

WE CAN DO AWAY WITH CANCER

Eminent Medical Authority Points Out That It Is a Disease of Civilization—Its Cure Is Return to Simpler Ways.

(Sir William A. Lane) Education in the matter of diet and living conditions would reduce if not entirely eliminate cancer in the human race in two generations, says Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, noted British surgeon and authority on cancer. He attributes cancer as directly due to digestive troubles and the digestive troubles which bring it about as due to wrong eating. Sir William is quoted by Clair Price, writing for The Times (New York), as follows:

Cancer is part of the price we pay for civilization, the most incurable and fatal plague which civilization produces. If it occurs at all among uncivilized peoples living in normal conditions, it does so with the greatest rarity; but among civilized peoples, it is rapidly increasing, and particularly so among the wealthier classes. When detected sufficiently early, cancer can frequently be removed, but since so many cases are not observed until too late in their development, we have made little, if any headway toward the cure of cancer generally.

We know, however, how to prevent cancer, and prevention promises infinitely more for the welfare of the race than the too frequently problematic cure. We know that cancer is the result of the slow poisoning of our bodies under the unnatural conditions which civilization imposes on them, and we can prevent it as soon as we can educate civilized people to return to the natural habits and diet of uncivilized people. If some means could be devised by which the effects of unnatural habits and diet which civilization has imposed on our bodies could be removed at once, in a hundred years' time, cancer would be as rare as leprosy.

Its major cause is the habit of permitting the residue of digested food to remain in the body longer than it should, and this condition is very largely the result of the nature of the food we eat. Although every doctor knows that this stagnation sets up a process of local irritation and slow poisoning in the body, so universal is it among civilized people that most medical men regard it as natural, and, even when marked, as being of trivial importance.

Now would it be as serious as it is, if our lapse from the natural habits of the body lasted only for a month or even a year; for the body has wonderful powers of throwing off the poisons which enter it. But our bodily habits are formed in infancy and, once formed, last throughout our lives. As a result, we unknowingly subject our bodies to twenty or thirty or forty years of chronic irritation and slow poisoning, which sooner or later results in indigestions of various sorts, gastric ulcers, appendicitis and cancer. All of these are diseases of civilization and occur among uncivilized peoples only when the unnatural food and living conditions of civilization are imposed.

There are five chemical cancers, such as aniline, arsenic, tar and soot cancers, and a smaller number of X-ray cancers; but both these rarer varieties of cancerous growths, like the vast majority of cancers, result from years of slow poisoning. Cancer appears in a chimney sweep, for example, ten or twenty or thirty years after he has begun handling soot.

The poisoning is so slow a process that cancer is almost exclusively a disease of the middle-aged and old. It is not until a man turns 45 that he enters the cancer age. If he is then in a pre-cancerous condition, it is because he has permitted the tissues of his body to become so saturated with poison and consequently so deteriorated that a cancer ultimately appears at some weak point, either in the intestines or on the surface of the body where we can recognize it and where there is a possibility of removing it by surgical means—if we see it soon enough. When it occurs within the body, it may, and frequently does, escape observation until it has spread too far to permit of its complete removal.

Excepting the cases of chemical and X-ray cancers, which form a small proportion of the cancer plague, it is, as I have said, the poison produced within the body by the stagnating residue of digested food which produces cancer. This condition is described as chronic intestinal stasis, or constipation. It is now generally recognized that, by lowering the body's power of resistance, it plays a part in a large number of diseases; but it is not yet recognized as widely as it should be in ten or twenty or thirty years' time, it has positive results of its own, of which cancer is by far the worst.

It must be emphasized that we are not speaking here in general terms; we are speaking of things which are readily demonstrable. We know, to mention only one of the more important results, that low on the left side of the body a kink forms in the intestine which obstructs the passage of its contents. That kink results from an effort on the part of the body to meet the stagnation and overloading of the intestine, and it supplies the tragedy of civilization. It is a very Pandora's box of trouble.

