



Save a Life

July 2008
10th Edition

The *pet chat!*

Mississauga Humane Society Newsletter

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MISSION STATEMENT

To rescue as many homeless companion animals as possible, and find them FOREVER HOMES.



Victoria



Sookie & Evans

President's Message

Dear Friend:

While summer is time for a break for most people, it's always our busiest period, as this is what we call the *Kitten Season*. At this time every year the number of stray mothers and kittens that are reported is at its highest. There can be 3 calls in just one day! We are doing our best with very limited resources. It is an uphill battle that constantly needs public support.

As we neuter/spay every cat we rescue, every time we take in a stray, we are not just saving one life.

"For every stray cat we rescue, thousands more lives are spared. One unsprayed female can end up with 420,000 descendents in 7 years"!

The increased number of cats we are taking in also means more funds are needed for their vetting. **We are making an URGENT APPEAL for DONATIONS and FOSTER HOMES to help us help the homeless cats.**

Your financial support can be in a way other than donations. **You can organize your own fund raising event to help our animals!** How about a Garage Sale, a 50/50 draw or a Bake Sale at your workplace? The ideas are unlimited! You can be assured that all proceeds will go towards paying our vet bills. **Of course, FOSTER HOMES, our lifeblood, are needed year round. Please contact us if you can help in any way.**

Our biggest fund raising event of the year, the **WALKATHON**, will be held on **Saturday, Sept 20, 2008**. We hope to have a great turnout this year. Details of the event will be publicized on our website very soon. Please set aside this date in your diary now!

Lily Chan
President

Board of Directors

Lily Chan
President

Tina Kendall
Vice President

Ana Macedo

Carla Costa

Elisabeth
Jimmink

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EDITOR: LILY CHAN

RESCUE & ADOPTION STATISTICS

(January to June 2008)



Nanutka ADOPTED

Number of Dogs Rescued 63
Number of Dogs Adopted 53

Number of Cats Rescued 226
Number of Cats Adopted 82



Gitti
ADOPTED



Home SWEET Home

Some of our adopted pets in their loving forever homes



Roxy &
her buddy Simon



Ginger



Daisy



Tippy

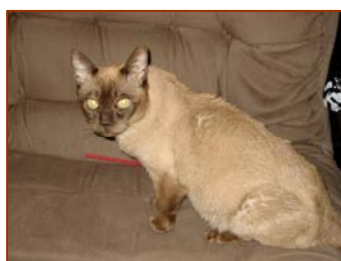


Blue



Billy (left) &
his buddy Koko

Veronika



Kiki

CAT CORNER

What can YOU do to help?

By Tina Kendall

Sophia



It's summer. The weather is warm. Your neighbours are heading off to the cottage. It's also the time when that stray you've been feeding gives birth to a litter of kittens. You call the local rescue groups and their voice mail messages say: "We're full!" What can be done? You'd like to help but you don't know what to do.

Welcome to the world of DIY [do it yourself] cat rescue. We at MHS know the problem very well. At one time all of us were just like you. Don't despair; we can help you help the animals!

You must have a plan. Here's what you need to consider:

First of all, you will need money. The cat you catch will require veterinary care; at the very least you must spay or neuter. If you have no money, then you must do some fundraising. This can be as simple as having a garage sale or as elaborate as contacting corporate sponsors.

Secondly, you have to find a sympathetic vet. Call your local rescue group and ask them for a recommendation. Many vets want you to make appointments but the cat will not necessarily co-operate. This means that you will have to deal with the animal until you can take it in. Have a plan in place beforehand; you cannot leave a trapped cat out in the heat or cold waiting for a vet appointment.

Thirdly, proper tools are necessary. These include two sizes of traps [kitten and adult cats], leather gloves, a cage, and supplies such as food and litter, etc. The traps may be purchased from Canadian Tire or borrowed from a rescue group or Animal Services. A cage for cats must be constructed so that the cat cannot escape easily. Traditional dog crates have openings that are too large. Newer ones have bars that are less than one inch apart, and these are the ones to use. If you have an empty room for recovery after surgery then a cage is not necessary. A female cat cannot be released outdoors until after at least a one-week recuperation period.

