

THE BEST LITTLE TOWN BY A DAM SITE!

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**PUBLIC NOTICE**

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THE LATCHFORD AND AREA

**MOOSE CALL**



**June**



**COUNCIL MEETING FOR JUNE TO BE HELD ON THE 18th @ 7:00PM. THIS WILL BE AN ELECTRONIC MEETING AND WILL BE AVAILABLE ON THE TOWN WEBSITE.**

**LEGION MEETING CANCELLED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE DUE TO COVID-19 CONCERNS.**

**LATCHFORD FIRE DEPT. MEETINGS CANCELLED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE DUE TO COVID-19 CONCERNS.**

# Just Passin Through Again

We are into our third month of dealing with this pandemic and we can take some comfort from the fact that in the District of Temiskaming we have, to date, had 18 cases of Coronavirus and all have been resolved with no active cases at this time. The Provincial government toys with the re-opening of all aspects of the economy and while it has to be done in a gradual and safe manner, it is definitely impacting seasonal businesses such as tourist camps. These operators have a limited time period in which to earn their annual income and that is rapidly passing them by. We all have to demonstrate the required levels of sanitation and social distancing to eradicate this pandemic but it is very painful to watch the impact that it is having on small business to the point there are some who will close never to re-open.

The Town of Latchford continues to “play it by ear” in so far as extending grace periods on interest on none payment of quarterly property taxes. This is achievable by the consideration that we are extended by the service providers whom we must pay on a regular and predetermined time frame. The extension of the grace period will be reviewed at our June Council meeting which continues to be held by conference call, recorded and posted on the Town’s web page.

The Federal government has announced a number of commitments to provide stimulus funding for municipal infrastructure projects and we continue to monitor this as our ultra violet project should definitely qualify for this when it becomes available. While participating in a couple of webinars on the potential funding a favourite buzz word or phrase that is commonly used is “shovel ready” and this has now been joined by “shovel worthy”. Our project qualifies on both counts as it is a legislated requirement so we are keeping our fingers crossed that these announcements result in actual funding.

Public Service and Procurement Canada (PSPC) continue to process the transfer of surplus lands to the municipality but with the present crisis all staff is working from home it seems. That has definitely slowed the process but they assure us they are continuing to work on the transfers. Discussions continue with PSPC to allow the Town employees from both Public Works and Environmental operations serve as support operations staff for the Latchford Control Dam. With the skill set our employees bring to that operation and their ready availability in times of need, common sense should make the decision a very easy one.

Take care and stay safe.

**George L.**



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## Contest-Winning Rhubarb Meringue Pie

TOTAL TIME: Prep: 50 min. + chilling Bake: 65 min. + cooling YIELD: 8 servings.

Ingredients: 3/4 cup all-purpose flour, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon sugar, 1/4 cup shortening, 1 tablespoon beaten egg, room temperature 1/4 teaspoon white vinegar  
3 to 4-1/2 teaspoons cold water

### FILLING:

3 cups chopped fresh or frozen rhubarb  
1 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons all-purpose flour  
Dash salt, 3 large egg yolks, 1 cup heavy whipping cream, MERINGUE: 4 teaspoons plus 1/3 cup sugar, divided 2 teaspoons cornstarch, 1/3 cup water, 3 large egg whites, room temperature 1/8 teaspoon cream of tartar

### Directions

1. In a small bowl, combine flour, salt and sugar; cut in shortening until crumbly. Combine egg and vinegar; sprinkle over crumb mixture. Gradually add water, tossing with a fork until a ball forms. Cover and chill for 1 hour or until easy to handle.
2. On a lightly floured surface, roll out dough to fit a 9-in. pie plate. Trim to 1/2 in. beyond edge of plate; flute edges.
3. Place rhubarb in crust. Whisk the sugar, flour, salt, egg yolks and cream; pour over rhubarb. Bake at 350° until filling is set and the pie jiggles when gently shaken, 50-60 minutes.
4. Meanwhile, in a small saucepan, combine 4 teaspoons sugar and cornstarch. Gradually stir in water. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly; cook until thickened, 1-2 minutes. Cool to room temperature.
5. In a small bowl, beat egg whites and cream of tartar until frothy. Add cornstarch mixture; beat on high until soft peaks form. Gradually beat in remaining sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, on high until stiff glossy peaks form and sugar is dissolved.

