JOHNS
By Howard Popkie



During the winter in 1940, my Mom washed all our long underwear, the full-length style with the trap door at the back. She put them all in the wooden washing machine with the gear box on top and a wooden handle that I had to pump back and forth to wash the winter underwear with “Rinso White” to get the graphite out from the Black Donald Mine.

They went through a was tub of rinse water and the wooden wringer on the washer got all the water out. All the water was from melted snow, because our well froze over in the winter, right to the ground. We got our drinking water from the little lake at our place.

There was Dad’s underwear and my brother Rueben’s and Donald and mine (the small one). Mom hung them outside on the clothes line and pushed them high in the



air to dry at 15 below zero. She pushed the line high in the air with a maple pole with a little crotch at the top to hold the clothesline high while they dried. The wind made them dance like four men all lined up.

Then I had to carry out all the water from the washer. It had a wooden plug near the bottom to drain the water.

At night the four pairs of underwear were frozen stiff from outside in the cold. To a boy of only 6 years of age they were scary looking, like four white ghosts standing along the log wall of our living room beside the box stove in the dim light of our old coal oil lamp.



HARK THE ANGELS SING
By Howard Popkie



Howard Popkie, “The Wild Black Donald Boy” in the Far East

A week before Christmas in 1952 in Korea, Sergeant Christy of the Vickers Machine Guns, who was a drinking buddy of mine, said “We will save all our beer rations until Christmas Eve and have a party.”

One Patricia was our “Designated Gunner” for the night in case we had too much beer in us.

All through the night we sang Christmas songs in the bunker. In the morning I was sitting on the floor in a corner, wearing my army great coat with the collar turned up. It was a “bedtime coat” a half inch thick and solid wool.

Sergeant Christy was asleep on the floor in the straw from the beer case. We got it from Japan, packed in rice straw.

The lad that spent the night as our “Guarding Angel” came in the morning with cans of tea and Christmas cards the enemy soldiers left on the barbed wire overnight to show us they were there. On the cards was written “Mary Christmas”, spelled with Mary instead of Merry.

They must have got a kick out of hearing us singing in the bunker all night.

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Gas · Propane · Worms · Firewood



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BALLAD OF NELSON THOMPSON

Song and Lyrics by Peter Chess



Where the pines grow so tall
They make a big man feel small
A man must be hard as the stone
To carve out a living
On ground so unforgiving
Even harder when you do it alone

Nelson Thompson, he was such a man
Kept an eye out for his friends
He was good with his hands
Descendant from people
Come to log out the pines
Who stayed here to live off the land

On a warm summer night
In the prime of his life
Nelson lay splayed on his bed
He and his dog were both sawing logs
sleeping the sleep of the dead

Just before dawn the dog pricked his ears
Something had triggered
a deep primal fear
When he started barking
Nelson hit the floor
grabbed his gun from the wall
and made straight for the door

What Nelson saw no man should see
An ungodly light hung over the trees
The old dog was cowered
Nelson froze on the porch
The light started moving like a heavenly torch
with a flash it was gone then a thundering crack
that left Nelson shaken and flat on his back

When he came around he crawled to his knees
His head was buzzing like a swarm of wild bees
He scratched his old dog
the dog licked his face
he knelt there amazed in a pure state of grace

He did not move ‘til the sky had turned blue
Not sure of himself
not knowing what to do
“I guess I’ll get to that field
to see what I’ll find
Lord, I hope something’s there
and I’ve not lost my mind”

The first thing he noticed
to his great surprise
the leaves were all gone from the trees on the rise
and over in the field the grass all lay down
in a great wide circle that he walked around and
around
“Lord, what does this mean
looks like something from hell
Who will believe me, who can I tell?”

It took a few days before he let it out
To a couple of friends when they came about
They all walked together to where Nelson had said
saw the grass in the circle
all broken and dead

For thirty some years
nothing grew there
people came by just to wonder and stare
for the grass was waist high in the rest of the field
but the circle lay barren
no life would it yield

No one can say if there’s more to the story
some detail that he never gave
but it’s too late for asking
Nelson’s long gone
and his secrets lay with him in his grave

Where the pines grow so tall
they make a big man feel small
a man must be hard as the stone
to carve out a living
on ground so unforgiving
so much harder when you do it alone



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

Editor’s note: The Ballad of Nelson Thompson is loosely based on an account of Nelson’s UFO sighting in the Matawatchan area in the mid 1970s. Several others reported seeing strange flying objects at about the same time. One description was of a sausage-shaped object that hovered, with no motion, then took off suddenly, defying any known rules of physics. Another account was of seeing a motionless row of lights, like windows in an airliner. All we really know is they were flying objects no one could identify...

Some local people know the locations of three crop circles, which are disappearing after decades of no re-growth.

