

IN CASES OF DROWNING.

Some Timely Hints on the Subject. A Washington Star reporter has been gathering all the information he can in regard to the treatment of drowning persons. One prominent doctor says: "Drowning is the result of one of two conditions. One is from the shock of the accident producing heart failure or the other is where the unfortunate has fought against fate and has been suffocated by taking water into the lungs and stomach. The first condition is shown by the pale, ashy and flabby appearance of an ordinary case of fainting and the other by a livid, dark colored look of suffocation. Too many people imagine, when a person has been taken from the water after sinking for the last time, that life is extinct for good and all, but this is not the case. Many have been taken out some time after disappearance and brought to life again by simple, practical means, while others have been taken out under similar conditions and the remaining germs of life allowed to slip away when they could have been saved."

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT.

When a person is taken from the water within anything like a reasonable length of time, loosen everything about the neck, chest and waist, wipe out the mouth and throat thoroughly, as far as possible, with a handkerchief, roll up a coat or anything and lay the body face downward, the chest and upper part of the stomach upon the bundle and the forehead on the forearm near the wrist. Make firm pressure between and below the shoulders to force any water out of the lungs and stomach. Then turn the body on the back and if the appearance is from fainting, fasten the tongue in the front of the mouth by holding it with a dry cloth or by slipping a rubber band over it and the lower jaw or do anything that will hold it and keep it from falling back into the throat to prevent breathing. Cautiously pass ammonia under the nose, if at hand, or tickle the nose or mouth with something, dash cold water in the face suddenly, or slap the face sharply. The object of this is to produce a gasp, when which is done continue the ammonia carefully or the slapping of the face. When breathing is established, proceed with promotion of warmth and circulation by application of hot water bottles or something very hot, well wrapped to prevent burning the skin. Hot sand bags or warm, dry blankets will answer. "After rubbing the limbs upward towards the heart, to encourage the venous blood to return to its source, the careful administration of stimulants is in order. This should be about a teaspoonful of whiskey in a tablespoonful of hot water every few minutes until taken six or eight times. Do not move the patient, if possible, until strength is well established, only then so far as is absolutely necessary."

WHEN DROWNED FROM SUFFOCATION.

"When the victim has been drowned by suffocation there are two ways by which artificial respiration may be produced. One is known as the Marshall Hall and the other as the Sylvester method. The Marshall Hall method is as follows: Proceed as in case of faint drowning until the water has been run out of the body. Several should assist. The body should then be turned over say three-fourths around to the left and returned to its face-downward position. Put considerable pressure with the hands on the back six inches below the shoulders; remove pressure suddenly and roll the body over on the left side again and back. Continue this process at the rate of about fifteen to a minute for ten minutes and then stop to see if there is any effort on the part of the patient to breathe. If so, encourage by the face slapping or ammonia applied as directed. If the breathing does not begin, keep the movement up for hours, occasionally varying from left to right side. Persons have been resuscitated after four or five hours of unconsciousness. When breathing is established proceed as in case of faint drowning, to stimulate the system, produce warmth encourage circulation. If a person is not absolutely stiff when taken from the water, there is chance of resuscitation."

THE SYLVESTER METHOD

is to proceed as in other ways to get the water from the stomach and then to lay the patient on the back with the hands under the back below the chest shoulders, which will throw the chest well forward. Then, kneeling at the feet, one should take both arms just below the elbows and draw them back over the head nearly to the ground; then return arm to place on chest and ribs and make firm pressure. Suddenly remove pressure and repeat movement for ten minutes, 15 times to the minute. Stop then and see if any breathing takes place. If not, do not give up the case for hours. Too many people have been lost by giving up too soon."

UNDER OTHER CONDITIONS.

"The same treatment can be successfully administered in cases of gas poisoning, attempted suicide by hanging or chloroforming, or when breathing has suddenly ceased from any unknown

cause. In all cases of accident send for a physician and go to work as above suggested. In cases of drowning also order at once dry clothes and blankets and materials for hot applications, but don't wait a moment for anything—go to work as outlined—the great object being to get a start in the right direction."

A Tragedy in the Swamp.

It was down on the Great Jackson route. A freight train had met with an accident, and so our train going south was off time and had to run on a siding and wait for the lightning express coming up from New Orleans. Many of us were strolling about, picking blackberries or gathering flowers, when some one suddenly shouted: "Everybody keep quiet and listen! Hark!"

It was the deep, far-away bay of a hound and after half a minute we realized that it was coming nearer.

"The dogs are running a deer!" shouted one, "and if we string out we may get a shot!"

Fifteen or twenty men, each with a revolver, struck out along the track, and just then we heard the iron rails begin to signal that the express was coming. Two minutes later we heard her whistle. There were three or four dogs in the chase, and as they drew nearer it was evident that the game would cross the track below the bridge. We ran down to it, though no one cared to risk the crossing. We were hardly there when a coal-black negro, bareheaded and in rags, leaped out of the bush on the track and stood facing us. The dogs had somehow lost him, and were paying in the thicket forty rods away.

