

## To Restore the Drowned.

It is difficult to form a correct idea of the persistence of latent life in the case of the asphyxiated. It is popularly believed that, if the subject cannot be brought back to life after ten minutes' application of the usual methods, all further efforts are useless. That is a most unfortunate error, and it should be guarded against. It is an ignorant prejudice that has sent many people to their graves, who might have been saved by the exercise of a little patience.

Some years ago a coast guard named Agnel was on duty at a point called l'Anse du Prophete, on the southern coast of France. He heard cries of distress. A cabin boy of one of the vessels at anchor was drowning. The master of the craft plunged into the water to save the boy. The effort was too much for him. He became exhausted and both were about to sink, when the coast guard came to their assistance. With difficulty he managed to bring the man ashore, but the boy disappeared under the water. Agnel swam out again to the place where the boy sank, and, after repeated dives, at last succeeded in bringing the little fellow to the surface. The boy had been under the water for more than ten minutes. He gave no sign of life. Respiration was suspended completely. But Agnel, remembering the instructions in the circular of 1894, given by Dr. Laborde of the Academy of Medicine, tried regular tractions of the tongue, and continued them for three hours. His praise worthy perseverance was crowned with success. Respiration was at last re-established and the boy recovered. The case is mentioned in the official report of M. Vauties, chief of the customs service of Marseilles to the Directeur Generals.

Until 1898 no physiologist and no medical man would dare to assert that in such a case latent life could subsist for hours. But three hours does not mark the extreme limit. As a matter of fact, we do not yet know the length of time that separates apparent death from real death. It varies according to the subjects. But, nevertheless, it is certain that the survival, or latent life, always exists in the case of a subject whose organs are sound. Exterior or apparent death, revealed by the suspension of the functional manifestations, especially by the suppression of the cardio-respiratory function, is not the final and real death. While the organism ceases to live on the surface," says Dr. Laborde of the Academy, it lives inside." That is to say, life continues in a latent state by the persistence of the functional properties of the organic elements and tissues. The sensitive properties are the first to disappear, then follow the motor nerve functions and finally muscular contractility. Complete death demands time.

In short, the general mechanism may be stopped by the cessation of a primordial function, like that of respiration; but, if the organs are not injured, they can be started again and be made to resume their normal action. While latent life exists, one should never despair of saving a drowned or asphyxiated person. The most indispensable function to arouse is that of respiration, the primordial function of life. It is necessary to excite the respiratory reflex which, according to Dr. Laborde, possesses extraordinary vital power and endurance.

Now what is the duration of the latent life of the respiratory reflex? The above mentioned case shows that it can last for three hours. Dr. Laborde reports a length of from two to three hours in his experiment on dogs. He selected in one case a strong bull terrier, and chloroformed the animal until respiration was completely stopped. The dog was apparently dead. Fifteen minutes' traction revived him. Then the experiment with chloroform was renewed and continued until all the evidence of complete asphyxia was established. The tractions were begun five minutes later. The dog was called Lazarus, a singularly appropriate name. This time he appeared to be dead sure enough. After two hours of tractions he gave no sign of life. Dr. Laborde gave the case up; but an employee of the laboratory, named Leon Jandon, who was very fond of poor Lazarus, continued the tractions. He noticed that the tongue began to redden, which is the sure sign of the first respiratory movements. After two and a half hours a respiratory hiccup was established, followed by gasps, and at last a regular breathing began. Lazarus opened his eyes and looked around in astonishment. He recovered completely, and finally died of the mange some years after his resurrection.

It may be asserted with confidence that the respiratory reflex subsists, ready to go into action again, for at least three hours

# The Rheumatic's Millennium.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE ushers it in---the days of suffering from this relentless disease in all its phases need not be prolonged.

THIS POWERFUL SPECIFIC wins daily encomiums for its splendid work in dispelling pain. It gives perfect relief in 6 hours.

