ecommends Heat For Frost Bites

M. Johnston, M.D., Backs Up Advice With Actual Facts

any years ago Dr. Steffanson, the t northern explorer, said, "Do put snow on a frost-bite; you only add to the injury and drive eper." When he was in Toronto nt to hear him and he repeated statement, writes J. M. Johnston in this article. I met him and y suggestion he gave the audi a chance to ask questions. I him about snow as a cure for bite. He told the audience the as he had told me. "Why," he med, "put your whole hand in it will freeze solid and rot off leave it long enough."

as one of the audience who lis to Dr. Nanson in Massey Hall, to, some years ago. He said t the same thing as Dr. Stef He condemned snow and re nded heat for frost-bites. n Wallace in his book, "The Labrador Trail," says of the noses, "They're very flat. I wished mine more resembled By the way, he adds, "If er get your nose frozen, don't ow on it. You will only rub n off and have a very sore to nurse for a long while rds. Hold it in the bare This is the Eskimo way and s. I speak from experience." bitterly cold Winter night i a tenant's apartment. His e in, skates in hand. "Oh, e got your feet frozen again?" the mother exclaim. I went kitchen and asked for a pail water. "Warm water!" the mother in amazement, tor told us last Winter to with snow." "Yes," said st Winter your son lay in three months letting his feet The warm water was brought the boy put his feet. The ning he walked to Eaton's worked, his feet none the

Dr. Rankin, superintendent ulst Missions, told me this tory: At one of his lectures st, a young man was car ands and feet off. He had ght from a hospital to hear m. That young man on from a drive found his numb to unhitch his horse someone to go and put it kind friends (poor sou's, not what they did) put and feet in snow until the ld get there. On the arrival, he had the young ried to the hospital where feet had to be amputated. ming set in and ended his

warm water for more century and have always ied with the happy re k I am in good company, n, Dr. Nanson and Dillon

ficial Appointed Experimental Farm

s, B.S.A., M.Sc., has been minion horticulturist in n Experimental Farms minion Department of Ag his position recently be on account of the passing Macoun.

has the years of service, experience which admir for this responsible posi born in Yarmouth, N.S., his early education in nd high schools of his and graduated from Mac e (McGill) with the de in 1912.

was appointed assistant on horticulturist in 1914. erseas with the first Me from May, 1916, to De He was appointed chief e division of horticul his return from over

ts Have Much in Common

N.Y.—Two infants of e much in common. s are sisters who mar Both infants are boys. the same day, in the their weights differed ter-pound. t, eight pounds, was and Winnifred Cronk hile Rodney William, born to William and Twitchwell. urred Dec. 19, 1933, Mr. and Mrs. John f the two mothers.

mith Hired as Expert

alia. — Vacuum Oil ary of a great Am has engaged Air Charles Kingsford n advisory capacity matters. He will be the company's re and engineers. The not interfere with his the world's greatest England to Australia, th the Victorian Cen ns.

Recent Events From Overseas

Plays Great Game—Knows Baby Dead

Birmingham, Eng.—Joe Bradford, Birmingham's centre forward, played a great game in the local Derby against Aston Villa recently.

Yet a few hours before the match his baby had died.

The baby was born two days before and he had spent the long hours between then and the day of the game in an anguish of anxiety.

When the news of the baby's death reached the Birmingham club an official immediately asked Bradford if he would like to retire from the game.

"I will stay," he said.

And he played well.

Two years ago Joe Bradford was the hero of a cup final. He had been suffering for weeks from an injured leg, but it was decided to play him in the Wembley match between Birmingham and West Bromwich.

West Bromwich won 2-1. Bradford scored Birmingham's only goal.

Dislike Josephine Baker

Helsingfors, Finland.—Miss Josephine Baker, the colored dancer, is having an unhappy time in the Baltic countries.

Last week she was not allowed to perform in Estonia. Later her appearance on the stage of a Helsingfors theatre caused a riot.

The famous dusky artist was assailed with stink bombs, accompanied by an outburst of catcalls and whistling.

"Go back to Africa!" shouted the enraged Finns.

The performance had to be broken off.

Meanwhile, outside the theatre, the police had to be summoned to disperse an unruly crowd.

First Baby in Nuddist Colony

Paris.—The first baby to be born in Physiopolis—the nudist colony on an island in the River Seine—has arrived to the wife of a French professor.

