

# **Batch # 1**

**Algonquin Family Connections**

## Algonquin Family Connections

Our lineage intertwines with many Algonquin lines through marriage and being raised with them.

This we wish to show you, because we believe that this shows many from our line who grew up believing they were Algonquin and still believe that to this day.

Below are some Family Connections:

### **First Connection:**

This first connection begins with Francois Xavier Turcotte who married Sophie St Jean. Follows through to their son Bruno Turcotte who married Marie Emelie Turcotte. Then follows through to their daughter who married Emil Sylvestre. Then the line follows down through to their son Norman Sylvestre. Norman James Sylvester was my first cousin and my Godfather. He married Joyce Elizabeth Needham whose family line goes back through to Irene Philomene Danis then to her parents Henri Danis and Mary-Ann Jocko. Then to her parents Jean Baptiste Jacko and Elizabeth Louis Jacob. Then to Jean Baptiste Jacko's parents Alphonse Jacob/Dufont/Dupont and Mortie Kisnickenhe. And Elizabeth' parents were Francois Jacob Jacko and Mani Whiteduck. All names are on the Algonquin Ancestors list. Elizabeth's Granddaughter Ida married Harold Ross, so that ties the Ross line in too. I went to school with my second cousin and daughter of Norman Sylvestre and Joyce Needham in grade seven at Holy Name School in Pembroke.

**(Please see the 2 family Genealogy charts and Family Photos attached that shows these connections as well as to Sophie Jamme dite Carriere and Thomas Lagarde dit St Jean.)**

### **Second Family Connection:**

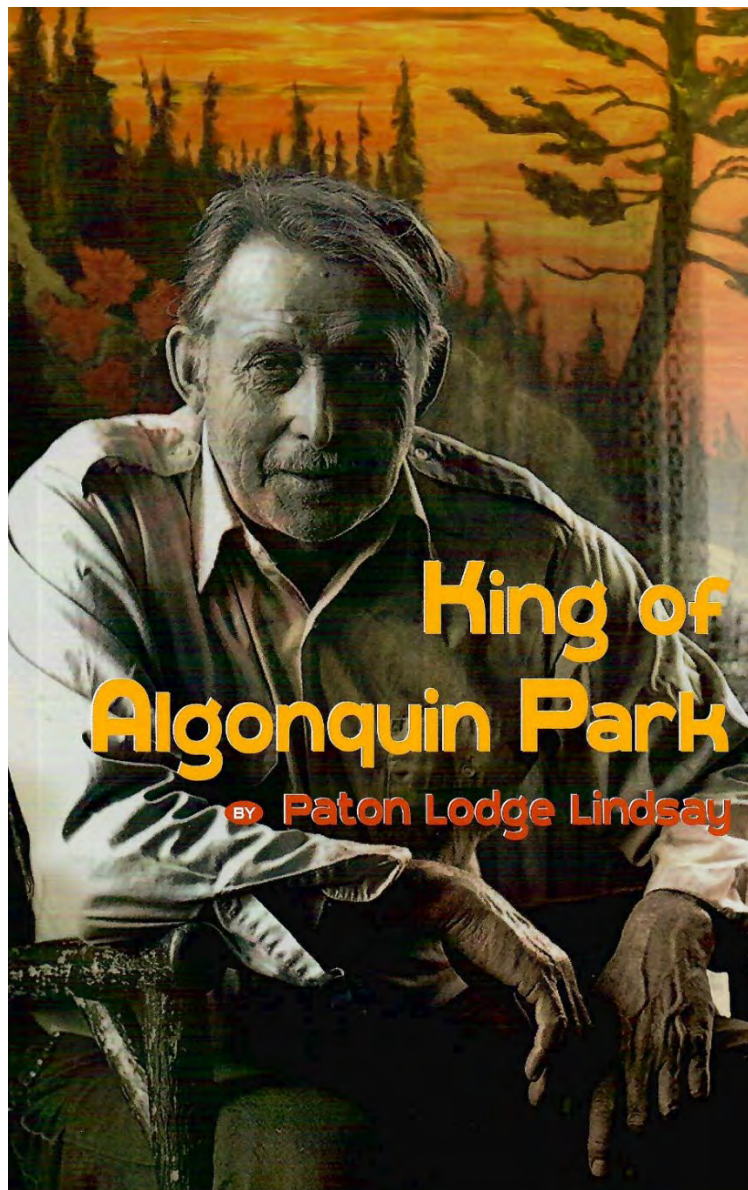
Our next family connection to another Algonquin line can be collaborated though the collection of books King of Algonquin Park and two other books written by Paton Lodge Lindsay. These books were based on the life of Emmett Chartrand (Born December 06, 1915) who was a well know trapper, survivalist, Algonquin Snowshoe maker and is a relative of mine through Elizabeth Felicite Turcotte. She was my grandfather's (Bruno Turcotte) sister and she was Emmett Chartrand's grandmother on his father's side of the family. Elizabeth Felicite Turcotte made Deer skin mitts and moccasins for him. **(Written on Page 89 in the Book King of Algonquin Park.)** Emmett Chartrand and his sister were sent to Black Bay to spend some time with and were raised by Elizabeth Felicite Turcotte and her husband Michel Chartrand. Emmett Chartrand grew up speaking French and Indian. He grew up for the most part in Algonquin Park, trapping and hunting to survive and staying one step ahead of the MNR game wardens who were out to catch him for poaching. He was never caught and in his later life he became friends with many of the MNR game wardens and gave courses. **(Written on Page 230-231 in the Book King of Algonquin Park.)**

