

SPINACH-THE VITAMIN SOURCE SUPERLATIVE

TWO DANISH DOCTORS, Friderichsen and Edmund, have demonstrated the marked superiority of spinach over halibut and cod-liver oils as a source of Vitamin A.

Vitamin A is the one that prevents the night blindness of children and adults. It has been amply proved that lack of this vitamin will bring on the affection of children known as hemeropia or night blindness, a disease in which the vision is abnormally poor in a dim light although there is nothing in the condition of the eye to explain this.

The test applied to the solution of the problem by these Danish doctors was as follows: One hundred and six children between the ages of two months and two years were selected for the experiment. The children who remained well and who were nursed by their mothers either wholly or in part, were found to have proper vision. But those who were fed on a mixed diet or who suffered from some disease, had varying degrees of night blindness. When Vitamin A was given to these children, their eyesight showed an improvement in from 10 to 15 minutes. The normal condition of sight was reached in from 20 to 30 minutes.

The recovery was brought about in this short order by a dose of 4,000 units of vitamin A in cod-liver oil, 5,700 units in halibut oil, or 100 to 150 units in dried spinach.

Not only this, but the effect of the spinach lasted much longer. After administration of the fish oil the full influence lasted from three to six days, after which vision deteriorated again. The effect of the spinach was maintained for 10 to 14 days.

The use of the vitamin by children who had not been receiving a sufficient amount produced a striking and almost instantaneous improvement. The existing indolent and passive manner was replaced by smiles and a lively reaction to the flashes of the light of a lamp.

The condition of night blindness is not confined to children alone. Many adults suffer from the same thing and it is certain that some automobile accidents are due to this defect in vision.

The remedy is plain. Eat more spinach.

REWARD OF \$25 IN FUTURE FOR CONVICTION OF THOSE WHO DAMAGE PROPERTY

In future a reward of \$25.00 will be paid by the Town of Barrie to any person who supplies the proper authorities with information which leads to the conviction of any person wilfully causing damage to vacant property in the town.

A bylaw to this effect was passed at Monday evening's meeting of the Town Council, at the suggestion of Chief Stewart, who pointed out that for some time past vacant property in Barrie had been wilfully damaged by persons unknown.

The vacant property mentioned in the bylaw includes buildings, fences, trees, or erections of any kind on the property, and including any wilful damage to the land comprising such property or anything growing thereon.

"The said reward shall be payable to the person supplying the same if and when the party alleged to have caused such damage has been apprehended and convicted," the bylaw reads. "The Council of the Town of Barrie shall be the sole judges as to whether or not the information supplied by the person claiming the reward resulted in the apprehension and conviction of the offender."

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THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

THE SISTERS

By Charles McQuirk

The Bayer Farm is six miles out of Leeds and Leeds itself is a town about as big as your hands. Its official census is 150 souls, but a quick check would prove that the figures are more official than correct. Leeds has about 108 inhabitants.

If things had gone on being normal, Leeds probably would have a population of 500 but with the war and the depression and the depreciation of farm land and the chance to get more WPA money in the towns and death, Leeds is what it is, a ghost town which refuses to give up the ghost.

It is a farming centre and derives its sustenance for its three stores by furnishing the needs of the farmers and their wives. The farms are nothing to brag about. The terrain is rocky and not too fertile. You can raise a crop of wheat but the raising takes work that is almost heart-breaking. You can raise truck and corn if you are not afraid to wield the hoe about nine hours a day. But you can make a fair living at farming if you work all the hours of the long days.

The Bayer farm is the best and most productive in the countryside. Ask anybody in or around Leeds who is the best farmer in the county and the answer will be Jan Bayer. He raises potatoes and sells them in the city. His small herd of beef cattle trickle into the abattoirs of Chicago. His sheep and lambs bring him a respective income. He buys nothing for his table because he can pick every delicacy from the ground in his home lot.

He drives a good car. Veda his small, pretty blonde wife wears better clothes than any other woman in the countryside.

Jan himself is a handsome man. He too is blonde, a little above average height with a great breadth of shoulder and chest. When he reaches his middle years he will have a paunch because that is the nature of his build. But it won't be a big one. Jan would never let it grow. He is too hard a worker.

