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MAGNETAWAN HOME HARDWARE CELEBRATES 50 YEARS IN BUSINESS

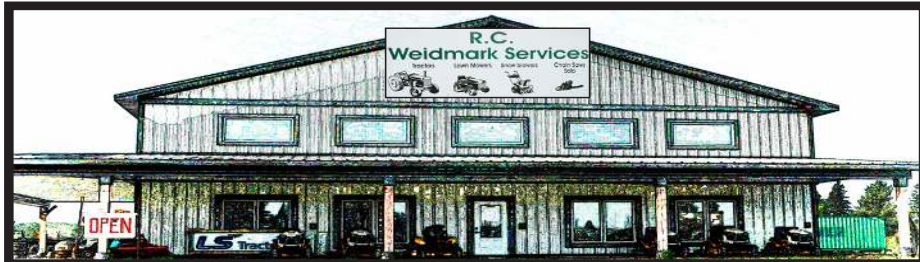
Saturday, August 10th, Brenda and Alan Fraser along with their staff celebrated 50 years in business. Everyone was invited to join in the BBQ along with Hunters Bay Radio on the scene. The event was filled with lots of smiles and congratulation as well as great giveaways and draws. The Magnetawan Lions Club did a wonderful job BBQing. An amazing cake created by Holly Dickson, The Woodland Baker was a beautiful addition to the celebration. Brenda and Alan, we wish you the very best in continued success and another prosperous 50 years, you certainly know how to throw a party.



Wow! What a crazy month. Unfortunately, because of scheduling, due dates and time-lines we could not get the stories and pictures of the fall fairs into this issue. It is Sunday evening and I have to get the paper off to the printer. The paper was pretty much filled when we got the stories together. So, we will have them in the October issue. If you have any photo's that you would like to send in, please do. With that being said we will be off to the Burks Falls Fall Fair in the morning.



Next Month.



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We have mental illness, but we do not have a mass shooting problem. We have the absence of god in our schools, but we do not have a mass shooting problem. We have divorce and broken families, but we do not have a mass shooting problem. We have atheism, but we do not have a mass shooting problem. We have alcohol and drug addictions, but we do not have a mass shooting problem. We have strict gun control laws, and we do not have a mass shooting problem.

Neighbor said hi again “m just gonna move

A couple of weeks ago at the Magnetawan Community Center a fund-raiser was being held to raise money for the Magnetawan Watershed Land Trust. The “Trust” was having their 10th anniversary. Below, is a picture titled “The Lawyer and the Preacher”. For real; you can’t make this stuff up. The gentleman to the left is Barry Graham who happens to be a patent attorney from Washington, D.C. and the president of the association and to the right is the Reverend Samuel Candler of Atlanta, Georgia. The two ran the auction raising funds for the Trust. It goes to show how diverse our region is during the summer months. “The Reverend” and his wife met on the lake about 40 years ago and raised their family here. Their family has been coming up from Atlanta for over 120 years. Our mayor, Sam Dunnett was on-hand (picture 2) to acknowledge the work that the group has accomplished over the years. I had donated a number of canvas’s to the cause to support the group. The donations from individuals and business’s from the region was “overwhelming” to say the least. In all, the Trust raised over \$10,000. Please check their site on Face Book : Magnetawan Watershed Land Trust or their website: www.mwlt.org . I would love to see more groups like this develop. A really, really big thanks has to go out to Sarah Fleming for all the organization that had to take place.



Great North Arrow

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Other BS & Generally Happy Guy
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Great North Arrow

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DEAR ANNIE
DEAR BRUCEY
DEAR GABBY
DEAR GINGER SNAPPED
DEAR MISS PENELOPE
DEAR UGLY TRUTH
DEAR VIRGINIA



Ohhhhhhhh, those lazy hazy days of summer pass by so quickly. Welcome to September, sweater weather, pump-kin spice and fall decorating. I truly love every season and every change that comes with it. May it bring great times ahead, celebrations and memories. When my boys were young, I hated seeing summer end and they went back to school as we had such great times making memories.

Great North Arrow is reaching more and more readers, we are now into our eighth edition and it’s been an amazing journey so far. Our August edition sold out in most locations and once again, we are upping circulation. Our online circulation continues to grow and visitors and cottagers alike are loving that they can keep us with them all year round. Thank you all for making us an important part of your life!

As always, we have incredible writers sharing their talents, jim young, ‘Dog on a Root’ writes about his thoughts on digital photographs and how its changed the fine art of photography and sitting around an old box of pictures, trying to remember who is in them, where they were taken..... Valerie Dingman, ‘Animal Tales’ has a fascinating article on Animal Communication that left me feeling the need to ask our Giant Newfie how his stomach hurt last night after he ate a very large bag of highly spiced pork rinds On the bed.

Doug Hickey, ‘Lakeside Harmony’ shares the wonderful Whitestone Library with us, and how important libraries are to our smaller communities. We have some deeply personal sharing stories from Bryan Kohl, ‘A Twisted Beautiful Mind’ about Addiction and his fight.... and Melissa Glanfield, ‘Supermomgetsfit’ brings us her true story about growth and love. I would love to mention all of our amazing writers stories, but that would take me a couple of pages and it would ruin your surprise.

Our new section, ‘Ask the Experts’ takes on a whole new meaning to Advice Columnists... this group is definitely not Ann Landers, and we know that you will love these real people takes on life. Of course, if you have a question, please send it to our panel! (if you can take the heat!)

Enjoy this month, with the kids returning to school and College/University, the month will fly by and we will begin preparing for Halloween. We would love to share some of your ghost stories!

Until then, I’ll see you back here next month!

Cyndi

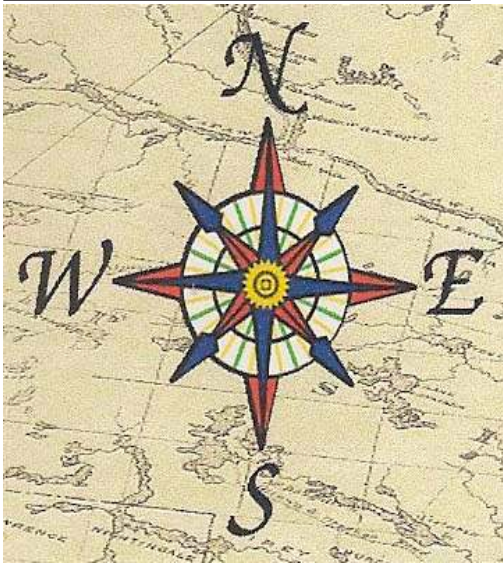


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Fall Festival “Car Show”.

This month’s cover is the Burk’s Falls dynamic duo of Cathy Still (who is also the mayor or reeve of Burks Falls) and her husband Don. Better known in some circles as “Modified & Amazon”. Cathy and Don had their truck entered in the Sundridge

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**YOUR SPACE
TELL US HOW
YOU
REALLY FEEL!**



The Magnetawan Town Council meeting of August 27 started off tame. The meeting was not posted until Thursday giving little time for the citizens to prepare a committee that might challenge the agenda.

It appears that the Horticultural Society meeting was more important than Citizens Rights and rescheduled the Town Council to a time few people could attend. At 1PM.

The elected council had sat on the adjacent stage and raised their hands in agreement for evening meeting so that interested citizens could participate in the democratic process. This was not the case in Tuesdays meeting where the Mayor went so far as to cut off all questions and comments from the public and asked Michael Gebhardt to leave the meeting after refusing to answer questions.

About ten people stood up and left the sparsely attended meeting in disgust in the way the Mayor Sam Dunnett handled the situation. People immediately filed into the Town Office to file complaints.

It was apparent that the Mayor knowing the issue of the Power of Entry Onto Land would be volatile as in a democratic society people are able to deny entry into their homes and property without a warrant.

The OPP and the Mounties require a warrant on a precise date and with a specific purpose before they can come into your home to investigate an infraction. In Magnetawan the By-law Officer will be given free reign to come into your home or onto your property at “Any” reasonable hour for whatever infractions violate their Municipal Codes.

Your rights to property are at question. You may have a barking dog, the By-law officer might be found rummaging around on your front porch and say “Is this Deer Food?” We have by-laws against feeding Deer. There is no specific warrant issued as to what infraction a by-law officer may come into your home while your in the shower. “Are these your fireworks Madam these are illegal while there is a fire ban in effect” Pass me the towel.

There are by-laws you know nothing about. Good enough, they can come into your home, Garage, Shed and lay charges. This is beyond the limits of Trespass to Property Laws, your Charter Freedoms and Your Bill of Rights for privacy and security. This Municipality of Magnetawan is passing a By-law that challenges you to fight for your rights as a free and democratic citizen without the ability to challenge their authority or force them to go before a Justice of the Peace and plead their case before action is taken.

I suspected there was some dirty

deal being hidden from the public eye by this 1 PM Town Meeting. There were and there were other deals as well. It appears the Mayor did not disclose his family relationship with Bill Woodruff who was gifting land to the town and re-cluse himself from the meeting. Nor did he leave when this daughter in law who must be of some undeclared pecuniary interest to the Mayor being appointed to the Library Board.

But it gets worse. The town also moved to remove themselves as “Party Status” in the Local Planning Appeals Tribunal concerning the proposed Quarry on Ahmic Lake Road. This is a complete reversal of their position as presented at the Tribunal. The Town presented themselves as having protected the cottagers from this destructive venture that will possibly ruin Ahmic Harbour. It was explained that there was a 2018 By-law that prevent NEW gravel pits from opening, yet knowing all along that the expanded proposed pit would be grandfathered under the By-law as having already been opened but abandoned. The Cost of the road maintenance, construction to replace the single land wooden bridges is being negotiated now.

It’s is easy to see that 20,000 Tonnes a year being removed by 5 Ton dump trucks will equate into 4,000 trucks of dusty gravel leaving the pit and 4,000 returning through Ahmic Harbour each year. Given that nearly 6 months of the year the pits will be closed the summers will be filled with a constant line of trucks passing along Ahmic Lake Road. The Cottagers are part of our tax base and deserve to know what is happening in town council meetings. 1PM Tuesday meeting are not part of keeping them informed.

Yes the 1PM middle of the week town meeting was all but a done deal but the citizens tried to spoil it by asking questions. That was not permitted.

There will be another council meeting and we need to hear the voices of the citizens LOUD and CLEAR.

Sam Dunnett, Tim Brunton, John Hetherington, Brad Kneller, Wayne Smith all voted unanimously for the By-law that supports search and seizures without a court order. A law that defies Property Laws, Civil Laws, Rights and Freedoms.

Shame on these men. The same men that stand at the cenotaph honouring the slain soldiers who died protecting the same freedoms that they propose to eliminate. What democratic values they hold when they change meeting times. How they value free speech when debate gets shut down before it has an opportunity to be heard in the public place designed for that purpose. Town Council each and every one of you is a disgrace to mankind. May God Judge your souls. Glen Atwell.

A letter to a government official:



"When we speak about business retention, keeping business alive in the north and the Province open for business, I have had some shocking con-

versations with operators lately. Red Tape is not the biggest worry. Hydro rates being almost doubled with delivery charges more then hydro used, insurance companies using Tourism as a license to print money that are causing some resorts to close or go private because they cannot afford insurance, and Bell specifically is holding rural communities hostage by charging full rates for services they have no intention of providing.

This has become a major issue across the Loring-Restoule region. Bell internet here was initially fast and now is often slower than dial up while they charge for high speed, they block you at every turn when you try to correct the issue. I have been dealing with them for a year and they have no resolution date. The technicians have said that even though we pay for high speed business internet, they cant provide the service they charge us for and it's an economic issue so maybe we should crowd fund and then pay Bell to fix the issue. It's a known issue with Bell on their end that they refuse to fix, but expect to bill the business community at the full rate. That is robbery.

I have lost bookings at both the resort and B&B because I could not respond in a timely matter, other businesses are greatly affected as our grocery store used Bell to bill their customers and if they cannot do that, they have to close.

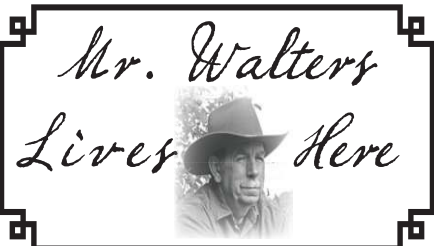
The entire community it at its wits end and do not know how to make them fix their own issue.

They are preventing economic development, and intentionally harming small businesses by their lack of service in an area without cell service internet is a must not a maybe.

Residential service is also affected Please connect me with someone in your government who will assist in correcting this issue asap. I did read there was funding available for rural communities, but we have heard this many times and it goes nowhere.

Looking forward to a response and who I can escalate this to. Some have gone to CRTC, or BBB over it and it wasn't resolved that way as of yet." Hilary Chambers

Something that infuriates me.....all the talk coming from Mr Trudeau about climate change and reducing plastics to clean up our earth and just now watching the news. There they are, all the big shots at the G7 Summit in France sitting around the table all with a plastic bottle of water in front of them. No need for it. What is so hard about putting a jug of water out and using a glass!! Just something that really annoys me. I had to rant. Gail Hoskins Dunchurch



GEORGE WALTERS Learning

Over the years I have contributed a lot of my time watching the weather. Growing up with my friend Grey Wolf was quite an experience or could say a learning time in life. Grey Wolf was around 80 years of age when I knew him which was about 60 some years ago now. He was a medicine man who helped hundreds of people not asking for anything in return. His reward was them coming to visit him now and then.

For years, he taught me about Nature and how to make these medicines along with his teachings on other things. One would be how to predict what the weather would be. With that, I thought I would share a bit of my earned knowledge with you.

Predicting Winters

Check them this fall, after the leaves turn. Determine for yourself whether they are mere myth, folktales, or if there is indeed some truth to them. I think you will be surprised at what your findings will reveal.

- 1- A warm Indian summer-like November forebodes a lousy winter.
- 2- If there is thunder in the fall it indicates an upcoming cold winter.
- 3- An unusually thick coat on animals means it will be colder than normal winter.
- 4-If squirrels bury their nuts early, it is a sign of a long, hard winter.
- 5- If the head of the woolly bear caterpillar is more black than colored, it means that the coldest part of the winter will come in the first months.
- 6- The severity of winter could be told by looking at the colour and stripes of the woolly bear caterpillar. The more black than brown and/or the wider the black stripe, the harsher the upcoming winter.
- 7- An indicator of winter are the fruit trees. If they bloom in the fall, it meant a severe winter.
- 8- An abundance of berries or nuts foretells of a hard winter.
- 9- If the first snowfall of the season is on unfrozen ground, expect a mild winter.
- 10- If trees do not shed their leaves until late fall, expect a severe winter.
- 11- If you find that hornets built nests in the tops of trees, this indicates a mild winter.
- 12- A hooting owl on the east side of a mountain or hill means cold, snowy weather.

There are many more, but the ones above I have found to be the best of the best so to speak.

On the last few months of knowing Grey Wolf, he said this to me:

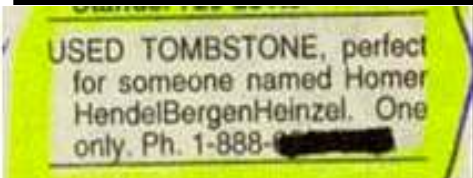
“When I talk about the teachings, it's not to alter or change them; I

can only share how it was told to me. There are many, many teachings. I won't be able to share all of them with you. But in sharing a little of the meaning, it is hoped that you will continue on your journey to seek the teachings that you require. You're never done learning George.”

Over the years I have kept them words close to me and even into today, I still yearn to learn more.

In Closing, I Would Like To Wish You Well. George is an author of many wonderful books, and he and his wife have a Beautiful shop in Port Loring. If you would like to keep up with George and his amazing talents and adventures, please follow him on his blog: . <https://www.keepingnotes.com>

**Don't Steal
The Government
Hates Competition**



Beyond Common Sense or How we Traded our Health for a Marketing Fad



Hilary Chambers

I have to tell you, I’m beyond grossed out. I tried a Beyond the Meat burger and found myself beyond sick from its salty, chemical induced taste. How did it come to this, that every major fast food chain is carrying some sort of fake food. Did the Vegans cause this?! Or was it just pure greed? This fake food is even shelved in the meat aisle...Hello! There is NO meat in it. A smattering of a whopping 30% fat, salts, beet juice, various powders, peas, legumes etc. This fake burger is engineered to look like raw meat and drip fake blood... whaaaat? Really? If this is what the Veg-ans have been asking for they may need to rethink their activism. But seriously, this is actually not geared towards Veg-ans who would probably enjoy it, but everyday omnivores like you and me. Can you see a Vegan walking into KFC? Why would they? Just to order some fake chicken?? If you don’t eat meat, why would you want fake meat? The thought of someone making fake food, turns my stomach....and let’s face it, it’s pretty creepy.

It also is incredibly cheap to produce. Pay close attention to the companies that have jumped on the fake food bandwagon, and you can be sure in the future that actual beef or chicken will be laced with fake food to cut the costs down and sold to unsuspecting consumers. Sort of like Tim Hortons Wild Blueberry muffins where the only thing wild about it is the price.

Popular chain restaurants like A&W, Burger King etc, still let you order your burger the way you like it, bacon & cheese you ask? Why yes, I will have some real bacon and cheese on my fake burger! What in the world?! Why buy fake meat to add real meat on top? I tell you the world has gone mad! Exceptional Marketing campaigns have outpaced common sense in this day and age, it is no longer about the truth, but about the story you are told/sold to believe.

The darker side to this conversation is that there is really not solid science behind the concoction. The ecological footprint behind producing and shipping all these crops, chemicals etc are not less of an impact on the environment than a traditional beef burger. Think of all the ingredients that go into fake food, and processing it vs the cost of raising beef and processing it. Hmmmm looking at it that way, the carbon footprint of fake food is either worse or about the same, and nutritionists are saying that Beyond Meat is NOT healthier for you than a traditional burger.

Beyond the Meat is simply processed food that does not in any way taste like a normal burger and anyone who tells you different is lying, fooling themselves or has no idea what real meat actually tastes like.

And of course I usually write about dogs...and guess what, that beyond the meat burger recipe is very close to...you guessed it Dog Food! Ok obviously without the meat, but looking at them in this light I have grave concerns. People went on a grain-free dog food fad recently, replacing the traditional grains like corn, wheat or rice with peas, legumes etc. The result was not a healthier dog, but dogs that were dying. Grain free- does not mean low carb. Grain-free diets in dogs have been linked to DCM: Dilated Cardiomyopathy. The FDA has now put out a warning advising of a link between this diet and heart disease in dogs. I shudder to think about what the future holds for those who eat this Beyond the Meat fake food.

So I pledge to eat REAL food. Food sourced as close to home as possible and meat that comes from local farmers who support the community. To truly be healthy, grow your own garden, buy from local or Canadian farmers and don’t get caught up in a fad by believing the marketing hype.

Now...I mean it when I say “Where’s the Beef?”



GOOD DEEDS DONE WELL

This month’s good deed goes out to Michelle Ainsworth and her Mom, Ausma Clappison this is their story.

Yesterday I was out with my mom Ausma Clappison and we saw a man walking a dog and the dog had a huge chain around its neck and he was using the chain as a leash.

We walked by him to enter a store and I stopped and turned around and went back to the man.

I asked him if the chain was heavy for the dog and he said, “yes it is I think” he had a shopping cart and his belongings in it. He told me his beloved dogs leash and collar had just broke and this was all he had. He was homeless but said his situation was going to improve soon as he had a plan.

People walked by and glared at him and accosted him for the chain. I asked him, “do you need help? I can buy you a new collar and leash” and with tears in his eyes he said yes please.

We walked to PetSmart together (we were at a plaza) and we went in and I bought him a leash, collar and tag with the dogs name on it. People continued

to make comments to him as we were getting the collar.

His dog is neutered and up to date with shots. He has lots of dog food. I gave him my number in case the dog needs help I said I am here.

This man loves his dog and is experiencing hard times.

I am posting this not because I want people to say how great I am and please do not say that, that is not the point of my post and I held off posting until now because I didn’t want people to think this was about me. I am posting this because:

- people go through hard times
- don’t be a jerk and please do not be judgmental, you don’t know what is going on with another person
- I can’t believe the amount of people being outwardly mean but not offering to help this man and his dog
- extend kindness and love always

If I felt the dog was in distress or danger you can get your ass I’d have called the cops.

What this man and his dog needed was kindness and some support.

Please, please extend kindness to others if you notice you may be judging- try to instead offer help or seek understanding.

Editor’s Note: Thank you Michelle for your kind heart and love for all, we need more Michelle’s in this world! Please share good deeds with us, we would love to fill the paper with happy endings!

Treat each day as your last; one day you will be right.

The Highland Players

Are very excited to announce our upcoming play. Hilda’s Yard is a comedy by Norm Foster. This is a story about a typical middle class family in the 50’s with two adult children. The husband and wife are just celebrating that they finally have their house to themselves! Where to begin with this freedom and extra money? It is short lived! The kids come back home! Can you feel the chaos? Have you had this experience? Come and join us to find out what happens!

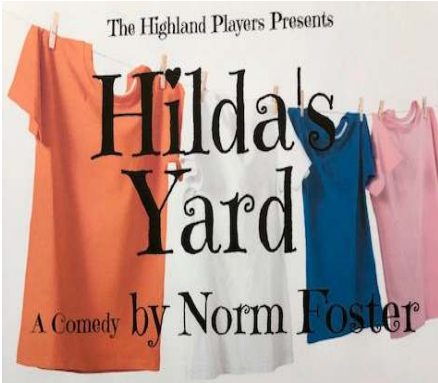
Tickets available after Sept 7th at locations near you. Performance dates are November 1 , 2 at 7:30 pm

November 3 at 2:00 pm

\$15 each

Land of Lakes School theatre
Burks Falls

Follow us on Facebook “highland players”



- There are three religious truths:
- a. Jews do not recognize Jesus as the Messiah.
 - b. Protestants do not recognize the Pope as the leader of the Christian faith.
 - c. Baptists do not recognize each other in the liquor store or Hooters.



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If an illegal immigrant who "doesn't speak English" can travel 2,000 miles on foot, with barely any food or water, with no money, can walk across the border and just steal your job tomorrow... You should be spending less time on face Book and more time developing a skill.

TALK TURKEY WITH URQUEY

By Rod Urquhart



Ufo's?

Unidentified Flying Objects (UFOs) have been sighted in the Lake Simcoe watershed for years now – but are they all a hoax, or is there some truth in these constant viewings? Do they exist?

On the 50th anniversary of 2001: A Space Odyssey, which came out just prior to man’s first walk on the moon, Peter Howell, the Toronto Star’s movie critic asked the movie’s stars this very question. Actors Gary Lockwood and Keir Dullea played Jupiter-bound astronauts Frank Poole and Dave Bowman. Here is what they had to say (The Star August 26, 2018):

Dullea: “I believe they may exist when you think about the fact that each galaxy has billions of stars, not millions, but billions just do the multiplication tables.”

Lockwood: “I concur with that. That’s why I believe there are other life forces in the universe. I think that it’s naive to think that we’re alone. ... I hear all these tales about some alien that crashed (in New Mexico) and they have him and only certain people get to see him. I hear all these stories, about UFOs and everything.”

What Lockwood is referring to is known as ‘Area 51’. You might have heard that it has something to do with UFOs and aliens.

Way out in the isolated high desert in Nevada sits the secret base – Area 51 -- where the U.S. government hides its best secrets. Highly classified military vehicles and weapons are developed there: the Stealth fight, the ‘Stars Wars’ SDI (Strategic Defense Initiative) missile defense system and without a doubt a lot more otherworldly hi-tech

that no one knows anything about. Miles of empty land surround the base and those who have dared to walk across its borders have been quickly arrested – or worse. More famously, it’s rumoured to be the crash site of a UFO.

As Stu Bundy, the former MUFON (Mutual UFO Network) National Director for Canada explained in an interview, when asked if UFO’s exist, “it’s the most fascinating question of all. (If they exist) then it’s mind-blowing when you think about it.”

MUFON is the most widely known North American body for investigating UFO sightings. MUFON started in 1969 when Project Blue Book folded. MUFON uses the same classification system as Project Blue Book.

Project Blue Book were top secret investigations into UFOS and related phenomena conducted by the United States Air Force from 1952-1969. It was dramatized over the winter on the History Channel.

MUFON’s new National Director of Investigations, Ryan Stacey, age 32, who is a private investigator with Black Light Investigative and Surveillance Service in Midland, when he isn’t tracking down UFO sightings, says on the question of UFOs in the Lake Simcoe watershed, “there is a lot of activity in the area we just can’t explain. The government is certainly capable of producing aircraft that are unidentified, but who are piloting them? People are seeing things they can’t explain that don’t follow any guidelines ... it doesn’t mean they are alien, it doesn’t mean they don’t (exist) but videos exist.”

Stacey has just completed the annual MUFON report for Canadian sightings, called the Canadian Current Event Survey for 2017, (completed June 1, 2018) and it lists Barrie case 82604, complete with video and still photos of a UFO. It happened Feb. 27, 2017.

The following is what the eye witness described to Stacey and MUFON:“I pulled onto my street heading home and I noticed three bright lights in the sky – two red and one white, flashing very fast. I recorded it for a few seconds from my car, until the video went out of focus, then pulled into my driveway and went inside to tell people to come take a look. My brother-in-law came outside and saw it as well. I started to record again and as I did, it changed its white light to red and began pulsating slowly with the other two lights now turned

off. It flickered its lights and changed the red pulsating light back to white and continued to pulsate. Then it went back to flashing again for the remainder of the time I watched it. It eventually vanished.”

After a thorough investigation by Stacey and MUFON, he had to close the case as an “unknown.”

A more recent sighting, Jan. 9, 2019, in Barrie, as recorded by MUFON, is reported like this:

“I was driving and two lights appeared out in the sky out of nowhere and were not of this world. The red lights appeared out of nowhere. They hovered and moved back and forth from each other. I felt uneasy this was very strange. They just vanished from the sky instantly.”



As reported in The Newmarket Era Oct., 2008, a group of 15 people watched in amazement as a glowing box-like structure sailed silently past them in the night sky of Willow Beach, Georgina. As The Era reported Robert Bedard of Whitby was one of the witnesses. He was there with his wife at her parents’ cottage on Churchill Lane.

“I said, ‘what the heck is that?’ Everyone on the balcony saw it, and then five people came out of the house and saw it as well. It kind of came down the street and over the trees in about 30 seconds, completely silent. I ran around the side of the house and up the stairs of the deck and I could see it over the lake and then it went up into the sky. It was big, maybe 50 times bigger than a small plane.”

Mr. Bedard reported his sighting to Ufoinfo, a website which lists a number of sights and videos about UFOs over Lake Simcoe. Another sighting took place on Sept. 22 near Barrie, according to The Era article:

“I saw two of them tonight. It kind of

freaked me out. I was looking at the Big Dipper and they appeared in the same locations, three minutes apart. They travelled and stopped, then blinked out after 30 seconds. It even was about three to four minutes each and two to three minutes apart. I don’t believe in UFOs, but I can tell you I won’t sleep well tonight. I see jets and aircraft pass every night. Please note, these were not jets or satellites. Jets and Satellites don’t stop dead and move the other way.”

Lake Simcoe Outdoors website posted this sighting June 9, 2012:

“Around 10:30 last night, my wife told me to look out the forward hatch at a strange light in the sky. It was a glowing orange ball, not going fast enough to be an airplane. It had no navigation lights and made no sound. I estimated its attitude to be about 1,000 feet and travelling in a southerly direction. We went above deck and watched this thing for about 6 minutes. When we first noticed it, it was approximately over Thorah Island. At the end of the sighting, it gained altitude very quickly and split into two balls and then vanished. When it vanished, I would guess it was about halfway to Pefferlaw. Too bad it was out of range of my paint ball rifle or I would have blasted the hell out of it.”

And this sighting on Lake Drive in Jackson’s Point on Lake Simcoe, recorded Nov., 1997, thanks to Brian Vike, director of HBCC UFO Research and host of the Vike Report:

“My son and I were walking to the store in the evening. I don’t remember the exact date, but it was in November. Suddenly we saw what was a falling star and we both pointed to it and said, ‘look a shooting star’. Then it stopped, it stayed in place for a couple of minutes, then took a different direction from its original course. We just looked at each other and said, ‘wow’. ‘What was that?’ We talked to some people and one man, a retired teacher, said he saw many UFOs around that area.”

And this one, taking place Oct. 6, 2010 in Innisfil overlooking Lake Simcoe:

“I was outside around 10 p.m. on Oct. 6, 2010. I stepped outside to let the dog out and noticed that it was a very clear night. **UFO Continued on Pg7**

Does anyone nave a recipe for "I don't know" or "I don't care"? It is what my family requested for dinner and I can't find any recipes.



home made
deep fried
pierogies
grilled sausage
on a bun



poutine
hand cut fries
and a variety of
fresh toppings
made daily



THURS. FRIDAY. SAT. SUNDAY 11am-4pm

OUR SEPTEMBER HOURS – SEE YOU SOON!