It drives out the causes—cleanses the system—paves the way and helps to perfect health.

Only those who have been its victims—whether for a shorter or a longer period—in its milder forms or in its more acute forms, can really have any correct conception of the excruciating agony that comes to the sufferer from Rheumatism.

Only those who have been its victims

and have been cured by that most powerful and never-failing remedy, South American Rheumatic Cure, can really appreciate the blessing it has proved to mankind in relieving pain, dissolving and eradicating from the system all the foreign matters, the irritating acids, the unnatural substances which through cold and exposure collect in the joints and muscles, cause swellings, stiffenings, inflammation and oft-times cripple and incapacitate those who have been so unfortunate as to be caught in its meshes.

South American Rheumatic Cure is a specific for Rheumatism and Neuralgia

in all its forms. It is not an experiment. It is compounded on the most scientific principles known in modern medical science. It is the concentrated essence of the best and most potent ingredients recognized as being the most searching and healing. The formula is the outcome of years of study on Rheumatism in all its forms; its causes and medicines that are calculated to give the quickest relief and are most promising of a permanent cure. That the highest results have been attained by South American Rheumatic Cure that have been attained by any remedy of modern times is attested by the splendid testimony, the thankful words, the encouragement and faith shown in it by the hundreds and hundreds who have over their own signatures told how it has healed those who have been bed-ridden for years—those who have through its use "thrown away the crutches"—those whose stiffened joints that were effected by every whim of the weather—those who have suffered the deathly pains and pangs that are in-

cident to the inflammatory and neuralgic forms of Rheumatism.

Words cannot too strongly express its great merit, and sufferers need only to put to the test what others say of it to prove the claims of the great South American Rheumatic Cure. Years of pain may be dispelled in an hour, but it's only a matter of days at most till the most stubborn cases will vanish, and in the place of pain and suffering there'll be a joyous and lasting freedom.

J. D. McLeod of Leith, Ont., says: "I have been a victim of Rheumatism for seven years: confined to my bed for months at a time; unable to turn myself; have been treated by many physicians without any benefit. I had no faith in Rheumatic cures I saw advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Taylor, druggist, in Owen Sound. At that time I was in agony with pain. Inside of 12 hours after I took the first dose, the pain had all left me. I continued until I had used three bottles, and today I am completely cured."

South American Nerve is a power in restoring wasted nerve force; cures nervous prostration, stomach troubles and general debility. It cleanses the system and builds up the waste places.

South American Kidney Cure is a liquid Kidney specific; cures Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Bladder troubles and all Kidney disorders. Helps in four to six hours and heals permanently. Sold by E. C. Brown.

after the condition of apparent death. That is an important fact which should not be forgotten. Some people may be astonished at the idea of lingual tractions continued for three hours. The coast guard Agnel possessed the necessary patience and perseverance to accomplish the feat; but it is clear that it is not within the reach of everybody. Dr. Laborde set about replacing the hand and a piece of linen by a little automatic machine. M. Auguste Mouchel, the Town Clerk of Valognes (Manche), who was present at many of the experiments made by M. Laborde, made a little machine set in motion by clock work, which gave twenty tractions a minute with the required rhythmical intermittence. But it had to be wound up every five minutes. Now this inconvenience has disappeared. A little electric motor, fed by some accumulators, is attached to the machine, and it can work for three hours. This does away with the necessity of touching the tractor.

This important method discovered by M. Laborde for reviving subjects apparently dead, has also the advantage of being able to establish real death with absolute certainty. Death is clearly proved when the reflex is abolished after five or six hours.

Formerly all hope of saving a drowned person was given up when, after half an hour, all the ordinary old means of restoration were exhausted. But now when a bath is taken out of the water, apparently dead, or a fireman is asphyxiated by mephitic gas, regular tongue traction must be resorted to, not for half an hour only, but for hours; and in most cases the unfortunate victims will be restored. To save a life is the noblest action that one can perform.

