

Auto-Intoxication More Deadly Than Warfare

By WARREN WEBSTER

At a time when so many of our people have sons or relatives at the front, with all the concern and fear for their safety and welfare which such a condition is bound to engender, it is interesting that I find more or less comforting to examine into statistics and learn the exact mortality among the men who have been in active service in the real fighting, as compared with that of the people of Canada engaged in peaceful pursuits.

Dependable statistics show that for six months of the year 1916, the mortality percentage per thousand of the French Army in service was .012.

During exactly the same period the mortality per thousand of residents of Canada was .0135.

It hardly seems conceivable, but these figures which are absolutely trustworthy, show a higher percentage of mortality among people of peaceful pursuits than those engaged and most actively engaged in warfare.

It may be truthfully claimed that many of these deaths in our country were of people advanced in years, which is true—

But if the average age at the time of death was available, it would doubtless be found that it bears a fair comparison with the average age in the Armies of France.

The reason for this surprising showing is not far to seek—

The mortality in the Army is almost always caused by gun-shot or shell wound, because these men in their training are so actively drilled and exercised that their functions work perfectly and all food waste is naturally eliminated from the lower intestines.

Approximately ninety-five per cent. of the mortality in Canada, according to leading physicians and specialists, is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated food waste in the lower intestine, because of our sedentary pursuits and lack of physical hard work or daily exercise.

This accumulated waste contains the deadliest of poison, and our blood-flow absorbs this poison, distributes it throughout the system, woefully weakening it and lowering our resistance powers so that the disease to which we are most subject has full opportunity to develop and lay us low.

For our Country's highest interest, even a more significant phase of this Auto-Intoxication problem is that when it is present, long before you are really ill you are not more than fifty per cent. efficient—

Show me a man who, when bilious, "headachy" or with a disordered digestion can possibly have that bright, eager, confident outlook or steady nerve so essentially necessary to meet and solve successfully the problems of today—yet these are all infallible signs of mild Auto-Intoxication or accumulated waste—

And unless this accumulated waste is properly eliminated Auto-Intoxication progresses until we are really ill—the seriousness of which depends on the form which the illness takes.

There are more laxative medicines (or physics) taken for this trouble than all other ills combined—but these only partially remove the trouble, are at best only temporary and if persisted in, require constantly increasing doses to have any effect at all.

There is, however, an entirely natural, rational way of keeping this waste out of the system entirely—a way which has been constantly growing in general use for the past twenty-five years until now over a million bright, clean, intelligent Americans who believe in Nature treatments are now practicing it—

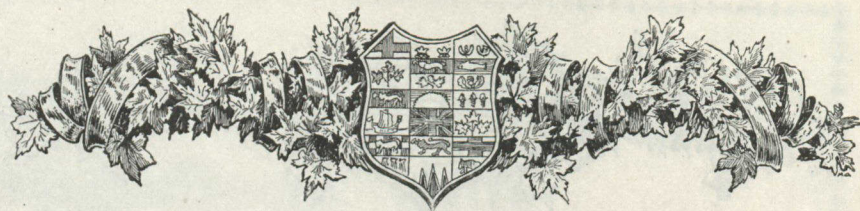
That way is an occasional Internal Bath with purified warm water by means of the J. B. L. Cascade.

And whenever, as in many, many cases, practicing Physicians have adopted this treatment, they are unanimous in their generous and unqualified praise of its effective results.

Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., of New York, over twenty-five years ago, restored his own health and strength by Internal Bathing after trying all other known resources without avail and has ever since that time specialized on his treatment, making it his life's study and work.

Much of this long and valuable experience and the practical cases which have come to his notice, are summed up in a little book, "The What, The Why, The Way of Internal Bathing," which he will be pleased to send free on request if you will address Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, Room 441, 163 College St., Toronto, and mention having read this in Everywoman's World.

Inasmuch as the most noted Specialists including the great Professor Metchnikoff, are agreed that the absence of accumulated waste will positively assure better health greater strength and much greater efficiency to think and to work, it would certainly seem worth while at least to inform yourself on this subject by writing for the little gift book now, before it passes from your mind.



The Making of a Duchess

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

come home to stay. Where's Turrets?" The Duke appeared within the doorway.

"I say, Jim," she pleaded, "you're going to drive us back, aren't you? Brennan is nothing better than a coachman. He drives a motor as if it were a balky horse. The ride here gave me 'mal de mer.'"

