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**Old Fashioned Boiled Salad Dressing**

Made in Canada by the Makers of Kraft Cheese and Velveeta


## The Principles Of Life Saving

By Paul William Gartner

Back in the days when I was little more than excess baggage on an outdoor excursion, I happened to see a near tragedy in the Minnesota north woods. A canoe bearing a wiry Indian guide and a white man of considerable weight capsized about 100 yards offshore in the frigid waters of early spring. Neither the Indian nor the white man was a capable swimmer, and in the case of the latter the suddenness of the plunge, the coldness of the water, and the encumbrance of heavy clothing had him fighting desperately for air in less than a minute. He was within ten feet of the inverted canoe, but he might as well have been ten miles, so blind and frantic had the fear of death made him. The guide had succeeded in grasping an end of the craft, but apparently was unable to aid him without coming within reach of the powerful clutching arms.

The party to which I belonged was without water craft, but an older member, an excellent swimmer, quickly took off most of his clothing and then swam, without haste, it seemed, toward the scene of the mishap. I recall having criticized, with the impulsiveness of youth, his slow progress.

I was further shocked to behold the rescuer, upon reaching the drowning man, deliberately evade the clutching arms and livid face and swim to the canoe, where he clung for at least 30 seconds, unquestionably resting. Shortly, however, with the aid of the guide, he drew the canoe to the now feebly struggling man, who was very near to death, I presently learned. Indeed, when he was finally brought to shore no indication of life was apparent—yet, he was revived by the prone pressure method of artificial respiration after more than an hour of application.

Proficiency in life saving is the result of cool, deliberate thinking, as in the incident just given. In the first place the rescuer removed practically all of his clothing—as any person should do who finds himself suddenly confronted with a considerable swim to safety. Swimming at what appeared to be a slow rate of speed toward the drowning man was another example of sensible procedure. Even the seasoned life guard cannot swim at the same rate for 200 yards that he can for 50, and in either case he must have considerable reserve energy after he has arrived. A good swimmer could be drowned in less than a minute by a desperate, fighting victim. Indeed, battling with a subject who has felt the icy breath of death requires almost titantic energy.

The best way to deal with strangle holds is to avoid them; that is to say, the drowning person should be approached from the rear whenever possible. This strategy keeps the rescuer free of the other's arms and gives him opportunity to gain a good carrying grip.

Sometimes, before approaching, it is advisable to wait for a fighting person to exhaust himself, although it may not seem humane. This precludes the possibility that he will attempt to climb to the highest point at hand which, of course, is the top of the rescuer's head.

But despite all precautions there are occasions when a drowning person will obtain what is commonly called a death hold on a would-be rescuer. In this contingency the rescuer should remember to take a deep breath—if he can—and then without hesitation to submerge himself with the drowning person. This move will tend to make the subject release the hold as he struggles to climb upward again. The rescuer can utilize this tendency, in case of a front strangle hold, by shoving him upward. The back strangle hold is broken by twisting a subject's arm, by elbow and wrist, into an arm lock. The feet at times can be brought into play, not in a kick but in a powerful shove against the subject's shoulder. The carries for towing drowning persons to safety all follow the principles of maintaining the subject in a horizontal position and of keeping the rescuer out of his reach.

But it is frequently after the near victim has been towed to safety that some of the most difficult life-saving problems are faced, especially if he has ceased to breathe. However, artificial respiration is adopted only when the subject is not breathing. If he is unconscious, but breathing faintly, aromatic spirits should be applied to the nose and he should be massaged toward the heart, and kept warm.

As a rule, swallowed water is not dangerous, although it may bring a seizure of sickness. It is the water on the lungs which paralyzes the diaphragm. A man can fast for 40 days or more if plentifully supplied with water, but if his diaphragm is paralyzed for three minutes he may die. In this case never give mouth stimulants, for they will merely clog the throat passages. What must be accomplished is the removal of water from the lungs and the stimulation of respiration and heart action. And, without apparatus, the prone pressure method of artificial respiration (resuscitation) is the simplest and most effective method known to achieve this end. The method may be used with equal success in cases of suffocation by gas or smoke.

The victim should be placed face downward, arms up to allow the lungs their fullest expansion. Naturally the throat and mouth should be opened and cleared as well as they may be. Then the operator, on knees astraddle the subject's thighs, places his hand on the small ribs of the back with the fingers along the sides. Pressure is induced by swinging forward slowly, arms straight, thus contracting the lungs, and releasing with a snap which causes the lungs to expand and inhale. With the incoming air water will tend to be displaced and forced out. Pressure is applied for approximately three seconds with two seconds between contacts, thus allowing between 10 and 12 movements of compression and release each minute. Resuscitation should be continued until the patient starts to breathe again, which may not be for several hours.

