

OUR HUMOUR ISSUE

Reader's digest

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TRUST ♦
JULY/AUGUST 2018

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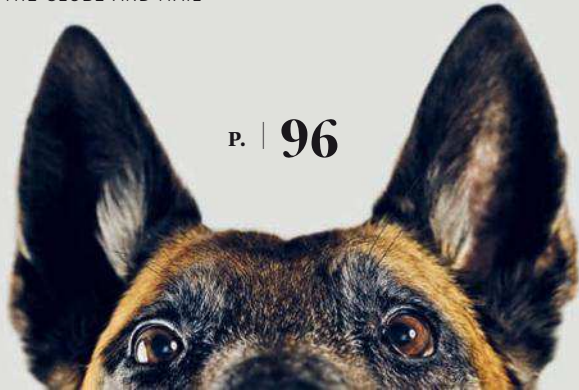
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FROM AIR CANADA'S *ENROUTE*



COVER: (SIGURDSON) JESSICA RAE; (BOB AND DOUG) ENTERTAINMENT PICTURES/ALAMY; (SUN) ALEXANDER TANG/HARPERCOLLINS CANADA; (WELLS) NETFLIX MEDIA CENTRE; (MILLER) HOWIE MILLER ENTERTAINMENT; (MOCHRIE) HELEN TANSEY OF SUNDAY PHOTOGRAPHY/PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE CANADA; (CANDY) TONY HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES; (MERS) ANTHONY MERS/GETTY IMAGES; (MURPHY) JAMES MURPHY/GETTY IMAGES; (NEAL) NEAL McLENNAN/WIREIMAGE/GETTY IMAGES; (COLLEN) DAVID LEVES/DIAMOND FIELD ENTERTAINMENT; (WAYNE AND SRUSTER) CBC STILL PHOTO COLLECTION; (DOB) ISTOCKPHOTO



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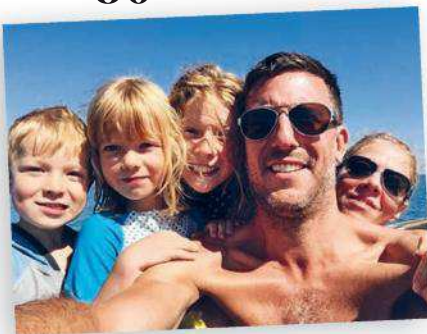
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Editor's Letter

Say It Like a Canadian



EVERY FAMILY HAS ITS GO-TO ONE-LINERS. In mine, it was my grandmother's legendary mealtime instruction, always sweetly dished out: "You're going to eat it and like it, whether you like it or not." This remains one of my favourite sayings for its clever wordplay and honest message—Grandma Ritter really would be offended if guests didn't have at least three servings.

Part of the reason we cherish good quips is because they're so hard to find. To be worth repeating, they need to be witty, truthful and refreshing. Luckily, Canadians have a knack for quotable quotes. For our humour issue, regular contributor Christina Palassio has curated a collection of 41 of the best punchlines and wise-cracks on record. The results—"Funny People" (page 36)—confirm this sentiment by comedian John Candy: "Wherever you go in the world, you just have to say you're Canadian and people laugh."

In this edition, we're pleased to explore some other Canadian truisms. "Wheels of Fortune" (page 48) is a heartwarming endorsement of Newfoundland and Labrador's reputation for warmth and generosity. And our travel feature, "Bear Watch" (page 70), offers up a famous zinger that may prove helpful if you're touring a grizzly sanctuary. **R**



Dominique

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ROGER AZIZ



Reader's digest

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Contributors



LYNN SCURFIELD

(Illustrator, “Coming Out, Together,” page 80)

Home base:

Oakville, Ont. **Previously published in** *The Walrus* and *The New York Times*. **I believe that love** can be adaptable, and that our connections to people can change over time. As long as you and your loved ones have a solid foundation of respect, you will always care for them in some way, no matter how difficult things get.



VIVIEN FELLEGI

(Writer, “Music Therapy,” page 10)

Home base:

Toronto. **Previously published in** *Chatelaine* and *Canadian Living*. **Before speaking with** Jim Lowther, a battle-hardened soldier, I expected someone with a protective shell around his heart. But he turned out to be very reflective and open about his struggles and his recovery. He gave me quotes that verged on poetry, and his story brought me hope.



TAVIS COBURN

(Illustrator, “The Fire in Sweetgrass,” page 52)

Home base:

Toronto. **Previously published in** *Time* and *Rolling Stone*. **In illustrations, visual drama can** be achieved by making the compositions a little wrong and unbalanced—exaggerating differences in size or colour, for example. It’s hard to create great tension within order and symmetry. Elements need to feel disordered and chaotic to ramp up the intensity of the scene.



CHRISTINA PALASSIO

(Writer, “Funny People,” page 36)

Home base:

Toronto. **Previously published in** *The Globe and Mail* and *Canadian Cycling*. **Growing up, I loved** Wayne and Shuster, and listening to them again while working on this story reminded me of what a weird kid I was (and, more importantly, how great they were). These days, I laugh hard at Ivan Decker, DeAnne Smith, Nour Hadidi—and Samantha Bee, of course!

Letters

READERS COMMENT ON OUR RECENT ISSUES



RAISING AWARENESS

As I read “What’s Wrong With Me?” (April 2018) I was startled by how familiar the patient’s symptoms were. Nearly 12 years ago, I, too, was struck by a sudden, excruciating headache and nausea. Eventually, I was diagnosed with the same thing as the patient in the story—an AVM (arteriovenous malformation) brain bleed. Although I still deal with short-term memory loss and fatigue, I have come a long way in my recovery. I want to thank *Reader’s Digest* for drawing attention to this rare disorder and for giving such a detailed explanation of its symptoms and long-term side effects.

JULIA TILSON, *Gavenhurst, Ont.*

A FAITHFUL COMPANION

When I was about 10 years old and living in a small town in Tanzania, I started reading your magazine after my brother-in-law subscribed. At the beginning of every month, I'd offer to go to the post office to pick up our mail. Once the magazine was in my hands, I'd sit on the steps outside and read it cover to cover. These days, I'm retired and have been travelling around the world. Wherever I go, if there's a copy of *Reader's Digest*, I always make sure to grab it. Thank you for producing such a great magazine!

NAZ KANJI, *Toronto*

LEARNING TO FORGIVE

It was with great pleasure that I read "Cultivating Confidence" (May 2018), your piece about how to overcome betrayal and rebuild trust. As the story shows, small, loving gestures help us break down the barriers we often put up to protect ourselves from being hurt. I believe in the power of forgiveness. I know that it can take years for wounded parties to heal after a deep betrayal,

but perseverance, love and positivity can carry us through. Thank you for reminding me of that. This article not only gives hope to those feeling harmed, but to the world at large.

DHANALUTCHMEE MOOTYEN,
Quatre Bornes, Mauritius

RESPECT YOUR ELDERS

I was disappointed when I read the May 2018 "As Kids See It" section. The joke in which a seven-year-old mentions they won't be going to their loved one's funeral is, in my opinion, very disrespectful. Jokes like these send the message to our young children that it's okay to be selfish—that they can ignore their elders' feelings and simply focus on their own. As parents and guardians we should be giving guidance, not encouraging negative behaviour. Shame on you for promoting this selfish mentality.

BRUNO CARRERA 

We'd like to thank our readers for their submissions. Published letters are edited for length and clarity.

WRITE TO US!



We want to hear from you! Have something to say about an article you read in *Reader's Digest*? Send your letters to letters@rd.ca. Please include your full name and address.

Contribute Send us your funny jokes and anecdotes, and if we publish one in a print edition of *Reader's Digest*, we'll send you \$50. To submit, visit rd.ca/joke.

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ART *of* LIVING

Jim Lowther pairs members of the military
with guitars to combat PTSD

Music Therapy

BY VIVIEN FELLEGI

PHOTOGRAPH BY AARON MCKENZIE FRASER

 **JOHN BENOIT WILL** never forget the moment he set eyes on “Valerie,” the guitar that helped him sing his way back to life. In 2005, suffering from severe post-traumatic stress disorder, the once-extroverted medic quit the army. For the next decade, he lived off his military pension while holed up in a cottage in rural Nova Scotia with his pet rabbit, dog and two cats. But last May, when a friend told him about Guitars for VETS Canada—a charity that matches gently used instruments with disabled veterans—Benoit decided it was time to make a move.

The self-styled hermit had not interacted in a group setting in years, and the drive to the program’s headquarters 50 kilometres away in Halifax left

him panicked. By the time he arrived at his destination, Benoit’s heart was pounding and he was dripping sweat.

After scanning the room for exits through which he could escape if necessary, he tried out a few guitars. Nothing. Then he picked up a dented, gold-hued Hohner and strummed several notes. As the acoustic guitar vibrated against his chest, Benoit felt stress seep out of his body. “There was an immediate bond,” he says. “It was like falling in love.”

Jim Lowther, a 47-year-old army veteran and the founder of Guitars for VETS Canada, had fallen first. He served in Bosnia in 1997, and though the war had ended, its ramifications and the ethnic divide were still very

Hearing from fellow combatants he has helped boosts Jim Lowther's morale: "It puts me back on that straight path again, to move forward and carry on the fight."



real. When a young Bosnian cook working for his unit was murdered, Lowther felt he should have done more to protect her. After returning to Canada, he was tormented by visions of her corpse. “The past would come on like a freight train,” he says.

Lowther hid in the basement of his Halifax bungalow to avoid lashing out at his wife, Debbie, and their three children. On one especially difficult day in 2010, he grabbed a guitar and started playing “I Should Have Known Better” by the Beatles. As he concentrated on the song, old ghosts retreated and the present moment flickered into focus. Then, a miracle: an instant of peace. “The crazy thoughts in my head had stopped,” he says. Lowther began playing regularly.

Though Lowther’s own mental health gradually improved, many of his fellow combatants were suffering. A spate of military suicides in early 2014—five deaths within a few weeks of each other across Canada—shook him deeply. “I’d been in that darkness, in a place where I’d thought of dying,” he says. Hoping to help others find solace, he decided to spread the music.

Today, Guitars for VETS Canada has more than 100 volunteers, with team leaders in major cities coordinating

the delivery of guitars to veterans and still-serving soldiers. The music industry has also stepped up: the music-store chain Long & McQuade is the drop-off and pick-up point for the donated guitars; professional instructors offer 10 free lessons to newly enrolled participants; and Great Big Sea’s Séan McCann raised \$50,000 for the organization at a benefit concert in 2017.

To date, the charity has served

more than 1,000 former and current members of the military, who are referred by their compatriots, therapists and case managers from Veterans Affairs Canada. “We’ve had vets tell us that the guitar we sent helped them cut back on their medications, or even saved their lives,” says Lowther.

As for Benoit, Lowther’s organization coaxed him out of his comfort zone. A month after claiming “Valerie,” Benoit enrolled in music lessons with other retired service personnel. During breaks, the group swapped combat stories. As he recognized similar struggles in his fellow students, his feelings of alienation abated.

“The Guitars for VETS Canada program gave me back the sense of belonging I’d lost,” Benoit says. “And with that came hope.” **R**

“

Team leaders in major cities coordinate the delivery of guitars to veterans and still-serving soldiers.

”

Life's Like That

DOMIN-OH-NOS



boredpanda.com

HANDS-ON

The first rule of micromanager club is...here, I'll just show you.

🐦 @CLICHEDOUT

I WAS IN THE SURGERY pre-op room one morning listening to explanations, answering questions and signing forms. Finally, the nurse pulled out a big white tag with a string and began writing my name on it. Nervously I asked, "Is that for my big toe?" I heard chuckles nearby as the nurse answered, "No, this is for your clothes bag."

THOMY NILSSON, Cornwall, P.E.I.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

People who can't distinguish between etymology and entomology bug me in ways I cannot put into words.

🐦 @IITALW

EARLIER TODAY I was trying to squeeze coins into my card wallet and my friend said, "That's not going to work. That's change. It won't fit." I looked at him with tears in my eyes and replied, "There's always room for change."

🐦 @TIMMYCHACHAA

EVERY YEAR, my son's school hosts a used toy drive as a fundraiser. I went through his room and collected a couple of unloved toys, including an old Care Bear. The next day, my son went off to the sale with a couple dollars to do his shopping. When he came home he yelled to me, "Mom! Come see what I bought! Now we can play with them together, because we have two!" Then he held up his own Care Bear.

ELIZABETH WETMORE, Calgary

Send us your funny stories! They could be worth \$50. See page 8 or visit rd.ca/joke for more details.

Activist and feminist Judy Rebick on childhood abuse, her personal #MeToo and where the women's movement goes next

Woman of Influence

BY COURTNEY SHEA

ILLUSTRATION BY AIMÉE VAN DRIMMELEN

*In your new memoir, **Heroes in My Head**, you write about becoming aware as an adult that you'd been sexually abused by your father and had developed multiple personalities as a result. What motivated you to talk about something that is so painful and private?*

I say in the intro that this is my #MeToo. I am speaking up and sharing my experience, hoping it might empower others. Childhood sexual abuse is a massive and widespread problem, but we're not dealing with it. This is partly because of stigma, particularly around abuse that happens within the family. It's so important that we stop thinking of abusers as just the creepy stranger. The family is one of the most dangerous places for women and children, and nobody wants to say that this is true.



When did you first become aware of your multiple personalities?

The first time one of them came out was in my therapist's office when I was 45—all of a sudden there was someone named Simon talking from my mouth, who wasn't me. I didn't have any control of what he was saying.

How did your experience as a child cause the development of your multiple personality disorder?

Being abused by someone who is supposed to be taking care of you is unbearable. The brain creates the personalities to hide what's happening from the child. The other personality experiences the abuse, so the child doesn't remember it. One study says that [a median of] 30 per cent of sexually abused children repress the memories of it, and they usually don't come out until middle age.

You were one of the most influential feminist voices of the 1980s and '90s and instrumental in the fight for reproductive rights in Canada. And you say activism helped you through the fallout of abuse. How so?

When I became involved in the pro-choice effort in the '80s, it was a real battle. At the time, I was so shut down from my emotions that the only thing I felt was anger, so that work gave me an outlet that was

constructive. Also, even though I wasn't aware of my alternate personalities at the time, they liked that I was helping other people.

Feminism has grown, and changed, since that time. What do you think of the current #MeToo wave?

It's fantastic! One thing I have realized over the past 10 or 15 years is that my generation of the women's movement was very good at changing laws and policies, whereas #MeToo is about changing culture. And having these women with great influence and power talking about the harassment they have faced has been so important.

In the early '90s, you were the president of the National Action Committee on the Status of Women, a federal activist organization that disappeared about 10 years ago. Should we replace it?

I think we should, but with something that's different. NAC was a hierarchical and traditional organization, whereas when you look at the way young people are organizing since the anti-globalization movement, it's a lot flatter—locally organized and with no visible leaders. I think that's the way people are going to change the world in the future. **R**

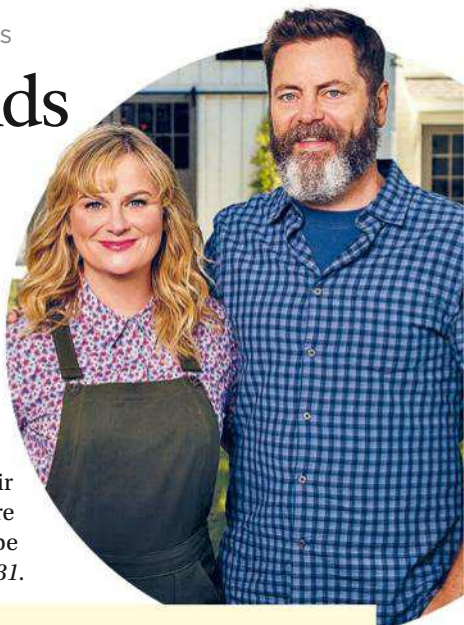
Judy Rebick's book *Heroes in My Head* is available now.

Our top picks in TV, books and movies

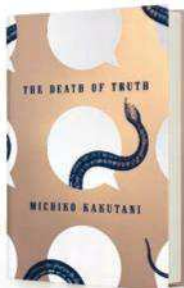
RD Recommends

BY DANIELLE GROEN

1 **MAKING IT** Hosts Amy Poehler and Nick Offerman bring the warm-and-fuzzy charm of their previous joint venture, *Parks and Recreation*, to this six-episode crafting competition. Each week, artists, woodworkers and assorted makers show off their talents with timed challenges and signature creations. There will be laughs; there will be overalls; there will be gun-pun. *July 31.*



DID YOU KNOW? Nick Offerman is an accomplished woodworker in his own right. Seventeen years ago, the L.A.-based actor opened Offerman Woodshop, where he and a small staff build canoes, furniture and even Ron Swanson-worthy moustache combs.



2 **THE DEATH OF TRUTH**
Michiko Kakutani

The former and much revered *New York Times* book critic pulls a grand total of zero punches in this passionate, timely exploration of alternative facts. She identifies Donald Trump and his mockery of facts as one of the many elements that undermine truth today, then tackles them one by one, from the rise of infotainment to the demise of expertise to social media's fire hose of propaganda. *July 17.*

(MAKING IT) PAUL DRINKWATER/NBC



3 WHITNEY

In the six years since Whitney Houston's death, the pop icon has been the subject of a Lifetime biopic and a Showtime documentary, both swiftly denounced by the singer's family. But *Whitney* comes with the blessing of her estate, which means director Kevin Macdonald was able to draw on home movies, behind-the-scenes footage and live performances to build this exploration of the singer's explosive talent and heartbreaking self-destruction. *July 6.*



4 A NOISE DOWNSTAIRS

Linwood Barclay

First, professor Paul Davis was unlucky enough to interrupt a colleague disposing of two dead bodies. Now, eight months after his encounter with the killer, he's gone from hearing weird sounds to finding ghostly notes in his vintage typewriter. Linwood Barclay's latest thriller mixes a whole bunch of red herrings and left-field twists into one satisfying summer read. *July 24.*



5 MAMMA MIA: HERE WE GO AGAIN

Bursting with ABBA tunes and paternal intrigue, the first *Mamma Mia* was a sun-kissed smash. So it was only a matter of time before the gang would reunite in Greece for another hummable romp. In this sequel, Amanda Seyfried's Sophie is pregnant; Cher pops up as an estranged grandma; and a series of flashbacks find Lily James (as a young Meryl Streep) falling in love with her trio of men. *July 20.*



Points to Ponder

BY CHRISTINA PALASSIO

It's difficult to be a human being, and I see that constantly in every single person.... We are all feeling the same thing and just trying to connect. The rest is noise.

Comedian **NATHAN FIELDER**,
in *Vanity Fair*

What we've chosen to do is to focus on gun control. And we know that we have no control over the issue—it would be hubris to believe that we did—but I do believe we are able to influence and be a catalyst for a conversation around gun control.

DAVID LABISTOUR, *CEO of MEC*,

in an interview after the company announced it would stop carrying products manufactured by Vista Outdoors because of the company's links to guns

It's comforting to know that I wasn't an a**hole every second of my life, that at least I did something good. I have a tendency to remember the bad times more than the good. But it's like one of my favourite song quotes: "Only good people wonder if they're bad."

The late comedian
MIKE MacDONALD, in *Maclean's*

I am very proud. When I heard, I wanted to yell and scream. All we have ever wanted for him is to be healthy and to achieve his dreams.

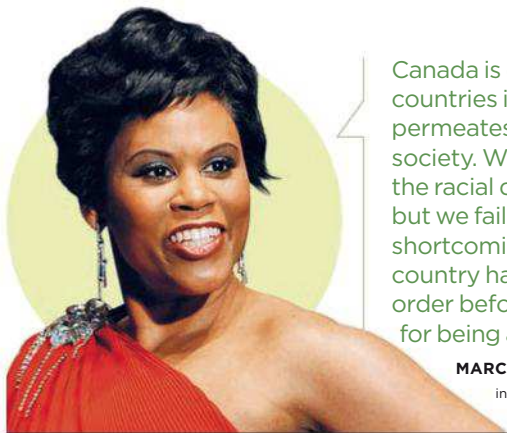
GERALDINE BEAR, *mother of Edmonton Oilers defenceman Ethan Bear*, on the moment she heard he had been drafted into the NHL

I'm not sure that anyone saw any potential in us, really. They just thought it was cute that we were the same height.

TESSA VIRTUE, to *Sportsnet Magazine*, on why she and Scott Moir were paired up as kids



PHOTO: (VIRTUE) WENN LTD/ALAMY STOCK PHOTO, QUOTES: (FIELDER) DEC. 10, 2015; (LABISTOUR) CBC RADIO'S AS IT HAPPENS (MARCH 2, 2018); (VIRTUE) 2018; (MacDONALD) MAY 31, 2012; (BEAR) THE GLOBE AND MAIL (MARCH 1, 2018).



Canada is one of the most diverse countries in the world, but racism permeates every aspect of our society. We like to point fingers at the racial discord in the United States, but we fail to acknowledge our shortcomings here at home. Our country has to get its own house in order before patting itself on the back for being a paragon of racial harmony.

MARCI IEN, co-host of *The Social*,
in a personal essay in *The Globe and Mail*

I spent a lot of my younger life being inactive, unaware and ignorant. But I feel like it's a duty now to be a really active voice for young people who don't even know that they need someone clearing the way.

Author and activist
JAEL RICHARDSON, in *Quill & Quire*

I remember thinking, That was exhausting!

