

# HEALTH

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



## CHILBLAINS

When winter comes, chilblains begin to afflict those who are not in good health, whose circulation is poor and whose clothing is possibly insufficient. By far the most common location for chilblains is the feet, but neither the hands nor the ears escape.

At the point where the chilblain develops, there is, first of all, a tingling sensation, then itching. A blister, which has a purplish tinge, forms over the area. This blister is painful and when it breaks, an open sore is left which is slow to heal.

To avoid chilblains, the feet must be protected and kept warm by shoes and stockings which are neither so tight as to interfere with circulation, nor so thin as to allow for chilling of the feet. Tightly-fitting shoes, with thin soles, over thin stockings, invite trouble, as do stockings which are so heavy as to cause the feet to perspire.

When the hands and feet are chilled, they should be kept away from open fire-place, stove or radiator. A sudden change from cold to excessive warmth causes a rush of blood to the parts which have been chilled, and this leads to irritation, followed by chilblains.

Under such circumstances, supposing it is the feet which are cold, the proper procedure is to remove shoes and stockings. First of all, the feet should be placed in cold water and then given a brisk rub with a rough towel. This treatment restores circulation gradually and averts trouble.

A poor state of health may be the underlying cause of chilblains, and so it follows that, as a practical measure of prevention, the general health should receive attention through proper diet and such hygienic essentials as fresh air, rest, exercise, cleanliness and elimination.

In many homes, the floors are cold, and in such homes, the mother who stands for so many hours, doing her housework, develops chilblains on her heels and the sides of her feet. To some extent, this may be overcome by wearing heavier shoes and warmer stockings, but more attention should be given to warming floors.

Painting the parts with tincture of iodine will stop the itching at the onset. If an open sore develops, it is well to remember the danger of infection that attends all open sores and secure skilled treatment.

Chilblains are not dangerous to life, but they may take a great deal of the joy out of life.

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

### LOST — ONE HEART

By Leona Walters

"It's no use, Sheryl," Bob Hilton was saying moodily. "Oh, we can go and look at apartments like we have been. But you and I know a man should have a little money, at least a job, if he's going to get married."

"You'll find a job soon, Bob," the blonde girl told him. "And when you do, you'll go places."

"I should have stayed up north at the lumber camp. It isn't over-run with accountants up there. All I can do is go back, sweet. For a year, anyhow."

"A year!... An eternity, Bob!"... Tears glistened in the girl's blue eyes. "I make a decent salary fellow. I could pay your board until —"

"But maybe your kid brother out in Detroit can send some of the money he's borrowed from you, Bob."

"He's probably having a tough time too. It's back to the tall timber for me. I'd rather die than leave you but..." she smiled, swept into her arms. "Come on. Let's go take a walk for ourselves in this April night. At least the moonlight doesn't cost anything."

The next morning Sheryl went into the private office of Mr. Bannister, treasurer of the company for which she worked. "A favor?" Bannister smiled. "For you... Certainly."

Sheryl produced a rather expensive bracelet inherited from a well-to-do aunt.

"I'm going to lose this tomorrow evening in the little park across the street from my boarding house. A poor but honest young man is going to find it. Then in the Lost and Found column—where he's bound to look—he's going to find an offer of a hundred dollars reward."

"I see. You need the services of someone who's a stranger to the young man. And when he returns this bracelet to — well, my hotel room — I hand him your hundred dollars." "That's it. You're a dear, Mr. Bannister." "You're sure this young man will find it?"

"Positive. Every evening before dinner he takes a walk around the little park and always comes out by the same path." "This chap's out of a job?" Bannister asked. "What's his line?" "Accounting."

"Hm-m! I only wish we could offer him something here. But with Millard Kemp holding down that end of the work, it couldn't be done."

"Thanks a million." Sheryl opened the door and nearly ran into young Millard Kemp who was retrieving some papers he had dropped.

"Sorry!" said Sheryl. "Don't be," replied thin, sleek-haired Mr. Kemp. "I'd rather you'd run into me more than anyone I know. How about that little dine and dance party tonight?"

"The answer is still no, Millard. Tonight, tomorrow night... and always!"

Sheryl got her hat and walked down to the offices of the newspaper where she inserted an ad in the Lost and Found column.

The next evening, just before dinner time Sheryl peered out of the window of her room and saw Bob, tall, broad-shouldered, walking in the deserted little park. Sheryl grabbed her bracelet, hurried downstairs and across the street. She waited in a clump of trees until she heard Bob's footsteps coming along the path.

Then she dropped the bracelet, and hurried away so he wouldn't see her. Nor did she see him again until he was climbing the boarding house steps. Sheryl felt a bit guilty, as later she climbed those same steps. Starting through the door she encountered Bob, who was hurrying outdoors again.

"Thanks, lad. Where to now? Isn't it nearly dinner time?"

"Yes but I—I've got to go down to the little hotel where I stopped when I first hit your big city. There is a special delivery letter for me down there."