Liquid mouth stimulants, such as hot coffee or tea, should never be administered until the patient is fully conscious. He should be wrapped in warm blankets, for it is heat, both external and internal, which is essential for a complete recovery.

The swimming method can properly be considered only the last resort in the performance of a rescue. It is, by far, more practicable to use a boat or to throw a life preserver. Some very effective rescues have been performed with the aid of a pole. One should never hesitate to throw some object that will serve to buoy another up, a bit of wood, a chair, table, or box, if nothing more suitable is at hand. I know of an instance when an individual was saved from drowning by a man who could not swim but who had the presence of mind to shove into the water a municipal park bench. It is not colorful rescues that the world desires, but safe ones.—"The Sportsman."

## The Crabs' Marathon

Twenty-nine years ago a series of experiments was started to study the migration of the finny and shelly inhabitants of the Red Sea.

A number of crabs were marked and returned to the Red Sea. One has just been recaptured in the Mediterranean. The distance covered was 101 miles, so that, if the crab had made a nonstop crawl, he would have moved—sideways, of course—at the dizzy speed of twenty-two inches an hour.

All kinds of sea creatures useful for food purposes are marked nowadays and their wanderings watched. The marking, which is painless, is usually done by means of tiny silver discs. The value of the experiments is inestimable. It was in this way, for example, that it was discovered where the infant plaice had their nurseries, and by protecting these, the value of the North Sea as a food storehouse has been enormously increased. England alone requires 200,000 tons of fish a day.—London "Tit-Bits."

## Danish Navy Uses Oil for Fuel

A movement in Great Britain to have the navy return from oil to coal as its fuel because it would help the unemployment situation through giving the mines greatly increased business and also because England, as an island country, would be cut off from oil supplies during a war, draws attention to the fact that the small Danish Navy uses oil almost exclusively, the engines used being mainly of the Diesel motor type. As Denmark, however, has neither oil nor coal supplies of her own there is no question as to what is preferable in case of war. It has been revealed that three recently finished torpedo boats as well as three now under construction are made for oil consumption. The same is the case with the inspection ship Hvidbjornen. The Niels Juul, the only larger type ship in the navy, can avail itself of either type of fuel. All submarines are furnished with oil-burning Diesel engines, as is the new royal yacht, The American-Scandinavian Review says.

"There's that expert witness. Did he make a good showing on the stand?"

"Yes. He seemed to know almost as much about his profession as the lawyer who cross-examined him."

## Amusing Anecdotes

"What makes you laugh at your own joke?" inquired a friend of Israel Zangwill one day when, in convivial company, that witty writer had just perpetrated a bon mot at which all had laughed and he the loudest.

"Well," responded Zangwill, "why should I laugh? That joke was as new to me as to you."

* * *

There is an amusing story about the ex-Kaiser of Germany in Prince von Bulow's much discussed memoirs. It seems that William II. had a passion for designing—houses, churches, castles, and especially ships. In the 'nineties, during a visit to Italy, following a discussion with Admiral Brin—Italian Minister of Marine and one of the ablest naval architects in Europe—on the best way of building ships, the Kaiser asked the Admiral if he might send him a plan for the construction of a battleship which he had worked out.

* * *

Some weeks later, Brin received the design in question. He returned it to the Kaiser with a letter which Bulow describes as a "masterpiece of Italian delicacy and also of quiet irony."

"The ship which Your Majesty has designed," ran the letter, would be the mightiest, the most terrible, and also the loveliest battleship ever seen. It would have a speed which has not yet been attained; its armor would surpass anything now afloat; its masts would be the highest in the world; its guns would outrange any others. This wonderful vessel has only one fault: if she were put on the water she would sink like a lump of lead."

The Kaiser was not at all angered by the Admiral's reply, adds Bulow.

* * *

To illustrate Russian subordination and mechanical obedience under Czardom, the great Bismarck used to love to tell this story, says von Bulow:

While walking in the royal park of Peterhof, Czar Nicholas I noticed a sentry standing in front of a bare rose bush. The Czar asked the sentry why he stood there, but the worthy grenadier could not tell him. The Emperor had enquiries made and it was found that in the time of Empress Catherine II that rose bush had once borne a lovely rose. So that it should not be plucked the Empress had established a sentry post over it, which, half a century and more afterwards, still had this duty to perform.

