

Old Dutch Cleanser

OFFERS THE BEST PROTECTION AGAINST DIRT

Many uses and full directions on large Sifter-Can 10¢.



his eleven years, two big tears found their salty way down his cheeks. But no one saw them, for they were crushed against mother's blouse. "Don't cry, Eric, boy," she was saying. "I wish you could both have gone, but we mustn't spoil Ruthie's pleasure by looking sorry. Maybe you and I can go somewhere by ourselves this afternoon."

Eric choked back a sob. "No, mummy; you haven't time. Never mind; there'll be something else turn up."

Meantime Ruth, in front of her looking-glass, was combing her hair and pulling savagely at the snarls. As she combed, she talked aloud. "Well, I don't care. Uncle Donald didn't want him or he would have asked him. And he couldn't get the linen anyhow." Then her eyes wandered to the white roadway with the warm spring sun on it, and the blue sky. "I don't care if 'tis his turn," she answered the girl in the glass. "I want to go—that old box social wasn't much. Well, I know it cost a quarter, and what if I did coax to go? How did I know what it would be like?" She dragged on one shoe with a jerk. "Northwich!" she said.

Child had Bronchitis

Once people get acquainted with the wonderful control which Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine exerts over bronchitis, whooping cough, croup and colds it is not easy to persuade them that anything else is "just as good." This is why the imitators never get very far.

In 1902 Mrs. Eugene Iler, King Street, Truro, N.S., wrote as follows:

"From an infant one of my children was troubled with bronchitis, and the least cold would aggravate the trouble. We could not get anything to help him, and were often greatly alarmed. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as a treatment for bronchitis, we used it, and are glad to state that it effected a complete cure. If any of the children take a cold or cough I give this medicine, and have never known it to fail to bring relief."

Mrs. Iler now writes that she has since proven this medicine to be a cure for whooping cough, and would not be without it in the house.

"Maybe he'll take me to the moving pictures! Wouldn't that just be great. Eric's never seen them!— Well, I wish he could go, too—but—"

"Come, Ruth; come and get some lunch before you go," came a voice up the stairs, and she hurried down.

But Eric, with his little crutch leaning against his chair, and his eyes all reddened, was sitting pasting pictures again. Somehow, looking at him, Ruth's merry chatter failed her, and mother, too, seemed rather quiet. She soon slipped back to her room to finish dressing.

"Well, I wish he could go, too, she admitted to the girl in the glass. But Eric's white face seemed suddenly to have spoiled all her pleasure. Her new blue dress was very pretty, and yet it was not a happy-looking little girl who put on her hat. She gave the mirror a vicious tip to see herself better, and down fell a little Christmas card that she had stuck in at the edge of the frame. She glanced at it as it fell. "Love thyself last," met her eye. Angrily, as though someone had found fault with her, she gave it a knock and brushed it to the floor. She settled her hat to her satisfaction, got out her gloves and the purse that Eric had given her at Christmas. She held it a moment, looking at it, and the thought of his disappointment came home to her. She drew on one glove slowly. "He wouldn't have time to get ready now," she argued to herself, and "Love thyself last" stared up at her from the floor. "He would like to go," she gave in, "and he can't walk many places. If it was anything else but Northwich! Oh, I can't—"

The little card looked up almost appealingly. "He might take a sample of mummy's linen, but I want to go." Then she picked up the silent accuser from the floor. "Ruth Robson," she cried, "you are just a selfish little beast. You know Uncle Donald wouldn't care a bit, and Eric would let you go, if he were in your place! Poor kiddie!" she finished, as she threw the card on the bed and rushed downstairs impulsively.

"Ready, Ruth? I expect Uncle Donald back in a few minutes," called her mother from the kitchen. "Oh, mummy!" she burst out. "Let Eric go, won't you? Has he time to change his things? Here, Eric, I'll help you!" to the boy, who had reached for his crutch and was standing with shining eyes and pink cheeks. "Oh, Ruthie!" he gasped, but she was gone for his boots, while mother bustled, without a word, to get a clean collar and Eric's cap and overcoat. Then, "you run and make Eric a sandwich, Ruthie," she said, "and then, if Uncle Donald comes before we're ready, Eric can have it with him. Fifteen miles is a long drive."

Eric looked down at his mother as she put on his rubbers, "Oh! I did so want to go," he said. "Isn't Ruthie just splendid?" At which Ruth, coming from the kitchen, reddened rosily, as she gave her brother his hasty luncheon.

And when the two black horses had whisked away a very smiling little boy and a big fur-coated man, mother drew a happy-looking girl toward her and kissed her understandingly.

What and Why Is the Internal Bath?

By C. Gilbert Percival, M.D.

Though many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And, inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started at about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times—I refer to the appeal for Optimism, Cheerfulness, Efficiency and those attributes which go with them, and which, if steadily practised, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gospels," as it were, had as their inspiration the ever-present, unconquerable Canadian Ambition, for it had been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself, who is optimistic, cheerful and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always — for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic, and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger," and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue, and nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong — who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind, and which counts so much for success.

Now the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the Canadian, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure, complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be-desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words, our trouble, to a great degree, is physical first and mental afterwards—this physical trouble is simple, and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and if it is allowed to exist too long becomes chronic and then dangerous.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us, which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give — that is, a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously, sometimes, if there is a local weakness.

This accumulated waste has long been recognized as a menace, and Physicians, Physiciculturists, Dietitians, Osteopaths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success.

It remained, however, for a new, rational and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily solve the problem of how to thoroughly eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which made it and us sluggish and dull spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as Nature intended it should.

That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsement of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found by disagreeable, and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drug shop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with Internal Bathing.

Drugs force Nature instead of assisting her — Internal Bathing assists Nature and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands.

Drugs, being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—Internal Bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon constantly clean drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective the doses must be increased. Internal Bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practised for years.

It is probably no more surprising, however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means; causing less strain on the system and leaving no evil after-effects.

Doubless you, as well as other Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a Physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called "The What, The Why, The Way of the Internal Bath." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 569, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in The Canadian Churchman.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

My personal experience and my observations make me very enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN."