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JOCK'S TERMS

A Tale of the Malta Hospitals.

By ALBERT G. MACKINNON.

CHAP. I.—HIS TASK.

"Jock, we have a case for you in Ward 10," said the surgeon cheerily as he drew up at M'Gowan's bed. "The man is in the dumps and he will not give us a chance to make him well. Try your hand on him, like a good fellow, and find out what is the matter."

It was not the first time Jock McGowan had been entrusted with such commissions. He had a wonderful way with him, and no probing of the surgeon's knife could go so deep as Jock's artful questions and tactful sympathy. Few secrets could defy his methods.

"Ay, weel, I'll dae my best. I'll find oot what the maitter is, onywey," he replied in tones of confidence.

"His name is Roderick Macpherson. He has been seriously wounded, and unless you can buck up his spirits a bit, it may go hard with him. He has got something on his mind that is troubling him. His moaning and groaning are caused by mental distress, not physical. You must draw out his worry——"

"Like a poultice," Jock interrupted with a laugh. "Weel, I'll get it oot, never fear; an' maybe that'll relieve him."

"Thank you, Jock," said the surgeon as he turned away. "You are working your passage in this hospital. I think we shall have to get you put on the permanent staff. You are the most useful man in the place."

Jock smiled. He never seemed to need encouragement, but a word of well-merited praise is always a stimulant. Getting into his invalid's chair, he began to wheel himself through the ward, greeting the various patients with a cheery sally as he passed along. Out into the corridor and the adjoining ward he steered his way, and pulled up at a bed above which hung a Scotch bonnet.

"Hae they giein' ye caster-oil, mon?" he asked in his quizzical way.

A face that was like a map of Scotland, or, rather, a photo of its mountains on one of those cloudy days when its scenery is a study of shadows, looked up at him from the pillow. Rugged, weather-beaten, darkened by a perpetual frown, it was that of a man with a grievance, or something worse. The heavy eyebrows intensified its sombre aspect, though they did not hide the keen scrutiny of eyes very much alert.

"I hae been dosin' mysel'—wi' carbolic," was the glum response, though it did not lack just a bit of humor. Macpherson had caught the mood of his questioner.

"Gey strong stuff, that. It'll burn ye, mon," said Jock, feeling for a clue to the patient's real malady.

"Ay, it does that; but it canna burn a' the rottenness that's in here"; and the wounded man pointed tragically to his heart.

It was evident that Jock had won his confidence.

"Tell me hoo ye got yer wound," asked Jock.

"Which?"

"Weel, we'll begin wi' the are in yer leg, an' then ye can tell me aboot the deeper ane in the hairt."

"There's a connection atween the twa', began Macpherson. "It was durin' the attack on the Bulgar lines that I got knocked oot. We had ta'en the third trench, an' then had to retire. A shrapnel burst beside me, an' emptied itsel' intil my legs. The doctor has lost coont o' the bits he has extracted. I lay there unable to move, juist lookin' up at the sky. I watched the day breakin', for oor attack had been at nicht. Never afore had I observed sae intently the sun risin'. I had naethin' else to dae, an', strange to say, I didna feel ony pain, but only a numbness. I cudna move my legs, and sae I lay on my back. Sune I got mair o' the sun than I wanted. It had the range o' me a' richt, an' it didna miss its mark. My lips got pairched, an' then my tongue began to swell. It felt juist as if I had a piece o' red-hot iron in my mooth. There was only ae thocht in my mind, an' that was water. I thocht o' a' the drinks I had ever drunk. The vision o' the well in my mither's back-gairden cam' afore me. Aince or twice as I dozed aff I imagined mysel' workin' as hard as I cud at the haundle, but the water didna come. I tried to turn ower on my side, but the moment I attempted to move a hundred spikes seemed driven intil my legs, an' sae I had to gie that up. I longed for nicht. I prayed for it, but it looked as if my prayers wud never be answered, an' the sun had forgotten to move on, as it did i' the days o' Joshua. I got tired o' my thochts, but I cudna get awa' frae them. Then at last it began to get cooler, an' never hae I blessed a sunset mair. I didna ken that there was waur in store. For a while I felt cool an' contented. The stars cam' oot, an' it was nicht, an' wi' my heid on the grund I lay gazin' up at them wi' mony a queer fancy in my mind."

