

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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Our 'best friend'

Many of us welcome the recent warm weather, particularly after the wearisome winter, but for "our best friends" it could be deadly.

This past weekend, a local man was charged with causing suffering to an animal after his pet, near death, was rescued from a hot car. The animal, left in the vehicle, was suffering from heat exhaustion. There was no need for this; the pet should have been left at home.

Pets can develop heat stroke easily and within a short period of time; far quicker than humans — you may be cool, but your dog may not. Even on a mild day, the temperature inside of a car can become oven-like; leave your pet at home where the environment is easy to regulate — with shade and cool water within easy reach.

We also suggest that pet owners remember to keep their animals on leashes. Wandering pets in the neighborhood can lead to confrontations with other animals, with pedestrians, with traffic, or with terrified children. Giving your dog freedom, is no reward if tragedy results from it.

Remember your pet is your responsibility and that includes scooping up your pet's excrement. You chose to own a pet, your neighbors didn't.

Pets are wonderful creatures who give humans faithful friendship; we must demonstrate that we are worthy of it.

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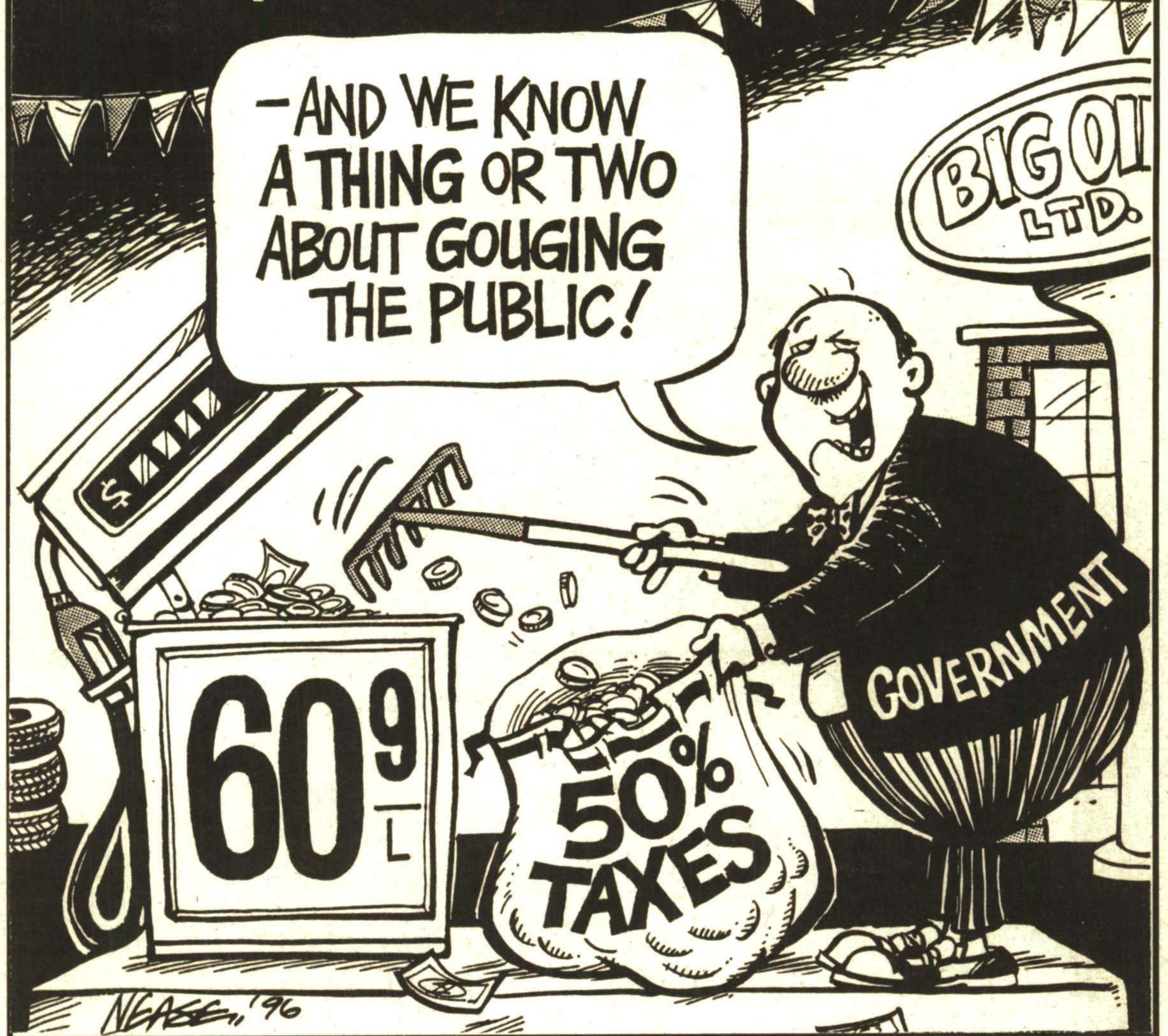
Just remember a bend in the road is not the end of the road, unless you fail to make the turn.

