

HEALTH

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



DIET IN DISEASE

The health of the body cannot be maintained without a properly-balanced diet. The lack of any one of the food essentials from the diet leads to the loss of health and to actual disease.

If some part of the body has become diseased, then, as part of the treatment for the patient, a diet should be used which will not throw any extra strain upon an already weakened or diseased organ, thus facilitating the recovery of that organ.

The kidneys have the task of ridding the body of much of its waste material. In nephritis, or Bright's Disease, the kidney is not able to function properly. The treatment therefore aims to relieve the kidney of as much of its burden as possible.

There is no diet which is suited to all cases of kidney disease. The proper diet in any individual case depends upon the nature and extent of the disease. People have read that acid foods are harmful, and they start to live on what they think is a non-acid diet, without even knowing what are the acid and what are the alkaline foods.

As a matter of fact, a diet made up of an excess of alkaline foods is actually harmful, and it is certainly not the best diet for damaged kidneys. There should be a balanced diet, so that there is no marked excess of either alkaline or acid foods. A slight excess of alkaline foods is generally desirable.

The acid foods are meats, poultry, fish, eggs, and the cereals. Alkaline foods are the fruits and vegetables. It is a surprise to many people that the citrus fruits leave an alkaline ash after they are used up in the body, and that oysters leave an acid ash. Practically this means that the diet should include a liberal amount of fruits and vegetables.

There is a real difference between a salt-free diet and a salt-poor diet. In some cases of nephritis, it is necessary to cut down the amount of salt used, because the kidney has difficulty in secreting it, which leads to oedema, or swelling. A salt-free diet requires medical supervision. A salt-poor diet can be secured through not adding salt to the food at table, and by avoiding salted fish, nuts and other salted foods.

When diet is a part of the treatment for any disease, it requires just as careful prescribing and supervision as does any other part of the treatment. Diet is certainly not a cure-all, but it is of importance in the treatment of some diseases. Self-experimentation by trying various diets is dangerous, because of the harm which it may cause.

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

THE DEAD PAIR

By Ruth Reynolds

There are many villagers in Tancanhuitz — the Huastecan village where civilization has but recently trod with heavy foot — who believe that Pedro and Maria Mantillos are dead.

They adhere to that belief in spite of the fact that Pedro and Maria laughing and joking with each other as any happily married couple should, come into the village from their farm on the slopes each market day to buy and sell and barter.

"It is not their real selves — it is their spirits," the Huastecans whisper. "He died in an auto crash in some place called Texas. She died in her house on wheels while she waited for him. It was too bad — they never should have gone."

Pedro and Maria wink at each other and let the superstitious ones believe as they will. The belief helps rather than hinders business for many wish to buy from "the dead pair."

There was great rejoicing among relatives and friends when Pedro and Maria married in Linares, a city to the North. Pedro was a dreamer, Maria was just the wife for him.

She was clever and careful, quick to make two pesos where one had been before, wise to see an opportunity before it got too close to blind her. It was she who had urged Pedro to buy the plot of cheap sloping land near Tancanhuitz and farm the mountainside. Pedro had implicit fact in her judgment.

Implicit, that is, until the American who climbed from the Highway to Tancanhuitz on market day sold Maria his trailer parked below with the suggestion that she and her husband pile it full of their Mexican handiwork, buy a car, and head for the Pan American Exposition in some far place called Dallas, Texas, where they could most certainly make a fortune.

"No," Pedro protested. "It would be well to travel, but to go on business—no! We can do business here." But Maria had been business manager too long. Almost before Pedro knew it, they had bought a car, driven out of Mexico and onto the long flat roads of Texas that led to Dallas.

Pedro was secretly pleased — aye inwardly jubilant — when Maria found they could get neither space nor selling permit at the Exposition for their wares. Disappointed, but undaunted she directed him to drive to some roadside where they could wait until the morrow. Then they would see—

That night Pedro lay beside his Maria. He slipped his arm about her. He whispered:

"Forget the business. We are here. Let us travel — have pleasure — see this country just as the Americans travel, have pleasure, and see ours." There was no answering caress. Maria sat bolt upright in bed. Her usually gentle voice was rasping.

"Pedro Mantillos, you are a lazy good-for-nothing fool. All these months of our married life I have had to manage for us both. We are not going to travel. Tomorrow we will go to the outskirts of the city, catch the tourists entering the town, and stay there until we sell every last thing we have brought.

Money! Money! For the love of God, Maria, is that all you think of?" the husband answered sharply. "I say we shall travel..."

"And I say we shall not. You are a lazy fool!" And so the battle was on. Finally woman like, Maria cried herself to sleep.

There was no rest for Pedro. Lazy? Good-for-nothing? It was the first time he had ever been spoken to harshly. He would show his wife.

Before the dawn lightened the trailer windows Pedro had slipped

from his bed. Maria, sound asleep, did not hear him start the motor of the car. And long before she woke Pedro and the car were chugging toward Houston.

"If she wants to stay there—let her," Pedro muttered as if in temporary vindication of himself and his plan.

Upon awakening and finding her husband absent Maria was impatient then downright angry and then afraid — so afraid her fear was like a riptide pulling her into a sea of desolation from which there was no rescue.

Pedro had left her — and, according to the code of her people she was disgraced forever. For in Maria's circle of relatives and friends a woman deserted by her husband was a woman disgraced. If a man left his wife it was a sign she was no good. No man would leave a good wife.