The Duke could not but smile as he caught the gleam in my eyes.

The Duchess was not yet done with her wiles. She had me seated by the Duke because, as she put it, "Claude's luncheon has been too much for me after my abstemiousness at Brent's, and I've got to sleep it off, so if you don't mind, I'm going to hog the seat of the tonneau for a couch." And, no sooner had we started, than she assumed a clever semblance of sleep. Gradually, however, as we drove through the splendor of the late afternoon, the Duke and I forgot the occupant of the tonneau, and found ourselves telling each other many of those intimate things which, for some undefined reason, we never confide to those whom we have known longest. Through a silly song and dance, I had accomplished recognition in the world into which he had been born. My business was to be a humming-bird where he was an eagle . . . yet we found ourselves akin. If only the Duchess had not taken a hand—

As we neared Brent's, the Duchess awoke with a suspiciously well-timed alacrity.

"You must let us off, Jim, it's as near as we dare go. And now," she groaned, "for a Brent supper—stewed prunes and cornstarch pap. By the way, Jim, do you think that the two stone I've lost is worth it?" She smoothed down her hips.

"You know that I liked you as you were, mater, but your dress-maker will probably be pleased." He patted her shoulder, gave her a dutiful peck, and held out his hand to me.

"I hope, Miss Mallo, you will come again to Turrets."

The Duchess clutched my arm.

"For heaven's sake, hurry. Here come a couple of the animated meal sacks down the road."

We scuttled off, and a moment later, the Duke sped by us. At the crossroads, we came upon Doctor Brent and her companion. Supper was ready upon our arrival, so that I was unable to get a word with the Duchess. She sat opposite to me, and regarded me with a mixture of mischief and satisfaction.

AFTER lights were out for the night, I stole to the Duchess's room and softly opened the door.

"Who's there?"

"I, Duchess."

I approached the bed where the Duchess cowered in an unlovely flannel nightie, and stood over her, grimly.

"Duchess," I said, "you are a manoeuvring old woman."

"S-sh," she whispered, "or that bogie Brent will get us. Don't you know that this is against the rules?"

"There are other things, Duchess, which fair-minded men and women consider against the rules."

"Oh, I say, Goldine Mallo, don't be a blighter."

"But—"

"S-sh. Do shut that transom, and come over here and sit on the bed. I want to talk to you."

"I can hear very well from here, Duchess."

"Do as I say, child. Ah, this is better. Give me your hand. Now, you Mallo doll, aside from the facts that you're as ridiculously pretty as a bit of French bisque, and that I've taken one of my absurd fancies to you, you're at head—you've proved it throughout your career—a shrewd woman of business; and I, too,—well, I suppose you know that I was a penniless, obscure curate's daughter when I met the late Duke. Now, I take it, that neither you nor I have any scruples of sentiment. You know that a title, and none better on the island, at that, is not to be despised, any more than your fifty thousand pounds per annum which I do not despise."

"Duchess," said I, "may I tell you a little story?"

"I'm a poor listener, but have your way."

"About eighteen years ago," I began, "there was a young girl playing ingenue parts in a second-rate stock company in the middle west of the States. She fell in

love with the leading man of the company because he was the first man who had ever wooed her in what appeared to be an honorable way. She married him because she thought marriage meant a home and babies. She had never known a human creature she could call her own. A founding, she had been, a slave in her childhood, and a bit of flotsam in her girlhood."

The Duchess patted my hand. I went on:

"Less than a month after her marriage, after the close of a stormy scene caused by her refusal to sign a contract with a manager of a particularly unsavory reputation, she left her husband who obtained a divorce upon her desertion. Later she read of his death. She was only nineteen at the time, but she had already tasted sufficient of the bitterness of life to make her as wary of its brews as any dowager."

She looked about her well, and decided that, henceforth, she would brew of her own vintage, or to put it plainly, if paradoxically, that she would accept nothing from life but what she could wrest from it. She had little talent for the things of the stage, but she possessed personal beauty, a cool head, and a capacity for work. There was but one thing she feared, dependence. Early and late, she worked to ward it off, preserving as best she could her beauty, and carefully cool in those situations in which women give their emotions the rein.

When, eventually, she became overnight, as it were, a luminary on Broadway, the critics spoke of her luck. But she and one astute manager knew better. For three years, he had watched her before he had taken her from the ranks."