Did you know?

Bovine Spongiform Encephalopathy (BSE or mad cow disease) is a progressive degenerative disease which affects the central nervous system of cattle. It belongs to a group of similar but distinct neurological diseases which includes scrapie in sheep and Creutzfeldt-Jacob disease in humans. BSE does not exist in Canada. Canada experienced only one case of BSE in a cow that was imported from Great Britain in 1987. The federal government destroyed the whole Canadian herd, eliminated all other animals imported to Canada from Great Britain since 1982, and destroyed all offspring whose parents came from Great Britain.

— Ministry of Agriculture

Gas Price probe launched...



If it ain't in her purse; you don't need it

My wife could never be accused of being impulsive.

Every time she makes a change, she studies the pros and cons of the situation, to decide which is the best route to take.

And recently, she made a monumental change.

She bought a new purse. Now if you know Cathy, she's one of those people who doesn't believe in being unprepared.

And her purse is a testimony to that fact.

It's a fact of life; if it ain't in her purse, you don't need it.

But lately it's become a little heavy for her to carry, and she has spent the past couple of years looking for an alternative.

I had given up helping her make the switch. She wouldn't go for a fanny pack — "They're too casual," or a smaller wallet — "They don't carry enough."

So I washed my hands of the whole ordeal.

Until last weekend. Walking through the mall, she perused a small purse/huge wallet she had been eyeing for some time now.

And it was on sale.

Oh yeah, that's the other thing about Cathy — she's thrifty. (If she were anyone else's wife I'd call her cheap, but, hey, I gotta sleep with this woman.)

"What do you think of this one, Ted?" she asked.

"I think it looks great," I replied with my stock answer which usually makes no difference at all.

"Well, I don't know..." she hesitated.

"Cathy," I said, taking the initiative, "How many times

have you looked at that purse? Why don't you just buy the damned thing and try it out? After all, it IS on sale."

I knew that last line would appeal to her Scottish roots. She took the plunge, and got me to pay for it.

The sales clerk chatted up a storm. "Oh you'll just love this purse — I have one just like it, and I take it everywhere. Besides, I can put in inside my BIG purse when I want to carry more..."

Big purse? Carry more?

Wait a minute! Wasn't the sole reason for buying the little

"Sure, but you don't carry the kids' health cards do you? Or the cheque cashing card for the supermarket (all three of 'em) and..."

"Cathy, the kids are teenagers now, I think they can really carry their own health cards," I replied.

She still carries the cards. After fitting and refitting every item in every imaginable way, she surveyed the new purse when she finished. It was bulging at the seams, and a small pile of items remained on the table.

"They won't all fit," she said, almost incredulously.

"What did you expect?" I replied, "After all, the reason you bought the new purse was to cut down on weight. Besides, you don't need all that stuff, so why worry?"

"Sure I do." I surveyed the pile with disbelief.

"Why do you need that sewing kit? It's never been opened. And do you really need a spare battery for your cellular phone in your purse? Or an ice scraper?"

"Well, you never know," she replied defensively.

"And how about that first aid kit?" I continued.

"It's only a box of bandaids," she snipped.

After more purging, she finally made the switch, although her new purse has the specific gravity of a block of lead.

But there's a good side to the story.

I'm convinced that little purse could make one wicked weapon in the event of a mugging.

A TED BIT



By TED BROWN

purse to cut down on its weight; not carry more?

When we got home, I watched from a distance the purse transformation ceremony, in which every item in the old purse is dumped on the kitchen table, followed by my wife attempting to cram them back into the little purse.

And it ain't physically possible.

"This wallet part is too small — it won't hold all my credit cards," she said to no one in particular.

I looked up.

"But why are you carrying so many cards? Geez, I don't need that many cards in my wallet."