Maria's panic swept from her, every atom of common sense. She could think of nothing — she didn't even notice that Pedro had taken many of the wares they had brought to Texas. Scarce thinking of the trailer she abandoned at the roadside she started the long journey back to her Mexican home on foot—over highway and stubble and prairie and mountain top. It was a saga in endurance but Mexican women are hardy and Maria had walked long distances before. And then the lie came to her. She told those she met,

"My husband was killed—my husband was killed—My husband was killed." And they believed so quickly that she almost believed it herself. And in Tancanhuitz even the Indians mourned with the Mexican woman whose husband was killed in Texas. And, in the meantime where was Pedro?

He was wandering through the streets of Dallas, crushed by the news he had just heard.

He had meant that day he went away, to hurry, sell his wares, give his wife a fright, and return at once. But Pedro was a dreamer and the wanderlust took hold. Simple husband that he was he never dreamed his wife would not wait for his return.

And his return, weeks later was made in very high spirits indeed. He was bursting to tell Maria what he had done, what he had seen and how much he had sold. But there was no Maria — and only scattered fragments of the trailer. Frantically he sought information. What had happened? Where was his wife?

"Gosh, feller. Was that your trailer? Too bad — reckon your wife was done for. Bus crashed into that trailer a week ago. Ten people killed. If your wife was in it she couldn't a got out alive. Couldn't identify some of them they was that mangled. Gol dern automobiles — I wouldn't allow 'em on the road. Horse was good enough for our fathers; it's good enough for us—"

His informant rattled n but Pedro's ears were deaf. Passionate as are all the Latins, his grief knew no bounds, his mind no reason. He started home in his car. It broke down. Instead of having it repaired the crazed man left it by the roadside and started to walk — even as Maria had done.

"My wife died in Texas in an accident. Oh, if I only hadn't left her. I wanted to show her what a good business man I was."

Near Tancanhuitz he met a startled villager. Eagerly he told the man his story. Then he plodded home.

Only the most imaginative can surmise the meeting between Pedro and Maria — the explanations, the chagrin, the pleasure and the promises never to quarrel again.

But almost any one in Mexico can understand the excitement in Tancanhuitz when the villager who had met Pedro told his story. But Pedro was dead — Maria had said so.

"Ah," said the wise ones. "You did not see the man — you saw his ghost come home to Maria."

But Maria was dead—Pedro said so.

"Ah, then that is not Maria who came home — it is her ghost come back to wait for Pedro."

And that is why there are many villagers in Tancanhuitz — where civilization has but recently trod with heavy foot—who believe that Pedro and Maria Mantillos are dead, and who adhere to that belief in spite of the fact that Pedro and Maria, laughing and joking with each other as any happily married couple should come into the village every market day.

And what the wise ones will say when there are little Marias and Pedros — who can say?

Indian Chief's definition of skiing: "Whoosh! Then walk a mile."—Chet Johnson.

SLATS' DIARY

(By Oliver N. Warren)

Sunday: All are fambly went to church & S. S. this a. m. & a man got religem from the preecher and made a speech and sed hereafter he will do eney thing the Lord asts him to do if it are on-er-able. I cudent see why a lotta them sniggered.



Monday: I am sorrrie my name issent Josef & not Slats. Becos you haft to be named Joe now to reech the top of the ladder. Joe Medwick & Joe DiMaggio is proof of my posishen & I bet I spelt there names korect.

Tuesday: We all et supper tonight down to the resteret & the waitress slipt us a program & sed Yule find about evrything on the menyoo this evning. So I see sed Unkel Hen. Fetch us a cleen 1. Ma & Amt Emmy diddent think Unkel Hen otto sed that but Pa seamed to injoy it & sed that are what ot to of been sed.

Wednesday: Got a good 1 onto Jane. I sed I are ingaged to a nother girl & Jane sed she guest I diddent tell her I had been ingaged to Jane menyey ofentimes. I sed no but I did tell her thare was things in my past I were ashamed of but diddent state no partickelers. Jane got about 1/2 sore about what I sed, but she ast for it.

Thursday: Pa got off 1 in the noosepaper where he works at today that the editor sed was good & patted Pa on the sholder becos of. A loaded truck run over a man & Pa writ it up & sed the driver diddent know it was loaded.

Friday: Friends, I cant see where I am lerning nothing by going to school so offen. The facts is that I dont care mutch whether I lern nothing or not. The more I lern the less I am sure of. But I supose I will haft to keep it up till I am 21 yrs. of old age. I will add that seams to be about a 100 yrs. in the futcher. As Napoleum sed they aint no rest for the weery & etc.

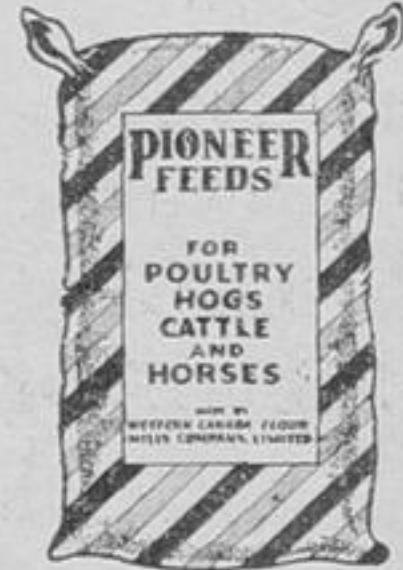
Saturday: Are new nabers next door has got a new babie boy son & bot a verry high crib to put him into it & his Ma sed to Amt Emmy when Amt Emmy called on are new nabers it is high so as they can here him when he falls out & hits the floor. Amt Emmy got all het up & exprest her unplesure viggeressly.

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