

Sunday Reading.

THE MAGAZINE CLUB.

Madge Wyburn had sat gazing into the fire utterly oblivious to everything around her for at least a half hour. Her little lips were puckered and a tiny frown between her brows indicated that merry Madge was doing a bit of earnest thinking. Her brother Fred, unable to bear her silence longer, at last exclaimed: "Do, Madge, for mercy's sake, wake up; there are two lines between your brows deep enough to lay a cambric needle in and you look as sober as a judge. What's the matter, anyway?"

"Why, nothing," answered Madge rousing a little, "only I was thinking."

"Then I hope mother will forbid your thinking in the future. It's altogether too much for you," and Fred reached over and pulled one of her bright curls.

"Don't tease your sister, Fred," interposed Mrs. Wyburn. "If you are in trouble, Madge, perhaps I can help you. What is it, dear?"

"Why, nothing much, mamma: only when I went to Aunt Ada's yesterday she wrapped my veil in a paper till I got off the car, and when I went to throw the paper away a girl asked me to give it to her. She said she was so hungry for good reading. Then last week when I was at Mrs. Osgood's, she gave the servant some papers to kindle the fire with and it seems a pity that some people should destroy good papers that to others would be a delight."

"That's an old problem, one that has puzzled wiser heads than yours. I do not believe you will solve it, either," said Fred. "I shall not attempt so great an undertaking," answered Madge, lightly. "I'll leave that for you with your superior mental ability. But really, mamma, I have an idea, although I do not know that it is practical."

"I will give you the benefit of my judgment, if you wish," said her mother pleasantly.

"Well, you know Edith, Grace, Hattie and I have been looking for something to do ever since we have won our white ribbons, but we have not found anything special and I thought perhaps the next time we met we might make some bags of red calico and leave them at houses where the people were willing to take them and put old papers in them; and then we could gather them once a month and lend them out to those girls who cannot afford to buy them. What do you think about it?"

"I think the idea very good, indeed, but I'm afraid there will be some difficulty in carrying it out. It might be well to speak to Dr. Armstrong and see what he thinks about it."

The next day four young maidens waited upon Dr. Armstrong and told him their plan. The kind minister listened with interest, but stopped them when they apologized for troubling him about so little a thing.

"There are no little things in life," he said, "and I am glad you are willing to gather up the fragments, as our master bids, instead of waiting till something great comes in our way. Go and make your calico bags and I will help you dispose of them."

The next Sabbath the doctor gave his hearers a sermon on "Fragments," and finally said: "Your homes are full of literature filled with gems from the best authors. Your library shelves are weighed down with costly volumes which you seldom read. I do not ask you turn your homes into a public reading room, but I do ask you to pause ere you throw in the waste basket papers and magazines which will be better than food or drink to some of the poor around you. I have often regretted this waste of our religious weeklies and the best magazines, but it was reserved for four girls in their teens to suggest a way whereby it may be stopped."

He then told them of the plan, asking all who were willing to accept a bag to give him their names. Many responded, and not a few told the girls when they left the bags that they always hated to destroy their papers but they accumulated so rapidly that they knew not what to do with them. A few women dropped a half worn book into the bag and one a year of a bound magazine, so that when the girls met in Mrs. Wyburn's attic, which she had given them for their work, they found some real treasures among their papers.

Dr. Armstrong announced at the chapel on Seventh street that good reading matter would be loaned at Mrs. Wyburn's on Saturday afternoons; and Grace Brown's father had an item published in two papers to the same effect, so that very soon there were plenty of applicants. One of the girls and sometimes two, stayed in the room to wait upon them, and so learned much of

the material wants of many which they would never otherwise have done, and they carried blessing and comfort to many a home whose occupants would never have made their necessities public, but who gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to obtain good literature.

They continued their work for six months in Mrs. Wyburn's attic; then it grew to such proportions that kind friends rented a large room near the chapel, and two of the girls (the number in this particular work had increased to a dozen) were present all day Saturday, and were kept busy giving out the eagerly-sought-for papers. A taste for good reading was formed by many, and some were led to the Master by the strong, earnest helpful words that went on and on in their mission of good. The girls will know little of the harvest that shall follow the scattering of the good seed in the hearts and brains of those who avail themselves of their kindness, but it is the who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before in a benefactor, then the members of the "Waste-Paper Club," who provided free, wholesome reading to the poor, have benefited many.