"Didn't you leave any forwarding address?"

"Yes, but the old clerk's asleep. Didn't locate my new address until after he'd signed for the letter. But I'll be back within an hour. See you later."

An hour later, his face flushed, Bob came hurrying into the "parlor" where Sheryl was waiting. "Get your letter?" she asked. "And some good news?"

"Swell! It was money. I can stay in town another month!"

"I—I'm glad, Bob." Her tone was somehow lacking in enthusiasm. "I've just been glancing over the Lost and Found column of the paper."

"Didn't see any good accountant jobs open, did you?" he laughed. "Well, maybe another month will see a break for me."

They ate a belated dinner. Sheryl didn't relish her food. She kept glancing at Bob, wondering why he didn't mention the bracelet. Finally he said.

"What's wrong, sweet. You're down tonight."

Her eyes met his. "You didn't go to a pawnshop when you went out tonight, did you?"

"Pawnshop? Why, I told you where I went. For heaven's sake, Sheryl, what's ailing you?"

"This!" She leaped from her chair. "I think that a person who finds a valuable article should make some attempt to find the owner. Any honest person would. No matter how hard up, how jobless he might be. Did you really get your money in a letter?"

"Sure I did! My kid brother up in Detroit got a job. Sent me some of the money he owed me."

"Rather providential wasn't it — just when you needed money so badly! I might've believed your story, Bob, if I didn't know some things you don't know. Well, go out and celebrate if you want to. But I'm not going!" She raced up the stairs.

At the first landing she turned and called. "You better go to, your tall timber, Bob—if this is what the city's done to you!"

"You've chosen a rather odd way of telling me that our romance is over," he retorted bitterly. "But the idea is plain enough that even I can get it, I'll start packing right now—"

Sheryl didn't hear the rest. Blind with tears, she hurried along the hall, went into her room. The bracelet, the loss of money, didn't seem to matter so much now. It was this terrible ache in her heart; the thought that Bob, the man she loved...

A gentle knock brought Sheryl to her feet. She opened the door and stared; not at Bob but at small, elderly Mr. Bannister from the office. Mr. Bannister's derby was badly dented, his left cheek bruised. But there was a smile on his wrinkled face as he said:

"Well, here's your precious bracelet, Sheryl."

"Whu—where did you get it?" she gasped. "Bob Hilton couldn't have returned it to you!"

"Hilton — no!" He chuckled softly. "Bob Hilton never saw it over in the park. You know, Millard Kemp, our accountant, must have overheard you and me planning this lost bracelet. Wasn't he just outside my door when you left the office?"

"Yuh — yes!" Sheryl gulped. "He was!"

"Thought I heard you talking to him. That's why I wondered if he hadn't overheard our plans and that's why I made it a point to be over in the park tonight when you planted that bracelet. Kemp sneaked out of the trees and grabbed it. Then I followed Kemp thinking he was playing a joke on you. Instead he went to a pawn shop, was trying to hock your jewelry when I walked in on him."

Gamely she lifted her shapely chin. Go ahead and sock, fellow. I've got it coming!"

He grabbed his luggage, started for the door; but Sheryl clung desperately to him; made him listen while she poured out the whole story of Millard Kemp's treachery. Soon Bob's arms were about her. The world was turning right side up again. Then old Mr. Bannister knocked timidly and handed Sheryl the hundred dollars with which the reward was to have been paid.

"I couldn't help overhearing you kids," said the old man, smiling. "Say, Sheryl! Since Millard Kemp's had to run, a good accounting job is open down at our office. It's Hilton's if he wants it."

"Want it!" whooped Bob. "There is only one thing I want more right now. And that's this gold-topped girl in my arms and the shine in her big blue eyes!"

## HEADFORD

Cupid has been busy and as the Valentine season approaches wedding bells will ring.

On Monday evening the engagement was announced of Mr. Leonard Wellman to Marion Walker of Weston, the wedding to take place February 10th.

Sunday evening Vic Stephenson had the misfortune to fall and injure his knee which will necessitate two weeks in bed.

The Y.P.U. meeting was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herb Smith Monday evening. The president opened the meeting with the singing of prayer after which Miss M. Love took charge of the program. Herb Lee read the lesson, Mrs. Freeman Barker gave an interesting topic on "The Life of Rev. Albert Schevertzer", renowned lecturer, musician and missionary, Miss Gwen Smith read a poem "You Won't be Sorry" and Mr. Herb Smith rendered a solo "Life's Railroad to Heaven". After the program a social time was enjoyed and a dainty lunch served. The meeting next Monday evening will be at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl James.

## TESTON

There was a short session of the Y.P.U. Sunday evening. Eddie James presided and gave a reading. Jean Robson gave an interesting reading on "Friendship" to complete an interesting program.

The United Church congregation enjoyed an Oyster Supper last week. Mr. Ed. Bowen is getting in his ice supply this week.

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