

HEALTH

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BONE & JOINT TUBERCULOSIS

A clergyman and his young wife took up their residence in a small town some 20 miles from a large city. Sometime later the first baby arrived. She was a fine, healthy child and was much admired. When, as the baby grew older, the parents went to the city to do their shopping, they were persuaded to leave the baby in the care of a couple of sisters, members of the congregation. These sisters were extremely fond of the child and claimed her presence in their home on every possible occasion. They were very careful about her. One of the sisters was rather delicate and to her fell much of the care of the little visitor; sometimes the baby slept with her. This sister, who subsequently married and had a baby of her own, died in a couple of years of consumption, that is, tuberculosis of the lungs. Her own little one died a few months later of brain fever, otherwise tuberculosis meningitis.

The clergyman's child grew up and thrived until she was about 9 years old. On her return from school one evening, she said that she was tired. She complained of pain, first in her knee and later in her hip. She began, after a few days, to limp a little so the parents sought the advice of the local doctor. He was a competent chap and after a careful examination he told the parents that their child had hip-disease. Further explanation told the anxious father and mother that their beloved daughter had tuberculosis of the hip-joint.

The doctor applied appropriate treatment. The child was given rest; she lived out doors. She had the best of food and plenty of sunshine. She improved, but the course of treatment was a long drawn out process. The parents torn by anxiety for their child, tried an irregular practitioner. The girl got worse. An abscess appeared about the affected joint. The mother and father, as they themselves confessed, were ashamed to return to their doctor. They took the child to an eminent bone and joint specialist in the city. He heard their story and frankly told them that the original treatment was quite right. He was obliged to perform an operation. After a long time the little girl made a very good recovery but for some time, was obliged to wear a steel brace and to go on crutches. Now, at 17 years, a bright school-girl, she is permanently lame.

Tuberculosis of the bones and joints is nearly always acquired in early childhood. It frequently comes from the use of milk of tuberculous cows. It is often acquired, as this case probably was, from an open case of human tuberculosis.

The story of this case teaches two lessons, both of which are firmly impressed on the minds of the parson and his wife. The first is the danger of entrusting the care of a baby to sickly persons. The second is the danger of feeding a child raw milk. A third might well be added, namely, the folly of substituting trained services for those of doubtful value.

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THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

MARIA OF MALAGA
By Granville Fortesque

"When I take the girl here as my woman, Madre Luana, your secrets are safe."

Noting the Red officer's face as he sneered down on her mother, Maria Luana stiffened with fear. His swarthy features seemed to focus all the horrors suffered these last months.

Marry my daughter in church, senior Captain, as her father—God rest his soul—and I were married, by a priest—"

Anguish gripped Maria as she saw her mother's lips tremble with palsy. From long habit the mother's fingers caught at her rosary, counted the beads slowly.

"Churches!" The sneer on Captain Mendez' face deepened. "They make magnificent bonfires. Padres! We anarchists have—as the Russians say—liquidated them."

Maria drew back as from a blow. Into her mind flashed pictures of the early civil war days. Memories crowded her brain. Shaken by volley after volley of rifle fire she had crouched peering through the blinds hearing shouts, wild cries, groans from all the streets of Malaga. Men, nursing rifles, flourishing pistols, waving bloody hatchets rushed to and fro past her home. Up the Calle de Salfire they ran raging like dogs gone mad. Others joined them at every street corner. All surged onward towards the church of La Victoria.

The blasting crackling of rifle fire redoubled. Carefully opening the shutters Maria could see the gay walls of the church. The mob surged around it, yelling defiance at its defenders. From the church windows blue rifle barrels appeared, flashed their messages of death. The men in the street dodged into doorways, hid behind olive trees. Their rifles appeared, thin puffs of smoke spouting from the muzzles.

Soon as far as Maria could see the street was a chaos of fighting soldiers. Never ceasing explosions—guns, grenades, bombs—blasted the still air between the houses. From time to time this ceaseless din was smothered by the roar of distant cannon.