He married into the Jocko line through Katherine Mary Jocko who is the aunt of Wendy Jocko the ANR/Chief of The Pikwakanagan. Emmett Chartrand is the father of Jane Anne Chartrand who is a well-known member of Pikwakanagan.

Emmett Chartrand's father Francis Edward Chartrand buried his wife (Maria Towns) at the Chutes below Black Bay where she always liked to stop and have picnic lunches. **(Written on Page 87 in the Book King of Algonquin Park.)** Why was she buried there? Was it because, it was an Algonquin Tradition? Why was she not given a Christian burial?

**(Please see attached Emmett Chartrand Family Tree.)**

### Cover of The Book



Grampa didn't speak much English. We were so lonesome with our family all gone and no one to talk to but we had each other. My sister was about four and I was eight. We never went to school because it was too far; we grew up in the square timber camps speaking French and Indian. If it wasn't for Gramma, I know we would have died because we would have starved or froze to death.

"I remember back when Gramma wanted a sewing machine so bad. She had a few chickens and a cow and would sell stuff to the loggin' camps and the townspeople to make some money. She sold eggs for ten cents a dozen and hand-churned butter for fifteen cents a pound. She saved all her extra money for a year and a half and at last she bought that new treadle sewing machine.

"Gramma looked after us orphans. We had no clothes. She took old wool pants and cut the backs outta the legs to make pants for me. A workingman never wore out the seat of his pants, so it was good material, and she made me some fine pants. Once she had a woman's coat, kind of white and black checkers, and she made two real nice shirts outta that. Boy, I wore them a long time . . . and they were really warm. She'd made me deerskin mitts and deerskin moccasins, too. Yes, yes, yes . . . when I think back to old times. One time I didn't have any coat to wear, and Gramma gathered up all the heavy material she could find and pieced it all together, so I was fitted out with my own coat of many colours. Another time, I had a coat made from a plaid blanket with the fringes sewed across the front and back like an Indian jacket. I was so proud of my new coat. Jeez, we lived poor.

"When I was ten years old, I remember I wanted a bike so bad. My father said I didn't need one; I was old enough to go to the logging camps and work. My Gramma made him leave me at home that year. Well, sir, I made five cents here and ten cents there, but I was going to have a bicycle. One time, I split a half-cord of firewood, and the lady gave me ten cents. I got ten of those great, big, brown coppers. Boy, did I feel well paid. Another time, I split and piled a cord of wood, and the lady gave me a quarter.

"I'd walk for miles into the bush. Leave at daylight in the morning, and I was just a kid, with a couple of pieces of home-made bread and butter and some brown sugar on it, and that was it. I'd go and stay out alone and fish all night and sell those fish.

## Pages 230-231

PATON LODGE LINDSAY 230

Trapper knew the terrain of Algonquin Park as well as he knew the back of his own hand. He had travelled it in every season and had walked or paddled every inch of it. Sitting about a campfire with Trapper, he would relate the tales of canoe trips that took him down the North Branch of the Petawawa River through the Big Thompson and Little Thompson Rapids, the Grillade and Crooked Chute, down the Rollaway and through the Natch, the Schooner Rapids, the Five Mile Rapids, and Crooked Rapids, the Racehorse and White Horse and the Half Mile. He had run the north branch hundreds of times. He had paddled the south branch from Lake Traverse to Black Bay many hundred times. He had crossed the park from Kiosk to Petawawa and from the Oxtongue to the Bissett. During his travels, his pack had become filled with knowledge that he was only too happy to share with schoolchildren, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, and Junior Rangers, and with university and college students who would in the future manage the environment, as well as with the new young generation of trappers who would humanely manage wildlife populations.

Trapper was idealistic, compassionate, and honourable. He had a rather peculiar sense of honour. He'd take the shirt off your back if you weren't wearing it and give it to someone who needed it. At the same time, he'd take the shirt off his own back and give it to you if you needed it. He was, to say the least, a man among men. There were those who loved him and those who hated him but everyone had a healthy respect for him.

