

HEALTH

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



LOW BLOOD PRESSURE

The human family may be classified in many different ways. With blood-pressure as the basis for classification, we would have 3 groups: average, above average and below average.

High blood-pressure receives so much attention that we are apt to overlook hypotension, or low blood-pressure which is the more common variant from the average. In general, the average blood-pressure of women is lower than that of men, while Orientals are below Europeans and Americans.

The importance and significance of low blood-pressure depend upon its cause and the conditions with which it is associated. During an attack of influenza and other germ-caused diseases, the blood-pressure usually falls and it may remain down for some time. This indicates the need for a longer stay in bed for such patients, with sufficient rest during convalescence. Rest is the great healer and restorer.

Tuberculosis and other chronic diseases usually are accompanied by a low blood pressure. This is also true of certain anaemias and heart disorders. In such cases, it is obvious that the underlying cause is the important point.

Then there are those whose blood pressure is below average for no apparent reason. Frequently they are slender, narrow-chested, long-waisted individuals. For them, low blood-pressure is not, in itself, a menace to health. These persons tend to live beyond the average expectancy of life.

While they live longer, many of them miss much of the joy of life because of the chronic and persistent sense of weariness which burdens their lives. They may be said to enjoy poor health; they are not ill, but inactive. To do things is an effort, and it is a question whether a longer life, under such conditions, is as desirable as the shorter but more active life of the high blood-pressure group.

The treatment of low blood pressure depends upon what is causing it. In general, such cases should endeavour to maintain their body weight and, by a reasonable amount of exercise, keep their muscles toned up, including the abdominal muscles. Those who suffer no inconvenience need no treatment, but any who tire too easily need help. Your doctor should be your counsellor if you have low blood-pressure. He can help you to direct your life to the best advantage.

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

EXECUTIVE TYPE
By Shane O'Neil

His ungainly yet curiously attractive six feet three slumped dejectedly in the moth-eaten arm-chair so dear to his friend and host, Jim Peters, Jeff Lober looked glumly at the ceiling.

"I guess I'll have to give it up, Jim," he said, "there just doesn't seem to be a place for me in this town. I can't go on living on you forever."

Peters' bullet head shot forward. "You'll go back to the coast then?" It was more an accusation than a question. "You'll admit that you're licked?"

Jeff literally hurled himself to his feet. About twenty-six, his ordinary clear blue eyes were clouded, and a face meant to be happy was set in grim lines. A hot answer trembled on his lips, but his eyes quickly softened. It wouldn't do to get sore at old Jim.

"I know, Jim — you'd never admit that I've been a drain on you — and of course I'll pay it back some day and all that sort of thing but well, it just won't work. I met Gifford, the Nickle Line Steward today, and I can get transportation to Los Angeles if I'll work my way as far as San Pedro." His voice trailed off, but the purpose in his mind was unmistakable. His mind set, Jeff would go. Jim knew it and it made him heart-sick. He determined to use his last line of attack.

"How about — Anne?" He put it as softly as casually as he could, but the tall man winced and scowled a little as the question hung in the smoke-laden air a moment before he could reply.

"How about her?" he repeated dully. His big muscular hands clenched and unclenched rhythmically. "You know 'how' about her. I came here six months ago to find her. I've looked every day and almost every night — and I haven't found her or a job. You know the answer to that. I can always go to work in Uncle Ed's gas station back home. And I can't eat your food for the rest of my life."

Jim rested his line. There was one field Jim hadn't tried. How about department stores? It would be just about time to apply for a Christmas job. He'd make enough out of it, even if they fired him when Christmas came, to hang on a few months more — and then the break would come. "I know it will," Jim insisted. "I can feel it in my bones that you'll find the job you want and Anne too, if you'll stick it out."

To every one of Jeff's grumbled dissents, his friend found a ready and irrefutable answer. It meant a lot to him to have Jeff happy. He'd known him since the younger man had been a schoolboy and he felt very genuinely that for him to give up his search for the girl he loved and a job on his own would do things to him that he could never completely outlive. The feeling gave force to everything he said and Jeff finally agreed.