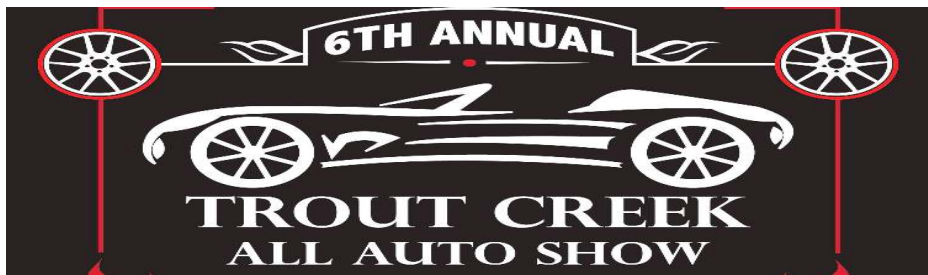
108 Ontario Street. Burk’s Falls

FOLLOW US ON FACEBOOK AND INSTAGRAM

Katine Community Centre News

This September, we are having a jamboree on Saturday, the 14th. We are featuring a bluegrass/country band called Jim Hayward and the Willowridge Bluegrass Band . We are having our first meeting on 16th. Please come on out and give us your ideas on what the hall can do for our community and what you would like to see. The seniors have cards on Tuesdays down stairs. The hall is available for rentals.

I hate it when I see an old person and then realize that we went to high school together.



Deborah Bussey

There was a record turnout for the 2019 Trout Creek All Auto Show! 45 exhibitors came out to participate in the event coming from Huntsville to Temiscaming and all parts in between.

None of this would be possible without amazing sponsors like Giesler Marine, Bickley Ford, Total Needs Trucking, Trout Creek Feed Store, Clarke’s Auto and Samantha Barber Graphic Designer. Dan Castillo and Samantha Barber have been bringing this event to Trout Creek for the Trout Creek Agricultural Society’s Fall Fair for the past 6 years. The event organizers have worked hard to make each year more successful than the last. The winners of this year’s show are;



Best Tuner : Sylvain Landry of Temiscaming with his 2003 Acura RSX Type S sponsored by Samantha Barber Graphic Designer (insert BestTuner)



Best Truck: Paul Sherry of North Bay with his 72 Chevrolet ½ ton Step Up sponsored by Total Needs Trucking (insert BestTruck)



Best Classic: Wayne & Maureen Singleton of North Bay with their 57 Chevrolet Bel Air Convertible. sponsored by

Giesler Marine (insert BestClassic)

Best Muscle : Mike Digiaco of Calander with his 69 Chevrolet Chevelle, sponsored by Clarke’s Auto (insert Best in Show)



Best UnRestored: Laurie Fox of Powassan with her 79 Volare, sponsored by Trout Creek Feed Store (insert BestUnrestored)

Best in Show: Mike Digiaco of Calander with his 69 Chevrolet Chevelle, sponsored by Bickley Ford



There were so many others there that showed pride of ownership from a 1947 Panel Van, 1930 Ford Model A Tudor, 64 Chev C10, 78 Firebird and just too many to list. Congratulations to one and all who participated. They were all winners! Next year marks the 100th Anniversary for the Trout Creek Agricultural Society’s Fall Fair. They are all working towards a spectacular event August 21,22 & 23, 2020. It will mark the 7th year for the Trout Creek All Auto Show on Sunday, August 23rd, 2020 and you can bet it will be an awesome event! There is talk of having vehicles in the Saturday parade that represent each decade from 1920 on. If you are interested in securing your spot for the 2020 All Auto Show or being a part of the parade contact Dan Castillo at; tc.allautoshow@outlook.com , call or text (705) 358-4938 or message him on their Facebook page Trout Creek All Auto Show!



UFO Continued I looked up at the stars as I always do and noticed a flicker in the sky that caught my attention. I let the dog back inside and stood in the driveway looking south over Lake Simcoe from Innisfil at the object. I noticed that it was changing colour from white, to red, to green and for the better part of two hours was hovering in the same spot in the sky. The funny thing about this was that at times it would vanish from sight, but then moments later it would re-appear and again begin to change colour. I attempted to get a photo, but my camera wasn’t good enough to capture the object. So I stood looking through binoculars at it. I eventually went back inside the house to spend some time with my significant other, who was not half as interested in the object sitting in the sky changing colour as I was, however. There’s a certain kind of scepticism in a lot of humans that can’t bear uncertainty and some are just unwilling to consider the possibilities, allowing the fear of the unknown to supersede their desire for knowledge in a powerful choice.” (Thanks to Brian Vike at sighting@telus.net) And according to the UFO Hunters website, another sighting in Orillia on May 10, 2016: “I was on my deck at 3:30 a.m. in the summer of 2016, when a 3-5 foot cloud 20 feet off the ground appeared slowly moving across the roadway, then stopping over the peak of my mobile home. The whole event lasted five minutes.” And this one from Keswick, thanks to UFO Hunters with the NUFORC source, taking place Dec. 5, 2016: “There was a silent, white light/sphere in the sky. The light fades, then disap-

pears, then comes back and disappears again. Looking at the stars, I saw a bright light moving farther away. The light disappears and then comes back and then fades out. No sound and no flashing light like an aircraft (we live in a fly zone). We thought it was a star until it began to move to the east. It was dropping altitude then as the light faded out. It reappeared and headed towards the south and disappeared.” MUFON investigated 222 cases across Canada in 2017 from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31. Of those 222 cases, 65 cases were in Ontario and of those cases in Ontario, 32 remain ‘unknown.’ For those who want to find out more, Bundy (mentioned earlier) is planning an Alien Cosmic Expo, at the Toronto Airport Marriot, on Sept. 21-22, 2019. It’s a conference on the scientific study of extraterrestrial life and occurrences. I could list many, many more sightings in the Lake Simcoe watershed, but space limits me! Whether you believe in UFOs or not, something is being seen the sky over the lake – and the question remains, what are these phenomena? Rod Urquhart is the author of three books – two humour books ‘Talk Turkey With Urqey’ and ‘Tales For The Out-house,’ and one poetry book, ‘Life Lines’. All three are available by contacting Rod at: Roderick.urquhart@gmail.com. Sam Logan is a renowned artist living in Vancouver. Sam’s love of colour, use of geometry and fine draftsmanship merge with a highly original vision to create an art that is alive and exciting. He is better known as Gastown Sam, where he sets up his easel daily. Check out: www.gastownsam.com.

PLACES OF WORSHIP



- BURK’S FALLS**
St. Andrews Presbyterian Church service begins at 11:15 with Rev Steven Smith and Pastor Dale Broadworth, Everyone welcome
Legacy Life Centre, Service starts at 10:30am
Church of the Holy Spirit Roman Catholic Sunday Services 11:00am Father Theo Nnorom SMMM
Burk’s Falls Baptist Church service begins at 11:00 am
Burk’s Falls United, 135 Yonge St, service begins at 11:00 am
Chetwynd Community Church, 1193 Chetwynd Rd 10:45 Sunday Service, Bi-Monthly Bible Study, call Pastor Aaron 705-380-5022
- DUNCHURCH**
Knox United Church, Sunday Service at 11 am
- EMSDALE**
Anglican Church of the Good Sheperd, Sunday service at 11:00am, 2190 Hwy 592
- GOLDEN VALLEY**
St. Paul’s United Church, November to April, Sunday service starts, 11:15am. May to October, Sunday service starts at 9:45 am with Rev. Col. Fraser Williamson
- KATRINE**
Katrine United Church, 52 Doe Lake Rd., Services begin at 9:30am
- KEARNEY**
St. Patrick’s Roman Catholic Church Sunday services at 9:00 am Father Theo Nnorom SMMM
- MAGNETAWAN**
Trinity United Church, Sunday service Sunday at 10am, Refreshments to follow. All are welcome
St. Paul’s Lutheran, 10:30 am service, service led by Pastor Schweter
St. George’s Anglican, Sunday service at 1100 am through until Thanksgiving
Chapman Valley Gospel Hall, Sunday service 9:45, Wednesday service 11:30 am, prayer meeting/Bible study, Wed. 8 pm.
- PORT LORING**
St. Andrews United Church 9:45am November to April, May to October, Sunday service 11:15 am Rev. Col. Fraser Williamson
- POWASSAN**
Hope Reformed Church, 250 Clark Street, 11:00 am service and 2:30 at Powassan Sportsplex
Wesleyann Church, 204 Big Bend Avenue, 11:00 service
Powassan United Church, 462 Main Street, 11:15, August CLOSED
- SOUTH RIVER**
Chalmers United Church, Sunday service at 11 am
Higher Heights Christian Fellowship, Sunday service begins at 10:30am
- SPRUCEDALE**
Sprucedale United Church Services on Sunday 9 am. 2415 Hwy 518 West, Sprucedale.
Faith Chapel services at 10:30 am Sunday. First Sunday of month is Fellowship Lunch. Tuesday, Ladies Bible Study at 1 pm. Thursday 7 pm Evening Bible Study. All Welcome. Location 63 Henry Street, Sprucedale.
- SUNDRIDGE**
Knox Presbyterian, Sunday Service 9:30 – 10:30 am
Bethel Pentecostal Church, Sunday service at 10:30am
Zion United Church, Sunday service begins at 10 am with Rev. Sandra Jenkinson
Sundridge Church of Christ worship Sunday at 11:00 a.m. Bible study Sunday at 10:00 a.m. and Wednesday at 7:00 p.m.
- TROUT CREEK**
Trout Creek United, Sundays at 9am

We would love to include all churches and all denominations, please send us your information if you wish to be included. We invite you to share events and gatherings with us .greatnortharrow@gmail.com

Great North Arrow

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15 apps parents should look out for on their kids' phones

Before kids go back to school, police around the country are reminding parents about potentially dangerous apps. Author: 10News Staff

With several recent reports of arrests made after online predator and human trafficking stings, law enforcement of-ficers around the country are reminding parents about potentially dangerous apps their kids could have access to.

A couple of weeks ago, the Sarasota County Sheriff's Office said 25 people were arrested during an operation targeting online predators. Sheriff Tom Knight said all of the men arrested uti-lized "the internet and mobile applica-tions to contact the children to have sex."

The sheriff's office, and most recently the Madill Police Department in Okla-homa, shared graphics showing 15 apps parents should know about.

The apps include well-known social media and dating apps like Snapchat, TikTok and WhatsApp, as well as loca-tion-based dating apps like MeetMe, Grindr and Skout.

App parents should know about, according to law enforcement 15 apps parents should look out for 080619 Sarasota County Sheriff's Office MeetMe: A dating social media app

that connects people based on loca-tion. Users are encouraged to meet in person.

WhatsApp: A messaging app that allows texts, video calls, photo sharing and voicemails with users worldwide.

Bumble: Similar to Tinder, but re-quires women to make the first contact.



Law enforcement says kids and teens can create fake accounts and falsify their age.

Live.Me: A live-streaming app that uses geolocation to share videos. The sheriff's office said users can earn "coins" to "pay" minors for photos.

Ask.FM: The sheriff's office said this app lets users ask anonymous questions and is known for cyberbullying.

Grindr: A dating app geared toward the LGBTQ community based on user location.

TikTok: A new app popular with kids lets users create and share short videos. Law enforcement said the app has "very limited privacy controls" and users can be exposed to cyberbullying and explicit content.

Snapchat: One of the most popular social media apps in the world, Snap-chat lets users take and share photos and videos. The app also lets people see your location.

Holla: This self-proclaimed "addicting" video chat app lets users meet people in seconds. Law enforcement said us-ers have seen racial slurs and explicit content.

Calculator+: Police say this is one of several apps that are used to hide pho-tos, videos, files and browser history.

Skout: A location-based dating app that is supposed to prohibit people under 17 from sharing private photos. However, police say kids can easily cre-ate an account with a different age.

Badoo: A dating and social media app where users can chat and share photos and videos based on location. Police say the app is supposed to be for adults only, but they've seen teens create ac-counts.

Kik: Police say kids can bypass tradi-tional text messaging features using this app. Kik "gives users unlimited access to anyone, anywhere, anytime," the sheriff's office said.

Whisper: An anonymous social net-work that lets users share secrets with

strangers. Police say it also shows users' location so people can meet up.

Hot or Not: The app lets users rate profiles, check out people in their area and chat with strangers. Police say the goal of the app is to hook up.

Back in May, Apple and Google removed three dating apps from their stores after reports of the apps allowing children as young as 12 to access them. The Federal Trade Commission said apps Meet24, FastMeet and Meet4U ap-peared to violate the Children's Online Privacy Protection Act and the FTC Act.

The apps are operated by Wildec LLC, a Ukranian company, according to the FTC. They collect a user's birthdate, email address, photos and real-time location data. The FTC claims the apps failed to block users under the age of 13 from using the apps or from being contacted by other users.

Earlier this year, 10News reporter Jenny Dean spoke with Sgt. Pat Voit with the Tampa Police Cyber Crimes Unit about keeping teens safe online and social media.

Police said parents and teens should know two things:

1. Once a picture or video leaves your phone and is sent to someone else, it is out of your control.
2. Someone can use that picture or video against you.

Voit also recommends parents and teens check out the website Netsmartz for some guidelines to follow.

I came home & my dog peed a little because he was happy to see me. None of my friends pee when they see me. I'm surrounded by fakes.

BACK TO SCHOOL SHOPPING TORONTO STYLE!!

By Sandy Mills

Aaah, the month of August. It’s still summer so we can swim, camp, bar-becue, visit theme parks, boat, and swim some more. If you’re a parent, however, it’s not all carefree. Something shimmers on the horizon. A something that requires intestinal fortitude and provokes the gnashing of teeth. A some-thing that requires deep pockets and provokes patience. An annual August ritual known as BACK TO SCHOOL SHOP-PING.

Even conducted under normal cir-cumstances, (as in local stores), back-to-school-shopping is not for the faint of heart. Parents and children agree to disagree. What constitutes a neces-sity? Practical clashes with fashionable. “Everyone else is wearing it” versus “I’m not the mother of everyone else”. Pleading and deal-making stretching flimsy purse-strings.

Being budget-conscious and weary of the familiar in our Near North territory, I decided to transplant our wardrobe skir-mishes to the mecca of shoppers: Toron-to. Surely, I rationalized, Toronto would have something for “our” everyone.

For my three offspring, the number one reason for this shopping spree was new shoes. They weren’t interested in just any old shoes. They wanted name brand sneakers: the status-symbol famous-athlete type. The kind that any self-respecting teenager would willingly wear. In other words, the expensive footwear.

Before we left, I established the spend-ing protocols. Each child was expected to chip in some of their own money towards the purchase of their dream shoes. As a parent, I recognized this to be a learning experience. I expected them to better appreciate and accept responsibility for something they had

earned. We joked that I’d be buying three shoes, three mismatched shoes.

And so, we drove south to Toronto, three excited kids and their financial backer/ chauffeur. Visions of bargains were dancing in our heads. We were on a mission to spend, spend, spend, but first I needed to find a room for the night. How difficult could this be in a city with “millions” of hotel rooms?

As I was about to discover, most visitors to Toronto booked their hotel rooms in advance. After many fruitless phone calls, I was relieved to receive a “definite maybe”. If I appeared at exactly 5:00 p.m. at a certain hotel's front desk I could possibly rent a room for the night. (Of course, this depended upon whether the “reservist” appeared before 4:30 or not.) Basically, I was at the mercy of a room lottery.

My eldest served as my navigator as we drove along the quintessential Toronto road, Yonge Street, seeking this hotel. I soon recognized that she was reading the map upside-down. I was hearing names that we’d already passed instead of upcoming ones. In any case, we found the hotel,(near the original Maple Leaf Gardens).

Chance was definitely on our side. I was able to procure a room with a cash advancement. My children and I were not destined to sleep in our car, although it was about the same size as our rented shelter. The only available room in downtown Toronto boasted two single beds. For three of us this wasn’t an issue, but my son had to choose between bunking with one of his sisters or with his mother. For one night we would make do. We decided that it was no different than sharing a tent.

This camping philosophy/atmosphere set the tone for our stay. Despite a full, tiring day of travelling, shopping, and dining, we were not ready to sleep. We seemed to be in campfire mode, swapping observances from our day and keeping each other awake. We didn’t

realize just how noisy we’d become until a hotel clerk knocked on our door disturbing my youngest daughter’s ren-dition of a rousing camp song, to warn us that we were in violation of the “no noise after 11:00 p.m.” policy. So much for subtlety. Did he suspect that there were four of us in a room designed for one or two? At one point, we finally fell asleep, but not for long. My eldest, (she who’d actually once slept blissfully unaware of a protesting smoke alarm right outside her bedroom), awoke us with the startling news that the hotel smoke alarms were blaring. Half-asleep, we stumbled out of our room to join other unhappy campers heading for the stairs. All of us were attired in vari-ous forms of wrinkled sleepwear. Our hair was mussed and matted. We were without make-up or adornments. Every one of us, bleary-eyed and grumbling. As we obediently followed others down ten flights of stairs, unsure of our immediate future, worried about a possible fire and its effect, my son just had to say something to his two sisters. “You look like hell, but the shoes are great!” In their life or death haste to vacate our room, my daughters had chosen to wear, (and save), their prized new sneakers. Apparently, their brother had also thought to don his new shoes. Everything else was expendable. If memory serves me, two pairs of Nikes and a pair of Adidas, were not.

From the relative safety of the side-walk opposite the hotel, we had front row seats to the arrival of fire trucks and firefighters. At no time, did we actually see smoke or flames. We were witness to Toronto’s finest in action. All around us, people carried on as if a fire or the possibility of one was just an everyday ho-hum occurrence . Traffic continued to stream around the trucks. Pedestri-ans either walked along or stopped to gawk. The most ridiculous sight was the oblivious hotel guests who’d opted not to leave the hotel. They instead decided

to watch the action leaning out from their windows. Was this the true mean-ing of blasé? Stupidity? Arrogance? Cyn-icism? Disbelief? Perhaps they thought that if it was a real fire they would be rescued?? Evacuation is meant to be a physical act, but if no one’s home, if the elevator doesn’t go to the top... Eventually, the firefighters announced an “all-clear” and we trooped back into the hotel. Unfortunately, the hotel elevators were still locked down, they literally were not raising anyone to the top. The new sneakers were again put through their paces with a ten-storey cl imb.

The next day, Toronto was still not finished with us. Once again, we encountered traffic that must be un-like anything else in Canada. Its sheer volume is staggering. Its variety is overwhelming. As a coping mecha-nism, we created names for what we were seeing. (We were from a Near North village with no transit, one traffic light, volunteer firefighters,... in short, far less people and vehicles!) My kids were especially fascinated by the different modes of transportation for cops, or police officers. C.O.W. was our label for “cops on wheels”. Some-times, we’d refer to them as C.O.B., “cops on bikes”. C.O.F. became “cops on foot”, or P.O.P., as in “police on patrol”. We were amused by S.O.S., “suits on scooters”, and annoyed by S.O.B., ”skat-ers on boards”. I was especially irked by K.U.T.T.ers or “kamikaze u-turn taxi’ers”.

People, pedestrians, walkers, are ev-erywhere! They are a formidable force. I encountered F.L.O.W., “fearless league of walkers”. I was alert to G.R.O.U.P., “great riot of urgent pedestrians”. The mad-dening crowd had to be S.L.O.W., “snail’s league of walkers”. In our attempt to drive out of Toronto the Teeming, we were thwarted by a mob of people choking an intersection . There was no walking, no flowing, no dispers-



My sister bet me \$15 that I couldn't build a car out of spaghetti. You should of seen her face when I drove pasta

SPRUCEDALE NEWS



With Lynda Howse

The Sprucedale Seniors Summer Pancake Breakfast and Dabber Bingo were a great success. Thank you to everyone who attended and all the senior’s helpers, our McMurrich/Monteith Fire department and community people for helping.

The St Olaf’s Lutheran Church at Bear Lake thanks everyone for attending their fund raiser Roast Beef Dinner. It was a huge success with approximately 134 attending. They have come closer to their goal to raise money for a new roof.

Where did the summer go? Back

to school this week, please everyone watch out for children walking, getting on and off the buses. Be courteous to our bus drivers, who are carrying precious cargo. Also to the teachers, the future of the world is in their classroom today. All the best for another successful school year.

Local National Biathlete Fundraiser Dinner for Trevor Kiers, on September 13 at 5 p.m. at the Sprucedale Community Center. Roast beef dinner tickets \$15 at the door. This dinner is to help offset Trevor’s cost for the winter Biathlon Canada events.

The Sprucedale & District Horticultural Society’s next meeting is being held on September 16 at 6:30 p.m; at the Sprucedale Community Centre, (31 William Street). Guest speaker, Valerie Fieldwebster who will speak on Edible and Medicinal Plants, Magnetawan Watershed Land Trust. Everyone welcome, members free, non-members by donation. For more information please check the website www.gardenontario.org/site.php/sprucedale or facebook page.

Diner’s Luncheon every third Thursday , September 19 at Emsdale Community Centre, at noon. Michaels on Main catering. For more information,

contact Dick Gibbs 705-685-7450

The Sprucedale’s Women’s Group, the Leisure Ladies will meet at the Joiner Room in the United Church on Monday, September 30. For more information call Lorna at 705-685-7101.

Join the Sprucedale Seniors Friends Club’s weekly events. Mondays; Knitting/Crafts and Cribbage; 1 p.m. Mixed Darts 7pm. Contact : Ralph & Marion 705-685-7082 or Gay & Mark 705-685-9908
Tuesdays; Ladies Euchre at 1 pm ; 7 pm Dabber Bingo
Thursday at 7 pm Mixed Euchre.
Events held at the Senior’s Club, 2609 Hwy 518 West, Sprucedale. For more information check with Lynda Howse, 705-685-7938. Everyone is welcome.

Sprucedale United Church Services on Sunday 9 am; Sister Church Kearney at 11 am. Join them for Dominos at 1 pm on Thursdays. All held at 2415 Hwy 518 West, Sprucedale.

Faith Chapel services at 10:30 am Sunday. First Sunday of month is Fellowship Lunch. All welcome; location 63 Henry Street, Sprucedale.

The hours for the McMurrich/Monteith Computer Access Point: (MMCAP) Tuesdays: 1-8 p.m.; Wednesday to Friday: 3-8 p.m.; Saturdays: 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.; Free Wi-Fi available from the parking lot at 31 William St. or come in and use the computers. Faxing and photocopies available at a minimal fee.

Welcome to McMurrich/Monteith, packets available at the township office for visitors, residents and new businesses covering information about our community, Sprucedale. This packet has township information; council members, staff; emergency numbers , community contacts, business directory, business resources, frequently asked question, local events, local health and community service, town history, the community centre and area map and park to park trail. Be sure to pick up your copy today at the township office.

If you are holding a community event or celebrating a special occasion in Sprucedale, please contact me by email (lyndahowse@xplornet.com) or phone at 705-685-7938, and leave the details of the event and a contact number. Photos are also accepted.

The most frequently named bugs from the Bible are: Locust: 24, Moth: 11, Grasshopper: 10, Scorpion: 10, Caterpillar: 9, and Bee: 4.

ing---only gathering, lingering, waiting . Idling, literally going nowhere, I made eye contact with the backseat passenger on my left. Hearing my gasp, my children were instantly alerted to our close proximity with a celebrity. We easily recognized the relaxed superstar who graciously smiled, winked and waved at us. Dumbfounded, we reacted in kind with huge grins and waves of our own!

His presence wasn’t entirely inconceivable. I’d heard a radio report that he and his bandmates were in Toronto to rehearse for an upcoming show. From our vantage point, we could clearly see a theatre across the intersection. The crowd of expectant fans was completely unaware that the desired object of their adoration was sitting in a car behind them, and unable to reach the venue they were blocking.

Irrepressible and bursting to share this exciting news with someone, my eldest, Carrie, scooped up the for-emergency-use-only cell phone and dialled our house number. When my anxious husband answered, fearing news of an accident, his daughter shouted, “Guess what, Dad! We’re beside Rick Jagger!” His reply was, (understandably), “Who the hell is Rick Jagger?” Correcting herself with, “You know... Mick Jagger!”, her still unimpressed father was quick with his short reply, “SO..” ... I suppose he had to be there.

From behind me, an oblivious and impatient taxi driver dared to express his frustration with his cab’s horn. What did this cabbie expect of me? My family and Mick were marooned in a rolling sea of people. Neither of us could move. We were at their mercy, waiting for a parting of the waves. Even the celebrity at the root of this gathering was forced to wait. (If one pedestrian has the right of way, who can argue with hundreds?) Hadn’t this cabbie heard of “ if you want to get along, you must go along”? Clearly, the star seekers were in control!!

I’m sure that to this day, my children remember this memorable back-to-school shopping trip. They experienced fire sales, a fire drill and a smoking singer. They put their best foot(wear) forward. Only in Toronto, eh?

"Life is like a box of chocolates..."

Tamara Mathews

LSL, AKA, Long Suffering Larry has finally succumbed to me, I've worn him down!

After 5 years 'shacked-up', as my 83 year old mother affectionately refers to it, we'll be raising the roof of our 121 year old barn in a good old fashioned barn wedding!

The hog'll be a'turn'n on the spit,



(no not Peppa!), the wine and beer will be a'flow'n and the boots will be a'stomp'n!

I believe in second chances. My best friend gave me the support I needed, a shoulder to cry on and a helping hand to hold the last few terrible years of my marriage.

With his help I took the steps needed to escape a terrible situation and finally

find freedom. Freedom from oppression, freedom from fear, freedom from ridicule and neglect.

That best friend turned into something so much more.

As I go about my day I can't wait to tell him my stories.

The moment he walks in the door, word vomit hits him like a barrage of white noise. I look forward to our bantering about everything from the weather to wheelbarrows to politics and underwear. Sometimes all in one sentence! With his help I've grown back the wings I never realized I'd lost. He just stands back and watches while I spin like the whirlwind my father dubbed me to be. He jumps right into my crazy plans, going all-in, adding his own crazy plans as we go.

He has had the infinite patience to help me heal, to grow and to no longer be afraid. With him at my side I feel we can take on anything!

I never knew this was how real partnerships, true relationships, great unions were supposed to be. I always thought these were the stuff of romantic novels and movies, not real life.

This man is my knight in shiny Chevy truck and work boots, my best friend, my confidant, my very own personal Macgyver, my partner-in-crime, my person.

Together, if the stars and moon align, we will officially take our adventures to the next level, August 2020 on the land my ancestors settled over a century ago.

"Life is like a box of chocolates," and I like mine a little on the nutty side!

F It's still happening at
A THE Magnetawan
R Farmers Market!
M We will be here with
E fresh goodness,
R vendors and
S musicians!
M Please visit us,
A Our last
R Day is
K Saturday, October 5th
E Thanksgiving Weekend!

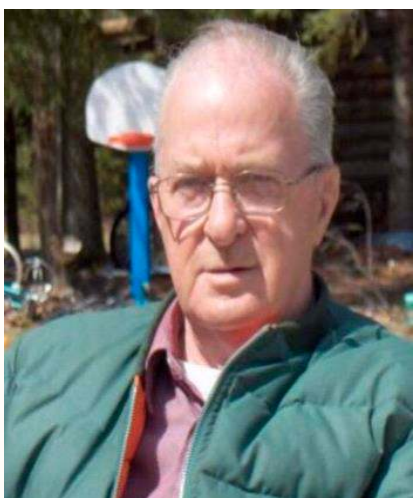


M LIVE ENTERTAINMENT
A SEPT 7TH ,
R 'DOUG AND ARLENE
K McLEAN'
E SEPT 14TH ,
T 'THE FLASHBACKS
SEPT 21ST
'DOUG AND ARLENE
McLEAN '
EVERY WEEKEND TILL
THANKSGIVING!



The only thing worse than having a spider in your room is losing a spider in your room.

YES, there really was an ‘Olly Calhoun’



At a recent breakfast, we asked Shelly about the café mascot and if there really was an Olly.