* * *

Bridge players, especially, will get a chuckle from this story about King Edward told by the annonymous author of "Mock Turtle"—the memoirs of a "Victorian Gentleman":

Edward was very keen on bridge although not much of a player. Once, at Sandringham, his partner, Mrs. George Keppel, left it to him to make trumps and he declared a no-trumper. Mrs. Keppel had to play the hand. His cards went down, and disclosed not a single trick. Her hand was actually barren.

* * *

Before putting his cards down, the King remarked to Mrs. Keppel:

"Well, I don't know what you'll say to it."

"As soon as she saw the lie of the land she exclaimed:

"All I can say, Sire, is: 'God save the King and preserve Mrs. Keppel!'"

* * *

Edward's joy at the quip reconciled him to the grand slam against them.

* * *

The reissue in a single volume of E. S. Martin's "Life of Joseph H. Choate" recalls a flood of stories about the eminent lawyer-diplomatist who was one of the wittiest of men in an age when giants such as Whistler, Oscar Wilde, Mark Twain, William M. Evarts and Chauncey Depew were making the whole world laugh.

* * *

One of the best Choate stories—and it is not in Mr. Martin's book—relates to the time when he was American Ambassador in London. In those days the United States did not furnish its representative with an official home, and the story goes that one cold night a London "bobby" going his rounds on the Thames Embankment—that haven of rest for homeless derelicts—found Mr. Choate upon a bench asleep.

* * *

Not knowing who the sleeper was, the "bobby" woke up, none too gently, and said:

"Ain't yer got no home?"

"No," replied Choate. "You see, I'm the American Ambassador."

* * *

At a rather smart "At Home" in Mayfair, standing in the shade of a sombre hallway, Choate was mistaken for the butler by a bumptious individual.

"Call me a cab, will you?" demanded the latter.

"You're a cab," said Choate, obligingly.

The shocked guest went and complained to his host, to be more shocked when he found that he had been talking to the American Ambassador.

* * *

Forthwith, the mortified guest went to Mr. Choate and began to apologize, profusely.

"That's all right," said the Ambassador, soothingly, "but if you had been nicer about it I would have called you a hansom cab."

* * *

Then there is the story told by Mr. Choate about William M. Evarts, when Evarts was Secretary of State. They were going up in the State Department elevator one day—which was packed with young men who wanted jobs in the diplomatic service—when Evarts remarked to Choate that it was the biggest collection for foreign missions he had ever seen taken up!

The husband was seeing his wife away on a holiday. "Ellen, dear," he said, "hadn't you better take some fiction with you to while away the time?" "Oh, no, William," she replied; "you'll be sending me some letters."

FINDS TURTLE IN SWIMMING POOL

Sucked in by the hose pipe used to fill the deck pool on the Cunarder Mauretania during week-end cruises, the baby turtle in the picture was found swimming in the sea water by Miss Edith McNutt, a voyager. She decided to make a pet of it and evidently seems satisfied with her success.

## Widow of Astronomer Obtains New Pictures of Hottest Planet

Dark spots and yellowish spots have been photographed for the first time on the surface of the planet Mercury, smallest and hottest of the planets, by Mme. G. Camille Flammarion, widow of the famous French astronomer of that name, and were reported recently to the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, by M. Ernest Esclangon.

Since M. Flammarion's death Mme. Flammarion has occupied herself with observations through the telescope which M. Flammarion used. Recently conditions were favorable for observations of Mercury, and Mme. Flammarion succeeded in obtaining several excellent photographs, something seldom possible because of the nearness of Mercury to the sun so that it never is seen except just after sunset and when the earth's sky usually is too bright for good planetary photography.

The new photographs agree, M. Esclangnon told the academy, in showing some fairly definite markings, especially a whitish or yellowish area slightly south of the planet's equator and pronounced darker areas both north and south of this brighter one.

The markings seem not to correspond exactly with those which other astronomers have believed that they saw by eye, but since these eye observations always have differed greatly among themselves their failure to match the photographs is not surprising.

The surface of Mercury receives about seven times more solar heat per square mile than the earth, Astronomers imagine that the planet's surface is unprotected by an atmosphere and must be burned virtually to a cinder. No one knows what the actual surface is, whether cindery dust, volcanic ash, or something more mysterious.

## A Respite

"Oh, lingering is a lovely word!
A heart-beat falling into space
Or tremor of a golden chord;
The spell that binds the wandering breeze
Above the shaken orange-trees.
Let us not spoil the dainty sorrow
By touch or whisper. This sweet death
When Time, indulgent, holds his breath
Lasts but a moment. Hold it fast,
Forgetting that there is a morrow
In this, our respite from the past.
For lingering si a lover's sign
And, by some miracle, our eyes
May lock, your spirit sunk in mine."
—Muriel Hine, in the Sunday Times.