6. Spread evenly over hot filling, sealing edges to crust. Bake until meringue is golden brown, about 15 minutes. Cool on a wire rack for 1 hour. Store in the refrigerator.

## Strawberry Rhubarb Jam

This classic jam is sure to win you over with its wonderful burst of flavor! Prep Time: 15 mins  
Cook Time 1 hr Total Time 1 hr 15 mins Makes 4 1/2 - 5 cups

### Ingredients

5 cups rhubarb, washed, ends trimmed and cut into 1/2 inch cubes  
3 cups strawberries (fresh or frozen), hulled and cut into halves, 3 cups cane sugar  
Juice of one lemon, seeds reserved and placed in a sachet, tea bag or piece of tied cheesecloth

### Instructions

Place all of the ingredients in a medium heavy saucepan. Bring the ingredients to a boil. Reduce the heat to medium-low, add the lemon seeds/sachet in the mixture. Continue to gently simmer the jam for about an hour, stirring occasionally, or until it reaches 220 degrees F.

If not canning, allow the jam to cool, pour into jars, cover and refrigerate. The jam will keep for up to a month.

Makes 4-5 cups of jam.

For long-term storage (at least one year) can the jam as follows: Sterilize 4 half-pint jars (or 2 pint jars) and their lids and bands. Bring a water canner to a boil. Fill the jars with jam leaving 1/4 inch headspace from the top. Use a wet cloth or paper towel to wipe the rim to make sure it's clean. Place the lids on the jars and screw on the bands. Carefully place the jars in the canner so they are not touching and so that they are covered by at least an inch of water. Boil for 10 minutes. Carefully remove the jars and let them sit undisturbed for 24 hours before storing them. Store them in a dark, cool place and they will keep for at least a year.

While we remain in the shutdown mode, we are hopeful that by July we will be open and again hosting card and horseshoe tournaments. During the month we held a very successful bottle drive as a means of replenishing our finances. The brain child of Comrades Francine and Will Blowe, donations came from Temagami to New Liskeard and we are still having empties dropped off at the Branch. The latest word from our Zone Commander is that there are no firm plans for re-opening any Branches in the Province but indications are that District K, which stretches from Temagami to Hornepayne, could be among the first to open should re-opening of Legion Branches occur in stages. Do not be surprised if you are notified that our Branch holds another bottle drive after the first one was so successful.

**Comrade Sheila Belanger**

**1st Vice**

**Ladies Auxiliary**

**President**

**George**

**Lefebvre**

**Branch 629**



**Letters**

**Sharon;**

It is with pleasure to renew the Moose Call as I enjoy the read very much.

I would also like to give a subscription as a birthday surprise to my long time Latchford friend, Claudette Noel.

A little extra for your coffee fund.

Thanks and keep well.

**Linda Scott (nee Pacaud)**

**North Bay**

**Happy Birthday!**

To a very special sister and brother, Diane and Dennis Hewitt who are celebrating their 65th birthday on June 19th! Today is your day to celebrate. Have a good one!

**Love always! Sister Gail, xoxo.**



## THE BIRDS HAVE COME BACK, INCLUDING THE STARLINGS

In the bush, we used to feed the birds that wintered over with us, just to help them along. Mostly, it was chickadees, nuthatches and the odd bluejay that came to our feeders and these likely didn't really need help, but I felt it was a community sort of thing and so was nice to do. The local woodpeckers got so used to the fat I hung up for them, that they would "Rat-tat-tat" on the wall of the house when it ran out, just to let me know.

The biggest thrill of Spring for us was when the Sandhill Cranes that nested in our marsh came back from Texas where they wintered and flew overhead, calling out to us to let us know they were back. One kind of bird we never saw in the deep forest where we lived were starlings. They liked the farms nearby, but not the bush.

I would see them gathering on the telephone wires at the end of summer and then one day, they were gone. I suppose they'd flown South like the rest of the summer tourists. This migrating behaviour was very different from the one I saw in England, when I was a youth. There, every night starlings would fly from all over to one particular patch of woodland, to roost for the night, every single starling in the whole of the north of England, it seemed.

Our Natural History teacher gave my buddies and I permission one evening to see them coming to the roost and we witnessed the true enormity of Mother Nature. Over a two hour period, the flocks started coming. First, they were in small groups, maybe a thousand birds or so, and then the real onslaught began. At the peak of their homecoming, we wrote in our reports that there were flocks of a million or more birds flying in to roost for the night.

