

# Turning Back the Clock

Historic photo submitted  
courtesy of Whitchurch-Stouffville Museum



As York Durham Academy of the Performing Arts gears up for another year of plays, musicals and concerts featuring young people from Whitchurch-Stouffville, this photograph takes us back to the community's theatrical roots. Pictured above are members of the cast from the trial scene of a local production of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, which was performed sometime in the 1890s.

### LET'S HEAR FROM YOU WHITCHURCH-STOUFFVILLE

Whitchurch-Stouffville This Month believes your opinions are important, and encourages you to voice your comments or concerns in a Letter To The Editor. We accept all letters, but only publish letters which have been signed. We request you include a phone number (not to be published) for verification of the letter writer. While Whitchurch-Stouffville This Month reserves the right to edit letters, due to content or length, in most cases letters will be published as written.

Fax your letters to: 905-642-2368, or e-mail to: [withwrinkles@hotmail.com](mailto:withwrinkles@hotmail.com) or mail to WSTM, Kate Gilderdale, 6111 Main St., Stouffville, Ont., L4A 3R4

Whitchurch-Stouffville This Month is on the web.  
Look for us each month at: [www.stouffvilleonline.com](http://www.stouffvilleonline.com)



# Kate A'la carte

## It's A Drop In The Bucket, Dear Taxpayers

"Why does a slight tax increase cost you \$200 and a substantial tax cut save you 30 cents?" Peg Bracken.

Late winter, with its mind-numbing wind chill factors and army of self-improvement gurus nagging you to get back into physical and fiscal shape, is also the time when you can no longer ignore the unpalatable prospect of preparing to fill out your tax return. Just when cabin fever is at its zenith and your social life is about as riveting as an in-depth analysis of Stephen Harper's leadership strategy, you are forced to unearth those coffee-stained gas receipts and illegible restaurant bills you have been hoarding in a safe place, in an attempt to avoid paying more than your fair share of the Liberal Party's burgeoning laundry bill.

When you discover that you do not have the wherewithal to pay what you owe, you could try the Chretien defence, that "a few million dollars stolen" is a small price to pay for your personal contribution to the enhancement of life in Canada. Chances are, alas, that the cavalier attitude of our former dear leader is unlikely to carry much weight with the Revenue Canada contingent -- lately rebranded as the Canadian Revenue Agency, but no less intent on getting a hefty percentage of your annual stipend -- whose jauntiness quotient owes more to Oliver Cromwell than the little guy from Shawinigan.

Or you could follow the logic of well-known pollster Allan Gregg, who lent his own unique brand of clarity to the scandal by referring to the missing funds as a drop in the tax bucket. "The amount in question is \$100 million over a four-year period, or approximately \$25 million a year," he wrote in *The Globe and Mail*.

"Based on an annual operating budget of \$180 billion, the amount represented .015 cent of the tax dollars entrusted to the government. It would be as if I had deposited \$100,000 in a shoe box and left it in someone else's care, only to find some time later that \$15 had gone missing."

When you look at it like that, my lowly contribution to government coffers wouldn't pay for a single Timbit. And if they're willing to overlook the mysterious disappearance of the odd \$100 million, you'd think they could stretch a point for small-budget working stiffs for once, but you'd be wrong.

Since resistance is useless, at least there are plenty of places to get advice about minimizing your tax bill and maximizing your investments, from the Internet to your favourite women's magazine. But however hard I try, I find myself nodding off before I've even finished reading headlines like 'Build your own RRSP with ETFs', or 'Deductions, deferrals, credits, shelters and splitting'.

If you're looking for distraction from the season of giving to the government, there are plenty of other weighty matters demanding attention these days, such as the shocked and appalled community's reaction to the *bon mots* emanating from the lips of Don Cherry and Conan O'Brien, or the devastating news that Ken and Barbie have decided to go their separate ways. Despite official denials, rumour has it that the newly-minted Cali Girl Barbie came between the ageing lovebirds.

Maybe next time Toronto decides to vie for world class city designation with the help of well-known foreign nationals, it should invite Original Ancient Barbie and Cali Girl Barbie to tie the knot at city hall. At least we can count on them not to put their perfectly arched feet into their mouths in the unfortunate manner of Triumph the Insult Comic Dog.

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