Blue Rodeo's **JIM CUDDY**, remembering the first date he had with his wife, in *The Globe and Mail*

In Grade 9, I went out with a girl and I wanted to impress her with my mullet. It wasn't a full-on Billy Ray Cyrus mullet, but trust me, my ambition was to get there, and it looks like I have.

Actor **ALLAN HAWCO**,
on the hairdo he sports in *Caught*

What I'm really looking forward to might sound paradoxical: it's when I'm finally in orbit and I can turn around and look back at the earth. [We spend] all that time and energy and effort to leave the earth, but the first thing we want to do, of course, is look back at our home and finally get a real gut feeling for what it is.

Astronaut **DAVID SAINT-JACQUES**,
to CBC News

I could not handle the stress of making imperfect decisions based on incomplete information with other people's money. I didn't have the personality for it. I was risk-averse. I was a basket case.

SHEELAH KOLHATKAR, author of *Black Edge: Inside Information, Dirty Money, and the Quest to Bring Down the Most Wanted Man on Wall Street*, on why she moved from working in the hedge fund industry to writing about it **R**

The benefits of drinking
enough water

Hydrated and Healthy

BY MARISSA LALIBERTE
AND LINDSAY TIGAR

HOW MUCH WATER you need to consume on a daily basis depends on several factors, including your weight, the climate where you live and how often you exercise. The clearest sign that you're adequately hydrated is transparent yellow or pale urine. If yours is a darker yellow, you probably need to start drinking more. The common rule of thumb that one should drink eight 250-millilitre glasses a day is a good place to start.

If you are able to properly hydrate yourself, many positive health results should follow.



YOU'LL HAVE MORE ENERGY

Water helps keep up a steady flow of nutrients into your cells, which boosts your energy. According to a review of hydration research from the University of North Carolina and Tufts University, when you're dehydrated, this process is hampered—cell membranes

become less permeable, affecting your physical and mental performance and making you feel sluggish.

YOU'LL FEEL STRONG WHEN YOU WORK OUT

Water helps your muscles maintain the right balance of electrolytes—like sodium, potassium and magnesium—to function properly. Without water, you're more prone to cramping, and research suggests that even low levels of dehydration impair physical performance when exercising.

YOU MIGHT OVEREAT LESS OFTEN

A 2016 study from the University of Illinois involving more than 18,000 adults found that when people

ALTERNATIVES TO PLAIN WATER

Sparkling or fruit-flavoured water can be a good way to incentivize drinking, but be sure not to add artificial sugars—and steer clear of tonic water, which has added sodium and sugar. Drinking herbal teas and milk is also a great way to remain hydrated. For snacks, don't forget fruits and vegetables with high water content, such as watermelon, cucumbers, tomatoes, grapes and cherries.

ATAKAN/ISTOCKPHOTO

increased their daily water intake by 250 to 750 millilitres (on top of the litre they drank on average), they consumed as many as 205 fewer calories a day.

YOUR MEMORY MAY IMPROVE

Our brains are hugely dependent on fluid—synapses and neurons need liquid to fire properly. According to a 2003 review published in the journal *Nutrients*, studies have consistently found that memory and attention improve in children after they take a drink of water. The research isn't as definitive yet for adults, but it can't hurt to assume it'll help us, too.

YOU'LL BETTER COMBAT COLD SYMPTOMS

There's a reason your doctor tells you to drink more when you're getting sick. As your body launches its attack against germs, your cells need to be properly hydrated to maintain that effort. Drinking water also helps loosen mucus, which keeps your nose and throat moist.

YOU'LL KEEP THINGS REGULAR

"Water interacts with dietary fibre in the digestive tract to bulk stools," says Dr. Jordan J. Karltz, professor of clinical medicine at the Tulane Cancer Center in Louisiana. So by staying hydrated, you can reduce the risk of constipation and keep things moving along. **R**

Presented by the makers of **TYLENOL®**

RELIEVE ARTHRITIS PAIN—TODAY AND EVERY DAY

Don't let pain keep you from doing the things you love

TYLENOL®



If you live with arthritis, you know that it affects more than just your joints. The pain goes beyond the morning stiffness, the swelling, the tenderness that can last for days on end. Pain hits you emotionally, be it by reducing your desire to socialize or by affecting your mood. Arthritis can limit your quality of life and stop you from pursuing what you love — hobbies, travel, enjoying time with family and friends — in order to avoid the pain.

You are not alone: according to the Arthritis Society, 1 in 5 Canadians live with arthritis*. While there is no cure, there *are* ways to relieve and prevent arthritis pain. Here are some tips for pain management to help you take back your day — and your life.

NATURAL REMEDIES

For natural ways to relieve pain in the short term, think heat and cold. Heat methods, such as hot baths and showers, electric blankets and mitts, or heating pads can help relax tight, aching muscles. Cold methods, such as compresses, cold packs, or even bags of frozen vegetables can help numb the area to reduce pain. Remember to be gentle: don't use heat or cold methods for longer than 15 to 20 minutes at a time.

TOP TIPS:

- For relief from pain and stiffness, time your use of heat or cold strategically, like after you wake up in the morning and before exercising.

OVER-THE-COUNTER (OTC) MEDICATIONS

When considering OTC options, look

for a medication that is fast-acting. TYLENOL® Arthritis Pain is a good choice — thanks to the patented bi-layer caplet, the first layer starts working fast, and the second gives you extended relief — for up to 8 hours. Plus, it's gentle on the stomach lining. It's no wonder that TYLENOL® Arthritis was voted Canada's Most Trusted Brand™ of arthritis pain reliever for five years in a row**.

TOP TIPS:

- Try TYLENOL® Muscle Aches & Body Pain to help with your touch muscle, body, and joint pain. It provides relief that lasts for up to 8 hours. (To be sure any medication is right for you, always read and follow the label.)

PREVENTIVE STRATEGIES

Regular exercise is a great way to prevent arthritis pain; it helps by strengthening your muscles, increasing flexibility and reducing swelling. It can also give you more energy, which goes a long way to helping you make it through the day. Exercise is a long-term pain management strategy, so find a sport or workout you love and get to it! Be sure to consult with your doctor before beginning an exercise program and start slowly — overdoing it can lead to more pain, not less.

TOP TIPS:

- Always warm up before and cool down after physical activity. For some easy back, knee, hip and hand exercises, visit www.Tylenol.ca.

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* The Arthritis Society <http://www.arthritis.ca> (accessed May 15, 2018)
** 2018 Reader's Digest "Trusted Brand" Survey
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For more Top Tips visit www.tylenol.ca.

IMPORTANT: Take only one medicine at a time containing acetaminophen

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*Up to 8 hours. IMPORTANT: Take only one medicine at a time containing acetaminophen. To be sure these products are right for you, always read and follow the label. © Johnson & Johnson Inc. 2018.

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Tracing the connection between the mineral and our well-being

The Importance of Iron

BY SAMANTHA RIDEOUT



ALL LIFE REQUIRES IRON. Humans use it to make, among other things, hemoglobin and myoglobin, proteins that help store and carry oxygen throughout our bodies.

Our iron supply needs to be continually replenished with food. Good sources include meat, fish, egg yolks, beans, nuts and dark-green vegetables. You can boost your intake further by cooking in a cast iron pan: you'll be eating microscopic pieces of your skillet along with your meal, but your body can use them. Iron supplements are another possibility; as their name suggests, they're intended as an addition to a nutritious diet when necessary, not a substitute for it.

There are two main types of dietary iron: heme (from meat only)

and non-heme (found in both animal and plant sources). "Heme iron is well absorbed by the body," says Agnès de Sesmaisons-Lecarré, a member of the European Food Safety Authority's nutrition unit. "By contrast, the absorption of non-heme iron is strongly influenced by interactions with other meal components." For instance, the muscle tissue in meats or foods rich in vitamin C, such as oranges and tomatoes, can increase its absorption.

The body keeps some iron in reserve. However, sustained low intake or low absorption can lead to anemia, which is a lack of healthy red blood cells for carrying oxygen. The possible symptoms include fatigue, shortness of breath, a feeling of being

cold, headache, irritability, dizziness, or a paling of the skin. It's important to address iron deficiency anemia (diagnosed through blood tests) because it can lead to heart problems in the long run.

Iron deficiency anemia can also be a sign of an underlying condition such as celiac disease, inflammatory bowel disease, or colorectal cancer. Because iron is shed with blood leaving the body, other people with a heightened risk include menstruating women and frequent blood donors.

Short of swallowing far more than the recommended dose of supplements, getting too much iron is unlikely—unless you have hemochromatosis, a genetic disorder that affects up to one in 200 people of Northern European descent. It promotes excessive iron absorption, causing signs such as joint pain, belly pain and fatigue. Left untreated, hemochromatosis may ultimately trigger serious heart or liver trouble, but when managed with a low-iron diet or regular blood removal, it need not become a problem. **R**

Around
3%
of Canadians
have anemia.



TEST YOUR MEDICAL IQ

Secondary Parkinsonism is...

- A.** Parkinson's disease that progresses more slowly than usual.
- B.** lesser-known Parkinson's symptoms, such as anxiety or a lost sense of smell.
- C.** the indirect effects of Parkinson's disease upon caregivers.
- D.** Parkinson's-type symptoms that are not due to Parkinson's disease.

Answer: D. Secondary Parkinsonism is when someone does not have Parkinson's disease but nevertheless has tremors, stiffness or slowness. It can result from conditions such as meningitis, stroke or diffuse Lewy body disease (a type of dementia). It can also be caused by substances, such as antipsychotics or certain nausea drugs. Secondary Parkinsonism is hard to distinguish from Parkinson's but will not respond as well to the same treatments.



NEWS FROM THE

World of Medicine

BY SAMANTHA RIDEOUT

Getting Fit Is Beneficial, Even Without Weight Loss

To see whether the concept of “fat but fit” is backed by science, researchers in Denmark recorded the inflammatory markers of more than 11,000 volunteers. (Inflammation contributes to heart disease, cancers and type 2 diabetes.) Subjects with better heart and lung function, as measured by an exercise test, were likely to have less inflammation and less fat concentrated around the waist (a symptom of metabolic disorder)—even if they were obese. This suggests that although extra body weight and poor fitness typically go hand in hand, regular exercise can lead to better metabolic health, regardless of how many pounds are lost in the process.

Writing a To-Do List May Promote Sleep

There are two schools of thought regarding writing a to-do list at bedtime. One theory says it helps you offload your worries about unfinished tasks and go to sleep. The other theory

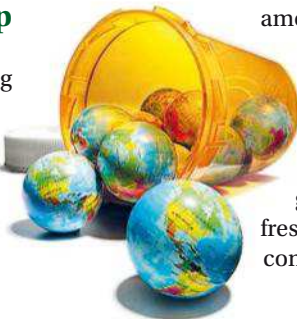
suggests it makes you focus more on your upcoming duties, keeping your mind racing. To put this question to bed, neuroscientists in Texas conducted an experiment in a sleep lab, with a control group of subjects who wrote about completed tasks rather than future ones. On average, the participants who recorded their to-dos nodded off more quickly.

Ocean Swimming Can Cause Ailments

Despite ongoing efforts to clean up coastal waters, ocean pollution levels remain high enough to pose certain health risks to swimmers, according to a systematic review of studies from developed countries including Australia, the U.K., the U.S. and Norway. Namely, earaches, stomach aches

and diarrhea were more common

among people who spent time in the sea. Since they're not usually serious, these problems are probably a risk worth taking to get exercise, enjoyment, fresh air and a sense of connection with nature. **R**



NICK FERRARI; (PROP STYLIST) LISA EDSALV FOR BERNSTEIN & ANDRIULLI

“MY LIFE WITH HIDRADENITIS SUPPURATIVA (HS)”



Hidradenitis suppurativa (HS) is a chronic skin disease characterized by inflamed, recurrent skin lesions, typically located around the breasts, in the armpits, between the buttocks or in the groin. The lesions are usually very painful and often itch and burn; abscesses may also leak pus that has an unpleasant odour.

While the exact cause is unknown, research shows that HS occurs when the body is attacked by its own immune system. It's estimated that HS affects up to four percent of Canadians. Joelle is a 31-year-old woman from New Brunswick living with HS. We asked her about her life with HS.

Q: How does HS affect your day-to-day life?

A: “HS impacts every aspect of my life. My mental health. I already have anxiety, and this aggravates it. That's the problem with chronic illness — it takes over your life. I'm constantly worried that people will notice. I get so preoccupied with it, I can't think properly. It's all-consuming. There's an element of body horror to it, which is disturbing on a visceral level. That takes a toll on my confidence because I'm aware that there's something systematically wrong with my body.

There are times when I can't wear a proper

shirt as it rubs my skin raw and hurts too much. I often have to wear bandages under my arm.

HS also really limits what I can do. I can't travel easily. Physical activity is difficult, too, especially during bad periods when I can't move too much.”

Q: What are your symptoms?

A: “When my HS gets bad, I deal with itchiness and painful pressure under the skin. While people experience HS differently, I have painful outbreaks that tend to focus under my arms. It's an open wound, so I must take care of it by cleaning it and making sure it's properly dressed and disinfected.”

Q: What do you want others living with HS to know?

A: “Don't blame yourself for something that you can't control. It's not happening because you're broken or crazy. It's not because you're not a clean person — HS is a skin condition. If your doctor can't figure out what's wrong, ask for a referral for a dermatologist. It's vitally important to confirm your diagnosis so that you can get the help you need. Remember that you deserve to be looked after and you deserve to feel good about yourself.”

For more information on HS, join the conversation on Twitter following the hashtag #HonestWithHS or visit canadianskin.ca or HSaware.com.

abbvie

They are the leading cause of vision loss in people over 40, but the symptoms can be difficult to recognize

Six Silent Signs You May Have Cataracts

BY HANA HONG

ILLUSTRATION BY SPENCER FLOCK



☞ **CATARACTS**—cloudy or opaque areas on the crystalline lens of the eye that develop over time— affect more than 2.5 million Canadians. Most cases aren't caught until they've progressed, because cataracts are painless and the loss of sight is subtle. Here's what you should know.

1. CLOUDY OR BLURRY VISION

With cataracts, you might have a localized blurred spot or a generalized decrease in vision. "Blurred vision is the number one symptom," says Dr. Rosa Braga-Mele, professor of ophthalmology at the University of Toronto. "Most patients complain of a decrease in vision, but cataracts

can creep up on you—some patients don't even realize it's happening at first." Because cataracts are difficult to differentiate from other diseases, such as glaucoma, you should consult your optometrist if you become aware of these changes.

2. DECREASED COLOUR PERCEPTION

Due to the clouding of the eye, colours can become increasingly muddy. "Real" whites will appear more yellow in comparison. However, this occurs at such a gradual pace that most patients won't notice the difference until after cataract surgery. "Patients often comment following the procedure that they don't

remember seeing such vibrant colours. In fact, we are just restoring the colour vision of their youth,” says Dr. Michael Nordlund of the Cincinnati Eye Institute.

3. SENSITIVITY TO LIGHT AND GLARE

You may realize that what used to be a comfortable level of light now makes you cringe. Lamps, headlights and the sun will become your nemeses, and the radiance emanating from them will fan out like a halo due to the fact that cataracts scatter much of the light entering the eye.

4. DIFFICULTY DRIVING AT NIGHT

Because cataracts make it difficult to balance the contrast between the darkness and the bright lights from oncoming traffic, most affected people will have trouble driving at night. If your eyes are extra sensitive to headlights and street lamps, or if you're having issues reading road signs, you may want to get checked out, notes Dr. Kirsten North, an Ottawa-based optometrist and consultant, professional practice and health policy at the Canadian Association of Optometrists.

5. TROUBLE READING FINE PRINT

The lens inside the eye is comparable to a camera lens, focusing light



SOME PREVENTION STRATEGIES FOR CATARACTS:

- Regular appointments with an eye doctor
- UV protection to reduce sunlight exposure
- Vitamin-rich nutrition (lots of green leafy vegetables)
- Decreasing smoking or quitting altogether

onto the retina and letting us see things clearly both up close and far away. This lens is mostly comprised of water and protein, and the protein is arranged in such a way that it allows light to pass through. Because cataracts cause the protein to clump together, small print may become difficult to discern in the eye's refractive mirror.

6. DOUBLE VISION

Diplopia, more commonly known as double vision, can be another silent sign of cataracts. However, this is not to be mistaken as the diplopia that comes from improper alignment of the eyes. The double vision, in this case, will occur when looking through one eye.



What's Wrong With Me?

BY SYDNEY LONEY

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR WONG



THE PATIENT: Kyle*, 37, runs a home construction company in Austin, Texas

THE SYMPTOMS: Uncontrollable tremors in both hands

THE DOCTOR: Dr. Howard Eisenberg, chair of Neurosurgery at the University of Maryland Medical Center in Baltimore, Md.

When Kyle was in preschool, he couldn't colour inside the lines. Later, when his teachers also couldn't read his handwriting, his parents took him to a doctor. At the time, the boy's difficulties were attributed to asthma medication, a beta enhancer that increased adrenalin and, his doctor believed, hindered his fine motor skills. Over the next few years, every time his parents asked again about the problem, the diagnosis was the same.

But, as Kyle got older, his ability to control his hands diminished further.

He couldn't carry a lunch tray across the cafeteria without it shaking uncontrollably and, if people were watching him, his tremors became worse. "My hands would shake so much it was hard to get food into my mouth," Kyle recalls. Eating soup with a spoon was out of the question, as was drinking hot beverages or signing his name in front of someone.

In high school, Kyle saw two neurologists, both of whom diagnosed him with early onset Parkinson's disease. But neither Kyle nor his parents were convinced that Parkinson's was the problem, since he never developed any of the other characteristic symptoms, such as stiffness and slowed movement and speech.

In 1997, when he was 17, he saw a third neurologist, who noticed that Kyle's tremors completely stopped when his hands were at rest. He was then diagnosed with Essential

Tremor (ET), a neurological disorder sometimes confused with Parkinson's. (Tremors in Parkinson's patients also occur when they're not using their hands.)

The recommended treatment was a beta blocker, which Kyle couldn't take because of his asthma. Another option was a drug designed to reduce epileptic seizures, but Kyle found it affected his ability to focus. In the end, he chose to live with his symptoms. "I got really good at hiding it," he says. When he started running his own company and had meetings with clients, he'd self-medicate with a quick glass of whisky on the rocks.

The problem, says Dr. Howard Eisenberg at the University of Maryland Medical

Center, is that ET is frequently progressive. "It affects the upper extremities most often and it gets increasingly worse—the tremors can spread to the head and legs and also affect the voice." Although it's more common than Parkinson's, Eisenberg says it's under-reported. "Many patients tolerate it until it alters their lives and they can't do simple tasks," he says. Which is how he met Kyle.

In 2017, Kyle's mother saw information about a new, non-invasive

ultrasound procedure on TV. The technique had only been approved by the FDA for ET in 2016, and then only for one side of the brain. "We've performed this on just over 50 patients," Eisenberg says. "Basically, we're killing cells in a highly defined location of the brain—we're not restoring something, we're rebalancing the system by taking something that wasn't working away." Some patients see

modest improvement and for others it can be life-changing. In Kyle's case, it was the latter.

During the two-hour procedure Kyle was rolled in and out of an MRI machine every six minutes—each time he came out, he was asked to perform certain tasks (such as holding a bottle of water) and, every time, his tremor dimin-

ished. Eventually, the tremor was gone. "People get pretty emotional, especially if the tremor is knocked out completely," Eisenberg says. "It's a magical moment for them."

Just hours after the treatment, Kyle walked out of the hospital and went sightseeing with his family. "I feel like a kid again," he said two weeks later. "This morning I poured myself a cup of coffee—and there was zero tremor." **R**

**Biographical details have been changed.*

“*Tremors can spread to the head and legs and also affect the voice,*” says **Dr. Howard Eisenberg.**

SPECIAL SECTION



MEET THE WINNERS

We are proud to announce the results of our tenth annual Trusted Brand™ Survey, confirming that trust is an important driver in Canadian consumers' purchase decisions. We asked Canadians to vote for the brands they trust most across 30 categories of products, services, and retailers—the brands that deliver quality, value, and reliability. On the following pages you will see who has come out on top.

Congratulations to the 2018 winners that have earned our country's trust. Especially to our Platinum—10 or more consecutive years, and Gold—5 or more consecutive years, who have continually earned the trust of Canadians.