Finally, after the cat has been spayed or neutered, you have an important decision to make - whether you will find the cat a new home, or release it back to the original location. This decision can be aided by a simple determination as to whether the cat you have found is an abandoned pet or a feral.

A feral cat cannot be picked up, petted, or touched in any manner. Usually the feral cat comes out during the early morning hours or late at night. They are often found in large colonies. An aggressive cat is not necessarily a feral. Often pets that have been abused will not want you to touch them but they will still come to you for food and hang around while you are there. If the cat is friendly or you find kittens then the best thing to do is to find them a new indoor home. Domestic cats left outdoors to fend for themselves live a difficult life of only a few years. Finding a home can be accomplished by posting an ad on Petfinder, Craigslist or Kijiji. Approaching small neighbourhood pet food stores and enlisting their aid is possible – especially if you know that they have provided the service before. Do a thorough interview first, to make sure that they genuinely care for the cat's welfare. A sympathetic veterinarian might assist you to find a home, especially if you only have only one cat or some kittens.

So, now you know! What are YOU going to do to help?

For more information visit the Alley Cat Allies website at www.alleycatallies.org

For some inspiration, check out this video link http://www.catster.com/video/498133/The_tragedy_of_stray_cats

Thank you

Endless Tails Pet Nutrition
for the Cat Adoption Room
905-290-0378

Thank you

Petcetera Pet Store
for the Cat Adoption Room
905-615-1419

Puppy LOVE Story

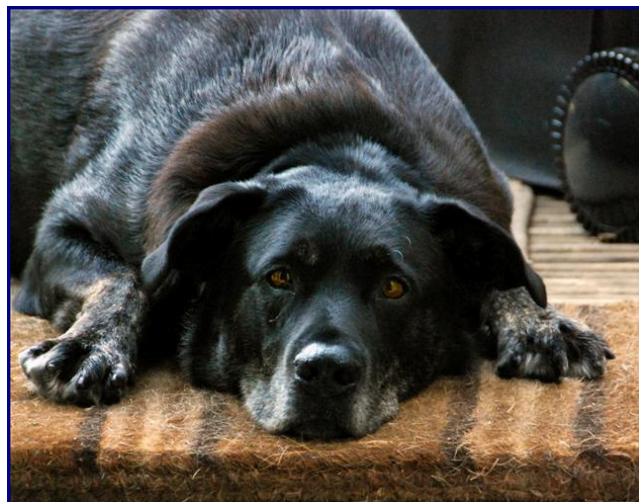
Hope for Big Old Black Dogs

By Keith Atwood, Daddy of Chevy

My name is Chevy (aka Saz), and this is my story...

My life began as it does for most dogs like me. I was a healthy and happy puppy, my family loved me, and life was good. At around the age of one, things changed in a way I could never have imagined. My owner and I one day went for a car ride together, like we'd done so many times before. This time however, she took me to a building I'd never seen with people and dogs I'd never met. LOTS of dogs I'd never met. Before I knew it, my leash was handed over and my owner walked out the door. I would never see her again. Minutes turned to hours, which turned to days, weeks, and months.

My years as a puppy passed and I was now an adult. In total, **I spent 4 years in that shelter in Quebec.** Times were not all that bad though. I did get time outside each day, and I was able to play with many other dogs. There were several people at the shelter who came to know me well and if it weren't for them, I know I would have never made it. I often wondered why I spent so much time at the shelter. Plenty of other dogs found new homes very quickly, but I have a condition. I came to know of it through conversation. I have what is known as "Black Dog Syndrome". Seems potential owners may have overlooked me because of my black fur. I don't understand it all that much, and it really doesn't bother me. I like everyone pretty much the same.

