

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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Too quick to cut?

We commend new Ontario Premier Mike Harris in getting right down to business, and paring down provincial expenditures. However, in his eagerness to clean house, we wonder whether the Premier may be sometimes throwing the baby out with the bath water.

Case in point is Acton's Mill Town Co-operative Homes Inc. This project was based on valid points — an acute lack of affordable rental housing in Acton, and the need for people and jobs to brighten the economic climate. Yet, the project was abandoned at this time not on its merits, but because it simply was not far enough along in the process to have received full approval.

Another program receiving a swift boot was photo radar. Its quick elimination was the result of a 'misguided' election promise. Photo radar was one way of generating revenue, and who was paying for it? People breaking the law.

We agree that it is necessary to cut costs, eliminate redundant programs, and streamline those remaining, but perhaps Harris and his government, before wielding their axes, should look at the long-term benefits of each program. That way the current short-term gratification they're getting now from the public will remain during their full term in power.

Guys, make an impression, lower the seat

Over the years, I've heard some pretty bad male bashing.

Co-workers at my office are notorious for it, complaining about the inadequacies of the male species, ranging from their lack of consideration to their lack of understanding for their poor, over-worked, under-appreciated female counterpart.

Even at a social event I attended recently, a female friend asked how many men it took to change a roll of toilet paper, then grinned answering her own question with "No one knows; it's never been done."

But enough of the social abuse; on to male bashing at my own home.

Just this past week, I had to come to the rescue of all the males of the world as the females in my household held open season on guys.

And being the only king of my castle, residing with five females, I had to make a good account of myself, just to save face, out-numbered, five to one.

The subject concerned the age old conflict of the sexes which has come into existence since the advent of the modern plumbing phenomenon called the flush toilet.

Namely, "the toilet seat." Now before everybody turns away, moaning "Why is he dredging up that subject," I want to make things abundantly clear.

I ALWAYS put the seat down afterwards.

Every time.

Always have.

I'm sure it stems from the

fact that my mother used to have an affection for those damned pink, fluffy seat covers on the toilet, which made the lid somewhat of a nuisance.

You see, it wouldn't stay up.

Talk about a male occupational hazard!

One had to go about one's natural bodily functions, all the time holding the seat up with one hand, while, well, you know, with the other.....

At the same time, living in terror of the thought that lid just might drop.

It wasn't too bad when I

young men who come to visit at our house, (and who obviously don't have mothers who like fluffy toilet seat covers.)

Seems they left the seat up. One really made an impression by not bothering to flush as well.

I will offer words of advice. Guys, if you want to make an impression, lower the seat.

As the girls went into their tirade about men and toilet seats, I came to their defense.

After all, it's a guy thing.

And we gotta stick together or the world's entire female population will soon demand non-raising toilet seats and have us sitting down to pee before the century's out.

So I had my turn. The girls had to begrudgingly admit that I had never left the seat up, or forgot to flush.