The intestine cannot work as it should unless it has something to work upon; unless our diet includes a quantity of roughage or indigestible material. Unfortunately, the whole tendency in civilized countries is to eliminate roughage. We prefer foods which are said to be digestible which are pleasant to the

eye and agreeable to the taste; we are supplied increasingly with tinmed and so-called scientific foods. Our food chemists are largely responsible for the diseases which we suffer, for we must not forget that what are called scientifically balanced foods are not sufficient for the preservation of health.

We can kill an animal by feeding it on a scientifically balanced ration and nothing more. Such rations rarely give the intestine any roughage to work upon and without vitamins, salts and roughage, the residue of a digested scientific food remains in the intestine and in time begins to cause local irritation and to generate poisons which are absorbed into the circulation. We must get back to natural foods, greenstuffs, fresh fruits, wholemeal breads, etc.

Ellis Barker, in his book on cancer, says he went to the Zoo one day and saw an elephant pick up a broom with his trunk and eat it, stick and all. He hurried away to tell the keeper, thinking the elephant had done itself an injury, but the keeper laughed and told him, "That's all right; he knows what he wants." Naturally the human stomach could hardly assimilate a broom, much less thrive on it, but the principle of the thing is sound. Roughage is as essential to us as it is to the elephant.

We have been studying the body for more than 2,000 years, but to this day, we know surprisingly little about it—perhaps in some ways less than Hippocrates did. We learn, however, that it thrives under certain simple conditions, and that the further it departs from them the more it breaks down. If those conditions were necessarily incompatible with civilization, our mounting cancer rate would find us in a hopeless position, indeed. Luckily, they are not. If we can persuade people to return to the more natural habits and diet under which we know the body thrives, we can still be civilized without incurring the serious risk of being cancerous.

FLESHERTON UNION POSTPONED TO MARCH

Churches Arranged to Continue Separate Congregations of United Church.

According to the latest advices, there will be no union of the Methodist and Presbyterian churches in Flesherston until March, 1926. This is the outcome of the negotiations between the two churches following the appointment of Rev. C. Clement as pastor of the Methodist church, while Mr. Harrower will remain in charge of the former Presbyterian congregation. Both are members of the United Church of Canada, and it was hoped that the two would be amalgamated when church union was consummated. It has not been learned whether the present arrangement has been confirmed by the proper officials.

PASTE THIS ON YOUR WINDSHIELD

Here are the wise counsels that W. H. Stewart, Auto School of New York City, gives to drivers: Don't try to pass another car on a curve; you'll get hurt sooner or later.

Don't speed; only amateurs do it. Don't drive on trolley car tracks; they'll get you into trouble.

Don't splash mud on innocent bystanders; it's a thoughtless, cruel trick.

Don't lock your brakes when you start to skid; you'll lose control of your car.

Don't drive fast on wet pavement; you're bound to regret it.

Don't race your motor, slam your doors or sound your horn at night; the neighbors may wake up and shoot you.

Don't cut across the inside of a curve; sometimes you'll meet another car head-on.

Don't seek to pass another car without first giving your horn; you may get side-swiped.

Don't back your car without looking behind you; there's always something there.

Don't ride in the middle of the road; another road hog will tangle with you eventually.

SIZE OF EGGS COUNT

We have it on the authority of no less a person than the Dominion Poultry Husbandman, that the problem of small eggs is becoming more and more pronounced the longer the breeding for high egg production is continued. Thus it becomes necessary, as he further says in his report for 1924, that the greatest care in selecting a male to head the flock should be taken to see that he is from large egg stock. Records do not show that a high producing bird is bound to lay a small egg, but they indicate that unless careful selection is followed, there is a decided tendency for the size of eggs to decrease as production increases.

A bird that does not lay eggs that average 24 ounces to the dozen cannot be registered no matter how many eggs she may lay. Attention to this matter of size, as well as to heavy yield, is being given by the Poultry Division at Ottawa, and data is being collected that will be made public as the report says, in due season.