No one knows just what was out there. Nevertheless, it makes a great story and song written by Peter Chess, who likes to know what’s “Behind the Tunes”.



Thank You
For your Vote of Confidence!
Brian Hunt
COUNCILLOR WARD 1

ONE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS
by Susan Veale

*T’was one night before Christmas
And all through the body
Excitement was mounting
So keen and so naughty*

*The mouth it was watering
The nose it could smell
The brain could remember
The mind it would tell*

*The man he was nestled
All snug in his bed
While visions of trans-fats
Bounced ‘round in his head*

*He dreamed of the turkey
The gravy so thick
The pies and the squares
His choice he could pick*

*When all of a sudden
An occurrence took place
His body did something
To try to save face*

*Away in his mind
The organs they told
In a dream how they worked
How things would unfold*

*The mouth to decipher
What nutrients came in
The calories, the salt,
The sugar – how grim!
First stop is the stomach
Juices confused*

*Too much all at once
It felt far too used
The liver, it tried
Good fats to produce
In an effort of safety
Bad fats to reduce*

*Now on to the blood stream
With energy failing
Pancreas is shouting
I’m flailing, I’m flailing*



*So brain said to all
If he eats in this way
He’ll soon be all done
At the end of the day*

*So before he wakes up
A decision was made
To change his food choices
To a healthier way*

*His dream now ends happy
The organs delight
Merry Christmas to all
And to all a Good Night!*

*Insulin stop
I can’t reproduce
As sugar’s too high
It’s over abuse*

*The cells screech at once
“Pancreas act quick”
If this sugar stays up
We’ll be comatose sick!*

*Pancreas, we’re grateful
But wait, it’s too much
As all refined sugars
Exceed your kind touch*

*Sorry, says pancreas
These sugars play havoc
There’s no way to know
Exactly the magic*

*The buns and the stuffing
The cookies and pies
Its “overload city”
This guy needs new eyes*

*What about fats
In gravy and crusts
They clog up the arteries
The Heart, it’s a must!*

*The brain had to comment
As the master control
You’d think he would learn
How we guard and patrol*

*The colon now clogged
The belly now thick
His pants are too tight
He looks like St. Nick*

*The stomach it tries
It rants and it roars
Antacids are chosen
The message ignored*

*He feels after dinner
A soft drink would help
If only he knew
How pancreas just felt*

*Ten teaspoons more
Of sugar to hoard
The cholesterol rises
There’s too much on board*



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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CONNECTING THE DOTS FOR A SECURE AND HEALTHY LOCAL FOOD NETWORK
By Lois Thomson, with assistance from the Healthy Communities Partnership

“Food can play an important role in promoting health, building strong communities, protecting the environment and strengthening the economy. The food we eat results from a food system – a network that connects food production, processing, distribution, access, consumption, and food waste management.”
- Renfrew County Food System Backgrounder

Renfrew County is connecting the dots in the local food network, so they can work with stakeholders to create policies and guidelines that improve all aspects of the system for better food and food security, which is a major component of a healthy community.

A solid local food system in Renfrew County has been recognized as a priority for the Healthy Communities Partnership (HCP), which is also promoting physical activity access.

They are looking at issues including existing assets, barriers to accessing food (e.g., transportation), social/cultural issues, community programs and food policies. It provides baseline information to inform decision-making, set priorities and make action plans to address gaps in the community food system.

The Renfrew County Community Food Assessment Work Group (CFAWG) is working to create a Renfrew County Food System Council that will undertake a Community Food Assessment (CFA). To do this, they will need engagement from all sectors of the food system, broad community awareness, and support for food system work. They need to find champions for this.

It all starts with this Connect the Dots Survey, also available online. If you have anything to do with food, you are urged to fill it in and send it in.
www.rcdhu.com/food-survey.html
All responses are confidential.

Thank You!

I would like to thank everyone for their support in the recent municipal election. During the next four years it will be my goal to represent Greater Madawaska, Ward 3 and the municipality as a whole to the best of my ability. I look forward to the challenge ahead.

Glen MacPherson

1. If you work or volunteer in a specific geographic area of Renfrew County and District, which area or areas?
- Geographic Area:
- ☐ All areas—Renfrew County and District
 - ☐ Township of Admaston/Bromley
 - ☐ Algonquins of Pikwàkanagàn First Nation
 - ☐ Town of Arnprior
 - ☐ Township of Bonnechere Valley
 - ☐ Township of Brudenell, Lyndoch and Raglan
 - ☐ Town of Deep River
 - ☐ Township of Greater Madawaska
 - ☐ Township of Head, Clara and Maria
 - ☐ Township of Horton
 - ☐ Township of Killaloe, Hagarty and Richards
 - ☐ Town of Laurentian Hills
 - ☐ Township of Laurentian Valley
 - ☐ Township of Madawaska Valley
 - ☐ Township of McNab/Braeside
 - ☐ North Algona Wilberforce Township
 - ☐ City of Pembroke
 - ☐ Town of Petawawa
 - ☐ Town of Renfrew
 - ☐ Township of South Algonquin
 - ☐ Township of Whitewater Region
 - ☐ Other (e.g. South Renfrew, North Renfrew, MRC Pontiac)

