

see no discernible affection shown by the Bolling girl.

Tim had his eye on young Terrance Jorgan, the mayor's son and gentleman of leisure, as a life partner for Patricia, and it was bad enough to have things going against him where she was concerned without having the insignia of success for the future snatched from him.

He and Mike agreed that whoever had picked up the coin would keep quiet about it. Their plan was to watch for results, and their vision being naturally narrowed to the scope of the plant on

which they worked they saw what many did not see—that Jimmy Pearce was getting on.

Jimmy's boss was patronizing Baird's side entrance inordinately. Jimmy's first venture was the purchase of the tug, "Emily," and two scows. Then it came out that the contract was split, Jimmy getting the bigger share with Bolling subservient to him. It was, therefore, no marvel that Mike and Tim watched him.

And conversely, as logicians say, Terrance Jorgan, the mayor's son, went into

the real estate business and made a mess of it.

"Well," said Tim to Mike one evening, on their way from the aqueduct, "phwat did yer owld woman foind out?"

"Nary a symptom," replied Mike. "She's been pumpin' all the neighbors till she's fit for the secret service. It seems everybody's just the same as usual barrin' Jimmy Pearce and Terry Jorgan."

"So my missus rayports, too," said Tim. "And from me own observations and yours there's nobody gettin' on like Pearce and nobody failin' like poor Terry."

"Tis the truth," assented Mike. "Which proves that Pearce has me big penny."

"Your big penny, indade," objected Tim. "Sure if it's anybody's it belongs to the both av us."

"The main thing's to lay hold av it—then we'll see," challenged Mike. "Now, don't be makin' trouble whin we're in a fair way av gettin' it. We'll go shares—the first that foinds it has the first wake's holdin' av it. Is it a go, Mike?"

"It is," agreed Mike, ready for a sporting proposition.

"Thin shake!" They shook hands solemnly.

"How will we waylay Jimmy Pearce widout him knowin' us, seein' as we're both av us workin' fer him now?" was Mike's perplexing query.

"We'll disguise like they do in the play," suggested Tim. "O'f'll wear your clothes and you wear moine."

Within ten yards of the tug where a red lantern blazed, they halted to rearrange their clothing and their tempers, and then picked their way cautiously to the pier.

Mike, who could strike a treble key, undertook to do the talking and called out, coyly:

"Is Captain Pearce there?"

To which the only answer was a "glub-glub" from a frog pond close. He tried it again and only the frogs replied.

Tim suggested that they enter and wait. Mike agreed.

They found, in the flare of matchlight, the cabin cozily fitted up and indications of the Captain's having made a careful toilet. So they waited in the dark. It was only a few minutes when they distinguished the sound of a stealthy movement in their direction.

In less than another minute they were glaring at the bull's eye of a dark lantern and listening to the commands of two officers to submit peacefully to the majesty of the law.

Mike nudged Tim by way of cue and bent his head to his cupped hands and began to whimper. Tim saw through the ruse and assisted with a guttural fugue.

The two officers burst into a roar of laughter at the effort to deceive, and called out in recognition:

"Mike Tierney! Tim Doolan!"

The whimpering ceased. Tim and Mike glared at each other in the dim light while each tried to think up an

Why We Should Bathe Internally

Adds Many Years to Average Life.

By R. W. Beal.

Much has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem, the most important as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit, and impress them so profoundly, that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only 50 per cent efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the

attainment of happiness, but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing, and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing. It may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is. WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY AND THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J.B.L. Cascade," whose life-long study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Room 252, 163 College street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in The Western Home Monthly, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purposes. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is so natural to be sick. Why be unnatural when it is such a simple thing to be well?



You can't make a British Tommy lose his smile. That's the last thing in this world he would lose. No matter what the circumstances, no matter how great the odds are against them, they'll smile and they'll fight, and oh, how they will fight. Many a Boche has his own little version of the style of fight brought to them. This British official photograph shows a detachment of East Lancshires marching through a ruined village on the western front on their way to the snow covered trenches. The fact that they know it is going to be cold and uncomfortable does not disturb them. The village they are passing through was only recently captured.

"The devil ye will," resented Mike. "O'ive a better one than that. Let's wear the owld woman's dress and go callin' on him in the night and belay him in his cabin. They tell me he lives in his precious tug."

"You're a genius, Mike. We'll do it to-night."

The tug, "Emily," snubbed to the improvised dock on the feedwater dammed back from the canal, lay a full mile away. It was a trying tramp for men in trousers on any night, however clear, but the night of their escapade was black to extinction. Their skirts, though full at the bottom, were unmanageable, tangling their unwary legs. The blouses they wore were too tight at the waists and pinched in the armpits. There was no way of keeping their hats on until Mike suggested the sun bonnet idea and they tied them on. Tim cursed the skirts and threatened to turn back.

"Let's pick them up and run fer it," suggested Mike.

"That's the brightest thing you've said since we started," groused Tim.

Yet pick them up they did and hiked along the muddy canal parapet in the direction of the inky lake, Mike leading and cursing the expedition with true Hibernian heartiness. Tim, stumbling on, echoing the more robust expletives dropped by Mike.

explanation for their presence there—and in that attire.

"Well, we're losing time," said one of the officers, in a businesslike tone. "Sorry, gentlemen—but duty is duty—female impersonation and trespassing on government property is pretty bad business. Let's be moving."

Mike and Tim submitted to the enforced escort back to town, glad of a chance to think out a defence. The constables, however, kept them apart and the thinking was not so easy. The more they thought it over only made them more barren of argument—the outstanding foolishness of the adventure striking them at every turn.

It came as a surprise, then, when brought before the sergeant, Tim blurted out:

"It'd be best if ye'd get Captain Pearce to explain this business. Whin yer boss invoites ye to a masquerade party and thin he's out whin ye call, it's a knave's trick."

The sergeant grinned.

"Where would there be a party on the aqueduct?" he asked, quietly.

"That's the captain's secret," bluffed Tim.

The sergeant turned to Mike.

"Let me have a look at the invitation."

"Sure," answered Mike. "It was the captain himself ast Tim be word av