"Do you favor compelling married men to wear thumb rings to distinguish them from single men?"

"It's not at all necessary. No husband who's been properly trained can ever be mistaken for a single man."

## The Ocean Woods

We wandered to the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam,
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of Heaven lay;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of Paradise.

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced,
And soothed by every azure breath,
That under heaven is brown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own:
Now all the treetops lay asleep,
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be.
—Percy Bysshe Shelley, in "The Recollection."

The poorest marksman may occasionally hit the target.

## Owl Laffs

Two tramps met at the end of a long and unsuccessful day's begging. Both were tired and hungry.

Hank—"Didn't you make anything, Bill? What about that house I saw you looking at—the big one with the open window?"

Bill—"Didn't trouble to ask. I looked in the window and saw two girls playing on one piano, so I guessed they were too poor for me to worry."

A ladies' aid society is a group of women organized to pry the preacher's salary loose from their husbands.

Miss Smoke and Mr. Ash were married recently at Iowa City, Iowa. Mr. Ash is instructor at University of Missouri, but teaches English and not chemistry, by way of proving there is nothing in a name.

"Turn off the heat."

Where were the Clinkers?

The children should be refined.

The heat of passion had vanished.

"Where there is smoke there is fire."

The bride was a bit dense but the groom was fine.

"There'll be hot time in the old town to-night."

Other columnists are welcome to what is left.

Little Daughter—"Why is father singing so much to-night?"

Mother—"He is trying to sing the baby to sleep."

Little Daughter—"Well, if I was baby, I'd pretend I was asleep."

Caution to Young Editors

If you take the advice of the fellow who says he doesn't care to see his name in the paper, you are making a great mistake.

Clarence—"Do you know what your one great defect is?"

Isabel—"I simply can't think."

Clarence—"Right—but I didn't think you'd acknowledge it."

A man unaccustomed to praising his wife went out of his way to call her an angel. "Mary," he said one morning recently, "you are an angel," and she felt charmed all day. In the evening she ventured to ask him why she had been so honored. "Well," said the wily man, "you are always flitting about; you are always harping on things; and by your own account, you have nothing to wear."

Alexander—"Which is right: 'The girl began to walk home,' or 'The girl started to walk home'?"

Horatio—"Who was the girl?"

Silence may be golden, but it evidently takes a greenback to make it so, according to the fellow who tells this one:

Lawyer—"Mr. Peck, your wife has been arrested and is being held incommunicado. But the police chief is easy and a little money——"

Henry Peck—"Fine, Fine, and tell him that there's ten dollars for him for every day he can keep her that way."

Our idea of a heavy hint is something that should be dropped.

Doctor—"Deep breathing, you understand, destroys microbes."

Patient—"But, doctor, how can I force them to breathe deeply?"

Budget Blues

The baby daily pined away,
He got no vitamin called A,
His hair fell out, his tooth was loose,
He could not have the orange juice.

This baby is a little dear,
And so are oranges, we hear;
But lest the little chap should hate us,
Let's try to rear him on tomatoes.

It is unofficially that the state motto of Nevada has been revised to read: "Divorce in haste; repeat at leisure."

Mother—"What did your father say when he saw his broken pipe?"

Innocent—"Shall I leave out the swear words, mother dear?"

Mother—"Certainly, my darling."

Innocent—"Then I don't think he said anything."

In training a child for a junior partner, you also train yourself.

City Vistor: "You're quite wrong in considering the birds a nuisance; they devour insects and caterpillars." Farmer: "Thanks for telling me. It's a great consolation to know that they eat my fruit merely for dessert."

"Why should I marry?" said a confirmed old maid. "I don't need a husband. I have a dog, a parrot and a cat." "But that has nothing to do with it." "Oh, yes, it has. The dog growls all day; the parrot swears the whole time; and the cat spends every night out. That's enough for me."

*after* PLAYTIME

GIVE them a glass of Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk when they come in from school or play.

Children love it, and as many a wise mother has discovered, it is highly digestive and invaluable for building resistance against sickness.

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CHOCOLATE MALTED MILK


ISSUE No. 34—'31


"Clubs and lodges" prove we are social beings. Drinking tea together is a most friendly social custom.

**RED ROSE TEA**
"is GOOD tea" 231
2 CHOICE BLENDS—Red Label & Orange Pekoe


## Declares Plants Have Regular Sleeping Hours

Plants sleep too—some by day and some by night. A flashlight expedition to a garden reveals a sleepy crew, as different from the bold life of day hours as human beings curled in sleep are from human beings rushing for suburban trains. Dawn is too late, and dusk is too soon—one must catch the plants after they have had time to respond to total darkness, to the fall in temperature and to the action of the dew.