‘Our mascot is a tribute to my dad. His name was Oliver Donald Calhoun that’s where Olly comes from. He was such a kind and loving family man that was worshipped by his family’ ‘this is in his honour……Shelly Calhoun

Letting the cat out of the bag is a whole lot easier than putting it back in.

attention to the tone woods – highly valued woods such as Sitka Spruce and Adirondack Spruce, and other rare woods, is precise and of particular importance since these woods have very fine grains and can be sanded to a finely tuned resonating thinness. He tap tones all tops until they ring with a specific resonance which his trained ear is able to discern. All aspects of guitar construction from quarter sawn finely graded woods – tone wood tops, and solid backs to the bracing of the sound box, the binding by hand carved curly maple, the neck, bridges and bone saddles are done with a passion for perfection and with a deep love for each individual instrument. The constructed guitar is French polished with several coats of a specific shellac/alcohol mixture which brings the



immaculate woods to a very high gloss surface, with a deep colour and clarity. In Claude’s own humble description – he loves building something for people that has it’s own unique voice and will grow with the player over a lifetime. Such talent and inspiration does not go unrecognized. Visit Claude at: <http://stdenisguitars.ca>

About - Douglas McLean is a local musician, writer and photographer living in Kearney. He plays local shows and concerts usually joined by his wife, violinist, Arlene McLean. Find out more: Web site: <http://www.douglasmclean-music.com> Email – douglasm789@gmail.com



Coach's Corner

Debbie Ireland

Well, that was the fastest summer I ever remember! I've already seen many leaves changing color, cooler evenings and mornings. This can only mean one thing...Special Olympic Bowling is starting!!! Yes, it is starting on

a complete male team from Sault Ste. Marie, who ended up winning the division. They fought hard but also lost to Timmins, another full men's team. This is a building year for the team, with athletes such as Damian Gates who is only 10 years old, making his debut with the team! The athletes well represented themselves making the Almaguin area very proud! Thank you to everyone who has helped support the team in so many



Saturday September 7th. If you have a special needs athlete you would like to bowl, basically every second Saturday until May, give Riverbowl in Burk's Falls a call...705-382-3813 and they will pass on your information to our Director. We hope to see some new faces this season! The Almaguin Special Olympic softball team headed off to Manitoulin Island this past weekend, to play in the Regional softball tournament. They worked very hard to prepare themselves for this tournament. They won their first game on Friday night against North Bay. They were playing in the highest division in the tournament. Unfortunately, even after a well played game, they lost against

ways, it's very much appreciated!! The ball team is very lucky to have Jamey Sollman, Fraser Pauley and Clint Carleton coaching them! The team is already looking forward to next season where they will continue building their skills both on and off the field, under the leadership of these amazing men. We would like to thank Larry Sollman, Cheryl Atkinson and Pat Sollman for their many years of coaching the ball team. They will truly be missed, but we know they'll be on the sidelines watching their awesome team that they gave so much dedication to throughout the years! Have a safe, enjoyable Labour Day weekend and remember to always be kind and inclusive.

Stop in! We would love to meet you and get to know you! At **R.C. Weidmark**, we are so much more than tractors and you will be surprised to learn what we can do for you.

We are proud to be a family owned and operated business employing a team of fully licensed mechanics conveniently located on the outskirts of Magnetawan. At Weidmark, we pride ourselves on efficiency, professionalism, and cost effective solutions for all of your needs.

We do all types of repairs, servicing everything from the heavy equipment that we are most known for to quality and inexpensive repairs on your lawn and garden equipment. In our business, we do just about anything and everything that requires maintenance and repair.



Groomers and their drags, farm equipment of all types often occupy our high tech bays with our skilled mechanics. Our trucks offer a pickup and delivery service making repairs and maintenance convenient and your only choice. As a fully functioning fabricating shop, our abilities are top notch. Restorations, resurfacing and high quality service is what sets us apart. Our full service engine machine shop is fully equipped with new and used parts for all makes and models. Everything from pumps, wear parts, engines to chain saw chains, we do it all! At Weidmark we are your local one stop shop for all things mechanical and proudly more than ‘Tractors’

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No-One is safe....by:Jim

A mugshot of a man with a dark beard and mustache, wearing a white shirt. He is looking directly at the camera against a plain, light-colored background.

Police found neighborhood pedophile shot in the head 27 times. Police say this was the worst suicide they've had in decades.

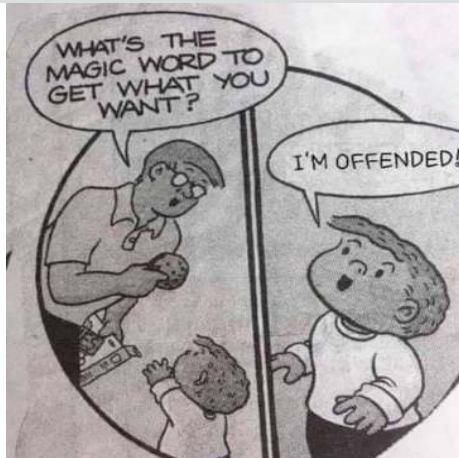
The Earth is 4.6 billion years old. Let's scale that down to 46 years. Humans have been here for 4 hours. Our Industrial Revolution began 1 minute ago. In that time, we have destroyed more than 50% of the world's forests.



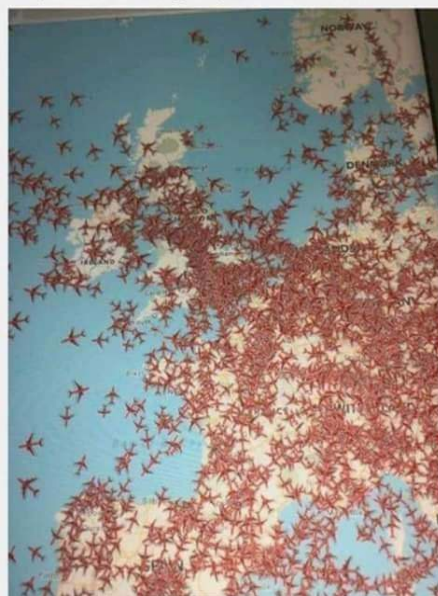
 Jerry DeQuetteville
@jdeq

Andrew Scheer is proposing a tax credit for parents who choose to enroll their kids in private schools. The initial impact is the siphoning of almost \$2 billion of public funds to the private sector. School choice groups are forming in Ont. And so the attack on public ed begins.

5:47 a.m. · 03 Aug. 19 from [Burlington, Ontario](#) ·
[Twitter for iPhone](#)



Aircraft over Europe just now, 2482 visible out of a total of 12906, and the Green Party want us to reduce our consumption of red meat to cut down on carbon footprint, are we losing the plot or what ?????



FULL SIZE Mattress. Royal Tonic, 20 year warranty. Like new. Slight urine smell. \$40. (818) 222 7777.



I THOUGHT HE WAS MICK JAGGER'S KID!



**Conservative Party
of Canada**
"We have no ideas."

THIS IS ALL STEPHEN HARPERS FAULT !

IF HE DIDN'T LOSE THE ELECTION IN 2015 NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED

Great North Arrow

Small towns & proud ... connecting communities

He Said ...She Said.....but Jim is ALWAYS WRONG

Just caught my “private parts” in my zipper. God it hurts. No more zip up boots for me.

A

B

C

Which one are you?

A. People who have a ring finger that is longer than the index finger tend to be more charming and in some instances even irresistible. Often you can talk yourself out of the most sticky situations. You can sometimes be aggressive when pushed too far. You are very competitive and are good at games and solving puzzles. People will often come to you for advice. You are wise and intelligent and love to learn new things.

B. If your ring finger is shorter than the index fingers the likelihood is you are the no hassle, confident type. You can be very laid back and it takes a lot to rattle you. You are objective driven and when you are working on something you don't want to be disturbed, you see things through to the end. You are an ambitious go getter and hard worker. You can always be relied upon to help a friend in need.

C. If your two fingers are of equal length you like to keep the peace and try to avoid conflict at all costs. You are generally well organised, quiet, calm and loyal to your relationships with partners and friends. Deep down you are known to have a prickly core and if people get on the wrong side of you this can be unleashed. This is often unsuspected and can take people by surprise. Family and friends mean every to you and you can be very protective of them.

So, Cyndi comes to me and says “look at this”. She says “I am definitely “B”. I take a look and then look at my fingers and I say “I am definitely “A&B”. She is still not talking to me.



Most people know that Cyndi and I have 3 “really Big” Newfoundland dog’s at home. Well I’m at ACME Pets in Sundridge talking to Tony and picking up a bag of dog food for the horde. While in the check-out line, a woman behind me asked if I had a dog. Why else would I be buying dog food, RIGHT??? So on impulse I told her that no, I didn’t have a dog, I was starting the Dog Food Diet again. Cyndi has this group called “Why Weight” and she has been all over me to get involved. It’s for people with weight issues and that’s as far as I am

going with that. Anyway’s, I told the lady that I probably shouldn’t do the dog food diet again because I ended up in the hospital last time, but that I'd lost 20 pounds. Before I awakened in intensive care with tubes coming out of most of my orifices and IV’s in both arms. I told her that it was essentially a Perfect Diet and all you do is load your pockets with food Nuggets and simply eat one or two every time you feel hungry. The food is nutritionally complete so it works well and I was going to try it again. (I have to mention here that practically everyone in Tony’s store was now enthralled with my story.) Horrified, she asked if I ended up in intensive care because the dog food poisoned me? I told her no, I stepped off a curb to sniff a poodle's butt and a car hit me. I thought the guy behind her was going to have a heart attack he was laughing so hard!! So, next time you go on a diet go check out ACME Pets and ask Tony for “the special blend”. The other thing is that I have to be more careful. While Cyndi was backing out of the driveway she almost ran me over while I was cleaning my private parts.

This old 7-UP advertisement says it all 😊

It's amazing what you can do with just two fingers and a thumb!

And boy oh boy you sure can work up a thirst!

7up

BENEFITS OF A GOOD VOCABULARY!

I recently called an old Engineering buddy of mine and asked what he was working on these days. He replied that he was working on "Aqua-thermal treatment of ceramics, aluminum and steel under a constrained environment." I was impressed until, upon further inquiry, I learned that he was washing dishes with hot water under his wife's supervision.

Jim said- "Shall we try swapping positions tonight?"
Cyndi said - "That's a good idea.! You stand by the ironing board while I sit on the sofa and snore."...Whowa...somebody lost their broom.

Acme Pet Foods & Supplies
162 Main St.
P.O. Box 779
Sundridge ON. POA-1Z0
705 384 5555

"With so many things coming back in style, i can't wait until morals, respect and intelligence become a trend again." - Denzel Washington

I love it when Cyndi and I have “heart to heart” discussion. I said - "Two inches more and I would be king."
Cyndi says- "Two inches less, and you'd be queen."That hurt.

Another one of those loving conversations...I said “Cyndi, ever since I first laid eyes on you, I've wanted to make love to you really badly." Cyndi responded with: "Well, you succeeded."

I am so hurt. I have been fooled all these years.

IN THE MIDNIGHT HOUR
SHE CRIED MOE, MOE, MOE

I have questions for the design team.

TESCO
NUTT MILK
1 LITRE

IF YOU HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN THE PERFECT MAN OR THE PERFECT HORSE...
...WHAT SADDLE WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

MIGHT AS WELL STAY AND HAVE ONE MORE

WIFE'S GOING TO CHEW MY HEAD OFF WHEN I GET HOME ANYWAY

Arizona psychic hit by car says he never saw it coming

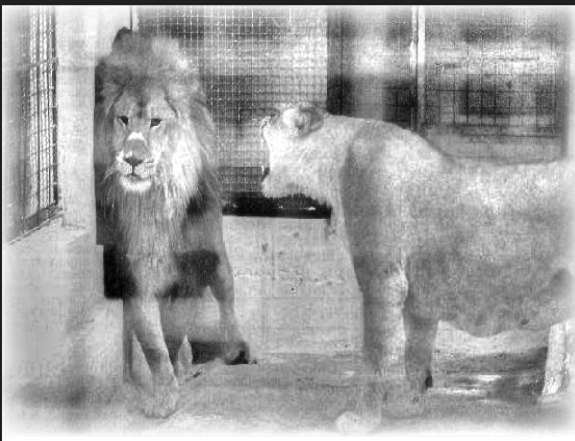
JOSIAH DESTIN
THE PHILIPS/ATLANTA.COM

Blair Robertson recalls the moment a white Lexus crashed through the front window of a restaurant in Canada, launching the psychic medium into the air and pinning him against a wall. "I didn't foresee it happening," he said.

"My leg was in the shape of an L, left foot was on its side and I have no how it wasn't snapped off."

With an injured left rib, swollen bruises throughout his body and a laceration in his neck, Robertson is still alive.

"There must have been angels there," Robertson said.



Jim!!! You made another spelling mistake and the colour is all wrong . Your too fat and your not going out with the boys any more...Cyndi

Cyndi started to read Fifty Shades of Grey, but couldn’t finish it...she got too tied up.

TANNER'S

TANNERS INN & DINING

“PRIME RIB” NIGHT IS NOW ON “SATURDAY”

AAA PRIME RIB DINNER WITH YORKSHIRE PUDDING, SAGE & ONION GRAVY, CHEFS VEGETABLES, & MASHED POTATO'S.

\$27.00 (FULL SIZE) “OR” \$21.60 (SMALLER PORTION)

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WE OPEN AT 4:30 PM,





Four on the Floor

Peanut Butter Alert for Your Pets A new type of peanut butter (and other nut butters) is being sold with less sugar, but now includes xylitol as a sweetener. That is what is used in sugarless gum and it can be deadly to dogs. Many people use peanut butter as a dog treat, or to fill a Kong, or disguise medications; if they now use the type with xylitol, it could be very dangerous.

I HAVE GOT TO STOP SAYING "HOW STUPID CAN YOU BE?" -I'M BEGINNING TO THINK PEOPLE ARE TAKING IT AS A CHALLENGE.

To Give Rawhide or Not

By: Andrea Evison

Since I started working at Acme Pet Foods & Supplies I have had numerous customers ask why we are cutting back on selling rawhide treats for dogs and if we aren't selling rawhide what would I recommend as an alternative, so I decided to write this article letting people know why rawhide's are not safe to give to our fur babies.

First off I'm not sure how many people actually know how rawhide is made, so I'm going to tell you how it is made. Rawhide is made from the inner layer of cow or horses hides, during the manufacturing process the hides are cleaned with a hydrogen peroxide solution and cut or ground then pressed into the desired shapes such as rings or bones. Some rawhide's contain beef, chicken or liver flavouring to make them more appealing to dogs. There are some rawhide's that are made beef hide or bison hide that don't get bleached, so they appear darker in colour.

Now that I've explained how they are made, I'm going to explain the most common risks that come with them.

The first and biggest risk that comes with giving your fur baby a rawhide is choking and blockage. Large pieces can get stuck in the esophagus or other parts of the digestive tract. Depending on where they are located a vet may be able to remove the pieces easily, however there are cases where abdominal surgery is required to remove them from the stomach or intestines. If the blockage is not resolved the blockage can lead to death.

The next common risk is contamination. Rawhide's can contain trace amounts of toxic chemicals, and can contain salmonella or E. Coli which in turn can cause humans to be at risk as well.

Lastly is digestive irritation. Some dogs are simply allergic or sensitive to rawhide's or substances that are used in their manufacturing, which can cause diarrhea and upset stomach.

Here is a list of signs of bacterial contamination, gastric irritation or blockage:

- Gagging
- Regurgitation
- Repeated swallowing
- Vomiting

- Diarrhea with or without blood
- Fever
- Lack of energy
- Signs of pain
- Refusal to eat or weight loss

I have done some research on healthier alternatives to Rawhide and have come up with a few suggestions for those of you that are leery of rawhide

1. Lamb Horns- they are a good source of protein, iron, zinc, and other nutrients. Lamb horns are fully digestible and safe for chewing on as they don't splinter like other horns do.
2. Sweet Potato Chews- they are a healthy and natural treat that support a healthy digestive system. They are also high in fibre, low in fat, and contain vitamin B6, C, A, potassium, calcium, iron, and beta-carotene.
3. Deer and Elk Antlers- they are natural, healthy and odour-free. Elk antlers are less dense than deer antlers due to the outer bone to core marrow ratio being much lower. Antlers are full of a healthy source of calcium and essential minerals.
4. Bully Sticks- they are all natural beef pizzle that are high in protein, and low in fat. Beef is an excellent source of amino acids, magnesium, and calcium. Be careful though because the odour-free varieties have usually been treated with chemicals.
5. Raw Bones- they are a great source of minerals and other nutrients. A raw bone can help a dog's skeletal system to regenerate and adapt due to it being composed of calcium phosphate. Calcium in raw bones can be up to four times more digestible than most commonly available calcium supplements.

All in all the choice is ultimately up to you as a pet owner whether you want to give Rawhide to your fur baby or not, my suggestion is to go with the natural one's that only have beef hide, bison hide or any hide as the only ingredient and please remember to always supervise your babies when they are chewing on any type of treats

Dog Food Advisor Recall

As stated on the Dog Food Advisor website there is currently a recall on Chef Toby Pig Ears due to possible contamination with salmonella bacteria. Check out www.dogfoodadvisor.com/dog-food-recall/chef-toby-pig-ears-treats-recall/

Animal Tales

By Valerie and Layla Dingman



Animal Communication – What do our pets want us to know?

Jim Prudom is an animal communicator and teacher of animal communication courses. In simple terms that means that he is able to receive information from animals. But this is a two-way street and animals can and do obtain information from us too.

Jim, who lives in the Kitchener - Waterloo area, is a retired high school math teacher, who first started formally studying animal communication in the mid-1990s. At that time, he had four dogs living with him that had been taken in from local pounds. This was through an organization that he helped to start in 1990 that focused on rescuing animal. At the time in Eramosa and Erin Townships, because of a policy that was in place, dogs were only kept at the rural pounds for 3 days then sold to the University of Guelph for research if they were not picked up. The Animal Alliance of Canada convinced the townships to keep the dogs for 7 days and to give them first chance at purchasing the dogs. Jim ended up with four dogs in his own home and throughout the years in the courses that he has taken and taught these companions have figured prominently in helping students learn to communicate with other animals.

Being connected to the pet rescue world Jim connected with an animal communicator named Barbara Janelle at an animal workshop organized by him. She spoke about therapeutic touch, as well as other energy work and animal communication. In listening to her Jim knew he wanted to do this kind of work. He took courses in therapeutic touch for humans but then also for animals with Ms. Janelle and then she gave a course in Waterloo on animal communication that he organized too.

He recounts that he realized that on some level he had been communicating with his former pet, an 8-year-old spaniel cross named Blackie, many years earlier. She was the family dog when he was growing up and he recognized early on with Blackie that not only did Blackie know things about Jim as such as when he was coming home from school, but she would let him know what she was

doing during the day. Jim said that he had a sense of where she was and what she was doing regardless of the fact that he was not in the same room as her. After taking several courses in animal communication Jim started doing animal communications for people and their pets in the late 1990s.

When asked how communication between human and animals occurs, Jim described it as the following: it is based on the fact that all of creation is vibrational energy. He went on to say “You, your dog, birds, all animal life are all multi-dimensional vibrational energy and that energy is infinite. We see the physical being and we might be aware of the emotional being, and in fact some people can see energy, sometimes in the form of a slight glow extending out around a body, but we are all Infinite Energy”. Therefore, everything is interconnected and we are all part of one energy field. “That which is you is infinite, extending beyond walls, beyond a town and out into the universe. But so is the other being. To communicate with an animal, we just need to recognize that our energies overlap. Because we are all the same infinite energy all information is available to us.”

He goes on to add that our intention is very important in establishing a communication. He stated that when we hold the intent of being in connection with another being, at that moment instantly we are connected. “We don't need to work at finding our pets' energy. And our dog can do the same; she can be in connection with you – whether you are in front of her or somewhere across the country. “When you connect in this manner, you become aware of what it is your pet wants you to know. Later in the conversation Jim added that although we can ask questions of our pets sometimes it's just better to let them communicate what it is that's important for them to convey at the time.



When asked how one actually receives these messages, Jim described and gave examples of receiving information through several modalities/ senses. He also reminded me that although we have 5 senses that we are aware of, a wise dog (in fact his own Sandy, who had already died at the time of this communication) told him that we have 5 more. “Make sure you use all 10 of your senses” was the communication that Jim received and when he asked what the other 5 were he was told “make sure that you hear that which cannot be heard, see that which cannot be seen, touch that which cannot be touched...” and so forth. As Jim stated there are several dimensions that we are aware of and many more that we are not. When we are open to receiving information, a visual image, an auditory message or more frequently just a



the
ADVICE
CITY

knowing or felt sense of the information is perceived.

Jim frequently is approached by owners with problems of animal behaviour or medical issues.

As an example of receiving information through a feeling sense, Jim recounts being approached by someone who wanted him to do a communication with their dog. He sat down at a table, holding the intention of being in connection with this dog and quickly became overcome with an overwhelming sense of Unconditional Love. He describes being held in a brilliant light and being moved to tears. Once he had adjusted to that feeling, he was able to go into some specifics with this dog. That person requesting the communication was me, and that dog was Tessa who was very sick due to over-vaccination, as a result of which she had many physical challenges. (And yes, she was truly a being of Unconditional Love).

I too will never forget that first communication because I was extremely skeptical in contacting Jim, who had been recommended by a holistic veterinarian to me. Among a lot of other information, he told me that her skeleton was out of alignment giving me specific vertebrae and joints which were affected. He urged me to see an animal chiropractor, but as this was over 20 years ago I did not know of anyone practicing animal chiropractic in our area. I got fortunate in that my human chiropractor had done some equine practice in England and offered to adjust my dog. To my utter amazement he made adjustments at the exact three spots Jim had indicated were out of alignment.

A second example of information that Jim got as a visual image was after being approached by a cat owner who had stated that her cat’s behaviour had changed in the last couple weeks and that he seemed unhappy. The cat showed Jim a picture of itself sitting looking out the kitchen window and seeing himself sitting at the top of 100 foot+ tall spruce tree. Although this image meant nothing to Jim when he shared it with the owner she immediately knew what the situation was about. A couple of weeks ago she had acquired a wooden table which she had placed in front of the kitchen window. In the past the cat’s cat tree had been located there and he had loved to sit and look out of the window. Now it had been moved to a corner of the dining room. Once the owner put the cat tree back in its old location the cat was happy again.

Another example of a communication involved a person who had contacted Jim when she was having problems with her dog who had suddenly started urinating under the table. The person had been bringing their work home from her office and working on that table for a couple of hours each night after returning from work. Once the dog started peeing, she had taken the dog to the vet who was unable to find anything specific. After about two more weeks of this behaviour she had contacted Jim.

Jim had barely started the communication when he got a deluge of information from the dog about this person’s life- what was going on in her life and what was going to happen in the future, if she had continued on the path she was on. Once this information was passed on to the owner the peeing stopped immediately. It seems that the behaviour was the way to get his owner’s attention in order to get this

information to her. Manifesting a physical behaviour did the trick.

When asked how he received information from this dog, Jim told this story. He sits at a table and writes when he is in contact with an animal and doing an animal communication. The dog he contacted was not in fact speaking in English to him but was conveying this information energetically. As Jim describes it once this dog connected with Jim’s energy field and energy from the dog started coming to him, Jim’s brain turned information received into words. Jim states that our pets come as companions and as teachers to us. And even though they have their own lives their energy is intertwined with ours. So many of the times the behaviours or illnesses have information for us or are influenced by the owners’ lives and issues.

If you want to try talking with your pet, Jim says to speak out loud; that by turning the energy of thoughts into words it is easier to stay focused on what you are doing. The dog will pick up the energy of what’s being said. Getting an animal to hear us is not a problem – they can connect with us whenever they wish to. The harder job is to hear them - and according to Jim we don’t do this very well because our brains get in the way. You can try a simple exercise such as asking your pet what she did while you were out. Don’t expect an answer right away as you need to be quiet to perceive it and you need to give the animal a chance to reply. When you are still and the chatter of your mind has quieted, something is much more likely to pop into your mind - trust that that is your pet communicating to you. You can also pose them a question of choice (for example a choice of two sweaters that you might want to buy) and once again wait for a response. Set an intention and communicate to them “I invite you to get the answer to me in whatever way you know best and I thank you in advance”. Then give it 24 hours. When you are not thinking about the sweater a response may come as a flash into your awareness and you will have your answer.

When one starts in animal communication, the challenge is that your brain will convince you this is not your pet responding. But as you become more skilled in this you can get answers to more profound questions or information on more important issues. Jim warns however that this may become more difficult at first when we are dealing with any emotionally challenging issue related to our pets’ behaviour or medical well-being. One needs to be completely detached from the situation in order to have clarity - something that is not easy to do with your own pet in such circumstances.

That’s when turning to an animal communicator may be an option for having your pets communicate directly to you about what is happening or what you need to know about the situation. Jim will be in the Magnetawan area on Sat. October 5 teaching a workshop on understanding and addressing common pet behaviours such as food aggression and separation anxiety using non-medical remedies, energetic and behavioural techniques. For more information on this workshop or to be in touch with Jim please contact him at 519-570-5150 or at jim@jimprudom.com or Valerie at 705-783-8610, valdingman@gmail.com



ALL HEART PET RESCUE

Kathy Jeanault

“I’m too busy to foster.”
“I could never do that, I already have too many dogs.”
“My profession doesn’t give me much time to help.”
We hear these things all of the time.

Our rescue is composed of over 12 regular volunteers and 50+ part time in any different capacity. They are all different Team Members that come from all walks of life. Some of us are poor. Some of us are rich. Some of us are busy. Some of us have a lot of free time. Some of us live on huge properties in the countryside. Some of us live in tiny houses in the city. Some of us have multiple animals of our own. Some of us have none. Some of us have jobs that require us to travel across the country. Some of us work at home.

Some of us have kids. Some of us are married.

Some of us are single. Some of us have crippling medical problems. Some of us are healthy. Some of us do a lot. Some of us do a little. All of us choose to volunteer our time and talents. All of which is so important and helps save dogs and cats.

The reason for the next little album is to pass on the beauty of rescue and volunteer work - all kinds of kinds are needed. Our unique foster and volunteer families allow us to save all different kinds of dogs and cats.

Don’t limit yourself because of who you are. Don’t sell yourself short because of where you come from. Don’t tell yourself you can’t because of whatever problems you’re facing in life.

Just like there is a place for every dog and cat in this world, there is a place for you too.

Do you foster or volunteer? Share your story with us!

Huge thank you to all of you .
www.allheartpetrescue.com/
705-724-2630

Donkeys kill more people than plane crashes.



Saving Sawyer

While I was getting Molly, the mare with colic, my daughter went missing. I found her in “the big pen” which she knows is where the horses bought by the kill buyer usually are. Clinging to this sorrel gelding, tears running down her face. “Come on baby, we have to go.” No mama, look how sweet he is, he can’t die. I tried for a minute to convince her that he would be ok, but she’s seen enough to know better. At only 12 years old she’s learned, no one in that pen is ok.



We went to the office and got his name. They called him to see if we could buy him, no answer. Still, she’s not giving up and she saved his phone number as she heard them call it out. We got in the truck and the auction barn said they would keep trying to call him and call us back in the morning. I called someone that knows him well, please see if you can get in touch with him. No answer. They would keep trying. We got a couple of miles down the

road and she’s crying so hard I can’t take it. We turned around and came back. At this point she’s already named him Sawyer. We stop the truck and I really don’t know what our plan is at this point but I can’t leave this horse, and I can’t take her home like this. The next thing I know she hopped out of the truck with her phone in her hand, and she’s on the phone herself with one of the biggest kill buyers in the country. She got him.



I don’t know what it was about him in the sea of faces that drew her to help him but I do know he’s a lucky boy. The reality is that we didn’t really need to take in another skinny senior horse at this time, but the bigger picture is she knew in her heart he needed us. We ask so much of our children in taking care of the rescues every single day, I couldn’t tell her no. How do you say no, we won’t help this one but I expect you to help take care of all the others. Where’s there’s a will, there’s a way, and where there’s hope....she still has a lot of both

We save horses and equine from kill shelters, any donations can be made to <https://www.paypal.me/RockingRRRescue>

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if you want to know if your fave lake or pond is safe - here is a test you can do to find out if its just regular algae or the toxic blue/green

The jar test

If your lake or pond water appears very green, the jar test can help determine if the color is from blue-green algae, or just an overabundance of more beneficial types of planktonic algae.

Materials

- Clear jar (pint to quart size) with a screw top lid, such as a canning jar or pickle jar with label removed
- Rubber or latex gloves

Procedure

1. With the gloves on, collect a sample just below the surface of the water (avoid collecting just the top layer of scum).
2. Fill the jar about three-quarters full. Do not fill the jar completely; algae give off gases that may cause pressure buildup in the jar that could break it.
3. Wipe any scum off the outside of the jar and screw the lid on.
4. Put the jar in the refrigerator and leave it undisturbed overnight.
5. Carefully remove the jar from the refrigerator and see where the algae has accumulated. Do not shake or agitate the jar at all or the algae will mix into the water again and negate your test results.



6. If the algae are settled out near the bottom of the jar, it is likely that your lake does not have a lot of blue-green algae.



7. If the algae have formed a green ring at the top of the water, there is a strong possibility that your lake does have a blue-green algae community.



