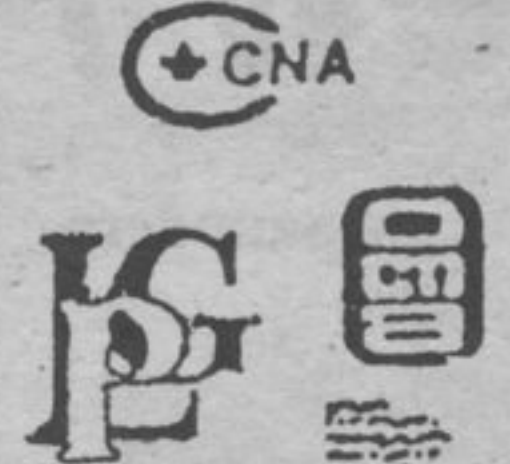


Editorial

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The tale of a misused political tool **Senate and the GST**

The blatant misuse of power by both the Liberals and the Conservatives concerning the Senate and the GST has caused an old question to resurface. That question is 'What should be the role, if any, of the Senate in Canada?'

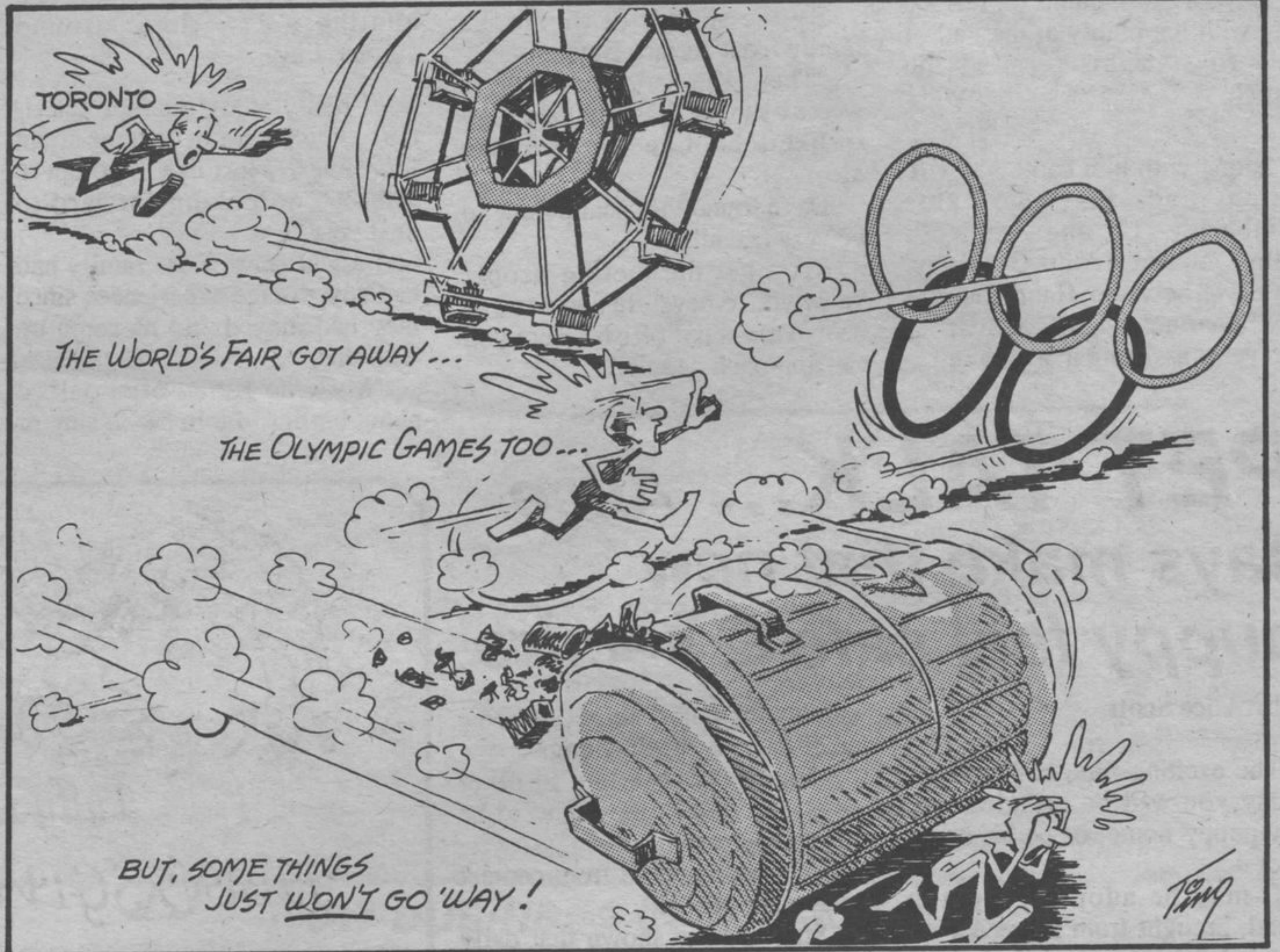
Mulroney continues to point to his mandate from the 1988 election as justification for stacking the senate (despite his attack on John Turner for the same thing in 1984) with people who will do as he asks. He tells the Canadians that the GST is in the best interest of Canada, and that the non-elected Senate has no right to stop the legislation of a democratically elected majority. While Mulroney may have a point, his behavior is not acceptable for a prime-minister. It is his job to explain what is good about the GST (and what is bad), instead of pretending to be in an elite class, which knows better than, what he sees as, the ignorant masses.

