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**2013
Grand
Cherokee
Laredo X**

Gray, leather, panoramic roof, nav, 3.6L, 4,000 kms. Stk. #134561

\$39,995

CarProof VERIFIED



**2012
Dodge
Avenger
SXT**

Red, alloy wheels, 2.4L, Uconnect, Sirius, 6 spd. auto, 20,000 kms. Stk. # 1313461

\$14,995

CarProof VERIFIED



**2012
Chrysler
200
Limited**

White, leather, moonroof, alloys, 3.6L V6, FDR, 28,000 kms. Stk. #400010

\$18,995

CarProof VERIFIED



**2012
Dodge
Journey
SE**

Blue, 2.4L, 4 cyl., auto, air, pwr. windows/locks only 15,000 kms, Stk. #1

\$16,995

CarProof VERIFIED



**2012
Grand
Caravan
SXT**

White, SXT Plus pkg., rear heater/air, uconnect, 27,000 kms, FDR.

\$19,995

CarProof VERIFIED



**2012
Chrysler
300
S**

White, 20" alloys, dual pan sunroof, leather, FDR, 20,000 kms. Stk. #300050

\$28,995

CarProof VERIFIED



**2011
Ram
1500
Laramie**

White, Crew, leather, roof, nav, 20" chrome wheels, 52,000 kms. Stk. #1340761

\$34,995

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**2011
Chrysler
200
Touring**

Grey, auto, air, alloy wheels, 51,000 kms.

\$13,995

CarProof VERIFIED



**2011
Dodge
Journey
RT**

Silver, AWD, leather, 19", 8.4" touchscreen, 16,850 kms. Stk. #2900501

\$23,995

CarProof VERIFIED



**2011
Grand
Cherokee**

Black, Hemi, leather, pan sunroof, selectrac 4WD, 60,000 kms. Stk. #290040

\$31,995

CarProof VERIFIED



**2011
Ram
1500
SLT**

Black, Quad, 4x4, 4.7L, v8, 52,000 kms Stk. #CONS

\$24,995

CarProof VERIFIED



**2010
Ram
1500
SLT**

Red, Quad cab, 4x4, bucket seats, SLT Plus Pkg., 63,000 kms. Stk. #1332561

\$24,995

CarProof VERIFIED



**2010
Ram
1500
Sport**

White, Crew cab, leather, moonroof, 4x4, 65,000 kms. Stk. #1331661

\$26,995

CarProof VERIFIED



**2010
Ford
Mustang
GT**

Grey, auto, 4.6L v8, glass top, leather, 2500 kms. Stk. #1227761

\$26,995

CarProof VERIFIED



**2009
Chrysler
300C**

Silver, 5.7L Hemi, leather, moonroof, mygig, 76,000 kms. Stk. #1313861

\$16,995

CarProof VERIFIED

Disclaimer - All prices plus HST and license. FDR refers to former daily rental.

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FOLLOW US ON



A Ted Bit What makes a dog roll in 'stinky' stuff?

A good portion of my life, there's been a farm dog running around the place.

When I was really young, we had an old collie called Pal. Like most people had on the farm, Pal was one of those dog names of the mid-50s.

Then we had Buster— matter of fact, we had several 'Busters', since my dad found it simpler to give the new dog the same name as his predecessor, rather than have to remember a new name.

If the dog was female, she was called Lady from Disney's *Lady and the Tramp*.

Dad had a change of heart after the last Buster died— well more specifically, was taken down by a neighbour while he was in the midst of, er, ahem, 'servicing' the neighbour's purebred Saint Bernard.

When the neighbour told us, there were no hard feelings— if your dog won't stay home, and is getting into trouble— well, the farmer has the right to take action.

(My dad always maintained Buster went to the next life doing what he loved most.)

After that, we departed from the usual names when we acquired an Australian Blue Heeler, a quick-turned little cattle dog that was a treat to watch in action.

Being an Aussie, she was appropriately named 'Shelagh.'

And now The Sidekick and I have Hamish, our border collie.

Sunday, as Hamish walked into the house, The Sidekick said "What has he been into? He stinks!"

Personally, I'd never notice— I lost my sense of smell years ago.

As Hamish was unceremoniously ushered to the barn, I was reminded that all dogs who have lived at Brown Farm seem to share one trait— rolling in something rotten, dead or gross.

Why is that? What on earth makes most dogs think that's cool?

Sunday night was the latest episode of stinky Hamish dog syndrome.

He not only smelled, but had something stuck in his fur. In spite of the fact I couldn't smell him, visually I KNEW he stunk. Consequently, Hamish endured

his least favourite activity— the bath.

It's almost comic when I reach over and turn on the water in the laundry tub. For some unknown reason, Hamish thinks if he avoids eye contact with me, and studies something in the basement, he becomes invisible.

It hasn't worked yet.

As The Sidekick was creating a culinary masterpiece Sunday dinner, I scrubbed the crap out of Hamish's fur.

After three laundry tubs full of water, Hamish was squeaky clean, and I let him outside where he could 'shake' himself dry.

Bathing the dog is so much easier in the warm weather— in winter I can only stand him outside for a couple minutes until he shakes off the water, then bring him back inside before he freezes solid.

So Hamish and I sat on the verandah until dinner was ready. Once dry, he looked about twice his regular size, all fluffed up from the dog shampoo. Later that night, we walked him to the barn, where he spends his nights.

The next morning, I went to the barn, and had to go upstairs in the barn, to toss down some bales of hay.

Hamish accompanied me as usual, and when we returned downstairs, I noticed something— more of the same 'stuff', stuck to his fur.

Whatever he's been rolling in, it's somewhere upstairs in the barn.

Hamish learned a new trick Monday morning— it's called a 'garden hose with a spray head' bath.

I found I could spray that junk out of his fur in seconds, and didn't have to lift him into the laundry sink, or get soaked when he gave himself a shake.

On top of that, he actually seemed to enjoy the hose spraying him down.

So now I know this pile of stinky stuff that he's rolling in is located somewhere upstairs in the barn. I'll have to follow him to it, and dispose of it.

Until then, in spite of the fact he loves to go upstairs with me to put down hay, he's confined to quarters, downstairs where there's nothing to roll in— yet.



**TED
BROWN**

Hamish thinks if he avoids eye contact with me, he becomes invisible...

—Ted Brown can be reached at
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