Cyanobacteria (also known as blue-green algae) are microscopic bacteria found in freshwater lakes, streams, ponds and brackish water ecosystems. They can produce toxins (such as microcystins and anatoxins) that affect people, livestock and pets that swim in and drink from the algae-contaminated water. Blue-green algae grow and colonize to form “blooms” that give the water a blue-green appearance or a “pea soup” like color. It also looks like blue or green paint on the surface of the water. Because the algae float, they may be blown by the wind into thick, concentrated mats near the shore, thus making them easily accessible to livestock, pets and people. Algal concentrations vary throughout the year, but are most abundant during periods of hot weather in mid- to late-summer months and are most likely to be found in nutrient-rich water. While most blue-green algae blooms do not produce toxins, it is not possible to determine the presence of toxins without testing. Thus, all blooms should be considered potentially toxic. Very small exposures, such as a few mouthfuls of algae-contaminated water, may result in fatal poisoning.

Dogs that enjoy swimming and playing in lakes and ponds may be exposed to blue-green algae. Hunting dogs are especially predisposed due to increased exposure outdoors. Clinical signs of poisoning are dependent on the toxin involved. Microcystins can result in liver damage or failure. Signs of liver injury include vomiting, diarrhea, blood in

stool or black, tarry stool, weakness, pale mucous membranes, jaundice, seizures, disorientation, coma, and shock. Death generally follows within days as a result of liver failure. Blood work changes include elevated liver enzymes, a low blood sugar, a low protein, and even abnormal clotting. Aggressive, immediate treatment is necessary to help treat this quick-acting, potentially fatal poison!

Anatoxins result in neurotoxicity evidenced by excessive secretions (e.g., salivation, lacrimation, etc.), neurologic signs (including muscle tremors, muscle rigidity, paralysis, etc.), blue discoloration of the skin and mucous membranes, and difficulty breathing. Death follows within minutes to hours of exposure as a result of respiratory paralysis. Livestock that graze around affected ponds or lakes and are able to drink from them are often found dead near the water source. Treatment includes anti-seizure medication, oxygen, and aggressive care by your veterinarian.

Unfortunately, there is no antidote for the toxins produced by blue-green algae. Immediate veterinary care is imperative. If you suspect your dog was exposed to blue-green algae, contact Pet Poison Helpline immediately for guidance.

Poison type: plants

Alternate names:

Cyanobacteria, algal, Microcystis, Anabena, Aphanizomenon, cyanotoxin, anatoxin

I get “road-rage” walking behind people.

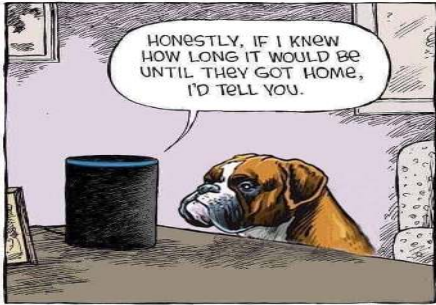


CAMP GREYHOUND

MEET ARCHER!



Meet CGAP's latest foster boy, DS Archer. Archer comes to us from Wheeling, Wva, where he loved to race, and in fact he ran in 113 races and did a really great job as a racer. Now it's time for him to enjoy his retirement. Archer will be 4 in November, so he has many years ahead of him! Archer is a real gentleman, and walks very well on leash. He doesn't mind kitties in the house, and could easily be trained to be safe around one. He likes kids, and other dogs his size, but does not enjoy yappy small dogs, he will avoid those at all costs! Archer's favourite things to do are to give hugs, go on walks and play with stuffies. His biggest challenge right now is evil shiny floors, and he's working on that! Could Archer be the right hound for you? You can apply at campgreyhound.ca/greyhound-adoption-application



Now, WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOUR DOG IS SPRAYED!?

1. Secure your dog safely outdoors to ensure they do not rub off any oils onto any other surfaces.
2. Get your butt to the store and purchase 3 important ingredients! The first thing your going to want to buy is some 3% hydrogen peroxide and some baking soda. The other go to for me is a skunk shampoo, this is formulated especially for dogs who have been sprayed by a skunk and can be found at most pet stores. If you can not find this product the first remedy of peroxide and soda will do most of the job but a good shampoo afterwards should be done to remove the extra oils from the coat. If you can't find the skunk shampoo try purchasing a dog shampoo that's tuff on grease and oils!



3. Your going to mix up a quart of 3% hydrogen peroxide with a 1/4 cup of baking soda. Stir together in a bucket. We usually recommend against using any human shampoos or dish detergent on your pet but in this instance we recommend to use a teaspoon or two of dish detergent (depending on the size of your dog) added to the mixture to help it lather evenly on to your dog's coat. Next add the mixture to a

bottle to easily apply it to your dogs coat. Then your going to completely soak your dog in this mixture. So if you have a big dog make sure your buying enough ingredients! You may need to make multiple batches until your dog is 100% soaked in this mixture. AGAIN at this point there should be no water used! Once this step is finished you need to now let your dog completely air dry!

This is a lengthy process but nothing is worse then the smell of a skunk, not only will your dog smell if not correctly washed but anywhere your dog goes will smell too! Your entire house, car etc. This smell will last days, even weeks! So take the time and do this right! My personal dogs have been sprayed not once but twice and once was at 3am on a week day, there was no way we were properly de-skunking our dogs at 3am so we had to isolate them in the garage until morning when we were able to get all ingredients and apply them correctly.

4. When your dog is dry, this is where your skunk shampoo comes into action. Lather your dog from head to toe, again soaking right to the root and skin. If you are using the skunk shampoo then you will not use water and let completely dry. If you are using a regular dog degreaser you can skip this step and wash your dog how you normally would with water. We recommend trying your best to find and use the skunk shampoo to ensure your best chance at removing the smell. After they are dry this is where you can wash and lather your dog normally, using a dog shampoo of your choice or bring them to your groomer to have the remanence of the other mixtures properly washed off and leave your dog smelling fresh once again!

We really hope your dog never encounters a skunk but if they do hopefully you will remember what NOT TO DO!

No woman in a burqa (or a hijab or a burkini) has ever done me any harm. But I was sacked (without explanation) by a man in a suit. Men in suits missold me pensions and endowments, costing me thousands of dollars. A man in a suit led us on a disastrous and illegal war. Men in suits led the banks and crashed the world economy. Other men in suits then increased the misery to millions through austerity. If we are to start telling people what to wear, maybe we should ban suits

Travel & More with Kath Roberts

I hate to say this but, summer will soon be coming to an end. That is when we start to think about our winter get-aways. An all-inclusive vacation on a beautiful tropical beach maybe?

It used to be that last-minute deals were the best prices. This is not necessarily the case. Some companies offer Early Bird Booking Prices with up to 40% savings and sometimes even more!

By booking early, not only are you able to pay a deposit, you are also able to pay in instalments up to six weeks before your vacation. No need to pay all at once.

For the next couple of months, I will be featuring some popular, budget priced, all-inclusive destinations for both families and adults only.

Contact me to come to the office or meet me on Zoom to choose the perfect all-inclusive vacation for you this winter.

This month, I am featuring some resorts in Cuba, Dominican Republic, and Mexico.

Valentin Perla Blanca in Cayo Santa Maria in Cuba is a 4.5* adults only re-

sort that some of my clients go to again and again. It is on a powdery white sand beach for you to enjoy long beach walks. From \$861 per person during January, this is well worth the ninety-minute drive from the airport.

Melia Guillermo in Cayo Coco, Cuba is a 4* family resort just a short drive from the airport. It is a superior and elegant property located on the Cayo Guillermo beach. It consists of three buildings that are three storeys in height. A kid's club as well as a baby club. With prices from \$831 per person in January, you can afford to treat yourself and your family.

VH Atmosphere Adults Only Resort and Beach Club in Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic is a 4* adult only resort. This is a new resort located next to a golf course and beach. It has 193 rooms in two and three storey buildings. With prices starting at \$500 per person in December, this needs to be on your bucket list.

Viva Wyndham Tangerine in Cabarete, Dominican Republic is a 4* family resort. This is a real "hidden gem". This beachfront resort is the kite-surfing and wind-boarding paradise in the Caribbean. It also features a kid's club so you can relax or treat yourself to a massage.

couples can enjoy a unique romantic experience or singles and friends can reconnect. From \$1099 per person in January, this one is a real gem.

Sunscape Akumal Beach Resort and Spa, Puerto Vallarta, Mexico is a new resort that is opening this Fall. Great for families with pristine beaches and a kid's club. From \$1089 per person in January. Be one of the first to stay at this new resort with your family.

These are just a few ideas for you. All prices are subject to change and availability. If you are prepared to stay at lower star rated resorts, you will find even better prices.

Contact me to look at other great deals. Travel and More is open when other travel agents may be closed. Schedule an appointment (evenings or week-ends) to either come to my office or to use technology to book from the comfort of your own home.

Use the link I send you to see my screen and search for the vacation of your dreams. Relax and enjoy the electronic brochures I send you. When you have made your selection, we can use the same method to book. I also send your e documents/tickets by email. The benefits of a personal travel agent without even leaving home!

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landmore@bell.net

As well as being a TICO Certified travel agent, I also sell travel agencies, travel websites and travel memberships as most of you know. The best part about these is that there is no need to recruit people. They can just enjoy their business.

This month I was in St Charles, Mis-



souri to receive my recognition as the first National Builder and the highest income earner for Surge365 in Canada. If you know anyone who is an entrepreneur and would like to find out more, please ask them to contact me so I can support them on their journey to success.

I can be contacted on 705 783 5191 or by email travelandmore@bell.net

All inclusive vacations

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Prices starting at \$699 per person in January.

Crown Paradise Golden in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico is a 4.5* adult only resort. It is an exclusive paradise for adults situated on the spectacular shores of Banderas Bay. This is a place where

Wanted: Meaningful overnight relationship.

MAGNETAWAN HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY



Barbara Stewart – President

Summer has flown by and here we are, almost into September.

We are gearing up for a very busy fall with our first meeting after the summer break being held on Thursday, September 19th at the Friendship Club. We had to cancel our annual BBQ in August, so we will be serving up bbq goodies before our meeting, beginning at 6PM.

I am very excited to see how the children in our area made out with their seeds in our Pumpkin growing contest. Director's will be visiting the children's gardens and measuring their pumpkins and the winners will be announced at our September meeting.

Another fun and popular contest held for our members is the Soil Your Undies competition. 100% cotton underwear were given out earlier this year and were to be buried in gardens. These will be dug up and brought to our meeting. The member with the least amount of underwear left will win! The less cotton left, the healthier the soil.

The summer fundraiser, Secret Silent Auction, was a great success!! Carol Johnson donated a large, beautiful indoor/outdoor clock with humidity and temperature gauges and Jody Wright donated a unique Bear Chair with wood burning design. Thanks so much to these ladies for their generosity.

We will once again be entering a float in the Magnetawan Agricultural Fall Fair

on August 30th. We always have so much fun putting the float together and going in the parade.

Member Ed Lake took on the task of refinishing the gazebo, picnic table and benches located along the waterfront on Snake St. Thanks to Ed for his hard work, it looks fabulous. Also thanks to member Lorne Budgell for donating the stain. The planters in front of the gazebo looked amazing again this year, as did the barrels planted along the main drag.

Our speaker in September will be Ted Barry on Shrubs. Ted grows and sells a large variety of trees and shrubs on his property on Hughes Lake Rd and we are looking forward to his presentation. He will also be bringing some shrubs to sell for anyone interested in adding a shrub or two to their garden.

The Fall Workshop will be held in Huntsville this year on Saturday, September 28th. There will be a presentation on Growing Cactus' and after lunch we will be making burlap wreaths.

There will also be a silent auction and draws for some great prizes. Interested in joining our society? Join now and your membership will be good until the end of 2020! Only \$10/year or \$15 for a family membership.



Never ask for directions from a starfish

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I like cats too. Let's exchange recipes.

When The Rooster Crows at Midnight.



Tamara Dobbs

Keeping laying hens is unique and varied experience depending on the individual. LSL, AKA: Long Suffering Larry's niece crochets outfits for her hens, gives them baths in the bathroom sink, blow-dries their feathers til they're fluffy again, creates Halloween costumes for them and names each hen. She even went so far as dressing her Ladies up in 12 different outfits for a photo shoot to make a 2019 calendar as Christmas gifts! Me, on the other hand, drives out to the Trout Creek Feed Store where Alex helps me transfer the new ready-to-lay hens into my crates in the back of my mothers Jeep, (they frown on stuffing livestock into the trunk of a KIA Optima, who knew?), and schlepping them down Highway 522 to my farm. Once landed I trim their long wing feathers so they don't make themselves into so much dog food by jumping the coupe, toss them into the pen as fast I can and move on to the next chore. They have food, water and a dry, secure coupe, and that's the extent of my efforts to hen care.



My grandmother kept hens. Mom always maintained Granny should've wrote down the adventures of her chicken wrangling, she could've made a fortune! The apple didn't fall far from the tree 'cause boy, do I have stories! The latest chapter of Adventures in Chicken Land goes something like this; I placed a desperate last-minute order for new layers due to the brutal murdering of 2 brand new hens at the paw of my daughters adopted dog, (a story for another time as I'm still too mad to write about it!). Alex and the crew at Trout Creek Feed worked their magic and were able to accommodate my request for 10 hens. Simon, my oldest, also a fowl-feathered servant, asked me to add 5 chickens to my order. His ladies were getting a bit long-in-the-beak, egg

production was way down. Delivery day arrived, I set out in my mom's Jeep, chicken crates tucked in the back. The day had turned hot and humid. 15 full grown hens in the back, (and 53 day old chicks to raise into meat chickens). By the time we'd traveled Hwy 522 into Loring the smell was a tad bit pungent. I finally pulled into the barnyard, placed Simon's hens in the shade with some water and set about to clip my chickens wing feathers, introducing them to their new home, visions of poached eggs in me head. Simon had 2 roosters in his flock and the boys were not getting along. I've had roosters before, the last 2 falling victim to untimely deaths, so I had a job position available. We made arrangements to exchange rooster for hens after he was finished work. Simon brought my future security/ alarm clock/hen-servicer in a rather plain, undignified cage, very unbecoming for such a handsome fellow. His blue-black feathers glistened in the late day sun as my son wrangled him out of his cage, unceremoniously plopping the slightly man-handled rooster into my hen enclosure. We loaded up his new Ladies and off he went. We had plans that night for dinner with LSL's, cousins who were staying in one of my cabins. The evening passed quickly, my wine glass rarely empty, so it was well past dark when we stopped at the coup to check my baby chicks and see how the new hens and 'Blackie', (dubbed so by my son, very original), were getting along. All was quiet as I opened the door to the chick trailer, did a quick check, turned, stepped out, shut the door, but suddenly felt I wasn't alone. There, looming above me like some sort of fowl version of the Grim Reaper, was the rooster, perched on top of an old wood pallet I was using as a barrier. It was dark. The roosters eyes were kind'a reflecting red light from LSL's truck lights. I'd been into the vino. Yes, I admit it, I let out a startled little screech. After my heart descended back down into my chest, I made a grab for the damn bird which, coincidentally, was also the exact time he woke up, (Chickens sleep with their eyes open? Who knew?). It all happened so fast, my poor, wine soaked brain couldn't understand why I had a large handful of shiny, blue-black feathers! LSL came, once again, to my rescue. Together we cornered the now completely awake and freaking rooster, capturing and tossing him, for the second time that day, over the fence into the hen pen. The next morning my daughter, seeing all the lovely blue-black feathers scattered about, thought her chicken murdering dog had struck again! Poor 'Blackie' looks pretty ridiculous, my attempted grab left him with exactly one silky long blue-black tail feather. My daughter says she just can't take him seriously looking like he does. The hens generally ignore him. My mother is thinking Rooster Stew would look good on the menu; turns out 'Blackie's' internal alarm must'a been wired to his tail feathers. Complaints of manic crowing at 3:45 am have been reported. Tail-less Blackie the Rooster failing miserably to look impressive;

UNPLUGGED

Marta Rogers

DON'T PLAN ON IT...



Growing up you envision what life will be like, what you will become...You picture yourself at the altar with the one you love, you see your home surrounded by a white picket fence and children playing in the yard with the most loveable dog any family would be proud to have. You imagine having a bottomless pit for a bank account, and the car of your dreams parked in the driveway. Then somewhere along the way reality winds up and slaps you in the face! You feel the burn across your face as you try to pick yourself up off the floor. Sure, I mean for some people things come easy, they just seem to “work out”. However, for many of us, things couldn’t be further from the truth. You can plan all you want but the guy upstairs sits back, laughs and says “Nope, I’ve got something else in store for you, so pull up your socks this is going to be a good ride!” At times I sit back and wonder “How did I get here?” A 30-something wife and mom of the two most amazing little humans on this planet! I look at my children and my heart is full of love. There are many things that didn’t go as I envisioned but it brought me here, to my happy place. I thought I had it all. The brand new car, a brand new condo, an awesome job that paid very well, the vacations, the clothes, the lavish outings, I had soo many friends and don’t forget the perfect relationship (or so I thought), simply put... life was great! Having all those things, although they filled my time, left me empty in a different aspect of my life. The thought lingers in my mind... Do

good things sometimes fall apart so that better things can come together? Absolutely! I mean, what else did I need right? I needed to lose my job to realize I was replaceable, so I went back to school and started my own successful hair studio, and now a food trailer! Who knew??? I needed to loose most of my friends to realize that it’s not the number of friends you have that matters, but the quality of people which is more important. All of a sudden amazing and beautiful people started coming into my life that I will forever be grateful for. I needed a serious health wake up call to realize that we are not here forever and we need to take care of our body because it’s the only one we have. So I dropped my bad habits and turned them into a healthier lifestyle. I needed to lose my “perfect relationship” in order to meet the most incredible man who I get to spend my everyday with. Who has brought me back down to earth and given me the most amazing thing anyone could give...my kids! I finally found my happy place. My point is that sometimes we feel like we are falling into a black hole, we don’t know why things are happening the way they are or why things aren’t working out in our favour... but that’s okay. Maybe your car didn’t start so that you would avoid that fatal accident, or that your marriage fell apart because you were meant to be with someone else. You don’t need to know why or how you will get to your happy place, just have faith that it will happen in its right time, in its right way. If you feel stuck and like you are being held back in life, think of it this way. Life is like a bow and you are the arrow. You are being pulled back, held away from certain situations or people. You may have lost your job or just received bad news about your health. You may not understand why things are happening the way they are, but just know that it’s for your benefit and when the perfect moment appears, you will be launched into something amazing! All you have to do is be patient and see the light with your heart when all your eyes can do is see the darkness... Have faith my friends, good things are coming!

Apart from being exhausted, financially unstable, nearing a mental breakdown and being fat, everything is great. Thanks.



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“Insanity is doing the same thing, over and over again, but expecting different results.”— Albert Einstein

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Grain Free - Gluten Free

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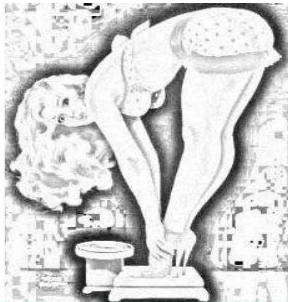
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Tanners

By: Jim Shedden

On November 12, some years ago, just as the Great North Arrow was about to kick off, I was driving back from meetings in Montreal. As I drove through Burk's Falls I called Cyndi and asked if she "just wanted me to pick her up at home and we will go over to Tanners for dinner". We had not been to Tanners before, so I thought it might be nice. I picked Cyndi up in the driveway and we headed out. Tanners was only 5 minutes away. It was about 7pm and dark. It also happen to be the tail end of deer season. We were about 200 yards away from Tanners when this monster buck leaped off a rock cut and smashed into the front right of my Ford F150. I still maintain that if we were in a car that buck would have come through the windshield on the passenger side and it may have been a different story. As it was, there were no injuries. As it was, again, the stars were aligned that night. Fredrick Kay was a volunteer fireman in Magnetawan just happened to be driving by and was able to direct traffic and sweep the debris off the road. Ironically, I helped Fred in almost the same spot after he hit 2 moose and lived to tell the tale. To our dismay, the big buck who ended up weighing in over 300 pounds had a busted back left leg and was crawling across the highway. This is after being hit "point blank" and being thrown at least 30 feet in front of the truck. He still had the will to live and escape. It broke our hearts to see this beautiful animal suffering. I called our son, Landon who was working at the Smeler House in Magnetawan (now called The Grill & Grocery) to see if there was someone there that could come over to put this animal out of his misery. Someone did come. He shall remain nameless because it is against the law to put an animal out of its misery and I do not want him to get in trouble for doing the right thing. He know's who he is because he reads the paper. Anyway's, thank you "Mr. T". As this is going on, I get Cyndi up the road to Tanners where Paul's mom wrapped her in a blanket and got her a cup of tea. That's how we met the Tanners family. How do you like us so far?

Ever since, Tanners has been totally supportive of the Great North Arrow. Just to let a little secret out; all my "nasty" little jokes about Cyndi are all approved by Paul. If there is anything questionable, I will send an e-mail over to Paul to get his response. I have actually had some jokes come in from Paul that were so bad and edgy that I could not use them.

Besides the food, one thing that I love about Tanners is the setting. Outside, the gardens are a beautiful. Being a photographer, I love going over and taking photographs of the Humming Birds. When you enter the restaurant you are greeted by Paul's mom (Beryl) and dad (Jim). You rarely see Barry because he is always in the kitchen. It's like walking into someone's quaint English home. If you haven't been to Tanners, put it on your list.



The short story of how Tanners Inn & Dining came to be:

In the year of 2003, we went on a planned 21-day holiday to British Columbia, and after returning decided we were going to move to BC, in our opinion, its climate was better (no yards of snow) and had better possibilities for us. I love winter but and sick and tired of "snow blowing" every day.

Well we went back to British Columbia, myself, Paul Rogers, my spouse, Barry Tanner and my parents Jim & Beryl Rogers, for a month-long fact-finding mission and decided it was too darn expensive there, when we returned to beautiful Magnetawan we said "why did we ever want to leave here?" this place is beautiful.

Tanners Inn & Dining's restaurant opened for our 1st customer on August 28th 2008.

It all started with a very strong, driven, "urge" or "dream" of running /owning our very own

restaurant. We initially tried to rent a property just west of us, but I figured out how much rent we would be paying in for just the 1st 5 years alone and I said "Hell, I can build us a restaurant for \$65,000" as opposed to renting a location else where and getting some one else richer!. Well \$300,000 later, Tanners is now a dream come to reality.

We had no money of our own, just a bunch of credit cards and

We stuck our neck out a long way and it did not get chopped off!! It was worth every sleepless night I had.

It took us 3 years of building to get Tanners completed enough to open. We did our own concrete foundations, framing, drywalling, painting, carpeting, trim work and cabinetry, installed a massive septic bed for our little dining room, you name it we did it. \$5000 of oak trim (pine is just too



improve the menu; we try to offer something for every one at everyone's budget.

We rely on the massive influx of our regular summer people to help us get caught up from the lean winter months and let's not forget our year-round loyal "LO-



CAL" customers, with out you we could not survive Thank you!

Mr. Paul Rogers and my loving husband of 15 years, Mr. Barry Tanner, Owners of "Tanners Inn & Dining"



lines of credit which were all empty and waiting to be racked up, and no set budget, we just bought what we needed at the best price we could find, the financing we had, did not last too long so we got a 1st mortgage from CIBC followed 2 years later by a second mortgage from "The Community Business Development Bank" we are now financially self sufficient after a very rocky 11 year climb up the ladder.

dam boring to look at) and countless trips to buy equipment and supplies as far away as Montreal and even Georgia, USA (that's where we bought our pine doors for the bathrooms) while on a tent camping holiday with our pick up truck...

We have made many changes over our 11 + year history, we added banquet seating for a more "puby" atmosphere.

We are constantly trying to





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Lakeside Harmony



Doug Hickey

The Library as the “Social Hub” of the community

Many communities north of the big Ontario cities have a similar “challenge”. As summer season approaches, the population can become four or five times that of the rest of the year. This “rush” is wonderful for retail outlets (Examples: restaurants, gas stations, marinas, grocery stores), but also becomes a challenge stocking the shelves and finding staffing for the summer, in order to service the swelling demand for products and services. Despite these challenges, there lies a gem inside some northern communities. The LIBRARY... it’s a place where a wide range of services are offered all year round, in spite of the fluctuations of population.



The Whitestone Public Library is a wonderful example of this flexibility, by providing much more than just books to ALL who live full time or part time in the Whitestone area.... and all year long. As a result, it has become the Hub of the community of Whitestone.

The Whitestone Public Library came to be in 1974, and has grown to almost 1500 square feet in its own building in downtown Dunchurch. Whitestone has a population of about 1000 people.... but grows to almost 4000 people during summer months, with the many cottagers on/near the lakes. Our Library takes care of all of these folks in so many ways. Currently there are about 1400 active Members (Library Card holders), who have access to over 11,000 book titles in the Library. Last year, over 8,000 books and magazines were checked out for use by folks in Whitestone. The Library also makes available over 80,000 ebook and audiobook titles.

But how does that make the Library the Hub of the Community? Our Library is a very busy place... especially on cold or rainy periods, when folks come to

borrow any one of almost 2300 DVD’s. In fact, last year (2018), over 13,000 DVD’s were checked out. But there’s more: The Library is also a Technology Centre with computers, and a FAX machine, a scanner, printers... all available to Members. The Library WIFI is available both INSIDE and OUTSIDE the Library 24 hours a day. (In fact, my wife and I don’t have wifi at the cottage... so sometimes you will find us in the Library parking lot in the evening, on our devices.) A lot of folks with businesses need to use the FAX machine or printer or scanner to be able to “work from the cottage”. But there’s still more: The Library runs programs all year long for all ages. The local school visits the library weekly for story time, or crafts, or book reading and check-out. Cooking classes have been offered, courses on technology use, the Strawberry Social in June, the Harvest Lunch in October, art classes, and yoga. Some special programs for children include: “Midnight Madness” (a chance for kids to stay up late and play games, watch movies, and do crafts together), “Fancy Nancy” (an afternoon Tea-Party where kids have a special dining experience and bring home their own special cup), the TD Summer Reading Program... bringing children from across the municipality together. The Library is so close to Whitestone Lake, that some folks arrive by boat as well. (Hopefully, the talk about Whitestone

adding additional dockage in the near future will become a reality... which will increase Library use even more.)

In addition to our creative Librarian and her staff, there are about 25 Volunteers (ages 13-80+) who make all this possible... plus the Library Board of 8 dedicated people planning and supporting all the innovative programs. The Library plans to grow, to be able to provide even more services. Fund raising is already well under way to expand from 1500 to 2500 square feet. Silent auctions, book sales, raffles, private donations, and the pursuit of public and private grants will make this a reality.

Our Library (their headline is “The Little Library with BIG Ideas”) truly is the HUB of our community. When folks cross paths at the Library, informal conversations “just happen” between patrons. People talk about their favourite fishing spots, places to go for dinner, sharing of BBQ recipes, and ideas for good books or movies. It is Whitestone’s “Gathering Place”, where people meet old friends, and make new ones. Hmmm, sounds like Lakeside Harmony to me!

Burk’s Falls Armour & Ryerson Union Public Library

Josie Woodman

The Burk’s Falls Public Library offers a variety of programs and events for patrons of all ages. All programs have a required sign up and donations are always welcome and appreciated. Programs: Youth Fall & Winter Programs: Minecraft (ages 7+): Tuesdays & Thursdays, 5:00 – 7:00 Dungeons & Dragons (ages 12+): Saturdays, 11:00-1:00 The Artist’s Library (ages 2+): Every second Saturday, 12:00-2:00 Junior Book Club (ages 0-10): Every second Saturday, 11:00-12:00 Lego Club (ages 3+): Every first Saturday, 10:00-11:00 Saturday Matinee (all ages): Every last Saturday, 11:00-12:00 Story Time (ages 0-10): Thursdays,

10:30-11:30
Contact Ziggy, Library Program Coordinator, for more information about youth programs.
Adult Programs:
Sewing Club (all ages): Tuesdays, 5:00-7:00

Technology Lessons: Tuesdays & Thursdays, 7:00-8:00
Book Club: Every second Monday, 4:00-5:00
Library News: New Dungeons and Dragons program is now available throughout the school year! If you are interested and want to learn more, contact Ziggy at the Library and he will be delighted to help you.
Please visit us during our Hours:
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(705) 382-3327 Fax: (705) 382-3327 - 39 Copeland Street, Burk’s Falls ON P0A 1C0
Email: burksfallslibrary@gmail.com

“Be yourself; everyone else is already taken.”— Oscar Wilde

Dog On A Root

Respect And Responsibility

“Freedom makes a huge requirement of every human being.
With freedom comes responsibility.” - Eleanor Roosevelt



- by jim Young
I have over 46,000 digital pictures on my hard drive. That doesn’t include many that I have saved to DVD. I also have albums and shoeboxes filled with hundreds of old black and white and colour photos that had to be developed before digital cameras were invented. Safely stored away somewhere in one of my closets is a box that contains a few hundred feet of old 8mm and Super 8mm home movies. Almost everyone today has a digital camera or a camera phone and moments that were once only filed away in our memories are now readily available to share, not only with family and friends, but the whole world. Who is ever going to see even a small percentage of all these moments in time that we seem obsessed with capturing? Gone are the days when you might take one or two pictures because taking more was expensive and a waste of the precious 12, 24 or 36 picture limit on your camera’s film. Gone are the days when you had to wait a week or more to have your pictures developed once the film was full, only to discover that one special picture you



were really looking forward to seeing was underexposed or blurry. A do-over was not an option. There is, however, a cost for the ability to take as many photos as we want whenever and wherever we want. That cost is the invasion of our privacy. One can no longer reasonably expect to go anywhere in public today without the possibility of having their likeness captured in a digital image and appearing somewhere online. Music concerts and theatrical shows that once banned cameras from being brought into the venue have no hope in preventing recording devices that are part of most cell phones at their performances even though recording such events without the performers’ permission is still illegal.