"Ye didna feel feared?" interrupted Jock.

"No at the time," answered Macpherson. "But it wasna long afore I got a start that set my hairt thumpin'. When it was quite dark I began to see figures movin' aboot i' the nicht. At first I thocht that maybe I was dreamin'; but ane o' them cam' quite close so that I cud mak' him out. They were Bulgars prowlin' aboot like ghouls, robbin the deid an' wounded. I was lyin' in a hollow, an' sae weel hidden. The mon had his back tae me, an' passed on withoot turnin'. I saw the shadows o' several efter that, an' I heard gasps an' cries, an' kenned fine what they were up tae; sae I kept verra quiet. Then the pain began in my throat an' legs, an' I cudna remain silent ony langer. I gied twa three cries, though my voice didna seem like my ain. I thocht the Bulgars wud hear an' search for me, but I was in that state that I didna care what happened. Weel, I kept up my shouts an' groans every noo an' then. It was gey lonesome, I can tell ye, to feel that there was nane to heed. It wud be i' the sma' 'oors o' the mornin' that I pricked up my ears. I heard an' answerin' ca' frae the direction o' the British lines. It wasna lood, but mair like a whisper, an' had a note o' caution aboot it."

"It wud pit fresh courage intil ye," said Jock.

"Ay, I'll never forget the music o' that ca' i' the nicht. Mony's the time I hae heard the human voice in song an' speech, but never did it soond sae welcome as then. I forgot a' aboot the Bulgars, an' shouted back. Nearer an' nearer cam' the answerin' voice. Then a' o' a sudden it ceased, juist when I thocht relief was at haund. I called again an' again, but there was nae response. Then day began to dawn, an' I kent the chance was lost. I dinna like to think o' the awfu' horror o' the next day. The sun was mair peetiless than afore, an' my tongue seemed to burn the inside o' my mooth. I prayed for daith to end my misery. Then as nicht cam' on again, an' darkness gathered roond me, a new fear seized me. I feared then I was gaun to dee, an' a' o' an instant the thocht gripped me that I wasna ready. The sin o' my past rose up afore me. Whiles I think my mind wandered, for I thocht I saw the deid bodies roond me movin' an' crawlin' up tae me, an' their deid eyes lookin' intil mine, an' remindin' me o'a' the evil I had done. I began to realize hoo wicked I had been. Then ae sin stood oot frae the rest."

"What was that?" asked Jock with intense interest.

(To be continued.)

Poise.

There are certain traits that people are unwilling to admit they lack—even though they secretly suspect a deficiency. Courage, generosity, sympathy are some of the most obvious of these; few persons will acknowledge even to themselves that they are cowardly, ungenerous, or hard-hearted. So, too, with humor. What man was ever heard to deny that he had a sense of humor?

But the quality of poise is one that some persons covet quite openly. Excitable people realize as clearly as those with whom they have to deal the disadvantages attendant upon their excitability. When they are indignant, they sputter and lose effectiveness. When they are confronted by a situation that demands their best efforts, their intensity of feeling, which ought to stimulate them, throws them a little out of gear; their mental machinery does not respond to the most urgent cranking. Afterwards they lament the poor showing that they made under stress and attribute it, rightly enough, to lack of poise.

Even though they covet poise, they like to console themselves by thinking that no one can have poise and humor both; but they derive consolation from a fallacy. Some excitable people lack humor as well as poise; some humorous people have poise. After all, poise is not a solemn ponderosity. It comes from self-control; and often a sense of humor is invaluable in assisting one to maintain or to regain self-control. The people who show poise in the ordinary relations and transactions of life are those who do not put an exaggerated value upon themselves or upon others rather than those who overvalue themselves and undervalue others. Egotism and self-depreciation alike prevent the acquisition of poise; one leads to sulkiness, the other to facile surrender.