At the time, we schoolboys had no idea

how many individuals there are in a group of a million of anything, so our guesses at the numbers of birds that darkened the skies were wildly inaccurate, or so I suspected at the time. Now-a-days, I'm not so sure.

When I was trying to earn a living as a drunken design engineer, we had a serious discussion at work about how big a million actually was. I took the question home and glued together sheets of graph paper that was marked out in centimetres and millimetres, to make a single sheet that was fifty centimetres by one metre. This gave me a piece of paper with half a million squares on it. Huh. So that's what it looks like.

Now when I remember those flocks of starlings flying in to roost, I don't think our wild estimates were so far off. I suspect some of the flocks were closer to a quarter of a million each at their peak and since there were over a dozen such flocks, then millions of birds would have been close to the mark.

A curious sequel to this adventure occurred when I brought a dead starling back to the school, intending to stuff it and mount it for posterity. Unfortunately, there is a wide gap between intention and action, and the bird's corpse lay unattended for about a week.

The Natural History teacher sought me out to ask me to remove it, as legions of fleas had abandoned their previous host and were marching across the counter en masse, hoping to find another source of food. Given my present obsession with numbers, there must have been thousands of them when I finally cleaned the whole thing up. On one bird? What comes after itching? Scratching indeed. And I thought I had problems. The mind boggles.

**All the best from Charlie by the lake.**

# Rhonda's Garden Tip Page 6

Thinking of new and creative garden projects, here pictured below are different styles of raised garden beds that you may find exciting to tackle this summer.



Bye for now Rhonda

## Subscribers News

I don't think anyone will argue with me when I state that is the strangest month of May that most of us have ever lived through! This ongoing pandemic has resulted in all of us having to live entirely differently than we ever had to in the past. Visiting someone that you don't live with is almost taboo and if their health is in anyway compromised it definitely is taboo. If you are an old guy like me best not go out in public to shop without a face mask on because you can sure get some strange looks. There are still many who "poo! poo!" the whole Covid19 thing but if it makes anyone feel more comfortable then I have no problem with the mask and when I shop for our home and that of a neighbour I always wear the recommended personal protection equipment. Granted, it all comes off as soon as I get back in the car.

The circulation manager had a busy month with three new subscriptions and nine renewals! Linda (Pacaud) Scott of North Bay renewed for another year and gifted her friend Claudette Noel of Etobicoke with a subscription. Then Gail Hewitt dropped off gift subscriptions for her sister Diane Hewitt of Kingston and her old friend Edith Alberta of Haileybury for a year's reading of the 'Call.

Mayor Dan Cleroux of Coleman Township opted for three more years of reading with his renewal whereas Frances Jones Barker of New Liskeard and Jan Aubut of Eramosa, ON both renewed for two more years. My cousin Patricia (Lloyd) Rogers of South Porcupine and Liza (Garreau) Willet of Haileybury stay with us for another year and the circulation manager (wife Sharon) renewed for another year for our daughter Jen Miller of Plymouth, Illinois; granddaughter Hannah Gravelle Bruins of Springfield, Illinois and friend Leona Charlton of Kitchener. Pleasant reading to all and thanks for your continued interest and support as well as the extra so many include.

On the health and fitness front, a number of local residents are dealing with various ailments and illnesses but getting treatment beyond your family Doctor has gotten to be a bit of a challenge during the Covid19 situation. I know that Alice Livingston had an Ottawa appointment cancelled/postponed and I am sure there are others. To all who are ailing or infirm all readers join me in wishing you a return to good health! In typical Latchford fashion and in our present state of not having funeral services or visitation, Sharon Gadoury-East organized a candlelight walk past the home of Alice Livingston in recognition of the passing of her husband Ted. Several dozen of us participated and it was video-taped and shared on Face book so relatives and friends could see it. Alice expressed her sincere appreciation for this gesture.

On a very sombre note May started off here in Latchford in much the same manner as April ended when we lost our very long time resident Edith Rabillard. Edith passed away on May 3rd after a long life of contributing to Latchford in many ways. Her column "Couch Potato" appeared on the pages of the Moose Call for close to 30 years and the Sgt Aubrey Cosens Legion could always count on Edith to read the Prayer of Remembrance on November 11. I had the pleasure of having Edith as my grade one teacher when I entered the Latchford Public School in 1946 and still hold fond memories of that year she taught me. I best remember Edith as the originator of Latchford's slogan, "The Best Little Town by a Dam Site". I believe it was 1967 that she entered that slogan and won the contest, easily I might add. It was just another example of her wry wit. RIP Edith.

