

SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOR

CHAPTER IV

"INTO TEMPTATION"

For a moment the question had no meaning for Barbara. She only stared uncomprehendingly at the old grandmother, who with her fierce clutch still upon the girl's arms, the new gleam in her sunken eyes, repeated:

"What's to keep you, I say, from living in that dead girl's place?"

"In—in her place?" echoed Barbara, slowly.

"Ay, ay; is it dead or daft you are these last days, Wessel Graeme? You are not like your own sharp, wise self at all. Haven't ye been crying out against the poverty and bad luck and want and woe that has been on ye ever since your poor wraith of a mother gave ye life? The curse of the Black Graeme is on ye, I don't deny. Here's your chance to lift it—the chance to shake it off."

"I don't—don't understand," gasped Barbara. "Grandmother you don't mean—"

"I do, I do. Don't stare at me that way as if I had struck you dumb, Wessel. Have you lost your wits outright? I ask ye again, what's to keep you from taking that dead girl's place? You're her age, her size, you've got the same white, pulling, peaked face—ay and you're sharp and wise and cunning enough when you choose to be, Wessel, and there would be none so good as you to know. Roger Randall, for all his wisdom and book learning, would be none the wiser for the changing," and the old woman laughed again her harsh, mirthless laugh.

"Grandmother," said Barbara slowly, a strange look of fear creeping over her pale face, "grandmother, you must have gone mad—"

"Mad," repeated the old woman, fiercely, "mad! it is you who are mad, you young fool, not to see the luck, the golden luck before you—the luck that poor corpse upstairs has just dropped from her dead at your very feet. And you haven't the sense left to pick it up—"

"Oh Elinor, poor, poor, Elinor!" murmured Barbara, as the pitiless words turned her thoughts to the stark, shrouded figure upstairs.

"It's poor, poor Barbara to my thinking," scoffed the old grandmother, mockingly. "Listen to me, Wessel. It's not often I open my lips as I'm opening them to ye now. I'm just back from Clivedon. Ye know, maybe, what I went for."

"To see—father," answered the girl in a low tone.

"Yes." The old voice changed as if some master touch had suddenly fallen upon its jarred and broken chords. "To see your father, to see my boy, my strong, bold, brave boy rotting in his prison cell. Fifteen long years has he been there now, and five more to stay in those dark, stone walls—in that cursed, living grave! For one fierce wild blow struck when the hot blood of the Graemes was boiling within him and he was blind and mad with his fury, girl, blind and mad! And Lynn Graydon never died from it, as three doctors swore. It wasn't the blow that killed him, it was the rage and passion and hate in his own heart. But the jury wouldn't listen."

"Oh, grandmother, don't tell me, don't tell me," whispered the girl, shuddering. "Haven't I heard it all? Don't I know the black shadow that is on me? That has been on me all my life, from the time I found out that other girls wouldn't play with Buck Graeme's daughter? That boys called this house Jailbird's Roost. That I must be alone, alone, always cold and alone, until Elinor came, and—the passionate outcry died in a hoarse, choked sob.

"Come to change all for you," continued the old woman. "Come to leave ye good fortune and good luck. Listen again, Wessel. Your father's words to me ere I left him this morning were: Send the girl off, if ye can, work her. She is old enough to work her own way now, and the blight will be on her wraith, and she'll be at the Road House. And here is the way open to ye, if ye'll only walk it, Wessel—walk it wisely and warily, as ye will know how. Ye've got the girl's story straight and clear, ye've got her trunk and her clothes and her papers. There's naught to fear if ye keep your heart and your wits. Take the dead girl's name and place—go to Roger Randall as the grandchild he is waiting for, and let him lift ye, as he can, girl—lift ye to a place as proud and high as any in the land."

"He will give ye name and home and friends, girl. Ye'll have fine living and fine clothes, and money to go where and how ye will. And who will be the worse of it? Not Roger Randall, for ye'll be as good a granddaughter as the other. Not the poor, cold corpse, that all his gold couldn't warm into life now. Who'll be the worse for it if ye take that dead girl's place?"

Barbara was listening now, listening now with dilated eyes fixed upon the grandmother's face; listening like a bird fascinated by the shining, sinuous thing on the grass below its nest.