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CONGRATULATIONS TO OUR 2018 WINNERS

PLATINUM WINNER



**Passenger Car
Manufacturer**
TOYOTA
2009-2018



Hybrid Car Manufacturer
TOYOTA
2011-2018



Pharmacy/Drug Store
SHOPPERS DRUG MART
2013-2018



Cough Syrup
BUCKLEY'S
2013-2018



Vitamin
JAMIESON
2011-2018

GOLD WINNERS



**Arthritis Pain
Reliever**
TYLENOL
2014-2018



**Headache Pain
Reliever**
TYLENOL
2013-2018



**Bank/Trust
Company**
TD CANADA TRUST
2012-2018



**Disinfectant
Cleaning Spray**
LYSOL
2014-2018



Non-Dairy Beverage
SILK
2014-2018



Interior Paint
BEHR
2014-2018



Cereal
KELLOGG'S
2010-2018



**Life Insurance
Company**
SUNLIFE FINANCIAL
2010-2018



Sunscreen
COPPERTONE
2010-2018



Weight Loss Program
WEIGHT WATCHERS



Bottled Water
NESTLÉ



Sensitive/Dry Skin Lotion
AVEENO



Tea
TETLEY



Travel Insurance Company
BLUE CROSS



Automotive Parts Retailer
CANADIAN TIRE



Lawn Care
SCOTTS



Nutrition Bar
CLIF



Natural Lip Balm
BURT'S BEES



Laser Vision Correction
LASIK MD



Pet Food
PURINA*



Quick Service Restaurant
MCDONALD'S



Beauty Retailer
SEPHORA



Home Improvement Retailer
THE HOME DEPOT



Running Shoes
NIKE



Grill/Barbecue
WEBER

*Tied with another brand in a previous year

WEBER

Weber-Stephen Products LLC is the world's premier manufacturer of charcoal, gas and electric grills, grilling accessories, and award-winning cookbooks and mobile applications. In September 2014, the company opened its Canadian subsidiary—Weber-Stephen Canada Co.—and Weber Grill Academy in Vaughan, Ontario. Weber grills are sold worldwide at select national home centres, specialty hardware stores, patio stores and other retail outlets. Weber has the strongest customer support program in the industry with its Weber Grill-LineSM (1-800-GRILL-OUTSM). Weber can be followed on Facebook ([facebook.com/webergrillsca](https://www.facebook.com/webergrillsca)), Twitter (twitter.com/webergrillsca), Instagram ([instagram.com/webergrillsca](https://www.instagram.com/webergrillsca)) and YouTube ([youtube.com/webergrillsca](https://www.youtube.com/webergrillsca)). Visit weber.com for product information, grilling tips and tricks, recipes and more.

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ABOUT THE SURVEY

Commissioned by Reader's Digest in an independent opinion poll, Ipsos Canada conducted a nationwide online survey of over 4,000 Canadian adults 18+ from August 22-31, 2017. Quota sampling was used and the sample was stratified by language (English n = 3,076 and French n = 925). The results were weighted according to census data to ensure that the overall sample reflects the demographic profile of Canada across age, gender, region, and language. The precision of online polls is measured using a credibility interval. In this case, the overall results are considered accurate to within +/-1.8 percentage points, 19 times out of 20, of what the results would be had the entire population of adults in Canada been polled.

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TO LEARN MORE ABOUT OUR 2018 TRUSTED
BRANDTM PROGRAM.**

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Funny People

What makes Canadians so hilarious?
Is it our wit, our warmth or our wisdom?

We searched far and wide for the
answer—check out this collection of
wisecracks and judge for yourself.

BY CHRISTINA PALASSIO



The Great Canadian One-Liner

As these comedians are quick to show, brevity really is the soul of wit

I went swimming in the mall fountain. Good money in that. —Jim McAleese

I was on the bus the other day and I saw a guy sit down on his glasses. I guess hindsight is not 20/20.

—Ed Pollack

My daughter was planned. Poorly. So poorly. —Katherine Ryan

One day I hope to have the confidence it takes to give my opinion of the movie first after leaving the theatre.

—Nathan Fielder

I wonder if customs agents practise being rude in the mirror.

—Lilly Singh



I used to live with my ex-girlfriend and I thought we'd be together for the rest of our lease.

—Phil Hanley

Politically Correct... and Incorrect

Even the most serious Canadians can't resist a good zinger. Sometimes our leaders hit the target...

I've been called worse things by better people.

—Pierre Trudeau, responding to former U.S. president Richard Nixon, who called him a "clever son of a b****"



The difference between being prime minister and not being prime minister is that people actually applaud you for barbecuing.

—Former prime minister Kim Campbell, while grilling at an event in Scarborough

It's very difficult for me to look handsome on English TV.

—Former Quebec premier Lucien Bouchard, to Mary Walsh on *This Hour Has 22 Minutes* after she told him that he was more handsome in person than on English TV



Airlines should use death metal as their "on hold" music, to better reflect the mood of their customers. —Samantha Bee

I don't know. A proof is a proof. What kind of a proof? It's a proof. A proof is a proof, and when you have a good proof, it's because it's proven.

—Jean Chrétien discussing the standard of proof of the threat posed by Saddam Hussein in 2002.



The Right Honourable William Lyon Mackenzie King, who was my member for years, only made two speeches in French in his entire life. Once he said “Oui,” and the second time he said “Oui, oui.”

—Former prime minister John G. Diefenbaker on King's lack of French-speaking skills

...and sometimes they miss the mark

You know, my science is limited to the fact that I know that eons ago there was an ice age ... I know that for sure. I know that at one time, the Arctic was the tropics. And I guess I wonder what caused that. Was it dinosaur farts? I don't know.

—Ralph Klein, with his take on climate change at a 2002 fundraiser

Mr. Speaker, it is positively negligent that the government is shutting down debate on this topic. We have already established that this legislation would

put marijuana in the hands of children, not just with the 15 joints that 12-year-olds can have but with the four plants per household, so little Johnny can put some in the toaster oven and smoke it up.

—Tory MP Marilyn Gladu, in a debate on Bill C-45, the Cannabis Act, in the House of Commons in 2017

Oldies But Goodies

A look back at some of the funniest Canadian wisecracks from our days of yore



“Gimme a martinus.”
“You mean a martini?”
says the bartender.

“If I want two, I'll ask for them.”
—Comedy duo Wayne and Shuster, from their classic 1955 skit “Rinse the Blood Off My Toga”

In a touching Valentine's Day gesture, a man gave his wife one of his own kidneys. Terrified, she dropped the

kidney and ran out of the restaurant screaming. —Norm MacDonald, as the host of “Weekend Update” on *Saturday Night Live*

I’ve seen 50 years into the future and I took notes ... I saw Quebeckers vote to rejoin Canada when they got a promise that we’d stop mispronouncing their names. As hockey star Mario Lemieux puts it, “In French I’m called

Lemieux, which means ‘the best.’ In English I’m called Lemew—a can of cat food.” —Dave Broadfoot, playing a member of Parliament from Kicking Horse Pass on *Royal Canadian Air Farce*

I detest life-insurance agents: they always argue that I shall someday die, which is not so. —Stephen Leacock, in his book *Literary Lapses*

Fan Favourites

Can you match the quote to its famous Canadian character?

A. People make fun of me because I lisp. Such a lot of fuss over a few extra S’s.

B. Exsqueeze me?
Baking powder?

C. Take off, you hoser.

D. Alrrrrrrrighty then.

E. You can’t judge the cover of a book by its look.

F. I’m a legend. You know, they call me the cautionary whale.



1. Jim Carrey as Ace Ventura in *Ace Ventura Pet Detective*

2. Scott Thompson as Buddy Cole in *Kids in the Hall*

3. Robb Wells as Ricky in *Trailer Park Boys*

4. Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis as Bob and Doug McKenzie in *Strange Brew*

5. Ellen Page as Juno in *Juno*

6. Mike Myers as Wayne Campbell in *Wayne’s World*

Answers: A-2, B-6, C-4, D-1, E-3, F-5

Canadians on Being Canadian

Capturing the humour of everyday life in this country

On clap backs...

I went for a job interview recently and the guy was like, "Oh, Nour. That's such a pretty name." I said, "Thank you so much. It's Arab." He said, "Oh, you don't sound Arab." I was like, "It's okay, because you don't look racist." —Nour Hadidi

On the cult of celebrity...

At @MapleLeafs game. Loved it! And got a free wine from someone who thought I was Peter Mansbridge. Film at 11. —Colin Mochrie

On hockey...

I don't like going to sporting events with men. Men take sports way too seriously. First of all you like to show up dressed like your favourite player. What is this, in case someone gets hurt they're gonna ask you to come in and help out? —Lisa-Gay Tremblay

On working wages...

I once saw a pigeon on the subway get off at the financial district, and all I could think was, "Cool, that bird makes more money than me." —Jonny Sun

On good reputations...

Wherever you go in the world, you just have to say you're a Canadian and people laugh. —John Candy

On staying humble...

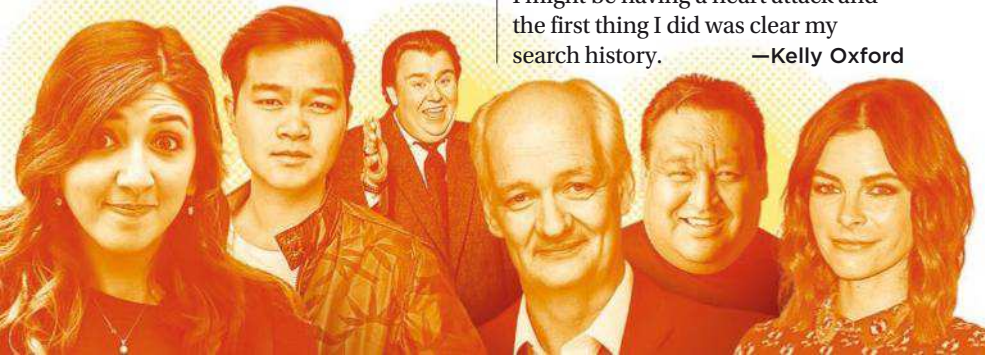
I'm so happy to be [home from Los Angeles]. I like going back to Canada, where I'm good-looking again. —Tracey MacDonald

On pop culture...

What does tick me off about being Native is *Survivor*. I can't stand that show. I'll tell you why, no Indians ... It's probably a good idea because they're not going to vote me off the island; they're just going to vote me to the crappy part of the island and leave me there for 200 years. —Howie Miller

On privacy...

Tonight, while on my phone, I thought I might be having a heart attack and the first thing I did was clear my search history. —Kelly Oxford



Point/Counterpoint

Despite our reputation for being polite, Canadians love to argue—and we do it well

Personal trainers vs. self-guidance

Trainers are great because they motivate people to work their hardest. That would never happen otherwise ... And they teach you. Previously all I knew was interval training. That's where I would go to the gym for one year and then not go the next year.

—Julie Kim



What is so complicated about going to the gym that you need a trainer? Pick that thing up.

Put it down. Do that again 10 times.

—Ivan Decker



The aisle seat vs. the window seat

Aisle people are selfless heroes who inconvenience no one. Window people force everyone else to put away their laptops, balance their wine and then their spare wine.

—Erica Sigurdson



Window people embody tolerance and consideration for those in need. Window people are Justin Trudeau. Yes, gazing ever outward even as they admire their own reflection.

—David Pryde



The dentist vs. tooth loss

Going to the dentist lets you keep your teeth. Have you ever talked to a guy who's missing teeth and thought, What a charming man. I trust this guy.

—Mayce Galoni



Dentists are the only service that you get where they criticize the job you've done at their job before they do their job ... If my teeth fall out, who cares? This is Canada. People will just assume I play hockey.

—Matt Wright



Worst condiment: jam vs. peanut butter

Jam is made of nasty fruit, low-hanging fruit. Maybe they were good fruits once, but they fell in with the wrong crowd.

—Dave Hemstad



Peanut butter. Even the name is a lie. Though it calls itself a nut, the peanut is no nut; it is a BEAN.

Strike one, peanut butter!

—Seán Cullen



(KIM) COURTESY OF JULIE KIM; (DECKER) LEIGH RIGHTON; (SIGURDSON) JESSICA RAE; (PRYDE) VAINCOURT TALENT MANAGEMENT; (GALONI) RHONDA DENT PHOTOGRAPHY; (WRIGHT) COURTESY OF MATT WRIGHT; (HEMSTAD) COURTESY OF DAVE HEMSTAD



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If the thought of an organism living off your body makes your skin crawl, relax: most of the time you won't even notice them (and if you do, treatment is quick and easy)

PARASITE SIGHTINGS

BY FRANCES SHERMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY TRACY WALKER

ONE NIGHT, A COUPLE of hours after Allison McKenzie* put her four-year-old daughter to bed, Emma* woke up saying she felt something “down there.” McKenzie turned on the light to see what was going on and screamed: there was a small, white, thread-like worm near Emma’s vagina. Using a tissue, McKenzie shoved it in a sealed plastic bag.

The following day, a doctor looked at the specimen and confirmed what

McKenzie had discovered by frantically googling in the night: Emma had pinworms. But after taking two doses of an antiparasitic drug—which was prescribed to the entire family, since the parasites can spread quickly—and cleaning both the house and the bedding, the worms were eradicated.

Most people are revolted when they find out they’ve been hosting a parasite, defined as an organism that uses other living things—like you—for food or habitat. But Dr. Jay Keystone, professor of medicine at the University

*Names have been changed.

of Toronto and staff physician in the tropical disease unit at Toronto General Hospital, says parasites aren't usually something to fear, as long as you aren't immunocompromised.

Typically, we don't even know we're harbouring visitors, but we can fall ill when the organism's numbers are significant. In such cases, it's best to be prepared. So here are five of the most common parasites Canadians should know about.

1. GIARDIA LAMBLIA

What is it and how can I get it?

This single-cell parasite takes up residence in the small intestine. Many wild or domesticated animals carry it, and people can contract it from swimming in freshwater where there is animal feces. One of the animals known to transmit the parasite is the beaver, which is why giardia lamblia is commonly known as beaver fever. It can also be passed from person to person when someone doesn't wash their hands properly after defecating, which makes daycare centres particularly vulnerable. Another potential mode of transmission is anal sex.

I have it. Now what?

Though many people will never know they had the parasite, some will develop digestive symptoms such as watery diarrhea, nausea, bloating, fever and abdominal cramps. The illness can be easily treated with an oral antiparasitic medication.

2. CRYPTOSPORIDIUM

What is it and how can I get it?

Much like giardia lamblia, cryptosporidium is a single-cell intestinal parasite. It's found in the stool of young cows, sheep and goats and can make its way into bodies of water through animal feces. Like giardia, it can also be passed around among kids at school.

Dr. Momar Ndao, director of the National Reference Centre for Parasitology and an associate professor in the infectious diseases division at McGill University, says cryptosporidium can contaminate municipal water supplies. In 2001, there was an infamous outbreak in North Battlefield, Sask., that made thousands of people sick.

I have it. Now what?

This parasite is associated with what Keystone calls "very, very severe diarrhea" that can last up to two weeks. While most healthy individuals beat it on their own, a doctor can prescribe an antiparasitic medication, though cryptosporidium doesn't respond to treatment as quickly as giardia does.

3. TOXOPLASMA GONDII

What is it and how can I get it?

Toxoplasma is a single-cell organism that lives in the blood and bodily tissues. Keystone says up to a quarter of Canadians have been infected at some point, but most don't know it.

Toxoplasma is found in animals like cats, sheep and pigs. Often, people become infected from contact with

soil or a litter box where animal feces has broken down, or from eating undercooked meat from an infected animal.

I have it. Now what?

If you do get sick, the illness may look a lot like mono: fever, enlarged lymph nodes and muscle aches. It will go away on its own, but you can ask your doctor for an antiparasitic to help.

In some cases, toxoplasma can lie dormant in the body in the form of cysts in the eye, brain and elsewhere. These cysts aren't cause for concern—unless you become immunocompromised, in which case they can rupture. The other grave danger is if a person becomes infected while pregnant. When a fetus contracts toxoplasma, it can lead to serious birth defects like hydrocephalus and severe vision problems, or miscarriage. Ndao stresses that anyone who is pregnant should avoid litter boxes.

4. PINWORMS

What are they and how can I get them?

Ndao says that a very high proportion of children will become infected with pinworms at some point. Most sufferers don't know they have these worms, which live in the lower bowel—unless they're tipped off by itchiness at their rectum or in their vagina. Kids are most commonly infected because of improper handwashing and scratching at the site, then putting their fingers in their mouths, causing them to ingest pinworm eggs.

I have them. Now what?

Pinworms can be treated with a pill that's repeated 14 days later, but to prevent reinfection it's important to wash hands regularly, wear underwear and pyjamas to bed, thoroughly wash the sheets and clean the house—the tiny eggs can survive for a week in the dust around your home.

5. SCABIES

What is it and how can I get it?

Scabies is a skin condition caused by ectoparasites—mites that live and feed on the skin. These mites are among the most commonly contracted parasites and are spread through touch. Though scabies isn't necessarily sexually transmitted, it's often shared through prolonged skin-to-skin contact. Less frequently, it can be spread through towels, clothes or linens. The microscopic mites cause an itchy rash that will continue until you've tackled it.

I have it. Now what?

Fortunately, treatment is quite simple and usually involves applying a topical cream twice, cleaning your sheets and containing recently worn clothes in a sealed bag for a few days. If you're immunocompromised, however, mite populations can grow rapidly and cause an infestation called crusted scabies. While a regular infection might involve approximately 10 mites, crusted scabies can involve thousands or even millions and may lead to a much more severe rash. **R**

On a family trip to Newfoundland and Labrador, we were stuck in St. John's without a car. One stranger had an ingenious—and unusual—solution.

Wheels of Fortune

BY ADRIANA AÑON FROM *THE GLOBE AND MAIL*

ON THE FIRST MORNING of a three-day family vacation in St. John's, my husband asked our chatty cab driver what made him most proud to be a Newfoundlander.

"Our generosity and hospitality," he replied in a strong local accent. "If your car breaks down in the middle of nowhere, you won't be left alone. Someone will pick you up, help you out and probably drive you home if you need. People here are kind like that."





We'd heard of the Broadway musical *Come From Away*, which is about how 7,000 stranded airline passengers were generously housed in Gander when their flights were grounded on 9/11. But could spontaneous kindness be the common quality of an entire province? Is it possible for attitudes and habits to spread through communities like a virus? The question lingered in my mind during that ride to the famous historical landmark Signal Hill with my husband and our two teenage kids.

Little did I know we were about to have a chance to experience some of

their 40s, one blond and one brunette, full of energy and both enthusiastic to share their expertise. We listened eagerly, taking mental notes, until the pleasant blond lady asked, "You have a car, right?"

I explained that they were out of cars at the rental agency, so we'd settled on taking cabs to the different hikes.

"Oh no," she said, "you need a car." And then, as casually as if offering a squirt of sunblock, she said: "Take mine!"

Dumbfounded, my husband and I just smiled in disbelief.



As my family explored the countryside in her car, we texted Alma to let her know everything was okay.

this remarkable Newfoundland and Labrador generosity ourselves.

WE MET ALMA by Signal Hill, at the start of the North Head Trail—the one that overlooks St. John's and its harbour to the west and the Atlantic to the east. On that bright, blue-sky summer day in 2017, the view was vaster and more alluring than we'd ever imagined.

Our kids hurried ahead, and as we lagged, admiring the scenery, two women in sunglasses and light hiking gear stopped. They'd heard us discussing different routes and asked if we'd like suggestions. They looked to be in

"Why not?" she insisted. "Take my car; I won't need it. You need a car to get to know all these places."

"But you don't even know us," I said.

"That doesn't matter," she continued. "Do you have a licence?"

Stunned, I looked over at her friend. The brunette smiling from behind her sunglasses shrugged and said, "That's Alma."

I walked away, not sure of what to make of it all. (Alma later told me that I seemed visibly distressed, as if I couldn't handle the situation. The fact was that I had neither the rudeness to refuse nor the resolve to accept.)

Alma and her friend Renée continued talking with my husband. I could hear him telling them more about us.

“We’re from Uruguay,” he explained, “but we live in Ottawa.” This brief detail only seemed to make Alma more determined.

“Oh, you have to take the car, then. You came all the way here? You’re only here for two more days?”

Forty minutes of hiking later, my family was cramming into the back of Renée’s car, while Alma squeezed into the passenger side, holding her friend’s empty child seat. Renée was giving us a lift to a nearby parking lot, where Alma’s car awaited.

“We’ll need your address, Alma, so we can return your car,” I said. This simple comment drew nervous laughter from all of us, as if we were giddy kids in on a secret.

Everyone, that is, except my 14-year-old daughter, a young lady with a keen sense of ownership. “There is,” she said as our family finally climbed into Alma’s black Acura, “something seriously wrong with what we are doing.”

THANKS TO ALMA, we spent the remainder of our time in St. John’s discovering the majestic East Coast Trail and its bordering cliffs, where the scent of sea air mingled with spruce trees. We watched pods of whales swim nearby. It didn’t take long to confirm

that Newfoundland—remote, unique and unforgettable—was a place we’d done well to visit.

Every so often, as my family explored the countryside in her car, we texted Alma to let her know everything was okay. She texted back, saying that she’d told her husband, Ed, about her decision, and he was fine with it. For our final evening, Alma invited us over for dinner. She and Ed made us feel immediately at home. We shared impressions of our peculiar meeting as if we were discussing a movie we’d recently seen starring ourselves.

Since returning to Ottawa, I have exchanged emails with Alma. She reminds me that we were “hard nuts to crack,” but she is grateful that we allowed her to help us. I tell her how our story astounds me all over again, each time I tell it.

People have different responses: some say it’s incredible; most agree they’d never lend their car to a stranger—but those who’ve been to the province are not surprised.

The reaction that stays with me most is what Alma’s brother told her when she texted him that she had just lent her car to a family of strangers. He wrote, simply, “That’s how you make new friends.”

