

# HEALTH

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



## THE BATTLE AGAINST 'CANCER'

How is it going?  
Our chief gains against the enemy are three:

### 1. EARLY TREATMENT

The confident knowledge that early treatment is often successful.

### 2. SPECIAL CAUSES

The discovery of how some Cancers are caused, thus showing how to prevent these cancers.

### 3. RADIUM AND X-RAYS

The use of radium and x-rays as an aid to surgery in destroying cancerous growths without harming the healthy tissues.

### EARLY TREATMENT

All cancers have a beginning, usually a very small beginning. Here is a mole—a dark brown, flat spot on the cheek. The outline is somewhat round, the size is rather small. But the person begins to notice in the course of time that the spot is growing larger and seems softer. It seems a simple thing—nothing to be afraid about. Perhaps not—but experience has taught the medical profession that this is often the way a cancer begins and when the mole grows larger and softer it means danger.

The matter is simple now. The spot is easily removed by a treatment with radium in the hands of a skilful radiologist. Then the mole will disappear and never do any harm. But if neglected, it may become serious and may develop into a cancerous growth. This knowledge of the success and safety of early treatment is a great gain in the battle against cancer.

Take another example. Here is a small sore place on the side of this man's tongue—an ulcer. It has been there a while. He thinks it may have been there about three months. Likely it has been there about six months. Look at his teeth. There, just by the ulcer on the side of his tongue, is a broken tooth. That is what made the sore place. The dentist must set that right at once, so that the tooth may be smooth and safe and comfortable to his tongue. If that had been done the day that the tooth broke, our man would have had no ulcer. Now, the tooth is repaired and we must try to get the ulcer healed for that is one of the ways that cancer begins—a little ulcer on the tongue that does not heal. That ulcer was caused by irritation—the irritation of a broken tooth. Again we see the safety of early treatment to prevent cancer developing.

Avoid irritation and prevent cancer.

(To be continued)

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

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## THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

### OLGA HOLDS ON

By H. M. Savage

Sid Wilkins thought the river—it ran beside the road he travelled—was coming up faster than any ordinary spring freshet would ever make it. River and road wound their way at the bottom of a deep narrow valley and there were three miles yet ahead before Sid would come to a cross-road where he could take to higher ground and safety.

He listened to the constant growling roar of the mountain stream and didn't like it. The little river that looked to visitors in summer time so harmless and picturesque was a growing menace. Down on the road where Sid was the walls of the hills intensified its voice and made him remember the dam up at West Benton. It had broken once, years ago and several teams had been trapped just about where he was. Sid slapped the reins on the back of his mare, Minnie, to urge her to travel faster.

However, Minnie was doing her best and Sid knew it. It had rained for three days and the frost had come from the ground fast to make heavy going. The wheels sank deep the spokes coming up with mud, clumping and clinging like heavy molasses. In that north country, when snow came the farmer's cars were run under the barn till spring came. Only the main highways between towns were fit for automobiles.

The stretch ahead was the part Sid dreaded. It was known as the Flats, a section where the river valley widened. Here the stream took on one side against the edge of the hills and flat level grass land stretched from it to the rising ground on the other. These flats were covered by water during an ordinary rise of the river and the road, through their centre had been raised till it reached a level five or six feet above the surrounding land, much like a railroad crossing.

Sid looked ahead and pulled the reins to bring his horse to a stop. He wanted to think things over before venturing on the Flats. By this time he was fully convinced the dam was out. The river was coming up so fast that the road in front was completely under water. From where he was he could get to higher ground if he unhitched the mare and abandoned the wagon. It would mean losing that and getting a cold ducking in the broad ditch. But that would be a lot better than being caught in case the river beat him on the crossing.

Suddenly Sid's dilemma was solved for him. He saw a covered buggy that he had missed before. Maybe the steam from the river had hidden it. It was about half a mile out on the Flats and not moving. "What's the darn fool waiting for?" Sid said to himself. Then it came to him that the driver might be a woman, maybe frightened and confused. He pulled at his greying mustache and clucked to Minnie to go forward again.

He couldn't see the road now. Muddy water covered it a foot. But he knew if he gave Minnie her head he could trust her to keep in the wagon tracks. It was one of the times Sid thought when a horse had it over a car.