Take Elinor's place! Take Elinor's place! The thought, so strange, so wild, so monstrous—seeming at first, was beginning to take shape in her bewildered mind. Vague, dim, uncertain shape, indeed, but outlined with the misty rainbows of which poor Elinor had built her broken dreams. The stately old home with its shading oak, its clam-

bering roses; the wide hall rich in pictured memories; the safety, the shelter, the peace, the love that was waiting the dead girl's claim! Barbara saw it all in colors whose radiant shimmer and glow were only a dazzling mirage to her.

Take Elinor's place! Oh, poor grandmother was surely mad, and yet, yet—

"There's that meddling Daffy Mills at the door," said the old woman, snatching up the letter from Roger Randall and thrusting it into the folds of her dress. "Mind, not a word to him of this, girl, not a word, d'ye hear? Stay ye back, and I'll go see what it is he wants." And Barbara, whose strong, free spirit seemed broken-winged to-day, stood by the kitchen window that looked out over the weed grown wastes that stretched back of the old house down to the hollow under the great mountain yew, where for fifty years the Graemes had buried their dead; the grim "Black Graemes," who, in the fierce, untamed spirit they had brought from the Scotch Highlands, had once held this ridge in lawless strength.

Would poor Elinor be put there? Barbara wondered dreadingly; there in that dark hollow, where the sun never shone and no flower bloomed? And while she chilled at the thought she heard Daffy's brisk tones blending with the harsh voice of her grandmother at the front door.

"I don't want to intrude, of course, Mrs. Graeme, but I happened to hear that poor young critter I sent up here for board he'd died on your hands, and I come to see if you didn't want some sort of neighborly help."

"No, we don't, thanks to you all the same, Daffy Mills."

"Ain't no kin or friends or anybody you'd like notified?" said Daffy.

"If there is they'll hev to come look her up themselves," was the sharp answer. "We've had trouble enough with her for the little she paid. And there's a trifle left that will go to pay for all she needs now—coffin and grave."

"Lord, that is sort of pitiful, isn't it?" said Daffy. "Such a young thing, too. I thought maybe that letter I brought around this morning might be a sort of leader to you."

"It wasn't," answered the old woman quickly; "it wasn't nothing but a medicine mixture that she wrote for, thinking it might make her well. I was a fool to take her in, half dead as she was. She's been a trouble and worry from first to last, and I'll take no trouble or worry more."

"Maybe if you put a notice in the papers," suggested Daffy.

"No, I won't, I won't put nothing nowhere," was the fierce answer. "If the girl has any friends they can look her up without my meddling. I'll have her buried decently in my own lot, and they'll find her there."

And Daffy, riding home after this neighborly effort, reflected that that was really all that could be expected of the poor little creature was dead; poor as well as sick, any one could see. I might put a notice in the paper, but it's none of my business sure, and likely enough I'd stir up that old catamount's temper if I meddled. So I'll just let things take their way," concluded good-hearted Daffy.

"After all, it can't matter much to the poor young thing now. Only I'm sort of sorry that preacher has gone from Graystone. I must say I'd strike him for a prayer or a blessing on that lonely little grave, sure."

"You heard what I said to that meddling fool?" said the old woman as she came shuffling back to the kitchen, where Barbara still stood looking out of the broken-paned window.

"Yes," answered the girl, slowly. "I heard you lie, grandmother."

"Ay," said the old woman, "and you'll hear me lie again if need be. What is lie or truth to that poor cold clay above, girl? And—and—it's all the world can give to woman for you, if you'll do as I bid; if you'll go to Roger Randall in that dead girl's place—"

"I can not. You are mad to think of such a thing, grandmother, mad, mad!" cried the girl, with sudden passion flaming in her gray eyes, and she flung out of the dark-rattened room, and darted like a hunted thing into the open air for breath and light. And the old woman nodded and chuckled in triumph, for she knew the same "madness" had seized Barbara and was holding her, struggle against it as she might.

As indeed it was. Through the heavy, hopeless gloom shrouding her life-path, through the icy horror of death and despair that was on her to-day, there had burst a light—that, at first, only a pale mocking gleam, was growing steadily, brightening into more alluring radiance every moment.

