

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles



Happy Birthday Canada!

Tomorrow is Canada Day, a time to celebrate our unique country and all the privileges and freedoms Canadians enjoy. The holiday was established by statute in 1879 and called Dominion Day, using a passage from the Bible as its guide about God extending His dominion from sea to sea.

Confederation of the British North America provinces occurred in 1867 but it took until June 20, 1868 before a proclamation signed by the Governor General Lord Monck, called upon Her Majesty's loving subjects throughout Canada to join in celebrating the union.

There is no record of organized ceremonies after this first anniversary, except for the 50th anniversary of Confederation in 1917, at which time the new Centre Block of the parliament buildings, under construction, was dedicated as a memorial to the Fathers of Confederation and to the valour of Canadians fighting in the First World War in Europe, according to Canadian Heritage.

The next celebration was held in 1927 to mark the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation. It was highlighted by the laying of the cornerstone by the Governor General of the Confederation building on Wellington Street and the inauguration of the Carillon in the Peace Tower.

Another highlight was Canada's Centennial in 1967 when Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II attended the celebrations with Parliament Hill again being the backdrop for a large scale official ceremony.

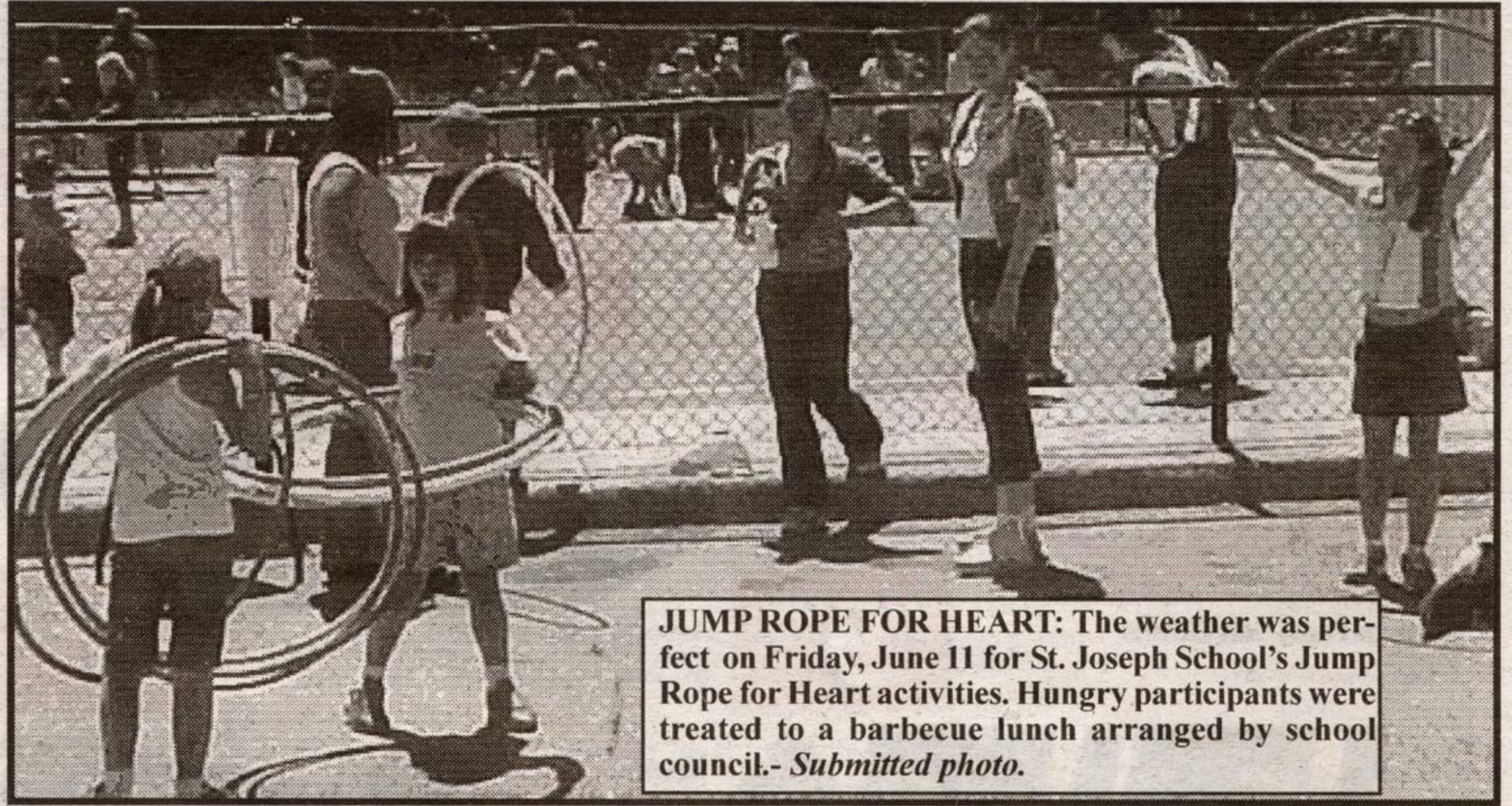
The format changed in 1968 with the addition of multicultural and professional concerts held on Parliament Hill including a nationally televised show. Up until 1975, the focus of the celebrations, under the name "Festival Canada", was held in the National Capital Region during the whole month of July and involved numerous cultural, artistic and sport activities, as well as municipalities and voluntary organizations. The celebration was cancelled in 1976 but was reactivated in 1977.

