

THE HALTON HILLS **WEEKEND**

**KEN NUGENT**  
Publisher

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# Ontario 1996

Where do members of the coalition of public education unions live? It's certainly not in the real world of Ontario 1996.

Do they really expect taxpayers to accept a \$104 a year property tax increase in their already high taxes? We don't think so.

In fact there seems to be a dichotomy of opinion developing in Ontario. One side is composed of members like the coalition's, public service employees who have lived years in the cushy comfort of the public purse and the other composed of those who have for the past five to 10 years faced layoffs, pay cuts, restructuring and lean times.

Now as the pendulum of change swings in favor of the private sector workers, the public sector side cannot accept the 'revolution.'

Taxpayers prioritize cuts, not quality. They want to pay less taxes, not more. And it's not because taxpayers don't want the service or the quality, it's because they don't have the money. That's it, plain and simple — the average taxpayer is simply out of money.

It's time the coalition and their counterparts in the public sector realize that their future is the private sector's past. But unlike the private sector, they have the advantage of preparing for the layoffs, the cuts in pay, the less than ideal working conditions. Sure they can fight it with unrealistic proposals like the coalition's, but it's a losing battle to the leaner times.

Reality is taking over in Ontario 1996.

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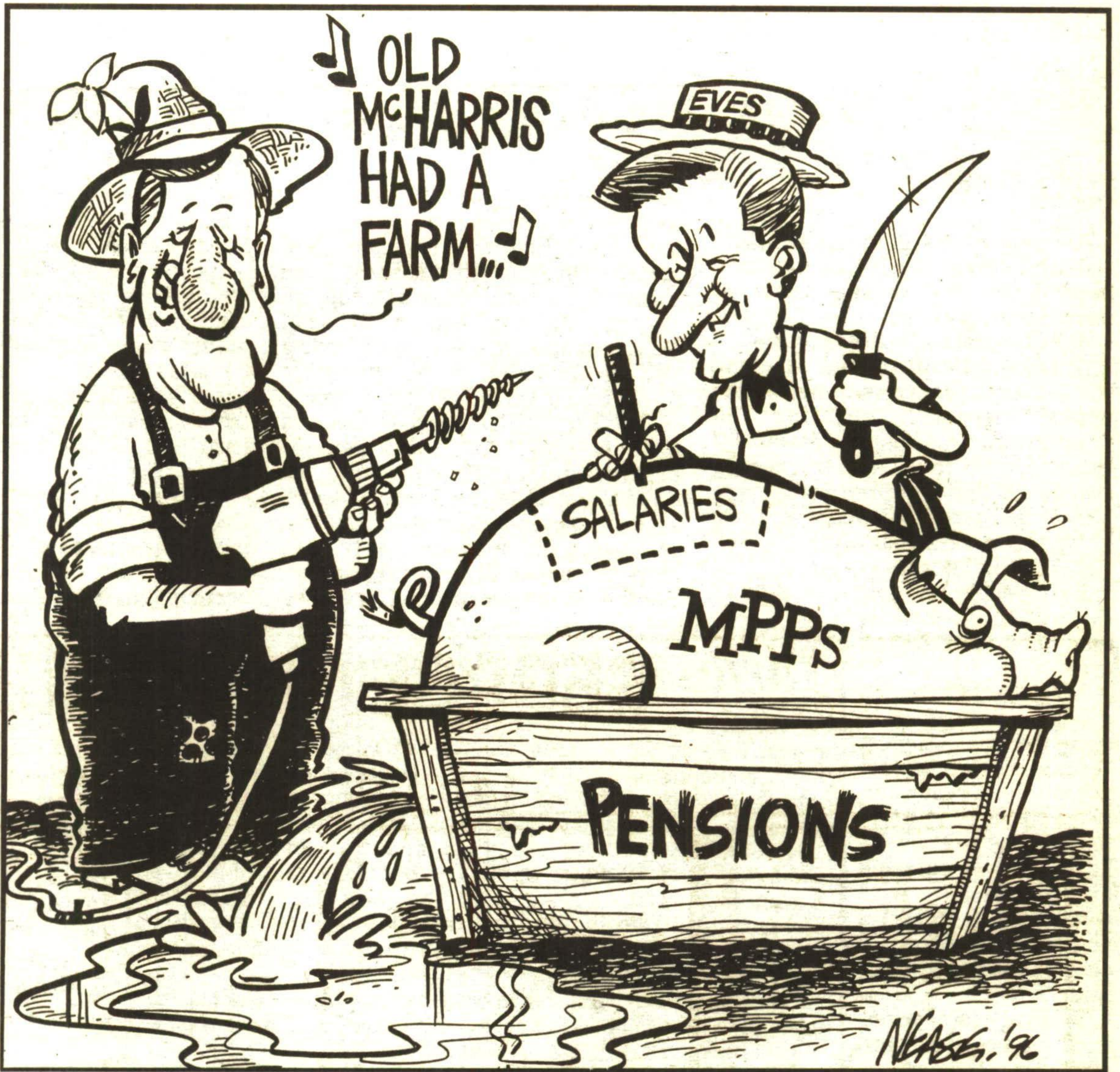


