

## THE WONDERFUL MISSION OF THE INTERNAL BATH

BY G. G. PERCIVAL, M.D.

**D**O you know that over three hundred thousand Americans are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to everyone.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95% of human illnesses is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of to-day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided—

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste, before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years.

You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its perniciously, enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time—and the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean and pure as Nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

You undoubtedly know, from your

own personal experience, how dull, and unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints is at best only partially effective: the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known—

For it is not possible to conceive until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be accounted for—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue, that he made Internal Baths his special study and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J. B. L. Cascade," and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are to-day using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practise and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 334, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this in The Canadian Courier.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that everyone who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.

## NORMAL SIGHT NOW POSSIBLE WITHOUT EYE-GLASSES

Because your eyes are in any way affected, it no longer means that you must look forward to wearing glasses for the balance of your life.

For it has been conclusively proven that eye-weaknesses are primarily caused by a lack of blood circulation in the eye, and when the normal circulation is restored, the eye rapidly regains its accustomed strength and clearness of vision.

The most eminent eye specialists are agreed that even in so serious a condition as cataract of the eye, an increase in blood circulation is most beneficial.

It is now possible to safely give the eyes just the massage (or exercise) which they need, to bring them back to a normal, healthy condition of natural strength, and this method has been successful in restoring normal eyesight to thousands and making them absolutely independent of eye-glasses.

It does not matter what the trouble with your eyes may be; for old-sight, far-sight, near-sight, astigmatism, and even more serious eye troubles, have yielded to this gentle massage, which is extremely simple, entirely safe, and takes but a few minutes of each day.

If you will write to the Ideal Masseur Co., Room 337, 449 Spadina Ave., Toronto, you will receive free on request, a very enlightening booklet on "The Eyes, Their Care, Their Ills, Their Cure," which is a scientific treatise on the eyes, and gives full details about this Nature treatment and its results. All you need do is to ask for the book and mention having read this in The Canadian Courier.

There are few people who consider that eye-glasses add to their appearance, surely they add to no one's comfort, and if you prefer not to wear them, this free book will inform you how many others have accomplished this result safely, successfully and permanently.

come in about five o'clock in the afternoon I fancy I may have some important news."

Max went away from Scotland Yard with the feeling that soon all the mysteries which enveloped the murder of poor Sylvia Chase would be swept away. So had he been affected by the hopefulness displayed by Superintendent Johnson. But when he called at the "Yard" next day at the time appointed, it was to find more mysteries instead of none.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### Deepening Mystery.

**M**AX saw from a glance at Johnson's face that that clever and energetic officer was disappointed, and Max himself, in his turn, felt the keenest disappointment on perceiving it, for he had calculated on something altogether different. He had thought it not only possible but probable that the superintendent would in the course of the day have received such information as would uncover the secret of Sylvia Chase, whatever it might be, and solve the mystery that shrouded her life and death.

He had founded this idea partly on the newspapers. That morning they had given the inquest the widest publicity, and several of them, in addition to "The Day," had statements from their Berlin correspondents denying that the Graf von Nordheim had paid Sylvia the annuity of which her brother, Villiers, had spoken. None of these journals commented on this fact, as the case was under investigation, but they gave it the utmost prominence. All the newspapers announced that a reward of one hundred pounds was offered for authentic news of "the man in the fur coat," who had been at Hampstead Heath station on the Saturday night. In a word, the Press, to the limit of its powers joined in the general hue and cry.

But while he believed that the newspapers must help, Max had placed his reliance chiefly on the superintendent, or rather on the results of the inquiries Johnson was to have made, either on his own part or with the assistance of other detectives, respecting the clothes, furs and jewels, as well as the bank account, if there should be one, of the murdered woman.

Indeed, Max had counted so much on the truth being revealed that, while its disclosure could not but be a source of satisfaction to him, he was inclined to feel that he had been exceedingly premature in supposing that the case might afford him more and more opportunities for meeting Peggy Wiloughby, and, human nature being sometimes a very illogical and contradictory thing, was almost aggrieved. A single look, however, at the face of Johnson, told him that whatever had been discovered had not lifted the veil, and with another natural but equally illogical rebound of feeling he was deeply disappointed.