**George L.**

**Advertising**

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**Submission Deadline**

All ads must be in by the 23rd of each month to be published in the following month's newsletter. Articles may be edited for space

**C i r c u l a t i o n**

Sharon Lefebvre 676-2129 or write to Circulation Manager at P.O. Box 10, Latchford, ON POJ 1N0.

**S u b s c r i p t i o n s**

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1 year - Regular Print 8.00  
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**Editorial Policy**

: We will not print any news, items, letters, or otherwise containing slanderous, defamatory, or injurious information in reference to the character of any person or entity. The writer of all articles must be identified when items are submitted but may request to remain anonymous in print. All such requests will be honoured.

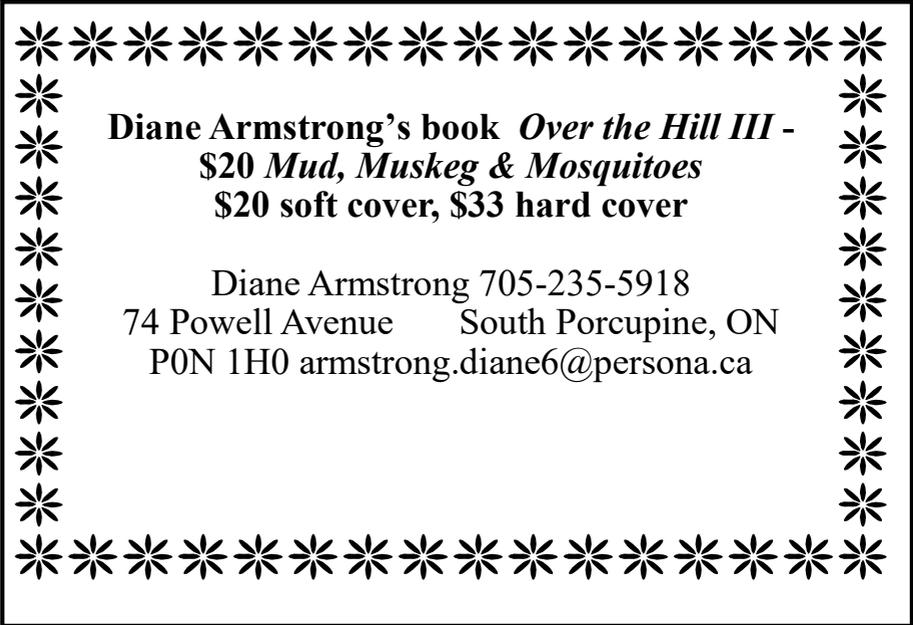


The Latchford Volunteer Fire dept. would like to thank everyone who has donated pop cans and aluminum products over the years. We will no longer be accepting any more of these donations. Please put your pop cans out with your regular recycling. Thank you again for your support.

PUBLIC NOTICE

**STORAGE AVAILABLE**

Winter Storage available for boats, cars, trailers, ATVs etc.  
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## Obituary for Edith Blanche Rabillard (Aldred)



Rabillard, Edith Blanche (nee Aldred) - Died peacefully in her sleep May 03, 2020 at the Temiskaming Lodge.

Born July 27, 1927 in Toronto to Frederick and Florence Aldred, Edith was predeceased by her parents, husband Leo (Pete) Rabillard, brothers Arthur, Frank, Jack and her infant son Joseph.

She will be missed by her daughters Sheila (Sam Wong) of Victoria B.C., Beth (Terry Inglis) of Latchford, Joan of Surrey, B.C. and Anne (Kim Hilston) of Niagara Falls, ON. Also left to remember her are grandchildren Lindsay (Craig Clattenburg), Aaron (Justin) Inglis and Matthew Rabillard-Wong as well as her sister-in-law Annette Belanger as well as her nieces and nephews.