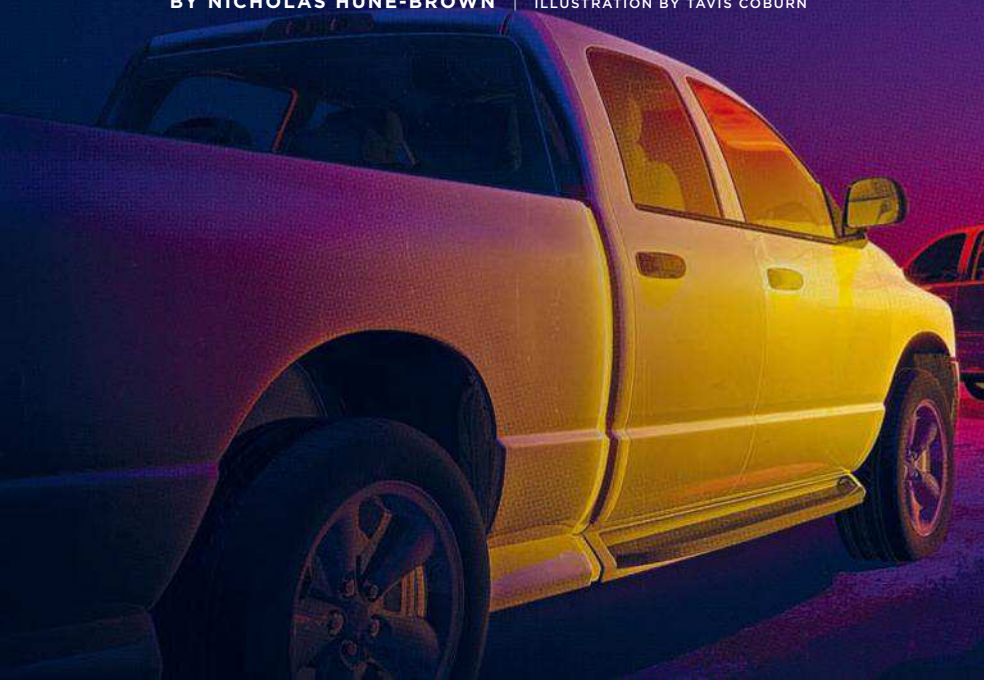
I no longer doubt that, at least in Newfoundland, random acts of kindness are an epidemic. **R**

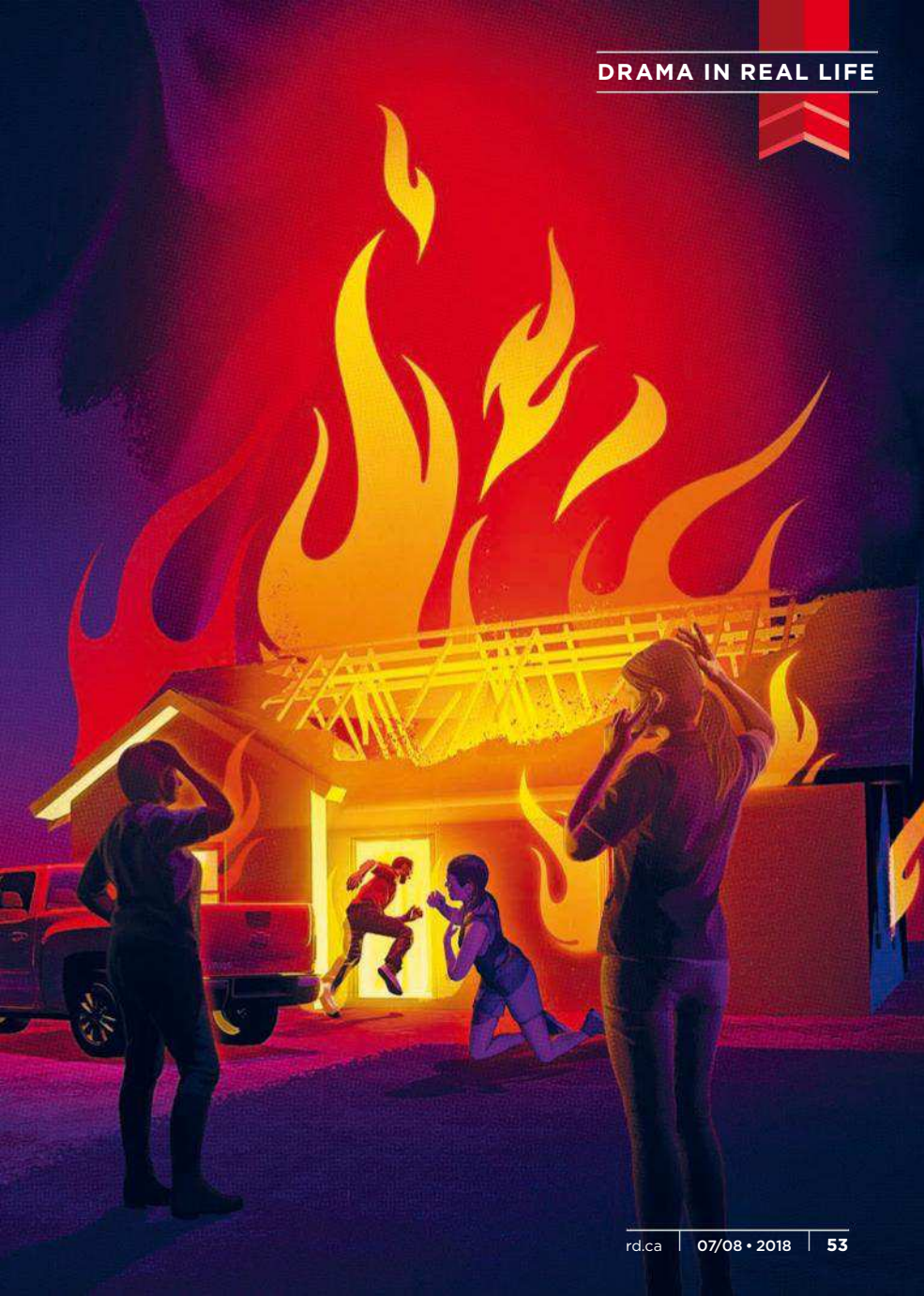
Clark Whitecalf had always been a bit of a daredevil.

But when a house on a Cree reserve in northern Saskatchewan went up in flames, his hasty decision-making proved heroic.

THE FIRE IN SWEETGRASS

BY NICHOLAS HUNE-BROWN | ILLUSTRATION BY TAVIS COBURN





IT WAS WARM AND CLEAR IN SWEETGRASS First Nation on August 31, 2015, and Masey Whitecalf wanted to drive. She was 16, the proud owner of a new learner's license, and eager to practise. Her parents, Clark Whitecalf and Samantha Moccasin-Whitecalf, were less enthusiastic. It was getting late, and they weren't sure Masey was ready for night driving. Finally, after the kind of pestering teenagers specialize in, they relented, and at around 9:30 p.m. the family climbed into their 2004 Dodge Ram and rolled out into the late-summer night.

Home to about 650 people, the Cree reservation of Sweetgrass is a patch of rolling grassland and aspen bluffs about 35 kilometres west of North Battleford, Sask. North Battleford had the unfortunate distinction of being named Canada's most dangerous place in a *Maclean's* 2017 crime report, but for the Moccasin-Whitecalfs, Sweetgrass is home. Samantha works at the daycare down the road from their house; Clark was part of the construction crew that had renovated the health clinic. They've raised their five kids on the reservation, bringing them to round dances in the winter and going walking at Drumming Hill or Sliding Hill in the summer. "There are stories to all of these places," says Samantha, who comes from the nearby Salteaux First Nation. "I've grown to love it here."

That night, the roads in Sweetgrass were deserted. Clark and Samantha sat next to Masey up front while their younger daughter, 15-year-old Hailey, sat in the back seat. Clark concentrated

on the road, his eyes occasionally darting over to the speedometer, as Masey drove. As her sister and mother chatted and laughed, Masey yelled at them to be quiet so she could focus. "You've gotta be able to look around when you're driving," her mother teased. Maybe that's why Masey was the one who spotted it first—a flickering light in the darkness.

"I think Sonya's house is on fire," said Masey. Clark craned his neck and saw the halo of orange just up the hill. He quickly traded seats with his daughter and sped toward the light. At the end of a short driveway, a low-slung bungalow sat alone in a field, flames blazing out of the kitchen window, throwing plumes of smoke into the sky. Clark and Samantha knew the house belonged to Sonya Fineday, a family friend, and her husband, Joe. The couple had teenage children, but Clark wasn't sure if the kids were currently living with them. Out on the lawn, however, sat an ominous sign

that someone was home: the family's new truck, gleaming.

In the warm breeze, the old house was going up fast. By the time Sweetgrass's volunteer firefighters could arrive, Clark knew there would be nothing but ash. Whoever was in there didn't have much time. Clark leaped out of the truck and ran toward the burning building.

CLARK WHITECALF HAD always jumped into danger without a second thought. It was a quality that had gotten him into trouble in the past. Growing up in Sweetgrass and going to school in the nearby town of Cut Knife, Clark had been a thrill-seeker—a headstrong kid who refused to listen to his mother or grandmother. In elementary school, he faced more than his share of racism. “They called me tar baby,” he remembers. “And I guess I grew sick of it.” He says he got into so many fistfights that the high-school kids started to come down to try their luck against him.

When he was 13, Clark was sent to the Cowessess Indian Residential School in the Qu'Appelle Valley. It's an experience he doesn't talk about—a traumatic period of his life he refuses to revisit. When he came home a year later, Clark started drinking and smoking. He left his family, moved out to Saskatoon and got married while still a teenager. He had four children with his first wife, who has since died.

Clark was fearless. He worked as a rodeo bullfighter to pay the bills, rushing into the arena to wrestle the massive animals by their horns after they'd bucked their riders. He got a job as a forest firefighter on the “mop-up crew,” flying to northern patches of land and spending days wandering through smouldering ashen landscapes, putting out spot fires.



**FLYING OVER
THE LARGEST
FOREST FIRE HE'D
EVER SEEN, CLARK
LEARNED JUST WHAT
FIRE COULD DO.**

In 1997, at the age of 24, Clark returned to Saskatoon and met Samantha Moccasin, then 18. She was beautiful and kind, and they became close friends until, one evening around New Year's, Clark phoned her up and asked if they could be more. “It went awkwardly quiet,” Samantha remembers. “I kind of laughed at it. I didn't know what to say.”

Eventually she said yes. Tired of city living, Clark and Samantha moved to Sweetgrass, where Masey was born less than a year later. After 20 years, the couple is still together.

Now in his 40s, Clark has mellowed with age. But at home, during a night

with friends, he'll tell tales of his fearless youth. One of his stories is about being airlifted north during his days on the mop-up crew and flying directly over the largest forest fire he'd ever seen—he'd watched the flames roll down the trees and consume everything in sight. That day he learned just what fire could do. He never forgot the devastation.

AT THE FINEDAY HOUSE, Clark and Samantha pounded on the front door. "Sonya! Joe!" yelled Samantha. They heard nothing but the crackling of the flames. Clark kicked open the door and was pushed back by a flood of smoke.



**THE SMOKE WAS
THICK AND BLACK,
A CURTAIN
THAT STRETCHED FROM
THE CEILING TO JUST
SHORT OF THE FLOOR.**

Looking for another way in, he ran around to the side door and pushed his way through. Once inside, he could see into the kitchen, where the fire seemed to have started. The smoke was thick, and flames were already licking at the ceiling, making it impossible to advance.

In front of the house, Samantha and Masey were still yelling while Hailey

dialled 911. "Is anybody home?" Samantha called. In the chaos, a large orange tabby cat had appeared. It seemed distressed—meowing and pacing back and forth in a way that suddenly made Samantha certain someone was in the house.

"Come in with me, Masey. I need to see if anyone's in there," she said. The two of them got on their stomachs and army-crawled into the house, breathing with difficulty. "Is anyone inside?!" Samantha yelled. Then, from the living room, she heard a faint cough.

Samantha and Masey crawled back out onto the porch. Samantha was trembling now, and both her daughters were in tears. "Clark," she said when her husband re-emerged from the side of the house, "there's somebody inside."

Clark charged through the front door. The smoke was thick and black, a heavy curtain that stretched from the ceiling to just short of the floor. He dropped to his stomach. He could hear a girl's voice calling softly but couldn't see where the sound was coming from. Then, from his vantage point, Clark saw a pale arm drop from the couch.

He stumbled forward and grabbed hold of the girl's arm. He pulled hard and felt a sickening sensation as the skin from the arm peeled away, sending him falling backward to the ground. He staggered outside, gasping to fill his lungs. A year earlier, Clark had fractured his tibia—a serious

break that had left him with multiple screws in his foot and a doctor's warning to stay off the leg. In that moment, however, he barely noticed the pain. He took a few deep breaths, then crawled back into the burning house.

At the couch, working blind, he grabbed the girl's other arm and again felt the slick feeling of skin being peeled away from flesh. Once more, Clark retreated to the door to suck in cooler air. His eyes and lungs burned, but he ignored them. He plunged into the house again—and this time he didn't crawl. He knew exactly where he was going.

AS SHE WATCHED her husband charge back into the raging fire, Samantha started crying. The flames were growing higher, the fire advancing through the house. "I hope he makes it out of there," she thought.

Clark moved quickly through the building and found his way back to the couch. He grabbed the girl under her armpits and pulled her to the floor, then dragged her prone body through the house. As he brought her outside and into the fresh air, he stumbled, falling down the porch stairs.

Samantha recognized the girl immediately. It was Jolei Farness, Sonya's 18-year-old daughter. She was wearing a tank top and shorts, her face and body black from the smoke. Jolei was so close to Samantha's own daughters in age. And now she was lying there, lifeless.

Samantha had CPR training and had completed first-aid courses, but in that moment she felt nothing but panic. "She's not breathing! She's not breathing!" Samantha shouted.



**THE FLAMES
WERE QUICKLY
SPREADING, GETTING
DANGEROUSLY CLOSE
TO THE PROPANE
TANK IN THE YARD.**

Clark took Jolei in his arms. He rolled her over so that she lay on her side. Suddenly, miraculously, she began coughing. Then she opened her eyes and looked around frantically. "Is anyone else in the house?" Samantha asked her. "No," answered the girl.

The flames were quickly spreading throughout the building, getting dangerously close to the large propane tank sitting in the yard. "You need to get away from the house," Clark told his wife. While Hailey spoke with a 911 operator, Masey and Samantha managed get Jolei to her feet and slowly walked her down the driveway and across the road to her uncle's house. The man was agitated and confused by the commotion, but Samantha quieted him with a stern word and pushed her way through with the girl.



Clark Whitecalf receiving a Royal Canadian Humane Association bravery award from Saskatchewan's lieutenant-governor in 2016.

Inside, in the light, Samantha could see just how badly Jolei was burnt. The flesh of her arms was red and raw, and the girl kept moaning in pain. Samantha poured cold water down Jolei's arms and over her face as they waited for emergency services.

At the Fineday house, Clark kept working as the fire consumed the building. He pulled aside the lawn mowers that were leaning against the

house and tried to figure out how to tow away the truck that sat on the lawn. (In the end it went up in flames, too.)

Finally, after what felt like ages but may have been less than an hour, the reservation's volunteer firefighters showed up with a tanker truck used to deliver water. A few minutes later, the police arrived, followed by the paramedics. By that point, the flames had done their damage. "There was no sense in getting the fire department," says Clark. "It was just a bunch of ashes and rubble."

JOLEI WOKE UP in a hospital bed in Saskatoon on September 1, arms wrapped in bandages to protect her second- and third-degree burns. She was on a breathing tube, with a hole in her lung and damage from all the smoke she'd

inhaled. The nurses told her how close to death she'd been. "They said if I'd been in there for one or two minutes more, I wouldn't be alive," says Jolei.

Her memories of that night are hazy. She remembers coming home, then lying down with her iPad and scrolling through Facebook before passing out. The RCMP later told her it was a grease fire, but all she remembers is waking up and screaming as Samantha

PHOTO COURTESY EAGLE FEATHER NEWS

poured cool water over her burning arms. In the hospital, as nurses tended to her and she pieced together what had happened that night, everything felt surreal. Had she really lived through that fire? What would have happened if Masey Whitecalf hadn't wanted to go driving that night?

For Clark, too, the night didn't quite seem real. Whenever anyone asked him why he had risked his life to rush into a burning house not once but three times, he couldn't really explain it. He was left with clichés, trying to convey why saving the girl wasn't even really a decision but an instinct that felt as natural as drawing a breath. "I didn't even think of the dangers," says Clark. "I just reacted. I just did what I had to do."

As word slowly spread about what had happened, more people took notice of Clark's bravery. Saskatchewan's lieutenant-governor presented Clark with a silver medal at the Royal Canadian Humane Association Canada Bravery Awards ceremony in Regina. In December 2016, Clark was

awarded the Carnegie Medal for heroism, a U.S.-based award given to civilians who exhibit extreme bravery. To date, he's believed to be the only First Nations recipient of the prize.

Three months after the fire, Clark went over to a friend's house. He walked in, and there was his friend's teenage relative, sitting in a chair. It took Clark a moment to realize the girl was Jolei Farness.

Seeing Jolei in person for the first time since the house fire helped what he'd done finally begin to sink in. There she sat—a girl who wouldn't be alive if he hadn't decided to risk his own life that night.

The two of them hugged. Jolei thanked Clark and showed him the scars that ran up and down her arms. It was a strange moment for both of them. How do you truly thank someone for saving your life? And how do you accept those thanks? They had shared a traumatic, momentous evening, but they were essentially strangers. "I felt awkward," says Clark. "But I also felt really good." **R**



LAUGHING MATTERS

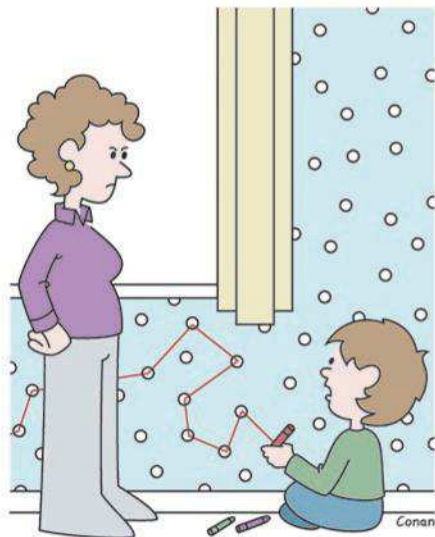
A joke is a very serious thing.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

In the end, everything is a gag.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

As Kids See It



"I wanted to see if it made a picture."

MANY SUMMERS AGO, I spent a few weeks at a campground with a friend and her two little girls. The five-year-old, Jema, and I were walking through the bush when I noticed some growths on the trees. I pointed them out and wondered aloud what they were.

"Those are raccoons!" she said.

"Raccoons?" I asked.

She looked at me with her big blue eyes and said, "My teacher told me those are raccoons. They open up and butterflies come out!"

HEDIE L. EPP, *Winnipeg*

MY EIGHT-YEAR-OLD grandson, Holden, loves word searches. About six months ago, he visited the optometrist for his checkup. The doctor didn't understand why Holden couldn't read the chart, until he said, "I can't find any words in here!"

LOIS NOEL, *Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.*

I WAS SKYPING with my three-year-old grandson when he suddenly announced, "You can come out of the computer now, Grandma!"

JUNE PEARSON, *Delta, B.C.*

MY AUNT CAME HOME from the hospital with her ninth child, prompting excited questions from her other kids. “What did the doctor say when she was born?” one asked. “It’s a girl!” my aunt replied.

“What did he say when I was born?” one inquired.

“It’s a boy, of course!” And so it went around to each child. Finally, one asked, “What did the doctor say when Dad was born?”

“I don’t know,” my aunt replied, “We’ll have to ask Grandma.”

“I know,” one of her boys piped up confidently, “It’s a father!”

KAREN MAENDEL, *MacGregor, Man.*

I WANTED TO KNOW the time, so I asked my niece, who is in Grade 2, if she had a watch on. She replied, “What is a ‘watchon’?”

CAMILLE SHUM, *Calgary, Alta.*

YEARS AGO I WAS working at a remote fly-in fishing lodge in northern Saskatchewan. I had my young children with me. My three-year-old son burst through the kitchen door and blew past the table in the centre of the kitchen, grazing his ear on the side. He stopped short and started rubbing his ear and crying. “What’s wrong?” I asked. “My ear wasn’t watching where it was going!” he cried.

CHERIÈ SCARPINO, *Hixon, B.C.*



AND ONE FOR THE KIDS

Q: What do you call a dog that does magic tricks?

A: A labracadabrador! laffgaff.com

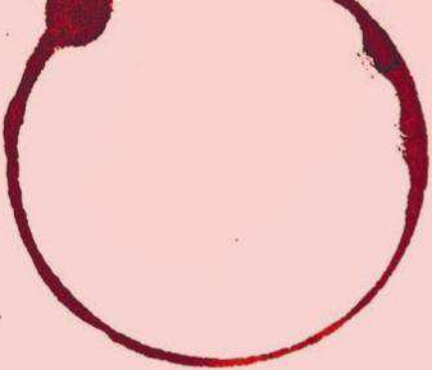
THIS MORNING, my three-year-old had a tantrum because she thought my skin was chocolate and was upset when I wouldn’t let her eat me.

 @DADDYDOINWORK

WE HAD TWO OLD printers in the basement that needed to be recycled. I was watching TV with my eight-year-old son, Nathan, when he said, “Dad, we could make money with those printers.” I laughed and explained how money is made at the mint using special paper. I told him about counterfeiting and what happens to people who make fake money. He looked kind of confused and then said to me, “I meant we could sell those printers and make some money.”

SHAWN LECHKY,
Rocky Mountain House, Alta.

Are the children you know fluent in funny? Tell us about them! A story could earn you \$50. For details on how to submit an anecdote, see page 8 or visit rd.ca/joke.



More than 15 per cent of Canadians are regularly bingeing on booze, to the detriment of their relationships and their well-being. We take stock of the causes, the health risks and what can be done to curb consumption.

Dangerous Drinking



BY KATHERINE LAIDLAW

PHOTO-ILLUSTRATION BY JUSTIN POULSEN



In the 1970s, Jackie Rai was a young mother with a serious drinking problem. She was 23 years old and had a physically taxing job working on the assembly line of a seat belt-manufacturing plant in Angus, Ont. She came from an East Coast family and had always drunk heavily—by her own account, she'd been a binge drinker since age 18.