The water was to the floor boards of the wagon as Sid came up with the buggy. He could see her hat through the glass in the rear curtain of the top.

"Hey," Sid called gruffly, "what are you stopping for? Don't you know that you have got to get out of here quick? That dam's out!"

The woman heard and her head came out. She looked back. "Oh, hello Mr. Wilkins!" She appeared calm and collected.

Sid recognized her. It was Olga. Of all the women in the world this was the last one he wanted to meet. She was the girl that his only son Tom wanted to marry. He had fought it tooth and nail. What had brought him on this road was that he was dickering on the quiet to buy up the mortgage on Olga's father's farm. When he owned it, it was his intention to foreclose and force the family out of town. By this method he hoped to finally get rid of Olga. Sid's principal objection was that her father and mother were foreigners. Sid was a stickler for the old stock of the countryside keeping together when it came to marriage.

"What are you stopping for?" he roared. "I didn't stop," said Olga slowly. "It was the horse. I can't make him go ahead. Maybe he knows more about it than I do and the road is washed out in front."

"Well, we can't turn around here," Sid growled. "The road's too narrow. We'll have to unhitch and swim the horses ashore."

"You mean leave the wagons

here?" gasped Olga. "I am not going to do that. That might mean losing the buggy and my father couldn't afford another."

"I bet he couldn't afford to lose a daughter either," Sid raved, his quick temper aroused at the girl's stubborn tone.

"Maybe the water will not come much higher," said Olga soothingly. "I was waiting hoping it would not!"

"Don't you know the dam must be out?" Sid called. "The river wouldn't come up this way if it wasn't."

"I thought something like that might have happened. But let's wait maybe it won't get much higher," Olga was anything but frightened at the river.

Sid's patience was gone. While he had been talking the water had come through the floor boards and around his feet. "We ain't got time to argue," he yelled. "That dam went out back in Eighty-two. The water got ten feet higher than what it is now! Used to be able to see marks on the trees on the bank—where the drift smashed into them. What she's doing is filling up the meadows at Benton Centre. When it gets them flooded it's going to come through hear tearing. Start unhitching. Get that horse out of the shafts. Be sure too to see the tugs are tied into the harness and blankets. Help if the brithcing good. We can save you want!"

"Oh, you don't have to," said Olga surprised. "I can get him out. But I hate to!"

"Hurry!" was Sid's exasperated order and he splashed into the water and started to free Minnie.

"Got your horse out Olga?" called Sid.

"Yes Mr. Wilkins," came from in front of the buggy.

"Well I guess you can get on him. You can almost float on." Sid felt reluctant about offering to help Olga mount.

I am on him, Mr. Wilkins. I'm waiting for you!"

Sid rode Minnie around in front of the buggy.

There are three things we can do," said Sid. "We can go up the road or down, till we come closer to the bank or strike off here. I think striking off is the best. The water is getting deeper fast."

"Whatever you say, Mr. Wilkins," said Olga mildly.

"Well, let's go," said Sid. "Grab your horse by the mane and don't be frightened. The water will come to your neck and be plenty cold."

Olga laughed. "Don't worry I could swim without the horse if I had to." They splashed together and the horses made for the bank without guiding.

Half way across Minnie's foot hit something. Sid heard her shoe strike rock and knew the mare had run on to the only boulder on the Flats. He tried to pull her away from it but Minnie was so frantic to get something solid under her feet again. She pawed at the rock, half succeeded in getting on to it, despite Sid's efforts. Then she slipped. Fighting her rider and the slippery rock at the same time was too much for Minnie. Another slip and she rolled completely over. Horse and rider went under and Minnie came up without Sid. The mare was waiting for no one now. She struck for the bank with redoubled speed.

Sid's head came up at once. His heavy clothing and shoes weighed him down. Anyway he couldn't swim. He had pretty near decided that the river had him when an arm went around his neck. In a couple of seconds more he was gasping air into his tortured lungs. For a flash he saw the heads of the horses quite a ways off. Then he was towed around so he couldn't even see the bank. He knew that Olga had him and that with the two of them in their clothing it was an almost impossible job for the girl. They were hardly making headway.

"Don't try to hang on to me," Sid yelled when he had air enough in his lungs so he could.

"Keep quiet," Olga replied unruffled. "We'll make it easy. Just lay back loose."