Oh, it was madness, madness, Barbara knew! And yet—and yet—

With a sudden strange terror of her grandmother, of herself, more than all of that white, still figure in the darkened room upstairs, Barbara sped away from the shadows, the memories of the grisly old house into the forest ways, where the sunlight shimmered through the budding boughs, and the brown bare earth was stirring with tender shoots of weed and grass, and the warm moist air was filled with the whispers of spring. Far away she sped, down the wild steps of the ridge, where the burn, full fed from spring rains and melting snows, foamed and swirled as it took its way over the rocks. Only a few weeks ago it had been locked in ice, shrouded in snowdrifts, hushed in deathlike silence. Barbara paused perforce in

her flight as she reached the fall. Here the ridge suddenly broke off in a sheer descent of some thirty feet, where the burn trickled lazily in the long, hot summer days, or hung in glittering icicles during the sharp, cold winter. Now arched with rainbows, glittering with jeweled spray, it took the leap in one strong, joyous bound, and singing its song of triumph swept down the valley.

With an odd answering thrill in her breast, Barbara sat down on a flat rock, and the vision from which she had fled hove before her.

The home—the stately, beautiful home of which Elinor had talked and dreamed until her patient listener knew its every detail. The climbing roses, the sheltering oaks, the wide hall, the life within, the full, rich, calm, untroubled life, in which no sorrow or shame or want could ever come—all that would have been Elinor's might be her own. The mad old grandmother had said it—might be her own—her own. And drawing a long, gasping breath, Barbara at last faced the dazzling, bewildering thought boldly. All this might be her own if she would dare take the dead girl's vacant place, press her vanished claim, go boldly to Roserocroft and say, "I am Elinor Kent." For the depths of these mountain forests, where the friendly, lonely girl had laid down her life, what voice would come in protest over nigh a thousand miles of distance? Who of the few that had given scant thought of scorn or pity to either girl would give thought of doubt or suspicion now?

Take Elinor's place, her grandmother had said, and again Barbara drew a long, shivering breath; while the rainbow spray of the leaping stream drenched her hair and face unnoticed, and her quick brain awakened. Thought, fancy, purpose, will, at last roused into life.

Slowly she took her way back to the house, the spring sunshine upon her bare head, the music of the burn in her ears and a new hunger in her heart—the fierce hunger of the starveling who sees food and drink in rich, full measure within darning, reckless reach.

But as she passed the hollow a sound chilled the warm leap of the blood in her veins. It was the dull thud of spaded earth under the old yew-tree where two men were digging a grave.

"An' do look pooty, shuah," said old Huldah, who was a practised tirewoman to death. "Ole missus she don't rummaged de trunk, and found a little white frock an' we's dressed her up fine. She is lying dar in de ole parlor looking like one of de sperrits before de throne."

"In—in the parlor?" said Barbara, for that dark, grim room had been closed ever since she could remember.

"Ob course, chile; bleeed to put a corpse in de bes' place you got; even ole missus, cantankerous as she is, 'greed to dat. Mouty dark and colwobby, but dar ain't no one to take count ob dat. Come in and see."

Chilled with the horror of it all, Barbara followed the old woman into the long-closed room, with the heavy old-time furniture her mother had brought as dowry to the house, standing in straight grim rows against the walls. A special glimmer came from the tall mirror between the closed windows—the mirror in which Barbara had feared to look for many a year, so bent was its ghostly presence with the horror and mystery of the darkened room.

But to-day the past vanished for her. She saw only Elinor, Elinor lying there, calm, white-robed, beautiful, a line of pain and trouble smoothed from the pure young face that wore a radiant smile of peace.

It was Barbara's first sight of death and she stood in awe, breathless silence, with parted lips and dilated eyes, while old Huldah, garrulous with importance, prated on.

"She do look pooty, shuah. Pity she ain't got mother or father or some sort of kinfolks to come look at her. Sich a poor young critter to go down to the grave alone—nobody even to send her a posy of death flowers."

"Flowers!" Barbara caught at the word and lifted the gray eyes that burned to day with a new, feverish light to old Huldah's face.