Last year when My Shirley was being airlifted from the North Bay Hospital to the Sudbury Hospital the pilot of the ORNGE helicopter invited me to take some closeup pictures. His only request was that he would not appear in any of the pictures. The pilot told me he had once landed on the highway to pick up the victim of a traffic accident and later learned that videos of his rescue had been posted to YouTube even before he had arrived at the hospital with his patient. Who’s to say the online video was not how a close family member might have first learned of their loved one’s accident?
In 1795 Sir William Curtis said that the basics of a good education are the “3 Rs - Readin’, ‘Ritin’ & ‘Rithmetic.” To that I think we need to add two more Rs - “Respect & Responsibility”.

I got some new underwear yesterday. Well, it was new to me

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Pasta had not been invented. It was macaroni or spaghetti. Curry was a surname. A take-away was a mathematical problem. Pizza? Sounds like a leaning tower somewhere. Bananas and oranges only appeared at Christmas time. All chips were plain. Oil was for lubricating, fat was for cooking. Tea was made in a teapot using tea leaves and never green. Cubed sugar was regarded as posh. Chickens didn't have fingers in those days. None of us had ever heard of yogurt. Healthy food consisted of anything edible. Cooking outside was called camping. Seaweed was not a recognized food. 'Kebab' was not even a word, never mind a food. Sugar enjoyed good press in those days, and was regarded as being white gold. Prunes were medicinal. Surprisingly muesli was readily available. It was called cattle feed. Pineapples came in chunks in a tin; we had only ever seen a picture of a real one. Water came out of the tap. If someone had suggested bottling it and charging more than gasoline for it, they would have become a laughing stock. The one thing that we never ever had on/at our table in the fifties ... was elbows, hats and cell phones.

“The House That Max Built” was first published in the Great North Arrow back in September of 2014. Since then, it has taken on new life. We are finding more and more about Max and other “historical” cottagers from the USA as we speak. What has been very interesting has been the opportunity to meet a lot of the families (mostly from the USA) who have had cottages in the area for over 120 years. I have invited hem to comment on the story and to add their own perspective in future issues.

THE HOUSE THAT MAX BUILT

Linda Sharpe Cooney

On a map the village of Magnetewan sits as a nondescript dot within the larger canvas of the Canadian Shield. Just another small town in Central Ontario snugly enfolded within cool, wet woods, mirror lakes and a place in middle-aged memory that refuses to remain as a warm and pleasurable recollection from childhood. Magnete-wan moments come to me unbidden. They benevolently nudge me backwards in time to a place where the rhythms of earth and sky became part of my enduring weave and a man named Max Brodel mentored me twenty years after his death. Max was a short, curly haired legend who was loved by many and respected by all who knew him. Abundant accomplishments defined a life that went beyond the extraordinary. A brilliant pianist who could perform Beethoven's Appassionato as a young man he also found the time to become the finest medical illustrator who ever lived. I love honest representations in art. Although I can sketch a passable cow I possess no other artistic abilities whatsoever, but I do know the truth of a thing when I see it. The accuracy of Max's art can only be marveled at. Trees so remarkably natural you can almost catch sight of the wind's movement through the leaves. The perfectly captured blue of a northern lake becomes immediately apparent to one who has spent untold hours staring into it. Born in Germany in 1870 Max died in 1941, forty years after founding the first Department of Medical Illustration in the world at -Johns Hopkins School of Medicine in Maryland. This position was created and endowed for a man whose anatomical drawings set a standard of excellence and provided a dimensional density not possible with conventional photography. In his day Max illustrated for such notables as the famous physiologist Professor Carl Ludwig and later Dr. Howard Kelly in the Gynecological Department at Johns Hopkins Hospital. For over fifty years Max was the master and educator of medical illustration. At the time of his death close to 200 illustrators has been trained under his directorship from all fields of anatomical sciences. Undisputed abilities as an artist and anatomist made him a remarkable teacher and with his personal character, a trusted friend. My lifelong connection with Max was made possible by my mother, a motivated woman who was determined to introduce her children to a wider world. In the early 1960's she purchased the former summer home of the Brodel family on Ahmic Lake with pooled funds from both Dad's factory job and the boarders who shared our Toronto home. Abandoned and neglected when Max passed

away it sat like a grand and aging lady for over twenty years in anticipation of their return. Acres of mixed growth forest and rugged shoreline shared the estate with several cabins and outbuildings dominated by a gloomy boathouse and large stone and cedar shake main house. She waited. Seasons came and went. Autumn winds insinuated themselves to whisper through hollow rooms. Yellowing curtains moved restlessly like the dowagers billowing skirts. Floorboards creaked in remembrance of footsteps past and generations of furry creatures came to life in the dim corners. Winter wrapped everything in icy hugs and melting springs gave way to endless summers. Still she waited with regal fortitude.

The Brodels never again travelled north from their Maryland home to share summers at the lake. Locals who remembered the family were convinced



that Max's death made the estate he loved a painful reminder of happier times that they could neither revisit, or part with. Personal possessions and household items remained untouched in a futile expectancy of the next summer's visit. We will never know for sure what prompted the eventual decision to sell the neglected property, but two decades of isolation ended when the doors were finally pushed open, scurrying creatures chased out, old trunks explored, linens washed and antiques dusted.

Thousands of living trees trembled as the smell of wood smoke drifted over the estate when the huge stone fireplace roared to life again. Urban children were soon transformed into cannonballs thudding into the lake, screaming bats out of the bedroom at night and wondering what species of predator bird blackflies were. We stepped into the private lives of Max Brodel, his wife Ruth and children Elizabeth, Carl and Eisa with full permission to trespass. I sought out warm lake currents wearing a 1920's blue bathing suit and read Eisa's diaries with guilty voyeurism. The main house that Max and Ruth built in 1905 stretched upwards over 3 levels. Aground level walk through across its length provided protection for his numerous canoes over which a large living room and covered porch provided

spectacular lake views. Frosty morning meant Mom and Fannie Farmers flap-jacks fried golden on the old wood cook stove in the back kitchen. I still have the famous cookbook Mom discovered on a shelf, but I don't bother with pancakes these days. All the key elements are no longer here, including Mom. Some of life's simplest pleasures cannot be duplicated and it would be arrogance to try. A pantry off the kitchen opened into a dining room with plenty of floor space for dancing. It was never difficult to imagine this expansive space made cozy by the glow of oil lamps and platters of food arranged on the sideboards. All presided over by Max's affable personality.

On numerous occasions this happy group would have included many of his friends and colleagues. Dr. Thomas Cullen his friend of almost 50 years, Chancellor James H. Kirkland of Vander-

represented canvas. On its pale face he painted the leaves it was born without. A little log cabin is depicted nestled in the autumn woods as though unable to drift far from the forest it came from. I love that painted fungus and have carried it with me for fifty years.

A tiny room under the main house held a puzzling collection of what to a young mind appeared to be commonplace rocks. Hundreds of fragments of a living earth all neatly labeled and identified tumbling through my fingers. Music, Art, Books and now Geology as well. Many is the early dawn I would follow the morning mist out onto the creaking dock and into the boathouse where damp fishing gear still hung on walls reflected by filtered light. Decades old planks were redolent with the-sharp piscatorial odors that testified to the presence of lurking fish just beneath the oily sheen of black water. Convinced they were giants with beady, opaque eyes behind serrated teeth, I never lingered. Stretching out on a large rock never warmed by the sun as it hugged the wet shoreline, I contemplated scudding clouds unfurling behind the backs of gliding gulls. The clouds and birds were unlike the ones Max observed but that primordial rock carried the mark of centuries. Later a visiting guest shared its hard surface and provided me with an unfortunate education on the perils of being alive in the 1960's. As the sun reddened and the days light died around us, I listened to another child interpret the finality of Nuclear War. I will always remember my innocent trust in the humaneness of my own species wither as the world went dark and a wrinkled lake lapped benignly around my safe island of stone. Did Max stare into the darkness and ponder The Great War, I very much think so. Max was to all who knew him a self-effacing and generous man. He was never a fan of his own success. Born into humble circumstances in 19th century Germany, his contributions to the advancement of medical and anatomical understanding that distinguished the early part of the 20th century is significant. A modest and unselfish man he shared his knowledge extensively. Like a pebble tossed in the lake the ever-widening circles continued far from the source to touch the life of a young girl not yet born and outwards to her generations. When the enduring character of an individual extends long after all who knew them are also gone and the good they have done lives on, then we have defined success in all its purity. Bravo Max. Thank you, Mom.

Linda Sharpe Cooney resides on the East Coast nearby her Daughter Angela. The Cooney's were neighbors of mine in Innsifil and Angela remains dear to me like a Daughter and visits our Cottages whenever she can. Angela and her Mum recently came back to spend time at Ahmic, the place they hold dear to their hearts.



When Christopher Columbus and crew landed in the New World they observed the natives using a nose pipe to smoke a strange new herb. The pipe was called a "tabaka" by the locals, hence our word tobacco.

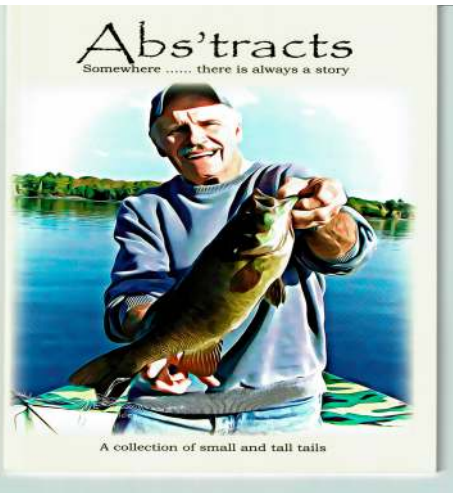
Cyndi,

It was great speaking with you. What a wonderful connection this establishes. Below you will be able to go to our web site and read about the Department and Max Brödel (see archives and history sections). As I said we have a wonderful archives and I will be happy to share some with you. I am attaching a photo of the handmade furniture, the fireplace, and one of the bracket fungi carvings by Max. I could not find the one of Max fishing on my computer , but will look for several others next week.

Regards,
Gary
Gary P Lees, CMI
Associate Professor, Chair and Director
Department of Art as Applied to Medicine
Johns Hopkins School of Medicine
Baltimore, Maryland 21287



My girlfriend thinks that I'm a stalker.
Well, she's not exactly my girlfriend yet.



Ab Culbert"

“Our Vanishing Heritage”

A challenge to be met, Federal, Provincial and Territorial Governments have been discussing ways to ensure that Canadas Great Rivers are protected. The Magnetawan River has its place in Canada's natural heritage, which played a significant role in Canadian history. From the North Branch to the South Branch, it has been the River HI way for our native peoples for over thousands of years.

Once a port of our heritage disap-

pears, it is lost forever, experience has taught Canadians that conservation of our heritage is often a challenge and the distinctive heritage values and resources that the might Magnetawan has offered will continue to be a beautiful River for public use and for the enjoyment of all. From its source, the “Magnetawan Lake’ close by Algonquin Park, the River continues through to Kearney, Emsdale, Katrine where it meets the north Branch at Burk’s Falls Then, its over the falls, to the cut to Youngers Landing, Indian Lookout, McIndoo Falls, Echo Rock, Marsden’s Land-ing, Poverty Bay ‘The Bummers Roost” to Port Carmen on Lake Cecebe, and through the Locks at the scenic village of Magnetawan. Heading westward to Ahmic Lake and Ahmic Harbour though the Rapids at Knoefli Falls and onward to Georgian Bay to the mouth of the Mag at Britt. The earliest survey of the Magnetawn River was done in the early 1830ès by Mr. Hawkins who established the line where the village of Magnetawan now stands. ‘That Old Man River’ just keeps on rolling along and if we are lucky, Old Sun has nothing to do but roll around heaven all day.

“somewhere there is always a story”



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The Origin Of The
Schoolhouse

When S.S. Ryerson was first Organized as a school section, it included all parts of Ryerson Twp that were situated North and East of The Magnetawan River, in what is now part of S.S.#4 and



S.S.#5. Back in 1882, this area was heavily forested. The first log schoolhouse was built on Lot 9, Concession 11, one and one quarter miles north and a half a mile west of the present schoolhouse. This school served the section for about ten years. About the year 1892 the rate-payers in the South end of the section

became somewhat dissatisfied because most of the children going to the school lived on concession 8, and to get to the school they were forced to walk a mile and a quarter bush trail. About half the distance was swamp and for weeks every year the road became impassable on account of high water. There was some opposition at first but the matter was brought to a vote, and the south won. It was brought up again at The Township Council, and it was decided that it would be divided.

An empty farmhouse was rented on concession 8 and classes were held there until a new school could be built. The new schoolhouse was built in 1893 and carried on successfully for over 45

years. William Todd built the school and the first teacher was a young man by the name of John C. Murdock. (I wonder if school children could handle these condition today)

DID YOU KNOW

- The land that the school sit's on (1/2 acre) was purchased in 1892 for one dollar and sixty three cents! This sum included sixty three feet of lumber.
 - On May 22, 1939 all the students of Wisemen's corner school received a holiday to celebrate the visit of the King and Queen.
 - Ryerson Twp has been incorporated since 1880 and the first reeve was George Todd.
 - November 1934 had a record low temperature of 60 degrees F! This caused many trees - especially Maples to die off.
- Lawrence Main

The only substitute for good manners is fast reflexes.

Beautiful 16+ acre lot located on Grey Owl Lake. Access to Lorimer Lake. This income producing property is zoned C2 and currently used as a mobile trailer park. This property has been in the family for many years, this is the first time offered. Five sites on the water, five sites spread throughout wooded area. Originally approved for 28 sites. Plenty of opportunity here for growth. Buyer would need to do own due diligence. Old shed at front of property, potential starting point for new business. This hidden gem is perfect for the outdoor enthusiast. Located in McKellar, close to General Store & Community Centre. HST is in addition to price.\$675,000. Contact: Sharon Wilson of Remax





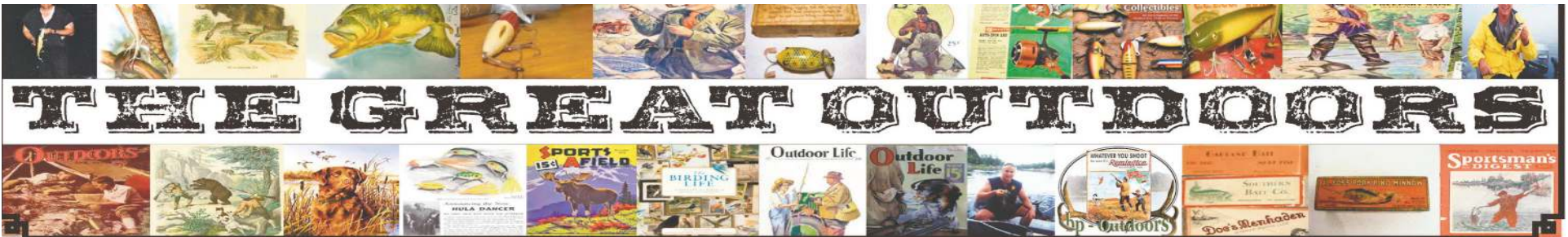
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My Gun Rant

Jim Newman

It's early on a Monday morning as I sit on the camp porch in front of my computer to share with you a story about the humorous happenings at the hunt camp. I GOT SQUIRRELED For the first time all summer... the TV is on and for some reason it's tuned to CP 24 the Toronto news channel. To my astonishment over the weekend there had been three shooting in Toronto (All gang related) I am appalled and at the same time frustrated. I am going to rant and share my thoughts on the Liberal's misdirected efforts on gun control and the impact it will have on you and I and our firearms heritage.

Frustrated that you and I..... the responsible trustworthy gun owners, hunters, trappers, sports shooters and collectors (2.2 million of us... that's more Canadian men & women than play Hockey or Golf) are held responsible for these shootings and are going to going to suffer the consequences. Not the criminals.

Back in June before Parliament recessed for the summer Trudeau's Liberals passed Bill C-71. If you are like 95 % of the hunters/gun owners in Canada you are going to ask "What's that?"

It's a new firearms law that has passed but doesn't come into effect till after the upcoming federal election. Amongst a number of other onerous regulations it gives the government the arbitrary, unhindered ability to confiscate your guns. No valid reason, No oversight. Bill Blair, former Toronto Police Chief and now Liberal MP for Scarborough and Minister of Border Security and Organized Crime pledged the biggest single gun seizures in Canadian history and indicated that if re-elected the Liberals will start with the confiscation of 200,000 unrestricted rifles and shotguns (that could be your hunting rifles) and then move on to confiscating handguns. I am going to be as blunt as I can: "If you are a firearms owner and vote Liberal on October 21 you deserve to lose your guns."

My motivation for making this statement is completely selfish... I want my boys, my granddaughter and grandson to be able to continue to own and use guns responsibly and enjoy our hunting heritage.

Canada does not have a gun problem..... It has a drug and gang problem! All three of the Toronto shooting this past weekend were Gang related. Bill C-71, the new gun law does nothing to address gang violence.

A while back a gentleman name Nicolas Johnson started TheGunBlog.ca. He is a voice of reason in the wilderness and his blog is the most comprehensive sources of what is happening politically to our firearms. Check it out! Below are some

edited excerpts from his blog.

TheGunBlog.ca ----"Trudeau, ... And allies are ramping up efforts to criminalize the country's safest and most-lawful citizens and take away their firearms. TheGunBlog.ca — The Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police, which lobbies the government to restrict hunters and sport shooters, doesn't support new gun bans against them, The Canadian Press reported today, citing the CACP president.

TheGunBlog.ca ----"Toronto Police Chief Mark Saunders and at least five other active and retired Canadian police leaders have a message for politicians campaigning to ban guns from hunters, farmers and sport shooters: "No." said Saunders yesterday declining to support Prime Minister Justin Trudeau's marketing for massive bans to win votes.

TheGunBlog.ca ----"Adam Palmer, also the Vancouver police chief, is among at least six active and retired police leaders who oppose the mass confiscations sought by Justin Trudeau.

Palmer said Canada's laws are already strong and no other law is needed, The Canadian Press said in an article published on the website of CTV News.

The country has strict punishments for people who use firearms and ammunition for violence. "In every single case there are already offences for that," Palmer was quoted as telling The Canadian Press. "They're already breaking the law and the criminal law in Canada addresses all of those circumstances."

"The firearms laws in Canada are actually very good right now, Palmer was quoted as saying today at the end of the CACP's annual conference in Calgary. "They're very strict."

Attacking trustworthy gun owners does not solve the gang problem. The conservative election platform outlines a comprehensive plan to effectively attack the gang violence... check it out. Common Sense on Firearms from Conservative leader Andrew Scheer Source: www.AndrewScheer.com

"In my mind, a successful firearms policy should do two things. It should deter criminal activity and should respect the rights of law-abiding gun owners. For too long, laws in this country have had it backwards. Bills crafted in downtown offices by people who often had no first-hand experience using firearms have put undue restrictions on those who respect and follow the law while doing virtually nothing to stop the criminals who ignore it."

Canadian voters in general and gun owners in particular are world renowned for their political apathy and complacency and make an easy target for the Politicians.

As retired CEO of the Canadian Firearms Institute, a resource and advocacy group for firearms owners I experienced, with frustration, that complacency on a regular basis.

Hunters use their guns for a couple of weeks a year, put them away and don't give them much thought till the next season. Give them some thought ... next season you may not have them.

There are 2.2 million legal men and women gun owners in Canada. They are not all of one political persuasion. They echo the general voting population and seldom vote for their guns. If they voted with their guns in mind they

When blondes have more fun, do they know it?

The Eagle Lake Gun Club made a nice donation to the Huntsville Hospice in July.

Front left Mellissa Polischuk HUNTSVILLE HOSPICE FUND RAISING COORDINATOR

Right side MJ EWEN ELGC PRES

Back left Don Preston ,Lee webster of Granite Core

Denis Tremblay,Pete Turnbull ,Greg Kallies ,sec/ treasurer of ELGC

A real smart TV would increase the volume when you started eating chips.

Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources and Forestry

Rabies vaccine baiting is underway in Ontario!

Each summer and fall our rabies staff distribute rabies vaccine baits targeting raccoons, skunks, and foxes by air in rural areas and green spaces and by ground crews in urban areas. The bait is a small package filled with a vaccine that when eaten is absorbed through the lining of the animal's mouth. Within a few weeks of eating the bait, the animal becomes vaccinated. If you find a bait packet in an area where it shouldn't be (such as your yard):

- Don't open it
- Place a plastic bag over your hand to keep your scent off the bait
- Move it to an area where wildlife may find it (such as a forested area)

Pet owners should keep in mind that the vaccine has been tested and is safe

if consumed by domestic animals. If your pet has eaten a bait and you are concerned, contact your vet.

To learn more and to view a map of the 2019 rabies baiting area, please visit ontario.ca/rabies.

would be an influential political force.

During my political advocacy days I remember attending a seminar; the theme was how to overcome the Canadian voter's political disengagement and apathy.

As a case in point the facilitator used the example below.

"How do you get 100 Canadians out of a pool on the hottest summer day?" Just yell: "OK, everyone out of the pool." No one will ask why or refuse... they will get out in an orderly fashion. If you asked anywhere else in the world there would be a rebellion or disobedience.

On October 21, election day Tell the Trudeau Liberals "I am not getting out of the pool"

Great North Arrow

Small towns & proud ... connecting communities

Page 26

A Few Fishing Tips

Fish follow daily and seasonal patterns. To list every situation would require a whole volume. But here's some “narrow it down” ideas that'll help.

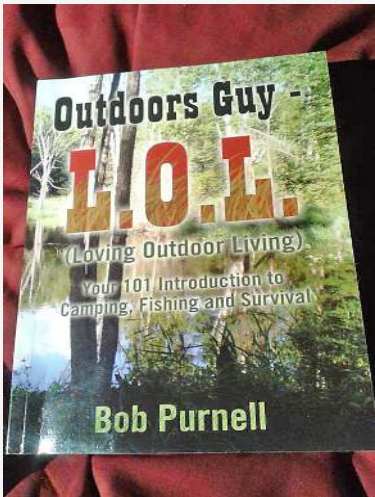
Typically, fish relate to STRUC-TURE. A good example is a large ledge before a drop off. Fish will typically hold to the ledge and come into shallower water early morning or later in the eve-ning to feed.

Tip: See if you can obtain a topographical map that shows the bot-

tom contours and structure of your lake. Otherwise, you have to either guess or do a lot of exploring to find drop offs, gravel beds (Walleyes), rock piles, and large points.

Second we consider LARGE areas of COVER. Look for LARGE weed beds. Often coontail and milfoil will hold pike. Lily pads hold bass. But one or two weeds does NOT a large weedbed make. Look for the largest weed beds you can

find, especially adjacent to drop offs



into deeper water.

Think about the biggest bully on the playground. If pike and walleyes are the dominant species, they'll patrol the outside edge of large weed beds while smaller prey like crappies, perch, and sunfish will stay close to cover- the other side of the weed beds. If Large-mouth Bass and Smallmouth Bass are also in your body of water then Small-mouth will often be found near large rock piles (since crayfish are at least half of their diet), and Largemouth will patrol large lily pad beds in search of frogs, etc.

Keep in mind that lakes stratify. That means that they establish layers. Oxygen content (a critical factor) and temperature (related to fishes' me-tabolism) are important considerations. Optimum temperatures vary depend-ing on what species of fish you're going after. Lake trout are DEEP water fish with a preference for COLD water- 40-45 degrees Farenheit. Walleyes like cooler, clearer water- about 50-55 degrees. Smallmouth are comfortable on 55-60 degrees. Largemouth are comfortable on 60-70m degree water. Sunfish are 70 degrees and even warmer. Pike come in somewhere around 55-70 degrees.

To explain stratifying. Go into



a local tackle & bait store and inquire if the local lakes have “turned over yet” in early spring. The bottom of lakes is typi-cally dark so the bottom water warms first since it absorbs heat faster. When enough of the bottom layer warms up the bottom water becomes less dense than surface water and rises. The sur-face water (which is cooler) sinks. So the lake actually “turns over”. Pike may be found early in the spring in shallower back bays since the water warms the fastest and they have warmer spawning beds. The same goes for panfish. The warmer, the earlier, the better.

Fall brings the opposite pro-cess. The air becomes cooler and near surface water temperatures drop. When this happens, the cooler surface water sinks and the deeper water is forced upward. This is THE season- usually after the vast majority of cottagers and camp-ers have just gone home!!) for Bass, Walleye, and Pike. Cooler water holds more oxygen and larger gamefish will venture more readily into shallower wa-ter in search of prey. (BONUS: Salmon also start migrating with rainbows and browns swimming up river soon after in search of eggs.)

Lakes settle into three lay-

ers- epilimnion, hypolimnion, and the thermocline layer. The thermocline layer is the middle layer that offers fish the best deal for optimum temperature and oxygen content. You can find the thermocline layer with a thermometer. During the hot days of summer, fish will spend most of their time at the ther-mocline layer since lack of oxygen and water that's too warm distresses them.

Honestly, the best tools you can have to locate fish are a fish finder (portable) and topographic map. The pros will spend a few days prior to a tournament locating major structure and cover areas...with a map and depth finder.

Lower light conditions do not mean fishing becomes lousy. Example... dark coloured worms (black, dark purple, dark blue) are spotted by Large-mouth with no problem since they have the clearest silhouette against moon-light. Dirty water is obviously a different story. You may have to wait a few days when water clarity improves.

Usually, the first question someone will ask when they see you with a fish is, “What were you using?”,or, “Where'd you get that fish?”



The second answer is easy, “From the lake.” (*That's ALL they ever get from me.) To keep people happy, since lures ARE a consideration, here's my top sug-gestions. MAXIM: The more universal and versatile the lurein terms of the number of species you can use it for and the coditions you're fishing it with the better.

- Rapala 7cm or 9cm minnow. Twitch and stop near weed beds or cast & retrieve or troll.
- Mepps #3 spinner of Panther Martin #6 Spinner.
- Spoon- 1/8 oz. - 2/5 oz. Dardevle, Blue Fox, or Little Cleo. (*Can even be jigged vertically.)
- FLATFISH X-4 or X-5 (frog, perch, or rainbow) OR KWIKFISH K8 or K9.
- Twister tails- 3” yellow, black, char-treuse, orange, white, pumpkinseed, or appleseed. *Use a spinner to control depth and and attraction.
- FLAT (Rapala Shad Rap, Berkley Flick'r Shad, Cordell Shad.
- FAT- Bomber 2A (shallow) and Bomber 5A or 6A (deeper).
- SLENDER- Cordell Walley Diver.
- Spinnerbait- 1/4 oz black, white, or chartreuse.
- Lipless crankbait.
- Rebel Crayfish and (if the budget can be stretched or you have your Xmas or B-Day Gift Coupon), Rebel Frog and Crickhopper. Best critter imitations in the business.
- Moving Topwater- Arbogast Jitterbug 1/4 oz or 3/8 oz and Heddon Torpedo.
- Arbogast Hula Popper or Rebel Pop-r. “Walking the Dog” with a Rebel Spook can be a VERY effective topwater strat-egy near large weedbeds.
- A lure that JUST runs subsurface- Luhr-Jensen Bass Oreno or Heddon Lucky 13. Storm weight-forward spinners are a deadly lure- use with a twister tail trailer.

If I were limited to “the basics”, these would get the job done anywhere.

Notice: If Jim says something different than what I've said- trust HIM!! :)Tight Lines,Outdoors Guy.

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

Bernie Gielser



My Grandparent’s Cottage

A little over ten years ago I was fortunate to inherit my grandparent’s cottage that was originally built in the 1920’s.

It was badly neglected with not much being done to it since the 1960’s. The foundation needed some serious repairs along with rotted window sills and many other things. Being a somewhat handy



guy I undertook the lifetime project, cottage work never ends.

Not having a lot of extra cash I did repairs as I could afford them. I looked for good used building materials and surprisingly, there was enough that I found along the way to keep me busy installing them. Often, just being in the right place at the right time and not being in a rush you will sometimes even get free stuff.

When I first got the place a friend noted my enthusiasm for getting the work done and offered some advice, “Don’t just work, take time to enjoy it too, otherwise you will get to dislike go-ing”. It was good advice, I still love time spent there and always look forward to the next project.

needles and leaves and it’s beginning to stick to me and my clothes. I have fairly hairy arms and I can’t even see my arm skin anymore for the crap stuck to them.