Employer's Time.

A plumber and a painter were working in the same house. One morning the painter arrived late and the plumber said to him:

"You are late this morning."

"Yes," said the painter. "I had to stop and have my hair cut."

"You did not do it on your employer's time, did you?" said the plumber.

"Sure I did," said the painter; "it grew on his time."

Long Distance Lens.

With a French inventor's camera lens for long-distance work it is possible to get a picture of a man 600 yards away large enough to fill a plate.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Woman's Sphere

Hints for Home Nursing.

In the care of the sick as in everything else in the world, there are two methods—the difficult and the simple. So much depends upon the care of the sick, that the average housekeeper, with her increased work, responsibility and anxiety, is prone to forget how much she owes to herself both in care and consideration. She owes this care for her own sake and the sake of those depending on her.

One cannot care for the sick unless one is physically fit. The woman who sits up night after night with her patient is doing herself a grave injustice. She is also being unfair to the patient. A nurse, however thoroughly trained, must have a regular amount of sleep, fresh air and nourishment. This assertion is contrary to very current ideas on the subject of nurses who are "trained" and therefore—some suppose—do not require sleep. Only cases of the gravest and most unlooked-for emergency should cut a nurse off from her rest.

Every person requires enough sleep to keep the brain from becoming befogged. The danger that may result by a person who is half asleep and utterly weary, measuring and administering a medicine containing poison, cannot be over-estimated. The gravest results have followed such mistakes, all because physical endurance was overtaxed.

It is a well-known fact that patients who should know better, have a way of imposing upon mothers or others whom they love and who are trying to care for them. They refuse medicines and nourishment; they will not follow the doctor's instructions. The doctor is constantly discouraged—oftentimes unkindly criticized.

But let a nurse who is an absolute stranger come into a sick room and the patient obediently sits up and swallows medicines and eggnogs! The very gruel which was refused after a weary mother had climbed the stairs with it for the fortieth—or fiftieth—time that day is cheerfully drained—when the hand that holds it is a stranger's. This is unfair all around and nurses realize exactly how the loss of sleep, aching feet and tired backs can undermine one's nervous system until the poor, over-wrought body is "too tired to sleep." But if one plans one's work, observes punctuality and insists gently but firmly, that the patient observes punctuality—in receiving medicines and treatment—there would be time for the home-nurse to rest. She should understand how simple it is to do one's work the easy way and thereby obtain better and greater results.

In almost every home there is a medicine chest. Just how carefully or carelessly it is stocked never occurs to one until the moment of emergency comes.

If the contents of our medicine cupboard were checked up occasionally there would be less confusion in the household when accidents occur.

First, place your medicine chest where you can reach it quickly—and keep it locked, or, at least, place it beyond the reach of childish hands.

Keep a supply of perfectly clean, soft old linen and flannel on hand; tear the linen into long strips and roll it up tightly; pin it securely. Thus you are provided with bandages. A few narrow ones for cut fingers; some wider ones for arms and legs. The pieces of old flannel are useful for compresses or fomentations. Fold them neatly; keep them in a small box with the bandages and some oiled muslin or oiled silk, which will be necessary in the event of fomentations.

Get a bottle of antiseptic lotion from your druggist, for cuts and scratches. Tell him what it is for and he will give you the right thing, for that is his business. Keep vaseline, olive or sweet oil on hand and a simple liniment for sprains or to rub on rheumatic limbs. These your doctor will be glad to prescribe or advise you about when you tell him what you wish. Absorbent cotton in a little packet is necessary too.