I had returned to Wakami to revisit my life, to revisit the beautiful pristine wilderness that was now only a memory. I had driven through the clear-cuts that now surrounded Wakami Provincial Park. Everything is clear-cut right to the park boundaries. Having driven through the raped forest that was now a mere slash and tangle of logging debris and blowdown, I found myself sitting alone on the shore of Wakami Lake, looking across the silent waters, looking back in time, looking deep into my heart.

The princess, sleeping beauty, was in a deep slumber, curled within the folds of the arctic sleeping bag on a round pole bunk in the magical log castle. From some distant time sector, a lonely, plaintive cry filtered through the depths of sleep to announce the

KING OF ALGONQUIN PARK 231



Emmett Chartrand at pioneer logging exhibit, Algonquin Park, ca. 1967.  
(Photo courtesy Chartrand family)

dawn of a new day. My eyelids struggled against some unknown force that dared to hold them shut tight. I stretched the full length of the sleeping bag until cold nipped at my toes. Quickly they recoiled to my warm body and in protest I drew the folds of the sleeping bag back about my neck. My eyes once more gave way to that involuntary force and I sighed, "Just ten minutes more!"

Again, that eerie call from afar lured me from the peaceful depths. Nature surely seemed to be laughing at my comfort. She beckoned again and again, calling,

"Come on, get up! Come on, get up!"

From mist-enshrouded ponds she laughed, ushering in the cheer of the new morn. Mother Nature, too, must have heard the call, as morning flickered a golden light up over the eastern hills, bringing life to the day. Her children, all in green finery, lined the shore and bade good morning by nodding their heads in a whispered breeze that was escort to a milky film hanging as drapery over this mural painted by God alone. As Mother Nature exhaled, the mists drifted, the masterpiece was unveiled, black, quiet waters mirrored lacy hemlock and tamarack, fluorescent poplar and birch, and maples hot with fire from a sun dripping flames to the waking earth.

A short story about Emmett Chartrand in Algonquin Park.

**(See attached 4-page document Fur Harvester)**

ner of the quick  
arms. My sister  
ll-like face. Her  
blue eyes to look  
d at Gramma. I

to stay with us  
ph. Isn't he just

g, nodded agree-  
very beautiful at  
for a brother. In  
at all. I looked

g and overflow  
two big tears fell  
and pulled us to-  
us. Your mama  
God she said she  
special baby for  
that she will al-  
ep you together

Joseph to look

h another man  
ck to us, too.'  
r. 'Your mama  
here you would  
at there forever

ma. Father was  
Grampa talked,  
ay came when

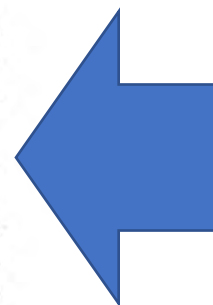
Papa packed up our stuff in the bag and said we were leaving. Gramma wanted him to leave us with her, but he said no. He would leave the baby with her, but he would take us to the camp in the bush with him. He packed the wagon and told Gramma we'd stop by the river to visit with Mama for a few minutes on the way to camp, and we were gone.

"At the Chutes below Black Bay, Father stopped the wagon, and we walked down the trail to the river's edge where Mama always liked to lunch. My sister was so happy we were going to visit Mama. She skipped along swinging her little arms and singing the hymn she and Mama used to sing whenever we'd come there. Papa knelt on the grave and talked to Mama and told her what he did with the baby and promised her he would keep us together and that he loved her and missed her very much. My little sister brought out a paper sack with brown sugar sandwiches that she had made all by herself for the picnic she thought we'd be having because Papa said we were stopping at the river to visit Mama. We stood quietly by the river looking at the place where Mama was buried.

"In a few minutes, we walked back to the wagon. Papa reached to lift my sister into the wagon. She yelled, 'No!' and ran back down the trail to the river. Papa and I followed after her. She knelt and laid the paper sack of brown sugar sandwiches on Mama's grave and turned to Papa. 'Mama didn't eat for a long time and she will be hungry. She'll find these sandwiches and know we came to visit her. Mama will eat them when she comes back from God's. She won't stay with Him. You'll see, she'll come back to us.'

"Well, of course Mama never did come back, and my little sister didn't understand. Papa took us with him into the old logging camps in Algonquin Park and we lived with the loggers in the camps, and from that day on, I knew what hard times were. I was just eight years old—and boy, did I know what hard times were."

I walked silently by his side as memories clouded his face and the tears dripped from his chin.



In the attached publication of (The Writers' Union of Canada)

**(See Attached Document)**

**Jane Chartrand, daughter of Emmett Chartrand states that: Her mother Katherine and father Emmett were both of an Algonquin bloodline and for this she has had the experience known only to a child of an Aboriginal background.**

Since she has admitted that Emmett Chartrand was from an Algonquin bloodline, that being from his grandmother Elizabeth Felicity Turcotte's line, we feel we can take this to mean that she Elizabeth Felicity Turcotte was from the Algonquin bloodline that Jane Chartrand is referring to.