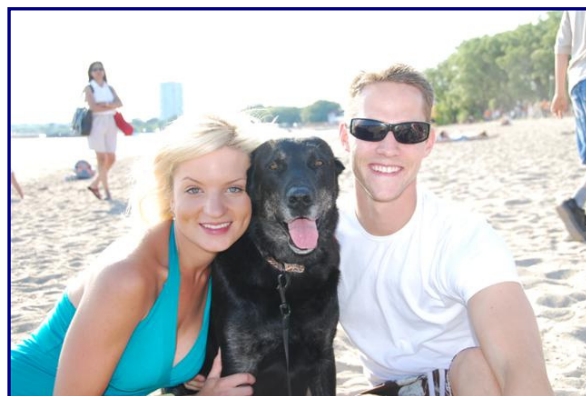


Chevy Atwood

In June of 2007 while at the shelter, I noticed that many of the dogs that I'd known for years began leaving the shelter. Then one day, my turn came. I was put into a van with a couple of other dogs and we drove for hours. I was so nervous about where they were bringing me, but excited to see life outside the shelter again. After hours of travelling, I was taken out on my own and handed over to a friendly man I came to know as Donald. Donald and Dorothee were amazing and, for the first time in years, I felt like a part of a family. Donald and Dorothee explained to me that while they thought I was amazing, it was their purpose to find me my very own family. Imagine that, my very own family! I was so excited! I spent my days playing with Donald and Dorothee's dogs and going for walks in the park. Life seemed good, but I had no idea how good it was about to get.

After about three weeks with Donald and Dorothee we went for our usual walk together in the park. This time however, I met two new people. The three of us went for a walk together, they kept petting me over and over. Then before I knew it, they opened the back door of their van and I jumped in. Just like that, we were all together and driving along.

It's been 1 year since Keith and Karla adopted me and so much has happened. I lived in High Park for a few months where we would all go for walks together in the park, along the beach and through the village. After spending my days driving around Toronto with my dad and curling up on the bed with my mom at night, I packed up my toys and went on a road trip across Ontario with my dad (it's about a 24 hour drive from Toronto).





It's heaven here; sandy beaches, lots of friends to play with and my very own lake to swim in whenever I please. I wasn't sure about swimming at first, but now I swim every day and even chase sticks! My family takes me out for walks and runs too and I have play dates with my friends Jaeger and Millie almost every day!

Recently, my mom and dad brought home my new baby brother, Hunter. They tell me that we're going to be best friends, but for now I just sniff him and kiss his toes because he's so small. I can't wait until he's big enough to play with me! Each morning I sit on my deck

and take a long look at the beautiful lake that I live on, it's one of my favourite parts of the day! My other favourite thing to do is ride in the box of the truck. Don't worry, Daddy makes sure I am secured! I love the breeze blowing in my ears and the smells of nature. My mom and dad both work from home too, so I always get a lot of attention!

I feel very blessed to have such a wonderful family and my new home on the lake is just like heaven for dogs. I miss my foster parents, Donald and Dorothee and my family in Quebec... but I have my very own family now and they love me very much! There IS hope out there for old dogs like me, so to all those dogs who are waiting for a loving family to adopt them, it is possible! Don't give up hope.

My name is Chevy, I love my family, my new life and I thank each person who helped get me here



Chevy Atwood



THANK YOU

*the Staff and Students
of
Ruth Thomson School
for the funds raised for our animals*

THANK YOU

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of
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Kitty LOVE Story

“The Smallest Feline is a Masterpiece.” – Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519)

By Sandy McGary

Almost 22 years ago I was lucky enough to adopt two lovely kittens, Midnite and Mariah (a brother and sister), at the tender age of 7 weeks and they were a big part of my life for many years. Midnite passed away from kidney disease in 2005 at 17½ years and Mariah passed away last year at 19½ from strokes as a result of high blood pressure. After that, I decided to wait for a period of time to give myself time to grieve.



In November 2007 I decided it was time to find another lifetime companion and I found her at Petcetera. She was a tiny little thing at 12 weeks old. I fell in love with her immediately. I named her Misty. She is indeed a masterpiece – a petite lady (just 7 lbs) with the cutest face.

Since I am retired (I am not as old as you think – still very active!), Misty and I spend a lot of time together and we have so much fun. She is so playful and loves to play “fetch”. She brings me one of her small crinkle balls (her favourite toy) to toss for her. She then retrieves it and brings it back for more. This can go on for quite a while. She also delights in putting the ball into her water dish and watches for my reaction.



Another of Misty’s favourite pastimes is to chase flies through the house and she leaps up in the air to try and catch them. She loves to watch the squirrels, birds and chipmunks in the yard. We have quite a few in the area so they keep her pretty busy. She loves to cuddle up and sleep with a stuffed bunny I have in the spare room. I also have two small charity teddy bears sitting in a chair in the living room and she loves to cuddle them as well but sometimes she play fights with them and is so comical to watch. She keeps me laughing all the time.