"It was humiliating to Sid to have this girl, after what he had done, saving his life. A piece of timber came floating by. He had an idea. With a wrench he freed himself from Olga's arm. He tried to splash his way to the wood but his fingers just missed. That was the last he remembered except he knew he went under again.

There was a fire burning. Sid found himself propped against a rock. The girl was across from him watching. Sid studied her. She had pulled him out after all. It was certain what she started she finished.

She wasn't dumpy looking either, like some of those other women who worked in the fields. Tom's mother, he remembered had been built a good deal like her when she had been Olga's age. Maybe he had been doing wrong by the girl!

"How in thunder did you start that fire?" Sid asked trying to keep his change of feelings from showing in his voice.

Olga's reply was to hold up a water-proof match box. Like many other outdoors men, who like to fish and hunt, Sid always carried it.

"I found a few shotgun shells in your pocket too," said Olga. "I took the powder from them and the driest leaves I could find."

"How did you know that I had that match box?" Sid demanded.

"Oh, Tom told me you always carried it. Tom tells me everything."

"Tom, hugh," growled Sid. "Sure Tom, he always talks too much." Then Sid was sorry. He hadn't meant it the way he saw Olga was taking it. "Don't worry," he hastened. "I ain't going to raise any more ruckshuns about you and Tom. I know you have it in you now."

Olga smiled her slow way. It made Sid hold his breath.

"Mr. Wilkins," Olga looked at Sid calmly. "It doesn't make any difference whether you raise ruckshuns or not, I am holding on to Tom; just as I held on to his father out there in the water."

Sid breathed again when he saw the good-natured light in her eyes. "Yes I guess you will," he grinned.

## HOME IMPROVEMENT PLAN IS POPULAR IN ONTARIO

Ontario home owners are leading the rest of Canada in taking advantage of the Home Improvement Plan to modernize their dwellings, according to figures secured by the local committee. The increase in business done under the loan in all Canada during the first half of last month was approximately 26 per cent. During the period business in Ontario increased over 40 per cent. Ontario's lead in the drive to improve business and domestic living conditions is reflected by the fact that the Province, with 33 per cent. of the Dominion population, has taken 36 per cent. of the H.I.P. loans made in Canada.

Norfolk Masonic Lodge No. 10 at Simcoe, Ont. celebrated its 125th anniversary on June 8th.

The city council of Guelph has decided to abandon their street railway system.

## CAPITOL THEATRE

### FILM VERSION OF "ROMEO" FAITHFUL TO SHAKESPEARE

Screen's Dialogue Adheres to Original Work, Word for Word

"Romeo and Juliet" is presented on the screen word for word and line by line as Shakespeare wrote it.

"It was Irving G. Thalberg's wish that the classic be given to the motion picture audience in its purest form with absolute fidelity to Shakespeare," said Talbot Jennings, noted Merto-Goldwyn-Mayer writer and Shakespearean scholar, who made the adaptation of the masterpiece, which opens Monday at the Capitol Theatre.

"Not one single line of dialogue has been added, but 'Romeo and Juliet' is more completely presented in the film than is possible on the stage. It was filmed exactly as Shakespeare wrote it and intended it to be played.

"Adapting 'Romeo and Juliet' was a relatively simple task for it is written in almost perfect scenario form. The plays of Shakespeare's day bear a remarkable resemblance to the motion picture of today. Their action was continuous, and played without pause, even between acts. Scenery was virtually non-existent.

"Later, many of Shakespeare's contemporaries made radical changes in their own versions of 'Romeo and Juliet.' Many of the shorter but essential scenes were cut out altogether because of expensive scenery requirements and the necessity of shortening the play with the innovation of intermissions after each act, and often between scenes.

"To carry out Shakespeare's dramatic construction on the screen it was only necessary to write in pantomimic backgrounds which speed the action of the play on, without pause, to its tragic climax, as Shakespeare designed it.

A traveller was the father of a small family, which he was rarely able to see because he was away from home so much. One night, however, he was to stay home and take care of them while his wife was absent.

His wife asked him if he met with any difficulty. "Oh," he said, "I got them all to bed O K except that little red-headed one. I had to spank her before she'd go."

"Why, James," his wife exclaimed, "that isn't our child; she lives across the street."

Dominion Day Celebration at Maple July 1st.



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