

What and Why Is the Internal Bath?

By C. Gilbert Percival, M. D.

Though many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And, inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started at about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times—I refer to the appeal for Optimism, Cheerfulness, Efficiency and those attributes which go with them, and which, if steadily practised, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gossips," as it were, had as their inspiration the ever-present, unconquerable Canadian Ambition, for it had been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself, who is optimistic, cheerful and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always—for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic, and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger," and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue, and nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind, and which counts so much for success.

Now the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the Canadian, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure, complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be-desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words, our trouble, to a great degree, is physical first and mental afterwards—this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and if it is allowed to exist too long becomes chronic and then dangerous.

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.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating thru the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them thru 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.

This accumulated waste has long been recognized as a menace, and

Physicians, Physiculturists, Dietitians, Osteopaths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success.

It remained, however, for a new, rational and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily solve the problem of how to thoroughly eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which made 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 now, by the way, has the endorsement of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Cultivators, Osteopaths, and others, who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit when we have found by 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 constantly 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 as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practised for years.

It is probably no more surprising, however, that 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 other Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned 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 cover in detail in the public press, but there is a Physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called "Why Man of To-day Is Only 50% Efficient." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 339, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in The Canadian Courier.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

My personal experience and my observations make me very enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness 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.

gallery. The Velasquez was to Hugh an artistic education, as well as an ever increasing delight.

His mother, and his mother's friend, Mrs. Darley, smiled at his enthusiasm with an ignorant and indulgent pity for his vagaries. But in Sybil he soon found a congenial soul. The beauty of the child appealed to him at first, and soon he began to find in her something of his own love of nature, his own delight in reproduction in art—that and something more, for she depicted where he could only admire.

Her young fingers speedily found use for pencil and paint brush, and she strove to fashion what she saw. Her drawings of men with impossible legs attached to impossible bodies somehow were alive. Her horses were grotesque, but they galloped, her birds flew. Her glimpses of nature had something of nature's beauty and colour. The soul of the artist peeped out even in the strange, uninstructed efforts of her childhood.

Hugh laughed and admired. He saw the faults, they were easy to see, but he saw, too, the promise which the faults could not wholly hide. He had tried to paint himself and broke down utterly. It may be that he aimed too high, that he was hampered by his ideals, but his own best performances seemed so weak and pitiful by comparison, that he gave up in despair. But to Sybil's drawings he was as indulgent as he was merciless to his own, and took delight in teaching her all he knew.

THEY were great friends, and had a good time together in the lonely wilderness of Connemara. It was glorious to be young amid such glorious surroundings. The growing loveliness of the girl was at first a purely artistic delight to him, but of late something more subtle had come to mingle with artistic appreciation of her colour and beauty. The faint consciousness of sex was waking in his heart. He had glimpses, vague, bewildering, intoxicating, of the flowers and fruit of the magic garden of love.

But the time was fast approaching when he must go out into the world and take up the burden of manhood. His father had been a doctor of great ability, buried away in the wilds of a poverty-stricken country. Through the whole province of Connemara he had been known as "the poor man's doctor," a health giver and life saver in a thousand homes, he had met a martyr's death in typhus fever, caught from a patient whose life he saved.

Hugh had been from the first intended for the same profession, and at first, with the generous admiration and emulation of youth, cheerfully accepted the lot in life chosen for him by his elders, and worked hard for his examination. He was taught by an old high schoolmaster, the last survivor of the prodigies that were plentiful enough in Ireland of the penal days, to whom Latin and Greek were familiar as Gaelic, and who rolled out whole pages of Virgil and Homer with a rich Irish brogue, and Hugh interested in his studies, half forgot the object.

But Nature is stronger than all training. If you put Nature out through the door with a pitch-fork, wrote Horace, she will creep back through the window. Year by year the passion for art more completely mastered the boy. With the first medical book he read began a dislike which gradually grew to a repulsion. He had that morbid horror of death which is part and parcel of the artistic temperament. The books made death very real to him, and often he was constrained to put them aside and saturate himself with the joy of life amid the imperishable beauty of nature.

Not the faintest inkling of this struggle troubled his mother's cheerful anticipation of his future. She was a comely little woman with the bright, quick eyes and the alert movements of a redbreast. A notable housewife, whose main duty in life, as she understood it, was to make her malekind comfortable and happy.

"A creature, not too bright or good For human nature's daily food."

Home was, for her, the centre of the universe. For art as art she didn't



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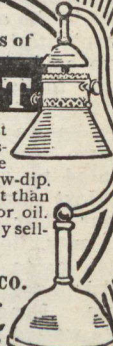
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