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

### Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

*W. D. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
FOR HEADACHE.  
FOR DIZZINESS.  
FOR BILIOUSNESS.  
FOR TORPID LIVER.  
FOR CONSTIPATION.  
FOR SALLOW SKIN.  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.  
Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. *W. D. Wood*  
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

### Fighting Mac's Beginning.

General Hector Macdonald, "Fighting Mac," who raised himself to his present position from that of private by valor, is a type of the born soldier. He is the son of a Scottish "crofter" and in his early days served behind the counter of an Inverness drapery warehouse. At that time the military instinct was strong in him. Returning unexpectedly to the warehouse one afternoon his master found the shop entirely deserted. Diving down into the lower regions of the establishment to find the reason, he discovered the future general busily engaged in drilling all the other employees. With yard sticks for rifles they were executing a "right-about-face," when the appearance of irate boss put an irate boss put an end to the amateur soldiering—and to Mac's connection with the drapery business. But this ill-wind blew him good luck, as he made up his mind on the spot to go in for a military career. When serving with the Gordon's he earned the Victoria Cross for bravery, but the choice of a commission being offered him he chose that instead.

THE JAPS DID IT.—They supplied us with the menthol contained in that wonderful D. & L. Menthol Plaster, which relieves instantly backache, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism and sciatica. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

### The Place Full.

It was at an East Side theatre. The play was 'Faust,' and the gentleman who undertook the role of Mephistopheles was either too stout or the trapdoor was too small to permit his complete disappearance when about to make his descent into the infernal regions. Be that as it may, a good full half of him remained visible above the stage. One of the gallery boys, noticing his dilemma, yelled: 'Holy Chee, the place is full!'

THE D. & L. EMULSION benefits most those having lung troubles with tendency to hemorrhages. A few bottles taken regularly make a wonderful improvement. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

### Returned the Compliment.

The vicar of the church school having finished his scripture lesson congratulated the top class on a coming holiday, and concluded with the expression of a hope that each boy would 'return with clearer and better brains.' He was somewhat taken aback with the universal response of 'Same to you, sir!'

### Poor But Honest.

Clerk: 'Please, sir, may I have my next month's salary in advance?'

Employer: 'That would be very unbusinesslike. How do I know that you will not die to-night?'

Clerk (in proud scorn): 'Sir I may be in need, but I am too much of a gentleman to do anything like that.'

A London magistrate has sentenced a street news-vendor to a week in jail for crying false war news, and the general verdict is, 'served him right.' But no punishment has yet been meted out to those much greater offenders, the journalists or correspondents who every day manufacture sensational reports, or travesty facts and rumors, in order to justify pyrotechnic headlines.

## FLASHES OF FUN.

'Clara, what size shoes do you wear?'

'I wear a size that doesn't pinch my feet.'

'Yes, I found the editor in.'

'How did he strike you?'

'He did in so quickly I don't know.'

'Do you always sympathize with the under dog in a fight?'

'Yes, except when the upper dog is my dog.'

Tom—How is your courtship progressing?'

Jack—Oh, I'm holding my own.—Chicago News.

Visitor—When you are grown up, will you be a doctor like your father?'

Bobby—Mercy, no! Why, I couldn't even kill a rabbit!'

The Hostess—I want you to meet Mr. Cawker. So interesting, you know. He believes in nothing.

The Blase One—What enthusiasm?'

'What did that publisher say about your novel?'

'He said it was too trashy to print, but would probably dramatized all right.'

Mother—So you have made up with Johnny Jones? Did you find out that you had misjudged him?'

Bobby—Yes'm; I thought I could lick him.

'Clara, you don't accomplish anything because you waste so much time.'

'I don't waste time, but there is always something I would rather do than do something else.'

'I never rested so well in a sleeping car before,' said Mrs. Pitt, as the train approached their station.

'This sleeping car is named the Philadelphia,' Mr. Pitt explained.