Although Misty doesn’t sleep on my bed most of the time, in the early mornings around 5:30 a.m. she’ll come and curl up right beside me and fall fast asleep until I’m ready to get up. I’m usually out of bed first and she nonchalantly gets up when she’s ready.



These past eight months have been wonderful. Misty brings so much joy and laughter to my life. She’s such a beautiful little cat. She is well behaved and listens to me most of the time. They say that “a house is not a home without a cat” and I truly believe it. All the love that I give to her she returns to me unconditionally.

I’m so thankful for Lily and all of the other people at Mississauga Humane Society who work so hard to keep these special animals safe and find good loving homes for them. Thank you for allowing me to adopt Misty; she has become such a special part of my life.



THANK YOU

Dorothy Avery
&
Ola Zaleswski
Mother Knows Best Obedience School
for providing free
dog training classes

THANK YOU

Vera Kalbol
for organizing a
Fund Raising Garage Sale
on June 7, 2008

MY PRIDE & JOY

“NO TROUBLE at all”

By Alicia Arcand, Foster Parent of Saul, Henry, Zeke, Abbey, Cash, Jack, Roxy, Philip, Dusty, Cleo, Tugboat, Zyphyr...

One day last fall my doorbell rang. A lovely English fellow named John was dropping off a dog named **Philip** who I had agreed to foster because his owner had passed away. “Oh, he’ll be no trouble at all,” said John, “You won’t even know he’s there.” And away went John, leaving me with the smelliest, scruffiest, saddest looking old mutt I had ever laid eyes on. His face was mostly grey, his eyes rheumy and cloudy, his coat dull and dusty, and the evidence to my nose told me that he had recently been sprayed by a skunk!

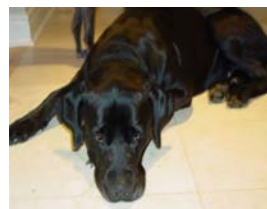
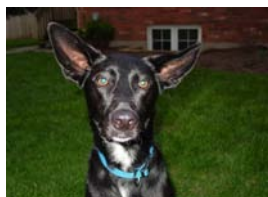


Philip & Mom

“No trouble at all.” Sure, I’d heard that before. I’d heard it about Roxy, the lab with separation anxiety who chewed up my couch and several pairs of shoes when I left her alone to go grocery shopping. I’d heard it about Jack, the 125-pound Lab/Dane cross who was preparing to fight the next world war by digging trenches in my backyard. I’d heard it about Skipper, who was so playful he knocked over vases and tables and plants all over the house. And, I’d heard it about Henry, who peed so much in the house, I had to follow him around with a mop and bucket. **“No trouble at all? We’ll see.”**

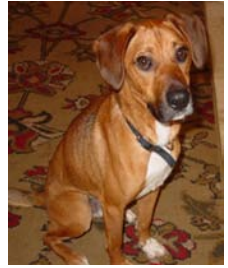
We were concerned about fostering an older dog, because often times they can be hard to find adoptive homes for. After all, they don’t have the ‘cute’ factor of puppies. Nonetheless, I had made a commitment to care for this old fellow, so I proceeded to bathe and brush the dog, trim his inch-long nails, scold him for peeing in every corner of my house, and open all my windows to rid the house of the overwhelming scent of skunk. After all the aromatic dust settled, we realized that in spite of his age and scruffy appearance, Philip was a really nice old boy. He settled in to our home nicely, and even got along well with the Queen of the Manor, my eight-pound lhasa-poo, Clementine. He was still very active for a thirteen-year-old dog, and loved going for walks, especially trips to the off-leash park. He would jump up on the sofa for TV time cuddles, and climbed the stairs at bedtime with the enthusiasm of a young dog. We became very fond of “Prince” Philip.