The beans droop; the pea blossoms nod; that succulent but accursed weed pudslane turns its leaves edge upward instead of spreading them flat upon the ground. The clover folds its trefoils in various patterns, sometimes bowing the third leaflet over the others as if in benediction. The single roses fold all their petals inward; the poppies shut up like clamshells; the asters curl their petals inward.

Meanwhile the scraggly evening primrose of the roadside seems to don fresh clothes at dusk, a coarse-leaved weed that sometimes fools the careless weeder of a calendula bed and always looks withered in daylight opens fresh petals and becomes a garden ornament—it is the evening lychnis, cousin of the gay rock-garden plants; and many a flower seems to unload an extra burden of fragrance at night.

Perhaps that is an illusion, as the old Hindu theory that plants prayed was an illusion. They did stand or bow, as the daily temperature changed, but it was not in deference to man-made idols. Plants respond to day and night, heat and cold, aridity and moisture, but in their own ways.

## Queer

She's very likely, any minute,
To lose her purse and al lthe money in it;
But not the verse she made at break of day,
Scrawled while she dressed, and tucked somewhere away.

At tea-time, Sirius, miles above,
Is nearer to her than her kitchen stove;
And should her lover chance to bring
A rose, she likes it better than a ring.

She hears, in some tall pine or other,
The wind, but not the wise words of her mother.
—Lillian Miner, in The Commonweal.

## No Farm Poor

Victoria Colonist (Cons.): A newspaper man has been investigating the causes of distress among the farmers o fthe Prairie Provinces. The conclusions he reaches are that some are stock market poor, some land poor, some poor through extravagance, but he heard of relatively few broke through farming operations. In other words, most of these farmers who stuck to farming through thick and thin and who built up reserve funds with their profits in the fat years are able to weather the present low price of wheat.

## Conduct

We should teach God's glory day by day, not by words only, often not by words at all, but by our conduct. If you wish your neighbor to see what God is like, let them see what He can make ou like. Nothing is so infectious as example.—C. Kingsley.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—John Milton.

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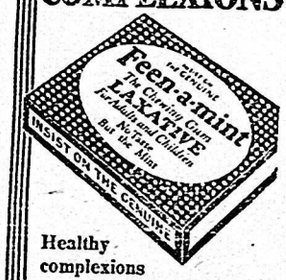
## Stand Right

I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives. I like to see a man who lives in it so that his place will be proud of him. Be honest, but hate no one; overturn a man's wrong-doing, but do not overturn him unless it must be done in overturning the wrong. Stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.—Abraham Lincoln.


**HEALTHY COMPLEXIONS**




Healthy complexions come from healthy systems. Free the body of poisons with Feen-a-mint. Effective in smaller doses. All druggists sell this safe, scientific laxative.

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FOR CONSTIPATION

**CUTICURA**
Soap for daily use.
Ointment to heal skin irritations.
Talcum ideal after bathing.
Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Talcum 25c.

*for* SPRAINS
Rub Minard's in gently. It penetrates sore ligaments, allays inflammation, soothes, heals.
Puts you on your feet!
47

**MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT**


## HER HUSBAND TEASED HER

### But not for long!

"I started taking Kruschen Salts for biliousness, and for the last two years I have been perfectly free from an attack. Now I continue to take them, as I find they keep me in perfect health. My husband used to joke about me taking Kruschen Salts; now he takes them himself, so do my children. My sincere thanks."
—Mrs. G. P.

When your gastric or *digestive* juices refuse to flow, your food, instead of becoming absorbed into your system, simply collects and ferments inside you, producing harmful acids and gases which give rise to biliousness, heartburn and flatulence.

Kruschen is a combination of six mineral salts, which goes right to the root of the trouble. It first stimulates the flow of gastric and other juices to aid digestion, and then ensures complete, regular and unfailing elimination of waste matter every day. And that means a blessed end to biliousness, and a renewed and whole-hearted enjoyment of your food without the slightest fear of having to pay the old painful penalty.


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Aeroxon is freeing thousands of Canadian homes from the dangerous disease-bearing fly. This handy spiral fly catcher is coated with a specially prepared glue; fragrant and sweet; which will not dry or lose its attractiveness to flies. Ask for Aeroxon at any drug; grocery or hardware store. It is the fly catcher with the push pin and the wider and longer ribbon—good for three weeks' service.

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