He and Veda rest one day of every week. Veda laughingly declares she never does a tap of work on Sunday. All three meals have been prepared the night before. Her always spotless kitchen literally shines on the Sabbath. In winter she and Jan sit in the living room and read the Sunday papers. In summer they do the same thing on the front porch. By mid-morning they are in their pews in the Leeds Baptist Church. They are devout Christians. But at dusk of Sunday evening winter, summer, spring or fall, they have a service of their own.

They are devout Christians Jan and Veda but this service is more pagan than Christian. It is almost forbidden by the Christian religion. It is an attempt to do what never has been done since Christ raised his right hand with pointing fingers, in a graveyard of Zion and said "Lazarus arise and come forth!" Jan and Veda try to talk with their dead.

They have the Bible and it is open at the chapter which tells of the raising of Lazarus from the dead. And Jan reads it. And he shuts the book. And he takes Veda's hand in his.

"Olga," he says, and his eyes are half shut, "are you happy where you are?" There is a pause and both of them listen. Then, "Olga, are you satisfied with the way I've treated Veda?" Another pause. "Olga, if you could see the farm we think you would be content. It is a good farm. It is a fertile farm. Things grow. Seeds are planted in your name. You must be in favor in Heaven because the crops always come in. Olga, here is Veda."

And Veda leans forward, her hand clutching Jan's.

"Olga," she whispers, "are you happy? I am happy. I have you to thank Olga. Olga, ask that God send me a child. If it is a boy I will name it Jan after its father. But if it is a girl, I will call her Olga. I want another Olga in the house. Ask Olga. Ask God, please."

And then the fingers of both tighten on the other's hand and they say a short prayer for Olga, lying in her grave in the slope of the hill in the northeast corner of the home lot. They have done this for three years.

Four years ago Olga and Veda were known in Leeds as the Ralle sisters. Olga was then 24, Veda 20. Together they ran the farm which is now Jan Bayer's with the help of hired hands. They ran it as well as two women can run a farm. But women cannot run a farm. Running a farm is heavy work. It is man's work.

That year there was a shortage of men in Leeds. Things were very bad and most of the men had gone on to Carthage to live on the town. Even the youngsters had gone to join the CCC camp. Olga and Veda worried about the planting.

It was coming on to Good Friday and the weather was mild. The back of winter had been broken. The stars shone softly at night and the sun hit the earth hard at the angle which seemed to place it just above the east end of the earth in the morning, above the west end at night.

Good Friday was the day to plant potatoes. There was no other day as good. How did they know? Their father, dead 10 years now had told them. He had shown them. He had never planted potatoes at any other time. He always planted potatoes on Good Friday, even if there was snow on the ground, even if there was snow falling. And he never lost a crop.

Olga worried. She was a large, slender woman with fire and drive in her eyes. She was more beautiful than Veda. She was dark and her eyes were gray and her chin was set and there were furrows across her forehead. They had been etched there by worry and responsibility because, ever since she was 14 she had been the woman of the Ralle house. And now she worried about men. There was not a man available in Leeds and there was not a man coming to Leeds because these days men did not come to Leeds. There was nothing in Leeds for them. And here it was Holy Thursday.

"Get your things on, Veda," Olga said suddenly a little after noon. "Something tells me to go to town and I will find a man."

Veda said nothing. She laughed because she wanted to go to town any time. It relieved the monotony. She dressed and the two sisters climbed into the ramshackle flivver and snorted in to town.

There was nothing in Leeds. The two stores idled in the sunshine of a premature spring day. The house of Dr. Wythe was white and haughty. The road stretched toward the world's unknown. A hound dog dozed. There were no men for the farm. No men for anything. There were the storekeeper and one policeman and Zuey Blake the town drunk. But all these were married and working. And Zuey was neither married nor working. And who would want Zuey for either marriage or work?

Both girls had that in mind when they passed him, shaking and bleary eyed on the street. But they spoke to him because they were Christians and he was one of God's unfortunates.

"How do you do, Mr. Blake," Olga said.

"Hello Zuey," Veda smiled. He mumbled a reply and fumbled along the sidewalk and then a thought pierced his addled brain and he stopped and turned around slowly and called back.