In the Pemmican Publication Inc. **(See Attached Document)**

Jane Chartrand refers to her being the daughter of a METIS father.

Again, this indicates he is from an indigenous bloodline.

**(See additional attached document-Aboriginal Resources & Services)**

### **Another Algonquin Family Connection**

Connie Mielke's first Cousin Doreen Sylvestre 's husband was a proud RCMP named Robert Sarazin.

He was the son of Joseph Sarazin and the late Fortunate Servant.

**(See RCMP-Robert Sarazin-Obituary Attached)**

## **Turcotte Family Connection**

In this photo you will see John (Jack) Turcotte standing near his mother Ester Hurteau and his second Common-law wife named Margaret Buckshot. He lived with Margaret in Toronto for many years until he passed away.

**(See Attached Photo)**

**Buckshots were known to live in the Sharbot Lake Community and the Snimikobi Community. They are also shown as living in the Indian Village in Deep River.**

**This is a recorded native marriage:**

**Lamure, David | Buckshot, Elisabeth**

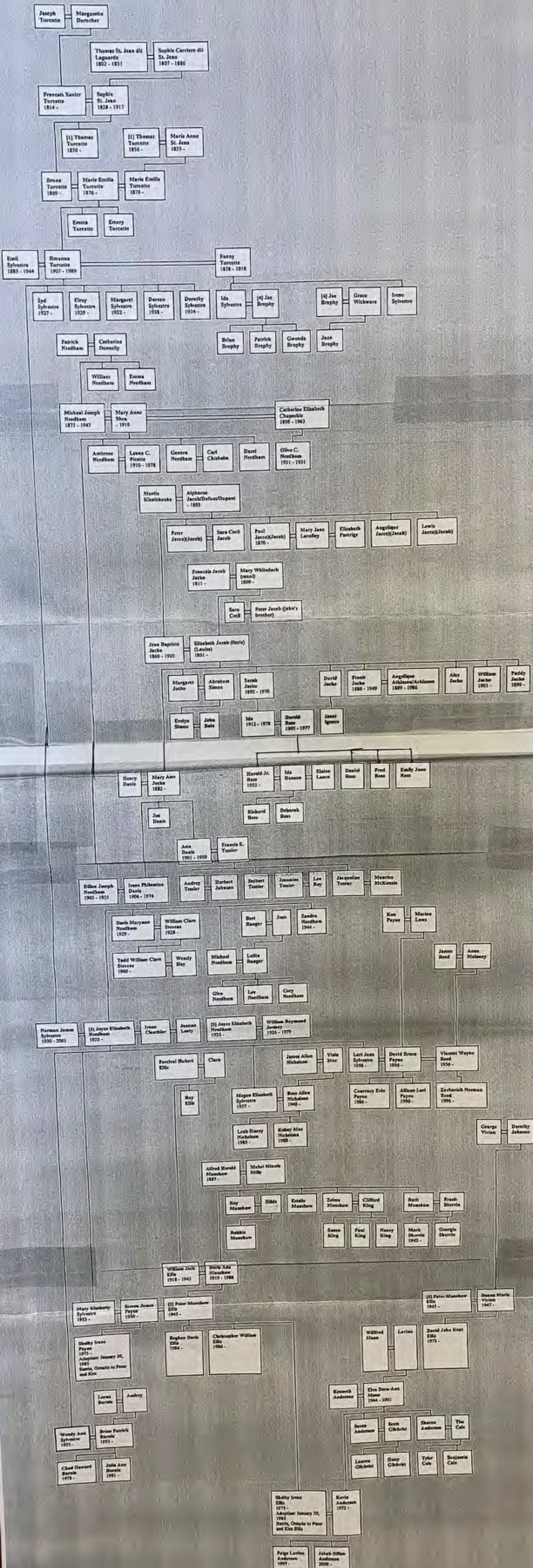
Submitted By:

Connie Mielke

Denise Chaput



All-in-One Tree of Wendy Ann Sylvestre



CONFIDENTIAL

BURNIE

Ancestors of Wendy Ann Sylvestre (11951)

208

Connie Mielke's first cousin and my Godfather

Connie Mielke's second cousin

-7  
I went to school with Wendy in Grade 7 at Holy Name School

Wendy Ann Sylvestre (11951)  
b. 27 Oct 1951  
at Pembroke

Norman James Sylvestre (14825)  
b. 27 Sep 1901  
at Pembroke, ON  
d. 24 May 2001  
at Otonabee, ON  
m. 22 Aug 1928  
at Pembroke, ON

Emile Sylvester (14824)  
b. 22 Sep 1882  
at Black Bay, Peterborough, Ont.  
m. 1928  
at

Rosanna Turcotte (14823)  
b. 5 May 1887  
at Pembroke, Ont.