He weighed eight pounds. The professor and his wife, both prominent members of the colony, decided upon a "100 per cent. nuddist birth," as a scientific experiment.

Despite the recent bitterly cold weather the mother has taken her morning swim in the Seine and walked five miles a day on the island.

Mother and child are doing well.

Charmed Life

London.—A war-time airman's remarkable record was revealed at London sessions recently when he pleaded guilty to driving a motor car to the danger of the public.

The man, Mr. Leo Philip Scott-Paine, was fined £25 and ordered to pay 25 guineas costs. His license was suspended for three years.

Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C., defending, revealed that Mr. Scott-Paine served throughout the war in the Royal Naval Air Reserve; was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and medals from other nations; flew continuously under bombardment at Dunkirk; in 1917 was shot down in the North Sea, was picked up after five er; was taken to Germany, where he ad a half hours by a German destroy was confined at six different prison camps; escaped from three of them; and was consequently placed in solitary confinement for three months.

Mr. St. John Hutchinson, prosecuting, offered no evidence regarding a further charge of driving a car while under the influence of drink, to which Mr. Scott-Paine had pleaded not guilty. The jury found him not guilty of that charge.

Important Deal

London.—Mr. Peter Mazzina, the former managing director of the Ambassador Club with which Mr. Maundy Gregory was so closely associated, has bought the Bristol Grill, Cork Street W., for £20,000.

Mr. Mazzina is believed to have made the purchase on behalf of a syndicate. He is one of the youngest restaurateurs in London.

During his seven years at the "Ambassador" he met many society celebrities, for the club was designed to be the most luxurious in London.

It was reputed to have had a membership of 11,000.

Paris Seeks to Stem Tide Of Students Asking Help

Paris.—Paris is faced with a students' crisis. The Quartier Latin has closed those halcyon days of light-hearted Bohemians and the students crowd to the great schools in ever-increasing numbers, but as the students increase, jobs diminish.

Examinations are made more difficult, newspapers hold investigations, the authorities issue warnings, but still the students come and the problem grows. Five hundred of those who were graduated in science in 1932 are unable to find jobs. In arts 767 are still unemployed.

"Sometimes," writes Claude Belanger, general secretary of the Unione Nationale des Studients de France, "a medical doctor is engaged at 15 francs a day selling pharmaceutical preparations. But most of them remain without work with nothing in their pockets but a piece of parchment." The position of the art student is, if anything, worse.

Urgent action is advocated. Reorganization of the medical and legal profession is pressed. It is suggested that from the period of the elementary school the child's special aptitudes be studied and careful counsel given on the choice of a career.

...SMILES...

Sense is a better inheritance than dollars. People who give a square deal usually get a square deal. Rejoice at another's success and study his methods. Crime isn't due to pinch of want; then it must be due to want of pinching. And then, of course, the nudists can save quite a bit on mothballs. Ten men overplay or overloaf, where one overworks. The men who sit around and whittle and wait for the breaks are the men who stay broke. The beginning of a perfect evening is a decision to let the supper dishes wait until morning. More than one young husband has had his eyes opened with a can opener.

Bald-Headed Man—"You say this is a good hair tonic."

Drug Clerk—"Very fine; we have a customer who took the cork out of the bottle with his teeth and the next day he had a mustache."

If 'Twas Told On You

Just a little bit of slander started in a thoughtless way
May put a blight upon a person that quite likely long may stay.
Or, the thing may have been started as some sort of foolish joke,
But think how you'd be insulted if 'twas told on your own folk.
Slander moves in vicious circles seemingly without an end,
And like all the slimy reptiles is a thing without a friend.
He or she who spreads a story that should not have been unloosed
May be certain in the future it will sure come home to roost.

Man—"I wonder if dyeing the hair is really as dangerous as some of the doctors say?"

Henpecked Neighbor—"You bet it is. An uncle of mine tried it once and within a month he was married to a widow with four children."

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra in the Bible contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter J, examination shows.

Woman—"My husband is a perfect brute, and I am going to get a divorce."

Visiting Gentleman Friend—"Why, I thought he was a pretty square sort of fellow."

Woman—"He may be square, but I don't want him around. He thinks it is more important to pay the grocer than to buy the clothes I want."

Women's bathing suits used to be an embarrassment in the water, but now they are an embarrassment out of it.

First Woman — "She told me you told her that secret I told you not to tell her."

Second Woman—"The mean thing! I told her not to tell you I told her."