One night three weeks after he came to us, we got Philip ready for his nightly walk. He seemed a bit lethargic, but came along anyway. Less than five minutes into our stroll, we noticed that Philip was moving very slowly, and appeared to be in pain, so we turned around and headed for home. He wouldn’t even attempt the two steps into the house. We knew immediately that something was very wrong. My husband and son loaded our 80-pound prince into the car, and I rushed over to the Emergency Veterinary Clinic. They took him in right away, and after a few minutes, the Vet gave me the grave news. Philip’s stomach had twisted. I knew that this was a fatal condition if not treated immediately. The only treatment for twisted stomach, or ‘the bloat’ as it is often called, is very lengthy and expensive surgery, where the dog’s stomach is untwisted, and literally sewed down to his abdominal cavity. I explained to the vet that **Philip was not really my dog, that I was merely fostering him for the Humane Society, and that ultimately the decision was not mine**





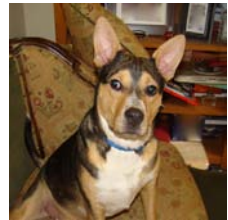
I called Lily and explained the situation, fully knowing that as a non-profit organization there would be little chance of the Humane Society affording the surgery. Putting him down seemed to be the only option. I called my husband and asked him to see it through with me, so that Philip would have a familiar face beside him at the end. By the time my husband got to the clinic, he was crying, asking to speak to the vet, and saying that there was no need to put the dog down. We had made a commitment to care for Philip, and we should make his golden years just that; truly golden. So we dug into our savings and had the surgery performed for Philip. He recovered well, but through the process it was discovered that Philip had hypertension, high blood pressure, and cholesterol issues (remarkably the same symptoms as my husband, and I haven't put him down...yet), which would all need to be treated with daily medication for the rest of his life, and his kidney disease required that we cook a special diet for him. "Well, I guess he's ours now," I told my husband. "No trouble at all? Yeah, right."



By Christmas Philip, now fully recovered from surgery, began to develop a lump on his breastbone. By New Year's, it had quadrupled in size, and another trip to the vet was in order. It thankfully turned out to be a benign lump, but had to be removed nonetheless. No questions this time; Philip was our dog. One week after that surgery, Philip was back to his goofy old self, and in an excited attempt to jump up on the bed, he opened his incision, and we had to return him to the clinic once again for yet another surgery.



Back home and on his diet Philip mended quickly. His eyes became clear, his coat got shiny, his nose got wet, and there was a spring in his step...unfortunately his breath left something to be desired. As he got healthier he became younger and younger. Everybody loves Philip, especially at the Vet Clinic where the staff all know him



very well. At first our most ardent hope was to have at least one summer with Philip but as we get further into the season we feel that all things being equal Philip is going to be with us for a few more summers. Summers of long off-leash walks, cuddling on the outdoor swing or just sitting quietly in the family room. Philip will sit and watch sports or *Desperate Housewives* without complaint. New dogs come and go in our house and Philip just makes friends and gets along. He even played aged puppy with two younger dogs that were here.

Was the cost of caring for Philip worth the reward? You bet! There's a lot to be said for an older dog. Okay there's not much in the way of fetch or Frisbee...mostly a look that says, "You want it, you go get it." But there is something wonderfully calming when Philip looks at you with his big brown eyes full of the wisdom of age; eyes that say, "I love you guys!" There is also something incredibly special when Philip demonstrates how much he loves you with a big, sloppy and awfully stinky kiss, and every one of my shoes have remained blissfully intact! He is an incredibly special boy, and we haven't regretted our decision for one minute.

So John, if you're reading this, you were right. He's been no trouble at all.



THANK YOU

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of a Mobile Banner*

www.visualeyesdesign.ca

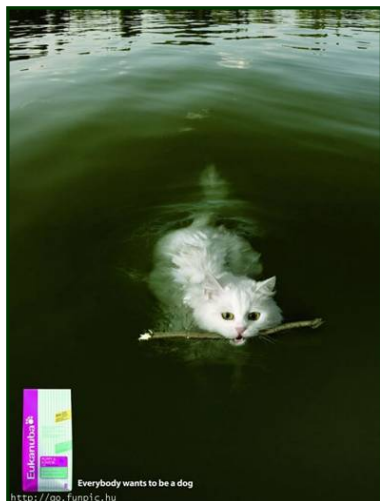
THANK YOU

St. Francis Xavier Church

*For hosting a party
in May 2008*

*to
Raise funds for our animals*

HUMOUR TIME



Pet Theology

Be obedient,
no matter how much
the Master's plan
doesn't make sense to you



STEPS OF COMPASSION COWS to EAT?