I finish the job and crawl back out, my faithful dog barks at me and is visibly scared of the monster standing there.

I peeled off all my clothes and tossed them in the garbage and began to try get this stuff off. The more I tried the worse it got, I’m pulling hair out by the roots. I gave up and ended up shaving my arms and my barber sorted out the mess on my head a couple days later. If I ever do this again I’ll be wearing full protection. The end result was well worth the effort however as there are much warmer feet on cold winter nights.

A real man is a woman’s best friend. He will never let her down. He will comfort her after a bad day. He will inspire her to do things she never thought she could do. He will enable her to express her deepest emotions. He will enable her to be confident, sexy, seductive and invincible ...No, wait. Sorry. I’m thinking of wine. It’s wine that does all that. Never mind.



There's a fine line between a numerator and a denominator. Only a fraction of people will find this funny.



Mike Peppard

Giant hogweed! Japanese knotweed! And Phragmites! Oh my!

One will burn you, one can crack the foundation of your house, and the other will grow a 14-foot-high wall between you and your waterfront. It sounds like Little Shop of Horrors part 2!

They are all non-native, invasive plants, and they are right here in Magnetawan. Non-native means they have been introduced from another part of the world. Invasive means they have the ability to outcompete many of our native plants. They can thrive in our environment and are generally free of natural predators or diseases that would otherwise keep them in check. They are destroying our native habitats and reducing the diversity of our natural world.

If you compare these plants to our native species the problem becomes clear. Our native plants provide insects, birds, and wildlife with pollen, nectar, seeds, edible leaves, roots and shoots, and shelter. The worst non-native, invasive plants do none of the above and they will crowd out the plants that do. So now it's time to meet the bad three in Magnetawan.

Giant hogweed. This character has few redeeming qualities. They call it a giant because it can grow up to 14 feet tall. It is dangerous because it produces a noxious sap that can cause severe and painful burning and blistering of the skin when exposed to sunlight. It is related

to, and can look a lot like, cow parsnip and wild parsnip only much larger with small white flowers clustered in an umbrella shaped head up to a foot across. Many plants in this family, even the native ones, can cause skin irritation, so best to avoid them if you are at all uncertain as to which



plant is which.

Photo credit: allthatsinteresting.com

Japanese knotweed. Think ornamental bamboo. This plant has a very aggressive root system that can spread up to 10 metres from the parent plant and can even grow through concrete and asphalt. The stalks grow straight up and can get quite tall. Up to 3 metres! The stems are round, reddish-purple in colour, and the leaves have a distinctive large, heart-shaped pattern. They zig-zag along the hollow stems of the plant. It is an attractive plant that



likely escaped from gardens. Unfortunately, many of the worst non-native, invasive plants were introduced as innocent garden plants.

Photo credit: gardenista.com

Phragmites. Also known as reed canary grass. This one most of you have seen even if you didn't know it. The next time you are driving highway 11, look for the incredibly tall grasses with fluffy heads in the ditches. That is phragmites. It has a native cousin, but the closer you are to major roadways the more likely it is to be the non-native variety. Also planted for ornamental purposes, this little escape artist will grow in any wet area including ditches, beaches, shorelines, and wetlands . It will even grow in the dry fringes of shorelines and wetlands . It is so aggressive that it forms dense stands of 200 stems per square metre. So dense you couldn't fight your way to the beach with a machete. Nor could a turtle looking for a nesting spot. She will often die of thirst or starvation when caught up in this jungle of stems.



Photo credit: freep.com

There are parts of the Province where one or more of these plants have become a very big problem. Phragmites has the worst reputation, as it grows in prime recreational areas. As such it has mobilized many communities in an effort to eradicate it. Complete eradica-

tion is incredibly challenging. Each of these plants can regrow from tiny bits of root. There are ways however and the diligent efforts of many are having an impact. A community group is tackling phragmites up on Lake Bernard and other efforts have been on-going across the Province for years.

Controlling these plants according to their own vulnerabilities is the only solution and being aware of them is the first step. For those of you with a keen interest in gardening, be aware of what you are planting so that you don't accidentally help to spread non-native, invasive plants in your area.

The bad three listed above aren't the only ones plaguing our environment. Periwinkle is a common one in Magnetawan. It can creep its way through very shady woodlands choking out native plants along the way. Lily of the Valley and non-native phlox top out the list with these last ones being very popular with gardeners. But only for awhile. These plants are a challenge for even the most diligent gardener to control. Instead consider planting species native to Ontario. They support our pollinators, birds, and other wildlife in many ways.

There is so much more we can all learn about non-native, invasive species, so please check out a couple of sites listed below.

<http://www.invadingspecies.com/>
<https://www.muskoka.on.ca/en/live-and-play/Invasive-Species.aspx>

You can also learn more about the Magnetawan Watershed Land Trust on our website at www.mwlt.org or check us out on Facebook @MagnetawanLandTrust; Instagram @magnetawanlandtrust; Twitter @magwlt

Mike Peppard
Stewardship and Communications Coordinator
Magnetawan Watershed Land Trust

And on the eighth day God said, "Okay, Murphy, you're in charge!"

Deer-Resistant Design

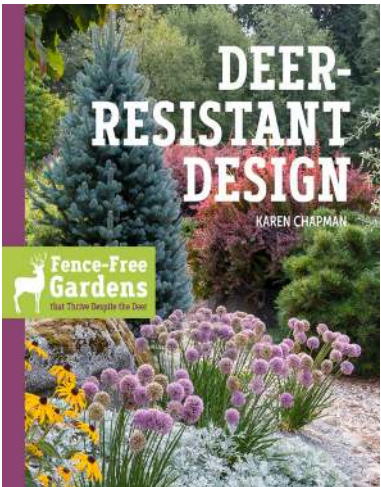
Jane Doe

This is a timely book. As hunting seasons begin the animals start to get skittish and boundaries that work earlier in the year start to break down. One garden that I have with bamboo 6 feet high at four corners and CAUTION tape tied between them actually keeps the deer and moose out. When I had it down during blackfly season in an attempt to set up a screen house over top so that I could work without them a deer walked right along the east edge where the tape usually was!

Years ago I decided to mow an edge around a garden and paths inside. The deer walked right in and started munching. Then I learned to bark like a dog at them from owners of massive hostas and other deer delights and that stopped that. A visitor suggested I really should mow four foot paths around the garden and along my hill. He didn't understand why I stopped.

So, when I saw "Deer-Resistant Design" by Karen Chapman (Timber Press), I jumped at a chance to review it. I've

planned, as much as possible, to grow plants deliberately that deer don't like, aware of their trails, as shields for plants like hostas and daylilies.



To go through a book with amazing designs, not just deterrents is long overdue. It's also a book with humour throughout. Each garden starts with some "quick facts", for example, the author's garden mentions under problem critters: "deer, rabbits, voles and lazy barn cats". General strategies like winter spraying to train interlopers not to lope in the garden (Bobbex is recom-

mended), fences—fish wire, rebar woven and seated in concrete walls, stone and cedar walls, plants deer generally don't like are just some ideas.

Chapman has a scale for success throughout the book: A=rarely damaged, B=seldom severely damaged, C=occasionally severely damaged and D=frequently severely damaged. Moving into a house with a bath tub that drained onto the dirt crawl space with singing frogs, and no actual working toilet, a clay 5 acre moat that held water, but a lot of potential. She decides to get professional help, a landscape architect and help from friends (euphorbia against voles).

12 gardens follow and a chapter on deer-resistant container gardens, all both a delight to read and richly informative. There is more than just soap on a rope to keep deer away!

Plant Parenthood

Sometimes, not often, I stall on a review of a book. It's not usually that I don't like it, but it seems there is a better time to post it. So, with Leslie F. Halleck's "Gardening Under Lights",

even though, with all the legalization talk going on about marijuana, I felt I should wait. And, low and behold, the next year I was able to get her latest book "Plant Parenting".

With over 25 years in horticulture with a degree focusing on greenhouse production, Director of Horticulture Research at The Dallas Arboretum, professional and industry talks and online help for gardeners, Halleck is more than equipped to come through with up to date information and advice.

Full disclosure, I currently am so far off grid that I don't have enough juice to power one lightbulb, but I really feel Halleck's information on all the various types of lighting options should keep anyone wanting to bump up their home and school production of plants more than satisfied. And while I was on the grid, I did update my 4 foot fluorescent lights to T8s and was using high end reptile tubes.

Halleck explains why plants need light and how they respond to it, how you can measure light to determine what you already have and/or need, and the



"Two things are infinite: the universe and human stupidity; and I'm not sure about the universe."— Albert Einstein

Important info about keeping Benadryl with you

For all of us in Rattlesnake country: I have learned something new that I thought was important enough that I



wanted to pass on. Our hired man was bitten by a rattlesnake a few days ago. He was getting ready to bale and turned over a windrow to check the moisture and the snake was in it. It wrapped around his arm and bit him on the underside of the wrist. Luckily it was not a severe bite, the fang marks were clear, but not deep enough to draw blood. He came straight to the house and we got ice on it and had him to the hospital within an hour. I called ahead so the emergency room was ready for him. By the time he got there his arm was starting to swell to the shoulder and his throat was getting tight. The first thing the emergency room did was give

him Benadryl. Apparently antivenom must be received within 4 hours of the snakebite, but the immediate threat is swelling and death of tissue, which was treated with the Benadryl. The swelling in his arm and throat started going down right away. The anti-venom medicine had to be prepared and was not ready for a couple of hours. He ended up getting two doses of antivenom and spent the night in the hospital, where they drew blood every three hours, but came home healthy the next day and went back to work. I have always carried liquid Benadryl in all of the pickups because I am allergic to bee stings. After this happened I went out to check my supplies. All three of the bottles I had been carrying behind the seats in my emergency kits had been in there quite a while and had cracked and the liquid was gone. So that wasn't going to be any help at all if we did need it. My daughter, who is a nurse, told me to go buy the children's chewable Benadryl instead. It is given according to body weight, so can be used for adults also, just give a larger dose. She said if you chew it and hold it in your mouth it will absorb just as fast or faster through the membranes of the mouth than from the stomach. The box doesn't take much room and can be thrown into the glove compartment or saddle bags or a backpack if hiking, etc. Makes sense to me, and it might save a life.

He who believes that the past cannot be changed has not yet written his memoirs.

The day before high school my dad had a talk with me about drinking. He made me a promise saying something to the effect of, "If you are ever in a situation where you're drunk, your driver is drunk, etc. you can call me and I'll pick you up. No matter what time it is, know I will be there for you and I will not be mad or tell your mother." Well, during my junior year, I lied to my parents and told them I was sleeping over at my best friend's house. Instead, I went to a kegger with my friends. We got wasted and the party ended about 2. My friend that drove was drunk and insisted that she was fine to drive. All I could hear was my father's voice giving me that talk. So, I called him. He was all groggy, but made the 45 minute drive to pick me up. Not only did he take me home, but my 2 friends as well. It was a silent car ride and I just felt like he was going to explode once my friends were out of the car. That was 10 years ago, and he still hasn't talked about it to this day. If any of you have children entering this age, I suggest you make the promise with your children. Who knows what could have happened to us that night if he wasn't there for me. Please share this with other parents and teenagers because drinking and driving is not only irresponsible but could destroy innocent families.

In ancient times January and February didn't exist, since the Romans originally considered winter a monthless period. They were added by Numa Pompilius about 713 BC. .

ON DON'S POND

Doris Villemaire

Staghorn Sumac

About 10 years ago, I decided I wanted some wild staghorn sumac along the



shoreline of my pond. I did not know at the time how prolific and aggressive they can grow. Grow they did! And now it is difficult to keep them in line as their spreading roots will grow right into the lawn. The name staghorn comes from its appearance which has thick hairy branches like the velvety antlers of a male deer. It is an extremely hardy and a long living perennial surviving over 30 years in the wild. Its cluster of small pale green flowers appears in spring in time for all our pollinators. Nectar is provided for many bees, butterflies and other pollinating insects. The crimson red berries covered in hair, appear in late summer or early fall. It is not fussy where it grows and once established, it will grow in open, wet or dry roadsides, forest edges and clearings. Almost totally pest and disease resistant gives this plant a head start in any area. It is a great benefit to our wildlife with mammals such as moose, deer and rabbits browsing on the twigs and leaves. Over 30 species of birds feed on the sumac fruit and thus facilitate dispersal of seeds. The dried, earthy tart ground fruit of the sumac can be used as a lemony flavoured spice and is popular in Middle Eastern cuisine. When the pickings are poor for some birds, the grosbeaks, cardinals and ruffed grouse will eat the sumac berries. Our forests, fields and wetlands are now producing an abundance of food for our wildlife. Late August and September is certainly a time of plenty! Below is a poem that I had to memorize when I was a kid and I still love its lyrics.

Along the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands,
And all the day the blue-jay calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

We received a note from one of our on-line subscribers : Stacy MacEachern

Hello James, How are you? I am a subscriber to your newspaper. I receive



the digital link each month, and just thought I'd forward some pictures I took the August long weekend at our property in Port Loring. We are on the Wolf River, and these are shots from me sitting at the front of the

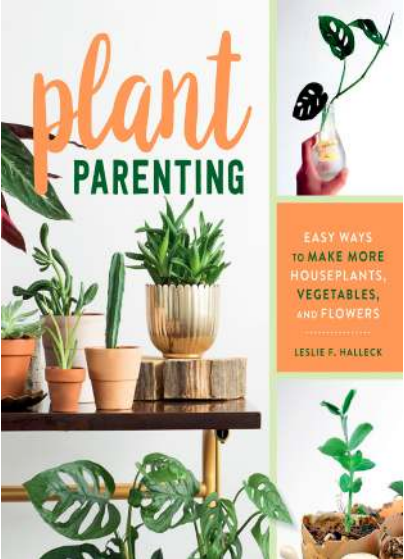


canoe on a nice sunny day! The whole weekend was a beauty. Everything was just so green and lush, and the combination of quiet, the sounds of the movement of the water, and the birds chirping, was just so tranquil. I hated having to come back to my home in Niagara after being up there! We are currently in the process of building an off grid cabin on our property. It's very exciting for us. Take care, Stacy MacEachern

Now by the brook the maple leans
With all his glory spread,
And all the sumacs on the hills
Have turned their green to red.

low down on grow lamps. She discusses all the types of lamps/lights available, how to set up a grow chamber in a closet to maximize CFL lighting and the proper distance to place the lights from the plants.

But that's just the beginning, there's a lot to learn about managing your plant environment, including the grow cham-



bers, from closet to room-sized, CO2 levels that are best for plants, measuring and controlling your temperatures and how much light a day and for how long to maximize flavour and other characteristics. She also explains how to chill plants, like tulips to control blooming, and maintain the proper humidity levels.

Halleck then runs through common pests and diseases, propagation and plant care including collecting seeds, raising plants from cuttings and caring for young plants.

Now, at this stage, I'm wondering "this is good info for growing weed", turn the page, and on page 151 there is a full page shot of the familiar leaf! There was another one on page 33 about growing cannabis, but she's definitely found an eager market for her book, for, as a friend told me, if you can grow tomatoes, you can grow dope.

This section has detailed information on growing edible plants, orchids and ornamentals. There's also a great section on suppliers, seed and plant

sources.

An excellent book and an equal partner to Halleck's "Plant Parenting" which came out this year. As it states, "Easy ways to make more houseplants, vegetables and flowers". Again, wonderful layout, photos and graphics, 8" x 9", and like the previous book, under 260 pages.

First, she starts with the basics, how plants multiply. She starts with seeds and the self-pollinating tomato plant, and hard to collect seed plants, then moves on to vegetative reproduction, cuttings and tissue culture. I really liked the four pages here of the different ways to propagate over 100 plant varieties.

Once again, page 33 (why not 204?) and a dope leaf, in the section on the legalities of propagation, protected varieties, GMOs, etc. The materials and tools section follows with a few little tools for propagation, like the one to float avocado pits in water, containers, lighting, and one process I've used a lot this summer, in our now longest drought,

chitting seeds, germinating them before they're planted.

There also is a chapter on direct seeding versus transplanting. As someone who moved an Ames Roller down the road with 3' high corn and squash in a foot of coir and organic sheep manure to pop into the desert-dry garden, I can agree that sometimes transplanting, especially with climate change, is of growing importance.

There is also "ideal temperatures for seed germination" for a number of plants, very important when we have desert heat one day and a chilly day the next. We have to really plan when seeds and plants go out and how to deal with temperature swings.

Then follows every way pretty well you can propagate plants, with more cool gizmos and strategies. Hmm, red cabbage, later planting, I guess I'd better get out there and pop them into the garden! Two great books every gardener should read and share.

Originality is the art of concealing your sources.

Lions Fight Back: Invasive Species Found on Lake Bernard

Jocelyn Modl

Where there’s a need there’s a Lion
On July 25th 2019, the Almaguin Highlands Lions Club members were cutting and clearing the invasive Phragmites in Lake Bernard, as part of our Environmental project of Lions International. Thank you to Past District Governor Lion Bill Copeman who did all the cutting!
Thank you to Lion William Copeman and Lion Volunteer Shawn for helping me with the clearing.



Far left: Lion William Copeman catching ‘floaters’
Middle: Past District Governor Lion Bill Copeman bagging Phragmites with Lion Volunteer Shawn (right), which was then disposed of at the dump for burning.

The entire section we did was bagged and taken to the dump for burning. The pictures show the massive section we completed!
#BeTheDifference your community needs.
This is an invasive species that has been trying to take over Lake Bernard’s shorelines and we need to come to-

gether to get rid of them.
On August 2nd, the local phragmites group also came out and our club members continued to cut and clear alongside many community volunteers. Another chunk of the phragmites were cut and piled.
Thank you to PDG Lion Bill Copeman who cut again all day.
Thank you to Lion Karl Modl and Lion



Alice & Erik Modl delivering water to Lions Members

Volunteer Shawn who helped with clearing.
Thank you to Marilee for bringing the phragmites group out #CommunityStrong
Phragmites aren’t just the problem of the homeowner it is directly



Past District Governor Lion Bill Copeman, right, cutting
Lion Volunteer Shawn, right, clearing Phragmites



in front of. It is everyone’s problem!
If you have a home on Lake Bernard, it’s your problem. If you own a home near Lake Bernard, it is your problem. This invasive species spreads rapidly, 1-2 metres per year, so even if it’s not in front of your property today, it will be soon. Phragmites crowd out native vegetation, creates poor habitats for wildlife, lowers water levels, increases road safety and fire hazards and can affect agriculture. If you own a business or even just work in Sundridge, it’s your problem. If you swim in or have ever enjoyed the sandy shores of Lake Bernard, this is your problem. Phragmites will lower home values as they continue to completely eat all shorelines. Tourists will stop coming because access to activities such as swimming, boating and fishing will be restricted and our once beautiful ‘Pearl of the North’ will become a mere memory of what was so great about it—it’s clean waters and sandy shorelines.
The good news? We can stop it!
It’s not a one-year job, but we are #StrongerTogether as many hands make light work. The community members dedicated to eradicating this species is inspiring, but we don’t have enough. You can #BeTheDifference your

community needs by raising a hand, taking a step forward and saying, “I can help!”. E-mail us at AlmaguinHighlandsLionsClub@hotmail.com and we will get you on the list to be notified of the next meet-up to tackle the Phragmites. You will never receive any spam emails as you will only receive an email for the next ‘cut date’ and all you need to do is respond with an availability of yes or



Lion Volunteer Shawn clearing huge stalks of Phragmites

no. Help when you can and, together, we can save Lake Bernard and the business it brings to our beautiful village.

The Great Pumpkin Hunt

Saturday September 21st and 28th, Saturday October 5th / 10am-2:30pm /Copeman Tree Farms. Wagon rides and train rides, food, the pumpkin hunt, pumpkin painting, maze, crafts, Chase from Paw Patrol etc. Tickets can be purchased on the website: www.freshlycuttrees.wixsite.com/copemantreefarms
\$1000 from this event will be donated to the Lions Club International Foundation

Validation

Melissa Glandfield



I was a high school drop out.

I started grade 9 full tilt, with my rose coloured glasses on. Excited, ambitious, and eager I was. Made friends, did the sleepover thing, and started dating a boy. Life at home became increasingly tumultuous and I found that my academics started reflecting that. By grade 10 I was making poorer choices – with my social life and at school. I started skipping classes, and began spending more time with friends. Eventually I stopped going to school altogether. I longed for acceptance. I looked to create a “family” within my group of misfits.
The next few years were a blur. A cloudy haze of all-nighters, house parties, raves and rock concerts.
I eventually grew tired of the lifestyle, and frankly I think my dad grew even more tired of it. One summer day he swooped in, grabbed me and my suitcase, and took me off to his home in Newmarket. I was enrolled back in High School, and off I went.

I was making excellent grades – actually, I was a honour roll student with marks in the 90s. I took a Peer Tutoring class, and this was something that really sparked something deep inside me. We were paired up with the “at risk” students – kids who were very much like me back when I started school. My teacher coupled me with a young lady who she described as “a real challenge” – but she winked and said she knew I could handle it.
Her name was Jamie. Her hair was long, dark and pin straight. It hung over her face like a blanket. She was a grade 9 student from Baltimore. Her father had passed away, and she was left to be raised by her mother and older brother. I could tell she was opposed to any sort of authority, and refused to make eye contact with me, let alone speak to me. I tried to make casual conversation with her, just about life in general; nothing even related to school. She finally opened up to me on the second day, talking about how her mother constantly brought home an endless cycle of men, most of which she never knew their name. My heart ached for her. She was so tough on the outside, and so broken on the inside.
We worked on reading a novel; a novel that she chose from a reading list. We read it out loud together, with me taking the lead initially. I would read to her in funny voices, and I would exaggerate with theatrical faces and hand gestures. One day a smile broke through, the tiniest of smirks. I knew from then on that she was warming up to me.

One of my assignments in the Peer Tutoring course was to write an essay about my experience working with Jamie. I titled it “Validation” – and now in my adult life I think about how so very



true my words were. I spoke about how Jamie, like the rest of us need validation. For someone’s eyes to light up when we walk into a room. For someone to acknowledge us, to think about us and our needs. Jamie got so mixed up her her mother’s mess of simply just trying to survive, that Jamie got pushed aside. No one to ask how her day was, or how she was feeling. She needed validation.
We all do.
We all need someone to make us their focus; their priority.
I remember my dad being glued to his blackberry in my teens, hardly even looking up when I spoke. He was busy with “work” and I felt like it trumped anything I ever had to say. Now, as a parent, I consciously try to put my phone down when my kids talk to me. I would never want them to feel the way that I did. Like I wasn’t as important as a phone. I let my eyes light up when

they walk in the room. I give them big hugs and tell them how much I missed them. You don’t have to give them all the things they want, but you do need to give them your undivided attention and time.
People want to feel heard; to feel loved. Jamie wasn’t acting out because she was a shit kid – she was looking for genuine attention and she didn’t know how to command it.
As adults, we need this in our relationships. Time, undivided attention, and to be made a priority. We want our daily stories about work to be heard, even if they are boring. We want eye contact, and acknowledgment – not a silent nod from behind a phone screen. We want feedback and appreciation. And we most certainly want eyes to light up when we walk into a room.
It’s never too late to start giving our relationships (be it with our kids, our partner, or our friends) what they need. That’s the beauty about validation: it can come at any point and make someone’s life drastically change course. It’s a gift you can give and it almost always has a positive impact.
I often think about Jamie and where she is in life. If she has kids, if she’s married. And I hope I made an impact on her life.
Because she certainly had an impact on mine.
Follow the blog: SUPERMOMGETSFIT.COM for more incredible inspiring stories

THE OPPENHEIMER REPORT



Shauna and I watched an interesting movie last night, entitled Can You Ever Forgive Me?, starring Melissa McCarthy in an uncharacteristically dramatic role. Based on the novel by the same name, it is the story of author Lee Israel, who was infamous for having forged around 400 letters she pretended were written by famous authors and celebrities. She then sold those forgeries to collectors,



with remarkable success. Eventually, she was caught, but then after receiving a relatively lenient punishment, she went on to write a successful book about her con. I found the story fascinating. Her forged letters were clearly works of art. She went so far in her quest for authenticity as to use typewriters that would have been used by the authors she was impersonating, and she was masterful in her ability to mimic the voice and tone of the authors she copied. I heartily recommend the movie to anyone who might be interested in the subject of letter-writing; admittedly a small group of people. In truth, the story was about a frustrated, troubled writer who could not make ends meet. Ms. Israel had received some early recognition for her original work but, like so many creative artists, she was her own worst enemy. McCarthy really captured her complexity.

I used to be an avid correspondent, and I loved sending and receiving letters and postcards. Back when I practically lived in a darkroom, I even had some of my own photos printed as postcards. When I was actively pursuing a music publishing deal, I'd send out my submissions to various publishers

and record labels, along with a query letter and one of those cards, stamped and self-addressed for a response. Most of the time, the people to whom I submitted my work wouldn't bother to reply, but sometimes they did. One of my favourite rejection notices, I think from Capital Records, read: "This song goes on and on and nowhere! Pass." As an indication of how deluded I was, I found it encouraging that a large record company even wrote back!

I think letter writing is a lost art. I receive precious few, handwritten notes these days. I still write them from time to time, perhaps as a tip of the hat to my dad. He was a great letter writer, and he could make even a mundane story into a hilarious adventure, simply with his wit and his uncanny ability to embellish. It's all about telling a good story. The other day, I was ranting in this report about the death of creativity and storytelling. So many of the blockbuster movies are remakes of old classics, or else they are animated. I find it ironic that the animated films are often better written than those with real actors. To me, this is a sign of the times. While I am hardly a scholar of the English language, I am more and more impressed when people who correspond with me show even a modicum of communication skills. Unfortunately, my bar gets lowered every day. In these times when people cannot be bothered to speak in complete sentences, I think of my letters as a way of exercising my own decaying communication skills. When I write letters, I am forced to consider what I am about to say, rather than texting the first misfire that comes into my addled brain. I am also likely to edit what I wrote (or have my long-suffering wife edit it for me). I'm not sure the world would be a better place if we were to become better communicators, but "like, um, ya know, it like, couldn't hurt. RU feelin' me?"

Written by Jamie Oppenheimer ©2019
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Jamie Oppenheimer, Songwriter, Author, Blogger, Radio Producer, & Host has been writing THE OPPENHEIMER REPORT every MONDAY since 1992 and has published the articles on his blog since 2006. We are including Jamie's weekly reports, as a new feature of #HuntersBayRadio, The Bay 88.7FM.

#GotLocal? HuntersBayRadio.com
#WeAreMuskoka MuskokaRadio.com
#WeAreAlmaguin

Red Marbles!...

I was at the corner grocery store buying some early potatoes. I noticed a small boy, delicate of bone and feature, ragged but clean, hungrily appraising a basket of freshly picked green peas.

I paid for my potatoes but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas. I am a pushover for creamed peas and new potatoes.

Pondering the peas, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation between Mr.. Miller (the store owner) and the ragged boy next to me.

'Hello Barry, how are you today?'
'H'lo, Mr. Miller. Fine, thank ya. Jus' admirin' them peas. They sure look good..' 'They are good, Barry.. How's your Ma?'

'Fine. Gittin' stronger alla' time.'
'Good. Anything I can help you with?'
'No, Sir.
Jus' admirin' them peas.'
'Would you like to take some home?' asked Mr. Miller.

'No, Sir. Got nuthin' to pay for 'em with.'
'Well, what have you to trade me for some of those peas?'
'All I got's my prize marble here.'
'Is that right? Let me see it' said Miller.
'Here 'tis. She's a dandy.'

'I can see that. Hmm mmm, only thing is this one is blue and I sort of go for red. Do you have a red one like this at home?' the store owner asked..
'Not zackley but almost.'
'Tell you what. Take this sack of peas home with you and next trip this way let me look at that red marble'. Mr. Miller told the boy.

'Sure will. Thanks Mr. Miller.'
Mrs... Miller, who had been standing nearby, came over to help me. With a smile she said, 'There are two other boys like him in our community, all three are in very poor circumstances.. Jim just loves to bargain with them for peas, apples, tomatoes, or whatever..

When they come back with their red marbles, and they always do, he decides he doesn't like red after all and he sends them home with a bag of produce for a green marble or an orange one, when they come on their next trip to the store.'

I left the store smiling to myself, impressed with this man. A short time later I moved to Colorado , but I never forgot the story of this man, the boys, and their bartering for marbles. Several years went by, each more rapid than the previous one. Just recently I

had occasion to visit some old friends in that Idaho community and while I was there learned that Mr. Miller had died. They were having his visitation that evening and knowing my friends wanted to go, I agreed to accompany them. Upon arrival at the mortuary we fell into line to meet the relatives of the deceased and to offer whatever words of comfort we could.