Every weekend started the same way. She'd drop her son off at her mother-in-law's house and drive to the liquor store to get a bottle of rye and a case of beer. The weekends passed in a fog. She would arrive, hungover and weary, on her mother-in-law's doorstep to pick up her son on Monday nights.

After nearly a decade of binge drinking, Rai quit cold turkey in 1979. But she's been paying the health costs for nearly four decades. She suffered from anxiety and depression into her 40s. And, like many people who drink dangerously, Rai developed type 2 diabetes, which the 67-year-old will live with for the rest of her life.

According to global health guidelines, to qualify as a binge drinker, a man has to imbibe five or more drinks over a couple of hours and a woman four or more. If that sounds high, consider that two pints of beer put a female drinker just under that threshold.

And though the perception has long been that binge drinking is a pattern raucous twentysomethings develop

before they grow out of it, research shows that this is not the case. According to Statistics Canada data from 2016, nearly six million Canadians are binge drinking at least once a month. The largest percentage of these people are within the ages of 18 and 34 (34 per cent of male heavy drinkers and 23 per cent of females), but 27 per cent of men who report binge drinking are 35 to 49 and 13 per cent of women who report are 50 to 64.

While binge drinking and alcoholism can overlap, the two are not the same. Binge drinking is defined as a period when, at least once a month, someone's blood-alcohol level reaches .08 per cent. And while excessive drinking can lead to addiction, alcoholism is a medical condition with a physical dependence on the substance and without a set number of drinks.

"Excessive drinking is one of the biggest health problems we have in this country," says Jürgen Rehm, the senior director for the Institute for Mental Health Policy Research at Toronto's Centre for Addiction and Mental Health (CAMH). "If you want to die prematurely, continue binge drinking."

RATES OF BINGE DRINKING are rising so steadily in the United States that the authors of a comprehensive 2017 study called it a public-health crisis. Around the world, women are binge drinking more, and more heavily. One study, published last year in *Alcoholism*,

found that binge drinking among U.S. women over 60 is increasing by 3.7 per cent every year. Another found that the number of Canadian women who identified as binge drinkers doubled from 1996 to 2013. In Canada, affluent white people are imbibing in greater quantities, as are people living in rural areas.



WHETHER YOU
BINGE OR NOT,
DRINKING HEAVILY
CAN REDUCE
YOUR LIFESPAN BY
UP TO 25 YEARS.

Multiple factors contribute to the increase in binge drinking. Some doctors cite the stresses that come with a dismal economic and political climate, a culture of overwork, a rise in mental health issues and growing social isolation. And drinking is arguably the world's most socially acceptable vice—a customary indulgence at big celebrations, restaurant dinners or just a regular night at home.

As drinking becomes not only a way to make merry but a way to cope with stress, it has been increasingly linked to parenthood. Terms like “grown-up grape juice,” “mommy drinking” and “using wine to cope with the whine” glibly offer parents permission to

soothe the burn of sleep deprivation and anxiety with alcohol.

While those factors may explain an uptick in the number of people reaching for that first drink, it's brain circuitry that's likely responsible for bingeing behaviours. A drink puts stress on cells in the brain's extended amygdala, and those cells release a stress hormone called corticotropin-releasing factor, which fires up the brain's ventral-tegmental-area neurons.

In other words, the brain's reward centre lights up and relays to its owner that taking another drink is a great idea because the more you consume, the greater the reward. And because alcohol overstimulates certain parts of the brain, you're not as likely to consider its impact or to focus on anything other than the immediate task at hand: drinking. Your brain circuitry encourages you to crack another beer, even if a sober you would know that it's time to stop.

AT ITS PEAK, JAMES WILT'S drinking cost him \$300 a month. He'd make the trek to the liquor store to buy a high-percentage beer, a fancy bottle of bourbon or a plastic mickey of cheap sherry. “It was disgustingly sweet, but it got me drunk,” he says.

As a freelance writer, he worked and drank alone in his Winnipeg apartment. It took five years for him to realize he'd developed unhealthy drinking patterns. “I'd do the whole routine,

saying I'm more creative and I write better when I drink," he says.

On hungover mornings, it would take him hours to get out of bed just to perform basic functions. There were gaps in his short-term memory that weren't there before. He'd spend hours working out every week and couldn't seem to lose the extra weight his body had packed on.

He knew heart disease ran in his family and that the amount he was drinking would likely increase his risk. But it wasn't until he quit, cold turkey, at age 26 that he learned about some of alcohol's other dangers.

Let's return to the brain. Alcohol and depression are inexorably linked, with some clinicians estimating that between 30 and 50 per cent of people with an alcohol dependence are also suffering from clinical depression. A study of the French population published this year revealed that alcohol use is the biggest—and most preventable—risk factor for dementia.

Next, there's the heart. One study, published in 2017 by a doctor at the University of California, San Francisco, found that ongoing alcohol abuse left its participants 40 per cent more likely to suffer a heart attack. (And that's after accounting for established risks such as diabetes, obesity and smoking.) Heavy drinkers are more likely to have strokes, and to have them at younger ages than lighter drinkers. Harmful drinking habits accounted for

77,000 Canadians' hospital admissions from 2015 to 2016.

On to the liver, where links between alcohol and hepatitis, liver cancer and cirrhosis (scarring of the liver) are well-established. If you're finding your beer belly particularly persistent, note that studies have shown that heavy drinking contributes directly to weight gain and obesity, regardless of what kind of drinks you're swilling. And doctors have linked heavy drinking to a slew of other cancers, including breast, colon, neck, larynx and esophageal. In 2012, researchers estimated that 3.3 million deaths worldwide were caused by alcohol consumption.



IN THE LAST 50 YEARS,
THE ALCOHOL INDUSTRY
HAS ESCAPED
LEGISLATIVE PUSHES
THAT HAVE CRACKED
DOWN ON OTHER VICES.

If that's not enough to scare a drinker into teetotaling, consider this: a recent study by the University of Cambridge that examined the health of 600,000 drinkers found that people who consume more than one drink a day are more likely than those who drink less to die of any cause at all.

In gambling, your chances of winning go up the more frequently you buy

in. The same is true of binge drinking's health consequences. "Binge drinking—or how you drink—is at least as destructive as the overall quantity of drinking," Rehm says, meaning that binge drinking six cocktails in one night is worse for your health than drinking one cocktail a night over six days. And drinking heavily over time, whether you binge or not, can reduce your lifespan by up to 25 years. "Heavy drinking is more likely to kill us than traffic, skiing or anything else," he says.

AND YET, SOMEHOW, we tolerate it anyway. Problem drinking can be hard to spot and even harder to address if you're concerned about a loved one. When former attorney general Michael Bryant was in the throes of his alcoholism, after years of binge-drinking behaviour, a political colleague approached him one day to tell him, gently, that he thought Bryant may be drinking too much.

"He was right, and it was hard for him to say, and I was furious," says Bryant, who is now 52 and has been sober for 12 years. "The denial and anger that rose up in me were severe."

For Bryant, that intervention, along with a family doctor who asked him to journal his drinking, helped him realize he had a problem and commit himself to a 12-step program. "Most people are cucumbers, but I'm a pickle. And once you become a pickle, you can't go back," Bryant says. But

research indicates that doctors still can't clearly pinpoint which treatment options will work for which pickles.

In 2005, researchers at the University of Miami Miller School of Medicine conducted what is still the largest alcohol-treatment study in the world, assessing patients in facilities across the U.S. over a span of eight years. The results were disappointing. Three different treatment options—cognitive behavioural therapy, a 12-step program and motivational enhancement therapy—produced nearly identical success rates, and each was determined to be fairly ineffective. Alcoholics Anonymous optimistically pegs their success rate at 50 per cent, with other peer-reviewed studies estimating the program's success sitting between five and 10 per cent. For others, there's rehab, talk therapy, abstinence or a mix of other treatments to help the 17 per cent of Canadians drinking so much that they're endangering their long-term health.

Over the last 50 years, alcohol has escaped the legislative pushes that have cracked down on other vices, like cocaine and LSD. This is, in part, due to the effectiveness of a powerful lobby financed by annual alcohol sales of over \$20 billion in this country alone. Last year, a Health Canada pilot project that would have seen large warning labels affixed to liquor bottles—similar to public service announcements on packs of cigarettes—in the Yukon was



Warning Signs

You can't drink moderately.

If you find yourself regularly drinking more than you intended, consider whether you're in control of your habits.

You can't remember things.

During a night of heavy drinking, a brain messenger called glutamate is disrupted. Researchers think this is why excessive drinking suppresses our memories.

You can't cut back.

Your commitments to stay sober for a set period of time or to lessen your consumption don't work.

Your friends and family have expressed concern.

If those around you have suggested that you have a problem with binge drinking, consult your doctor.

Your drinking is affecting your job, relationships or finances.

Examine the stresses in your life and consider whether alcohol is a common factor.

You're causing harm to the people around you.

If the consequences of your drinking are spilling over into the lives of your loved ones, it's time to take serious stock of your alcohol consumption.

called off after alcohol lobbyists threatened legal action against the government for defamation and damages.

But other countries are ready to carry out meaningful changes. In France, health minister Agnès Buzyn has ignited a national debate over the country's insatiable thirst for wine. "The real message we should be sending today is that alcohol is bad for your health," she told a French TV station this spring. A number of the country's doctors have rallied around her call for tougher regulations, prompting an outcry from the country's robust wine industry. In January, the government of Lithuania, which was until two years ago the heaviest-drinking country in the world (since replaced by the Republic of Moldova), introduced a ban on alcohol ads across domestic and foreign media. It also raised the drinking age from 18 to 20 and increased taxes on alcohol in an effort to curb consumption.

Back at CAMH, Rehm says he'd like to see an increase in Canadian alcohol taxes, higher minimum prices and an abolition of alcohol marketing. By the time someone reaches age 16, he says, they've already seen about 15,000 alcohol ads.

In the meantime, ongoing research at CAMH shows that there's one simple change that could help Canadians curb their drinking: screening during appointments with their family doctor. Evidence from organizations such as the WHO has shown that family

doctors can effectively raise awareness of dangerous drinking simply by asking about their patients' drinking habits and expressing concern for consumption exceeding standard low-risk guidelines. Findings from screening and intervention services in the U.S. have shown that adults who had these kinds of conversations with their doctors experienced a 12 per cent reduction in binge-drinking episodes and were 11 per cent more likely to keep to the consumption guidelines.

For now, screening is recommended by Canada's National Alcohol Strategy but is rarely enforced. "Most family doctors don't like to talk about alcohol," Rehm says. "We're trying to show how many lives we would save if they would."

JACKIE RAI HAS LIVED much of her adult life completely sober, but she doesn't dismiss binge drinking as youthful folly. She now works as the executive director of the Vesta Recovery Program in Ottawa, a treatment facility that supports women suffering from addiction. The prevalence and acceptance of alcohol abuse still surprises her. "For years, I used to go home to New Brunswick for visits and I'd take an empty beer bottle and fill it up with water. My family could not understand how anybody could go to a party and not have a beer," she says.

"I think I was very blessed," she says of her recovery. "In AA, I watched people laughing and having a good time without drinking. I believed it was possible." **R**



PLEASE RESET YOUR PASSWORD

I needed a password eight characters long,
so I picked Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

NICK HELM, comedian

I hate it when I forget my password and
can't answer my secret questions right.

It's like I don't even know me.

@KWIRKYKERRI

Kenny Loggins should team up
with Kenny Passwords.

@JOHNMOE



A lush green forest with a rocky stream in the foreground. The stream flows over mossy rocks, and the background is filled with dense evergreen trees.

In search of the elusive giants
of British Columbia's
Khutzeymateen Grizzly
Sanctuary—accompanied
by a very fancy camera

Bear Watch

BY NEAL McLENNAN FROM AIR CANADA'S ENROUTE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KARI MEDIG

The Khutzeymateen group of protected areas, on the north coast of B.C., includes a provincial park and two conservancies to safeguard key grizzly habitats.

“Remember, you don’t have to run faster than the bear,” our bush pilot, Ken Cote, informs us. “You just have to run faster than one of us.” I look at our eight-member group appraisingly, and my eyes linger on Tyler Clarke, a staffer from Northern BC Tourism who is wearing the 18-kilogram Google Street View Trekker backpack. I exhale ever so slightly.

When in grizzly country, it’s inevitable that someone will drop a zinger about bears—it’s just a question of when. For us, it happened on the dock at the floating Khutzymateen Wilderness Lodge, five minutes after hopping off Cote’s de Havilland Beaver float plane. Joking about hungry wildlife may be good fun in campsites across Canada, but up here, 50 kilometres north of already-remote Prince Rupert, B.C., Cote’s advice takes on a morbid practicality.

Aside from the lodge’s staff, the members of our troop—which includes a Swiss family (two parents, three kids)—are the only human occupants of the Khutzymateen Grizzly Bear Sanctuary and adjacent conservancies. The 58,360 hectares of protected habitat is home to roughly 50 grizzlies, so we’re seriously outnumbered. But for us, that’s a good thing, as the Trekker has been dispatched here for the sole purpose of seeing these giants in their natural setting and cataloguing the experience for Google-able



posterity. The only problem is, we can’t seem to find them.

AN AFTERNOON TRIP WITH LODGE owner Jamie Hahn aboard his work horse Zodiac takes us deep into the inlet, right to the mouth of the Khutzymateen River. We pass towering cliffs and a half-dozen waterfalls, but our lone grizzly sighting consists of a passing glance at a small juvenile bear nicknamed Big Ears; he bolts from



Left: A grizzly bear forages on a grassy shore. Right: Guide Darren Davies plays with his dog Jordie on the floating dock at Khutzeymateen Wilderness Lodge.

the shore back into the dense brush as soon as we manoeuvre our craft a little closer. Hahn scratches his head and mutters: “We saw 11 bears around here three days ago.”

We chug back to camp for an early dinner, where Manuela, the lodge’s chef, has whipped up a consolation feast of roast chicken and rösti. Afterward, there’s talk of fishing (on a floating lodge, you can drop a line pretty well anywhere), but given that the sun

won’t set until 10 p.m., we decide to head back out to further explore the pristine scenery and one of the falls we passed earlier. Getting off the boat within the sanctuary is verboten, but the lodge sits outside its borders, where a brief on-land reverie is possible in a few spots.

A damp moss carpets everything and requires careful footing; with the Trekker in tow, it means that slow going is the order of the day. After



High-Tech Trek

At first glance, the Google Street View Trekker looks like one of those backpacks you see outdoorsy parents lugging their kids in, but instead of a squirming child it holds 15 five-megapixel cameras that each snap a picture every two and a half seconds.

Those images are then fed through Google's proprietary software, which stitches together a 360-degree image. On your back, the Trekker feels lighter than its 18 kilograms, but its height—about 1.5 metres—throws off the average wearer's centre of gravity. So far, it's travelled through 1,500 kilometres of British Columbia wilderness, from the Kettle Valley Rail Trail in the Okanagan Valley to the shores of Haida Gwaii to the Khutzeymateen. The footage started to go live last year, enabling on-the-ground planning for your next great adventure. And keep your eyes peeled for Big Ears.

15 minutes of plodding, one of life's fundamental truths—that there's no such thing as a bad waterfall—is proven again when we're rewarded with the view of water tumbling down a steep mountainside studded with ancient cedars. The scene feels very go-with-the-flow, but you can only bliss out for so long when you're following a path blazed not by humans but by our evasive four-legged friends.

Thanks to the joint effort by Google and Destination British Columbia (the province's tourism board), virtual visitors will get a similar experience—no bear repellent necessary. Just as you can use Google Street View to explore the neighbourhood you grew up in, you'll soon be able to get a 360-degree sense of the Khutzeymateen and other remote locales. My initial worry, that clickable access to difficult terrain will further turn us into a nation of couch potatoes, is quickly dismissed. It's more likely that when these images, captured by 15 whirring lenses, are seen, adventurous travellers will be lining up to experience first-hand the cool breeze that comes off the plunge pool.

“CAN GRIZZLIES SWIM?” IT'S THE next morning and we're back on the boat when one of the young Swiss boys pipes up in a tone of trepidation mixed with excitement. All eyes dart starboard, to a slow-moving head gliding across the channel, and Hahn cuts the engine. We watch the head as it makes for shore,

and it turns out to indeed be attached to a 300-kilogram *Ursus arctos horribilis*.

Unlike Big Ears, this laid-back fella has zero worries about us—or anything else, for that matter. As he lumbers along the beach, less than 10 metres from the boat, his seven-centimetre-long claws click-clacking over the rocks, his air of indifference is impressive, if a little galling. For him, we might be indistinguishable from the flies circling nearby. On the other hand, we're in awe and snap picture after picture on our cameras, which will pale in comparison to those of the Trekker. With a subtle hum, it captures the event in dozens of unique frames per minute. At times we're so close we can hear the grizzly's heavy breathing, and the Swiss family, who've travelled halfway around the globe for this moment, can't stop smiling.

We follow our subject for another half-hour, and he never gives us so much as a backwards glance. He drops into the water here and there and at one point pokes around in a stream,

angling for a snack. The bear's laissez-faire attitude seems to signal his self-assurance: there's no doubt about who owns this environment.

Then, just like that, the grizzly is gone—darting up a steep mountainside, swallowed by the wilderness. Once again, the inlet is deserted and we return to the dock, silent. Each year, thousands of people make it up here to see these giants, but as of last year, any one of

Google Maps' billion monthly users has been able to log on and check out what we saw—though you should really make the trek to come see it for yourself. **R**

A Bed on the Water

The floating Khutzey-mateen Wilderness Lodge, which has six bedrooms, shared living and dining areas, and a sauna, offers one- and four-day tours to the secluded North Coast inlet—a popular area for the sanctuary's grizzly population—from May 1 to September 15. khutzlodge.com

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RAISE THE WOOF

If dogs can hear sounds that are too high pitched to be perceived by humans, how do we know they're not talking about us all the time in high-pitched voices?

@SANNEWMAN

How Much for That **Toast Rack?**

ADVENTURES IN YARD-SALE
SCAVENGING WITH MY MOTHER

BY TABATHA SOUTHEY

FROM COLLECTED TARTS AND OTHER INDELICACIES

ILLUSTRATION BY BENOIT TARDIF



I WAS RAISED AT YARD SALES, taken there by my mother, where my job was to offer \$3 for an item that cost \$5 and then go home and tell my dad it cost \$2.

We were conspiratorial, my mum and I—the whole thing had an *Ocean's 11* feel. From May to September, Saturday mornings had a map to them drawn from the classified ads of my southern Ontario hometown's newspaper (*Guelph Mercury Tribune*) the columns of which my mother analyzed with the kind of skill usually reserved for scientific documents.

If you had more than one yard sale a year, we wouldn't even do a quick drive by your motley collection of cluttered card tables. "That'll be junk," my mother would say, and she did not care for your "crafts" either, having taught me from a young age that a box of Kleenex should only ever look like a box of Kleenex, and that the looper-paper-cover-Barbie-doll-hybrid that fascinated me was a monster.

Often it seemed our role at these sales was to ask the price of all the toast racks we found amid the ashtrays and the Blue Mountain pottery menageries, just so the yard-sale hostess could say, "I don't know. \$1.50? What is it anyway? It was a wedding present."

"It's a toast rack," my mother would say, with the kind of exaggerated patience I imagine early missionaries used when explaining the virgin birth. "You put toast in it."

"But doesn't the toast get hard and cold?" the confused hostess would invariably ask, and my mother would sigh.

I think she always hoped that once it was explained, the suddenly reformed toast-heathen yard-sale hostess would seize the rack back from her and charge into the house crying, "I figured it out, Doug! Our long nightmare is over! We need to get some marmalade!"

SHE IS OF A COLD, crisp-toast people, my mother. Raised in South Africa by English parents, she attended a school that was as English as English can be—which is pretty English—and, for a people with a long tradition of soggy vegetables, the English have a lot of unkind things to say about pliant toast.

My mother's school in Johannesburg not only imported all its teachers from England but staggered its holidays so that, as she tells it, students wouldn't mix with other children and pick up an Afrikaans accent. The school was a colony within a colony—an island of crisp toast and egg coddlers.

Despite my mother's frugality, to the sellers' delight and my horror, during my childhood we bought all the orphan egg coddlers from all the yard sales in Wellington County.

Why anyone would want to coddle an egg, I could never understand. The egg already had a shell! Why decant the egg into another shell to boil it, instead of just boiling it as God intended? The whole thing made no sense.

the egg coddler would have cost had we bought it new. "By fools!" was the unspoken sentiment.

BUYING NEW WAS a harshly judged thing we rarely did in our house and I'm grateful, because where's the fun in that? What's the game? The thrill of carrying a lamp shaped like a boat with a shade shaped like a mushroom around the side of the house, plugging it into the outlet used for the lawn



WHY ANYONE WOULD WANT TO CODDLE AN EGG, I COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND. THE EGG ALREADY HAD A SHELL!

It all seemed vaguely sinister. We had rows of egg coddlers in the kitchen—dozens of individual overly precious pods each awaiting the arrival of a vulnerable egg soul. It was like a Merchant Ivory production of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* on that counter.

"Please don't take my offer on this egg coddler," my eyes would plead with the seller. "She's low-balling you—and I'm scared," but to no avail.

Later, in what always felt like a get-away car, my mother and I would speculate triumphantly about what

mower and finding that "it works!" can't be bought at IKEA.

