

HEALTH

A HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN CANADA



CRIPPLING OF CHILDREN (No. 2)

The main causes of crippling in children, as indicated in a former article, are tuberculosis (either human or bovine), infantile paralysis and rickets. A limited number of cases are due to accidents.

Infantile paralysis causes crippling because of the injury done to the muscles involved in the paralysis. In some cases the paralysis is extensive; in others it is moderate and confined to a small group of muscles. In others again, the initial paralysis may completely clear up under treatment and the crippling be absent or but temporary.

In the prevention of crippling from this affection much depends on the early treatment. This should be limited to securing the comfort of the child, to the maintenance of good position of the limb involved, and to the prevention of deformity. Active treatment by massage, exercise, manipulation or electricity should be withheld as long as any soreness of the surface remains. Soreness of muscles means that the inflamed spinal cord, the real seat of the affection, is still susceptible of irritation. Rest is the real need of the victim of paralysis in the early stage. Active treatment belongs to the more convalescent period when swimming, or under water movements, electricity, massage, occupational therapy and manipulation by the trained surgeon have their place.

Rickets still claims a place in the crippling of children but the affection is disappearing in the face of public health education. The causes of rickets are improper feeding of the pregnant mother, lack of essentials in the feeding of infants and too little sunshine.

In addition to a good standard diet, the mother should have cod-liver oil during pregnancy. It will help if she also has sea fish twice a week. The use of cod-liver oil in pregnancy is now a routine practice. The rickety child improves wonderfully if given two to four teaspoonsful of cod-liver oil or its equivalent of viosterol, daily, in the fall, winter and spring months. The ultra-violet rays of the sun take the place of cod-liver oil and viosterol in the interval from May to September. These remedies prevent the loss from the body of the calcium and phosphorus which serve to build up good bones and enduring teeth.

Accidents are due to lack of care, the taking of chances and in some instances to over-indulgence in alcoholics. The results of accidents are minimized to a high degree by skillful surgery.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

UNSETTLED

The editor of a country newspaper received from a subscriber the query "Can you tell me what the weather is likely to be next week?" In reply he wrote: "It is my belief that the weather next week is likely to be very much like your subscription." The inquirer puzzled his head for an hour over what the editor was driving at, when finally he happened to think of the word "unsettled." He paid the amount next day.

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THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

BUT ONE WAS OUT
By Roberta Yates

Ann Ward had a favorite hymn. She sang it, piping out shrilly, in church or at work in her kitchen. "There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold."

Ann Ward had 12 children, a considerable number even for an upstate town like Taunton where folks haven't learned yet that it is unfashionable to have a big family. The Wards were spaced out, so that Vera, the 10th child, was born about the time Thomas, the oldest, came back from the war. After her, by four years, came the twins. That ended the list.

Thomas remained a bachelor and, when Mr. Ward died, became the head of the family. The other older children married and settled down in Taunton. None of them had much money, but it was nice for Ann Ward to have them close to her, now that she was growing older, and to know that they were safe and reasonably happy.

But then there was Vera. From the first Vera was different. She flaunted a strange beauty; her dark eyes flung out a challenge; so did her slim figure. The boys at the corner stared after her, but she never gave them a glance. She had a nice voice, but she was not satisfied with the church choir. Taunton wasn't good enough for her.

No one was surprised when she ran away to New York. She had not gotten on well with Thomas, who was becoming a bit fussy, as middle aged bachelors do. Folks gossiped that she had gone on the stage, but Mrs. Ward said "No," that she heard from her regularly and that she was singing in concerts.

However, Ann Ward looked badly that winter after Vera left, though goodness knew she had no reason to worry, with Vera doing so well, and all of her other children around her for company.

And she was strong for her age. She was the first one down every morning to get breakfast for the twins, who were in high school, and for Thomas, who liked a leisurely breakfast before going to the bank. He subscribed to a New York paper, to keep up with national affairs. Mrs. Ward always put this paper beside his plate, undisturbed, folded as it had arrived, the way he liked it. After he had gone to work she read it herself, feeling vaguely that it kept her in touch with Vera.

One morning Thomas gave her a sidelong glance and snipped a clipping out of the paper.

"Ad for hair tonic," he mumbled. "I may send for some."

On his way to the bank he stopped at the telegraph office and wrote a wire of a careful 10 words.