"Girls!" They stopped and he shuffled back to where they stood. "You lookin' for a hired man?" He asked. They nodded and bent forward eagerly. "Thought of you when I seen him. There's a big fellow lying over in the ditch behind Gettners. He's God-awful drunk. But he ain't a drunk by habit. Tell that by the way, three drinks knocked him over. I'll go over and help you put him in your flivver. You can bring him out and let him sleep in the barn. If he's there in the morning maybe you'll have a hired hand."

They were shocked. They started to protest. Veda's lips were open to give Zuey a good piece of her mind. But Olga stopped her. They had to have a man to get in those potatoes. They went over to look at the drunk and they had their first sight of Jan Bayer, asleep in the ditch.

Olga looked at him carefully. He looked like a boy in a man's great body. So big, so helpless, so irresponsible.

"Come on," she said, her mind made up, "Help me in with him."

The next morning Jan came awake in the barn. It was cracking dawn. He could smell the two horses and the seven cows even before he arose. He got up. He found a lantern. Force of habit set him to work because he was a farmer. He cleaned the stalls. He shook down some hay and fed and watered the beasts. He was doing it when Olga and Veda came down to the barn.

Olga looked beyond Jan at the animals. Her eyes lighted with approval.

"Good," she said. "You are a farmer. We need a hand. Can you begin planting potatoes today?" Jan did not say a word. He kept

in his eyes. This woman went into him and permeated his whole body. He shook with a sudden terrible desire to possess her. He was in love at first sight.

"Yes," he said. That was all.

He planted the potatoes. He planted all the other truck and wheat and corn. Alone he did it swinging the hoe with the strength of his huge shoulders. Planting with the will. "Grow you!" He would grow. "Grow for her!"

They grew. Never was there such a farmer. And never was there such a man. Olga recognized that. She fell in love with him. It was good for Olga. It was bad for Veda. Jan worshipped Olga. He did not know that Veda existed.

Jan and Olga six months later sat in the living room. They were clasped in each other's arms. Olga said they would be married in another six months. Yes she loved Jan. But it would not be decent to marry a man she had met so short a time before, Jan must wait. Veda lay in her bed on these nights and writhed with the agony of an impossible desire. She wanted Jan.

The thing happened suddenly the day before their wedding day. Olga went to town alone for some supplies. Jan was in the field. Veda listlessly did her work in the spotless kitchen. A strange car drove into the dooryard. They lifted Olga from it and put her on her bed. She and the flivver had been sideswiped by a truck. She lived only an hour. But in the last minutes of that hour she said to Jan:

"Jan, you must marry Veda. She loves you and she will be alone in the world. She will make you a good wife. Will you Jan?"

"Yes," Jan growled.

"Marry her now. While I can see and hear."

They called the minister from the next room and he performed the ceremony. Olga died happily.

That is why in the dusk of a Sunday evening, come winter, spring, summer or fall, Jan and Veda Bayer try to talk with their dead.

THE THIRD TIME (Durham Chronicle)

Mrs. Warfield alias Simpson, stood up before the Mayor of Monts, France, on June 3rd, and promised to obey the Duke of Windsor. This is the third time this woman has made this same promise to some man and if she is spared, she may yet fool some husband by keeping her word.

Don't forget to attend Maple Field Day on Dominion Day, July 1st.

SLATS' DIARY

(By Oliver N. Warren)

Sunday: Well they ast me if I wood lack to becum asst. to the asst. junyer S. S. supt. I replide & sed no I diddent have the time to spair as sum times I might wanta play bass ball or go a fishen insted of goen 2d hand asst. suptintendent junyer.

Monday: I dont see why some fambly with a kid smallern me dont move in to are naber hood. Right now they aint no kids hear I can tick.

Tuesday: Pa writ up a marriage & got his stuff in 2 late for the prufe reader & the paper cum out & sed the brides dirty feet were in shoes that mite of ben taken for ferry boats. I xpect it were the tipeseters falt for Pa sed he rit it dainty feet & fairey boots. But the editur were good & sore eney how & the tipeseter were gone else whair.

Wednesday: I dont like the idee of a nigger becuming champeen of the whole wirl & am figgering on becuming a candy date for white hope and etc. Why not. Suleven & Demsey were small onct.