Make up your mind to be a leader. Remember this: "Who rises every time he falls will sometime rise to stay."

WITH THE Boy Scouts



White Cloud Island Camp

The name sounds nice, doesn't it? Well, take it from me, it's just as nice as it sounds. The annual District Camp of the Boy Scouts' Association is there, and the boys are having a whale of a time.

In charge of the S.M., seven Scouts left Durham on the morning of the 6th of July. Dr. D. B. Jamieson and Mr. S. D. Croft very kindly drove the fellows with their luggage to Owen Sound, where they embarked with about sixty other Scouts from the District on the steam yacht "Venetta" and had a most enjoyable sail of about twenty-three miles to White Cloud Island.

Overheard in the Durham S.M.'s tent at 12:30 a.m. Ted Clark speaking to the S.M.: "Do you think I'm worth a nickel?" (Nichol). + + + Overheard around the camp fire: First Speaker: "Did you know that Don Smith had turned Baptist?" Second Speaker: "No, Is that so?" First Speaker: "Yes, and he's a Presbyterian minister's son." Second Speaker: "How did it happen?" First Speaker: "He was immersed last Sunday." + + +

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Durhamite to a Fifth Trooper: "Why is tent No. 40 (St. Marys, Roman Catholic) like a sausage factory?"

Fifth Trooper: "You've got me." Durhamite: "Because they mix meat there." (The Mics meet there). + + +

S.M. to T.L.: "Nigger" Whitmore must be lonely for his mother." T.L.: "How's that?"

S.M.: "I saw him hanging around those girls down on the dock." + + +

The new nickname for "Pete" Jamieson is "Giggles." + + +

Ernie Neaves is the best catcher in the White Cloud Softball League. If you don't believe me—I forgot the rest.

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Here the boys found that the advance party in charge of S.M. Dr. W. Marshall had the canvas up and everything in readiness for them.

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The camp is in charge of Col. E. MacIntyre, D.S.O., M.C., District Commissioner of Owen Sound. Col. MacIntyre is nothing if not efficient, and every detail of camp life is looked after. His second in command is Dr. W. Marshall of Owen Sound, the efficient S.M. of the 5th Troop—the good old Presbyterians.

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Everybody gets up—or is got up—at 7 o'clock. After half an hour in which to dress, the camp has morning Colors at 7:30. During the next fifteen minutes, the boys get their blankets out to air and start fixing up their tents. At 7:45 comes "cook-house" ever-welcome sound. After breakfast, every tent devotes its energy to getting its tent in shape for the day. Bits of straw from the "ticks," paper, string, etc., are all carefully picked up from around the tent. And right here, we might say, that it is hard to imagine anything tidier or cleaner than a Boy Scout camp just before Tent Inspection. Then follow games, instruction, swimming, dinner, and more instruction, swimming and games. Supper comes at 5:30, Colors at 6, and Camp Fire at 8 o'clock. The day closes with Lights Out at 9:30.

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The weather has been ideal, the camp only having one rainy night so far. There are four boats, and no fellow has to be refused a boat if he wishes one. In addition, Col. MacIntyre is conducting a class for those who cannot swim. It is, in every way, one of the best outings a boy could possibly have.

The S.M. and Scouts Walter Neaves and Don Smith had to come home last week-end, but Troop Leader Ted Clark, P. L. Ernest Neaves, Second Eric Clark, and Scouts Bowman Jamieson and Lawrence Whitmore are still there.

During the first week, a schedule of baseball games was arranged. Durham won their first game, but lost the next two. The S.M. has handed out a challenge to any

team that wants to play.

Don't ride in the middle of the road; another road hog will tangle with you eventually.

Don't drive fast on wet pavement; you're bound to regret it.

Don't race your motor, slam your doors or sound your horn at night; the neighbors may wake up and shoot you.

Don't cut across the inside of a curve; sometimes you'll meet another car head-on.

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