Dillon Needham (16511)  
m.  
at

Joyce Elizabeth Needham (15198)  
b. 27 Jan 1922  
at Pembroke, ON

Irene Philomene Danis (16510)  
b. 27 Oct 1926  
at Pembroke, ON  
d. 2003  
at Ontario

Bruno Turcotte (12576)  
b. 1889  
at Black Bay, Peterborough, Ont.  
m. 1 Mar 1929  
at Pembroke, Ont.

Marie Emilia Turcotte (12577)  
b. 6 May 1878  
at Black Bay, Peterborough, ON

Henri Danis (16509)  
m.  
at

Mary Ann Jodco (4579)  
b. 2 May 1882  
at Pt. St. Michel, ON

Francois Xavier Turcotte (11560)  
b. circa 1824  
at Quebec  
m. 05 Dec 1849 1849  
at Colinet Island, PQ.

Sophie St. Jean (11561)  
b. 22 Apr 1822  
at Quebec  
d. 24 Dec 1887  
at Pembroke, ON

Thomas Turcotte (15189)  
b. 22 Jan 1828  
at Albertville Island, PQ.  
m. 22 Apr 1874  
at Albertville Island, PQ.

Marie Anne St. Jean (15180)  
b. 1835  
at

Jean Baptiste Jodco (4578)  
b. circa 1827  
at Quebec  
m. 22 Jan 1882  
at Point St. Michel, Ont.

Elizabeth Jacob (5470)  
b. circa 1825  
at Ontario

Joseph Turcotte (11562)  
m.  
at

Marguerite Durocher (11563)  
m.  
at

Thomas St-Jean dit Lagarde (11565)  
b. 1821  
at Quebec  
d. 1878  
at Quebec  
m. 25 Aug 1852  
at St. Charles, PQ.  
This account is a duplicate.

Sophie Carriere dit St. Jean (11566)  
b. 2 Jan 1827  
at St. Charles, PQ.  
d. 23 Apr 1888  
at Quebec

Francois Xavier Turcotte (11560)  
b. circa 1824  
at Quebec  
This person is a duplicate.

Sophie St. Jean (11561)  
b. 22 Apr 1822  
at Quebec  
d. 24 Dec 1887  
at Pembroke, ON  
This account is a duplicate.