Once, my mother's extreme pacifism was overcome by her love of a bargain, and she bought me a \$3 pellet gun, which I still have and with which I taught my own two children to shoot. These children are known to ignore Mother's Day every year, a fact of which I am proud. It shows they've been paying attention, my skeptical angels.

But the three of us raise that pellet gun in a salute to my own mother and, as the season begins, wish you all smooth yard-sailing this summer. **R**

COLLECTED TARTS AND OTHER INDELICACIES, TABATHA SOUTHEY, 2017, DOUGLAS AND McINTYRE. REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER.

Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE



THE BEST JOKE I EVER TOLD BY RYAN GEORGE

Do you ever just lie on the ground and look up at the stars after security tackles you on the red carpet?

Ryan George writes and stars in Pitch Meetings, an original scripted comedy series. He is also part of the sketch comedy group Moving Mind studio.



MELISSA PARADIS

DOCTOR: (Looking at my X-rays)
This is exactly what I was afraid of.

ME: What?

DOCTOR: Skeletons.

🐦 @GOODZIIIA

IN STITCHES

HER: It's over between us.

ME: Is it because of all my embroidery puns?

HER: I thought you would stop.

ME: Sew it seamed.

🐦 @KALVINMACLEOD

LEFT HANGING

I got a new pair of gloves today, but they're both lefties. On the one hand, it's great, but on the other, it's just not right.

reddit.com

SACK RAT

Home is where the bag filled with plastic bags filled with plastic bags is.

🐦 @ABBYHASISSUES

Send us your original jokes! You could earn \$50 and be featured in the magazine. See page 8 or rd.ca/joke for details.

Coming Out, Together

For two years, my husband and I fought to preserve our marriage—and our family. When he finally told me he was gay, we learned how stretchy love can be.

BY **JANINE COLE** FROM *TODAY'S PARENT*

ILLUSTRATION BY LYNN SCURFIELD



One Saturday morning almost two years ago, my marriage ended before I even had a chance to finish my coffee. Our three children were clearing the table for an onslaught of nine-year-olds who were arriving any minute for my daughter's book club. As the kids stacked breakfast dishes in the kitchen, my husband, Mike, looked up from across the table and said, "I'm gay."

I wish I could tell you what I said in response, but I can only recall the defeat in Mike's face and how he was barely able to look me in the eye. I went on autopilot and focused on the imminent field trip to the Children's Book Bank. "Did you brush your teeth?" I asked the kids. "Everyone will be here soon!"

DEEP DOWN, part of me knew this day would come. Mike and I had spent the previous two years on an emotional roller coaster, endlessly discussing his burgeoning attraction to men, trying to incorporate it into our marriage. After all we'd been through, to accept that this was the end of our marriage left me heartbroken.

We'd known each other since junior high school and started dating in our first year of university. Together, we had navigated so many life changes: a year in Japan, multiple careers, infertility, a near-death experience

and three kids. He was my Thursday-night Yahtzee opponent, the life of the party and my best friend.

Now, we had a another challenge: we had to find a way to forge new lives apart with the same love and respect we'd shown each other during our two decades together. I did my best to focus on what we had and reminded myself that we were separating because of love—not for lack of it.

But that awareness didn't make matters any easier.

I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW what a "mixed-orientation marriage" was until I realized I was in one. In October of 2014, while our two youngest kids were napping, Mike told me on our back porch that he had discovered he was also attracted to men. He was adamant that he didn't want to lose me, and that he wanted those other feelings to go away. But they were there, and they were getting stronger. I cried so loudly that our eldest child opened the door to ask what was wrong.

I was already exhausted from trying to keep our kids (then seven, three and one) alive, not to mention fed and clothed. Now, I was underwater, trying to help my husband determine his sexuality. We talked about it all the time: after the kids went to bed, on the streetcar on our way to meet friends and texting when we got to work. We decided that we'd keep it to ourselves—it was something we

needed to digest without the judgment of others.

After months of discussion, he disclosed that he might be bisexual, and we sought professional support. We found a wonderful psychotherapist who asked tough questions. Within 20 minutes, she accomplished more than we had in all that time. She concluded that my ideal was to remain monogamous, something my husband could not do. It felt like an ultimatum: I could either accompany him on this journey or we could split. Both options were terrifying.



I CAME TO ACCEPT
WHAT HE WAS ASKING
OF ME. I COULD
LET HIM EXPLORE.
I HAD NOTHING
TO LOSE BY TRYING.

We knew how much was at stake: our family, our home and each other. I didn't doubt that he loved me and wanted to stay married. As scary as the situation was, I couldn't walk away—he needed me, and I needed to know where this would take us.

With the help of our weekly counselling sessions, I came to accept what he was asking of me. I could let him explore. I had nothing to lose by trying,

so I agreed to an open marriage—well, a one-sided one anyway. With all that was going on and caring for three kids, finding someone else to have sex with wasn't something I was remotely interested in. I had everything I needed with Mike, but he needed this to help him figure things out.

That's when I realized just how stretchy love can be.

RELATIONSHIP EXPERTS suggest that you should have a clear agreement before you enter into an open relationship so that each partner knows the boundaries. We negotiated the details: Mike could go out every other Wednesday evening; he needed to be safe; and he could communicate with a potential sexual partner during the week but not at home, not during family time.

He already had a person in mind—someone he'd met in an online forum for men in mixed-orientation marriages. Their circumstances were perfectly parallel: they were bisexual and married to heterosexual women, had kids and wanted to remain married but be able to explore their sexuality.

Intellectually, I had wrapped my head around all this, but my heart was lagging behind. Those first few times he went to meet James*, I had what I can only describe as out-of-body experiences.

*Name has been changed.

Women in online support groups suggested that I do something for myself on those nights, such as meet up with friends or book a massage, but I couldn't. I needed to maintain as much normalcy as I could, which meant staying home with our kids, going through familiar motions.



ANOTHER THING
I NEVER THOUGHT
I'D DO WITH MY
HUSBAND? HELP HIM
WRITE AN AD FOR A
SAME-SEX PARTNER.

There were definitely moments when the situation felt unfair, like the time when I was picking up the kids from two different locations in a snowstorm on my bike because he took our car to visit James. Or when bedtime was exceptionally challenging and there were three loads of laundry to fold. But being with our children and performing routine tasks kept me focused on why I was doing this.

ON THE WEDNESDAYS when Mike would see James, I'd try to ignore him getting ready in the morning. It was painful to watch him put in more effort than he normally would. I found it easier not to have any contact with

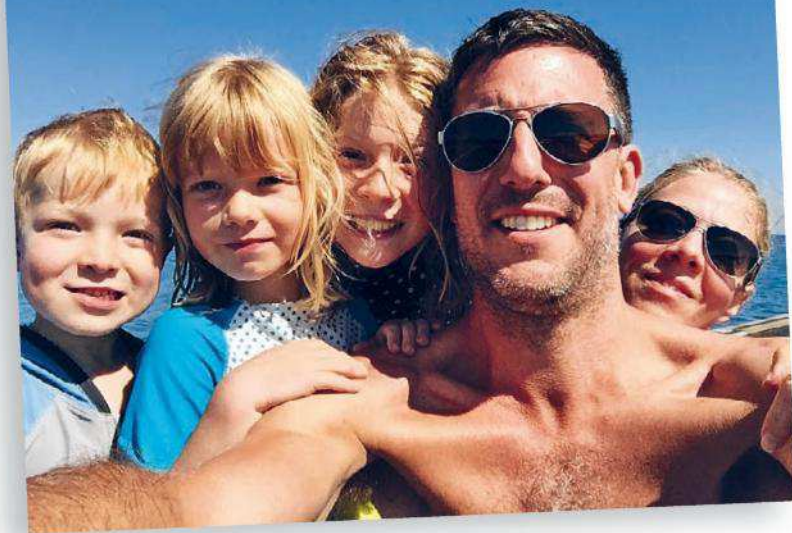
him on those days until I received a text around 9:30 p.m. saying, "I'm on my way home."

After a few months, James came to realize that he was gay, not bisexual. He and his wife decided to end their marriage. I held my breath as I asked my husband if this changed things for them, for him or for us. This had been my fear from the beginning. He said it didn't; he was confident in his bisexuality and assured me that he wasn't gay. I was the love of his life and he was still very much attracted to me. As surprising as it may sound, we were still sexually active, even more so during this time—the new level of openness and transparency actually brought us closer.

Unpredictability, however, became the norm. Shortly after James and his wife split, Mike came home in tears. James had broken things off with him because he'd fallen in love with Mike. Yet another first, and yet another challenge to navigate. If it was just a physical release for my husband, why was he so emotional? Did the fact that he was so visibly distraught mean that he was in love, too? I did what I thought was best and suggested that we find him someone new.

Another thing I never thought I'd do with my husband? Help him write an ad for a same-sex partner. We worked on it together over a glass of wine on our front porch, smiling and waving at unknowing neighbours as they walked

*A family vacation in
the summer of 2016.*



by. We laughed and said this wasn't something we expected when we said our vows to each other. Humour was key as we tried to move forward and enjoy the rest of the summer as a family. But things were different, and I couldn't shake the bad feeling I had about it.

The first week of school, I was scrolling through pictures on my phone when I came across one that made me stop. The kids were gathered around the fire at the cottage, eating s'mores, but something in the background came into focus for me: the look on my husband's face as he sat in a chair with all of the chaos going on around him. Pain. Fear. Unhappiness. Just a few

days after that came his final disclosure at the breakfast table.

I later showed him that picture and said, "If you ever doubted telling me and knowing what you had to do, look at this." I'm sure his decision to fully come out to me was the hardest one that he has ever had to make, but it was the right one.

THE BUSINESS OF carefully dismantling our marriage began. Everything that had felt so natural for the past 21 years suddenly felt taboo—I had to stop myself from reaching for his hand or his mouth to kiss.

It was no surprise, but painful nonetheless, when he told me that he had

developed feelings for James and that they were going to pursue a relationship. It was hard enough that our marriage was ending, but to learn that he was in love with the man I had worked so hard to accept as his physical partner felt like my heart had been ripped out and stomped on.

But my sadness and anger had no target—our situation was blameless. There was nothing I could have done differently, and I couldn't expect him to be anyone other than himself. So I made a vow to myself: this wasn't going to destroy me or our family.

A week later, we celebrated our 13th wedding anniversary. We lit some candles on the front porch, opened a bottle of champagne and toasted to new beginnings. It was scary, and it was sad. But we'd made it so far with love and respect, and I knew our separation could be handled the same way. Even though I was only at the beginning of the acceptance process, I stepped aside and let him go.

WHEN IT WAS TIME to begin telling people, we decided to start with close friends and family first. Not surprisingly, everyone was sad but supportive.

Telling the kids was harder—there never is a perfect time. We told the younger two first and kept it really simple. We said, "You know how Mommy and Daddy always say you love who you love, no matter who they are?" They nodded. "Well, Daddy has

discovered that he likes boys and Mommy is okay with that." And then we told them that he would be getting his own place but that we'd always be a family. You could tell that they didn't quite get what this meant, but we both felt relieved that it had gone better than expected.



MIKE'S DISCOVERY
FREED US. I SEE THAT
NOW. NEITHER ONE
OF US COULD HAVE
CONTINUED ON THE
PATH WE WERE ON.

When we told our older daughter, she looked thoughtful but didn't say much in response. She admitted that she was confused—after all, we were happy and rarely fought. It wasn't until he moved out six weeks later that it really hit her. At bedtime one night shortly afterwards, she asked, "How long will Daddy love you like a wife?" This was her way of conveying what she knew needed to be done.

We needed to fall out of love, and she was worried about that for all of us.

I grieved hard for the end of our marriage. The pain wasn't our pain anymore; it was all mine. I don't doubt for a second that it was difficult for him, but he had someone waiting

for him. It was hard to watch him start his new life while I surveyed the damage to mine.

THE TWO YEARS we'd spent working it out helped me let go faster, and my heart did finally catch up. Mike's discovery freed us—I see that now. Neither one of us could have continued on the path we were on, no matter how much love there was between us. The mental acrobatics of balancing, incorporating and supporting his relationship with James meant that I didn't have much energy to take care of myself.

When 2016 came to an end, I was ready to focus on me. I saw an opportunity for my own fresh start. It was empowering to think once again about things that make *me* happy. I signed up for sailing classes and filled my social calendar with amazing people, often coming home from those evenings feeling energized and full.

I am grateful for the two decades that Mike and I spent together but

especially those last two years. As challenging as they were, we grew as individuals and as a family. I think of the lessons we passed on to our kids: we showed them that love sometimes means letting go when it's the right thing to do, that being who you are is always best and that family doesn't fit one mould. We also showed them that separating doesn't mean less love.

Sometimes, I'm amazed at how far we've come. When our middle child turned six last summer, we all came together to celebrate at the house. When I say we, I mean everyone—our family circle has grown. Mike's parents, my parents, his partner and my new partner (whom I've been with for a year and a half now), my sister and brother-in-law and our three wonderful kids were all there. Since then, there have been many more celebrations, dinners and school events we've all attended.

Redefining our family has been anything but easy, but when love is your foundation, anything is possible. **R**

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TODAY'S PARENT (NOVEMBER 15, 2017), TODAYSPARENT.COM



LOVE LAB

The meeting of two personalities is like the contact of two chemical substances: If there is any reaction, both of them are transformed.

CARL JUNG



Coping with negative feedback means knowing which words to learn from, and which to ignore

Critical

BY ERICA LENTI

Thinking

ILLUSTRATION BY ANJA JAVELONA

ANNA* SPENT THE BETTER part of her adulthood raising kids. After she and her husband married in 1983, the pair wasted no time starting a family. Their four boys, who were all born within a decade, are now in their 20s and 30s and have begun having kids of their own.

The 57-year-old office administrator was thrilled to become a grandmother, but was recently surprised by criticism she faced over her child-rearing skills. Last year, Anna was feeding her newborn grandson in what she referred to as the “old-school way”—with him in her lap, laid out horizontally, bottle in his mouth—when her son chastised

her. “You’re doing it all wrong,” he told her, noting that the baby needed to be sitting upright. “People don’t do it like that anymore.”

“I thought, I raised four of you. How could I not know what I’m doing?” Anna recalls. “It was pretty hurtful.” The comment stuck with her and ever since has made her wonder: Was I a bad mother?

Ruminating over negative feedback is something we all do: a famous 2001 paper published in the *Review of General Psychology* even proved that we’re disproportionately more likely to remember the bad things said about

**Name has been changed.*

us than the good. From negative comments in the office to pointed words about our behaviour from loved ones, criticism is something we can't avoid. But building resilience to it, and learning to accept and grow from negative feedback, is a skill anyone can and should develop.

Stop and Listen

When Anna first heard her son's critique, she brushed it off as a generational difference. Ignoring a judgmental message, or getting defensive in response to it, are common ways we attempt to separate ourselves from what might be painful to hear. In the long run, though, deflecting negative feedback can be a missed opportunity for self-improvement.

Toronto psychologist Noah Lazar, who specializes in cognitive behavioural therapy, suggests taking time to process criticisms instead of immediately reacting. This, he says, will protect a relationship with someone who may actually be trying to help you. "Anger and defensiveness are never well-received," he says. "So you might say, 'Thank you for your feedback. I'll consider it,' and leave it at that."

Once removed from the situation, he explains, you're more able to calmly and logically unpack what the comments mean and how you might alter your actions in the future. This is one of the first steps of what Lazar's field calls "cognitive restructuring," the

process of recognizing your automatic defensiveness and asking yourself why that happens. If this practice is done regularly enough, Lazar says the result is a better understanding of your reflexive emotions and, in turn, better control over how you react.

Distinguish Criticism From Attacks

Accepting feedback can be the difference between success and failure. A University of Southern California study from 2008 found that interactions with the faculty (in the form of constructive criticism) allowed underrepresented students to not only improve their grades but also enjoy their educational experience more. And when it comes to romantic relationships, researchers have found that positive, constructive criticism translates into a greater overall satisfaction within the partnership.

But how do you tell the difference between useful and harmful criticism? Eleanor Beaton, a women's leadership development expert in Nova Scotia, says the distinction is all in the delivery: was it aggressive in tone or was the person calm and empathetic? Was derogatory language used? And was the message presented as a suggestion for improvement—offering, for example, helpful hints to do better next time—or did it aim to shame, calling attention only to your faults? "Just because you've received criticism doesn't mean you have to take it," says Beaton,

suggesting silence is an apt response to an attack that is not constructive.

If the feedback makes space for improvement, though, you can try setting achievable goals to change a problematic behaviour. Starting small, says Lazar, can keep things from feeling too overwhelming. If a roommate is unhappy with your habit of not making any contributions to the household, for instance, start by making a specific commitment, like doing the dishes more often. “Making that small change is much more manageable,” he says. “Then you can work up to those goals of changing yourself overall.”

Don't Make It About You

It took Toronto journalist and author Rebecca Eckler a long time to learn not to take attacks on her work too much to heart. Eckler, best known for her controversial writing on parenthood, has been receiving angry words from readers since 2006. When she penned a column six years ago recounting leaving her newborn baby with her fiancé's mother while she vacationed, Internet commenters were enraged, calling Eckler derogatory names. Twice during her career, she remembers actually throwing up as a response to cruel words. “There were many days when I thought, I can't do this anymore, especially when a piece went viral and all the nasty comments came out.”

To cope, Eckler tries not to take things too personally; most columnists

who write about themselves, she reminds herself, get plenty of unpleasant messages. And while not all of us are putting our opinions and lives out there on a consistent basis, it can be helpful to remember that doing so may invite unwarranted attacks. When a mean comment sticks with Eckler, she says yoga helps undo its destructive effect. “I set my intention at the start of my practice to not think,” she says, “and by the time the hour is over, I'm back to being in a good mood and planning what to write next.”

Even when you've received constructive feedback, Beaton encourages placing it in the right context. “In the moment, criticism can feel really painful, but it's not necessarily a blanket judgment of who you are as a human being,” she says. “It is simply learning that what you've done doesn't match someone else's evaluation criteria.” Instead of berating yourself, you can focus on how you've missed the mark on that specific expectation and follow up for clarification.

In the months since Anna first was confronted with her son's criticisms, she's learned to take them in stride. She'll walk away if she feels frustrated and wait until she's ready to face the constructive remarks. “I can't beat myself up for not understanding something,” she says. “I have to grow from it.” This approach, she adds, is helping her become a better grandmother—and a better mother, too. **R**



When enthusiasm for home improvements
is trumped by opinionated birds and
the force of nature

A Cabin in the Wild

BY J.B. MacKINNON FROM *COTTAGE LIFE*

ILLUSTRATION BY IRMA KNIIVILA

THE FIRST IDEA WE GAVE UP ON was painting. After buying our cabin on the banks of the Skeena River in northern B.C. a decade ago, my partner, Alisa, and I had gotten all peppy about painting it yellow. Oh, butter yellow would be lovely, we said. With sage-green trim. Then we thought, Why bother? Our cabin was more of a shack, really, valued at zero dollars by tax assessors and more rustic than your average ice-fishing hut. Everyone agreed the thing

was a teardown, if it didn't fall down first. I'm not exaggerating. Whenever we went to the cabin, we brought a tent in case we found it collapsed. It was not so much a cottage as a giant game of Jenga.

The following summer, we turned our attention to what I grandly called "the grounds." The shack sat at the edge of a clearing that had evolved into an enormous woven mat of tall grass, thorns and prehistoric-looking

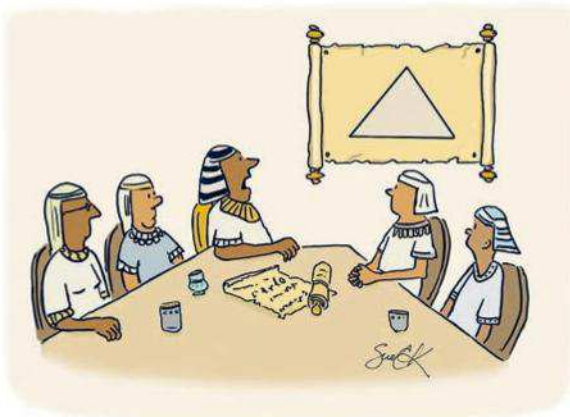
cow parsnips that filled the air with a scent like medicated foot powder. Joined by a team of family and friends, we waded in with scythes, machetes and axes. We had hardly liberated the cabin from its straightjacket of greenery when an angry bird rose up to let us know that we were about to destroy her hidden nest. But of course—the briar patch that threatened to overgrow our home was itself a home to many a critter. The bird was serving notice that she had prior rights. We chose not to dispute her claim.

AND SO IT HAS GONE, all through the years. We have not, as planned and planned again, repaired the roof, which is composed of sheets of corrugated tin so bent and shuffled by the wind that they resemble the topmost layer of a bowl of ripple chips. Elaborate sketches of our new foundation were completed, but the new foundation does not itself exist. We did not put in a well or make improvements to the perilous outhouse. We have not installed a charming gate or a deck or solar panels or a sauna or a smoker or a firepit or one of those great outdoor showers that I love when I use them at other people's places. Even at the height of the pergola craze, we did not build a pergola. The inside of the cabin, meanwhile, looks as much like a rural crime scene as it did the day we bought it.

Over time, as with all things that are done year after year at a cabin, our inertia became a tradition. We are proud of the changelessness of the place, so much so that we feel competitive with other passive cottagers. Don't mistake what I'm describing for laziness. The result of our inaction is not some hillbilly life-of-barefooted-ease but the hard work of living in the rough. Sometimes, back home in the city, we talk about the kind of dream chalets you see in the pages of magazines. Then we go back to our shack in the woods and it whispers, "Not here."