A NOBLE WORK

Remarkable Record of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Whether the resignation of Elbridge T. Gerry, of the office of president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which was tendered last week, to go into effect January 1 next, will prove a detriment to the work of that organization it is too early to determine now, but certain it is that the society, in the retirement of Mr. Gerry, loses a capable and very efficient officer. Through his untiring and well directed, though frequently criticised, efforts the society has been built up as an indispensable arm to the law and in thousands of instances it has justified its founding.

Originally Mr. Gerry was counsel for the late Henry Berg, the founder for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. To the notice of the latter society came a case of atrocious cruelty to a child known only as "Mary Ellen." The investigation and handling of this case was the germ of the children's society, which from the start won the aid of many wealthy philanthropists. Henry Berg became president and Elbridge T. Gerry vice president. In 1879 Mr. Gerry was elected president of the society, from which time it has been the main work of his life. It was the first society of its kind in the world. Today there are five hundred of them, and all are modeled largely on New York's exemplar, says Ainslee Magazine.

The records show that the society has received 129,675 complaints, involving the custody of 368,799 children. Of these 50,800 cases have been prosecuted, with 47,455 resultant convictions; while 83,986 children have been rescued and cared for. During the year 1899 more than 3,000 cases were investigated, with a saving to the city of \$84,864, at the yearly allowance of \$104 per capita. Further, the society collected in the same year the sum of \$9,690.75 from parents whose children had been committed to institutions. This money has been paid over to the city fund for the maintenance of public charities and institutions.

As soon as a child is taken in hand by the agent of the society, it is conducted to the building of the society. On the first floor the child is given to a matron who has it bathed, examined and dressed in clean clothes. On the second floor are the offices, where a force of clerks is always busy with the books of the organization. Here also are the rooms of the board of officers, the room of the president and that of the superintendent. On this same floor is the museum, a place of most curious interest, which contains instruments of cruelty and crime seized by the society. In the cases are bottles of intoxicating drinks, of poison and of chemicals of various kinds. There are also whips, lashes, cudgels and sundry devices of fiendish minds. Sorry musical instruments and begging outfits fill one case, and in another are signs and placards taken from children that have been put out to beg or to take. In the upper part of the building are the play rooms, the hospital, the living rooms; the roof is a playground, fenced in, and divided by a grill to keep the boys separate from the girls.

Two rooms are set apart for vicious children. The society houses children only while their final disposition is in process of law. Afterwards they are delivered to the institutions appointed by the court.

The society has at times 30 to 40 cases in the courts in one day. Each day the wagon of the society may be seen on its way to the Criminal Courts building. The wagon looks like a police patrol and has wire screens on all sides. These cases are

directed by E. Fellows Jenkins, secretary and superintendent of the society. Mr. Jenkins has been with Mr. Gerry since the beginning. One of the most valuable services rendered by the society was the killing of the child padrone system. Children were formerly brought here in droves to beg, to peddle and to play musical instruments in the streets. The pedrone starved them and kept them in rags, meanwhile pocketing all their takings. Today child beggars are very rare. Child thieving has abated also because the society has enforced the law that prohibits pawnbrokers from taking pledges or making loans to any person under 16 years of age.

Mr. Gerry's fixed conviction that the use of children as public entertainers is ruinous to their moral and physical being has resulted in much benefit for talented youngsters and in a deluge of abuse for their protector. Several years ago he called in the aid of the law to prevent the performances of a child pianist. The child was admitted by all qualified to judge to be marvelously talented, and as the young prodigy seemed to be well cared for the outcry against the society was long and loud. But Mr. Gerry never flinched and the law upheld him. Shortly after the child was taken to Europe and the episode faded from the public mind. Ten years afterward the same pianist reappeared, now in vigor of youth. His musical gifts had been developed under the guidance of the most accomplished foreign instructors. The public wondered and admired, but few knew that the musician owed the training in his art to the generosity of the man who had restrained him from concert playing 10 years before.

Her Two Boys.

It was on a western express train the other day. A tall, fine looking young man and a handsomely dressed woman sat just in front of a plainly dressed, sweet faced lady of perhaps seventy years. Once in a while—pretty often—the man turned and made some remark to the elderly woman, whom he called mother, and whose eyes showed that she was proud and fond of her son. The younger woman, his wife seemed somewhat less cordial, but she, too once in a while, turned and dropped a word or two into the conversation.

By and by the porter announced that dinner was ready in the dining car, and the young man said:

"Well, mother, Emma and I will go now and get a dinner. You know she needs some thing warm. You've brought your lunch, and I'll send you a cup of tea."

