

## Friends

Reggie Pleasant, a third-year veteran with the Toronto Argonauts, visited the Missionary Church Men's Group last Monday as part of the Athletes in Action program. While he was there speaking to the group, Pleasant made friends with Brad Gubins, 8 (left) and Todd Gilham, 13 (at right).



Photo/BRUCE STAPLEY



## TOWNSHIP OF UXBRIDGE FINAL TAXES

The 2nd final installment of 1989 taxes falls due on Oct. 31, 1989.

Please return complete bill with your payment, if receipt required. Same will be receipted and returned to you.

To avoid penalty or interest charges, payment must be received at the Municipal Office by the due date.

Failure to receive a Tax Notice does not relieve the taxpayer from the responsibility of paying taxes.

**SYLVIA ROBB  
TAX COLLECTOR**

## Outdoors

# Bagged bear a big bounty

**ART BRIGGS-JUDE  
Correspondent**

One-time during the deer season I shot a bear. It was up

near Haliburton and there was about four inches of new snow on the ground. While checking for fresh deer tracks along a recently logged streambed, I stepped into a snow-covered hole and got some water in one boot.

The best place it seemed to writing out my socks and to watch the surrounding landscape was part way up the slope. Having found a good location, I brushed the snow off a nice flat stump and sat down to make the best out of an uncomfortable situation by first dumping the water out my hunting boot. At that moment, the bear appeared.

It was coming off the high ground heading straight towards me, a large animated bundle of black fur ambling along in that typical half-rolling bear gait. Hopping on one leg, I steadied myself against the low stump as best I could, then took aim and fired.

The bear dropped in its tracks, but as I bolted another round into the chamber, it was up and running and it hadn't changed direction. Again the old Enfield roared and again the bear went down, but it didn't remain there.

Now less than 50 yards away, I tried to drop it again, but it wouldn't stay down. Another shot rang out and then another and at a distance of less than 30 yards, the bear swung suddenly to my right and disappeared into a patch of low cedars. It was only after I reloaded the clip that I noticed my bare foot was buried in the snow.

While that was the smaller and less exciting of the two bears our party of four got that season, it created a few stories on its own that the larger bear never did.

As a budding taxidermist at the time, I thought this was an excellent opportunity to tan a bearskin and gain the experience of making a rug.

While part of the tanning process involved keeping the bearskin submerged in a barrel of tanning solution, an equally important procedure was degreasing the skin with hardwood sawdust. The sawdust was removed by hanging the skin over a clothesline and beating it with a flat stick.

Early one afternoon, I had just completed beating the stuffing out of my bear skin and was taking it off the clothesline when I

noticed several school children starting to cut across our large corner lot.

The kids weren't just content to take a shortcut behind the apartment house, they had to stop enroute and pick my wife's garden flowers to take to their teacher.

This time, luck was on my side, for they hadn't noticed me. Quickly, I slipped into one of the empty garages, pulled the bearskin over me and tied it at my waist with a short piece of rope.

Now, with the skin over my head and my hands shoved into the bearpaw sockets, I eased the garage door open and got down on my hands and knees.

The two little girls and one boy were watching the back door of the apartment building as they approached. The girls were also holding small bouquets of daffodils behind their backs.

Up until that time, I couldn't remember if I had ever previously growled like a bear. However, I must have been convincing on my initial attempt because when the door partially opened and I growled and jumped out and back in again, the results were instantaneous.

The wide-eyed kids took off down the driveway, leaving a trail of scattered flowers.

Best of all, not one of the kids in Connaught School ever used that shortcut again. But that wasn't the end of that bearskin's shenanigans.

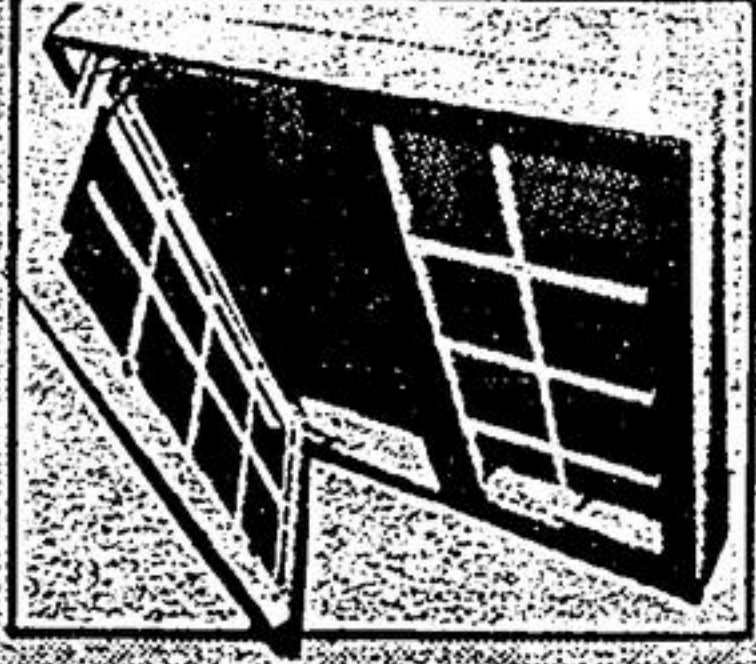
A year later, just after the deer season ended, there was a late knock on my door. I opened it to confront a very concerned young man.

"Do you have a bearskin for sale?" he asked, with more than a touch of pleading in his tone. When I told him I only had the one I was making into a rug, his eyes lit up. "I'll give you \$25 for it right now," he said. Though that was a lot of money in those days, I shook my head.