Defond Jodco (9734)  
m.  
at

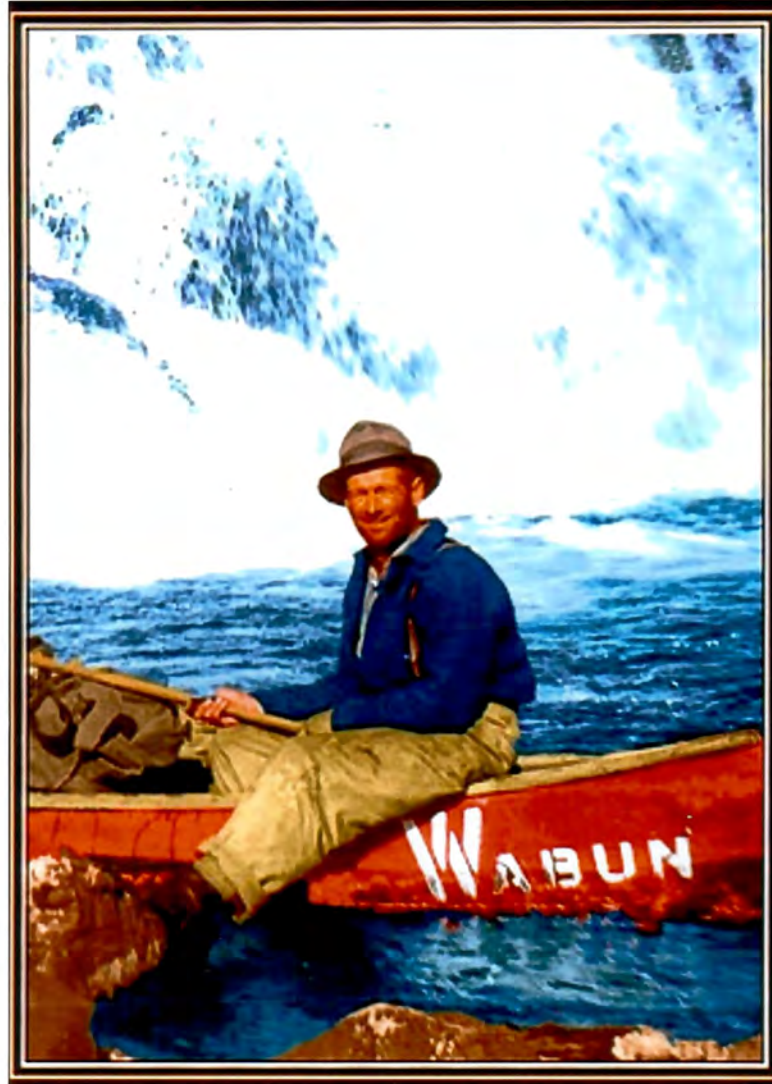
Mortie Ksnickenher (9735)  
m.  
at

Francois Jacob Jodco (5468)  
b. 1828  
at

Mani Whiteduck (5469)  
b. 1829  
at





























**Emmett Joseph Chartrand**

Born 06-Dec-1915 #2  
Pembroke, Ont.  
Marr 09-Jun-1941  
Madawaska, Ont.

**Francis Edward Chartrand**

Born abt. 1890 #4  
Petawawa, Ont.  
*MARRIED Aug. 11/1913*

**Maria Towns**

Born 1897 #5  
Barry's Bay, Ont.

**Emmett Joseph Chartrand**

Born 25-Aug-1953 #1  
Whitney, Ont.  
Marr 15-Jul-1972  
Barry's Bay, Ont.  
Spouse: Janet Jane Peplinski

**Katherine Mary Jocko**

Born 07-Apr-1922 #3  
Madawaska, Ont.

**Paul Jocko**

Born #6  
Golden Lake, Ont.

**Mary Jane Lavalley**

Born 16-Jun-1893 #7  
Radcliffe, Ont.

**Michael Chartrand**

Born 16-Aug-1856 #8  
Ontario  
Marr 07-Jul-1879  
Pembroke, Ont.

**Elizabeth Felicite Turcotte**

Born 26-Feb-1861 #9  
Ontario

**Jocko**

#12

**Unknown**

#13

**John James Lavalley**

Born abt. 1859 #14  
Marr 09-Jul-1885  
Brudenell, ON

**Philomene Cecile Ellen Francois**

#15

**Francois Chartrand**

Marr 01-Jul-1845 #16

**Eleanor Couturier**

#17

**Francois Xavier Turcotte**

Born Abt. 1814 #4  
Quebec  
Marr 05-Oct-1848  
Calumet Island, PQ

**Sophie St. Jean**

Born 25-Apr-1828 #5  
Quebec  
Died 24-Dec-1917  
Pembroke, Ont.

**Denis Lavalley**

Born Abt. 1831 #28

**Mary Catherine Angela Baptiste**

Born 1831 #29

**Xavier John Francois**

Born 1837 #30

**Zabet Haley**

#31

**Joseph Turcotte**

Marr January 12, 1813 #8  
L'Assumption, Quebec

**Marguerite Durocher**

#9

**Thomas St-Jean dit Laguarde**

Born 1802 #10  
Ontario  
Marr 20-Aug-1827  
St-Eustache, P.Q.  
Died 1851 Quebec

**Sophie Carriere dit St. Jean**

Born 02-Jun-1807 #11  
St-Eustache, P.Q.  
Died 23-Apr-1886  
Quebec

**Jean Baptiste Turcotte**

Marr August 13, 1771 #16

**Marie Adelaide Gagnon**

#17

**Paul Laguarde dit St. Jean**

#20

**Marguerite Poirier dit Dodge**

#21

**Fransway**

#28

**Not Stated**

#29



# The Fur Harvester

VOLUME #10, ISSUE #1 AUTUMN/WINTER 2000-01



*Official Publication of: Fur Harvesters Auction Inc. of North Bay*

# The Fur Harvester



VOLUME #10, ISSUE #1

AUTUMN/WINTER 2000-2001

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#### COVER CREDIT

*This issue is dedicated to Emmett Chartrand  
1915-2000*

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better understanding of Canada's founding industry.*

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official Fur Harvesters Auction Inc. policy.*

# In Memory of Emmett Chartrand

From the Editor

Anyone ever having met Emmett Chartrand would never forget him. A lean, tenacious, sinew-like man who never kept his tongue in his pocket. During hard times, Emmett never would have had to rely on anyone for help. He was a shining example of self sufficiency. He had an unprecedented ability as an outdoorsman. If there was ever anyone who I would want on my side during troubled times, my list would be short and Emmett would be on it. Though 60 years my senior, I was proud to call him my friend.

Emmett was a supporter of OTA and aggressively promoted FHA from the beginning 'til his last day. Emmett caught his first beaver at 10 years of age. He knew Algonquin Park better than anyone, having spent much of his young runaway life in a root house near White Partridge Creek in a still remote corner of Algonquin Park. In the early years, as a teenager and into his early twenties, the Park was his trapping grounds and also, to a fair number of others – what Emmett called beaver men. Lands & Forest personnel (now MNR) would call them poachers, for these men once travelled and trapped this country before it was labelled as what it is today.