What his crime was we could not say. He was a big fellow and as he stood there arms folded across his heaving breast, his face had a terrible look. He was only a pistol shot away, but no one raised a weapon. On the contrary, one of the crowd shouted to him: "Off the track or you'll be killed!"

He turned and saw the express thundering down the level stretch, and then faced us again. The engineer blew an alarm, but he stood there like a rock. The train was running over that stretch as a pigeon flies, sparks of fire flashing from the rails and a great cloud of dust whirling behind it, and the speed could not even be checked. The black man looked neither to the right nor the left. The dogs were coming nearer, but they were too late. Those who did not turn their faces aside saw the pilot fling him fifty feet high, and, as the body fell, it splashed into the creek at our feet and lay there, only half hidden by the shallow waters—bruised, broken, dead. It had scarcely struck the water when five or six dogs broke from the thicket and crossed the tracks, and close upon them were three or four men. They were too late. The hunted man had taken his choice of how he would die.—Detroit Free Press.

Girls, Don't Use Slang.

This "sermonette" is especially for you dear girls. The advice could be put in three words—Don't do it. Possibly there might come an occasion—say once in a lifetime—when a good round bit of the genuine article "slang" would prove funny. But to hear vulgar words used by a gentle girl is almost invariably shocking. I remember passing two girls in the street and hearing one of them say: "I'll bet you a quarter." It gave me a shiver. And when a group of school-girls fill their conversation—as, alas! they often do—with one slang phrase after another, the effect on an outsider is painfully disagreeable.

The habit of talking slang grows rapidly. It is like reporting a bit of scandal. Have you never noticed if you say an unkind word against a neighbor how quickly a chance comes to say another? And with just that same appalling ease a habit of using careless, coarse words increases. Weeds grow rapidly.

There is plenty of good strong English to give expression to wit, drollery, indignation, or sympathy without recourse to the phrases which belong to horse-jockeys, gamblers, tipplers, and vagabonds. The street arab picks up slang as he does the ends of old cigars from the gutter. Surely a well-bred girl is not on the same level in her speech and manner. Why should she use vulgar words any more than she would stain her hands?

There ought to be something akin to flowers in a fresh young girl. She need not be prudish nor priggish. No one wishes her to say "prunes and prisms" to coax her lips into the proper curves. But refined and dainty in speech as well as in dress she surely ought to be. Won't you please think about it for five minutes and see if you do not agree with me?

Potato Famine in Ireland.

DUBLIN, July 22.—The past week has seen further ravages by the potato blight in Ireland. Rev. Dr. Lyons, administrator of Castle Haven, in the diocese of Roscoe, Cork, writing under Thursday's date, says in all the town lands of his parish that border on the sea the failure of the potato crop is complete. Continuing, Father Lyons adds:

"In places situated more inland the state of affairs is not altogether so bad, but a continuance of dry weather will be absolutely necessary to save any of the absolutely necessary to save any of the tubers were appeared before any of the tubers were formed. So far as the parishes of Castle Haven and Moyross are concerned, and, I may add, all the other parishes bordering on the sea, the prospect for poor people is, indeed, alarming in the extreme. I feel quite bewildered and apprehend the consequences that are likely to ensue from this complete failure of the potato crop here. I see nothing less than starvation staring those unhappy families in the face. The high price of stock does not count the least in their favor. The most of them can only feed a cow or two to give

milk for their children, and their potatoes are their only means of support and their only article of diet. When I see these potato gardens, which have been cultivated with such care, utterly blasted and gone, and when I consider at the same time that these people will get no further credit for provisions from the shopkeeper, the issue seems to me appalling."

Distressing reports have also been received from other districts of Cork, Limerick, Kerry and Waterford. Since they were written the weather has been wetter than ever, and the blight must have spread to a frightful extent during the last few days.

POT-POURRI.

When a woman calls her husband a bear she probably remembers how he used to hug her.

"How many women marry a good sensible man?" asks Kate Feld. Only one, if the man help it.

It is waste of time to look back at one's mistakes when there is so much fun in watching other people's.

It is no consolation to a patient suffering from a severe cold in the head to be told that "colds always attack the weakest spot."

The great secret of getting on in the world—a secret which few have learned—is to know when to speak, and especially when to keep still.

Calumny, says a philosopher, is like a coal; if it does not burn it will soil. Yes, and calumny warms a man about as well as coal, too. Still, we prefer coal.

A bright little girl of three, seeing a cloud enveloping the moon, said, "Auntie, the moon is going to sleep now; see 'em pull the sheet up over it."

Manager of well-known funeral establishment to eminent medical practitioner:—"No much doin' in your line the noo, Doctor. We ken by orsels."

Nature is bound to keep up the average; when she makes a man who can accumulate a fortune, she usually produces a family of spendthrifts to squander it.