A new noise came to her ears from the sky. A droning airplane! Maria watched it soar like a silver bird, then dip above the church. Within the gloom of the tower she saw a machine-gunner shift his weapon, point its muzzle upward. She heard the rattling clatter as the gunner sprayed the sky with bullets. Suddenly a curious blob fell beneath the airplane. Maria stared, her heart congealed. A deafening roar rocked the house, crashed the shutters against her forehead. Dust whipped into her eyes. When she could see again a wide gash split the wall of the church as if it were rent by an earthquake. Dust clouds, drifted lazily above fresh heaps of rubble. In the tower window the machine-gunner lay sprawled across his silent weapon, blood pouring from his neck. The mob in the street shouted frantically.

Now new puffs of smoke rose from the tower. Flames licked the dim interior. Maria watched the tower become a blazing furnace. The flames threw ghastly lights on the grim faces of the men circling the church, guns clutched in their hand. A sudden shower of sparks and a stream of black-clad men, hands raised above their heads rushed into the street. The guns crashed on all sides. Maria sank to the floor behind the window, shivering with horror...

Shaking her head to rid it of these visions, Maria put an arm around her mother's shoulder. She faced Mendez with a show of courage her thumping heart belied.

"No use frightening mother, Captain. I've said I'll listen to you—"

she paused, black eyes wavering—"when this terrible war ends."

Mendez fixed narrowed eyes on the girl.

"The little Madonna of Malaga, they call you, Maria. Yet, don't think—if I tell you the jefes what I know of your family—that your midnight eyes, your moonlight skin, those red lips will save you. Servants of hated aristocrats! Game-keeper to the Marquis of Darkmeadows, your father." Maria's eyes fell at mention of her dead father. "Where are those aristocrats now?"

Where is that feeble old Marquis?" Mendez leered. Slowly he drew a dirty forefinger across his throat. Maria heard her mother whisper a prayer. "Suppose I tell the chiefs about your brother Arturo? And about that thin pig of a sweetheart of yours, Salas? Fighting with the sin verguenza Franco. How soon then would you and your old dame be in the calabos, if I spilled that story?"

Mendez thrust out a hand, grasp-

ed the girl's chin roughly between his thumb and forefinger. He pulled her face towards his. Maria felt a freezing current pass through her veins. Summoning desperate strength she beat her clenched fists against the bearded cheeks. For an instant Mendez's eyes blazed. His hand flew to the pistol holstered on his belt; rested there. Maria quailed under the menace in his glance.... Then Captain Mendez laughed.

"Brava! I like cats that scratch. I soon clip their claws."

He turned bowing in mock courtesy to the old woman. "Adios Madre Luana." He swung his sombrero low towards Maria. "Adios, querida mia. I give you until"—he grinned obliquely—"Mardi Gras, to decide. You will have time to repent—if you do not come to me."

Before the man's whistle died outside the door, mother and daughter fell in each other's arms. Sobs choked them both. Maria was the first to check hers. Speaking words of comfort she led her mother to her bedroom. The old woman fell on her knees before a shrine in the corner mumbling broken prayers.

Maria left her. She hurried down to the kitchen. Mardi Gras. Tuesday, and this was late Sunday. She must work quickly, she thought as she seized a loaf of bread, cut and buttered thick slices, packed trenches of ham between. She filled a canteen from the coffee pot, gathered bits of cheese and other tid-bits, bound all in a paper parcel. She slipped through a screen hidden door. Down rickety steps she crept, knocked softly against a rough door.

"Arturo! Arturo!" she whispered. "Es tu, hermana mia? Is it you, sister," a boy's voice answered.

"Si. Open. It is all right."

The door opened a crack. From the gloom a pinched face peered eagerly at Maria.

"Do you think I can make a run for it today?" asked Arthur. "I'm sick of sitting in this hole. Is that pig Mendez still watching?"