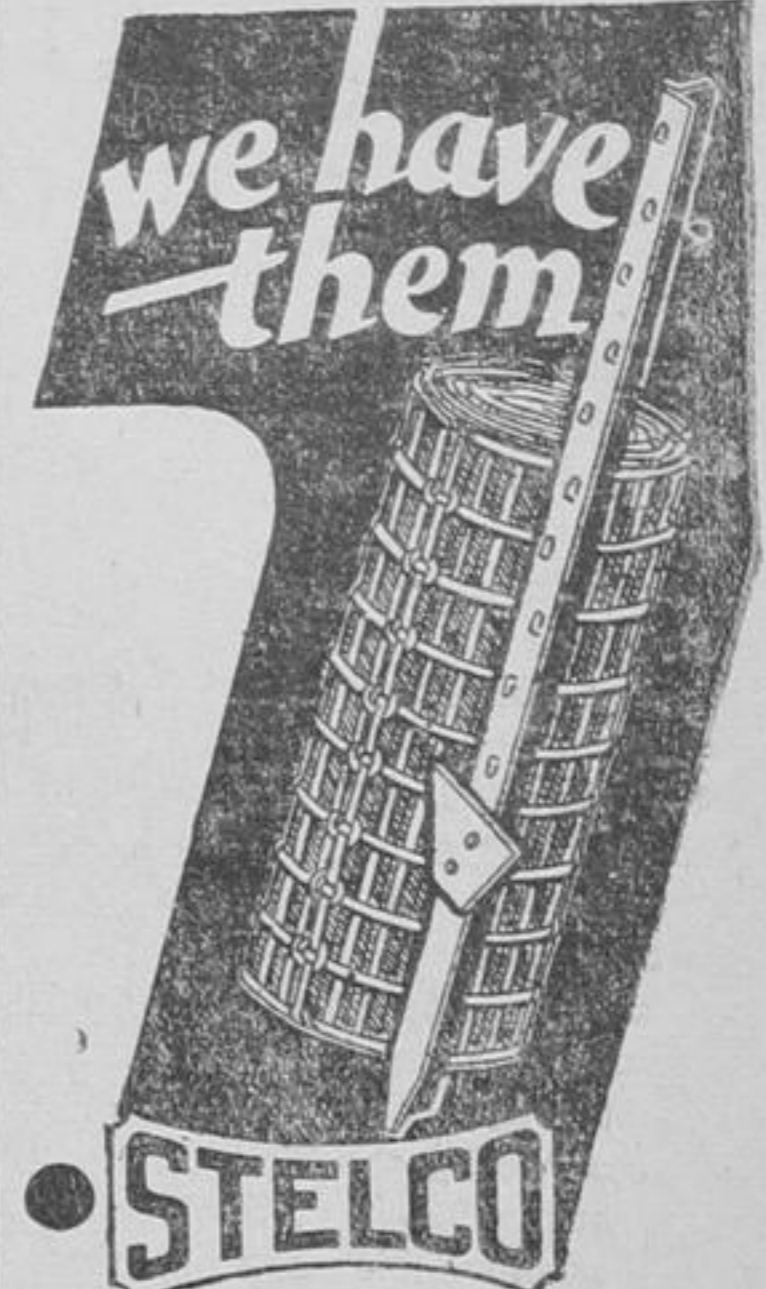
Thursday: Jane sed when I went & seen her that her Ma sed she mustent see me no more 4 I sed okey cum out under the Ellem tree whair its dark & witch we went & done. Gooddie for Janes Ma.

Friday: Pa were reeding the noosepaper & Ma were wirking a cross roads puzzle & she sed whats the name of a otto that starts with T. Dont kid me sed Pa. They all hafta have gassolen. & he diddent look up, with were well enuff I thot judging from Mas xpreshen.

Saturday: We had that b. b. game with the team from the other side of town & they were sevrall xalent fites. I got a blk. peeper & a skint noze & were among thoes that sed the ocashen were one grand sucksess.

A NEW RACKET (Durham Chronicle)

Three Sarnia youths who threw mud on windshields of passing motorists and then offered to wash them off for a small fee, were discharged from police court with a warning. An inventive mind can always think up new "rackets" these days.



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