Cows are gentle giants, large in size but sweet in nature. They are curious, clever animals who have been known to go to amazing lengths to escape from slaughterhouses. These very social animals prefer to spend their time together, and they form complex relationships, very much like dogs form packs. Like all animals, cows form strong maternal bonds with their children, and on dairy farms and cattle ranches, mother cows can be heard crying out for their calves for days after they are separated.

Every year, millions of these sensitive animals suffer and die for the meat and dairy industries every year. When they are still very young, cows are burned with hot irons (branding), their testicles are ripped out of their scrotums (castration), and their horns are cut or burned off—all without painkillers. Once they have grown big enough, they are sent to massive, muddy feedlots to be fattened for slaughter or to dairy farms, where they will be repeatedly impregnated and separated from their calves until their bodies give out and they are sent to die.

Cattle raised for beef are usually transported hundreds of miles in all weather extremes to the slaughterhouse. Many cows die on the way to slaughter, and those who survive are shot in the head with a bolt gun, hung up by their legs, and taken onto the killing floor, where their throats are cut and they are skinned. Some cows remain fully conscious throughout the entire process—according to one slaughterhouse worker, in an interview with the Washington Post, "they die piece by piece."



Calves raised for veal are kept in stalls so small that they can't even turn around.

Animal Joke

You could feed them a lot faster

There was once a man from the city who was visiting a small farm, and during this visit he saw a farmer feeding pigs in a most extraordinary manner. The farmer would lift a pig up to a nearby apple tree, and the pig would eat the apples off the tree directly. The farmer would move the pig from one apple to another until the pig was satisfied, then he would start again with another pig.

The city man watched this activity for some time with great astonishment. Finally, he could not resist saying to the farmer, "This is the most inefficient method of feeding pigs that I can imagine. Just think of the time that would be saved if you simply shook the apples off the tree and let the pigs eat them from the ground!"

The farmer looked puzzled and replied, "What's time to a pig?"

ANIMAL KINGDOM

THE SMILEY HOOF



MEET MOLLY. She's a gray speckled pony who was abandoned by her owners when Katrina hit southern Louisiana, USA. She spent weeks on her own before finally being rescued and taken to a farm where abandoned animals were stockpiled. While there, she was attacked by a dog, and almost died. Her gnawed right front leg became infected. After surgeon Rustin Moore met Molly, he decided to help her. He saw how the pony was careful to lie down on different sides so she didn't seem to get sores, and how she allowed people to handle her. She protected her injured leg. She constantly shifted her weight, and didn't overload her good leg. **She was a smart pony with a serious survival ethic!** Moore removed her leg below the knee and a temporary artificial limb was built. Molly walked out of the clinic and her story really begins there.

Molly happened to be a one-in-a-million patient. She's tough as nails, but sweet, and she was willing to cope with pain. She made it obvious she understood (that) she was in trouble. The other important factor, according to Moore, is **having a truly committed and compliant owner** who is dedicated to providing the daily care required over the lifetime of the horse. Molly's story turns into a parable for life in post-Katrina Louisiana. A human prosthesis designer built her a leg. The prosthetic has given Molly a whole new life, and she asks for it! She will put her little limb out, and come to you and let you know that she wants you to put it on. Sometimes she wants you to take it off too.



Most important of all, Molly has a job now. Kay, the rescue farm owner, started taking Molly to shelters, hospitals, nursing homes and rehabilitation centers; anywhere she thought that people needed hope. Wherever Molly went she showed people her pluck. She inspired people and she had a good time doing it. "It's obvious to me that Molly had a bigger role to play in life", Moore said. "She survived the hurricane, she survived a horrible injury, and now she is giving hope to others. To me, she could be a symbol for New Orleans itself."



Here shows the ground ace that she stands on, which has a smiley face embossed in it. **Wherever Molly goes, she leaves a smiley hoof print behind!**



🐾 Thank You 🐾

**Thank you to all of the people who contributed articles for this edition.
A big vote of thanks to all of our dedicated foster parents, volunteers,
adopters, donors and sponsors.**