"No." Maria shook her head. "He thinks you escaped with Pedro Salas."

"I wish I had," said Arthur bitterly. "Pedro is with the hussars—"

"Here," Maria cut him short thrusting the parcel of food into his hand. "Keep these. If I give you the signal you must run for it tomorrow before daylight. Mendez will not return until Tuesday. That will give you a day on the road to Algiercas—"

"If—" Arthur Luana lifted his shoulders and let them drop in a gesture of resignation. Maria knew how slight his chances of slipping through the Red lines entrenched around Malaga. A month ago—when Pedro escaped—he might have made it. Only the Buen Dios know. Still he had done right. Staying to guard her and his mother during those nights of riot and bloodshed. At last Maria kissed her brother goodbye, holding back tears.

"I'm ready when I get your signal," he said as she left him.

A resounding "b-o-o-m-m-m!" brought Maria out of her bed before dawn. She listened to the growing whine of a shell thinking oddly of a monstrous bee darting through the sky. She heard a thunder crash, then the clatter of tumbling bricks. She clasped her hands tight across her breast. Her heart thumped. Swiftly she tossed a shawl about her shoulders, pushed her feet into zapanes and ran up the narrow ladder that led to the roof. As many houses in Malaga, the roof was an outdoor living room. She stared out to the harbor. Dawn's gray light flecked the waves. Beyond the Batteria de San Nicolas that jutted out into the silvered sea, rode three grim battleships.

"Gracias a Dios. Thanks be to God," Maria gasped, catching her breath.

From the warship's masts flew the gold and scarlet battle-flags of Spain.

"Viva Espana!" Maria exulted. She turned and ran down to the cellar.

A thundering salvo from the battleships accompanied her clattering heels.

"Arturo!" She shouted knocking on the cellar door. "The warships. Listen, then attack." Four detonating shells exploded in the street above. "Hurry. While all is a confusion in the city, you can surely escape. Find Pedro. Bring him here. Hurry, hurry," she urged.

Quickly the boy was ready. Kissing his sister warmly he drew a peasant's sombrero down over his eyes to hide his face.

"Say goodbye to mother. Tell her I'll soon be back."

The booming of the cannon smothered their farewells. Maria felt her heart sink as she watched Arturo,

disguised in peasant's serape and sombrero slip out into the dawn light.

All day long the battleships bombarded Malaga. The shore batteries responded cannon for cannon. Other ancient guns thundered from the walls of Castillo Gibralfaro. Shells raked the port, set the shipping a-fire. Hulls, masts, rigging, tarlaced decks, fed the flames. The flames spread to the city. While the splitting steel shells rained the people hid in their cellars. Behind the blackened walls of the sacked cathedral the Red battalions took shelter waiting for any force that might debark. Towards nightfall Red airplanes dipped out to sea. Circling above the warships they dropped bomb after bomb. Maria, watching all from the roof, suffered deep anguish when she saw the ships steam out to sea. Heart heavy, she went down to comfort her mother.

All night the streets were alive with marching troops. Hearing the tramping boots, the harsh commands of officers, Maria wondered what happened. When her mother dozed she tuned in the radio in its softest key.

"Sevilla speaking," she heard the minuscule voice say. "Late bulletins from the Malaga front. The forces of General Queipo de Llana have captured the village Marbella. They move rapidly on Malaga—"

"Shameless liar! Liar! Liar!" broke in harsh voices.

Maria knew these were the announcers in Madrid, Barcelona, breaking up the forecast. Listening intently, despite the interference, she caught words:

"Colonel Villabala's cavalry column is within twenty kilometers of Malaga—"

The radio went dead, leaving Maria's heart fluttering. Pedro rode with Villabala's cavalry.

Maria did not sleep. Before daylight metallic fusilades resounded throughout the city from the suburbs down the road from Antequera. Nearer and nearer the shots sounded till Maria could hear amid the tumult new voices shouting, "Viva Espana! Viva General Franco!" She rushed to peer out the shuttered window.