"Is there nothing fresh?" Max asked, in a flat voice.

"There is," replied the superintendent, "but I don't know that it really takes us much further forward." Johnson spoke very soberly and as if he were a good deal discouraged by his want of success. "But you shall judge for yourself," he continued. "To my mind, the whole affair becomes more and more extraordinary, and I don't know what to think of it."

The superintendent was sitting at his table in his private room in Scotland Yard, and before him lay a pile of papers and other documents and objects connected with the murder. From them he selected a book which Max from its appearance immediately recognized as an English bank pass-book; it was bound in white parchment and had a flap for closing it. Johnson held it up, and on one of its sides was written in a large, clear, well-rounded handwriting, "Miss Sylvia Chase."

"I said to you," remarked the officer, "that I thought it likely that Miss Chase would have a bank account, and I was correct in my supposition. She kept it with the Mayfair Bank, and this is her pass-book."

"How did you come by it?" Max inquired, as Johnson stopped speaking, and began turning over the leaves of the book.

"After you quitted me last night,"

said Johnson, "I wrote a letter to Captain Chase, instead of going to see him, telling him that he was mistaken in stating or thinking that his sister had been in receipt of an annuity from the Von Nordheims, and asking him to call here at the earliest possible moment. He did call this morning, and was seen by Superintendent Reynolds, one of my colleagues—you see, I had to get some sleep, Mr. Hamilton; as it is, I feel a little worn out."

"It's no wonder," said Max sympathetically; "I know how hard you have been working on the case. I am not likely to forget the energy and determination you showed that Saturday night, or rather, Sunday morning."

Johnson made Max a funny stiff bow of thanks and resumed.

"Superintendent Reynolds knew something of the case, but I told him all that I myself knew of it. I gave him my impressions of it, such as they were, and asked him to conduct the investigations respecting those matters of which we spoke last night, particularly Miss Chase's jewellery and bank account. He has done so," said Johnson, with some weariness in his tones, "without coming on anything that can be called a clue. It's the most puzzling case in all my experience!"

Max waited in silence.

"I told him, of course, that I had sent a line to Captain Chase asking him to come here," said Johnson, "Superintendent Reynolds did see him, and they had some conversation regarding that annuity. It appears that the captain cannot remember that his sister ever told him in so many words that she had this annuity, but he rather thought she had done so, shortly after her return to London from Germany. He had, however, understood and believed that she enjoyed it in consideration of her services to the Von Nordheims, and that it amounted to several hundred pounds a year. Superintendent Reynolds observed to Captain Chase that several hundreds a year represented a very handsome annuity, and the captain replied that as the Von Nordheims were wealthy they could well afford to pay it if they desired to do so; he saw nothing extraordinary in the amount. Reynolds thereupon asked him whether, seeing it was certain that his sister had never had this annuity, he could suggest how she had obtained that part of her income which he had imagined had come from the Von Nordheims."

Johnson paused, and touched a bell. "Superintendent Reynolds is in, and he may as well himself tell you all about his talk with Captain Chase."

In another moment a tall, dark, well-set-up, clean-shaven man, with an expression of great intelligence, came in, and was introduced to Max.

"Pleased to have an opportunity of meeting you," said Reynolds to the journalist. "I know some of your writings, Mr. Hamilton. I thoroughly enjoyed your book on the war."

"Mr. Hamilton would like to hear some details of your interview with Captain Chase this morning," interposed Johnson.

"Yes, with pleasure."

"How did he strike you when you saw him?" Max inquired.

"**H**E was very much excited and upset. I could see that the news that his sister didn't have that annuity had come as the greatest surprise to him," replied Reynolds. "Nor could he suggest how she had had so large an income as she must have had. His words were, 'There's that in all this which I cannot understand.' He was much worried and distinctly nervous. When I told him our view—the view of the authorities here—that the question of the source of his sister's income was a vital one, and must be investigated, he answered, 'I suppose so, and I regret I can make no suggestion that might be of service.' I next asked if he could tell us whether Miss Chase had a bank account, and, if so, where she kept it. 'Yes,' he replied; 'she had an account with the Mayfair Bank—at least she had one some time ago, for she sent me a cheque on it; I was collecting subscriptions for a charity in which I am interested.' I told him