"If a lady is beautiful, my son," said a latter-day Lord Chesterfield, "never fail to refer to her beauty." "What am I to do when the lady is plain?" "Just the same."

Visitor:—"well, my little man, have you any brothers?" Freddy:—"Yes, I have one, but my sister Stella has two." Visitor:—"Why, how can that be?" Freddy (in some astonishment):—"Me and my little brother of course."

"Pat McClure!" "That's me, sir." "Charge! with disorderly conduct." "How so, sir?" "They complain that you alarm the neighborhood when you are working at carrying a hod at a new building." "Yes, sir, I do sing; but its a quiet Sunday-school melody, sir." "What is that?" "Still there's mor-tar follow."

One evening, attending a complimentary dinner, the chairman, after several toasts had been given, said he was about to propose the toast of the evening, and asked them all to charge their glasses. Then, looking down to the croupier, he asked, "Hae ye any bilin' water doon there?" and was answered, "Hoot ay, plenty, but it's caul'."

Scene—Sabbath School, Glasgow; class composed of waifs and strays of the city. Teacher to boy about ten years of age:—"What is God?" Silence reigned for a few seconds, till a hurried whisper was heard at his back, "A Spirit Infinite." The boy evidently thought he had the right answer, and bawled out at the top of his voice, "A fiddler in Greenock."

Again we hear the report that a practicable method of tempering copper has been found. The rumor, which comes this time from Switzerland, says that copper tools, saws, blades, axes, and edges have been made and tested and found to be quite equal to those made of steel. So many scientists have wrestled with this problem that it would seem about time for somebody to find a successful solution.

It may take a moment more to lay a tool up carefully after using, but the time is more than equalized when you want to use it again, and so it is time saved. Habits either good or bad, go a long way in their influence on men's lives, and it is far better to establish and firmly maintain a good habit, even though that character has no special bearing on the moral character; yet all habits have their influence.

Chicago's Corporation.

The shades of night were falling fast as o'er a Kansas prairie passed A youth of presence gaunt and thin (But vast the shoes he travels in). He'd driven ninety miles that day, Nor seen a shed where he could stay, "Oh! where am I?" at last he groaned. A passing stranger softly moaned—"Chicago!"

He sped through fields of luscious wheat, Untrod for months by human feet; He roamed o'er wild pastures never mown, Tho' forests wild and overgrown, He forded rivers still unnamed, Saw dusky redbirds yet unnamed, "Where am I now?" he wildly cried, An Indian maiden sadly sighed—"Chicago!"

Still on he sped, nor stopped to gaze Upon the waving fields of maize; Up rocky slopes he madly flew, Up peaks where naught but lichens grew— Land of eternal snow and hail— And read there, "City lots for sale." "What place is this?" he wildly howled. A hungry grizzly fiercely growled—"Chicago!"

A Boston despatch says the drought in New England has continued so long as to render recovery of vegetation beyond hope. The only abundant crop is hay.

A St. Paul, Minn., despatch says an expedition headed by four agents will start for the border line on August 1 to put a stop to the operations of Canadian lumber thieves.

The Churches.

METHODIST, Cambridge street.—Rev. Dr. Williams, Pastor. Services at 11 A.M. and 7.00 P.M. Sabbath School at 10 A.M. Bible Class at 2.30. Classes at 10 A.M. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday at 8 P.M. Young People's Christian Endeavor Society, every Friday evening at 7.30.

METHODIST, Queen Street.—Rev. G. W. Dewey, Pastor. Services at 11.00 A.M. and 7.00 P.M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P.M. Prayer Meeting Thursday at 7.30 P.M.

BAPTIST, Cambridge Street.—Rev. W. K. Anderson, Pastor. Services at 11.00 A.M. and 7.00 P.M. Prayer Meeting Sabbath morning at 10.30 A.M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P.M. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor Monday at 7.30 P.M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 P.M.—All seats free.

St. ANDREW'S (Presbyterian). William Street. Rev. Robert Johnston, B.A., Pastor. Services at 11.00 A.M. and 7.00 P.M. Sabbath School at 3.00 P.M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 8.00 P.M. Young People's Christian Circle Sabbath Morning at 10.15

St. PAUL'S (Church of England) Russell Street.—Rev. C. H. Marsh, Rector. Services at 11.00 A.M. and 7.00 P.M. Sabbath School at 2.30. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 P.M.

St. MARY'S (Roman Catholic) Russel Street.—Rev. Vicar-General Laurent, Pastor, Rev. Father Nolan, Curate. Services at 8.00 and 10.30 A.M. and 7.00 P.M. Sabbath School at 3.30 P.M.

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DR. C. L. COULTER, Medical Health Officer, Grand Trunk Surgeon, Lindsay District.

DR. J. SIMPSON, Graduate of Univ. of Trinity Col., Toronto Member of Col. of Physician & Surgeon Ont. Late Physician to Rockwood Asylum, Kingston.

Lindsay, June 16th, 1890.—22

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