Unfortunately the Liberals have missed a great opportunity to do something constructive. The senate report on the GST is nothing more than a pile of criticisms whose only aim is to score political points. The Senate spent a great deal of time and money to discover, to their amazement, that most people don't want the GST. With this information they went about delaying the tax, although the Liberals will not likely remove the tax once it is put in place.

The Senate could have done something constructive, instead of just saying 'no...don't do this'. This is especially distressing to the public, when all three parties agreed, that the manufacturers sales tax must be replaced by a goods and services tax. That was before the GST became a hot issue though.

When will the abuse of the Senate end, or when will the Senate be abolished. It was intended to be a 'sober second thought' for legislation, but has instead become a 'sleepy second job' for politicians in decline.

Greg Giddens



LETTERS ARE WELCOME

The Terrace Bay Schreiber News welcomes letters to the editor on any subject. Letters can be mailed to the News, Box 579, Terrace Bay, P0T 2W0, or dropped of at the News office at 13 Simcoe Plaza in Terrace Bay.

Letters must be signed, and have the phone number and address of the author for verification.

We will not knowingly print false, libelous or anonymous comments.

Letters to the editor are important to community newspapers. They serve to reflect opinions of members of the community we serve. However we must insist on these rules to ensure that this very important forum is used responsibly.

A pie in the face from God

It's not that I'm afraid to die. I just don't want to be there when it happens.

~ Woody Allen.

Ah, yes. Death. The final taboo. Go into a bar, slip on to a bar stool, strike up a conversation with the person next to you and chances are pretty good that before you're halfway through your first Sasparilla, you'll hear more about his or her political beliefs, religious convictions and sexual orientation than you ever wanted to know.

But if you ask the stranger about death? Zipper lips. Clam city. And a sidelong We-Don't-Allow-Weirdos-In-Here glare from the suddenly chilly bartender.

We're a civilization of inveterate gabbers--except when the subject is death.

Which is a pity, considering it's an appointment we all have to keep.

Of course, some exits are more spectacular than others. Joan of Arc went out, quite literally, in a blaze of glory,

incinerated by the Church as a heretic. Zeuxis the Greek, on the other hand, underwent a more ignominious finale. Zeuxis, a painter who lived around 500 BC daubed a satirical portrait of an old woman that made him laugh so hard he blew a blood vessel in his head and died on the spot.

Death can be, as someone once said, like a pie in the face from God. Take the case of Allan Pinkerton. You would think the founder of the world-famous Pinkerton's detective agency would go out in a hail of gunfire or at the very least on silken sheets attended by the best physicians money could rent. Not so. Mister P. stumbled one morning while taking his morning constitutional, biting his tongue. The wound turned gangrenous and Mister Pinkerton died.

Or consider Claudius I. One would expect such an august personage to expire with all the pomp and majesty befitting a Numero Uno in the

Roman Empire. Uh-uh. Claudius choked on a chicken feather--a chicken feather that, ironically, his personal physician had thrust down the Emperors throat to induce vomiting. (Claudius' wife, it



Arthur Black

seems, had been slipping her hubby poisoned mushrooms in an attempt to become sole custodian of the family jewels.)

Indeed, in the game of death, irony often lays it on

thick and heavy. I don't know if curiosity killed the cat, but it certainly didn't do Sir Francis Bacon any favours. Riding through a snowstorm in his carriage one day, Sir Francis had a brainwave that stuffing dead bodies with snow might slow down decay. He stopped his carriage, got out and purchased a chicken, killed it on the spot and stuffed it with snow.

Alas, Sir Francis never got to write up the experiment. He caught a chill from his chicken-buying spree which turned into a fatal bout of pneumonia.

The award for Most Grotesque Death goes to Thomas May, a 17th century English historian. Mister May was fat. Very fat. So fat he had double chins on his double chins. May's pendulous jowls got to be such a logistical problem that he took to tying them up with bandannas. While shoveling down dinner one day, Mister May began to hiccup. By the time bystanders got his throat

kerchiefs untied, he'd choked to death.

Let us close the coffin lid on this grisly chapter with the story of Yousouf Ishmaelo, a world champion Turkish wrestler who toured North America in the late 19th century, defeating all comers and amassing a fortune--which he converted into gold coins and kept in a leather pouch that he wore day and night.

What safer place? The man was a mountain of muscle. Who could take it from him?

Well, an old Mat Mama who fights under the name of Mother Nature, actually. Yousouf and his money belt went down with his ship off Nova Scotia. He could easily have swum to safety, you understand--but not with a belt full of gold around his waist. And Yousouf stubbornly refused to part with his leather pouch right to the end.

Which is not a fate I'll ever have to worry about.

My wallet's so empty I could use it for flotation.