After the couple had gone, "mother" sat looking out of the window in deep thought apparently, and perhaps not altogether happy. Finally she reached under her seat and brought out a little worn, black basket, and began fingering the ribbon with which it was tied.

Just then the train stopped at a station, the door was flung open, and a cherry faced man stepped inside. He looked eagerly up and down the car, and his glance fell upon the old lady. "Mother!" he cried.

"John, my John!" answered the lady, and the two were clasped in a loving embrace.

"Where are Frank and Emma?" he demanded after a few minutes.

"They have gone into the dining-car. Emma isn't strong, you know, and has to have a hot dinner."

This last remark she repeated in answer to a curious look in John's eyes.

"And you didn't want any dinner, I suppose?" His eyes fell upon the basket. He mustn't hurt his mother's feelings, and checked himself.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" he said. "Aren't you surprised? I found I could meet you here instead of waiting until you reached Chicago. And say, mother, isn't that the same basket that Frank and I used to carry to school? Yes, I thought so."

By this time there was a smile on the mother's face.

"Well," said John, "I'm pretty hungry. Suppose we keep this for supper, and you come with me and get a hot dinner. No; no excuses."

As they left they met the other couple.

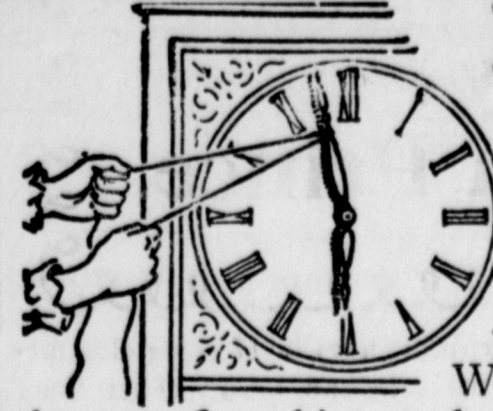
"Hello John! Where did you come from?"

"How do you do, Emma? Mother and I are just going to dinner."

At Chicago the people who had seen all this saw a handsome young man, with a little black basket on his arm, tenderly assisting a sweet faced old lady through the crowd to a carriage. As for the other couple, nobody had any eyes for them.

Putnam's Corn Extractor.

Doesn't lay a man up for a week but quietly and surely goes on doing its work, and nothing is known of the operation till the corn is shelled. Plenty of substitutes do this. Some of them are dangerous, no danger from Putnam's except to the corn. At all druggists.



Procrastination.

Steals time, and everything that time ought to be good for.

Possibly it keeps you from using Pearline. You know from others of its ease and economy—but you're "putting it off."

Why not begin the use of Pearline with the very first thing to be washed or cleaned—your face and hands, say. Pearline hurts nothing; cleans everything.

Millions of Pearline

SCROFULA.

Children are the Principal Sufferers From This Disease.

At the present day physicians no longer regard scrofula as a distinct disease, but the term is still used in an indefinite way to designate the presence of enlarged glands in the neck and a tendency to chronic inflammations in the skin and mucous membranes.

The lymphatic glands in the neck are prone to enlarge on very slight provocation. It is common, for example, to find the glands beneath the jaw swollen as a result of irritation from a decayed tooth, a canker sore, or any other abnormal conditions in the mouth; but the swelling in such cases is usually transient and subsides with the disappearance of the cause. Not so, however, with "scrofulous" glands. These remain permanently enlarged, perhaps slowly increasing in size.

They are at first hard, but later become soft, as a cheesy matter forms in the interior, and eventually break down, giving issue to a chronic discharge, which is succeeded by an unsightly scarring of the neck.

The disease is the same as consumption, the seat of tuberculosis being the glands in the neck instead of the lungs. It is not in itself dangerous to life, but its presence indicates that the sufferer is vulnerable to tuberculosis, and is consequently a candidate for consumption unless preventive treatment is at once undertaken.

This preventive treatment is mainly twofold—good food and fresh air and sunlight. The child, for children are the usual sufferers from "scrofulous neck," should have an abundance of nourishing, well-cooked food, and should be encouraged to eat a little at a time and often, rather than to take the ordinary three large meals a day. Plenty of butter and cream should be taken into the dietary, and cod-liver oil may be taken with advantage, if it does not disturb the appetite or the digestion.

Summer and winter the patient should spend most of the day in the open air (schooling can wait), and at night must sleep with the windows wide open. Sunshine is inimical to the tubercle bacillus, and a vulnerable person should be in it as much as possible.