"Ought she have flowers?"

"Ay, she ought," answered the old woman, "even cullud folks hez flowers, chile. When my Mary Jane died de laylocks was in bloom and dey just kivered her wif'em. Took away de lonely look somehow. An' when I hired out down der Atlanta, and young Miss Mabel died, it peared like folks couldn't send enough. De roses and lilies was piled round so you couldn't see the coffin or de corpse. But you can't get no flowers 'bout here now. Dar ain't even a crocus out yet."

"Oh, Huldah, yes, we must, we must. She—loved flowers so," said Barbara, a dry, hoarse sob rising in her throat as she spoke.

"Ole Dutch Fritz hez got 'em, 'd said Huldah; "but Lor', chile, he won't give a shoot to de libbing or dead. He's a nussing 'em to sell high."

"She must have them," said Barbara. "She must have flowers. She used to talk about them, and—and dream about them, Huldah. I'll go get some right now."

Half an hour later Fritzie Wonn, whittling flower-sticks on his father's back porch, was startled by the appearance of Barbara, with Rip, croaking indignantly at his summary and unlooked for capture, in her arms.

"I've brought him," she said, and the sharp, quick tone was a little tremulous. "You said you'd give

92 for him. And I'll take it all out in flowers."

"In flowers?" Fritzie, whose wits worked slowly, stared uncomprehendingly.

"Yes, stupid—in flowers!" answered Barbara. "I will sell you Rip for his price in flowers. And mind you, don't cheat me, either. You can't ever give me what he is worth," and again the sharp tone trembled, "but you've got to pay me fair and square, and then you can have him for your own." And though her voice quavered and every dull creak of her fierce old pet was a sharp hurt, Barbara drove her bargain close and hard. She went back to the Road House with her arms full of snowy, fragrant blooms.

And Elinor, pale, smiling Elinor had the flowers of which she had dreamed at last. Next day, when a few hard handed men from the neighborhood laid the gentle sleeper to rest under the old yew-tree in the hollow, the new made mound was left white with the flowers of spring.

All through the long, solemn hours that death held his chill in the Road House the fever spark had shone in Barbara's gray eyes, and the old grandmother said nothing, for she knew the fire she had kindled was burning in the girl's blood and brain. But when they came back from the grave beneath the yew tree, she called Barbara to straighten the grim old parlor into its usual dark, desolate order.

"I can not bide to look into it," she croaked, "for it is here the curse fell on us. They were playing cards and Lynn Graydon saw what your father held in you glass. And then came the hot words and the mad blow. Eh, eh!" the old woman suddenly bent down and snatched a bit of worn rug from the floor, showing a dark, brownish stain beneath.

"That is what is upon your girl, and no soap or suds can ever stir it. I scoured like a madwoman on it for night a year. It is blood, blood! The blood that poured from Lynn Graydon's mouth when he fell. If your father had run when I cried to him, if he had run! But no! He stood there, staring like he was struck to stone. Eh, eh, eh!" and the old woman dropped into a chair and flinging her apron over her head began to rock back and forward, crying the fierce, tearless cry of a wild thing robbed of its young.

"It killed your mother," continued the old, broken voice. "Poor, white-faced wretch that she was, she died within the year. And as she was dying she prayed—for she was a praying woman—that you might follow her soon. And I would have prayed the same if I had known how. But you lived, girl, you lived to bear the shame and the blight and the curse; you lived to grow into a poor lone starveling, with no one to give ye kind word or helping hand to earn your bit of bread. You lived, to stand alone with no chance for luck or joy, or love!"

"Oh, grandmother, hush, hush!" Barbara fell on her knees before the old woman, and caught the rocking, walking figure in her arms. "Grandmother, see, I have the chance," the girl panted, excitedly. "The one desperate chance you showed me. And—I will take it, grandmother, for I'll go mad if I stay here now. I will go to Roserocroft in Elinor's place!"