First Woman—"Well, don't tell her I told you she told me."

The old-fashioned Beau Brummel, who used to spend a lot of time rubbing the creases out of his trousers, has a grandson who spends plenty of money trying to keep his creased.

Pretty Young Thing.—"Are you sure these curtains won't shrink? I want them for my bedroom windows."

Candid Clerk—"Lady, with your figure, you should care—you should care."

Riddles

1. What is that which, by taking away an I, has nothing left but a nose?

2. What insect does the blacksmith manufacture?

3. What cord is full of knots which cannot be untied?

4. Why is a dressmaker like a farmer?

5. What is it that goes all the way around the house and never makes a track?

Answers

1, Noise; 2, Fire flies; 3, A cord of wood; 4, One sews what she gathers, the others gathers what he sows; 5, The wind.

Before—He talks and she listens.

Honeymoon—She talks and he listens.

After—Both talk and the neighbors listen.

Woman—"Why did you marry such a homely man?"

Visiting Woman—"He asked me."

English Girl Makes Success of Operatic Work in Germany

A Lancashire girl, Miss Margery Booth, is England's only representative on the German singing stage and has won recognition seldom granted to a foreigner at the Berlin State Opera.

Miss Booth is now in her fifth year at the Opera House and during that time has developed from an obscure beginner to a leading member of the company. This year she sang at Bayreuth, before thousands of people who went for the annual Wagner Festival. She was asked to carry the Holy Grail in "Parsifal" and later talked with Herr Hitler about music.

Miss Booth was born in Wigan and lived with her grandparents, who, she said, "abhorred anything connected with the theatre." As a young girl she went to Southport and finally to the Guildhall School of Music in London.

"I remember with great pleasure my days at the Guildhall School," Miss Booth said. "I had lessons from Jenny Hymans and Madame Strangways and I owe a great deal to them."

When she was 21 Miss Booth came to Berlin and after only six months with one of Berlin's most famous teachers her opportunity came. At tea one afternoon Aravantinos, stage designer, heard her sing and insisted that she should have an operatic audition.

It was a success. Professor Hoerth, director of State Opera, offered her an engagement, and Miss Booth was enrolled on the spot.

"I had a terrible time at first in the opera," Miss Booth explained. "My German was still imperfect and I had to sing difficult Wagner roles without a proper knowledge of the language and with no stage or orchestral rehearsals." That trouble has gone now. She speaks German and French fluently and sings as well in Spanish and Italian.

Miss Booth scored a personal success at Bayreuth and was presented to the former Crown Prince and Crown Princess and to Herr Hitler.

Feudal Farming In Great Britain

It will astonish many people, says the Implement and Machinery Review (England) to learn that the feudal way of farming is still being practised in England, even in the twentieth century. Laxton, Nottinghamshire, is described as the last village in England that is still farmed on the manorial system, which reached its zenith about 1200 A.D. Here every farmer lives in the village street instead of on his holding, and his haystacks, sheds, etc., all alongside his cottage. The parish is divided into three huge open fields, each of about 400 acres used for wheat, spring corn and dead fallow in turn, and there is also a large common. Every farmer or "villein" may use the common and may graze his quota of 20 sheep on the stubble of the other fields as soon as they have been reaped and officially "broken" by the ringing of a bell. In addition, his 30 or 40 acres of land are divided up into about 16 portions scattered far and wide over the three open fields.

HER HIPS REDUCED 5 INCHES

Friends Wonder How She Does It

A KRUSCHEN SECRET

Those friends of Mrs. E. M. D., who have been wondering how that lady is reducing her hip measurement, are now let into the secret. She has been taking Kruschen. Here is a letter from her:—

"I was gaining in flesh and not feeling too well, so I started to take Kruschen Salts, and am nowon my third bottle. My hips used to be 47 ins., and the last three months I have got them down to 42 ins. So my friends who used to laugh at me are now wondering. I shall have the last laugh, for when I get my hips down to what I think is right I'll tell them. But I do know this—I am feeling better since taking Kruschen, and am really glad I kept on with it."—(Mrs.) E. M. D.

Here's the recipe that banishes fat—take one-half teaspoon of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water before breakfast, modify your diet, and take gentle exercise. The stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are tuned up, and the pure, fresh blood containing the six salts of Kruschen is carried to every part of the body. Then follows

"that Kruschen feeling of energetic health and activity that is reflected in bright eyes, clear skin, cheerful vivacity and charming figure. Millions of people all over the world are already proving this daily. Why shouldn't you too?