Change, we have realized, is high on the list of things we are trying to escape when we go to the cabin. The grind of so-called progress. The latest smartphone. The mania for constant renovation of our homes, our physiques, our personalities. Change has become a modern pollutant, like pulled pork and emojis. Change can be good, and it can be useful, but as often as not it appears where it is not needed. Even the damned climate won't stop changing. Every year now, we walk down the trail, chop a path to our cabin door through the season's growth and go about doing what we always do: sinking down into the belly of timelessness. One day, we know, the shack will fall down. Maybe then we'll build something new. Or maybe we'll put up the tent. **R**

@ Work



"It'll never fly."

FLUSH WITH ANGER

I hate the auto-flush on the office bathroom toilet; it always goes off before I'm even done taking my nap.

🐦 @TARASHOE

I AM THE ONLY administrative person in the front office of a subsidized housing complex that supports people living with chronic mental illness. On one particularly busy morning, a tenant came in to pay her rent. Frazzled, I said to her, "Today is a bit rough. Ever have one of those days when you feel everyone is out to get you?" She smiled and replied, "I take medication for that."

SARAH PENNISI, *Beamsville, Ont.*

AI-AI-WOE

My cousin just got a job programming AI software. I'm jealous of his ability to make friends at work.

🐦 @THECHRISSCHMIDT

A FELLOW WORKER was always showing up late. One morning the boss was waiting for him when he arrived. "What time do we start work around here?" he asked. "How in the heck should I know?" the worker replied. "Everybody is already working when I get in." **JAMES SPARKES, Montreal**


Are you in need of some professional motivation? Send us a work anecdote, and you could receive \$50. To submit your stories, visit rd.ca/joke.



EDITORS' CHOICE



CANINE COURAGE

A close-up, high-angle photograph of a dog's head, focusing on its right eye and ear. The dog has dark brown fur with lighter tan patches around its eye and on its ear. The background is a plain, light gray. Two thin white horizontal lines are positioned above and below the main text block.

How does a puppy become a police dog? How does a police dog become a hero? **Rachel Rose** goes behind the scenes with Canadian K-9 teams to find out more.

FROM THE DOG LOVER UNIT

I CROUCH, SHIVERING, behind the shed. I'm about to be attacked by a huge black police dog named Cade, and I'm not sure I can control my panic. Six metres away from me, Cade is lunging, barking furiously, throwing his full 36 kilograms against the taut line of his handler, Constable Darrell Moores. Cade wants to get me so badly, he's frothing at the mouth, snapping the air with his teeth.

I asked to be here. I wanted to experience what it felt like for suspects to be attacked by these turbocharged police dogs. I knew I could write it better if I had lived it. This was all part of my plan, but in the moment, my plan seemed insane. Why had I opened my big mouth a few minutes ago and said to Moores, "What do I have to do around here to get permission to take a bite?"

"Nothing on my watch," Moores replied. "You want to take a bite now?"

As a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP), Moores was part of ERT, the federal Emergency Response Team, before he joined the Police Dog Services (PDS). Prior to that he was in the military. Moores got his start in the Armed Forces at 17 years old, with a tour of duty in Yugoslavia. He's a big man, six foot two, rugged and restless, as eager as his dog Cade for the next adventure.

"Take a bite *now*?" I'd been thinking there would be months of preparation

and paperwork. Just like that, Moores calls my bluff.

"Sure," he says, grabbing the bite sleeve, which was made of coarse jute to prevent puncture wounds.

"Ready to go?" Moores asks.

"Ready," I manage.

"Okay. Head over there, by that shed. When I call you to come out, just resist a little bit. Whatever you do, stay on your feet and protect your face."

We are up in the mountains north of Squamish, B.C., me and Cade and Moores and about eight or nine other police dog handlers, all men. A couple of the cops are watching. I can't back down. I have to give this my best attempt if I want to keep hanging out with them and their dogs. My heart jackhammers in my chest.

Whatever happens, it will soon be over. I told myself this as I went into labour for the first time. I say it again now, gripping the steel bar inside the padded arm I'm wearing, gritting my

teeth. "Police! Hey, bad guy, come out!" shouts Moores. I know it's just practice, but it feels terribly real.

"I'm not coming out!" I shout back, hoping my voice isn't shaking.

"Come out, bad guy, or I'm sending my dog!"

I take a deep breath, square up my stance. "No! I'm not coming out!"

"Hag'em up!" Moores shouts. "Hag!" And then Cade flies at me like a black demon and grabs my arm, shaking me in his jaws like a giant chew toy.

found in Nordic languages, usually in reference to chopping or cutting.

Moores watches me carefully. After what seems like an eternity but is probably only a minute, he calls Cade off. The dog reluctantly lets me go, leaping to bite the reward of a Kong chew on a rope that Moores offers as a substitute for my arm.

"Good dog!" Moores praises Cade, swinging him around in the air by the rope chew. "What a good dog!" Moores says again, as he leashes him up.



MOORES WATCHES ME CAREFULLY. AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY, HE CALLS THE DOG OFF.

What I haven't anticipated is the force of his strike. I make the mistake of bracing, fighting Cade as he shakes me, rather than moving along with him.

Quarries are what they call the suckers like me who volunteer to get chewed on. Most of them are cops who want to be police dog handlers. They apprentice on their own time and their own dime, week after week, year after year, in hopes they can someday have a dog of their own in the force. But quarry is also a word for prey, for those who are hunted, and I am learning all the definitions of the word at this precise moment. Variations of "hag" are

Cade regards me with his bright black eyes.

"You okay?" Moores asks, and I nod, not trusting myself to speak. He checks me over carefully.

"I saw your face when he was coming and you looked so scared I almost called him off. You sure you're okay?"

"I'm fine," I say. "I'm great! That was better than three espressos!"

He laughs. "You should have seen your face!"

"I was afraid I'd wet my pants," I confess to him.

"You wouldn't be the first," Moores rumbles down at me.

I laugh out loud. Moores decides I'm fine.

"So, ready for another go?"

Oh God, no. "Sure am," I say.

"HEY, ROSE, READY to try some tracking?" calls Moores after I'm done playing quarry. Cade trots along beside me, his thick tail wagging as we leave the trail and plunge into the brush. He's no longer in attack mode; he's been told to search, but not for me. I'm not afraid of him at this moment—just vigilant.

distrustful of all who were supposed to serve and protect. No one protected me. Even after all these years, the force of my anger surprises me.

So here I am, having made a commitment to spend long days and nights with those who are the first to arrive at crime scenes, the first to deal with victims. I wanted to be made tough just by being in their presence—to find resilience. I figure I'll spend a few sessions riding along with police dog teams around my city of Vancouver.



CADE SWINGS HIS BIG HEAD TO LOOK AT ME, PURE ALPHA, AND I SWEAR HE GRINS BACK, CANINES GLINTING.

In Canada, police dogs are trained to do everything from search and rescue to defending their human counterparts to detecting bombs and drugs. K-9 teams face different challenges depending on whether they're tracking in remote northern areas or densely populated urban environments, but in every case, they must be fit, fearless and prepared for anything.

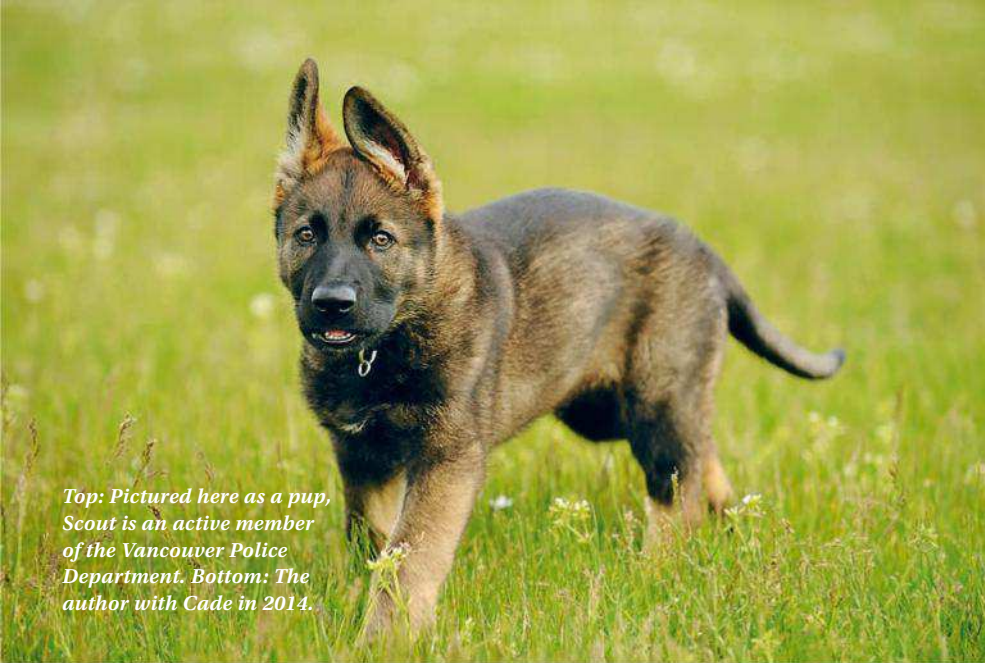
Today, as we track, the cops talk about hunting bad guys.

At 11 years old, I was the target of a serial sex offender who left a trail of other child victims in his wake. I never found justice. The experience left me

I have no idea what's in store. I have no idea that I'm beginning a project that will obsess me for the next four years.

As Cade trots beside me, I allow my fingers to graze his black ruff. I am not supposed to do this—police dogs are not pets. But I brush Cade, so lightly it could almost be an accident. He swings his big head to look at me, black eyes utterly fearless, pure alpha, and I swear he grins back at me, light glinting off his canines.

I FLY TO CALGARY in May 2014, a few months after my meeting with Cade and Moores, then ride the bus for an



Top: Pictured here as a pup, Scout is an active member of the Vancouver Police Department. Bottom: The author with Cade in 2014.



hour and a half to Red Deer, Alta. The next morning, I meet senior police dog trainer Tom Smith in the lobby of the Sandman Hotel at 6:30 a.m. so he can drive us to the kennels. Smith is a man of medium build, with salt-and-pepper hair. Most of the time he's soft-spoken and easygoing. It's only when he's telling me some of his past experiences as a K-9 cop that a hardness enters his eyes.

Several months earlier, I spent a week with Smith as he validated police

Innisfail derives from a poetic Gaelic term meaning Isle of Destiny, and this is where every RCMP police dog in Canada (and many that end up as K-9s in the United States) is bred, born and raised. RCMP police dogs used to come from anywhere and everywhere. Some of those dogs worked out wonderfully, but in other cases, the results were uneven. Because of this unreliability, dog trainers and veterinarians took over the responsibility of breeding all the dogs, ensuring complete control



INNISFAIL IS WHERE EVERY RCMP POLICE DOG (AND MANY K-9S IN THE U.S.) IS BRED, BORN AND RAISED.

dog teams in the Lower Mainland, near Vancouver. Each team that graduates from the RCMP kennels program is required to be validated annually to ensure they continue to meet or even exceed standards. Smith tells me that if he can't pass a team, they have a maximum of 15 remedial training days. If they are still unsuccessful, trainers have to then make a decision as to which part of the team is at fault—the dog or the handler.

For the rest of this particular week, I will be in Innisfail, south of Red Deer, in the company of Smith, the dogs and the other RCMP police dog handlers.

over the bloodlines and every aspect of puppy and young dog training. The science behind the RCMP breeding program is carefully monitored at all levels.

These purebred German shepherd pups will meet their destiny at Innisfail. Only about one in three will succeed. The tests to become a police dog are challenging and begin when the dogs are just seven weeks old.

Innisfail is also where cops who want to become police dog handlers come to meet their destiny. By the time these police officers make it to the town, they have already proven both their dedication and their skill.

Most of the time, dog handlers are cops who have already put in up to five or six years of voluntary, daily, unpaid training and dog care on top of their regular duties as police officers. They volunteer as quarries, and raise and imprint police pups in their homes, passing them on to experienced handlers when the dogs are old enough.

They do all this in hopes of one day being chosen to go to Innisfail themselves. Most of them never will. According to Smith, there are 150 names on

to heave their animals over the fences and then follow. But whatever their dogs do, they must do, too, or risk having their long lines become hopelessly, hazardously tangled. When they lose a scent, the team has to loop back, running in concentrically growing circles until they find their trail again.

After three tracks, I can barely stumble back to the truck, and I'm so far behind that I hear, rather than see, that moment where the dog finds the quarry and attacks, growling and barking.



THIS IS WHAT I LEARN: NO MATTER WHAT KIND OF SHAPE YOU'RE IN, NOTHING PREPARES YOU FOR TRACKING.

the list at any given time and only four to eight are chosen every year.

WE HEAD TO INNISFAIL with a full truck—four new police-dog handlers and their dogs. Once we arrive at the kennels, Smith puts me in the very capable hands of another police dog trainer, Eric Stebenne, for the week.

This is what I learn while out with the dog teams: no matter what kind of shape you are in, nothing prepares you for tracking. The handlers have to keep up with their dogs the whole time. They have to make the decision to crawl after their dogs under barbed-wire fences or

“I don't know how you guys do it,” I gasp, leaning against the truck. One of the guys laughs and takes off his belt, which holds a gun, a flashlight, a radio and a whole bunch of other gear. He straps it around my hips and steps back. I can barely stand erect with the extra 11 kilograms pulling me down.

“Do you really run with all this? I guess I have to shut up now,” I say, and the guys laugh.

We are out in stunning countryside, with an endless sky and fields and plains so open it feels like you could run forever. The long days pass in a blur. As I run along, I learn how to read

police dogs' body language, how to tell when a dog is aimlessly searching and what he looks like when he hits the scent and becomes totally focused. I learn how to keep going and keep going.

I SPEND SOME afternoons hanging out at the kennels. I am in the capable hands of the two Louises who are core staff: Louise Paquet and Louise Falk. The breeding program couldn't operate without these kennel attendants; they know dogs like nobody's business

the Louises and the other staff until the pups are weaned.

It's a big job the Louises have. Along with the other kennel staff, they do the early socializing of every litter of puppies and take care of all the adult dogs, as well. The puppies start their training on their first day of life, when the kennel staff begin getting them used to human touch.

At 15 days, the pups are started on a socialization regimen that involves removing them from their nest and



THE PUPS START TRAINING ON THE FIRST DAY OF THEIR LIVES, WHEN STAFF GET THEM USED TO HUMAN TOUCH.

and have dedicated their lives to raising police dogs.

It goes without saying that Louise Paquet loves dogs, but she tells me about it anyway. "My oldest boy found this mutt. We named him Jesus Murphy. I have Thea and Deena at home, too. Deena belongs to the RCMP"

Deena is one of the RCMP's breeding mothers. Like the other mothers, she lives with families when she is not in the kennels with a new litter. Five days before a brood dog is due to give birth, she leaves her foster family and comes back into the kennels, where she stays under the watchful eye of

getting the pads of their paws used to feeling a variety of surfaces underfoot.

When I walk the rows of kennels where the adult dogs are caged, they run to the fence, barking furiously, jumping on the wire that separates us. They scratch and whine, begging to be released, to go out and do something.

Their kennels are two small rooms with bare cement floors, open to the outside, easy to hose down and to clean, but neither cozy nor stimulating. However, these animals aren't pets; they are soldiers. They live in barracks as devoid of colour or comfort as any army post.

Luckily, police dogs don't usually spend long at the kennels. They might go to this holding station while their handlers are recovering from an injury, or while they are waiting to be rematched with a new officer. But the work these dogs do is valuable, and they are in demand. Most of the handlers go to great lengths to avoid leaving their dogs at the kennels. They like to keep their animals close, and are so connected that it feels strange to be without their trusty sidekick.

see still have their eyes sealed shut, but the next is full of babies with storm-blue eyes. They look at me, solemn, before cuddling back to sleep.

Paquet passes me off to Louise Falk, who is doing a puppy demonstration for a TV show. Falk comes running out of the kennels, wearing a dark uniform and a bright big smile. She has six black-and-brown tumble-bumble puppies hot on her heels.

Falk runs fast enough that the pups have to really hustle to keep up. They



AT THE NURSERY, WE SCRUB UP LIKE SURGEONS, AND I PROMISE NOT TO TOUCH ANY OF THE BABIES. IT'S HARD.

Anyone who marries into a police dog family knows, or quickly learns, that it's a package deal: the bonus is the big German shepherd who will almost always be part of the family until the day he dies.

"COME SEE THE puppies," says Louise Paquet, taking me to the nursery. We scrub up like surgeons, and I promise not to touch any of the babies. It's a hard promise to keep. They are asleep, squished against each other. Every now and then one crawls away from his siblings, searching blindly for his mother and for milk. Pups in the first litter I

tag along into the puppy-training arena, where she leads them through the gate and shuts it behind her. Already, at only seven weeks old, the pups know how to follow her through various obstacles. That doesn't mean they are happy about working. As soon as they are separated from Falk by the wire fence, they start a series of sharp, whining protests that don't let up. She leads them around the ring from the outside, and they follow eagerly through the obstacles. Even though they are still babies, tripping over their big paws, they work a puppy course that is a replica of what the big dogs

must master, complete with tunnels and steps, mazes and bridges and wobbly balance boards.

The pups do very well, protesting all the while—Yip, yip, yip! Yip, yip, yip!—but then one little fellow goes into a maze and can't find his way out. He goes ballistic, yodelling and yipping, as the other pups whimper, running after Falk but looking over their shoulders at their slow sibling. Falk gives him a minute to figure it out. When he doesn't, she circles her whole pack

First, each pup is separated from its siblings and brought in a crate to the entrance of a strange room. Will they enter the room boldly and fearlessly, or will they hang back, whimpering? The first pup on deck is a black female, strong and solid on her oversized paws. She trots into the room, curious but unafraid. Already, she moves like a winner, and passes the following round of tests beautifully.

The next test is to see again how she responds to stress.



THE FINAL TWO PUPS DON'T MAKE THE CUT AT ALL. HOW CAN ONE TEST AT SEVEN WEEKS DETERMINE THEIR FUTURE?

back and guides the lost pup back to the pack. He quiets at once.

AT INNISFAIL, I also get to see the puppies tested. The handlers warn me beforehand not to interfere in any way. There are four trainers to administer the test. One handles the pups and three observe and score. These tests are critical in determining whether these roly-poly pups will become someone's pet or elite members of the police dog force.

The first test the pups take is at seven weeks. This litter is a group of six fuzzleballs.

She is flipped on her back and held down for 30 seconds to see whether she will fight to regain her footing or just give up. This girl's a fighter. She scrabbles and whines and licks the trainer's hand frantically, not surrendering. Then the handler picks her up and holds her off the ground, making no eye contact. Does she struggle or does she give up? The RCMP wants a dog that is not submissive, and this little girl struggles valiantly, paws churning the air as she fights for purchase.

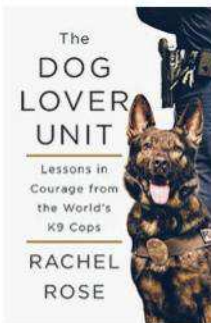
When the pup is released, she's scored on how she recovers. Immediately, she jumps up, shakes herself off

and trots over to the trainer. She licks his hand and hops on his arm. Although she didn't appreciate the exercise, she doesn't hold a grudge. "Let's go!" she seems to be saying to him. "What's next?"

The tests continue: the trainer blows up a paper bag and pops it, testing the pup's fear response to unexpected noises. She looks up but doesn't lose her cool, and when he crumples the bag and throws it, she follows and fetches. How a dog fetches and chases, how much hunting drive she has, is the best barometer of how she will do as a tracking animal, and police dogs at the RCMP are prized above all for their ability to track.

This puppy's only seven weeks old, but her drive is intense and relentless. She has every sign of becoming a police dog.

"Females tend to score better at first," the trainer tells me. "They mature faster and test better, but then around



Editors' Choice

adolescence that advantage drops off."

Out of the six pups, two pass with flying colours and two pass with reservations, while the final two don't make the cut at all. This just doesn't seem fair. How can one test at seven weeks determine their whole future?

Whether I like it or not, these tests have proven remarkably accurate in predicting which pups will become successful police dogs. The pups that don't pass will be adopted by members of the public. Those puppies that do pass will soon be sent to live and work with officers across Canada who have completed the puppy-training course and who want to become police dog handlers. These officers prove their dedication by volunteering to raise, train and love these puppies for a year. After that, they have to say goodbye and let go, sending the dogs back to Innisfail to be matched with their new handlers. **R**

FROM *THE DOG LOVER UNIT* BY RACHEL ROSE. © 2017 BY THE AUTHOR AND REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF ST. MARTIN'S PRESS.



SKILLING THEM SOFTLY

Be so good they can't ignore you.

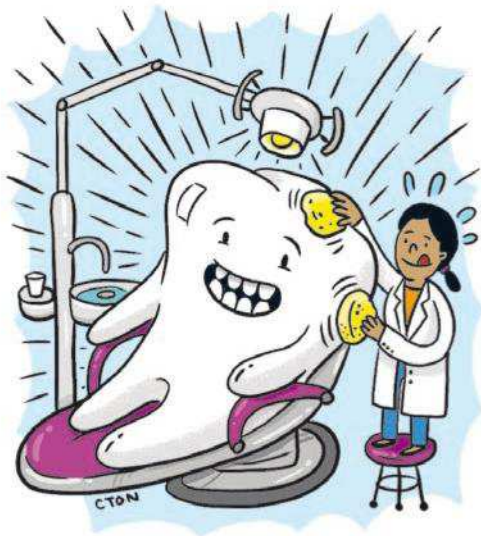
STEVEN MARTIN

GET SMART!

