

TIME TEMPER AND TROUBLE

SAVED ON SCRUBBING
DAY WHEN YOU USE

Old Dutch Cleanser



night? There would then probably be a stout coop or two between them.

His imagination ran the length of feeling a tingling in his ears, in close connection with a strong, red hand raised in emphatic denial and scorning.

This would never do. He would infinitely prefer to unite honour with safety, if anyhow possible. The next idea was that he should wait until apple gathering. It was usually his privilege to be on the top of the ladder while Grizzie presumably steadied its foot.

He thought women couldn't get up ladders.

Then, again, the taking of the honey would surely be very suitable. At such seasons his ears were always closely swathed in gauze.

Although by no means possessed of surplus vanity, he decided that his appearance would be against him, and women were so easily prejudiced.

He finally resolved to cut his finger—not very deeply, but to be sufficiently gory to attract sympathy. He felt sure he could produce a most thrilling effect with a very little pain—when Grizzie bound it for him and saw his suffering, surely her heart would soften.

The beautiful vision faded; he grew

déspondent, and the finger remained whole and ungory.

Meanwhile, Grizzie found the ways of man very hard to bear; they curdled for her the milk of human kindness and temporarily converted a sunny nature into a gloomy one.

Little gusts of irritation swept over the kitchen. The cat—a most respectable matron—viewed the new order of things with dilated eyes. Such swoops of the broom, such shaking of mats, such wholesale slamming of doors. She ran away to the stable.

One late summer morning, when the geese were rejoicing in extra rations, Ezra was mending a broken rail in the garden fence.

Grizzie came to the open kitchen door. She put up a hand to shield her eyes from the sun glare and peered down the path until she caught sight of what she wanted at the end of it.

"Ezra," she called.

He had been kneeling at his work, but rose stiffly and clumsily, and stood at attention.

"Missis wants something from the town," she said, "and don't want to go herself. Suppose I'll have to waste a day on Saturday, and come with you when you take in the geese."

Ezra merely grunted an assent and turned back to his work.

Once inside the kitchen Grizzie fairly stamped at this exhibition of indifference to her favor.

"Another chance clean gone; she would have no more to do with him—she wouldn't go—she—"

Saturday seemed to come round very quickly. The white geese—never more to cackle and rejoice, now merely plump and pathetic—were packed in the pony tumbril. Ezra folded and refolded pea-bags to make a cosy seat for Grizzie and whistled as he led the pony to the gate and waited for her.

She soon came—most jaunty and unconcerned.

He looked at her and wondered why she somehow seemed altered. He didn't remember ever noticing that "what d'ye call 'ems" looming so pinky and prominently in her hat before, and surely she was wearing what his mother used to wear on very State occasions. He believed he'd heard her say it was a "fall." He didn't like it. It made Grizzie seem so far off.

He helped her carefully into the little tumbril and produced, as a masterpiece of comfort, two new sacks. These he tucked round her feet and skirts "to fend off the dust which do be fearsome," he explained.

Grizzie's heart was softened by this proof of devotion. She graciously allowed herself to be tucked up and patted and smoothed in due accordance with Ezra's idea of suitability.

He clambered up beside her, shook the reins, and the pony started for market.

The morning was beautiful with heat haze and sunlight, the dew still heavy, spiders' webs glittering as spun glass glitter. The drone of a threshing-machine, rising and falling in the far distance; briar and blackberry brambles changing colour and

The Gospel of Efficiency

How it is Preached to and Practised by Canadians

Fifteen years ago the word "efficiency" held the same place in the Dictionary that it does to-day, but in the popular mind it was a somewhat ordinary word used for describing the attributes of a certain engine, too, or, perhaps, a remedy of some kind—all inanimate things.

At that time the watchwords of the ambitious Canadian were "Initiative" and "Hustle," and with these he whipped himself into superlative effort, until he found that he was fast losing the ability to keep himself up to "concert pitch"—he no longer responded to the whip—something serious had happened—

Truth was, he had lost his efficiency. Thus did the word Efficiency assume a new and great import among men and women alike, for without it we can have neither initiative, hustle or ability to keep pace with the business and social requirements of the twentieth century.

How to obtain and maintain the highest degree of Efficiency while we are about, rather than how to get well and efficient after we are ill—as a matter of fact, in this connection, those of us who consider ourselves well and strong are not consistently more than 50 per cent. efficient.

We may be able to get about and do our daily tasks with more or less satisfaction to ourselves, and without undue exhaustion, but that is not by any means one hundred per cent. of efficiency.

If our brains are clear, our intellects bright, and our condition such as to put enthusiasm and "ginger" as well as clear judgment into our work, we have a tremendous advantage over those who are half the time depressed, blue, and all the time nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with perfect efficiency and makes so much for success.

But most of us are in the latter class, if we analyze our feeling, and for a very good reason.

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 enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

Nature has constructed us for a certain physical "speed," as it were. If you construct an engine for a certain speed, and then attempt to run it at a quarter of that speed, it clogs up and gets "wheezy at the joints" and needs frequent attention and assistance to operate satisfactorily—just so with the human body.

If our work is mostly mental, or confining, as it is in almost every instance, and our physical body runs at quarter speed or less, our system cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and the clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than is immediately apparent, 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 if there is a local weakness.

Accumulated waste, for instance, is the direct, immediate and specific cause of Appendicitis.

Now, there have been many preachers of the Gospel of Efficiency, among them men high up in the literary, commercial and professional world, who have tried to teach us to conserve our energies by relaxation, avoidance of worry, habitual cheerfulness, etc., but this is useless advice when the seat of the trouble is physical first, and mental afterwards.

There have also been many practical men, sure as physicians, physical culturists, dietarians, osteopaths, etc., who have done something towards actually removing this waste from the colon, at least for a time.

It remained for a new, rational and perfectly natural process, however to finally and satisfactorily solve the problem of how to thoroughly eliminate this waste from the colon without strain of unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and efficient—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, by the way, now has the unqualified and enthusiastic endorsements of the most enlightened physicians, physical culturists, osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit when we have found, through 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 consistently 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, 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 all Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about Efficiency—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 write about in detail, but there is a physician who has made this his life's study and work. He has written an extremely interesting book on the subject, called "Why Man of To-day is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient," which he will send without cost to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., at Room 256, 280 College street, Toronto, Ontario, and mentioning that they have read this article in The Canadian Churchman.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person about the subject, which has so great a bearing on the general health and efficiency.

My personal experience and my observation make me very enthusiastic on internal bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness as well 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.

patched with honeysuckle. A thousand charms and magic in the air—a very world of enchantment—and all unseeing, all unhearing, two in a tumbril went their way silently.

They drove with this strange dumb-

ness still upon them until the wheels of the little cart were thick with the dust of town, and Ezra turned the pony into the inn-yard.

To be Continued.

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