2. a) In which community sector do you primarily work or volunteer? (Choose one)
- ☐ Agriculture/Food
 - ☐ Arts/Culture
 - ☐ Business/Retail
 - ☐ Health/Health Care
 - ☐ Education
 - ☐ Faith-based Organization
 - ☐ Government
 - ☐ Media/Communications
 - ☐ Non-profit/Charitable
 - ☐ Recreation
2. b) Please check if you work or volunteer with
- ☐ Aboriginal communities
 - ☐ Francophone communities

3. In which food system sector do you primarily work or volunteer? (Choose one)
- ☐ Production: farmers, farm supply businesses, farm organizations, community gardens
 - ☐ Processing: abattoirs/butchers, bakeries, dairies, producers of prepared/preserved foods, community kitchens
 - ☐ Distribution: wholesalers, farmer’s markets, food co-ops
 - ☐ Access: food banks, soup kitchens, other emergency food providers
 - ☐ Consumption: restaurants, caterers, schools, day cares, dietitians
 - ☐ Food Waste Management: composting, recycling
 - ☐ System-wide: food writers, food policy organizations, food system analysts, academics, community coalitions

4. How would you describe your current involvement in the food system? (Choose one)
- ☐ Very involved
 - ☐ Somewhat involved
 - ☐ Minimally involved



1. From whom do you seek feedback, suggestions or expert advice?

Person’s name: _____

Person’s name: _____

Person’s name: _____

Person’s name: _____

Person’s name: _____

2. Who comes to you for feedback, suggestions or expert advice?

Person’s name: _____

Person’s name: _____

Person’s name: _____

Person’s name: _____

Person’s name: _____

3. With whom do you discuss ideas, innovations, and better ways of getting things done?

Person’s name: _____

Person’s name: _____

Person’s name: _____

Person’s name: _____

Person’s name: _____

4. Who do you know that you would like to be connected with?

Person’s name: _____

Person’s name: _____

Person’s name: _____

Person’s name: _____

Person’s name: _____

Thank you for completing this survey!

Health Nexus will compile the responses and create community maps and a report. If you would like to be invited to discuss survey results and/or receive ongoing information by email about the project please indicate below:

☐ Yes, keep me updated

☐ No, but thanks for asking

Online Survey: www.rcdhu.com/food-survey.html

CONTACT INFORMATION	
Name:	_____
Contact Information:	_____
Email:	_____
Phone Number:	_____

In settlement times, before roads were paved, the best time of year to get around was in the winter. Travelling in a horse drawn sleigh over snow or ice roads was a smoother ride than on “wheels” in the summer or mucky spring. It was also the best time of year to take a two or three day trip into town for supplies or visit family far away, after the harvest was over.

Loggers worked hard to get their logs out to the river in winter, ready for Spring breakup and the beginning of the log drive. An early thaw was bad news.

It’s odd that with better roads and snow plows, winter has become the worst season for travel. That is, of course, unless you travel by sleigh, snowmobile, ATV, snowshoes or skis. Santa knows what he’s doing with that souped up sleigh!

About half of the Highlands area is Crown Land and much of that land is criss-crossed with old, unmaintained logging roads that make for great winter recreation. Our trail systems are in constant development, drawing outdoors people from all over. Several scenic loops take snowshoers to breathtaking lookouts and a number of snowmobile clubs maintain an impressive network of routes. All worth checking out.

This winter marks the end of our first year of publishing the Madawaska Highlander. It has been fun, but I’m sure I speak for all of our wonderful contributors, when I say we look forward to a winter vacation.



Winter is a magical time to explore the wonderful trails and back country roads in The Madawaska and Addington Highlands, no matter how you go.



Jolly old St. Nick knows how to make the most of this magical season

Thank you to everyone who supported our efforts over the year, to our contributors, advertisers, to the people who published this well read and well loved paper be-

fore us, and of course you, our readers. No matter what trail you follow or where your journey takes you, may it be a good adventure that gives you stories to tell.

Merry Christmas, Happy Chanukah, Happy New Year and Meegwetch!
- Lois and Mark Thomson



The more angels you make, the more you will meet.
The Madawaska Highlander welcomes letters to the editor.



*From our home to yours,
Merry Christmas, Happy Holidays
Happy New Year and
Thank You to all of our clients!*



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