13 Things Dentists Want You to Know

BY ANNA-KAISA WALKER

ILLUSTRATION BY CLAYTON HANMER



1 Handy reminder: you only need to floss the teeth you plan to keep! Patients who don't floss are missing out on cleaning over a third of the surface of their pearly whites.

2 Dentists can screen for more than just cavities. An estimated 4,700 Canadians were diagnosed with oral cancer last year, according to the Canadian Cancer Society, and the disease can be hard to spot in its early stages. Tell your dentist about any persistent sores, discoloured patches or difficulty chewing or swallowing.

3 Soda isn't the only beverage that destroys teeth. "Not only do fruit juices, energy drinks and sports drinks contain a lot of sugar, the acidity can cause significant decay," says Dr. Mitch Taillon, president of the Canadian Dental Association. To protect your enamel, don't brush your teeth for 30 minutes after downing these drinks (or better yet, avoid them altogether).

4 A dental cleaning isn't just a glorified tooth brushing. Only a professional can remove tartar or calculus, a cement-like form of hardened plaque.

5 Periodontitis—also known as gum disease—may increase your risk of heart disease. Oral exams at least once a year are a must.

6 Dental-phobes, speak up: staff are trained in non-pharmacological techniques to make your visit less stressful. “Giving my patients more control gives them confidence,” says Taillon. “No matter what I’m doing, if they raise their hand, I’ll stop.”

7 Dentists aren’t judging you. They’ve definitely seen worse teeth than yours. Delaying or skipping dental visits will only compound the problem, requiring more invasive and costly treatments later on.

8 They’re not trying to swindle you, either. “Costs depend on the complexity of the treatment, whether you’re in an urban area, the technology available and your dentist’s level of specialization,” says Taillon.

9 Baby teeth need fillings, too. It’s a myth that cavities in young children’s teeth don’t matter. Neglecting oral health in the early years can lead to serious problems with permanent teeth, gums and even speech.

10 Bleaching your teeth doesn’t weaken them. Peroxide can cause some temporary sensitivity,

but if bleaching is done properly, it won’t affect the integrity of your enamel, according to the Canadian Dental Association.

11 Good news: three-quarters of Canadians visit a dentist at least once a year, and childhood tooth decay has decreased threefold in the last 40 years.

12 If you’re one of nearly a third of Canadians without dental insurance, you don’t have to wait until you end up in the emergency room for tooth pain. If you’re a senior or have young children, contact your provincial dental association to find out if you’re eligible for free dental-care programs. Taillon also recommends checking out dental schools for affordable checkups, cleanings and even restorative work. Fees can set you back as little as \$15 a filling.

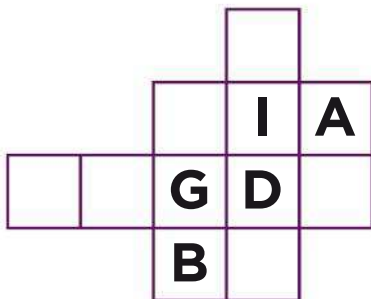
13 The field is physically and psychologically taxing. Like other health care professionals, dentists are prone to perfectionism and are known to prioritize the needs of patients over their own. The upshot? Dentists have nearly double the rate of stress as the general population. Still, Taillon says the rewards are worth it. “What we do can make a huge difference in patients’ lives.” **R**

Brain teasers

Challenge yourself by solving these puzzles and mind stretchers, then check your answers on page 119.

A-TO-K FIT-IN (Moderately difficult)

Insert the letters A to K, one per square, so that no two consecutive letters in alphabetical order touch, not even at a corner. Five letters have been placed to get you started.



TANGO TIME (Easy)

Five pairs of dance partners went tango dancing last week, each pair on a different evening from Monday to Friday. Tango requires one person to lead and the other to follow. The leaders' names are Pat, Romeo, Samantha, Victor and Wes. The followers' names are Armida, Carl, Ella, Filomena and Ines.

1. Armida danced on Monday, but not with Wes.
2. Samantha danced on Wednesday.
3. Romeo danced on Friday, but not with Ines.
4. Victor and Filomena danced together the day after Ella went out dancing.

Can you identify each pair of dance partners and the day they danced?

	6				1
	0	-		≤	6
1	3	+	4	=	4
2	x	2	5	<	-
6	5	÷	5	=	1
4	7	≥	1	4	3
1	8	=	2	6	3
5		7	3	+	x
7			9		-

SLIDERS (Difficult)

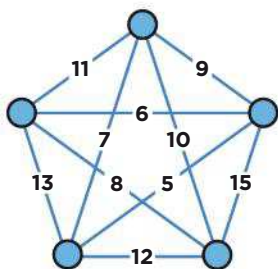
Slide one of the columns up or down any number of positions to make three of the five rows in the yellow box form correct mathematical statements.

HIDDEN TREASURE

(Moderately difficult)

Locate 12 treasures in the empty cells of this grid. The numbers outside the grid indicate the number of treasures in each row or column. Each arrow points directly toward one or more of the treasures. An arrow may be immediately next to a treasure it points to, or it may be further away. Not every treasure will necessarily have an arrow pointing to it.

	1	1	1	2	2	2	1	2
2			↙		↙			
1								
2	↓						↑	
1								
2		↑		↗				↖
1					↓			↖
2								
1								



MINIMALISM (Difficult)

This network has lots of redundancy: there are many ways of travelling from one blue node to any other because of all the loops in it. The cost of travelling along any connection is shown. Your job is to remove connections until:

- There is only one route between any two nodes (in other words, no loops in the network).
- No route from any node to any other node costs more than 21 to use.



“If you think this bladder leak underwear is pretty, you’re going to love the new color.”

NEW
COLOR



Depend
Silhouette



Always Discreet
Boutique



Always Discreet Boutique. Fits closer. Keeps you drier, too.*

*vs. Depend Silhouette Small/Medium. Depend Silhouette is a trademark of Kimberly-Clark Worldwide.

Trivia Quiz



From coast to coast to coast, our land is full of places to go, people to meet and historical happenings to remember. On July 1, test your knowledge of Canada—and maybe learn something new!

BY BETH SHILLIBER AND SAMANTHA RIDEOUT

1. Horseshoe Falls, on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, is the tallest waterfall in the country. True or false?
2. In 2016, what record was broken by *Mountain Forms*, a painting by Lawren Harris of the Group of Seven?
3. Halifax is 152 years into a deal to pay one shilling per year to what landlord for the rental of Point Pleasant Park?
4. In Anishinaabe cultures, women are often seen as the carriers, keepers and protectors of what substance?
5. John Grierson was the first commissioner of the National Film Board and is also credited with coining what term for factual films?
6. Which city has a coat of arms representing five cultures and the motto “Salvation through harmony”?
7. Winnipeg hosts the world’s first national museum dedicated solely to what subject?
8. Which Aboriginal language has the most speakers in Canada?
9. Which is the only province to have a dinosaur named after it?
10. In the 1600s, Peter Easton, captain of *The Happy Adventure*, operated out of Newfoundland in what line of work?
11. Which province has the highest population density, with 24.7 people per square kilometre?
12. The name of Canada’s newest territory, Nunavut, is an Inuktitut word and translates to what in English?
13. Mount Allison in Sackville, N.B., was the first university in the British Empire to award a bachelor’s degree to what kind of person?
14. The Hudson Bay region has unusually low gravity, in part because it’s rebounding from glacial pressure. Does this make a measurable difference to a human being’s weight?
15. What does the White Pass and Yukon railroad have in common with 35 other structures, including the Panama Canal and the Eiffel Tower?



Eats and Treats

Try not to get too hungry as you bite into these questions about our country's delectable dishes and ingredients.

1. The Donair Cam, a livestream of seasoned meat rotating on a spit, is webcast from a King of Donair restaurant in which city?
2. With vegetable proteins growing in popularity, film director James Cameron recently invested in a Saskatchewan processing plant for what increasingly common prairie crop?
3. What meat pie is traditionally served as part of a family feast after midnight mass on Christmas Eve in the province of Quebec?
4. Vancouver chef Hidekazu Tojo is credited with helping to popularize sushi in North America and with inventing what sushi roll?
5. The traditional diet of the Arctic was deficient in vitamin C due to a lack of fruits and vegetables. True or false?
6. The facetious "screech-in" ceremony transforms visitors into honorary Newfoundlanders after they eat bologna, drink a shot of rum and kiss a specimen of what fish?



Who Said It?

Match the quote to its speaker.

1. "Fraternity without absorption; union without fusion."
2. "Isn't it nice to think that tomorrow is a new day with no mistakes in it yet?"
3. "We live invested with an electric-information environment that is quite as imperceptible to us as water is to a fish."
4. "The future of Inuit is the future of the rest of the world—our home is a barometer for what is happening to the entire planet."
5. "Science is just formalized curiosity."



CHRIS HADFIELD

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

SHEILA WATT-
CLOUTIER



MARSHALL McLUHAN



LUCY MAUD
MONTGOMERY

(EATS AND TREATS) ISTOCKPHOTO; (HADFIELD) MAX ROSENSTEIN; (WATT-CLOUTIER) SPEAKERS; SPOTLIGHT; (MONTGOMERY) STAR PHOTOGRAPH ARCHIVE. COURTESY OF TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

Putting Names to Faces

Do you know who these notable Canadians are?



1. "Born into slavery in South Carolina, I travelled north to Alberta and became a legendary cowboy. They say I could face a steer head-on and wrestle it to the ground."



2. "My celebrated novel *Ru* evokes the experience, shared by tens of thousands, of escaping the Vietnam War and adapting to life in Canada."

3. "After my colleagues and I discovered insulin, diabetes was no longer a death sentence. Instead of getting rich, we arranged for insulin manufacturing to be royalty-free, making the treatment affordable and available to as many people as possible."



4. "With an Olympic gold medal and 13 Alpine Ski World Cup wins, I earned Canada a reputation in the international downhill skiing scene."



In 2014, Canada won third place at the international championship for what recently invented sport?

A. Halfpipe skiing.

B. Footgolf.

C. Quidditch.

D. Ice soccer.

Answer: C.

Strange Place Names

Match the location to its province or territory.

PUNKEYDOODLES
CORNERS

EYEBROW

FUNK ISLAND

NONSUCH

SNAG

MANITOBA

YUKON

SASKATCHEWAN

ONTARIO

NEWFOUNDLAND

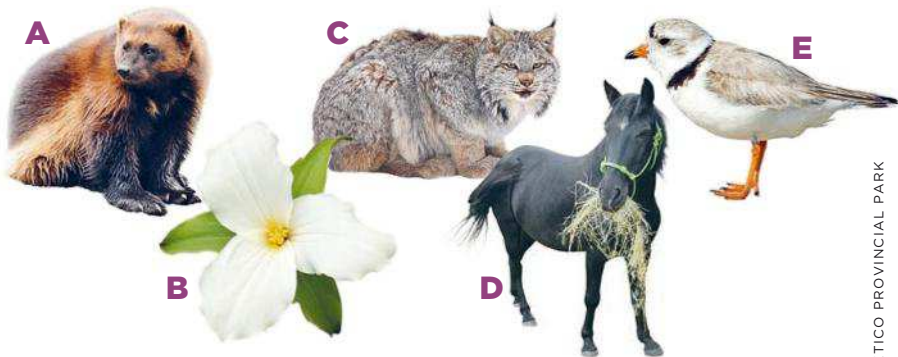
What was the name of the Allied spy-training school near Whitby, Ont., during the Second World War?

- A. Bletchley Park.
- B. The Radio Centre.
- C. Dartmouth.
- D. Camp X.

Answer: D.

Flora and Fauna

Can you recognize these distinct Canadian species by sight?



When did the first recorded Chinese settlers arrive in Canada?

A. 1788.

B. 1838.

C. 1868.

D. 1908.

Answer: A.

ANSWERS:

TRIVIA QUIZ: **1.** False. At 440 metres, Vancouver Island's Della Falls are the tallest. Horseshoe Falls are 57 metres tall. **2.** Highest auction price paid for a Canadian painting. It sold for \$11.21 million. **3.** The government of Great Britain. The shilling is now obsolete, but it used to be worth one-20th of a British pound. **4.** Water. **5.** "Documentary." **6.** Montreal. **7.** Human rights. It opened in 2014. **8.** Cree, with over 96,500 speakers across its various dialects. **9.** Alberta. The dinosaur is the Albertosaurus. **10.** Piracy. **11.** Prince Edward Island. **12.** "Our land." **13.** A woman: Grace Annie Lockhart in 1875. **14.** Yes. A 68-kilogram person would weigh about three grams less there. **15.** An International Historic Civil Engineering Landmark designation.

EATS AND TREATS: **1.** Halifax. **2.** Peas. **3.** Tourtière. **4.** The California roll. **5.** False. Sea-mammal dishes such as seal liver and muktuk (raw whale skin and blubber) provided sufficient vitamin C. **6.** Cod.

WHO SAID IT?: **1.** Laurier. **2.** Montgomery. **3.** McLuhan. **4.** Watt-Cloutier. **5.** Hadfield.

PUTTING NAMES TO FACES:

1. John Ware. **2.** Kim Thúy. **3.** Sir Frederick Banting. **4.** Nancy Greene.

STRANGE PLACE NAMES: Punkeydoodles Corners, Ont. Eyebrow, Sask. Funk Island, N.L. Nonsuch, Man. Snag, Yukon.

FLORA AND FAUNA: **A.** Wolverine. **B.** White trillium. **C.** Canada lynx. **D.** Ojibwa pony. **E.** Piping plover.



Word Power

This Canada Day, take a tour of these terms borrowed from our country's other official language. Vive la langue française!

BY LINDA BESNER

1. je ne sais quoi—

A: special, indefinable quality. B: euphemism for underclothing. C: herb mixture for flavouring soups.

2. habitué—

A: nun's dress. B: person frequently visiting a place. C: eggs done over easy.

3. billet-doux—

A: first-warning ticket. B: opera rehearsal open to the public. C: love letter.

4. laissez-faire—

A: non-interference approach. B: lost and found. C: pale complexion.

5. bric-a-brac—

A: layer of sediment on the forest floor. B: collection of ornaments. C: horse-drawn sleigh.

6. flâneur—

A: brushed-cotton fabric. B: one who idly strolls around and observes. C: airplane rudder.

7. de rigueur—

A: very strict or harsh. B: stiffness of a corpse. C: required by fashion or convention.

8. esprit de l'escalier—

A: can-do attitude. B: sacrifice of a knight in chess. C: perfect retort formulated too late.

9. sang-froid—

A: self-possession under stress. B: wild-boar pâté. C: cold breeze.

10. à la carte—

A: ordered separately from a menu. B: payment by credit card. C: three-course meal at a set price.

11. renaissance—

A: cultural revival. B: cultural low. C: litter of foxes.

12. contre-jour—

A: dusk. B: opinions contrary to accepted beliefs. C: with a camera facing the light.

13. amour-propre—

A: love of propriety. B: self-worth. C: suitable marriage.

14. éminence grise—

A: person with no official title but great influence. B: ominous storm cloud. C: person with a reputation for dishonesty.

15. roman à clef—

A: secret love affair. B: musical-score booklet. C: thinly veiled novelistic account of real people or events.

Answers

1. je ne sais quoi—[A] special, indefinable quality; as, Deepit's clothing wasn't outright unconventional, but it always had a certain *je ne sais quoi*.

2. habitué—[B] person frequently visiting a place; as, An *habitué* of the bistro, Waubun headed for his usual table.

3. billet-doux—[C] love letter; as, Luiz's first novel was a *billet-doux* to his hometown.

4. laissez-faire—[A] non-interference approach; as, Some economists believe small businesses benefit from *laissez-faire* economics.

5. bric-a-brac—[B] collection of ornaments; as, Among Matthew's aunt's *bric-a-brac* was a glass angel that he coveted.

6. flâneur—[B] one who idly strolls around and observes; as, Huiqing spent the day as a *flâneur* on the streets of Montreal.

7. de rigueur—[C] required by fashion or convention; as, A jean jacket is simply *de rigueur* this season.

8. esprit de l'escalier—[C] perfect retort formulated too late; as, After having endured heckling during her comedy set the previous night, Margot was struck by *esprit de l'escalier* and delivered her witty rejoinder to her cat.

9. sang-froid—[A] self-possession under stress; as, The butler was used to retaining his *sang-froid* during his employer's crises.

10. à la carte—[A] ordered separately from a menu; as, Not hungry enough for any of the restaurant's set meals, Sophie opted for the baked potato and steamed spinach *à la carte*.

11. renaissance—[A] cultural revival; as, Regina's restaurant scene was undergoing a *renaissance*.

12. contre-jour—[C] with a camera facing the light; as, Yael positioned her sister *contre-jour* to create a halo effect.

13. amour-propre—[B] self-worth; as, Not being recognized on the street by his high school classmate wounded Farhad's *amour propre*.

14. éminence grise—[A] person with no official title but great influence; as, Everybody knew the mayor's mother was an *éminence grise* in municipal affairs.

15. roman à clef—[C] thinly veiled novelistic account of real people or events; as, George Orwell's *Animal Farm* is a *roman à clef* about the Russian Revolution.

VOCABULARY RATINGS

7-10: fair

11-12: good

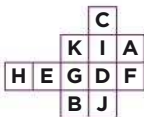
13-15: excellent

Brain teasers:

Answers

(from page 110)

A-TO-K FIT-IN



TANGO TIME

MONDAY: Pat and Armida.

TUESDAY: Wes and Ines.

WEDNESDAY: Samantha and Ella. **THURSDAY:**

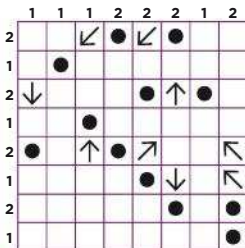
Victor and Filomena.

FRIDAY: Romeo and Carl.

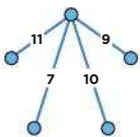
SLIDERS

Slide the second-last column up two positions so the top row in the yellow box reads $13 + 4 = 17$. The other two correct statements will then be $47 \geq 14 \times 3$ and $18 = 26 - 8$.

HIDDEN TREASURE



MINIMALISM



Sudoku

BY IAN RIENSCHÉ

	5	8			1			
						4		7
	7		2	6				8
5			2		6			
		2	1	9	5	7		
		7		8				5
7				1	6		9	
3		1						
			3			5	6	

TO SOLVE THIS PUZZLE...

You have to put a number from 1 to 9 in each square so that:

- every horizontal row and vertical column contains all nine numerals (1-9) without repeating any of them;
- each of the 3×3 boxes has all nine numerals, none repeated.

SOLUTION

8	2	9	3	4	7	5	6	1
3	6	1	9	5	2	8	7	4
7	4	5	8	1	6	3	9	2
6	3	7	6	8	4	2	1	5
6	8	2	1	9	5	7	4	3
6	9	5	1	4	7	2	3	6
4	7	3	2	6	9	1	5	8
1	9	6	5	3	8	4	2	7
2	5	8	4	7	1	9	3	6



Quotes

BY CHRISTINA PALASSIO



I got asked once if we use lighter pucks. I won't tell you who asked me that. It was someone very famous—and a hockey player, too.

NATALIE SPOONER

PAY ATTENTION TO YOURSELF. BUILD ON WHO YOU ARE. BECOME A WHOLE PERSON. ENJOY LIFE.

ANDREA BAIN



BOUGHT PISTACHIOS LIKE A MILLIONAIRE.

PAT THORNTON

If you're going to get out there and not be prepared to fail, you're missing out in life. Failure is half the fun. JANN ARDEN

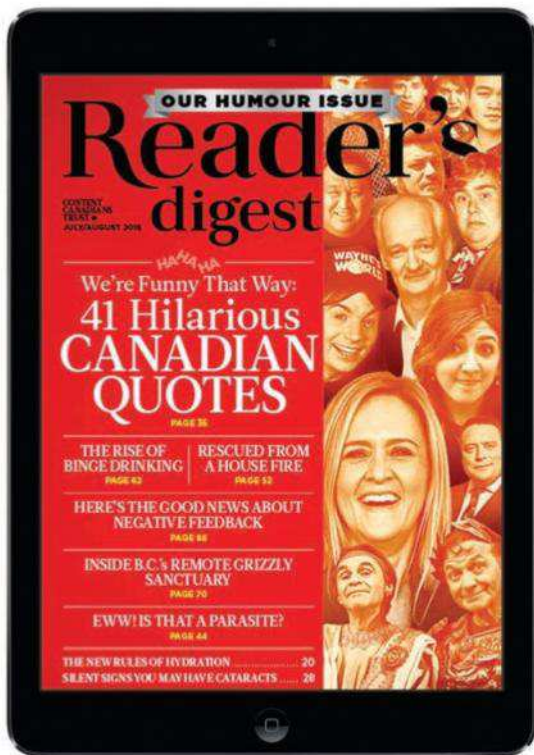
I STILL GET SHOCKED WHEN I'M ON THE STREETS AND PEOPLE START SHOUTING MY NAME AND RECOGNIZING ME. I SAY: "YOU WANT A PICTURE OF ME? ARE YOU SURE?"

DENIS SHAPOVALOV



If I see you wearing one of my T-shirts, I will make you sing one of my songs. TANYA TAGAQ

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