TO BE CONTINUED

BREAKING DALEY

There was a fascination about the pudgy white hand that played, awkwardly yet quickly, with the neat bundles of crisp bank notes lying on the mahogany table. The fat fingers had a trick of stretching out suddenly and then relaxing. Daley had seen the cat do that beside the fire at home, and as he listened to the purring voice of the big man opposite—so plausible, so pleasant—his excited mind fought against the sinister decision of faint paw, there on the table, stretched unheeding cruel claws and quickly hiding them.

"So you can put this down to interest in you, Daley," the soft voice continued. "You're new in politics and you're young. There are bigger jobs than house delegate. Listen to your friends, and you'll go higher. We'll have this thing all in shape to-morrow. Run in during the afternoon."

Daley went out with a strange elation beating in him. There was something that whispered of power, of money, of success. Fantastic visions of forgotten dreams flitted in and out, and he found it pleasant as he walked along to let them riot in his mind.

He had covered half the distance to his home before he thrust his fancies from him and began to think. He found it hard to face the thing in sober thought. The bright hopes for higher office, for ultimate large success, were all very well, but he knew it was to-day that concerned him most—knew that, above all, his first pressing need was money. And Bent in his skillful talk, had mentioned money—immediate funds. He shrank a little as he thought of it, but it was there under the fine words. It was crookedness—ugly, plundering crookedness.

A dancing, gleeful midget greeted him at his doorstep with a cricket-like shrill of "Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!"

Daley caught up the little girl and crushed the cool, soft cheeks against his feverish face. He looked up to find his wife, Margaret, smiling at them from the door.

"I'm so glad you came home early, Billy, dear," she said, as she kissed him. "Did you have a good day?"

He looked at her a moment queerly. Then, tenderly, he patted her shoulder.

"I don't know, Margy, whether it was good or not."

They were sitting on the small front stoop that evening, the warm breadth of spring softly stirring through the gathering shadows.

"Billy," said Margaret, "to-morrow is the 1st of May."

Daley stared unseeingly.

"I know, Margy; I know. Let's forget it a while. It's peaceful here and quiet, and we seem to be away off from—"

"Billy, dear," and his wife put her hand gently on his knee. "Not the first of the month—the first of May—the Blessed Virgin's month. I know you've been busy and worried and things haven't been going on just right at the office. So you've not thought very much about these other things. But Billy, I've been thinking about them. This afternoon the thought was with me every minute. I'm afraid we're beginning to forget a little, dear. To-morrow night the May devotions begin. Will you go with me?"

Billy stared a moment straight out across the street. He clasped the little hand resting on his knee.

"I guess I've slipped some, Margy. Don't seem to have time any more. There'll be a lot of night work next month. I'll see what I can do. That insurance premium's due to-morrow," he broke off. "Won't be much left for the bills."

"They're not very big this month. Perhaps something will turn up soon."

"Yes, maybe something will turn up," he added, tensely.

William Daley was a member of the street and alley committee in the Assembly. There was a big subdivision to be opened up in the outskirts of the city that spring, and the next morning he went out there with a package of blue-prints.

The rolling country, clean and fresh, blossomed sweetly about him. His lungs expanded gratefully in the pure air, and he felt the blood tingling joyfully through him as he walked about noting the white stakes and consulting the blue plans.

For an hour or more he worked happily, and then suddenly it came to him how intimately associated with these sunny, green hillsides were Bent's insinuating words of yesterday. In a little while he was to go again to the big, purring man, and the soft voice would want an answer.

Daley weighed it, walking with his head down. On one side there were the pleasant dreams, and money—money to lift that ever-increasing, torturing load that piled up day by day. On the other there was only the struggle, the heart-breaking battle that he had been fighting as far back as he could remember.

"Why, I never even had a mother," he thought bitterly. "Maybe if I had I'd know what to do."

Then he thought of the dancing midget and of Margaret.

He reached the summit of the long slope. Down there before him was a little stone church, its tiny spire and gilded cross pointing up out of a group of trees. He stood, looking across the valley at the shining little cross.

"Margy wants me to go with her to-night—to May devotions."

The two ideas—of visiting Bent and going with Margaret—created a strange turmoil in him. He felt them, in a detached sort of way, struggling like deadly enemies for supremacy. There came to him then clearly from the slender, distant spire the musical note of the bell.