"Okay, skipper." His old grin flitted across his face. "Being a counter jumper isn't exactly what I came here for — but I'll do it to prove you wrong if for no other reason."

The next morning found him looming head and shoulders over hundreds of applicants at the side door of Brickett's one of the largest department stores in the world. The burly uniformed Irishman at the door barred his way, and that of the swarming company behind and around him. He looked at Jeff with approval.

"You oughta be on th' cops," he muttered, and pushed the door open a trifle. "Let's see if you're fast on your feet," he added and Jeff took the hint. It was a matter of seconds to get inside while the guard shut the door quickly behind him. Jeff could hear the complaint of the multitude without, and the Irishman's gruff reprovals.

and then told Jeff how to find Mr. McFardle who turned out to be a round faced jovial man, addicted to occasional fits of contemplation.

He glanced at the slip Jeff gave him. On the way up Jeff had looked at it. Among other things it told Mr. McFardle 'that the applicant was definitely executive calibre.'

"So you uh, want to work uh, in d-pahtmunt, stant?" Mr. McFardle bent a piercing eye on Jeff and then without waiting for a reply jumped into a long discussion of the advantages and disadvantages of such work. When he finished, Mr. McFardle bent his head backward, put his hands behind him and gazed at a crack in the ceiling. Jeff merely kept quiet and wondered what was coming next.

Mr. McFardle's period of meditation came to an end as suddenly as it had begun. With a quick gesture, he brought both hands down on the desk in front of him and once more stared Jeff in the eye. Here, it could be seen, was the dynamic executive at his most dynamic. "Will you staht t'day?" He hardly waited for the young man's nod of acceptance. "Then you'll be inna pogo sticks," Mr. McFardle announced dreamily. Like the crisp young woman he now scribbled furiously and Jeff was directed to the regions on the sixteenth floor dedicated to training.

The next few days were such a whirlwind to Jeff Lober that he was hardly able to tell Jim what was going on. Legions of crisp young women, almost always addicted to a throaty, eager manner of speech, informed him concerning the Brickett system. He learned about sales checks and what to do when a customer fainted. He became aware of the infinite number of things a sixteen-dollar-a-week clerk is expected to know and do in Brickett's and of the mystic bond called 'good attitude', which is to hold all good Brickett workers together. At long last he was pronounced ready for the selling floor and turned over to the tender mercies of a senior clerk.

This worthy, a sad young man with melting eyes, explained the merchandise to the new helper. Oblivious to the stares of customers he solemnly hopped about on a pogo stick and at length indicated to Jeff that it was his turn. As solemnly, his gangling form hunched over the pogo stick Jeff followed directions. At that moment two things happened at once, proving the contention that if fate is determined to aid a Brickett worker no miracle of coincidence is too great. A portly man, his hand clutched tightly by a small boy happened by. That was one of the things. Jeff, unaccustomed to the pogo stick, gave a desperate leap in trying to keep his balance and crashed grandly to the floor. That was the other.

The small boy, leaping up and down with happiness at the sight screamed loudly. "I wanna have one like that!" His portly companion introduced himself to Jeff, at length as director of amusement and athletics for a large private school. "Come here to select something for all the boys. Looks like a healthy exercise." A wistful expression crossed his face intimating a fugitive hope that the 'healthy' features of pogo sticks might include enough bumps to reduce his little charges to occasional quiescence. "I'll order 350," he decided.

That night, Mr. McFardle in studying the tally sheets found the mammoth single sale and summoned the senior clerk who sadly admitted that the new man had made the sale. Mr. McFardle became dynamic. His fists crashed down to the desk. "Zecative calibre. Just what I said. Can't hold him down." The next morning Jeff found that he had been promoted. There followed another lengthy round of classes in which he learned all that a selection manager is supposed to know. The same young women, a trifle less crisp as became mentors of those bound for high places instructed him. Then he found himself standing behind a tall desk, listening long hours each day to the voluble complaints of customers who felt that Brickett's was being slightly less than fair, filling endless forms, the ultimate fate of which he could never be sure and generally fulfilling the duties described by the training department as "being Mr. Brickett's to the public."