"Can I help? Answer care bank. Mother must not know."

The answer came: "No."

Exactly the proud answer Vera would send. Let her high and mighty New York friends help her, Thomas thought.

He was glad his mother didn't know. But he did not count on Mrs. Ward's decision to visit Vera. A few days after the newspaper incident, she made up her mind. Thomas called a family conference and they all protested.

"Mother, you're not well."

"I doubt if Vera has room for you."

"Yes, she has," said Ann Ward. "She has a big apartment and only yesterday she wrote that she has a new part in a big opera company."

Her sons and daughters exchanged covert glances. What a lying braggart Vera was.

"I forbid you to go, mother," Thomas said.

She patted his arm. "You're a good boy but you're not old enough to boss me," she told him, who was 40. "However, I may put it off," she compromised, to end the argument.

They all sighed in relief. Ann Ward waited that night until Thomas was asleep. Then she took her suitcase and went quietly out of the house and to the railroad station. The only train was a local that paused in Taunton at midnight on its wearisome, halting way to New York.

Ann Ward sat the night through in a day coach. The hard plush seat, the jolting stops and starts, had their way with her rheumatism. She fidgeted because the train was so slow. Suppose it arrived too late. She asked the conductor a dozen times, and each time he assured her that they would reach New York by 8.30.

She reflected that she would not have a minute for breakfast. New York was big, and it might take longer than half an hour to walk to the place where she had to go. She emerged, stiff and dazed, in

the marble merry-go-round of Grand Central Station, and lost 15 minutes wandering about before she found an exit to the street. She felt panicky over the delay, and frightened and weary and old. Perhaps she should have made Thomas come in her stead. But Thomas never understood Vera and Vera would not want him now. This was work to which only a mother could attend.

There was a policeman in the middle of the street, and also in the middle of a traffic jam and more people than she had ever seen before. He could give her directions. She hurried toward him, saw an oncoming car just in time and stepped so quickly that she tripped and fell, with her straw suitcase squashed under her. Immediately the entire crowd converged on her and the policeman made a way through them. She picked herself up, smiling in embarrassment and dusted off her black skirt.

"A pretty figure I cut," she thought. "Now I'm all dragged." She assured the policeman that she wasn't hurt a mite. Then she asked him how to get to her destination. He insisted that she could reach it only by taxicab and he put her into one. The coast of the ride worried her, but she was grateful for a minute to straighten her hat while she was borne so swiftly that she could not be late.

The trial took place in a half empty courtroom, for the arrest of one more unimportant strip tease dancer in one more cheap cabaret is not a matter for excitement. Two detectives swore that Vera's act had been indecent. Two dubious looking men who owned the cabaret swore that it had been merely artistic.

At this moment a little old woman slipped into the room and came down the aisle. She piped in a clear high voice: "Mr. Judge, I don't know just what to do in court but this girl is my daughter and I'd like to explain to you about her."

Vera turned pale and gasped: "Mother, I didn't want you to know! You mustn't be dragged into this!"

Mrs. Ward patted her shoulder. "Child you look thin and high strung. I should have come sooner."

She turned back to the bench. "Mr. Judge, can I talk to you?"

There was a consultation between Vera's lawyer and the prosecutor and the judge which ended in Mrs. Ward taking her place in the witness chair. "Suppose you tell me of your daughter's character," said Vera's counsel. "Is she of high moral—"

The prosecution objected. What did a mother know of her daughter's morals when she lived in upstate and the girl in New York? While they argued Mrs. Ward smiled apologetically at the judge. "I'm sorry to cause such a fuss," she said. "Maybe I can say what I've got to say better in my own words."

The judge looked thoughtful. He was known as a severe judge for he had two daughters and he thought that the hard-boiled young offenders who paraded before him were a bad influence on the other youngsters. But the present defendant did not seem hard-boiled. She was gazing at her mother with a tragic pleading that he hoped never to see in the eyes of his own daughters.

"Tell your story as you wish Mrs. Ward," he said.

"To begin with, I don't know what a strip tease act is so I don't know what you're accusing my girl of. But I don't doubt maybe she was doing something she ought not to have done. She was always a little wild, but more than that, she was ambitious. She had her heart set on being a singer or success of some kind. About a year ago she came to New York. I reckon she found it wasn't so easy as she thought. She has a good voice and she was the prettiest girl in Taunton, but in a city where there is plenty of prettier girls and maybe some with better voices. But she kept on trying until her money gave out. She was too proud to write home for more. Besides she knew I didn't have much to send."

