

Escape seemed impossible, for the monster followed him when he tried to slip away.

Billy seized his popgun and, with a frantic struggle, managed to point it full at a huge eye that was fixed upon him. Instantly the great body moved rapidly upward and faded into the green water above. Then another form came charging through the weeds. It was Old Moss Back.

"Well, you surely had a narrow escape that time, my boy! That was the old miser, Octopus," Billy shuddered, but Old Moss Back continued: "I have something much more beautiful to look at and to think about than the Octopus. You have nearly forgotten that we came down here to see my treasure-rooms. I have a very beautiful one hidden behind that sea-fan!"



My little pet hen, she likes to whisper in my ear

At that moment a wild-eyed Catfish ran between Billy's legs, nearly upsetting him with its tail, and darted past with a Dogfish in full pursuit. A Sea Horse that was peacefully standing under a spreading coral-tree was so frightened by the chase that it reared up several times and dashed away out of sight. This was all so natural that it made Billy feel quite at home.

Now for the treasure-room. Billy found himself peering into it with his eyes wide open. Such a collection of shells and sea-plants he had never even dreamed of. A heap of great pearls lay in an open shell. Old Moss Back invited Billy to take his choice of them to carry home, as a reward for his services to the little Moss People. After long consideration, he picked out one that seemed a little rounder and more perfect than any one of the others.

"Oh! What a pretty marble this will make! No," he thought, "I will not use it for a marble, but give it to my mother. Yes, that would be much more fun." He told his plan to the Turtle.

"Ho! I thought you might like to do that," said Old Moss Back.

Billy wanted to take a few more for his friends, but that would not be right; so he comforted himself with the idea that his mother would let each of his friends take the pearl to play with. Then he remembered having seen a poor ragged little Sea Urchin outside the treasure-room. When he thought of all this wealth so near at hand, his pity for the poor Urchin was so greatly aroused that he told the kind-hearted Old Moss Back about him.

"Do whatever you like, but let us hurry, for the light is fading and we must be going," was the reply. So Billy gave the delighted little fellow a pearl. Then placing his own carefully under his arm, and holding his gun tightly in his hand, he climbed on Old Moss Back's shell. Up they started, and then suddenly burst into the air. Oh, how the wind was blowing! A great wave towered over them, and came thundering down with such force that Billy and Old Moss Back were hurled apart and sent spinning through the air and spray.

Relief for the Depressed.—Physical and mental depression usually have their origin in a disordered state of the stomach and liver, as when these organs are deranged in their action the whole system is affected. Try Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They revive the digestive processes, act beneficially on the nerves and restore the spirits as no other pills will. They are cheap, simple and sure, and the effects are lasting.

The Prescription of Prue

Ever since the Kennedy young people could remember, Grandmother Kennedy had been their dearest comrade. She was a tiny, sprightly woman, with a heart as gay as a child's and an infinite variety of most desirable accomplishments, from the making of delicious "cocked-hat" pies and marvellous gowns for tableaux to the singing of half-mournful but wholly fascinating Scottish ballads.

Somehow it never seemed possible to any of them that grandmother could ever change, and when one winter she nearly slipped from them, the family could not do enough to show their devotion. They found a hundred ways of petting her—they hardly permitted her to lift a finger for herself; as she became able to get about the house, they followed her round with wraps, and shielded her from drafts, and pursued her with easy chairs and footstools.

Yet in spite of it all, although she was always grateful, grandmother was not happy. Her old sparkle and sauciness were gone, and in unguarded moments they found her brooding, with a look that went to their hearts.

"What more can we do?" Constance asked, sadly, of her mother. "There isn't a thing she can possibly want that we don't try to discover before she does, and fly to do it for her."

"It's just—that grandmother's old, dear," Mrs. Kennedy answered. "We never realized it before, but this illness has shown us. We can't expect her to be the same again."

There was one member of the family, however, who refused to accept this conclusion, and that was eighteen-year-old Prue, who had been her grandmother's particular chum. Under her tumbled, red-brown hair, Prue was thinking hard. It was a long time before she had an opportunity to put her conclusions into practice, but at last the moment came, upon a morning when everybody else was out. Prue went into grandmother's room and perched upon the arm of her chair.

"Grandma," she said, "I want some real old-fashioned, puffy molasses cookies."



A little rest Prue, before we try the hill

Grandmother looked startled, then half-frightened, then excited. "Prue," she cried, "do you think I could—"

"Come down to the kitchen this minute," Prue commanded, "and you needn't wear a shoulder shawl, either!"

It was a glorious hour that followed. Grandmother made the cookies, and Prue ate three hot, and gave some to the grocer's boy. And just as they took out the last ones, Mrs. Kennedy returned.

"Why, mother!" she cried, in consternation.

Grandmother looked up triumphantly. "They're the best I ever made!" she declared. "I'm not on the shelf yet, Clara!"

How to Clean a Fur-Lined Coat

Never press a fur-lined coat. It will ruin the skins. Take a very wet sponge and go over the garment thoroughly, if it has become very wrinkled or soiled, then hang on a form in the open air. It will look like a new coat when dry.

What is an Internal Bath?

By W. R. 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 to 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 mind 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 lifelong 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 hopeless individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No 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 255, 280 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 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?