

# Why We Should Bathe Internally

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 fifty 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 442, 163 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in Everywoman's World, 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 purpose. 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 unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well?

## Everywoman's Forum

To Our Women: A Personal Invitation from Anne Page



ORSOOTH and welladay, as my prototype, Anne Page, of The Merry Wives of Windsor would say, we women will e'en show the lords of creation how wise we are by the way we talk.

Come you to this Council, this petticoat parlor, my women, and bring your best thoughts with you. Being commonplace ourselves, we are fain to hope you are not too clever to be companionable, and being poor, we would rather you were not too rich. To quote Anne's very words: "Our wit may wilt and our wisdom fail betimes, but our welcome will do neither."

We invite our women—mark the pride in that possessive pronoun! I attended a Methodist Conference once (oh, I am not frivolous like that other Anne Page, a sober person rather) and saw a man who was at one and the same time the meekest and proudest of his sex it has ever been my privilege to set eyes upon. The stationing committee hadn't much of an opinion of his eloquence and in its high-handed way was on the point of lifting him—transferring is the proper word—and his wife and his six children and his few belongings out of a nice, cozy country appointment and putting him down in a city suburb. The committee didn't do it though. Because why? The delegates, two strong-armed, stout-hearted, handsome old farmers, stood up and said: "You can't do that—he is our man."

Some of the love and pride in their hearts and faces must have communicated itself to the little minister, for of a sudden his head went lower as if in prayer, then up straight and strong as though that "our man" had given him a new vision of service.

And we want our women, Canadian women born and bred, Canadian women in the making, to feel they belong here, and that they and their views, discussions and debates belong right here.

Faithfully yours,

ANNE PAGE.

"DEAR EVERYWOMAN—"

I suppose you are laughing in your sleeve all the time you are answering the fool letters we fool women send you. But I'm going to ask a question just the same. Do you think a husband has any business throwing it up to his wife that she isn't A B C with his mother in making a meal? What should a woman do in a case of this kind? I detest his mother.—LOIS."

Well, a very good thing for her to do is to keep right on trying till she beats his mother all to pieces. And while she is thus worthily employed she might try broadening her mind by telling herself that jealousy is not proof of love, even when the jealousy is over a son's pride in his mother, the woman who went down into the valley to get him, who loved him and cared for him a score of years, at least, before she lost him, in a way. A man married to a wife as exacting as your letter would indicate that you are, gives up the idea of happiness after a while as a rule, and as he lets old friendship, old love, go by the board, sighs to himself: "Peace at any price! Born a man and died a husband, nothing but a husband, the Lord forgive us!"

No, I am not laughing, there is nothing about your letter to make me laugh—cry, rather. You poor, selfish person.

ALFRED DEANES:

The Principal, or President, of the University is the head of the teaching staff, and the administrator of the affairs of the University. The address you ask for is: "Sir Robert Falconer, Toronto University, Toronto, Ont."

We cannot answer query No. 2 on this page.

DEAR "PESSIMIST,"—

Thanks for the "welcoming note." But how can you affirm that the world has not progressed an atom in the last decade? Why, ten years ago we were only beginning to believe wireless telegraphy possible. Ten years ago which of us would have been heroic enough to pay eight cents apiece for eggs, as we did in December and January of this year?

Ten years ago the great Peace Tribunal was in session at The Hague. To-day we have the bloodiest war of history on our hands. Ten years ago bread was five cents per loaf, milk six cents per quart, and bacon fourteen cents per pound. To-day bread is twelve cents, milk fifteen cents, and bacon fifty-four cents a pound. Some progress, eh?

Ten years ago good solid people untroubled with imaginations called the airship a pipe dream, the submarine an impossibility. Ten years ago we looked on

every man who flew past in an automobile as a regular dare-devil. To-day it takes a hero to do without an automobile. Progress, of course we progress. Own up, now.

DEAR "EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD,"—

In your magazine I saw an article, "Questions Mothers Must Answer." It was a reply to an Out West Woman's query. If that "Out West" mother's boys are anywhere near as inquisitive as my own no wonder she asks for help. But I felt so glad that she did ask. There is so much promise in a mother like that. She must have felt the stimulus of those young enquiring minds, and straightway rose to the call. I would like to know how many mothers are so busy with what they consider—wrongly—more important duties, that the little ones' questionings are met with: "Run away and don't bother me"; or, "Never mind that now, you'll know all about it bye and bye." Poor children! And poor mothers, too! They do not know what they are shutting themselves out from. To live their childhood and youth over again in their own children! To call back some of the wonder atmosphere in which they lived in those far-off halcyon days when every day was a new adventure and the most wonderful things waited over the top of the hill and around the next bend of the road.

Those mothers who have been deprived of a broad education themselves are being given their second chance, did they but know it, when their children come and ask, "Mother, why is this? What is that? and where is something else?" What an incentive to digging and delving for what they perhaps thought could never be theirs. And the thrill that comes with discovery and the lure of a new road will wonderfully lighten many days otherwise dreary and monotonous.

I have experienced inspiration and enjoyment since my little ones reached the "Questioning" age. How often have I been obliged to answer: "Mother doesn't know much about that, dear, but she'll find out." And then, don't I do some humping that I may be prepared for the fusilade of interrogations awaiting me. But I love it. I may wear out, but I'll never be allowed to rust out.

And now, dear Everywoman's, I come to the crux of which all this is the preamble. Wouldn't it be splendid if those mothers who wished could bring their queries to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. What a really helpful thing such a department could become. I have visions of its development. There is no limit to its possibilities. Tell me what you think about it.

With congratulations on the splendid pages EVERYWOMAN'S is bringing out. Sincerely yours.—GRACE E., Ottawa.

DEAR GRACE,—

The latch-string is out to you and to all mothers. We are no encyclopedia, but we can help sometimes—and sympathize always!

MAVOURNEEN, ESSEX, ONT,—

Oh you Irish girl with your blarney! You "laid it on so thick" as they say in the country, that we daren't print your witty epistle. However, we are doing something for you that we do not make a habit of (owing to lack of space), and that is, giving you the poem asked for—at least we think it is the poem. It is by Marguerite Wilkinson.

THE WIFE

This is the song of the wife who is strong in the clan:  
I, who have joy in his lips, I would be to my man  
Shelter and warmth and food and a place of rest,  
And a home for the hope of his heart and a mother's breast.

Though he must ask by day that I toil and tire,  
Fire I shall be to his flesh and flesh to his fire,  
Though he must go by night while I wait alone  
My love shall rise and follow and guard my own.

Think you I ask release from the load I bear?  
Think you I care to please as a slave must care?  
Not though the seven walled seas were thrice as wide  
Could I give my love as I give if I lost my pride.

Laughter we know and the wild young song of the heart,  
Poverty's pain, and the spite and scorn that smart,  
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