A corked bottle or covered tin of sodium bi-carbonate (ordinary baking soda); a bottle of castor oil; fruit salts; a bottle of Carron oil for burns (this is prepared by any chemist, being a mixture of limewater and linseed oil); all these are useful. A can of mustard and one of flour, a large spoon and a bowl, if kept in a medicine cupboard, will greatly facilitate the preparation of a mustard plaster.

Linseed meal for poultices, a little camphor, smelling salts and a bottle of toothache drops should complete the list.

Do not keep aspirin tablets or any "headache tablets" or other drugs on hand as they should only be taken when prescribed by a trustworthy physician.

A paper of safety pins, a roll of adhesive bandage and a pair of sharp scissors are good to add to your list.

A wise woman will provide herself with an ice bag and a hot-water bag.

Even though a woman living in the country cannot always get ice, there is bound to be very cold water in the well or the spring. Fill your hot-water bag with it and wrap it with a thin towel or cloth, as cold rubber is moist and unpleasant to the touch. Renew this often and you will get a similar effect to the use of an ice bag. Or, even a towel, frequently wrung out of cold water, answers for a cold application. Only, be sure to wring it very dry for the sake of the patient's comfort.

Tack up, just inside the door of your medicine chest or cabinet or emergency cupboard, whatever you wish to call it, the name of the doctor or hospital to which you turn in case of need and any telephone numbers that would be used in case of emergency. It is wise to be prepared.

When Little Tad Will Not Eat.

The statement is often made that children should learn to eat whatever is set before them.

In the case of the two-year-old baby just learning to partake of solid food, this may be true. Take his milk away and leave him with his dish of egg or baked potato or milk toast, and, when he finds the milk is not forthcoming, in nine cases out of ten he will eat the new food and like it. But with an older child such a practice is more apt to be harmful than helpful.

Let me speak of my own case. I do not like bread. As a child I did not care especially for it and at mealtimes I much preferred potato. From mother, father, brothers, aunts and cousins it was drilled into me—that I must eat it, that it was good for me, that it would make me strong. In the end I grew rebellious and did not eat as much bread as I formerly had eaten, and ever since I have had to force myself to eat it.

I knew two children who had long been the despair of their mother because they would not eat oatmeal. She coaxed and pleaded, but to no avail. Finally she stopped mentioning the cereal they so disliked. Then one morning at breakfast the children found around each of their plates three dainty new dishes—a deep cereal dish filled with steaming oatmeal, a tiny pitcher full of cream and a small pretty sugar bowl containing sugar. It was great fun for each to prepare his own cereal from his own individual bowl and pitcher! They had not done this before. Neither child thought of expressing dislike. They ate with relish. Mother, wise as she was, appeared to take no notice. The next morning she placed another food before them and they set up a clamor for their oatmeal set—they wanted oatmeal!

My oldest little lad decided that he did not like baked custard, and so, of course, baby brother refused to eat it.

One day while baking, my eye rested on a row of small egg cups, attractive with their simple gold stripe decoration. I had an inspiration! Every child loves tiny things, so, I thought, if I bake the custards in those wee egg cups, the little lads will eat them without a question. And that is exactly what they did.

Three Favorite Salad Dressings.

Salad dressing, well made, is a secret every housewife should master. These recipes are first class in every regard.

Boiled Dressing—½ tbsp. salts, 1 tsp. mustard, speck of red pepper, ½ tbsp. flour, 2 egg yolks or 1 egg, 2 tbsp. melted butter, 1-3 cup milk, ¼ cup vinegar. Mix dry ingredients, add slightly-beaten eggs and mix well. Add butter, then mix gradually, and add vinegar very slowly. Cook over boiling water until the mixture slightly thickens or coats the spoon. Strain if needed and use cold. If the mixture should curdle from cooking too long, it can be made smooth by beating with an egg beater.

Thousand Island Dressing—1 cup bottled salad dressing, 2 tbsp. chopped parsley, 2 tbsp. chili sauce, 2 tbsp. chopped sweet pickles, 2 tbsp. chopped pimento. Chill all ingredients, mix and serve over lettuce, or other salad greens.

