



## THE DAISY'S SONG.

THE sun, with his great eye,  
Sees not so much as I;  
And the moon, all silver-proud,  
Might as well be in a cloud.

And O the spring—the spring!  
I lead the life of a king!  
Couched in the teeming grass,  
I spy each pretty lass.

I look where no one dares,  
And I stare where no one stares,  
And when the night is high  
Lambs bleat my lullaby.

—Children's Magazine.

## THE LETTER TO THE KING.

LIKE many other Oriental rulers in the old days, Cadez, the King of Khuristan, was sunk in sloth and luxury. But by good fortune his Grand Vizier was a good, just and able man, who served his country and his countrymen. All the people loved him, and his only enemies were a group of intriguers at the palace who wanted to get affairs into their own hands so that they could make money by oppressing the peasants.

By flattering the young King and slandering the wise old Vizier these plotters at last succeeded in their wicked aim, and the good Minister was disgraced and had to flee from the country to save his life. But he neither tried to disprove the false charges brought against him nor sought to win back the favour of his royal master. He merely wrote to the King, saying:

"I am sorry for what has happened. As I am now in great poverty, I humbly beg your Highness to grant me just a few acres of barren ground in your kingdom, and I will try to cultivate them and earn my living in this way. I would rather be the poorest farmer in my own country than win wealth and position at the court of a foreign ruler."

Naturally, this letter was first seen by the men who had overthrown the old Minister. Amused by the strangely humble request, which seemed to them quite harmless, they showed it to the King. The favour asked was so very slight that Cadez told his officers to find a piece of barren land for the old Vizier. Some months passed, and the curious request occurred again to the King's mind.

"Have you found a piece of waste

land for my old Vizier?" he said to his new favourites.

They were compelled to confess that there was not an acre of ground in the whole kingdom that was uncultivated. All the farmers were prosperous and the merchants were flourishing. Struck by this evidence of the condition in which the old Vizier had left the kingdom, Cadez at once sent for him and restored him to power, and punished the men who had conspired against him.—Children's Magazine.



DANDELIONS.

Little yellow blossoms that grow  
among the grass,  
Why do people call you weed and  
crush you as they pass?  
I shall make a bouquet of your pretty  
bloom;  
You shall be a flower to me and I shall  
take you home.

## THE SERVANT AND THE CAT.

A LADY brought with her from the African coast a negress to act as servant. This black woman had never before seen a cat, and, not knowing how fond puss is of taking what does not belong to her, she placed a plate containing a fish upon a low stool in a room where a cat was sleeping. Of course, as soon as her back was turned, the cat ate the fish.

Later, when the master of the house wanted the hatchet to cut some wood, he could not find it, and asked the girl if she knew where it was.

"Oh, yes, massa!" she replied. "I put it in this box, for if the cat which ate the fish should eat the chopper, whatever should we do?"—Children's Magazine.

## THE ELEPHANT'S BATH.

THE elephant enjoys a bath in the streams and pools of his native habitat, but his lordly brother in captivity finds no such comfort in the bath that from time to time is given him. A trainer thus describes the expensive operation:

It takes a week to carry out the process in every detail. It requires the services of three men and costs \$300. This treatment is necessary for a show elephant and, if the animal is a valuable one, the proprietor of the show does not consider the money wasted.

The first step consists of going over the immense body with the best soap procurable; 150 pounds of soap is used, and the elephant's ears are especially attended to. When the soaping and drying are completed, the elephant is well sand-papered, and after that rubbed all over with purest Indian oil until the mouse-gray skin is supple and glistening.

This last finishing touch is the most expensive part of the whole bath, as it means the application of about \$150 worth of olive oil.



THE EASTER BUNNIES.

Little Easter bunnies are very good to eat;  
Of course I mean the candy ones,  
filled with chocolates sweet.  
But wouldn't you much rather, if they  
asked you to decide,  
Have two living bunnies that you  
couldn't get inside?

## Why Man of To-day is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient

By Walter Walgrove

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire Canadian nation is striving for such an end.

And this is so.

The Canadian Man, because the race is swifter every day; competition is keener, and the stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him; the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The Canadian Woman, because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now, what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally; some of us much physically; but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period, and will be known to the entire world ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove—make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated, and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine, because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work; nor to clean an engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself, as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon was not clogged up, the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating

through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of our illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed, and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull, our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible, through its weakening and infecting processes, for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste, all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body, instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now, this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could, the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued, becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most noted eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external, and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "Why Man of To-day is Only 50 per cent. Efficient," which treats the subject very exhaustively, and which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at Room 331, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this article in the Canadian Courier.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known, through reading the little book to which I refer.