Emmett was of the opinion that this was his father's grounds before and was now passed on to him. He often told me how senseless it was to take such a vast area out of production. He would go on what he called beaver runs, starting on the west side of the Park and coming out on the east side, and always on foot for weeks on end, with just a small pack on his back.

During the great depression, this was his only way to support himself with a very few traps and a 25-20 lever action Winchester. Emmett made his beaver runs trapping and trenching beaver from one side to the other, staying in old tilts and remnant ruins of square timber day camboose camps. The beaver pelts were tacked to dry around large standing white pines. "You never stayed longer than one night in the same place", he said, "for they'd be on ya" (the rangers). "From the start of the beaver runs 'till the end, you were hunted by them", he'd say. "A lot of my chums and others were caught in there", he often told me. The rangers patrolled the boundaries of the park heavily - always watching for man tracks, as he'd say, on tote roads and on the railway beds. To avoid his trail being picked up, he would carve stilts with moose feet to cross these heavily patrolled regions. Once on the other side, he'd pack his beaver in canvass bags

and lash them to a drifting log and float across the Ottawa River to Quebec where beaver were legal. He would paddle his canoe slowly behind his valuable drifting cache. The rangers all knew him and spent lots of nights freezing their asses off in hopes of catching him but they never did. Close many times, very close, but as he told the rangers, "close only counts in games of horseshoes".

It was just a matter of time before the Lands & Forest approached Emmett and tried to commandeer his services as a ranger. Who better to track and catch a poacher than such a man. Emmett signed on as a ranger for several years. Later on, he was employed at the original Pioneer Logging Museum and shared his knowledge of the bush with park staff and visitors alike. He knew of many camboose camp sites within the Park, long ago abandoned after the square timber white pine era. He told me of many of these sites and their location and of tools and pots such as dutch ovens he had stashed over the years. These camps would have been abandoned nearly two hundred years earlier. "You must know what to look for when going in there (Algonquin Park)", he'd say. "The old boys put them camps up in certain types of places. The old fire pit in the middle of the camp was originally made of wood and stone, growing out of it now will be round dogwood", he'd tell me. "It grows there and nowhere else because of the deep layer of ash from the fires".



*Emmett helping out after the convention, pelting what was left of the competition fur.*

What best describes the life of Emmett Chartrand and his ability as a woodsman was in an article written in The Raven by Russ Rutter (see inside front cover). The Raven is a popular Algonquin Park newsletter. It is sad to think that Emmett may well be the last of his kind to know of such things first hand. He came from humble beginnings and ended as an icon in my eyes of what a real man was and should be. Thanks for the teachings and your friendship Emmett. I know you will find a good trap ground in heaven, even if it is called a park by God. Heaven may have a better chance to tame Emmett but I'm betting those responsible for the task will fail. I'll just have to wait and see.

Respectfully,

*Mark Downey*  
Mark Downey

# EMMETT CHARTRAND 1915 - 2000

*"If you would see the headwaters of the Bonnechère River, which rises near White Partridge Lake in the east central part of the Park, you must be prepared to travel far with a canoe on your back. There is good water there, but the portages are long and the hills are high, and it is no place for the easy traveller. You should also know something of the country because travel off established routes in Algonquin Park can be extremely frustrating at any time if you are unfamiliar with the lay of the land. There is always the unexpected beaver pond or the stream that looks big on the map but will not float a canoe.*

*We were lucky when we went in, for we had as a guide a man - whom we shall call The Woodsman (The "Woodsman" referred to here was Emmett Chartrand, a colourful lumberjack and trapper from the village of Madawaska south and east of Algonquin.) - who had known this country years before and had roamed over it literally foot by foot. He had a phenomenal memory for landmarks, and knew not only the gross features of the landscape but many individual trees, rocks, beaver ponds, deer trails, and other marks that help a man to find his way in the bush.*

*One of the purposes of this trip was to look for (The Woodsman would have said "to bring out," for he never doubted his ability to find them) a pair of skidding tongs from the old square timber days, which he had found and hung in a tree more than 20 years before. We paddled across lakes, threaded our way over little-used portages, and walked across beaver dams, and at last found the clue we were seeking - the remnant of an old logging road that started at the base of a huge heavily wooded hill, sloping up steeply on our left. From here it was easy - for The Woodsman. First there was an ancient skidway, then a faint deer trail leading up the hill, then a skidding trail, grown up with trees and filled with dead leaves and then the tongs, looking as if they might have been hung there yesterday, except for a deep groove in the limb on which they hung, caused by the continuous weight for 26 years.*