Tartar Sauce—½ cup bottled mayonnaise dressing, 1 tbsp. chopped onion, 1 tbsp. chopped pickle, 1 tbsp. chopped olives. Chill and mix all ingredients. Serve with canned or fresh fish.

Wet Rubber Cuts.

Wet rubber cuts much more easily than dry rubber, and this suggests the need for extra careful driving of the motor truck during the winter months when the roads are in bad condition. Sharp stones, car tracks, stray bits of metal or what not, will inflict serious cuts on wet rubber when they might not bother the same tire at all if it were dry. Drive carefully over wet roads.

If the little daughter's winter set of white fur has turned dingy from wear it is easily cleaned at home. Put a gallon of cornmeal into a deep pan and set in the oven to get very hot; put the furs into this and rub just as if washing in soap and water, keep the meal hot while doing this; then with several good shakings the fur will be clean.

The first woman to travel in an aeroplane was Madame Paltier, who ascended with a male pilot at Turin in 1908.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds &c.

House Ventilation.

The aim of any ventilation system should be to achieve a constant circulation of air, without causing a direct cold draught. There must be an entrance for fresh air from outside and a means of egress for the foul air. Circulation is rapidly accomplished by the difference in temperature between the inside and the outside air. The greater the difference, the stronger is the current, so that a very small aperture in winter may secure as much ventilation as a wide-open window in summer.

In English houses, with their open fire grates, the chimney serves as an excellent channel for the removal of foul air. In Canada, where we have a furnace in the cellar and cook by gas, we have, while immensely improving the efficiency of our heating systems, not generally provided any means by which ventilation is combined therewith. Every furnace ought to have a pipe connecting with the outside air, which would bring in fresh air and warm it for distribution through the house. Then, if exits for the foul air were also provided, we should have an ideal ventilation system.

Unfortunately, we must, in the majority of existing houses, fall back on the windows to let in clean anr. Although they are, at best, unsatisfactory, they can very often be improved. To begin with, the type of double window which has no aperture except three little holes or a slit, invariably choked with snow and ice, should be discarded. A sliding or hinged pane should always be provided. Then, if the upper inside window be opened, the air must circulate between the two windows before entering the room and thus a direct draught is avoided, while the volume of new air is readily regulated to suit the coldness of the day and the strength and direction of the wind.

Herbert Samuel, former British Postmaster General, believes that a great emigration to Canada will take place in the near future.

The "Silver City" is the name given to Algiers, the capital of Algeria, in North Africa. This city, which rises in terrace form from the sea, is built of stone and the buildings are white-washed. Seen from the ocean in the brilliant tropical sunshine, it gleams like silver.

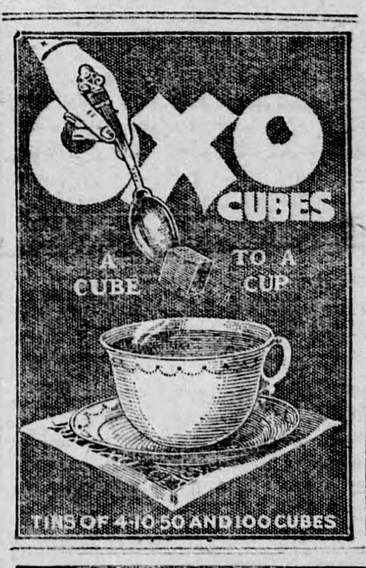
Striving For Success.

The ambition to succeed in what we undertake, to rise high and go far is a natural one, and a worthy one. But neither the naturalness or the worthiness will excuse the use of selfish or unfair methods in accomplishing the same.

If our standards are high enough, our outlook wide enough, our purpose concentrated (and consecrated) enough, we have litle to fear from outside forces.

What we are in ourselves marks the limitations of our endeavors, consequently of our successes.—Jean Blewett.

In India military bands are forbidden to play "Home, Sweet Home" because of its pathos having so potent an effect on the English people who may hear it.



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