Then he told me the strangest tale of how he had told his future wife that he had shot a bear. "If I don't produce the evidence," he said, "She'll lose faith in me and could even break off our engagement." I shrugged my shoulders and pocketed the \$25. Who was I to stand in the way of nuptial bliss, even if I knew that one of the couple was telling a 'bear-faced' lie.

# WINDOWS WINDOWS

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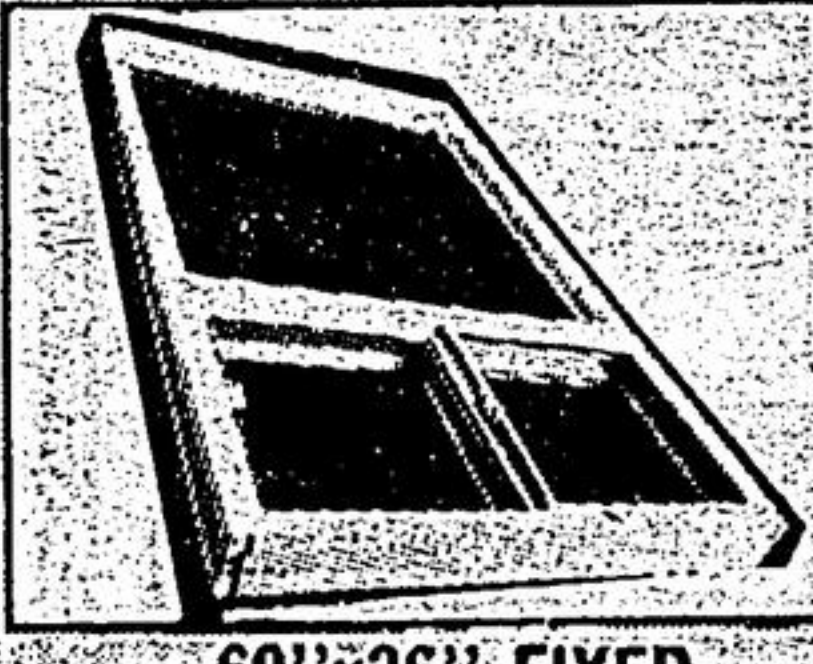
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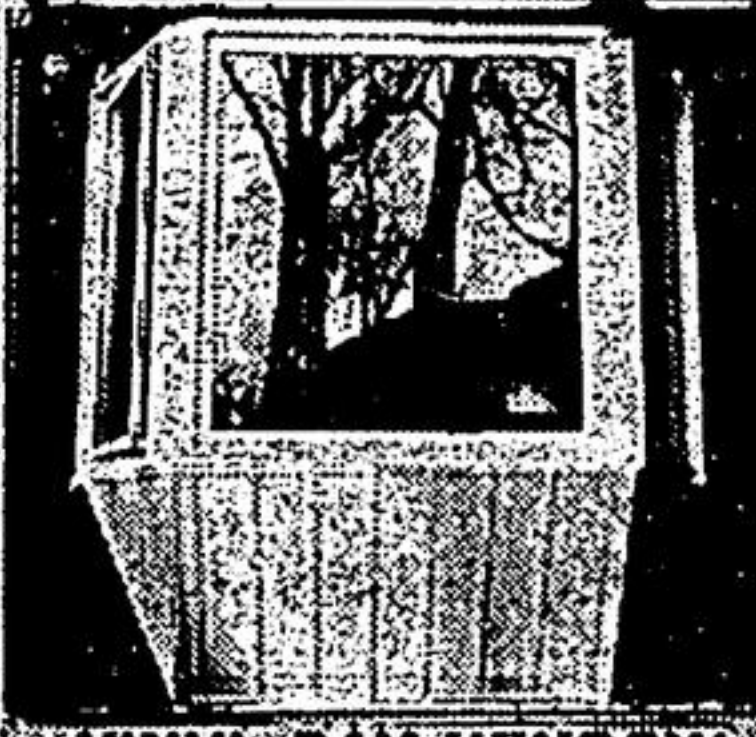
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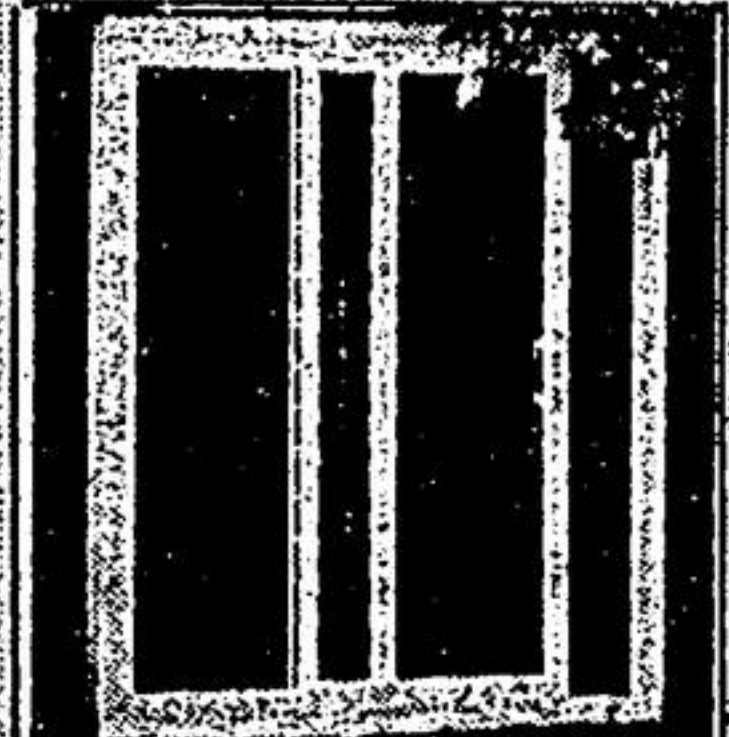
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