Troops sifted down the Calle Salfire. She saw them in the street elbow, hiding in doorways, kneeling behind trees, lying prone on the pavement, all firing their rifles in feverish haste. Bugles blared their strident notes unceasingly. From the Paseo de Rigo—the broad avenue stretching down the centre of Malaga—Maria heard the tramp of more soldiers. A young voice commanded "Commence firing!" Before the rifles spoke the door of the room below burst open. Maria heard a string of oaths as she rushed down.

Mendez, face blackened with powder strains and sweat, stood on the threshold. Behind him a group of Red soldiers stood surrounding a youth in peasant's dress. Maria gasped. Arturo!

"I've come for you—" Mendez spat out a vile epithet. "Don't think you'll get out of this. We'll smash these rebel swine soon." He pulled Arturo from the hands of the squad. "Meanwhile I've brought you a present—a wedding present, little Madonna of Malaga. Here's this brother of yours. Never fear, we'll not kill him. Oh, no. A strong boy does not die from the prick of a needle through his eye-balls—"

Maria screamed, sinking to the floor.

"No, no," she cried stretching up her hands imploringly. "I'll do anything—"

Cannon shots drowned her further pleading. New fusillades of bullets streamed against the house walls. Mendez drew a thin poignard from his belt.

"Turn your back, you—" again he used the foul word—"unless you wish to see how we punish renegades."

Maria screamed, caught the arm with the knife, held it fast. As Mendez struggled to throw her off the clatter of galloping horses sounded down the street. A medley of pistol shots and four horsemen rode among the Red squad. The Reds dropped to the pavement, some silent, some groaning, clutching breast or groin.

Mendez whirled at the shots. Dragging out his pistol he fired. Maria struck his arm. She saw one of the horsemen, take aim, fire...

Pedro Salas leaped from his horse. Maria rushed to meet him.

"Dios be thanked, Pedro. I prayed you might come."

Arthur stepped forward, thumped Pedro on the back. "Hombre, if you had not come just then—He shook his head. Pedro Salas slipped his arm about Maria's waist.

"I was coming anyway, sweetheart mia," he smiled. "Still your prayers were answered. Now answer mine." Maria looked up into her lover's smiling eyes, read the question there. She blushed, nodded.

Pedro kissed her.

SLATS' DIARY

(By Oliver N. Warren)

Sunday: Well, kids how are you enjoyen yore vacashen. Mine are fine

excepten a few draw backs. Consisten of lon mone, garden hone and and etc. About the home. Unkel Hen leaves it all to me. He dont want to inter fear.

Monday: Blisters skool teacher called on Blisters Ma this a. m. & they got to talken about Blisters & his Ma ast the teacher isent Blisters unek & original & the teacher sed Yes he are a speshelley in spellen.

Tuesday: Got a good 1 on Pa this evning. He ast me if I cood name the 7 wanders of the world. I sed I cood name 1 of same & he sed witch & I sed You when you were my size. He laft & lookt like he was thinken of them big stories he has told me.

Wednesday: Got to monkeyen with a bumbel bee today & It stang me. But it turned out usefle as when Pa ast me do I no what are velosety I replide & sed sure. It is what you get away from a bumbel bee with.