"Go on," urged the Duchess, as I paused for breath.

"There is not much more to tell, Duchess. Despite the fact that she was soon earning more money than she had ever hoped to earn in all her life, she still awoke in the night with a horror of what dependence might bring her to. Yet, more than the dependence resultant from want of money, she dreaded the dependence resultant from love. Home, she determined, should be what she would make for herself."

"One, alone, cannot make home," said the Duchess softly.

"No," I answered, "she has come to realize that."

The Duchess leaned over and kissed me. "My dear child, after all, you have scruples of sentiment. I won't say that I like you any the less for them. However, sentiment and business can often be advantageously combined. And now, if you'll leave me, I shall take my belated beauty sleep."

A week later, the Duchess's six weeks were up. I thought that I detected mischief in her eye as she bade me a farewell, but I was hurt that she made no mention of seeing me again.

Three days after that, I was returning from my morning's walk when at the very crossroads, where first the Duchess had accosted me, stood the Duke, patiently awaiting me.

He came forward with his customary deprecating manner.

"Miss Mallo, I hope that you will forgive my unconventionality, but you know, the rules of this infernal place did not permit of my asking beforehand whether this intention of mine would be agreeable to you. I have hidden my motor in a thicket farther down the road, and I hope that you will let me take you for a little spin."

"Did your mother send you, Duke?" I asked which was rather nasty, yet not entirely uncalled for, of me.

He smiled his patient smile.

"What would you do, if I should say 'yes'?" he asked.

"Simply walk on and finish my six miles."

"As a matter of fact, the mater did send me, but—," catching at my arm as I was about to go, "please, wait a minute until I can place the situation before you in its entirety. The mater sent me to fetch you back for luncheon. I have, however, no intention of doing so. I intend, with your consent, of course, to have luncheon with you myself at any woodland spot you may designate. To facilitate this, I have brought with me the luncheon. All that is needed, is the guest. Will you accept the part, Miss Mallo? I am anxious to discuss with you at length the respective merits of various plans for chicken runs."

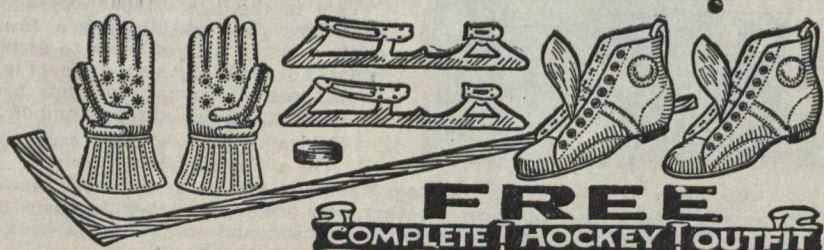
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44)

Maxwell
"Home" Washer

—the washer that not only washes the clothes mechanically, but does it better than they can be washed by hand. There's no "skimping" by the "Home" Washer—light or heavy articles are cleaned with equal thoroughness. There's no tearing of delicate fabrics, either. And it does the work in half the time! No more long-drawn-out, back-breaking washdays anywhere there's a Maxwell "Home" Washer; just put the clothes in, and the rest is hardly work at all—because the "Home" Washer is so light, noiseless, and easy-running. Enclosed gears make it absolutely safe: "springs" make cover lift easily. Made of best quality cypress, handsomely finished. Runs by hand-power or water-motor. See it at your dealer's.

Write for Booklet to-day interesting—FREE.

MAXWELLS LIMITED Dept. K. St Marys, Ont. 34



BOYS—Just think of owning a complete hockey outfit consisting of a pair of splendid, strong, polished steel hockey skates (all sizes), with a puck stop, a good lively puck and a strong, well-made rock-elm hockey stick and a dandy pair of well padded hockey gloves with fingers and wrists protected by leather covered cane splints, or a dandy pair of hockey boots, extra well stitched and reinforced. With this splendid outfit you will be the best equipped player on the team, and you can get the complete set without a cent of cost.

Just write us at once, a postcard will do, and by return mail we will send you a big free ten cent package of "Daintees" our new whipped-cream, candy-coated, breath perfume that everybody loves. With your sample package we will send you just 32 large packages of "Daintees" to introduce among your friends at only 10c. each. It's

Address: **GOLD DOLLAR MANUFACTURING CO., DEPT. H. 4 TORONTO, ONT. 17B**