With the beef problem, does that mean they will to put ham in hamburgers?

## Did you know?

The Ontario Veterinary College (OVC) and McMaster University are receiving \$200,000 each from retired veterinarian Blake Graham for cooperative research on cancer. The two institutions are investigating the merits of cytokine gene-transfer as it relates to cancer in dogs and humans. The OVC team will study cancer in dogs, the McMaster team will study human breast cancer. OVC will investigate two types of naturally occurring canine cancer — malignant mammary cancer, known to be associated with a high rate of metastatic disease in the lungs of affected dogs and osteosarcoma (bone cancer).

— University of Guelph



## Sometimes ya just gotta get drastic

You all know I'm the only male in my household.

And being the token male requires that sometimes I must act as a referee.

It's been happening a lot lately, especially between two of the females in our house.

Seems most the squabbles have occurred since January, and at times the howling and spitting has been a little intense.

Yup, those little ladies can have one wicked temper at times, and I've even had to take extreme measures like locking one in the basement for the night, enduring her crying at me from the other side of the basement door.

And another time, I had to spray one with cold water when she just wouldn't stay off the kitchen counter.

It's all because they can't get along, and share things.

Of course, I'm referring to our cats.

Yup, two females — one fully functional (for the time being) the other, well, fixed.

And they both still have their claws. (Again, for the time being.)

We didn't always have two cats. For the longest time, we had the one finicky old girl we acquired a few years back. She adopted our family immediately, and has happily had the run of the house ever since.

That changed, however, last Christmas.

You see, my daughter's boyfriend gave her a unique Christmas gift this year.

It was a kitten.

A cute kitten.