A new formula was developed in 1980 whereby the National Committee (the federal government organization charged with planning Canada's Birthday celebrations) stressed and sponsored the development of local celebrations all across Canada. "Seed money" was distributed to promote popular and amateur activities organized by volunteer groups in hundreds of local communities. The same approach was also followed for the 1981 celebrations with the addition of fireworks displays in 15 major cities across the nation. On October 27, 1982, July 1st which was known as "Dominion Day" became "Canada Day".

Since 1985 Canada Day Committees are established in each province and territory to plan, organize and coordinate the Canada Day celebrations. Grants are provided by the Department to those committees.

Acton and area celebrates our national holiday with a concert and fireworks at Prospect Park starting at 7 p.m. on Thursday, July 1.

Happy Birthday Canada.



JUMP ROPE FOR HEART: The weather was perfect on Friday, June 11 for St. Joseph School's Jump Rope for Heart activities. Hungry participants were treated to a barbecue lunch arranged by school council.- Submitted photo.

E-e-e-ek – it's a rat!

I knew I had a critter of some sort. The clues were obvious. There was the beginning of tunnels. I blamed my dog for the plants that were squished at the roots, although I couldn't figure out how a 170-lb. Dog could only damage the base and not the top. Then, late in the evening, I started hearing these scurrying noises under my front step.

This went on for a few weeks. After dark, I would squat down with flashlight in hand, peering through the lattice on the side of my front step. Shining the light under the step, I was fearful of seeing glowing eyes staring back at me, yet still trying to find an answer as to what it was. Perhaps it was a mouse? I was convinced that it was a chipmunk after discussing my problems with others who had experienced the wrath of chipmunks.

Last Tuesday after work, I went to put out my garbage and blue boxes ready for the Wednesday morning pick up. As I reached for the garbage, I SCREAMED, "AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!" I think the whole town of Acton heard me. I don't know who jumped further ... me about five feet away from the garbage can or the critter that leaped from the trash.

Shaking and covered with goose bumps, I paused in shock then ran for the phone. Only one person could help me now.

"Hi, it's me. I know you're busy, but it's important," I started. "Can a chipmunk jump?" I asked.

There are certain times in a girl's life where they need their dad and



By **Angela Tyler**

this was certainly one of them. My dad. My dad, aka Doctor Doolittle, would help. He would know. "How big was it?" he asked. I couldn't tell if it was six inches or if it was ten feet tall it moved so fast. "What colour was it?" I thought it was brown. "Light or dark brown?" There were too many questions; everything was a blur. I just wanted him to tell me it was only a chipmunk and that everything was just a bad dream. After many questions, the conversation ended with "I'll see if I can find my live trap."

Later on, my neighbour and I were talking. I was telling her about my new friend, when she mentioned that they have two chipmunks and one was a dark colour. I called my dad and shared my good news. It was only a chipmunk ... no trap needed.

That was until I came home Thursday evening. It was just starting to rain as I walked up my front steps I was greeted with a squeak-squeak and some scratching noises. My goosebumps returned and once again, I was shaking. Whatever it was, it had found its way back into my empty garbage can and couldn't get out. I grabbed a broom and tilted the can towards me. "AAAAAHHHHHHHHHH" more screaming. It wasn't a chipmunk. It was a rat.

I raced inside and being a girl, I

changed my shoes. I still don't know why I did that. I tossed on my raincoat, grabbed my cordless phone, locked the dog inside and headed into the backyard to the garbage can. I called my dad to rescue me, then stood in the rain, standing guard with broom in hand against the monster in the garbage can. Then it came to me. I had to cover the garbage can, but the lid was behind it and there was *no way* I was going to reach behind it.

The lid to the compostor was big, so I grabbed it and tossed it like a Frisbee on the top. Another ten minutes of trying to convince myself I could move the garbage can to the driveway for when my dad arrived. Deep breath and words filling my head ... "you can do it... take your time ... it's only a rat... don't let him know you're afraid of him..." by the time my dad arrived, the rat, who I decided to name Ralph was waiting for his last meal of special food that would end his short life.

"Help me lift the lid," he instructed me. "Oh, he's just a little house rat," he said in an almost what-are-you-worried-about voice. House rat, smouse rat ... he was still a rat, which if I recall correctly were responsible for starting the plague.

Dr. Doolittle informed me to be careful with the lid as a rat could jump five feet. With that I felt nauseous and because I was shaking so much, I was worried that I would drop the lid and Ralph would jump out onto me. My dad told me they feed every three to four hours and by tomorrow I shouldn't have any

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