*For the benefit of the uninitiated, perhaps it should be explained that dragging a log through the bush to a convenient loading place is called "skidding" and a skidway is a framework of logs flat on the ground on which the skidded logs are piled and from which they are loaded onto a conveyance that will take them the next stage of their journey to the mills. In this case they would have been dumped on the ice of the Bonnechère, to be floated downstream on the spring floods. All log hauling was done in winter in the early days of lumbering, since it was much easier to make a sleigh road in the snow than to construct a road for wheeled vehicles, and much heavier loads could be pulled by horses on a sleigh.*

*This Bonnechère country is dotted with rotting skidways, for it was on the timber limits of the McLachlin Brothers, one of the earliest companies to penetrate deep into what is now Algonquin Park in the days of the Big Pine. A mile from the tong site we located one of their camboose camps, now outlined by 40-foot long mounds of earth that once were walls, and in the centre the camboose itself. Originally made of wood and stones, it now supports a luxuriant growth of round-leaved dogwood, apparently thriving in the deep accumulation of ashes, as we saw it nowhere else in the neighbourhood. The ashes puzzled us for a moment for they had hardened into a semi-solid material resembling low-grade concrete. A couple of worn-out crosscut saws, the rusted skeleton of a pail, parts of a tobacco box put together with square nails, and a crumbling river-driver's boot were all we could find to tell of the roaring activity that once went on here when the lumberjacks gathered around the camboose to dry their sox (sic), smoke their pipes, and play their lusty games."*

*The Raven*



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## Jane Chartrand



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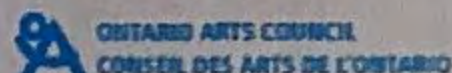
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Born and raised in the small hamlet of Madawaska in Ontario, Jane Chartrand has made her name known in Aboriginal Circles. Her mother, Katherine and father, Emmet were both of an Algonquin bloodline and for this she has had the experiences known only to a child of an Aboriginal background. Jane lived with her maternal Grandmother, Nokomis, in the village at a young age. Her Nokomis taught her the traditions and beliefs of the Algonquin People. It was through Nokomis's elaborate storytelling that Jane was told the tales that she now retells. At sixteen, Jane married and began a family of her own. She is the mother of three and Grandmother to eight children. She has lived in many areas but finally calls Kingston, Ontario home.

### PUBLICATIONS:

*The Bear's Long Tale.* Pemmican Publications Inc.,  
*Dreamcatcher Pool.* Pemmican Publications Inc.,  
*How the Eagle Got His White Head.* Pemmican Publications Inc.,

**GENRE:** Algonquin Legends

**AUDIENCE SIZE:** 40-50

**GRADES:** K - 10

**LENGTH:** 50 min.

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### Presentation Description:

Jane Chartrand tells her stories with stuffed animals relating to characters in the stories. Many aboriginal teachings are involved in her stories. For the finale, she brings the audience into a question and answer period. "The Dreamcatcher Pool" is a two-day workshop as the participants make a dreamcatcher and a pool, under the guidance of Jane Chartrand.

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### Jane Chartrand

Written by Rhiannon Margarita  
Wednesday, 08 March 2006

Jane Chartrand, daughter of a Metis father and Algonquin mother, grew up by the banks of the Madawaska River in Northern Ontario.

As the family's eldest granddaughter, Jane spent the years from early childhood to her late teens under the watchful eye of her grandmother whom she called Nokomis.

Jane now lives and works in the Kingston area in Ontario.

Jane Chartrand has written three books they are "The Bear's Long Tail," "The Dreamcatcher Pool" and "How The Eagle Got Its White Head."

Last Updated ( Thursday, 23 March 2006 )

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## Aboriginal Resources and Services

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*Corrections  
Canada  
Retired 1996*

**Notes:** Jane Chartrand is a Métis author who grew up by the banks of Madawaska River in Northern Ontario. One of her books is How The Eagle Got His White Head, the first of three books in the Birchbark Series which explores stories based on traditional Algonquin legends.

**Resource Type(s):** Author, Children's author

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**SARAZIN, Robert**

On January 30, 2015, in his 80th year. He was the son of the late Joseph Sarazin and of the late Fortunate Servant. He leaves to mourn his children Donna (Eric) and Paul (Sheila) and their mother Doreen Sarazin, née Sylvester. Beloved grandfather of: Scott, Todd, Anick, Cheyenne and Shaelynn; brother of Lucille (Late Omer), Thérèse (Late Gordie) and Gérard (June); brother-in-law of Syd Sylvester (Late Fran) and Marg Wheeley (Dan). He also leaves many nieces, nephews and friends. He was predeceased by his brothers and his sister: Joseph (Georgette), Maurice (Jackie), Roland (Late Aline) and Rita (Late Duff). A Celebration of Life ceremony will be held at Sainte-Genevieve Church, 825 Canterbury Avenue, Ottawa on Thursday, February 5, 2015 at 11:00 a.m. In lieu of flowers, donations to the Ontario Lung Association or charity of your choice would be appreciated.

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