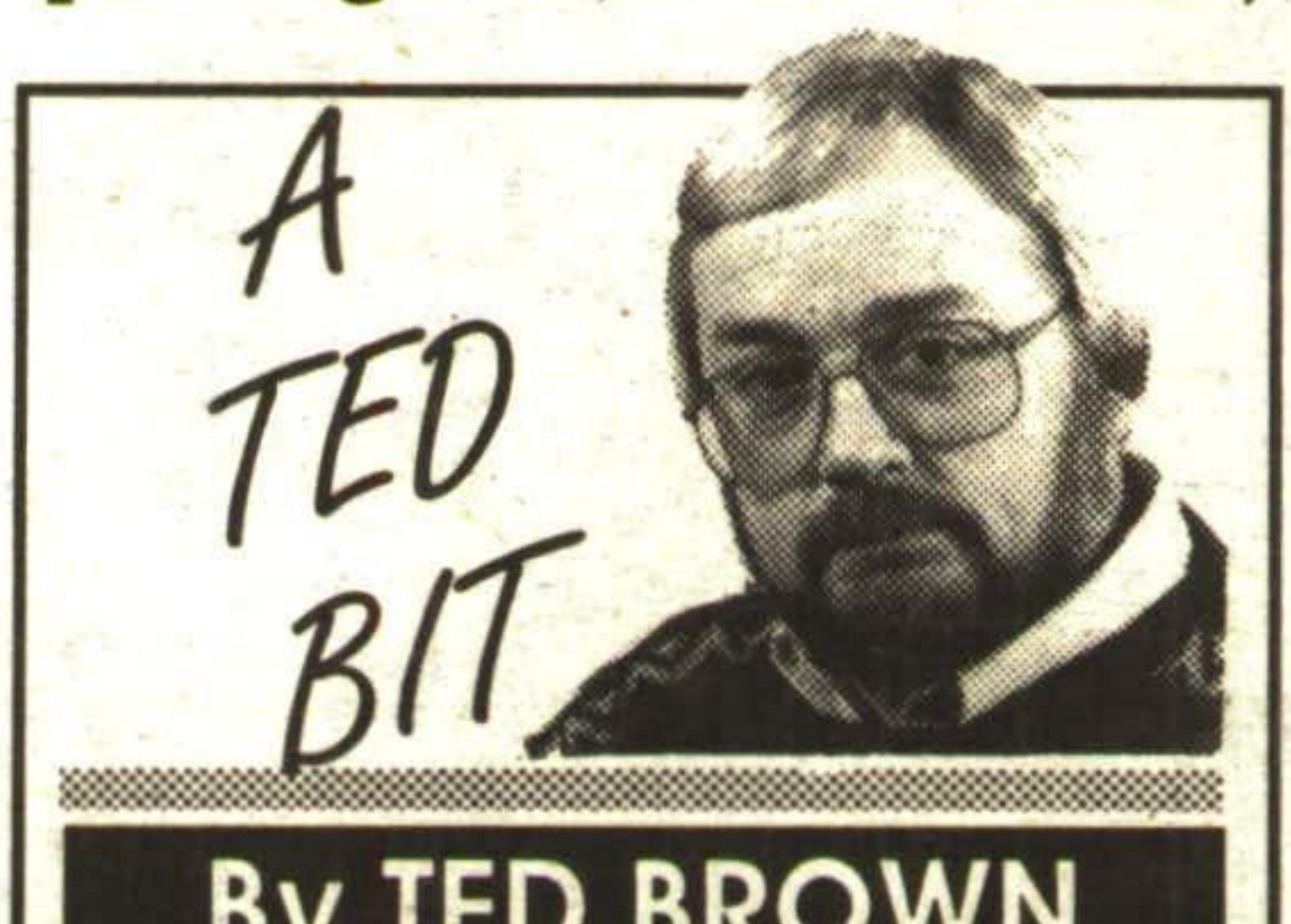
A female kitten.

And it seems this little upstart feline has been a thorn in the side of the old cat, virtually every waking hour of every day, ever since.

I was a little surprised to see the little thing so dominant — if I were a betting man, I'd have put my money on the old cat.

But that kitten's lack of fear has caused our old cat to beat a hasty retreat more than once.

I must admit, it's been entertaining to watch that little pipsqueak of a kitten put the boots to the full grown cat, sending her packing out of the kitchen,



A TED BIT

By TED BROWN

with her tail puffed up twice its size.

And if the old cat were the only one affected by this battle, I wouldn't be writing this column.

Now I like cats. They're neat, even kinda cool for that matter.

But when the differences of opinion of the feline population start to affect the human element of the Brown household, I become a tad annoyed.

You see, these cats spend all day napping, each in her own cozy little nest, on one of the family member's bed.

And they spend their nights spitting and sparring

while the rest of us are trying to get some sleep.

You see, they snarl, hiss and howl at each other, sounding like they're tearing each other apart.

Of course, they rarely come remotely close to each other.

But it generally happens in the middle of the night — usually under our bed.

It's a situation that's been counter-productive to a full night's sleep.

(And to keep up with the other females in my house, I generally need all the rest I can get.)

Anyway, we've tried a few different things, like locking one in the basement, while the other is upstairs, but they sit on either side of the basement door and howl at each other.

They take turns stealing each other's food, sneaking a mouthful from the other's dish, and do their very best to make each other look ridiculous.

They even like to dish out the ultimate insult by using the other cat's litter box.

I wonder if they actually hate each other, or just like to give that impression. Maybe it's a game with them.

Whatever the case, I'm close to pulling out the stops.

Yup, sometimes, if those pesky pussies can't cohabit, ya gotta get drastic.

I'll turn 'em outside and see how fast they work together as they encounter the only real bitch who can strike terror into the heart of all who visit our home.

That's Shelagh, our dog.