"It's the Angelus," said Daley aloud, and his hand rose slowly to his ear.

The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary—the words rushed to him, and reverently he repeated, them.

"Guess I won't wait till to-night to start my May devotions," he said, with a whimsical smile.

Big Bent sat behind the polished table and smiled as Daley entered.

"Sit down, my boy," he said, genially. "Well, we're all ready."

Again that thick hand dropped to the table, and Daley saw, with a quick clutch in his breast, the neat little packages of yellow bills with which it carelessly toyed.

"Now," about this job out Northampton," said the big man briskly. "That's coming up to-night, I believe."

Daley's face was pale, and around his forehead strands of his ruddy hair lay plastered coldly. But his lips were dry and hot and he spoke them with his tongue as he spoke.

"Mr. Bent," he began, "it isn't ingratitude—and I know you did a lot for me last fall—elected me, I guess. But I—I can't go on with those paving plans."

The heavy fingers stretched out slowly—and did not relax. Mr. Bent's voice lost its purring note.

"Going to turn us down, eh?" he rasped.

"It's not that, Mr. Bent. I'll do anything I can for you. But I can't do anything about the paving."

"Let me tell you something, Daley," snarled the big man, pushing his great head forward. "I don't know what you want, but you've heard all I've got to say."

"I don't want—anything," said Daley.

"It's a turn-down!" Bent leaped up with astonishing agility. His narrow glowing eyes blazed down at Daley. "You can't get away with it. We'll break you, Daley—hear me? We'll break you in a thousand pieces."

Young Daley knew the insidious power behind the threat; understood in a flash what it meant to him—and

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 practiced, will make our nation 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 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 an 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, it there is a local weakness.

This accumulated waste has long

been regarded as a menace, and Physicians, Physiologists, 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 eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy, and keep up correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which make 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.

Hitherto 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.

Doubtless 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 "Why Man of To-day is Only 50% Efficient." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M. D., Room 457, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in The Catholic Record.

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.

he wavered. But clear in his memory rushed the simple tale he had told the Blessed Mother, there on the hill, and the color flushed back into his face.

"Better start in breaking, Bent," he said evenly. "But don't get careless, because I'm going to give you a fine little fight."

Bent chuckled derisively and dropped back into his chair.

"Well," he said, with a little sigh, "we all make mistakes. I thought you were a pretty bright young fellow, Daley; but I guess you'd better look around for a job—you'll need some next fall. That's about all today."

Daley's hand clenched angrily, and for an instant a wild desire filled him to smash his strong fist into the sneering face before him. Then without a word he crushed his soft felt hat down on his head and left the room.

As he ran down the steps he felt the hot wrath slipping from him. With the passing of its stimulating warmth there stole over him quickly an odd sensation of cold loneliness. It was as if he had been set down suddenly in a strange and hostile place. When he crossed the busy street he looked for Flannigan, the traffic man, but another stood there directing the passing stream, and the new man only nodded curtly at him as he passed.

To Daley, Bent's silent but tremendous power was a very real thing.

He had seen its workings last fall; he watched it lift him, unskilled in politics, almost unknown, up over the heads of wiser and older opponents, and now it seemed that already those invisible but solid props were being kicked out from under him, leaving him weak and alone to face his towering foe.

A chattering newsboy rushed at him. Daley handed the urchin a coin and took the paper. He stood for a moment looking dully at the headlines, and then slowly the light flickered up in his gray eyes.

"I've got Margy with me, anyway," he said softly. "She'd have told me to do just what I've done. We can save here and there—we'll get along somehow. And now I'll just take one shot at this."

He tossed the newspaper from him and strode off rapidly down the street.

Ten minutes later James Pearlman, owner of the "Post," the city's greatest newspaper, glanced at William Daley's card. He balanced it a moment on his slender fingers, then dropped it on his desk before him.

"Show him in," he said.

"Mr. Pearlman," said Daley, taking the chair indicated. "I've called to tell you of a talk I had to-day with Mr. Bent."

"If you come on Bent's business, Mr. Daley," answered Pearlman, coldly, "the matter will be of no interest to me."

"Mr. Bent has just told me that he would break me into a thousand