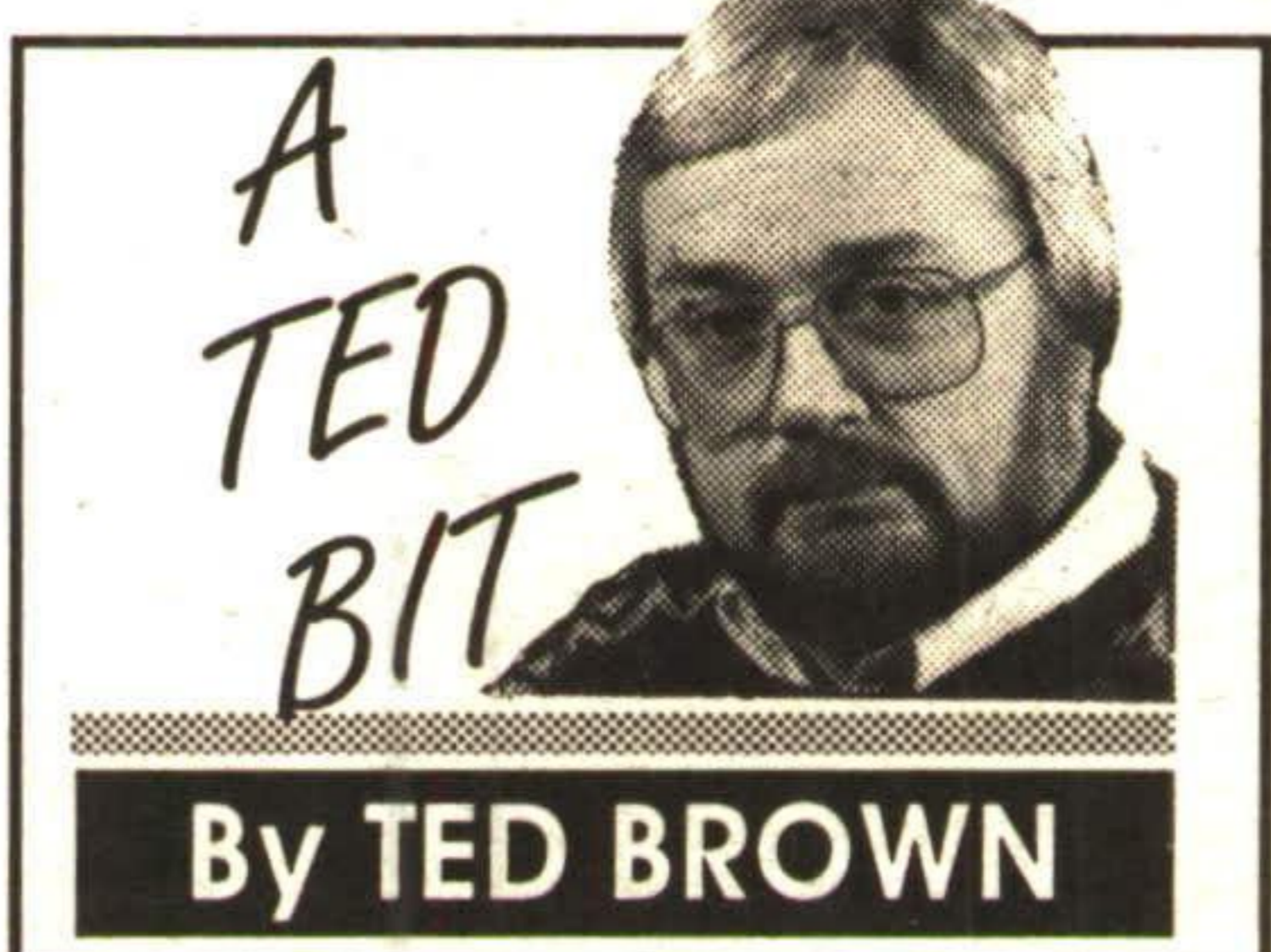
(I did admit to intentionally leaving it up when I was a youth whenever I saw one of my sisters scurrying in the direction of the little room; it always got a great reaction when they dropped their bare bottoms on that cold porcelain.)

"And while we're on the subject," I countered, "Why do you leave the lid up? I'm expected to put the seat down, why don't you close the lid as well?"

After all these years of picking on males, for NOT returning the seat to its horizontal position, it never occurred to my girls there's a lid above that seat that also closes.

But understandably, they'd never know.

You see, we've never had a pink fluffy cover.



was a little guy, and the seat lid and I were about the same height, but as I grew in stature and the lid suddenly became further and further away, I viewed those fluffy seat covers with contempt.

I'm sure I could trace my two degenerated spinal discs directly to that damned toilet seat lid, from trying to do my business in a stooped posture position.

But enough of the history lesson about the fluffy era of bathroom decor; back to the main story.

You see, the girls complained about guys leaving the seat up.

I should specify; these are

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We've just lost our forecaster. Apparently the weather didn't agree with him.

Did you know?

This summer marks the 200th anniversary of the Land Registry Act in Ontario. The act was passed by the first Assembly of Lieutenant Governor John Graves Simcoe in 1795, who wanted to build an orderly society in Upper Canada and believed that settlements would never prosper without an effective system for registering lands. Today 55 Land Registry Offices register, store, index, and maintain documents relating to real property title. All of their records are public documents, available for a minimal fee.

—Ministry of Consumer and Commercial Relations