But like everything else, section managing became routine and he began to feel more poignantly than ever that Anne was still missing from his scheme of things. Above the screams of the multitude, intent on bulk toys, fair exchanges and raucous threats to "see the manager about this," he seemed to hear her voice. One day just before Christmas the feeling became almost un-

bearable. The voice seemed to materialize so clearly that he would have turned from the small, determined woman who showed an obviously used kiddie car, yet demanded her money back, nevertheless, had he not known that it couldn't be possible that Anne was there. Then it came again. "Jeff—Jeff—Jeff Lober!"

He turned quickly leaving the determined woman clutching her kiddie car, just in time to see Anne's face sinking into a swirling crowd surrounding his desk. Her face was white and pinched and he was suddenly grateful to the crisp young woman who had taught him what to do with a fainting customer. His rangy bulk thrust through the mob and he reached her side in an instant. He lifted her in his arms and carried her to the manager's office. While doing so, he managed to signal a clerk to take his place at the desk.

Mr. McFardle, who had witnessed the incident followed, wringing his hands. As Jeff gently placed her in a chair in the comparative haven the office afforded, Mr. McFardle groaned in his ear: "You hafta get her outta the staw." Anne, whose eyes had opened a trifle, sized up the situation.

"I won't leave without satisfaction," she announced firmly, giving Jeff an opportunity to persuade her. This he did, and she made him take just long enough to make a real impression. Finally she consented on condition that he see her home personally. His face wreathed in smiles, Mr. McFardle consented. Jeff could hear him as they left, muttering to himself: "A real zecative type — just like I've always said." He didn't see Mr. McFardle, who may not have been such a bad judge of men, at that, bend over to scribble another note to personnel, a note that would result in a second promotion. When things move for you at Brickett's — they move!

Over steaming cups of coffee in a nearby restaurant, Jeff heard her story. It was pitifully long so many you can hear from so many young hopefuls who come to this town. High hopes — good ambitions. Then discouragement after discouragement and finally a grim struggle to keep going without losing self respect.

"At first I was too proud to write — and then, well Jeff, I just couldn't."

His hands closed firmly around hers. "I'm not making much," he said, "but I guess I can take care of both of us. And I'll make more." Little did he know that the dynamic Mr. McFardle was arranging that very thing for him.

"Oh Jeff," there were tears in her

eyes. "I can't let you. This is just temporary. What about your engineering? You can't let that go!"

Jeff Lober's grin faded and then became wider than ever. He realized that since his first day at Brickett's he had thought nothing of his chosen career — and the realization, at first stunning created a second. "Honey," Jeff said and his voice was filled with high confidence. "I don't know what kind of an engineer I might have made, but I know you need taking care of and that's what executives can do," he thought of the crisp young woman's — a true executive can handle any situation — "and you know, I'm the executive type."

AURORA

In the 92 years that Aurora Post Office has been in existence, there has been only three post masters, and two of these were members of the same family. When the office was first opened in 1846 it was known as Whitchurch. On January 1st, 1854 the name was changed to Aurora. The following have been the post masters:

- Charles Doan 1846-1882
- David Doan 1882-1892
- H. E. Proctor, 1892 to present

In 1831 Loydtown P.O. was opened with Joseph Watson as P.M. In 1842, Kettleby Mills with Wm. Tipping as P.M. and 1862, Schomberg with William Moore as P.M.

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Speaking recently in the House of Commons to a motion advocating the changing of the age qualification for the Old Age Pension from 70 to 65, Mr. J. A. Bradette, Liberal member for Cochrane said: "I must repeat that there is so much abuse in the system now in use that I am in favor of applying the principle universally and giving the old age pension to all persons over seventy years. This would do away with many of the false statements and the injustices that now exist." There is a lot that could be said in favor of this idea.

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