Edith grew up in Toronto where she attended

Norway Public School, Malvern Collegiate Secondary and Toronto Normal School. She also obtained a Bachelor of Arts from Laurentian University. She taught elementary school for 20 years including 4 years in one-room rural schools. Edith served 2 terms on the Latchford Town Council and 2 terms as a trustee with the Temiskaming Board of Education. As an active member of the United Church, she became a licensed lay preacher and led services in churches from Temagami to Milberta. She was a member of the Latchford Public Library, Latchford's Senior Citizen's Action Group, Auxiliary of the Royal Canadian Legion Branch 629 and a member of the Cobalt, Coleman, Latchford and Area Food Bank.

In 2007, in honor of her volunteer work, Edith received the Governor General's Caring Canadian Award which was elevated to the Sovereign's Medal for Volunteer's in 2016.

It was Edith's wish to be cremated and that no memorial service to be held. "Those who wish to remember me, will do so".

Edith's family would like to thank the PSW's, nursing staff, administrative staff and nurse practitioner Joanne all of the Temiskaming Lodge.

As an expression of sympathy donations in Edith's memory can be made to the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto or to a charity of your choice. Condolences and contributions may be left at [www.buffamleveille.com](http://www.buffamleveille.com).

### NOTICE

The Latchford Recreation Committee would invite residents to consider joining their group, as several members have resigned and some are moving away, so very few members will remain. Should they not be able to recruit more people, this organization could very easily fold and this would be very detrimental to the children and adults of Latchford as they provide many activities for all ages throughout the year. Call Sharon @ 705-676-1115 Town Office @705-676-2416 to join up!

## Over the Hill by Diane Belanger Armstrong

With the recent announcement of the demise of the Kapuskasing Times, it seemed only fitting to add my condolences to the people who have come to love their very own weekly newspaper.

I have always had an interest in small town weeklies, having worked for the now-defunct Timmins-Porcupine News in the 1970s. I began writing Over the Hill columns for Timmins Times in 1998. When we travelled, I searched for other weeklies. Most managed to impart the character of the townspeople through their articles. I recall an entire front page picture in one tiny Kentucky town's paper which showed an elderly woman sitting in a rocking chair. In her lap was a cat that had been lost, but which had returned to "Granny Jones". She praised her Lord for the return of her pet. Not a front-page story for the National Post today!

I have been browsing through an October 1935 copy of the Porcupine Prospector and wonder just how many of the articles would be of interest if they should appear in a 2020 copy of Timmins Times or The Speaker of New Liskeard.

"Mrs. George McDonald (married ladies never used their first names in those days) entertained on Friday last in honour of Miss Catherine Foster (unmarried women had first names). The party was in the form of a green and cream kitchen shower. A delightful time was had by the 20 guests," and the names of all the guests followed. "C.V.Gallagher, Frank Evans and Maxwell Smith were in New Liskeard last Sunday and Monday, attending the Firemen's Convention."

The men probably took the Saturday morning train to New Liskeard, stayed over and returned on Tuesday – necessitating a newspaper item to account for their absence from their regular jobs.

I also had access to a few copies of the Star Weekly which were dated between 1931 and 1938. Their ads, if they appeared in periodicals today, would not sell products the way they did almost 90 years ago.

For starters, the average homemaker in that era was most certainly thought to be a stay-at-home

married woman with children. After reading many of the advertisements, one would assume Mrs. Average Homemaker was also a woman of very little brain.

A cartoon-like ad for Oxydol laundry soap has a bubble above "Mrs. Dreary" which says, "Seems to me all I do is scrub dirty clothes. I wouldn't mind so much if they weren't all dirty again 'most as soon as I get rested up."

"Mrs. Cheer's" reply is also in a bubble and says, "Nonsense, child, it's all in the way you go at things. When you use the right soap, I think it's real good fun. If you like the thrill of fresh, snowy white clothes and a job well done – then Oxydol's the soap for you! Its richer extra suds make clothes as fresh and white as a summer cloud. And there's no soap like it for making dishes spick-and-span and sparkling in a jiffy. It never balls up or leaves a scum – and it's wonderfully kind to hands; 50% more suds saves you 47% of the work."

I wonder what mathematician came up with those figures?

When raising children, Mrs. Average Homemaker was told that everything from teething woes to naughtiness to sluggishness could be alleviated by administering a wide variety of laxatives. Could it be safely assumed that if the children were pre-occupied in the outdoor privy, Mrs. Avg. HM could get on with her laundry and dishes?

One of my fondest memories of the winters my nearly-blind grandmother lived with us, was reading her the latest copy of The Haileyburian which arrived in our mailbox in South Porcupine faithfully every Wednesday night.

