

be cured in its early stages if the patient has perseverance. There are certain neuralgic conditions—one is known as "Morton's painful toe"—that are often as difficult to cure as neuralgia elsewhere.

When both heels are painful, it usually means either that flat foot is beginning, or that the rheumatic or gouty tendency is declaring itself. When only one heel is affected, the cause is usually bruise or strain. As soon as the doctor discovers the source of the trouble he must try to remove it, and the patient can often help him. Something will be said on that point in another article.

Enlarged Glands

Lymphadenitis is inflammation of a lymph gland, and follows an invasion by some infectious germ. The first step in treating it is to ascertain the nature of the germ that is causing the trouble. In cases of chronic lymphadenitis in the neck, physicians often trace the infection to trouble with the nose or throat. As soon as any neck swellings develop in a child the throat should be examined for enlarged tonsils or adenoids and the mouth for decayed teeth. If the trouble comes from any of those sources, correcting them usually results in a gradual decrease in the size of the swelling.

If, after all those precautions have been taken, the swelling remains as large as before, or even grows worse, it is time to suspect tuberculous lymphadenitis—a common chronic trouble in childhood. In these cases the first duty is to make very sure of the milk supply.

If possible the child should drink only milk that comes from cows that have been tested for tuberculosis. If that is not possible, then the milk should always be pasteurized or boiled. The tuberculin-tested milk is the best, because its food value is not impaired.

Sometimes, in spite of all that can be done, an enlarged gland softens, and the surface of the skin shows signs that breaking down will occur. Under those conditions a surgeon should remove the gland without loss of time.

But operation or no operation, when children have enlarged glands in the neck or elsewhere they should always be placed under the care of the physician. Very often well-meaning mothers make local applications that do more harm than good, because they hasten the softening that is so much to be dreaded. What is true of applications is also true of handling or rubbing. Mothers and nurses, more energetic than wise, have been known to spend much time on massage with the worst possible results. All tuberculous processes and glandular swellings should be kept as quiet as possible. For that reason if the swelling occurs on some part of the body where there is much movement such as the groin, the patient should either remain in bed or the part affected should be made immovable by means of splints and bandages. An open-air life and nourishing food are essential, for everything possible must be done to maintain the general health. The enemy as yet has gained only a local footing; the fight must be to prevent the disease from becoming general and constitutional.

A TRINKET

By Ellen Gordon

I spied a little trinket
All covered o'er with dust;
An old, discarded trifle,
All blacked and frayed with rust.

I caught it up, impulsively,
And rubbed it well with care;
Then held it in the sunlight,
To search for radiance there.

I polished it with eagerness,
By turn and candle's flare;
And oft I gently breathed on it,
Some touch of love and prayer.

I carefully applied to it
Some drops of critic's art;
And when I saw its bashfulness,
I hid it in my heart.

Then I took it to a candle,
As I had done before;
But I hid it from my bosom,
And I hid it from you.

Hard on the Bishop

Bishop Phillips Brooks, of Boston, was a very kind-hearted man, and was particularly fond of children. One day he saw a small boy trying to reach the handle of a door-bell, but just failing in his efforts. "Let me help you, my little man," the bishop said, and stepping up to the door he gave the handle a vigorous pull. Then the little boy whirled round and fled down the steps with the cry, "Now run like the devil."

In full view of the crowd in a very busy street, two vendors of berries were busy with piles of thin wooden boxes, each scantily filled with immature fruit. Emptying box after box, the vendors deftly punched up one layer of the box bottom to a sharp angle pointed in the middle, propped it there with paper, and then refilled the receptacle, taking great care

that the finest and freshest-looking berries should make a showy top covering.

One of the spectators grew indignant. "How in the world," he demanded, "do you expect to sell your wares when you openly show that they are not what they seem to be?"

"Aw, gwan," said the vendor addressed. "This is New York, and there are more trans coming with more people."

Merely a Suggestion on His Part

The last tramp found the pantry supplies exhausted, but the mistress made it a rule never to turn any away empty-handed.

"Here's a penny for you, my man," she said to the frayed and ragged-looking individual who stood under the porch with extended hand. "I'm not giving it to you for charity's sake, but merely because it pleases me."

"Thankee, but couldn't you make it a bob and enjoy yourself thoroughly, mum?"

Heart-Rending French

When on a visit to London M. Ribot, the French premier, sat at dinner beside a well-known financier, whose French was none of the best. Not knowing that M. Ribot spoke English, the man of millions opened the conversation somewhat as follows:

"Monsieur," he said, "eska-an-aska voo-ask-voo vooley, ma-voo-ly ma dun-ny."

"My dear sir," the minister blandly interrupted, "do, I beg of you, stop conversing in French. You speak it so well it makes me homesick."



"I Am So Short of Breath"

"I MUST be your heart, Grand Dad."

"Yes, I suppose it is. I am getting old, you know."

"Oh, you are not so old. You have got run down after the cold you had and will be all right when you get your blood built up again."

"Well, I hope so, dear."

"You remember how weak my heart was, Grand Dad, when I used to be pale and anaemic. It was no joke for me to climb these stairs then."

"You are all right now, aren't you?"

"I never felt better in my life, Grand Dad, and if you will use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for a while you will get strong and well, too. That is what cured me."

"But do you think that the Nerve Food is any good for old men like me?"

"I am sure it is. I often read letters in the newspapers from old people telling about what a great benefit it has been to them by enriching the blood and increasing their vitality."

As an example of what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food does for people of advanced years, here is a letter from Mr. James Richards, 73 Dundas St., Belleville, Ont., who is 89 years of age. He writes:

"I was suffering from a weakness of the heart, shortness of breath and frequent dizzy spells which used to force me to go and lie down for a time. I secured Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and received such splendid results that I continued its use until I am now feeling fine and am not troubled with these symptoms any more."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.