

Vintage Whine

We're Not in Stouffville Anymore, Dorothy



By Kate Gilderdale

On our first Saturday night at the centre of the universe, a storm to rival the cyclone in *The Wizard of Oz* swirled through our new neighbourhood, and we had ringside seats for the spectacle from our 18th floor balcony.

Other indications that we were no longer in the 'ville: a plethora of pedestrians, crosswalks, snail mail delivered to our door and the deep bass rumble of the subway (as opposed to the deep bass rumble of a souped-up sound system emanating from a muscle car on Main Street). And, on a political note, orange is the new blue at High Park and Bloor.

After much celebration of our arrival, we endured the dubious delights of registering our new address with various levels of government. We spent a week one morning at Service Ontario's retro little downtown office, after fruitless hours trying to navigate their labyrinthine online options for updating health cards and drivers' licences.

On the plus side, if anyone is worried about provincial government spending, they can rest assured that the office we visited had probably not been upgraded since around the middle of the 20th century.

Three mismatched chairs were supplied for those no longer able to stay upright or anyone who died during the interminable wait. A video monitor offered an endlessly looping celebrity trivia quiz consisting of two multiple choice questions involving Johnny Depp and Julia Roberts to keep the proles entertained. There was a newsfeed on the bottom and a few static commercials, like the kind they used to play at the movies back when I was a young whippersnapper, around the time those chairs were first manufactured.

We eventually arrived at the top of the queue, only

to realize we'd forgotten to bring our vehicle ownership permit. We're now registered as Torontonians but someone (Mr. Wallethead) will have to go back and join the lineup another day. Let's hope they will have updated the quiz with a couple of Kardashian and Trump questions to while away the time.

In other breaking news, we finally caved and bought ourselves a new vacuum cleaner to go with our new urban lifestyle. Our former Hoover upright was a gift from my mother, purchased about three decades ago at Costco. It was massively heavy, handled like a shopping cart with a wobbly wheel, and offered all the esthetic appeal of The Donald's hair.

Being an ancient Briton by birth and thus programmed to make do and mend rather than embrace efficiency like normal people, I soldiered on for years, shoving my Neanderthal appliance around the little house on Main Street in increasingly futile attempts to win the never-ending war on terror (dust bunny division).

On the one hand, my vacuum provided a pretty impressive workout for someone who is allergic to any form of organized exercise; on the other, when a vacuum cleaner blows more than it sucks, even I am forced to acknowledge it may be time for a change.

Nevertheless, it wasn't until my last foray in search of Type A vacuum bags drew a blank that I finally faced up to reality and ponied up for a replacement. Imagine my delight at discovering a machine that pretty well drives itself, inhales debris much as Steve Tyler of Aerosmith inhales illicit substances (in a 2013 interview, Tyler said that he had "snorted half of Peru") and doesn't require replacement bags.

In short, our new vacuum sucks, and we couldn't be happier.

Periodontics Clinic Opens in the Imperial Centre



Dr. Peyman Shahidi is surrounded by staff and family members as he holds a certificate from the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville welcoming Lime Periodontics to Town at their Grand Opening August 21. The clinic, located in the Imperial Centre at 37 Sandiford Dr., offers periodontics, dental implant surgery and exodontia.

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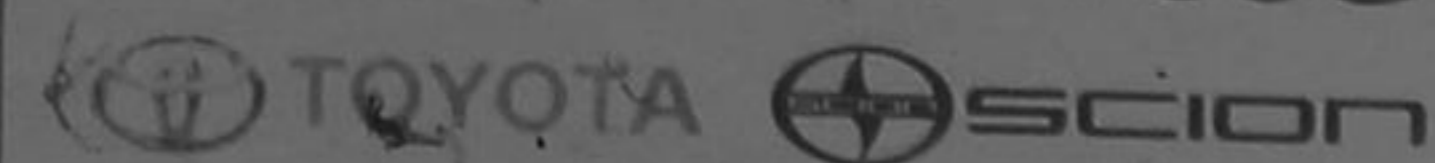
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