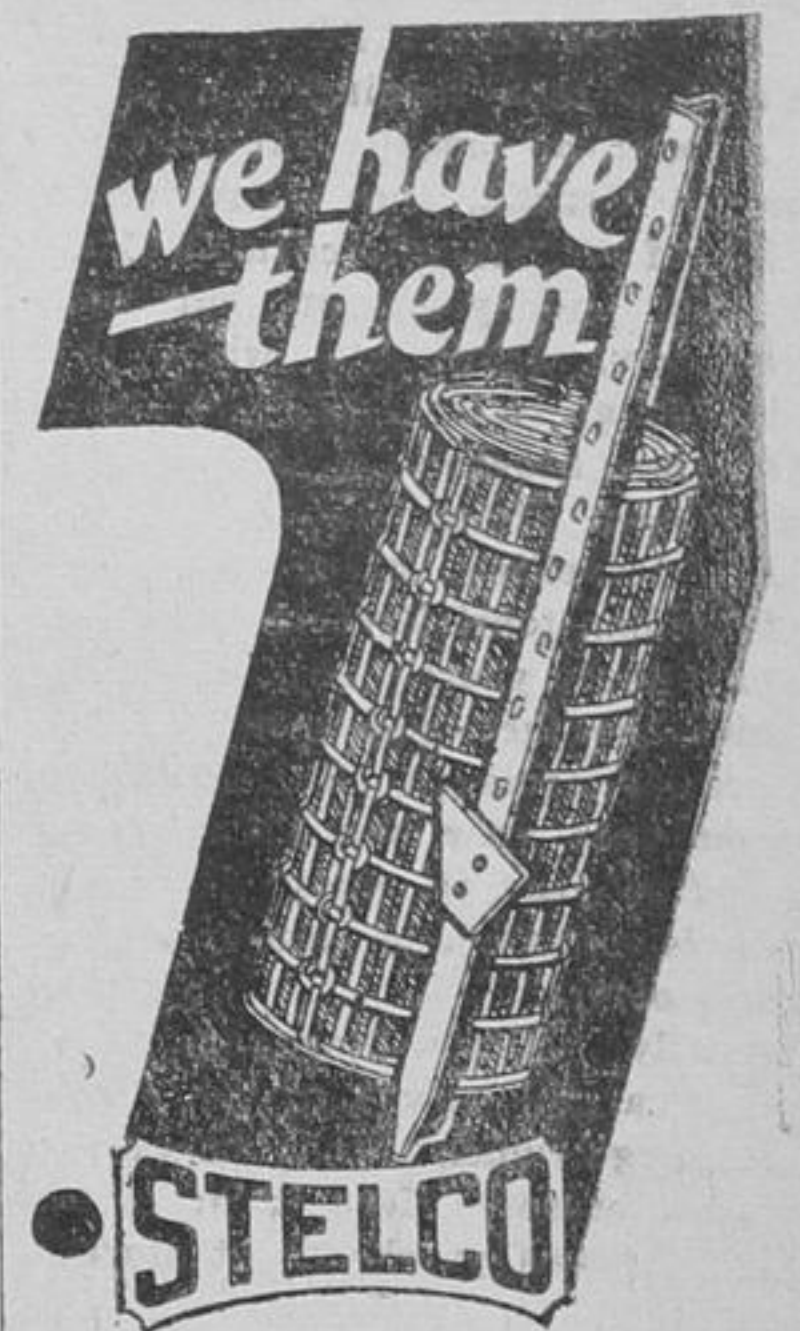
Thursday: Ma thot she heered a burgeler last nite & sed to Pa Wake up I hear some body sneeking thru the hall. Pa sed what time are it & Ma sed 3 thirty & Pa sed Well it aint me then as I never cum in that late. & went to Sleep agan.

Friday: Ma got kinda chummie with Pa after the supper hr. & ast him do he love her still. I dont no sed Pa. Try it on me & I will see. Ma seamed to be mad & I xpect Pa ottent of sed that rimmark. His depomasey needs repares & rebilding.

Saturday: Well tomorro are the forth of July & I am to be careful & not blow off a finger or a eye. Witch dont worrie me 1/2 as mutch as the likely hood of getting out of fire krackers & bums & etc. befor the selebrashen cum to a end. Be carefle about that I am sayen to me. & I ripply that I will be carefle.

Statistics show that the unmarried are more likely to go crazy—or maybe it's being that way that keeps them single.

Being in the right doesn't help your pride. Those who are young and think they are right feel just as superior.



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