Kruschen Salts is obtainable at all Drug Stores at 45c. and 75c. per bottle.

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Pithy Anecdotes Of the Famous

At a Dublin exhibition of paintings, reminisces Sir John Ross (in "Pilgrim Scrip"), an old couple looked at a picture of the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden. The husband asked what it represented. Biddy looked at the wrong number in the catalogue and said:

"It's Queen Elizabeth receiving the Spanish ambassador."

"Well," said the husband, "I always heard she was a wild, bad woman, but I never thought she would go to extremes like that!"

* * * *

And that reminds Sir John of another overheard conversation in an art gallery. This was between two women who were looking at a picture, "The Dance of Salome."

"Now what's that, Maria?" asked one.

Maria (glancing at catalogue): "Solomon dancing for Herod."

"But he never done it, Maria!"

Maria (tartly): "He musta done, else he couldn't a been photographed!"

* * * *

Where did the corkscrew come from? Ask H. Warner Allen, noted wine connoisseur (in his fascinating and timely book, "The Romance of Wine"). And if anyone should know it is Mr. Allen. But the best he can do is this:

"M. Simon has traced the corkscrew back to 1732, when an anonymous poem of a mock heroic character celebrated the discovery of

"'The Bottle Scrue whose worth, whose use
All men confess, that love the juice.'"

* * * *

A good corkscrew is one of the rarest of human blessings, declares Mr. Allen. Yet in two centuries this implement has made little progress.

"One is tempted to ask whether there is no manufacturer capable of making a real corkscrew which will extract the corks of wine-bottles neatly and cleanly," he adds. "Could not wine merchants as a body offer a prize for the best corkscrew, and gladden the hearts of the wine-drinker and the manufacturer by supplying it to their customers?"

An opening—whichever way you look at it.

* * * *

On one of his bird-hunting expeditions in South America, Frank M. Chapman—Curator of Birds in the American Museum of Natural History—went collecting one day with the taxidermist of a local museum, an Italian named Fernando Porta, "one of the keenest-eyed men with whom I have been in the field," says Dr. Chapman (in "The Autobiography of a Bird Lover").

"By profession Porta was a hunter of Condors, and he proudly informed me that he had sent the wings and tails of 16,000 Condors to milliners in Paris.

* * * *

"He had seen 800 Condors in a single roost and shot 114 in a single day," adds the dean of American ornithologists. "But, as a rule, the birds were netted over the carcass of a fat horse as bait, 64 birds being the largest number captured at one throw of the net.

"For each set of 80 feathers contained in a tail and a pair of wings, he had received $20 in gold. Because of the war the price had now fallen to $10 per Condor, and, with a fine show of feeling, Porta exclaimed dramatically:

"'I refuse to take part in the destruction of such a noble bird for such a low price!'"

Such pride!

* * * *

And here is a story of a White Cockatoo, told to Dr. Chapman by Governor Pack, one time provincial Governor of Luzon, in the Philippines, and a great teller of tales. It's hero is Dr. Edgar A. Mearns, of Manila, who looked after Governor Pack during convalescence from an illness at Luzon years ago:

"'That man Mearns,' said the Governor, wholly unaware that I knew him"—Dr. Chapman speaking—"'didn't care anything about me. All he cared about was birds. One day he came in from hunting and said that he had made a very remarkable discovery. He had shot a White Cockatoo. And this, he said, proved that the Philippines were at one time connected with Australia.

* * * *

"'A few days after Mearns had gone back to Manila,' the Governor continued, 'a native woman came in, crying, and said that someone had killed her pet Cockatoo!'

"Recalling this story on one occasion when I was in the National Museum at Washington," chuckles Chapman, "I asked Dr. C. W. Richmond, in charge of birds, if Mearns had ever sent them a White Cockatoo from the Philippines. 'Yes,' he replied, 'one from northern Luzon.'"

* * * *

The recent tragic death in New York of Louis Joseph Vance, author of "The Lone Wolf" stories, recalls the fact that when William De Morgan published his first novel, Mr. Vance wrote to him pointing out that the title, "Joseph Vance: An Ill-written Autobiography," was not exactly calculated to assist the reputation of a writer who was becoming established. The upshot was a firm friendship between the two men.