Ahead of us in line were three young men. One was in an army uniform and the other two wore nice haircuts, dark suits and white shirts...all very professional looking. They approached Mrs. Miller, standing composed and smiling by her husband's casket.

Each of the young men hugged her, kissed her on the cheek, spoke briefly with her and moved on to the casket. Her misty light blue eyes followed them as, one by one, each young man stopped briefly and placed his own warm hand over the cold pale hand in the casket. Each left the mortuary awkwardly, wiping his eyes...

Our turn came to meet Mrs. Miller. I told her who I was and reminded her of the story from those many years ago and what she had told me about her husband's bartering for marbles. With her eyes glistening, she took my hand and led me to the casket.

'Those three young men who just left were the boys I told you about. They just told me how they appreciated the things Jim 'traded' them. Now, at last, when Jim could not change his mind about color or size.....they came to pay their debt.'

'We've never had a great deal of the wealth of this world,' she confided, 'but right now, Jim would consider himself the richest man in Idaho ..'
With loving gentleness she lifted the lifeless fingers of her deceased husband. Resting underneath were three exquisitely shined red marbles.

The Moral :
We will not be remembered by our words, but by our kind deeds. Life is not measured by the breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath. Today I wish you a day of ordinary miracles:

A fresh pot of coffee you didn't make yourself..
An unexpected phone call from an old friend
Green stoplights on your way to work...
The fastest line at the grocery store...
A good sing-along song on the radio...
Your keys found right where you left them.

I want a closed casket funeral. However, towards the end of the service, please have the organist play "Pop goes the weasel" over and over until everyone in attendance is staring at my coffin with silent, horrified anticipation.

FROM THE JAKE WELLER ARCHIVES JAKES PLACE – PORT LORING

A YOUNG man, new to town, walked into a hotel barber shop, and asked for the works. As he was being shaved, he tried to make time with the manicurist. He suggested dinner and dancing. The Manicurist said: "I don't think I should, I'm married." The young man laughed, "Ask your husband, maybe he won't mind." "ask him yourself, He's the one shaving you"

AN ARMY COLONEL was dictating a letter to his secretary. As she was taking notes she looked and saw that the colonel's fly was down. No knowing what to do she waited until she was about to leave and said to him, sir your barracks door is open. The colonel looked at her but couldn't figure out what she meant. After she had gone he got down to thinking and then noticed that his fly was down. Upon seeing this he decided to have some fun with his secretary and called her back into the office, Miss "he said" when this barracks door was open did you happen to see a tall young cadet standing firmly at attention? No she said, but I did see a disabled veteran sleeping on his duffel bag.

DRIVING SOUTH FROM CANADA, a policeman pulled over an elderly driver and said, "My Gosh!, man, didn't you realize your wife fell out of the car 3 miles back?" "Thanks be to God," exclaimed the old gent. "I thought I'd gone deaf!"

DID YOU hear about the fellow who had a big fight with his wife about whether it is all right to spend one night a week out with the boys? He doesn't think she should. "MARRIAGE is nature's way of keeping people from fighting with strangers."

Jim and I were in Port Loring on delivery with Great North Arrow when we stopped into Jake's Place. We had heard a lot about it and that longtime owner Jake Weller had an edgy sense of humour. We thought he fit right in to the Great North Arrow and asked to meet him. Jake came out and shared some quirky hand sketched menu's he had made in the past that had lots of funny stuff. These are Jake's Jokes. (Blame him!) And tell him you read it in the GNA!'

POST TURTLE

While suturing a cut on the hand of a 75 year old farmer, whose hand was cut while putting up fences, the doctor struck up a conversation with the old man. Eventually the topic got around to Donald Trump. The old farmer said, 'Well, ya know, Donald Trump is a 'Post Turtle'.Not being familiar with the term, the doctor asked him, what a 'post turtle' was. The old farmer said, 'When you're driving down a country road and you come across a fence post with a turtle balanced on top, that's a 'post turtle'. The old farmer saw the puzzled look on the doctor's face so he continued to explain. "You know he didn't get up there by himself, he doesn't belong up there, he doesn't know what to do while he's up there, he's elevated beyond his ability to function, and you just wonder what kind of dumb ass put him up there to begin with."

Best explanation I've heard yet.

'Doing Wood'.

Tamara Mathews



My doctor once asked me what I did for exercise.

"I do wood."

"What do you mean you 'do' wood?"

It was then I realized urban folks don't speak the same language as we of the more rural variety.

The home I grew-up in is an over one hundred year old farm house, an integral part of my heritage, the original log section built sometime after our 121 year old barn and is still the only home my mother has ever lived in.

For as long as I can remember 'doing wood' was a laborious yet vital chore we as a family would do in the fall each year. Back then my father had a big wood burning furnace in the basement. By the time I came to the age and strength of actually being useful dad had a wood elevator. It was about 20 feet long, a chain belt with spikes every foot or so, running in a continuous loop. One end would be propped-up on the full wood wagon, the other down the cellar hole into the basement. Even with the wood elevator innovation, it was a horrible job. One or two people would be up top taking the wood from the trailer and placing it on the elevator, making it the coveted position. The poor sots down in the basement had to pick the wood off the elevator, or if you were too slow, off the ground, stack it into an old wheel barrow I believe came off the ark and hope like hell the wob-

bly old tire could take just one more stick! We'd grunt the over-burdened wheel barrel across the old, uneven dirt floor, (overloading it to max capacity saved maybe one whole trip!), struggling like crazy to keep it upright all the way!

Once at the far end of the old stone basement we'd stack the wood up in rows. It was a miserable, dusty, back breaking job. As we progressed, the rows were closer to the cellar hole. The trip was shorter with that damned wheel barrow but then the elevator would have to be pulled up and wood tossed in onto the floor, stirring up even more dust!

I am the youngest of 4 kids in my family. My sister was born July 20th, my second sister born August 20th a year and one month later. My brother was born exactly one year later. Then me, the straggler, or as I prefer to say; saving-the-best-for-last, came along 11 years later! My siblings were very close, grown and long gone by the time I was good at 'doing-wood', so it was always me down in the dungeon 'cause, well, I'm short, or 'cute' as LSL, AKA, Long Suffering Larry likes to call me. The basement walls were fairly low to begin with but I suspect decades of wood chips made it even lower. Add in the low-hanging duct work and it was a bending-over job for most 'normal' people.

Lucky me, I just fit better down there.

Eventually the big furnace was replaced by an oil burning unit with a small wood stove upstairs in the living room. Whether it was just tradition or failure to think outside the box, but for some reason we still threw the wood in downstairs. It wasn't until my mom's knees were giving her grief that that dim light bulb of mine came on; why not put the wood outside under the covered porch?

Mom only had one step to navigate then but best of all, Tamara was NOT down in the dungeon! Now I back the bike trailer-full of firewood right up to the porch and put in the winter's wood with ease, life is good!

There's only been a few years that I lived in a house that didn't have wood

as the primary source of heat but I have always looked after the wood for mom and for the big shop that was my dad's shop, Howard's Shop, where he repaired all manner of small engines.

Now that I am living once again in a century+ old farm house, 'doing-wood' is practically a full-time job. Add to it the fact that LSL and I are responsible for 'doing-wood' for my mom, the shop, his shop, his mom and us, well, suffice to say, it's a big part of lives.

Broken down into laypersons terms, the process of how most of us 'country' folk get our exercise 'doing-wood' goes a little something like this;

1. Sometime in January LSL begins to cut down carefully selected trees dragging them out of the bush, but not before he'd spent hours using Fergy the tractor to pack trails into the woodlot.
2. Fergy and LSL stack the trees into a huge pile until we figure there's enough.
3. LSL and Fergy pick down logs, setting them up on the huge sawhorses LSL invented.
4. I mark out 16 inch increments with florescent orange spray paint.
5. LSL cuts blocks with his trusty chain saw.
6. Fergy and LSL push the blocks into a pile.
7. Once we have a few trees blocked I go get my wood splitter, the second most useful piece of equipment I own. Guess who's the most useful piece of equipment I own? (Ya, I'm gunna get a comment about that one from a certain someone!). We struggle the blocks up on the splitter, reducing them down into more manageable pieces of wood.
8. LSL and Fergy push the split wood into a massive pile.
9. We continue in this manner just about every day 'til we figure we have enough wood.
10. LSL's mom orders wood-drags so we hold a wood bee where everyone works together to block, split and store her wood in one day!
11. August arrives and Tamara gets antsy to start hauling wood in for winter. I use our Gator side-by-side, the third most useful piece of equipment we own, and pick up wood off the pile,

loading it into the box.

12. I carefully, ever-so-slowly drive the overloaded Gator over to the basement window and toss each block down into the basement.

13. I go downstairs and pick up each block, escorting it over to build rows.

14. Several days later, about 15 Gator loads, countless bruises from rogue sticks, the air only slightly blue, I can clean up the wood chips and declare the basement wood done!

15. No-rest-for-the-wicked, I start all over again only this time I don't have to throw the wood down into the basement, just back-up to the wood shed door and unload into rows from there.

16. Do the same for moms wood.

17. Do the same for the Shop wood.

18. Stand back and get a warm fuzzy feeling; the wood is done!! Well, for a little while anyways!

19. Late fall arrives, Tamara gets cold, goes out to the wood shed to her precious stash of gold, er, I mean, firewood, pick up an armful, carry it in and make a warm toasty fire. Life is good!

20. Clean-up the wood chips, dig out the built-up ashes and haul them away

21. Do it all over again come January!

'They' say wood heat warms you in more ways than one.

'They' are right!

In fact, counting them up in my annoying way, I handle each and every single stick of firewood 6 to 7 times and I can guarantee I've been warm 'doing-wood' long before it actually gives off any heat from burning!

There is nothing like cuddling up to a wood fire. The heat that comes off a wood stove just warms a person right trough, so if I had a million dollars, would I give up wood heat?

Not a chance, I'd hire staff to do it for me; "Jeeves, another stick on the fire, my toes are chilly!"

I hope my doctor, who will probably never truly understand just how much physical exercise there actually is to 'doing-wood', reads this.

No Dr. Houghton, I do not need to buy a treadmill, though I could use another clothes rack!

I used to eat a lot of natural foods until I learned that most people die of natural causes.

Mary Ellis, Legendary Female WWII Pilot, Passes Away At 101

By Jacob H.

One year before the Royal Air Force, RAF, was formed in the United Kingdom, Mary Wilkins was born. She would go on to be a trailblazer and true heroine of WWII as one of the few female fighter pilots in the war. Sadly, Mary Wilkins Ellis passed away on Tuesday at the age of 101. Mary joined the Air Transport Auxiliary (ATA) in 1941 after hearing a radio ad asking for female pilots. Throughout the course of WWII, Mary and the other "Glamour Girls," as they were called, delivered airplanes to the front lines. By her own estimation, Mary flew 70 different types of aircraft — around 1,000

airplanes altogether — during the war including the legendary Spitfire, which was her favorite.

"When I went to collect my first Spitfire the man helping me with my parachute asked, 'How many of these have you flown before?' and I said, 'none, this is the first one' and he nearly died of shock and he fell off the aeroplane," Mary said during an interview in April with Force News.



"Another terrible loss. Mary

Ellis, pioneering female aviator, Air Transport Auxiliary veteran, an inspiration to generations," Air Chief Marshal Sir Stephen Hillier, commander of the Royal Air Force, wrote on Twitter. "I'll always remember her proudly reminding us at RAF100 events that she was older than the RAF

itself! RIP Mary."

As part of the small number of female pilots in World War II, Mary was a groundbreaking heroine who helped open the doors for females in military service for decades to come.

Former RAF navigator John Nichol also paid tribute to Ellis on Twitter, writing, "Very sad to hear that WW2 ATA pilot Mary Ellis has died aged 101. A truly remarkable lady, she flew 400 Spitfires & 76 different types of aircraft during WW2. Another giant leaves us to join her heroic friends in Blue Skies. Rest in peace Mary; you truly deserve it. Thank you."

help wanted

evenings and weekends
must be at least 19 years of age
bondable
exceptional customer service
cash experience an asset

bring resume to Katrine General Store or email
katrinegeneral11@gmail.com

The Ramses brand condom is named after the great pharaoh Ramses II who fathered over 160 children.

CULTURAL GATHERING

BY Kathy Kujala
Kathykujala@yahoo.ca



The past month has found me invited and attending a First Nations Gathering at the Michipicoten First Nations Reserve. The reserve is situated on the shores of Lake Superior just outside of Wawa. I met many of the elders and had several conversations with Chief Patricia Tangie, and have been invited back by the Chief to attend and participate in other ceremonies on a personal level. This, I have been informed, is an honour not to take lightly. Hard to believe I made a good impression! My partner has been involved with this particular band of Ojibwe First Nations for a few years. Bill being an Avocational Archaeologist, and with the added bonus of our summer home on an Island in Dog Lake, we are blessed to inhabit a small portion of a major centre of a culturally significant area in First Nations territory. They have approached Bill and I to guide them to some of their sacred sites in the region. I find it sad and heart-breaking that many elders have never been to the Pictograph or Vision Quest Sites located within their First Nations territory. This lake and surrounding lands, I describe as my “heaven on earth”, has hundreds



of culturally significant sites to the First Nations Ojibwe and Cree. As we have willingly shared our acquired knowledge with the band, we have been asked to attend and participate in their gathering. The gathering takes place the first week of August each year and lasts for about a week. No alcohol or drugs are allowed on the Reserve during the week of the gathering. If it is found, you are escorted off. While attending the gathering, we were invited to participate in workshops and ceremonies which are normally held for band members. We did participate in a few workshops... foraging and processing mother earth’s food (one of my favourite things); how to render bear fat and then to further make natural salves with added native plants for pain and itching, you name it; and native drum and rattle making to name a few. To start with, you must be aware that when you participate in their “realm” of

events, and they set a time for a workshop, ceremony, etc.... nothing starts on time! As they say, you are here and now living on “Indian Time”. I know you may criticize me for using the word “Indian”, however, I am using a direct quote from many of them including the elders and Chief. I have been told that when you are asked to join them and welcomed into their cultural way of life, you ask them what they want to be called and how you should refer to them. “Indian” is still a term they use, however, please ask and if unsure, refer to them as “First Nation” or “Anishinaabe” out of respect unless otherwise told differently. One of the traditional ceremonies we attended was the “Sunrise Ceremony”. That's when everything's strong; you pray and give thanks for entities; you pray for life... It's a communication with



the Creator and to welcome Grandfather Sun to the new day. You are supposed to be at the gathering place prior to sunrise. We set the alarm for 5 a.m. to make sure we were up, coffee in us and off to the ceremony. Men should not wear hats, women should wear a or skirt below the knee in length to all ceremonies to show honour and respect for womanhood. If women are wearing pants, they are encouraged to bring a shawl or towel to wrap around their legs. Typically, women sit with their legs to one side, closed or underneath them. This shows respect for the “elder women”, self and ability to give life. It was a chilly morning on the shores of Lake Superior, so I put on my cotton skirt, but underneath, my long underwear and then a hoodie to complete the ensemble! When we arrived at the gathering place, there was a fire going in the middle of the circle. This fire commences the opening of the gathering and stays burning for four nights and four days - 24 hours a day with a designated fire keeper on watch during that time. Since Bill had previously attended a sunrise ceremony, I spent the night before grilling him on proper etiquette and expectations as I did not want to offer insult to a very sacred and cultural event. With the gained knowledge from Bill and fear of “screwing up”, I entered the circle following Bill, aware of every movement he made and ready to mimic his actions to the best of my ability. We entered the circle from the “east door” (east side of the circle, there

is no actual door); on the left I saw two bowls one with tobacco and the other with fresh cedar. Following in



the footsteps of those before me, with my left hand, I picked up a bit of each and approached the fire from the east, placing my hand on my heart and said a prayer, silently to myself. This can be done quietly or spoken aloud. At that time, I threw my cedar and tobacco onto the fire. The traditional way is to say a prayer moving clockwise to each of the four directions (east, south, west and north) then back to the east, holding your left hand (the one with the tobacco and cedar) to your heart, then to the sky, then down to the rocks and to the earth and throw the tobacco and cedar on the fire. A few of the elders at the ceremony did exactly this. If for any reason you need to leave the circle, you do this ritual every time you re-enter always ensuring you are walking in a clockwise direction. A good way to remember this, I kept my right arm always next to the fire when I moved within the circle. After your prayer, burning of the tobacco and cedar, you move towards the Pipekeeper and shake left hands and move forward so that you hug each other heart to heart. You do this with everyone around the circle that is already seated. Anyone coming into the circle is expected to do this with all whom are present. When the ceremony is ready to begin, the pipekeeper(s), sometimes two or three of them, smudge everyone present. The approach each attendee and wave the smudge of sage, what a wonderful aroma, over your body with an eagle wing to “purify” you. Next, the designated water keeper for that week, takes the water with some tobacco. He/she starts in the east and walks around the fire, pouring water onto the ground in each of the cardinal directions, the east, south, west and north also saying a prayer before and after each direction, finalizing with throwing tobacco in the fire at the east door. The waterkeeper then passes around a cup of water to everyone in the circle, commencing with the pipekeepers, clockwise, until everyone has sipped from the cup (if you don’t want to sip from the cup, then just pass). Pipe Smoking... The pipekeepers light their pipes, each one with a different kind of tobacco. There were two pipekeepers in the ceremony I joined, Bill tells me there was three in a previous day’s ceremony. The pipekeeper delivers the pipe in a clockwise direction to each participant. If you want to smoke from the pipe, you may do so. As I have never smoked a pipe and I wasn’t keen on doing so, it is also ok for you to pass on this. I passed. I stayed seated while each pipekeeper laid the pipe across

my left shoulder and said a prayer, while my eyes were closed. The pipekeepers were also the drummers. While we were doing the prelude of the ceremony, the elders had their deer skin stretched drums propped next to the fire by their drumsticks to warm them for better sound. The fire in the circle is built like a like a tipi and must stay that way for four days and four nights. It is considered a sacred a grandfather just as rocks are grandfathers and the birch wood burnt is a grandfather. The fire is not to be touched, only by the firekeeper that is there. They fire is not to be poked with a stick, but he can stand up a log if it falls over, using gloves. After we do smoking of the pipe, the “Grandfather” sun is starting to rise. The pipekeepers take their drums, sing and drum to a few different songs, welcoming the Grandfather Sun that will be gracing us with his presence. Drumming ends, and the pipekeeper stands up and shares a story. Everyone does the same in a clockwise fashion. If you do not have a story to share you can just say how you are feeling or share why you are grateful. Once the circle has spoken, the Pipekeeper ends the ceremony by ending with a hug. He goes around to each of the attendees in a clockwise direction. You give a hug then you repeat the circle again and receive a hug. You are hugging everyone twice. By that time, grandfather sun has risen and two hours or more have passed. You leave the circle in a clockwise direction and heads to the band office for a huge breakfast with the people we have become friends and allies with. There are a few things I learned from this ceremony which took place each morning of the gathering... Our Annishanaibe people are all about oral tradition. It is the elders teaching the young, and in my case, the “outsider” that had been invited to share and partake in some of their cultural traditions. As this was a ceremony led by the Michipoten First Nations Band, I cannot comment on whether other First Nation Bands conduct their Sunrise Ceremony in the same way. I also found myself aware that they spoke, gave thanks and referred to the Creator several times during the ceremony. As far I can see, there really is no difference in the way Christianity is preached. I feel no matter what religious views you have, we all pray and give thanks to the Creator, it may be different for each of us, but it is still the Creator...My thoughts! Upon saying that, I felt very blessed and thankful for being included and able to participate in such a sacred ceremony. There was not one time during the gathering that I felt alienated, discriminated against or unwelcome. We were included in every facet of the gathering should we want to attend. It has been an eye-opening experience and one that I will never forget. It is my wish that we treat our First Nation residents with the same respect that they gave to me.

A woman gets on a bus with her baby. The bus driver says: "Ugh, that's the ugliest baby I've ever seen!" The woman walks to the rear of the bus and sits down, fuming. She says to a man next to her: "The driver just insulted me!" The man says: "You go up there and tell him off. Go on, I'll hold your monkey for you."

Dear Miss Penelope



Recently my husband learned that he has an 17 year-old daughter. We learned this from an email, and are still in shock. From what we've been able to piece together, her mother put her up for adoption as a baby and named a different father on her birth certificate. My husband is rather thrilled at the possibility of being reunited with a daughter he didn't know of, but has no idea who her mother is! He claims he wasn't in a relationship during that time of his life and thinks the daughter may have been conceived on a one-night stand.

I'm worried that the bio mother might be crazy and just making it all up, adding that the whole story sounds fishy to me!

We really don't know what to do. My husband replied courteously to his daughter's email, explaining that he really needs to talk to her birth mother. He is really interested in a relationship with her but he doesn't want to be taken advantage of either. It must mean a lot to her to have found him, although she said in her last message that she has a great life and is very happy. What should he do, and how can I help?
Signed, potential step mom

Dear sweet potential step mom,
First of all, I can only imagine how you are feeling, however this did happen to a very distant relative of mine, I wont tell you how that turned out because sometimes too much info is not good.
There are so many things to consider in this scenario. And so much wine to be drunk in the process.
First of all, I would be check-

ing my firewalls or whatever those things are called that lets every Tom Dick or Harriet from getting my email address or in this case his email.

Secondly, relax! Although, I have not been made privy to said email, I would have to say this whole thing, albeit nerve racking is a load of horse poo poo.
Think about it. A girl, from a mother, your husband does not remember, at a time when he was not in a relationship sends an email to your husband and says "Hi Daddy, I'm happy and life is great " is completely bonkers. So many red flags. Seriously, and even if he was promiscuous, he should have an idea who the woman might be. [If he doesn't then that sends off even more red flags, and you might want to have another sip of that wine now.]

But let's for one minute entertain the idea that this is all above board and it is true. Then how amazing is that!!!

The adoption system has obviously worked perfectly. This young lady was adopted into a loving family and she has had a great life. She seems happy and well-adjusted and is now thinking about touching base with her biological father. He seems open to the idea of being a dad as you said he is "rather thrilled" at being united with his 17 year old daughter. If this is something he really is interested in and wants to proceed responsibly, then I say a face to face with the young lady and if the resemblance is not uncanny then i say a DNA test ASAP. There is no reason to get a bunch of mushy feelings mixed up if the science is not there.

And as for you Potential Step Mom, I have a couple of recommendations. Be supportive, and go with the flow. Your life is going to change embrace it, don't sweat the changes ... the loud music, the messy bedrooms or the drama. You guys might be entering the crazy stage of split family dynamics and it can be a roller coaster, a really big roller coaster! Focus on the child, not the mother, your instincts might be right and she could be a banana boat without the banana.
Proceed with caution.
TTFN Miss Penelope

Dear Ginger Snapped

My husband recently had to have his two lower front teeth removed due to an old injury. He can't remember where he puts things and now, he goes places and he forgets his dental bridge. I am so embarrassed and just want to go home... what can I do?
Signed, 'smiley'

Dear Smiley,
Let me just say that I've swished a few ideas around and now I just gotta spit it out! Sounds like you're being a tad tough on your hubby. I think you need to get a Grip....and I'm not talking Poly!
Of all the things you could be embarrassed about...it's him forgetting to put his dental bridge in? Be thankful he remembers to put pants on! There's nothing worse than a man with one hand down his drawers, well, at least in public. How about the guy who lifts his leg in the produce section of the local grocery store and lets a ripper out that cracks so loud everyone in the section turns around. And then he calls to ya asking where you're going as you sneak off to an isle far far away. Picking his nose or wearing a speedo or possibly a thong would constitute as serious issues but I honestly think you are looking at this situation all wrong.
Cut the guy some slack and use these issues in a more advantageous way. I'm not sure how he got his injury to begin with so that might be something worth exploring. But before my imagination gets away on me let me make some helpful suggestions.
If he can't remember where he puts things set up some trail cams, they're not just for animals! Place "Post It" notes in highly visible areas. Have a check list you go through before heading out the door.
For Heaven's sake don't be embarrassed by him. If anyone stares use one of these lil gems!
1. Tell them he was part of a circus act and caught bullets with his teeth!
2. He lost his teeth when he fell out of a tree rescuing a neighbour's pussy.
3. An injury sustained while serving his country.
Have some fun with it. The spin offs from these could be awesome!
Or my all-time favourite.... just tell them he has CRS. (Can't Remember Shit) Now that's a syndrome that affects a lot of people!
Just remember....it could be worse. He could be the leader of a country who can't deliver a speech without numerous ahhhhhs or ums! Or my personal favourite....tell the world to use paper water boxes over plastic water bottles! Time for the jumper cables people!!!!
Now, depending on what two teeth he lost, it could make for some enjoyable foreplay....just saying.
Always look for the Silver Lining!
Always,

Dear Gabby,

My fiancé and I are finally getting married, (after ten years) we are planning a wedding for next summer and we are paying it all by ourselves.
My fiancé's list includes pretty all of his relatives, and he is insisting, I could easily add more than 50 additional relatives but being a realist with budget constraints, I am only including my immediate family, my aunts and uncles, and my first cousins.
Many of my other relatives I only see at reunions and funerals. I am so worried that my parents would be putting pressure on me to invite them all but they haven't put up to much fuss, until now!
My Mom has asked me to write a letter to all of the relatives I am not inviting with some sort of explanation (other than the truth of we can't afford it and don't really know you that well) as to why they are not being invited. Her suggestion was to say that since were doing a non-traditional ceremony and a cocktail reception I should say we're not having a "real wedding." Should I really send this letter?! If you think it's a good idea, is there a way to phrase it so that people don't think I'm subtly asking for a wedding gift without an invitation? The whole thing makes me uncomfortable, and I have no idea what to say.

Signed future bride

Dear Future bride.

I do not think that such a letter is necessary I think that your mother is being very unrealistic. You don't owe people an explanation of your wedding. It is your wedding and if you are happy with the guest list then that's great. If your mother feels that the rest of the family should be invited than perhaps she could pony up some money to help out and then you could invite them. Otherwise I wouldn't send them anything you have stated that you only see them at funerals weddings etc. So even an announcement card would be sufficient if your mother insists. These are very pretty cards announcing that you got married They can be found on Pinterest.

Enjoy your wedding !!

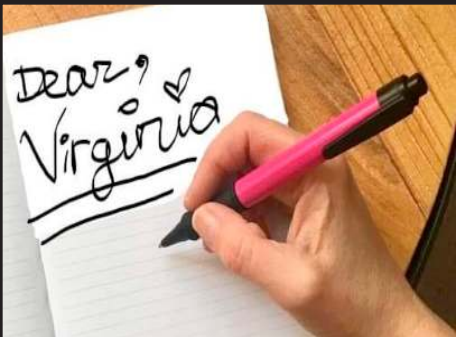
Gabby



The names of Popeye's four nephews are Pipeye, Peepeye, Pupeye, and Poopeye

and that's how vegans are made





Dear Virginia ,

My husband and I choose to be child-free, we really don't really like children. Odly, we tend to get along well with teenagers.

We embrace our friends children, and treat them like family. My forever friend, ‘Debbie’ was my maid of honor at my wedding, as I was at hers. So when she and her husband decided to take a month long trip of a lifetime to Greece, (money is no object) she asked if we could take care of her two teenagers 12 and 15. It was with resistance that my husband agreed, but I felt I needed to as I am her best friend.

Before they left, I attempted to discuss money and responsibilities, but the discussion seemed to always be derailed by Deb and she seemed insulted I would ask. We did tell them that it would cost more than \$1000 minimum to house two active teens for a month! I kind of let it go as she became somewhat agitated and offended. I told her I wanted this to be clear as I didn't want this situation to affect our long-standing friendship.

They left each child with \$100 spending money, and left us \$200. The kids \$100 did not last long. I haven’t even mentioned that they also bestowed us with their giant dog that was unable to be kenneled, as ‘he would miss his kids’ The kids attend a ‘fancy’ school in another town , and I drove and back, brought them to swimming lessons, dance classes, baseball tryouts, and movie nights. They ate healthy well balanced meals, had friends over too .

I should mention that, (During the week, the parents had provided toaster strudels and the school provided lunch.)

Our household chores and expenses dramatically increased, dishwasher ran daily instead of twice a week, three times as much laundry, had more people shower, etc.

The kids were lazy and did not help with any household chores. They didn't even take care of their own dog, which we were also watching.

. We spent countless hours in the police station dealing with the unruly boy child, who unbeknownst to us had a long list of break and enters, all the while his parents were unreachable.

When Debbie and John returned, we asked for \$1500 in compensation, we provided receipts that totaled over \$2000 and they wrote us a cheque for \$1500.

The next day I received a horrible

nasty note from Deb, questioning how I could be so heartless, and she thought I was her friend. She accused me of inflating expenses and being a horrid person she also pointed out that she looked after our cat for a week once . (yes, she dropped in to fill his bowl and empty his litter.

Deb also told me that we should have been happy to live out our fantasy of being parents-a fantasy we don't have- and that we'd ‘begged her’ to host her kids as guests."

