

ANNOUNCEMENT

November 14, 1998

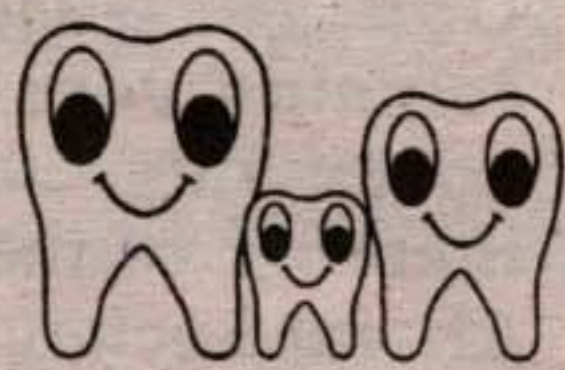
Dear Friends and Neighbours,

Just recently, my family has made the difficult decision to move to Israel at the end of this year. It has been my privilege and honour to provide your dental care and to know you not as patients, but as friends over the past four years. This relationship has made it very difficult to even think of leaving.

Fortunately, I had the pleasure and honour to work with Dr. Anoop Sayal. I have known him for a number of years. He has proven to be an excellent dentist, and a good friend and will provide ongoing care for all your dental needs. At the same time, it gives me great pleasure to introduce Dr. Mindy Gelfand who will take over for me. She is both experienced, caring and I have the utmost confidence in her.

Dr. Sayal, Dr. Gelfand, Bonnie, Lesley, and the rest of their caring staff will continue to provide you, your family and friends with the excellent care you deserve.

Yours
Dr. Debi Doron



DR. ANOOP SAYAL & ASSOCIATES
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To pay or not to pay...

I've had this guilty feeling for the past few days that I just can't seem to shake. On the other hand, I don't know if I have any reason to feel guilty at all.

About 10 days ago while I was filling 'er up at a local gas station I noticed the gentleman in the car ahead of me suddenly stop pumping gas into his vehicle and begin furiously searching inside his car. As it turned out, the poor fella had left his wallet at home—a fact that hit him after he had already pumped \$18.51 worth of gas.

While I was buying other items in the station kiosk I overheard him pleading his case with the gas station attendant.

"I've got gas here for over a year," said the driver. "All I have is my car registration."

"I'm sorry," said the attendant. "I must follow procedure and call the police. Give me your driver's licence."

I left the kiosk as the unhappy motorist continued to try and convince the attendant that he would drive home, get his wallet and return with the money.

And you know what? I believed the guy. Just the deer-in-the-headlights look on his face when he realized he was wallet-less was enough to convince me he wasn't trying to scam a free fill-up.

My dilemma, as I eavesdropped on his tale of woe, was whether or not to loan him—a complete stranger—\$20 to escape his embarrassing predicament.

One voice was telling me, "Show your kinder side. Loan the guy the money and arrange to get it back tomorrow."

Another voice was saying, "Don't be a sucker. Remember the time you threw your back out pushing a woman's stalled car out of the road and didn't even get a thank-you for your trouble? Or how about the time you made a diving tackle on a runaway shopping

THIS
'N
THAT



John McGhie

cart in the grocery store parking lot just as it was about to hit a new car. You ripped your jacket and took a chunk out of your knee just as the cart was about to crash into the car and no one but wifey, who couldn't stop laughing at the sight of you being pinned by a shopping cart, even knew you were being a good citizen."

"But," countered the good voice, "this could restore this guy's faith in humanity, if it needs restoring. Y'know, an unselfish act of kindness."

"Sucker," said the bad voice.

Unfortunately, I drove away, leaving the poor man stuck in his predicament. Several times I almost turned back, but never did.

Later that day I asked three friends what they would have done in the same situation and all agreed I did the right thing.

If that's the case, then why do I still feel so guilty?

...

Two weeks ago I wrote about the plight of 18-month-old April Evans of nearby Inglewood who desperately needed a heart transplant. Sadly, a day after the column appeared, April died. It is hoped that her death was not in vain and that, however slightly, the importance of signing your organ donor card and talking about organ donation with family members was raised.

Could you make your monthly payments if you were sick or hurt and had no income?



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