* * * *

Mrs. Anna George De Mille, daughter of Henry George, who made an abridgment of her famous father's "Progress and Poverty," used to tell a story about a white-headed old negro sitting by the roadside with a miserable looking little dog which was howling with pain.

"What's the matter with your dog?" asked a passerby.

"Oh, there ain't nothing wrong with him, boss," said the negro. "He's only lazy."

"But he must be ill or in pain," protested the other, "or he wouldn't be yowling like that."

"Oh, no, boss," insisted the old man, "he ain't sick nor nothin', he's only lazy"—and, as the man looked more and more puzzled—"he's settin' on a thistle."

Winter Sketch

To-day there is snow all over the valley
And we ride in a little world hidden from the mountains,
The hills behind Pojaque that are usually painted on the sky
The color of fire against the color of mountains
To-night are hyacinth pink on a grey cloud curtain,
Fading to violet, fading to no color at all.
And here is a house with a blue door and a blue-framed window.

Like a reminder of the sky, and a lamp lit in it;
And three pigs; and a cow chewing her cud in a dooryard;
Finally only the noiseless invisible snow pricking down out of darkness.

—Peggy Pond Church.

No Cold is a Fixture with

Buckley's Mixture

No, sir. No matter how hard and deep-seated your cough or cold may be, BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE will conquer it in next to no time. The very first dose gets down to business—*you can feel it doing you good.*

Its lightning-fast action amazes everybody when they take it for the first time.

If you, or any member of your family, has a cough, *cold, 'flu* or bronchitis, try Buckley's and be convinced. Refuse substitutes. Buck-

COLDS THAT HANG ON

Coughs that rack the whole system—there's a job for SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL

13-33

SCOTT'S EMULSION

RICH IN VITAMINS

Spring Skirts Are to Be Ankle-Length

Paris.—Heim says it's a good hunch to pin your eye on your skirt if you want to be the first to catch a change in the spring mode. And good gracious alive, we haven't saved enough yet to buy our winter clothes and Paris starts talking about spring! He thinks that even by mid-winter there will be a change. "Little by little," he says, "they are getting longer. The cocktail dress is responsible but even sports skirts are adding an inch or so. Our prediction is that by this time next year all dresses for day and street wear—with the exception of the purely sport clothes, will be the same length, and that this length will be to the ankle."

Well, what do you think? Or maybe you'd rather not even think about it at all. If this is true, you have company. Personally, it seems hardly probable—that is, among women who insist upon a bit of common sense along with their fashions. Too long now we have enjoyed the comfort and practicability of the medium length skirt, and it is dubious if the modern woman of fashion will ever again submit to a clutter of cloth around her ankles anytime except in the evening when the fabrics are light and billowy or, if velvet or brocade, sufficiently wide to permit freedom of movement. Some will, of course, but the majority—no.

Australian Business Conditions Brighter

Adelaide, S. Aust.—After a tour of the Eastern States, Mr. Oscar Seppelt, former president of the Associated Chambers of Manufacturers, said in an interview that there appeared to be a general industrial revival everywhere, and maufacturers, and commercial leaders were speaking in much more hopeful terms.

Mr. Seppelt said that firms which had been losing heavily during the last few years were now looking forward to better times, and they had grounds for their optimism. There were possibilities for many firms balancing their ledgers during the current year. There was a definite indication of the revival of the building trade, and associated industries in Australia were showing a distinct improvement in turnover compared with the previous year.

The government statistician has just issued figures which showed a general trade revival. Those referred to increased motor registrations, new wireless licenses, a much larger trade balance, more deposits in the savings banks, fewer bankruptcies, more companies registered and a steadily growing volume of exports. Taking a general view of the situation in Australian things are decidedly better.

Four of the eight children of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Fletcher, of Shapleigh, Maine, underwent appendicitis operations at the same time.

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You need Carter's Little Liver Pills. Purely vegetable. Safe. Quick and sure results. Ask for them by name. Refuse substitutes. 25c. at all druggists.

Forbearance

(From The Adelphi)

There is a forbearance that becomes a woman,
When she has had men,
When she has had children,
When she has known excitement and repose:
Not to demand more,
To take what comes,
To hold what she has and make the most of it!
The look on her face, then, is like moonlight on high waters;
Desires rest in her like gulls.
That have had enough of day.

—Marion Canby.

Britain Cuts Infant Mortality

Deaths among infants less than a year old have fallen by half in Great Britain since the first ten years of the century.

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