Our group friends in common, think that my husband and I were crazy to take care of the teens in the first place.

She is now bad mouthing us, and I am so horribly hurt. She says I am bitter, selfish, and fake. Our friendship is gone, and I don’t know what to do, should I return her cheque and tell her I am sorry?

Signed, “ hurt beyond belief”

Dear, Hurt Beyond Belief,

It’s really tough to mix friendship, money, and someone else's family - It sounds like you got the raw end of the deal here and it’s unfortunate that your friend can not see your side in this situation. And that you have both ended up hurt.

Ask yourself how much this friendship actually means to you and perhaps take into consideration that you did tell her that you expected \$1000 for your costs (even though you yourself may have underestimated the expense) - asking for the extra \$500 may have felt insulting to your friend - money is a funny thing for people - a touchy subject, even when people are affluent and can afford more.

It also feels like she wasn’t honest about the expectations and duties required in the care for her teens and the dog. Perhaps she needed the holiday so badly from the stresses of her situation, that she was unwilling , to be honest with herself and with you before heading away for her trip. Exhaustion and stress can make us do some desperate things - and it sounds like she is in denial of the reality of what was required by you and your husband. She may even be embarrassed that you had to see the truth of what she is dealing with day in and day out...

If this friendship is really important I suggest inviting her for coffee and a really good heart to heart chat - Be prepared to apologise for any misunderstanding that all this has caused between you. Extending the olive branch of forgiveness can heal many situations.

And if she is truly the friend you say she was, then you should both be able to forgive and move forward. Sending you and your friend lots of hope for mending this bridge,

All the best,

Virginia

Dear Annie

My wife and I have been married 21 years and have two teenagers. She's a very free spirit. She likes to make a lot of decisions that should be made as a couple as they affect our family. This continually leads to arguments about what should or should not be decided on together.

In order to stay married this long, I have endured endless couples counselling with multiple professionals, not to mention thousands of dollars. Despite this, she ignores most of my opinions and ideas, when I don't support it & agree with her newest crazy idea. She will tell me she will compromise, and then do what she wants anyway.

A couple of weeks ago, she talked about having permanent eyebrow makeup and lip liner done on a girl’s trip she was taking without me. I asked her to wait a bit so we could talk about it together. She promising me not to, yet when she arrived home, she had done it and she looks like a clown! Not only did she get permanent makeup, she has huge lip fillers too! It looks awful and stupid.

She has lost all of my trust, I have a continuing reminder when I look at her face every day. What else is she lying about? She looks so stupid and I am embarrassed for her, should I just suck it up, or find a good plastic surgeon for her!

Signed, ‘Frustrated Husband’

Dear Frustrated Husband,

Consider yourself lucky, that this

free- spirit of a woman has stayed married to you for so long. It sounds like you need a bit more spontaneity in your relationship. Remember back when you thought that she was exciting and fun! Remember when you were too?

It can be frustrating when a partner appears to ignore us, I cannot help but note there is no her side of the story here, there is also no reference to any guidance the multiple professionals may have given both of you. Be grateful you are married to a strong independent woman; It may be an example for your daughters. Your language here is telling, you endured counselling, she looks awful and stupid, you are embarrassed for her. Perhaps she is acting this way as her needs in the relationship are not being met. Does she feel valued? Loved? Appreciated? When the last time you told her she was beautiful and special? I wonder what her continuing reminder is when she looks in your face every day? Does she see acceptance and love?

Her brows will eventually settle and lip fillers do not last forever, but it sounds like this relationship needs a lot more help than a plastic surgeon.

Buckle up Hubby...May I suggest trying to be a supportive husband rather than a combative one? People who feel supported and loved rarely act out with disregard for the person they love. Work on building trust and love in your relationship, but remember, it’s a two way street.

“Annie”

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that it's interfering with our marriage, and he doesn't care. I am very upset, he doesn’t want ‘us’ to spend time with her, ‘he’ wants to spend time with her ALONE !

This is getting beyond believable, they do something together every single day, they go to movies, shopping... they go walking in the park. They even cook dinner together at her apartment! On numerous occasions, he has spent the night there, calling me to tell me that she was upset and he didn’t want to leave her on her own.

I think this has gone way beyond a normal Uncle relationship, and I don't think it's right for them to be spending so much time together. His face illuminates when she calls, (10 times a day) and he seems to sit and wait for the phone to ring. It's almost as if they are dating. I am broken, I am lonely and I am jealous because I think there is more to this than meets the eye. There never is enough time in the day to include me, am I over reacting and being selfish? Or are my concerns valid.

Signed, ‘end of my rope’

Dear “End of my rope”

Well where do I start?

I will begin by saying that this is definitely not a normal uncle-niece relationship. It seems like Jane has some unresolved daddy issues since her

dad wasn’t anywhere close to getting a father of the year award. If Brad had nothing to hide, then he would have no problem having you around and if Jane was in such a bad state I question why he would stay the night there instead of having her join the both of you at your home? Have you tried having a conversation with Jane about this? Hmmm...

You are right to think that there might be something else going on. I’m sure that you have tried to talk to your husband about this situation and clearly it’s like banging your head against a brick wall. In this case, you could follow the two of them and see what goes on from a distance. Whatever you end up doing, be smart about this and don’t let your emotions take over. Take pictures and document everything that you see (dates, times, locations etc.) bring a friend with you as stakeouts are always more fun with someone else!

If your suspicions end up being true, and I f you have solid evidence in hand, you will have quite the upper hand should you decide to take things to court if you know what I mean. If you decide the latter, I think that Brad needs a wake up call! You don’t need him to make you feel good about yourself or to fulfill your happiness. So put on a sexy dress, call a friend and go have some fun! Best of luck!

Yours truly,

The Ugly Truth



Net Worth

One collects experiences the way my toddler collects rocks in her cup. This rock leads her onto the next and she is never aware of where she will go. Once her cup is full and the trail is over, no one is interested in her rocks like she is. Experience is ironic. It often joins our journey after we require its services in the situation that created it. And others that would benefit from your life story are too caught up in their own to pay any heed. In some cases, nature begins to strip and warp the mind, like a hole in the cup, stealing back the precious lessons life taught along the way.

I had dreams of two blonde, lanky sisters road-tripping throughout North America, laying under the stars, dancing by lakes and climbing to new summits. For many years I’ve waited for the moment when these could turn into reality. I waited a long time for my sister to join us earth-side; 14 years nearly to the day. Another 16 years had to go by before she was able to join me at a mental and physical common place, ready to take part in an adventure. Now at 30 years old, my life is no longer that of care-free, teenage dreams filled with late nights and luscious crushes. I am a wife, a mother, have a job and a business plus hobbies and friends to juggle. Stubbornness is my strength as my mother reminds me regularly, and we planned out this girls-only road trip despite there being a toddler in tow, placing all other responsibilities on hold. A long slow meander down the coast of California was the journey we would take.

And then my cousin from the West Coast announced the birth of her third child, a girl! And shortly after reports of my 95-year-old Nana’s dementia began sounding less than positive. Both occasions called for a visit and we were going to be so close on this trip by comparison to our usual distance. Our road trip was altered, the first leg of the journey would take us to Vancouver Island. This meant two additional flights with a toddler, a second car rental, staying with family and an entirely different wardrobe than the original plan. It had been a little over a year since my last visit and I was mentally preparing myself for the possibility that my party would no longer be familiar to Nana.

British Columbia seems to be my destination for ‘firsts’. Nana and I had travelled together, I as her chaperone

as she had the adventure bug more than myself and family didn’t not trust an 85-year-old to be running through the Rockies, flying in helicopters and exploring on her own. Other than making my prom dress together I had never spent much time with this woman. She was never the sweet, snuggly grandma of storybooks. She was a ‘proper’ British lady who believed children should not be heard and preferably stay out of sight as well. I was voluntold for the trip only because I was available, freshly graduated from college and not yet working at my new employment. In her world I was still a child, but I was her ticket out and so she brought me into her world with open arms. I was encouraged by extended family to use this time to get to know her, document her life stories, learn whatever I could. I brought a journal and prepared questions, interview style but realized quickly a method like this wouldn’t get me far. We bonded, sharing a double mattress with your bony-bodied Nana



doesn’t leave this as optional. We shared clothes too, my inexperience and overpacking allowed for us to layer up against the unseasonably cool temperatures. Our trip was cut by more than half due to an overexcited Corgi who was too close to the ground for proper petting and caused a pretty bad tumble for Nana. But it was the start of a relationship that I cherish.

The Nana I got to know is not the Nana that her children grew up with. With age she shook off the filters and pretensions which allowed her to speak candidly with me. We did not have the drama and past hurts attached that her children experienced. I grew to know her as a woman, independent from our roles within the family. Still, it was helpful during storytelling that we knew all the same people. For years I went out to visit her every month spending a weekend, slumber party style like we had on that first trip, except now we had our own mattress’. I woke to her taking pictures of me sleeping, she would insist on making me bacon and eggs and having our cup of elevenses each Sunday morning, using her walker as an extension of her body, refusing any help from me. She grilled me on

my choice of husband and how long he was ‘milking the cow without having first bought it’ and yet secretly began crafting a wedding gift for us long before we married. I was with her the weekend I found out I was expecting Yetesia, which would be her third great grandchild but first great granddaughter. She was diagnosed with dementia towards the end of 2016 and along with that came many tensions with her caregivers. Whoever was closest to her became her enemy. I was distanced enough that I stayed in her good graces, was her ally when she felt the world was against her. When she called crying in the night, I would drive more than an hour to be with her until she calmed down and fell back to sleep. But eventually she felt that she needed to escape, and so in 2017 she climbed onto a plane and left for BC.

Being five months pregnant at the time I’d be lying if I said that I wasn’t partially relieved. I had been scrambling over how I could maintain this relationship with the addition of a newborn. As she left, she acknowledged the position she had put me in and that it was unfair to expect me to juggle it all. And with that I became like most of my fellow family members, out of sight out of mind. Life was busy and I failed to keep in contact like I should have. I gave birth to my daughter Yetesia a few months later, giving her a middle name of Joy as a nod to Joyce, my Nana. I did promise her I would visit with the baby and made that a reality the following Spring. As the year progressed, I once again failed to maintain regular contact. With reports of dementia’s effects taking a stronger hold I mentally prepared myself for Nana to not know me despite everything we had experienced. My sister, daughter and I bundled our Caravan onto the plane and headed into familiar and yet such unknown territories. My Uncle had been reminding her of our visit and it looked promising, but I did not want to set my expectations high and be crushed. Upon landing, at my Uncles suggestion we went to surprise her, a day earlier than expected. She wasn’t in her suite, but we noticed a sing-along was on the calendar and as a life-long musician, we knew we would find her there. A sea of grey-haired ladies was sitting around a woman with a guitar, strumming the occasional note to keep the group (mostly) in tune. The ginger-haired Nana of mine was nowhere to be found. A lady pushed her buggy past and asked who we were looking for. She identified her quickly and my heart and stomach did an array of unsynchronized movements as my eyes took her in. The pride in her shoulders was gone, her perfectly coiffed ginger hair was white tinged with silver and had been allowed to stick out in tufts, her usually colourful attire was replaced with a dark,

monochromatic set. I quietly tip-toed to sit beside her, not wanting to startle her and terrified that I wouldn’t be recognized in front of an audience. She turned at my tap and although it took a moment to put the pieces together, she squealed with recognition and leapt up to hug me, she proudly introduced me as family as we made our exit. I bawled. My sister was quite concerned with the waterworks pouring out of my face as we approached and questioned me on it on the drive home. My Uncle told me the next morning that she had called, asking who we were later that night, leaving me incredibly grateful for the glimmer of recognition we were blessed with.

We spent every day with her or my cousins and their families. True to her daring and adventurous nature she took her buggy off-roading at Beacon Hill Park and scolded the naughty goats for eating the brake lines. She tagged along as we fed the ducks and posed for pictures in the rose garden. We took her out for ice cream and my Uncle cooked up a bacon and eggs breakfast brunch to have with our elevenses. She adored Yetesia and Yetesia was incredibly at ease with her. One afternoon we had planned to have a long quiet afternoon in with her to just catch up. I had encouraged my sister ahead of time to use this time to get to know her, document her life stories, learn whatever she could. I monopolized much of my Nana’s time but when I left to put the baby down for a nap, my sister had her all to herself. Upon returning I found them both in silence, my sister on her phone in a teenage pose that says, ‘leave me alone’ and Nana was watching the TV. My soul was crushed. So much of our family’s history was disappearing as Nana’s mind fades and despite prompting, I could not force my sister to grasp on and cherish what was left. She was too young when my grandpa passed to know what it was that she was letting go in that moment. I wished that there were mediums to capture Nana’s past the way we have today, so that when my sister is ready, she could at least look back on those. But pictures are few and videos non-existent.

I am more grateful since the trip that I have tools to capture each adventure, the mundane daily life events, the big milestone moments, the family vacations and graduations. My children and grandchildren will be able to look back and have glimpses of our family dynamic, the relationships that lead to their existence, the struggles and wins, the passions that drive us. In the act of creating the memories that we will capture, I hope that they will be triggered to ask the questions while we are still here and encourage them to value the most important component of net worth; family.

If man evolved from apes why do we still have apes?

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED !

Have you considered volunteering in a organization that promotes development in our youth and prepares them to be a contributing member of society. Scouting in Burk’s Falls has a successful and long history. We are looking for adults to fill various positions on our Group Committee, in Leader roles with Troop aged youth between 11 to 14 and for a Treasurer. This involves monthly meetings and the few hours a week with volunteer related tasks of the position. All costs are covered for supplies, uniform, on-line training and registration. Scouts Canada offers, Acknowledgment in Service Awards for years of service. A Vulnerable Sector, Police Reference Check is required.

They call it PMS because "Mad Cow Disease" was already taken. Oh OH!. There will be “Letters to the editor for this one”.....chill out!

MOVIE REVIEW
— GODZILLA

A BEAUTIFUL TWISTED MIND

Bryan Kohl

Geez, where does the time go? Seems like only yesterday I was sneaking into the living room at 2am in the morning catching my older brother watching the old dinosaur movies. He would let me watch one if mom didn’t wake up and catch me. My favorite of all was the king, Godzilla. Every weekend we would do this.



Anyway...The original came out in 1954 and spawned a franchise that is in the Guinness Book of world records as the longest-running movie series in history. Now here we are 65 years later and the atomic lizard is still going strong! This latest entry is the perfect summertime popcorn movie. Strap in and enjoy the ride starring Kyle Chandler, Vera Farmiga, and Millie Bobby Brown as well as some returning cast. This one ranks up there with some of the best of the past.

The new story follows the heroic efforts of the crypto-zoological agency Monarch as its members face off against a battery of god-sized monsters, including the mighty Godzilla, who collides with Mothra, Rodan, and his ultimate nemesis, the three-headed King Ghidorah. When these ancient super-species—thought to be mere myths—rise again, they all vie for supremacy, leaving humanity’s very existence hanging in the balance. And that's Pretty much it.

I admit my bias when it comes to Godzilla. He truly is my favorite Kaiju(Japanese term for giant monsters) I personally own every Godzilla movie ever made, and there are 35 as of this writing.

HAIL THE KING BABY!!! LONG LIVE THE KING!

Terri Lynn Schneider Phillips shared these wonderful imagines with us of her annual trek to the Canadian National Exhibition. she has been taking her kids to the EX for 20 years! Even though Hannah and Jake aren't young anymore, they all truly love the family tradition. Terri Lynn said, I've been taking the kids to the Ex since they were very young and we never went on rides. This year as a first, we all went on our first ever gondola ride" (photos by Terri Lynn Schneider Phillips)



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Love your enemies. It makes them so damned mad. ~P.D. East

Being Twisted

jane doe

I was reflecting today that, book reviews aside, my twistedness has been implied, but maybe it needs a bit of polishing.

We need to think and be different, more alert to changes, more aware of solutions, tried over and over until they work, and then tried again.

I’ve been ribbed for my attempts to bring plants back from the dead, or almost dead. This is based on past experience. When I first bought my property I bought 100 tree seedlings, white cedar, dogwood, sumac, elderberry, and white pine. The deer ate the sumac and elderberry, the white cedar are doing well and the white pine is in a clump of 9 and one growing by itself.

One spring, noticing my pocket garden on the hill needed no watering during the drought of 2012, I created some more on the slope of the hill and planted some rudbeckia, pearly everlasting and variegated plants. Later that year I noticed an elderberry coming up in one. It was one of the original elderberries planted in 2009, 4 years later! It’s still there.

A few years ago I planted 3 Himrod Grapes. They are the sweetest grapes and I grew one at the church where we used a bowl of them one Sunday

as part of communion. The chair of trustees kept reaching back to the tray during the service to pick off a few and eat them. For two years, at least, one of the apparently healthiest Himrods disappeared, no leaves, no growth. But every time I watered the other two Himrods, I watered it.

Tonight, walking back from the corner I stopped off to check out the vines as it has been probably one of the year’s hottest days. I bent over, as I always do, to look at the first Himrod. There, pushing up from the ground a few inches from the main stem of the vine was a tiny cluster of grape leaves. I continued my inspection of the other vines and raced back to get a pail of seaweed fertilizer in a gallon of water and returned to water it and the other plants.

In the last week or two I have discovered my mystery trees (I have a few varieties) are paperbark cherries from Tibet! I’m sure there are more in this area. The bark is a deep maroon and curls from a fairly young age when the bark starts to split. I have a number of river birch so at first thought that’s what they were as their bark curls beautifully too. But they have cherries, so then I thought originally they were pin cherries, but the older ones have them at the top of the trees.

How they got here, I’ll never know, but I keep observing, not knowing what I’ll find next. Expecting the unexpected.

The Twisted
Gardener

jane doe

Twists and Turns

Being a less conventional gardener, I have waited until one of the hottest times of the year to transplant my now larger than usual seedlings. This is the third or fourth time some have been transplanted.

Each year I make up potting mix with coir/coconut fibre, composted organic sheep manure, powdered eggshells and maybe Epsom salts (both stop blossom end rot). The pots with potting mix from the year before get dumped, and new mix put in. The mix from last year is used with new plants to put them into pots, or mixed in with garden beds.

The new mix is always used to pot up tomatoes, peppers, potatoes, etc. The second year it really looks like black gold. I use coconut fibre as it is better environmentally than peat, and it hydrates well. For our now rain/drought years, it also holds water well when it’s dry and keeps air in the soil.

So, flowers are now in the large

garden with adequate soil mix to keep them growing during 40C degree temperatures.

The multiplier onions, planted first this year and crowding out of their pedestal pots, will be next. They went out in March, I think, the pedestals high enough about the driveway to stop them from freezing and the soil warmed quickly by the sun. This has worked really well (aside from the fact that I pinched the flower heads, which I should not have done as now I have no winter onions from them) and they are really healthy.

When they were going into the pedestal planters I was also putting all the ice and snow into my heavy duty toter pails. Even below freezing overnights didn’t crack the sides as they got hit by hot sun first thing in the morning. That water then went into the 55 USG barrels once it was a bit warmer and only a quarter of an inch of ice was on the water in the morning. I still have part of a barrel of it left July 20!

I do use frost cloths from Lee Valley as even my old blankets didn’t do the trick during an early frost a few years back, but this year haven’t used them yet. We are still behind a bit but the heat is helping everything to catch up.

Maybe your wishes would come true if instead of throwing a penny in a fountain you threw something in that wasn’t completely useless.



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AREA EVENTS LISTINGS SEPTEMBER

KINDLY USE THIS AS A GUIDE ONLY

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Jim-705-203-0117
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- SEPT 1ST, MAGNETAWAN FALL FAIR CHURCH SERVICE 7PM
- SEPT 1ST, POWASSAN SMOKE N SPURS FESTIVAL
- SEPT 1ST, ANNUAL FOLEY FALL FAIR ON FOLEY FAIRGROUNDS
- SEPT 1ST, BURK’S FALLS ARBF 137TH FALL FAIR AT THE ARENA GROUNDS
- SEPT 2ND, BURK’S FALLS ARBF 137TH FALL FAIR AT THE ARENA GROUNDS
- SEPT 2ND, ANNUAL FOLEY FALL FAIR
- SEPT 3RD, SOUTH RIVER LEGION , BINGO EVERY TUESDAY STARTING AT 5:10 PM
- SEPT 3RD, SPRUCEDALE Seniors Club - Tuesdays; Ladies Euchre at 1 pm
- SEPT 3RD, SPRUCEDALE Seniors Club - Tuesdays; 7PM, DABBER BINGO
- SEPT 3RD, KATRINE SENIORS Dancers Club on Tuesday evening at 7 til 9pm
- SEPT 4TH, SCOUTING REGISTRATION, 1ST POWASSAN SCOUTS (CUBS, BEAVERS, SCOUTS, VENTURERES) 6-8PM 250 CLARK
- SEPT 5TH, SPRUCEDALE United Church for Dominos at 1 pm on Thursdays
- SEPT 5TH, SPRUCEDALE Seniors Club - Thursday at 7 pm Mixed Euchre.
- SEPT 5TH, WHITESTONE, NURSE PRACTITIONER LED HEALTH AND WELLNESS FAIR, 10AM-2PM DUNCHURCH COMM. CTR.
- SEPT 5TH, KEARNEY. SAND LAKE LOG CHURCH KEARNEY, 7:30 PM HYMN SING AT 7:15
- SEPT 6TH, BURK’S FALLS ARENA, ARBF MONTHLY BINGO AT THE ARENA, DOORS OPEN AT 5:30PM
- SEPT 6TH, SOUTH RIVER MACHAR AG SOCIETY FALL FAIR AT THE ARENA
- SEPT 7TH, SOUTH RIVER MACHAR AG SOCIETY FALL FAIR AT THE ARENA
- SEPT 7TH, POWASSAN FARMERS MARKET 9AM-1PM BESIDE THE BEER STORE
- SEPT 7TH, PARRY SOUND, ANNUAL FLY IN AND DRIVE IN AT THE AIRPORT INFO 705-378-2897
- SEPT 7TH, McKELLAR FALL FAIR 10AM-4PM 705-389-3076
- SEPT 7TH, POWASSAN FARM TO TABLE DINNER 250 CLARK STREET, 6 PM
- SEPT 7TH, EMSDALE AG SOCIETY weekly bingo at the community centre, Doors open at 6pm, games at 7pm
- SEPT 7TH, MAGNETAWAN FARMERS MARKET AT THE PAVILLION, 10AM-1PM EVERY SATURDAY
- SEPT 10TH, KATRINE SENIORS Dancers Club on Tuesday evening at 7 til 9pm
- SEPT 10TH, SPRUCEDALE Seniors Club - Tuesdays; 7PM, DABBER BINGO
- SEPT 10TH, PARRY SOUND TOWER HILL MUSEUM IS HOSTING ‘FILMS THAT MAKE YOU THINK’ STARTS AT 7PM DONATION
- SEPT 10TH, SOUTH RIVER LEGION , BINGO EVERY TUESDAY STARTING AT 5:10 PM
- SEPT 10TH, SPRUCEDALE Seniors Club - Tuesdays; Ladies Euchre at 1 pm
- SEPT 12TH, SPRUCEDALE United Church for Dominos at 1 pm on Thursdays
- SEPT 10TH, KATRINE SENIORS Community Centre; (bid Euchre) every Tuesday 1:30 to 4PM
- SEPT 12TH, KEARNEY. SAND LAKE LOG CHURCH KEARNEY, 7:30 PM HYMN SING AT 7:15
- SEPT 13TH, HARVEST FESTIVAL AT MIDLOTHIAN RD. BURK’S FALLS harvestfestival.org
- SEPT 14th, HARVEST FESTIVAL AT MIDLOTHIAN RD. BURK’S FALLS harvestfestival.org
- SEPT 14TH, KEARNEY, LIBRARY FUNDRAISER, ‘MAKE IT A PASTA NIGHT’ COMMUNITY CENTRE 5-7PM, TICKETS AT Fetterleys and Library
- SEPT 14TH, POWASSAN FARMERS MARKET 9AM-1PM BESIDE THE BEER STORE
- SEPT 13TH, SPRUCEDALE Biathlete Fundraiser Dinner for Trevor Kiers, 5 p.m. Sprucedale Comm. Ctr. Roast beef dinner tickets \$15
- SEPT 14TH, KATRINE JAMBOREE featuring Jim Hayward and the Willowridge Bluegrass Band
- SEPT 14TH, MAGNETAWAN FARMERS MARKET AT THE PAVILLION, 10AM-1PM EVERY SATURDAY
- SEPT 15TH, HARVEST FESTIVAL AT MIDLOTHIA RD. BURK’S FALLS harvestfestival.org
- SEPT 16TH, KATRINE COMMUNITY CENTRE MEETING, WELCOME BACK FROM SUMMER!
- SEPT 16TH, SPRUCEDALE & District Hort. Society MEETING 6:30PM, Community Guest speaker, Valerie Fieldwebster, speaker
- SEPT 17TH, SPRUCEDALE Seniors Club - Tuesdays; 7PM, DABBER BINGO
- SEPT 17TH, SPRUCEDALE Seniors Club - Tuesdays; Ladies Euchre at 1 pm
- SEPT 17TH, SOUTH RIVER LEGION, BINGO EVERY TUESDAY STARTING AT 5:10 PM
- SEPT 17TH, KATRINE SENIORS Community Centre; (bid Euchre) every Tuesday 1:30 to 4PM CASH ONLY
- SEPT 19TH, Emsdale Community Centre, 12 NOON, Michaels on Main catering. INFO: Dick Gibbs 705-685-7450
- SEPT 19TH, KEARNEY/ SAND LAKE LOG CHURCH KEARNEY, 7:30 PM HYMN SING AT 7:15
- SEPT 19TH, SPRUCEDALE United Church for Dominos at 1 pm on Thursdays
- SEPT 21ST, MAGNETAWAN FARMERS MARKET AT THE PAVILLION, 10AM-1PM EVERY SATURDAY
- SEPT 21ST, BURK’S FALLS, ALL YOU CAN EAT BRUNCH! CALHOUN’S CAFÉ! Opens at 8 am
- SEPT 21ST, POWASSAN FARMERS MARKET 9AM-1PM BESIDE THE BEER STORE
- SEPT 21ST, POWASSAN, Farmers’ Market EVERY Saturday 9 - 1 on Main Street beside the Beer Store
- SEPT 21ST, SUNDRIDGE, STRONG AG. SOCIETY, 14 ALBERT, FAIRGROUNDS, 8AM-12 NOON



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\$275,000 64+ acres and adjoining Crown land! 3 bdrm home with enclosed porch and shed. Also includes 1 bdrm cottage and shed with separate driveway. Hwy 522



\$445,000 Two - 3 bedroom cottages on Caribou Lake (known as Brooks Cottages). 3+ acres with water frontage on 2 sides of property plus a pond. Dock. Bunkie capable shed. Private road.



\$359,500 3 bdrm home with approx. 40 ft of waterfront on Seagull Lake. Attached, oversized garage and heated two-car garage. Enjoy 4+ acres of land!



\$248,500 116 ft waterfront on Ranger Bay, part of the Pickerel River system. Rustic 3 bedroom, completely insulated/heat for winter use. Accessed by water.



\$399,800 Currently operating as Jake's Place Restaurant. This building and property offers many business possibilities. 2 bedroom living quarters and balcony overlooking Wilson Lake in Port Loring. Owner retiring. Excellent year round location, well-known and enjoyed by locals, cottagers and snowmobilers.

3.1 acre mixed bush lot. Hydro & telephone at the road. 275 ft. of frontage, 500 ft. of depth. Lots of privacy.
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\$148,500
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\$237,900 (Seller will pay HST if applicable) 449 ft of waterfront on Caribou Lake, with 16.9 acres. Culvert in. Accessible by road with 300 feet on Hwy 522.



\$298,800 3 bdrm cottage on Kawigamog Lake. 150 ft. of waterfront. A/C. Propane furnace. Dry boathouse/bunkhouse with sleeping loft. Add'l bunkie. Water access.



\$330,000 6.9 acre property with 1600+ ft of waterfront on Wauquimakog (Wilson) Lake, part of the Pickerel River system. Accessed by water. Public boat launch close by.



\$365,000 5 bdrm log cottage on Dollars Lake, part of the Pickerel River system. 214 ft of sandy/mixed wf. Crown behind! Partially winterized. Accessed by boat.



\$433,000 2 cottages on Caribou Lake. One 4 bdrm & One 3 bdrm (known as Brooks Cottages). Water frontage on 2 sides of the property. Dock. Turnkey. Private road.



\$433,000 3 - two bedroom cottages (known as Brooks Cottages) on Caribou Lake. Water frontage on 2 sides of the property. 1.4 acres. Dock. Turnkey. Private road



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\$158,800 In-town, 1.68 acre lot. Well elevated. Spectacular south-westerly views of Wilson Lake. Public docks and boat launch in close proximity. Artist concept displayed in picture.



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