

COMMENT

The way we were



You can bank on it

Built in 1907 and located at the southeast corner of Norval's four corners, the building originally known as Farmer's Bank of Canada now houses Adamson Spa & Salon.

Text courtesy of Heritage Halton Hills; Photo courtesy of Esqueusing Historical Society

From our readers



A ROOM WITH A VIEW

Judy Adam sent in this photo of a Cedar Waxwing in the honeysuckle. The Cedar Waxwing is one of the few North American birds that eats fruit.

Have a photo you want to share? Email
cgamble@theifp.ca

You may own your dog, cats only 'allow' you to live with them

By Ted Brown
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A Ted Bit

It's been said that you can own a dog, but you'll never own a cat.

Cats do allow you to 'cohabit' with them, but own 'em? Never.

Now you've all been introduced to Hamish, our Border Collie.

The Sidekick and I do own Hamish—he's a loving dog, fairly obedient (unless that damn squirrel tries to cut across the path in front of him,) and earns his keep each and every day by bringing in the sheep at night.

'The Cat' who does actually have the name Dairy, (but more often is called 'Cat') is in no way owned by The Sidekick and I. We both feed him, and The Sidekick cleans his litter box (a duty she accepted when she stated she wanted a kitty in the house). But other than that, he 'allows' us to live with him.

He does have some restrictions, like not being allowed in the living room without supervision, ever since he decided that fly buzzing in the sheer curtains was fair game and the sheers received a couple pulls from his claws. (That rule is no biggy for him— he's figured out a way in by hooking a single claw under the edge of the bi-fold door, and easing it open.)

The cat spends his nights in the basement, with his litter box and food dish. He doesn't find it a hardship sleeping down there. He curls up in one of the windows, where the sun pours in first thing in the morning, warming up his svelte 20 pound body. The only restriction that Dairy must live by is the fact that he can't go outside.

The Sidekick is mighty adamant about that rule, given the number of coyotes around the farm.

But being a sneaky cat (and let's face it, all cats are sneaky) Dairy has been making it a game, to see if he can get past The Sidekick.

He invariably waits until that moment she's distracted, then strikes. Saturday night he

watched her closely, like some patient cat burglar... okay, that's a just an analogy.

The Sidekick's sister and hubby were here, and we were socializing on the front veranda.

In and out with food and refreshments, The Sidekick took some garbage out to the garage, which is attached to the house by the kitchen door.

Taking the garbage to the opposite side of the garage, she committed the worst act of indiscretion— she didn't pull the door shut behind her.

Quicker than a blink, Dairy was out that door, into the garage.

Now in a modern garage, that would have been a pretty simple fix— close the garage and grab the cat. But this is in no way a modern garage. The doors don't close tight, and Dairy was out under the door in seconds.

All the while, The Sidekick was calling him.

Yeah, like that was gonna happen.

She tried rattling a bag of potato chips to lure him back— "Well, they sound a bit like a bag of cat treats," she explained.

Out in the driveway, Dairy sat comfortably under my pickup truck, knowing full well none of the adults present had a hope in hell of crawling under to catch him.

He did however forget all who were present at this party. You remember Hamish, the one who usually does as he's told?

Well, with some cat herding from Hamish, The Sidekick and her sister— well, Dairy decided to retreat back into the garage, and was collared (figuratively, but could have been literally) and returned to the confines of the house. I know he'll test the system again, and again, but not for a bit.

After all, having Hamish outside the door most days ensures that he's a bit more selective as to when he'll attempt his next escape.

And he ain't dumb— he knows where his food is located.

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