If the glands in the neck begin to soften it is generally advisable to have them removed, for if this is not done they will finally break down and discharge, and the resulting scars will be much more conspicuous than those that would have been left after the cutting out of the glands. Besides, there is always danger of the disease spreading to the lungs or other parts of the body so long as the tuberculous are allowed to remain.

REVOLUTION IN METALS.

Copper Taking the Lead in the Great Race for Prestige.

In his report, dated Nov. 10th, 1900, Assistant Secretary Vanderslip, of the United States treasury, says of exports of manufactured articles, those of "copper increased in ten years—1890 to 1900—from \$2,300,000 to \$58,800,000;" products made from iron and steel being next in value showing an increase in the same length of time from \$25,500,000 to \$121,800,000. Thus the increase of copper is over 62 times greater and distances its greatest rival, the old Iron King.

The development of electricity, in which copper figures so largely, is only one in its infancy. We are just beginning to use it. The next great step must be to harness the waterfalls of the world to the industries of the world. There is power enough that goes to waste on the upper Hudson river to run all the light, heat and power in New York city.

The city of Buffalo has nearly quadrupled her manufacturing plants in the last few years because she can furnish electric power so much cheaper than other cities. It is brought from Niagara Falls on copper wires which weigh thousands of tons.

There is no other metal that can ever take the place of copper as a conductor of the electric current. Silver which has 15 per cent greater conductivity, of course is barred by its cost from being used for commercial purposes.

Aluminum was talked of awhile ago, but recent experiments have proved that a wire having as great conducting power as

copper would be so large that it would break under a small load of ice or steel. Iron or steel has only about 40 per cent of the conducting power of copper, besides being practically out of the question for use in the open air on account of its tendency to rust and corrode, so that it is pretty well settled that for the purpose of conducting electricity copper at 25 cents a pound is cheaper than either iron or steel or aluminum at present prices.

The indications are that in much less time than has taken iron to gain its eminent position in the commercial world, copper will have far outclassed it as a source of revenue to the nation to the manufacturer and to fortunate possessors of copper producing properties.

You cannot dye a dark color light, but should dye light ones dark—for home use Magnetic Dyes gives excellent results.

Grateful.

The portly gentleman in the black cutaway coat lighted his cigar, leaned against the bar and puffed away contentedly. Like most New York bar rooms it was a cosmopolitan place, full of many sorts of people. A lean, hungry-looking individual, with grimy hands and the beard of an Anarchist, approached the portly gentleman cautiously.

"I say, boss, could you let me have a nickel," he said tentatively.

"What's the trouble?" asked the other.

"Well, you see, the fact is I haven't a cent, and I was out on an awful spree last night—and I want a beer."

He got the nickel. He looked at the coin meditatively for a time, and then at his benefactor.

"Say," he ejaculated at last, "you're a good fellow. I wish I had another nickel so I could treat you."

Tired Brain

Weak Nerves

Irritability, Despondency and Body Irregularities Are Corrected by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Millions of brain and nerve cells are daily consumed by the activities of the body and its various organs and as many more new cells must be created to take their place. Otherwise there is a wasting away of nerve tissue until nervous prostration, paralysis, epilepsy, or insanity are brought on.

The same cell changes which hasten the progress of disease speed the work of repair when curative agencies are at work. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food stops the waste and restores vitality by the building up process. Through the blood and nerves it rekindles the vital flame in the brain and nerves and restores health and strength to the pale, weak and nervous.

Mr. A. T. P. Lalame, railway agent at Clarenceville, Que., writes: "For twelve years I have been run down with nervous debility. I suffered much, and consulted doctors and used medicines in vain. Some months ago I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, used two boxes, and my health improved so rapidly that I ordered twelve more."

"I can say frankly that this treatment has no equal in the medical world. While using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I could feel my system being built up until now I am strong and healthy. I cannot recommend it too highly for weak, nervous people."

Mrs. Chas. H. Jones, Princeton, Que., writes: "For years I have been a great sufferer with my heart and nerves. I would take shaking spells and a dizzy swimming feeling would come over me. Night after night, I would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep to my bed, and though my doctor attended me from fall until spring his medicine did not help me."

"I have now taken five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done me more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fail to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure brought about by this treatment."

For men, women and children Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is of incalculable worth as a blood builder, nerve invigorator and general restorative. Through the medium of the blood and nerves it reaches every organ of the body and carries with it new vitality, new vigor and new confidence. Disease and weakness cannot exist when Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is used. In pill form, 50c. a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.