Vera cried: "Mother, how did you know?"

"Honey did you think those bragging letters fooled me? They just worried me. I knew if you were doing as well as you claimed you'd send money home."

The judge rapped and said: "Continue Mrs. Ward!"

"Rather than admit she'd failed she acted foolish. She took the only job she could get and that's how she got herself in trouble. If she was younger I'd take the hairbrush to her. As it is, I figure she's been punished about enough. What's more she hasn't been eating right and she's run down. If you'll let me I'd like to take her home for a rest. Maybe she'll learn

that singing in a choir isn't the worst thing in the world."

Vera stammered: "Yes."
"The defendant is released in the custody of her mother."

Thomas had but one question. "Mother, how did you find out?"
"Land child I can read a paper before you get down to breakfast and fold it up as neat as it arrived, before you get a chance to clip something out. 'Now I got to hurry to church. The singing ought to be good today, with Vera back.'"

Ann Ward lifted her own voice with the choir.

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed:
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro'
Ere He found His sheep that was lost."

She loved that hymn. It never occurred to her that, in a small measure, the words applied to herself.

STARLINGS TAKE LETTERS FROM RURAL MAIL BOXES

On Thursday last Mr. Chas. Melbourne, mail carrier on R.R. No. 1, Bradford, while on his route, discovered a starling picking away merrily at an unstamped letter lying in the ditch about ten feet from Mr. John Watson's mail box. Investigating, Mr. Melbourne found that the letter had been stolen from the mail box by a starling, and, lying upon the ground below the mail box, he found the three cents which the sender of the letter had put in the box with the letter for a stamp.

This is the first instance of the local mail carriers having caught these robber birds in the act, though many a starling's nest has been found in the boxes.

Last year considerable excitement was caused by the rumor that letters were being stolen from the rural mail boxes in the Sutton district, until postal authorities actually discovered the starlings taking mail from the boxes, in some cases letters being found two hundred yards from the box.

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There is little bravery. The brave merely do things they aren't afraid to do, and a coward can do that.

ANNUAL MEETING SECTION V, TORONTO PRESBYTERIAN L. A. W. M. S.

The 22nd Annual Meeting of Section Five of Toronto Presbyterial of the Presbyterian Women's Missionary Society, was held in St. James Church, Stouffville, on Thursday, June 10th, 1937. There was a splendid attendance from the Auxiliaries in the section, namely, St. Andrew's, Scarborough, St. Andrew's, Markham, St. James, Stouffville, and Knox, Agincourt, and to all Mrs. W. H. Fuller, President of the Stouffville Auxiliary, extended a hearty welcome. Reports were presented showing increased givings to the cause of Missions, and large, useful bales of quilts and clothing sent to the Supply Department.

Mrs. Hall, First Vice-President of Toronto Presbyterial, brought greetings from the Presbyterial, and gave interesting impressions of the Provincial Meeting in London, which she had attended. Auxiliary members were asked to remember in prayer daily at 9 a.m. the missionary work of the Society.

Mrs. Ledingham, Presbyterial Home Helpers Department Secretary, presented the work of the Department, and very fittingly, as this is Home Helper Year, presided at the conference at the lunch hour, when the work of the Literature, Welcome and Welfare, Mission Band and Supply Departments, was presented by the various Secretaries.

Mrs. J. D. Wilkie, home on furlough from Formosa, gave a most interesting address at the afternoon Session, and explained a large collection of articles which she had brought from that land. Our Mission Work in Formosa is among the Chinese, and this work has been made increasingly difficult by the action of the Japanese Government in forbidding the use of the Chinese language in the schools, and even inflicting punishment on Chinese children speaking their own language on the way to school. Mrs. Wilkie said their work was only possible by the knowledge that they were being upheld in prayer by friends in the homeland, and begged us to make use of this powerful weapon of prayer God had put in our hands.

Mrs. J. F. M. Bingham, Secretary of the Girls' Teen Age Department, made a plea for increased activity and more warmth and zeal in our efforts to accomplish our Women's Missionary Society aim "The World for Christ." Christ went about doing good. Were we to be content with just "going about?" Were we "active members" or did we "just belong?"



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