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## The March of the White Guard

By SIR GILBERT PARKER.

### CHAPTER III.

It was eighteen days later. In the shadow of a little island of pines, that lies in a shivering waste of ice and snow, the White Guard camp. They are able to do this night what they have not done for days—dig a great grave of snow, and building a fire of pine wood at each end of this strange house, get protection and something like comfort. They sit close to the fires. Jaspar Hume is writing with number fingers. The extract that follows is taken from his diary. It tells that day's life; and so gives an idea of harder, sterner days that they have spent and will spend, on this weary journey.

"December 25th.—This is Christmas Day and Camp twenty-seven. We have marched only five miles to-day. We are eighty miles from Great Fish River, and the worst yet to do. We have discovered two signs. Jeff Hyde has had a bad two days with his frozen foot. Gaspe Toujours helps him nobly. One of the dogs died this morning. Jacques is a great leader. This night's shelter is a godsend. Cloud-in-the-Sky has a plan whereby some of us will sleep well. We are in latitude 63 degrees forty-seven minutes and longitude 112 degrees thirty-two minutes 14 seconds. Have worked out lunar observations. Have marked a tree JH—27 and raised cairn No. 3. We are able to celebrate Christmas Day with a good basin of tea, and our stand-by of beans cooked in fat. I was right about them: they have great sustaining power. To-morrow we will start at ten o'clock."

The writing done, Jaspar Hume puts his book away and turns toward the rest. Cloud-in-the-Sky and Late Carscallen are smoking. Little can be seen of their faces; they are muffled to the eyes. Gaspe Toujours is drinking a basin of tea, and Jeff Hyde is fitfully dozing by the fire. The dogs are above in the tent, all but Jacques, who to-night is permitted to be near his master. The Sub-factor rises, takes from a knapsack a small tin pail, and puts it near the fire. This operation is watched by the others. Then he takes five little cups that fit snugly into each other, separates them, and puts them also near the fire. None of the party speak. A change seems to pass over the faces of all except Cloud-in-the-Sky. He smokes on unmoved. At length the Sub-factor speaks cheerily: "Now, men, before we turn in we'll do something in honor of the day. Liquor we none of us have touched since we started; but back there in the Fort and maybe in other places too, they will be thinking of us; so we'll drink a health to them though it's but a spoonful, and to the day when we see them again!"

The cups were passed round. The Sub-factor measured out a very small portion to each. They were not men of uncommon sentiment; their lives were rigid and isolated, and severe. Fireside comforts under fortunate conditions they saw but seldom, and they were not given to expressing their feelings demonstratively. But each man then, save Cloud-in-the-Sky had some memory worth a resurrection, and hearts are hearts even under all uncouthness. Jaspar Hume raised his cup; the rest followed his example. "To absent friends and the day when we see them again!" he said, and they all drank. Gaspe Toujours solemnly, as if no one was near, made the sign of the cross; for his memory was with a dark-eyed, soft-cheeked peasant girl of the parish of Saint Gabrielle, whom he had left behind five years before, and had never seen since. Word had come from the parish priest that she was dying, and though he wrote back in his homely patois of his grief, and begged that the good father would write again, no word had ever come, and he thought of her now as one for whom the candles had been lighted and masses had been said.

But Jeff Hyde's eyes were bright, and suffering as he was, the heart in him was brave and hopeful. He was thinking of a glorious Christmas Day upon the Madawaska River three years agone; of Adam Henry, the blind fiddler; of bright, warm-hearted Pattie Chown, the belle of the ball, and the long drive home in the frosty night.

Late Carscallen was thinking of a brother whom he had heard preach his first sermon in Edinburgh ten years before. And Late Carscallen, slow of speech and thought, had been full of pride and love of that brilliant brother. But they, in the natural course of things, drifted apart; the slow and uncouth one to make his home at last not far from the Arctic Circle, and to be this night on his way to the Barren Grounds. But as he stood with the cup to his lips he recalled the words of a newspaper paragraph of a few months before. It made reference to the fact that "the Reverend James Carscallen, D.D., preached before His Majesty on Whitsunday, and had the honor of lunching with Her Majesty afterward." And Late Carscallen rubbed his left hand joyfully against his blanketed leg and drank.

Cloud-in-the-Sky's thoughts were with the present, and his "Ugh!" of approval was one of the senses purely. Instead of drinking to absent friends, he looked at the Sub-factor and said, "How!" He drank to the Sub-factor.

And Jaspar Hume, the Sub-factor, what were his thoughts?

His was a memory of childhood; of a house beside a swift-flowing river, where a gentle widowed mother braced her heart against misfortune and denied herself and slaved that her son might be educated. He had said to her that some day he would be a great man, and she would be paid back a hundred-fold. And he worked hard at school, very hard. But one cold day of spring a message came to the school, and he sped homeward to the house beside the dark river, down which the ice was floating—he would remember that floating ice to his dying day—and entered a quiet room where a white-faced woman was breathing away her life. And he fell at her side and kissed her hand and called to her; and she waked for a moment only and smiled on him, and said: "Be good, my boy, and God will make you great." And then she said she was cold. And someone felt her feet—a kind old soul who shook her head sadly at the mother and looked pityingly at him; and a voice rising out of a strange smiling languor murmured, "I'll away. I'll away to the Promised Land—to the Promised Land. It is cold—so cold—God keep my boy!" And the voice ceased, and the kind old soul who had looked at him pityingly folded her arms about him and drew his brown head to her breast and kissed him with flowing eyes and whispered, "Come away, my dear, come away."