As a 12-year old, I read the obituaries first so she could note which former neighbour or friend had died, then the rest of the paper. If a "Donnie Smith" scored a goal in Saturday's hockey game, Granny would note that he was the third child of "Bessie and Harold", who lived on "Hill Street" which in another report said was the location of a baby shower for "Mrs. William Jones" hosted by her aunt, **Continued on page 11.....**

**Over the Hill continued.....** “Mrs. J.R. Wilberforce,” and attended by the following well-wishers. That was followed by an announcement by the town council there would be new sewers installed on “Rainbow Avenue” during the summer months.

The exercise brought me closer to my grandmother, improved my reading skills and I sure learned a lot about Haileybury, the town where c my parents grew up – all from reading a weekly newspaper.

**That’s my view from Over the Hill.**

**In Memoriam from Lindsay Inglis Clattenburg**

I am sad. I am very sad. How do you quantify the love you have for a person whose existence helped you become who you are today? Grandma, you loved me when I was difficult to love. You taught me math concepts over and over again when my brain would not (actually could not because of dyscalcula) keep numerical instructions more than a few hours. If it hadn't been for this woman, I never would have reached high school math classes, that is for sure. Grandma, you listened to my stories and encouraged my writing. You corrected my grammar, much to my annoyance, but you were correct to do so.

I attended Sunday School and Library story time because you helped keep those things going in our little community. I sometimes annoyed you during these activities, because I was a child and I occasionally liked to be annoying. You were always comically exasperat-

ed, so that didn't help matters. **Page 11** Several times I asked you to teach me how to knit, but I could never attain the balance and dexterity you had to grab one tight, tiny stitch and with seeming effortlessness on your part, fling it up and over the next, or something like that. I confess, I never really caught on. You were full of hilarious tales and songs. I didn't even mind hearing the same ones repeated. The best song was when you broke into an Irish song that your English mum used to sing. This was in the hospital, near St. Patrick's day, which you always detested, so the song surprised me. It also surprised the nurses who found it humorous. Over 40 years you have been my Grandmother; actually, it would have been 41 years on the 23rd of this month. It pained me to see you lie there, so fatigued that you could barely speak. It amazed me that your body, although around 120 pounds, still fought. How? With what reserve? I do not know. You did not deserve such a drawn out ordeal, but part of you must still rear back against death and the unknown. All of us would, I think. Involuntarily at least. I prayed that you could go in your sleep, easily. I prayed to find out that you were no longer here, but my heart wrenches and tears verily spring to my eyes as soon as you left. My heart breaks. I have never felt this way. It is awful, but I do not want you to suffer more. I will remember you saying, "I just want to sleep." May you sleep away your weariness so that your soul may soar. I love you, Gran.

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## Obituary for Ted Morris Livingston



ment, Marion Pacaud, Pat Sancartier as well as many nieces, nephews and extended family members.

Ted was a lifelong Latchford resident. He worked for many years in the bush and at Milne and Sons Lumber Company. Upon his retirement Ted enjoyed more time in the great outdoors fishing and hunting as well as cheering on his beloved Toronto Maple Leafs. He was a loving husband, brother, uncle and friend. His contagious smile will be missed.

Cremation has taken place at Lakeview Crematorium, Haileybury. Interment will take place at Silverland Cemetery at a later date. As an expression of sympathy, memorial contributions in Ted's memory can be made to Community Cancer Care. Condolences and contributions may be left at [www.buffamleveille.com](http://www.buffamleveille.com).

Livingston, Ted Morris - With sorrow the family announces the death of Mr Ted Livingston at the age of 93 years. Mr Livingston passed away peacefully at the Temiskaming Hospital, Thursday, April 30, 2020 following a long illness.

Born August 12, 1926 in Thornloe, he was the son of the late Frank and Lily Livingston. Ted was predeceased by his parents and his siblings: Edna Aube, Sadie Lepage, Clifford, Bud, Lloyd and Jamie Livingston.

Sadly missed by his loving wife of 66 years Alice [Parliament]; his sister Violet Dean; his in-laws Stewart and his wife Loretta Parlia-

### Thank You Note:

A Heartfelt Thank You for the candlelight walk, phone calls, cards, flowers and the shoppers as well as all the kind words for my dear Ted.

**Alice Livingston.**



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