The Fiancee—Oh! yo' am sour on de wimmin, anyhow!'

The Widower—Well, I've been tuk in twit. Neider one ob mah wives ud do a stroke ob washin' aftah I married dem.

'Why did you permit Razzleton to do all the talking when you and he happened to call on Miss Billions at the same time?'

'Because I rather liked the girl and wanted the field to myself next time.'

Mrs. Handout—You say you fought at San Juan? Have you any papers to prove it?'

Hoodooed Ellemere—Papers, mum? Wot do I need uv papers? I was shot full uv holes, an' here's de holes ter prove it.

'Cap!' said the mate of the Black Flag, 'we have just grappled a Peruvian bark. Reduce her to ashes?'

'No!' thundered the bold coast pirate, 'reduce her to quinine.' Then the plank-walking exercise proceeded without delay.

Brown—I'd be worried if I got an official appointment in any of our new island possessions.

Jones—Why?'

Brown—I wouldn't know whether my country wanted to honor me or get rid of me.

'Let 'em go on,' said Farmer Cornstossel as he returned the comic paper he had just read to the newstand.

'Let who go on?' asked his wife.

'Those folks that reppresents the farmer as an innocent feller that 'buys gold bricks an' don't 'know anythin' 'bout nothin.' Let 'em spread sech impressions as ginerly as possible. Them's what throws the city folks off their guard an' enables us to everlastin'ly smite 'em when they come around

dickerin' fer summer board or country real estate.

'Mamma sent me to get a hair brush.'

'What sort of hair brush do you want?'

'I want one with a soft back.'

'Say, Weary, did you know you was full o' cells?'

'Mebbe I am. I know I ain't full o' nothing else.'

'If I say,' said the teacher, 'the pupil loves his teacher, what sort of a sentence is that?'

'Sarcastic,' said the boy.

Servant—Come quick, Mr. Slowman, your wife's mother has fallen into the cistern.

Mr. Slowman—Oh, well, it won't hurt her. The water is soft.

Box Office Man—Aren't you afraid that if you try to produce this play the papers will raise a howl over it and have it suppressed?'

Manager—They won't notice it. Every one of them is too busy trying to grab all the credit for suppressing the last one.

'They have queer names for things in Kentucky, haven't they?'

'In what way?'

'Why, what would be considered rioting anywhere else is called political activity there. I wonder how many galling guns it will take to constitute a legal election?'

'Why are you questioning me so closely? I fiercely demanded the woman, turning upon him. 'Do I look as if I had ever killed anybody?'

'Your eyes are quite capable of it madam,' gallantly replied the detective. Whereupon she relented, and presently he went away with the desired information.

He approached a policeman near the big Masonic building.

'Do you see this string around my finger?'

'Yes, sir!'

'Is it a shoe lace or a corset lace?'

'Looks like a black corset lace, sir.'

'Then it's a black corset she wants me to get her. She tied it around my finger this morning and told me to either bring home a pair of shoes or a corset, I can't remember which. But now you have solved the question and if I had a cigar—'

But the policeman was gone.

SIDES SORE FROM A HACKING COUGH.—Take Pny-Pectoral, it will cure you quickly, no matter how bad the cold. Endorsed by thousands of Canadians. Sold throughout the land. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

Foreman—We've got two items here—one about a horrible murder and robbery in Missouri, and the other about the organization of an anti-war society in Massachusetts. There's only room for one. Which one shall we use?'

Night Editor (of Kansas paper)—Run in the anti-war item. It won't do to let Sheldon scoop us.

EVERY DRUGGIST in the land sells Pain-Killer. The best liniment for sprains and bruises. The best remedy for cramps and colic. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Dobbs—Did you see about that baggage man who claims to have discovered a sure cure for influenza?'

Bobbs—He ought to know how to check the grip.

Teacher—Why did you behave so badly and make me keep you after school?'

Bright Boy—'Cause there's a big boy who is going to lick me when I go home.