But he came back in the night and sat beside her, and would not go away, but remained there until the sun grew bright, and then through another day and night until they bore her out of the little house by the river to the frozen hillside. And the world was empty and the icy river seemed warmer than his heart.

And sitting here in this winter desolation Jaspar Hume beholds these scenes of twenty years before and follows himself, a poor dispensing clerk in a doctor's office, working for that dream of achievement in which his mother believed; for which she hoped. And following further the boy that was himself, he saw a friendless first-year man at college, soon, however, to make a friend of Varre Lepage, and to see always the best of that friend, being himself so true. And the day came when the both graduated together in science, a bright and happy day, succeeded by one still brighter, when they both entered a great firm as junior partners. Then came the meeting with Rose Varcoe; and he thought of how he praised his friend Varre Lepage to her, and brought that friend to be introduced to her. He recalled all those visions that came to him when, his professional triumphs achieved, he should have a happy home, and a happy face, and faces, by his fireside. And the face was to be that of Rose Varcoe, and the others, faces of those who would be like her and like himself. He saw, or rather felt, that face clouded and anxious when he went away ill and blind for health's sake. He did not write. The doctors forbade him that. He did not ask her to write, for his was so strong and steadfast a nature that he did not need letters to keep him true; and he thought if she cared for him she must be the same. He did not understand a woman's heart, how it needs remembrances, and needs to give remembrances.

Looking at Jaspar Hume's face in the light of this fire it seems calm and cold; yet behind it is an agony of memory, the memory of the day when he discovered that Varre Lepage was married to Rose Varcoe and that the trusted friend had grown famous and well-to-do on the offspring of his brain. His first thought had been one of fierce anger and determination to expose this man who had falsified all trust. But then came the thought of the girl and, most of all there came the words of his dying mother. "Be good, my boy, and God will make you great." And for his mother's sake he had compassion on the girl, and sought no revenge upon her husband. Rare type of man, in a sordid, unchivalric world! And now, ten years later, he did not regret that he had stayed his hand. The world had ceased to call Varre Lepage a genius. He had not fulfilled the hope that was held in him. This Jaspar Hume knew from occasional references in scientific journals.

And he was making this journey to save, if he could, Varre Lepage's life. And he has no regret. Though just on the verge of a new era in his career—to give the world the fruit of ten years' thought and labor, he had set all behind him that he might be true to the friendship of his youth, that he might be loyal to his manhood, that he might be clear of the strokes of conscience to the last hour of his life.

Looking round him now, the debating look comes again into his eyes. He places his hand in his breast, and lets it rest there a moment. The look becomes certain and steady, the hand is drawn out, and in it is a Book of Common Prayer. Upon the fly-leaf is written, "Jane Hume, to her dear son Jaspar, on his twelfth birthday."

These men of the White Guard are not used to religious practices, whatever their past has been in that regard, and at any other time they might have been surprised at this action of Jaspar Hume. Under some circumstances it might have lessened their opinion of him, but his influence over them now was complete. They knew they were getting nearer to him than they had ever done; even Cloud-in-the-Sky appreciated that. He spoke no word to them, but looked at them and stood up. They all did the same, Jeff Hyde leaning on the shoulders of Gaspe Toujours. He read first, four verses of the Thirty-first Psalm, then followed the prayer of St. Chrysostom, and the beautiful collect which appeals to the Almighty to mercifully look upon the infirmities of men and to stretch forth His hand to keep and defend them in all dangers and necessities. Late Carscallen, after a long pause, said "Amen," and Jeff Hyde said in a whisper to Gaspe Toujours, "That's to the point. Infirmities and dangers and necessities is what troubles us."

(To be continued.)

## 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.

### Chinese Thread Mill.

A new mill for the manufacture of fine thread is to be established in Shanghai, China, with a capital of \$1,600,000. Chinese-owned spinning and weaving plants are also taking steps to enlarge their present facilities.

A new law in England allows women to serve as members of juries in all cases.

### 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 air. 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.


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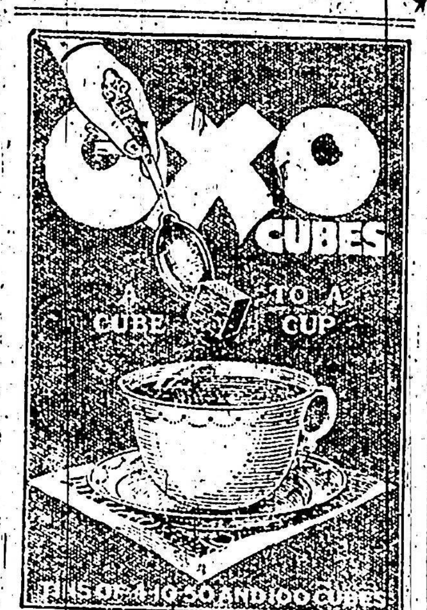
Herbert Samuel, former British Postmaster General, believes that a great emigration to Canada will take place in the near future.

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 whitewashed. 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 to 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 little to fear from outside forces.

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

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

**When you get up late**

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