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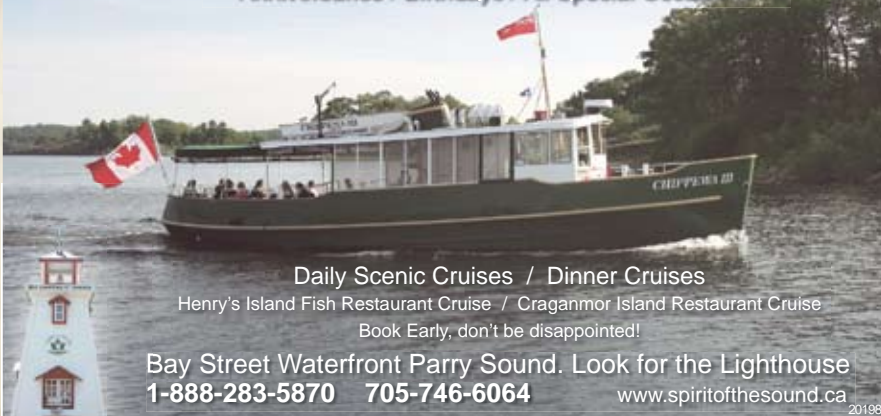
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Chapter Five • A BIG RAIN

Every night when Jason finished playing, he and his grandpa pulled the boat out of the water high on to the rocks where it would be safe for the night. One night the rains came! The thunder crashed and the lightning lit up the sky and sent flashes of brilliance into Jason's bedroom. The winds blew and rain drops as big as baseballs came tumbling down out of the clouds. It was a terrible storm. The lightning hit Kyle's flagpole and split it into a thousand pieces and threw them into the Bay where they tossed all night.

Jason lay in his bed with one eye open and one eye closed, not daring to move an inch. CRASH went the thunder. BOOM shouted the thunder again. CRASH, BANG, BOOM, CRASH, BANG, BOOM! Time after time the thunder roared and Jason wondered about the Little Yellow Rowboat up on the rocks, but the little Yellow Rowboat had been through storms before. Once the wind had even broken his rope, and he had drifted off into the night only to be found the next day by a little girl and brought back home -- so, the little boat wasn't afraid. Anyhow, boats love water, and more and more of it was collecting inside of him. Pretty soon the Little Yellow Rowboat was full of water, so full in fact that it was running down his back and tickling him. But, he loved the storm, and as morning came the storm passed on and it was quiet again.

Jason rushed to the dock the next morning -- still in his pajamas -- to find his boat full of rain water. But, with a pump and a pail, he soon had the water out of the boat and it was back in shape, ready to bounce over the waves once more.

Chapter Six • IN STORAGE AGAIN

But the day finally arrived when Jason would go home, his vacation over. The next day Jason would go with his grandma and grandpa to Toronto, get on a big Canadian Pacific Airline plane, and fly all alone to Vancouver to meet his mom and dad and brother, Jon. Grandpa called two young men, Scott and Colin, and they came to tow the Little Yellow Rowboat back to its own island home. They carefully picked the little boat out of the water, carried it up to the old cottage on Idletime Island, and placed it again, nose down, under the porch. The red oars were put away. The Little Yellow Rowboat was no longer sad, however. He had had a wonderful summer with Jason. He had played and been helpful. More important, he knew that he was needed again. He also heard Jason and his grandpa talking, and he heard something about it being there the next time Jason came to the islands. The Little Yellow Rowboat would be content to rest until Jason or another boy or girl came along who needed a playmate. There would be other times. "Bye, Jason," sighed Little Yellow Rowboat. "I hope we'll meet again one day."

Chapter Seven • LATER

The little Yellow Rowboat slept quietly under the old cottage until he heard the splashing and laughter of the children from Royal Canadian Island who needed him, and he was once again floating happily on the blue waters of the Georgian Bay. Sometimes, he carried his little passengers over to visit the lady who served lemonade and fresh muffins on the balcony of the new house built on Idletime Island. One day she showed them the beach on the Pines where Little Yellow Rowboat used to take the little boy and girl from Idletime Island on picnics. For many years he carried the children around until they could master the bigger, noisy boats and he was once again brought home, scrubbed and repainted and slipped back under the old porch where he slept quietly waiting for the next little boy or girl who would like a good friend.

Some years later, the Little Yellow Rowboat found himself being transported to Ansley Island where he was transformed into his original shiny self. He was delighted to see the beautiful little girl and boy who would become his new friends. Today, the happy Little Yellow Rowboat can be spotted on the shore of Ansley Island from the deck of the Island Queen as it winds its way among the Islands, or floating on the blue waters as he carries Sydney or Spencer to visit friends nearby. He is very proud of the work he is still doing, 50 years after he was first built, and dreams of future children he will carry laughing in the warm sunshine. THE END ☼