

# The Wonderful Mission of the Internal Bath

By C. G. PERCIVAL, M.D.

DO you know that over five hundred thousand Americans and Canadians are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to every one.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95 per cent. of human illnesses is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of to-day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided—

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years. You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon, it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its pernicious, enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet clean and pure, as nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

The following enlightening news article is quoted from the New York Times.

"What may lead to a remarkable advance in the operative treatment of certain forms of tuberculosis is said to have been achieved at Guy's Hospital. Briefly, the operation of the removal of the lower intestines has been applied to cases of tuberculosis, and the results are said to be in every way satisfactory.

"The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease. Recent researches of Metchnikoff and others have led doctors to suppose that many conditions of chronic ill-health, such as nervous debility, rheumatism, and other disorders, are due to poisoning set up by unhealthy conditions in the large intestine, and it has even been suggested that the lowering of the

vitality resulting from such poisoning is favourable to the development of cancer and tuberculosis.

"At the Guy's Hospital Sir William Arbuthnot Lane decided on the heroic plan of removing the diseased organ. A child who appeared in the final stage of what was believed to be an incurable form of tubercular joint disease, was operated on. The lower intestine, with the exception of nine inches, was removed, and the portion left was joined to the smaller intestine.

"The result was astonishing. In a week's time the internal organs resumed all their normal functions, and in a few weeks the patient was apparently in perfect health."

You undoubtedly know, from your own personal experience, how dull and unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known—

For it is not possible to conceive, until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be described—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue, that he made Internal Baths his special study and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J.B.L." Cascade, and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are to-day using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book; "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 444, 163 College St., Toronto, and mention having read this in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that every one who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.



## With the Help of Pandora

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

china asters seemed to have been re-dipped in brilliant hues. Everything in Nature seemed more poignantly vivid than ever before.

The woman looked into the deep blue sky. There, floating almost overhead was a single mass of snow white clouds, and even as she looked it seemed to form itself into the shape of an air ship. "Jack," Anne Pennington murmured. "A message from my Jack . . . and she turned and walked between the rows of nodding asters into the house.

Edna Jarvis was more than awestruck; she was shocked when a few minutes later she came upon Jack's mother calmly preparing her simple lunch.

"Mrs. Pennington!" she gasped. "Is there—news? I saw Mr. Bolton on the road, and he told me—that—that—"

"Yes, there was a letter."

The older woman raised her chin and drew a deep breath, almost as though she were inhaling some loved fragrance. "There was a letter from Ottawa. They say that my Jack is dead."

Edna gave a cry and buried her face in her hands. "I knew it," she sobbed, "I knew it the moment I saw Mr. Bolton's face . . . and yet," she flung the words indignantly at Anne Pennington, "yet you can eat your lunch!"

The woman with so much to lose was silent under the passionate reproof. She looked again into the deep blue sky to see fleets of clouds assembled over the row of poplars under which Jack used to play. Somewhere up yonder, she knew that her boy was flying. She picked out (from the rest) a particular cloud and knew he would float forward of his companions just that way.

"I don't believe the letter," said Anne Pennington, quietly. "Of course, there has been some mistake. He will come home as he said."

THE neighbours gathered at one another's homes and talked about her. They said it was a blessing that her mind should have been affected in so merciful a manner. If they were slightly outraged because she did not swathe herself in mourning, they tried honestly not to show it, and there was very little protest when she set to work at Christmas cake and pudding to be sent Overseas.

"It's pathetic," they said, "but after all, some poor fellow will enjoy her good things."

She waited by the letter box as regularly as before. Once or twice Jim Bolton had mail for her—small bulky envelopes, splashed over with Censor's strips and red post marks from the field. But they were written before that other letter came and told of terrific air battles with the Hun.

"I ought to be a Mason, Mumsy dear," Jack wrote in the last one. "33rd degree . . . For I got my 33rd Fritz-plane to-day! Gee whiz, but duck shooting is tame compared with this sport and I'm afraid that I'll be some spoiled boy when I come home."

Then silence! Ah, yes, it was hard to bear, for the nights would shroud their darkness over busy days and offer long stretches in which to think . . . and think . . . and wonder if . . .

And September flamed into October, and October withered and crept gratefully under the snows of November, and still Anne Pennington's faith shone strong. She knew her boy was coming home.

"I have a plan," she said to Edna Jarvis one bitter day early in December. "I have written to the Militia Department and through them to a Convalescent Hospital offering to take a Returned man in for the Christmas holidays. There are certain to be some boys sent home just about that time almost better and perhaps they won't be able to get to their own people—especially those who live out west."

"I haven't very much in the way of Christmas cheer, this year," Mrs. Pennington went on, "but I have an idea that I could make it seem like home to—a boy back from the trenches."

NO one denied that it was owing to her that the neighbourhood was so gay, in spite of heart aches, and a constant dread of what might be in Jim Bolton's mail bag. Mrs. Pennington's boy, and what could be done for him, occupied a goodly portion of people's thought. Speculation was rife

as to what he would be like; some spiteful person even started the rumor that one of the Morgan girls made up her rose poplin on purpose . . .

There was some disappointment when the Hospital formally notified Mrs. Pennington that she need not expect a Returned Soldier until Christmas Eve, but after all, it simply meant postponing the festivities.

"The trouble is that I don't know whether he will be sick or well, wounded or fit," she said to Edna. "If he is ill, we won't want to do anything but put him to bed when he comes. But if he is all right, we ought to have a real party. And there's the matter of food—"

She worried a good deal about it, and she bustled up stairs and down till Edna thought she would have dropped. She prepared the spare room next her own, hanging it with evergreens and red bells and putting little silly loving gifts in odd places where he would be sure to find them. And all day she had bricks roasting in the oven and mince pies all ready to heat. Jack had loved her mince pies and doughnuts.

But dinner came and no soldier boy. She and Edna ate with one eye on the road and an ear cocked to hear the latch of the gate. And darkness slipped over the snow clad country, and supper time drew near.

A roaring fire blazed in the dining room. They thought it was cosier to bring him right in there. The table was set with an extra place. In the kitchen everything stood in readiness to be cooked.

Eight o'clock chimed noisily through the silence and as the last note died away, the two restless pairs of eyes leaped to meet, and stared into one another unseeing.

Far away on the frosty road sleigh bells sounded.

"They are coming here," announced Anne Pennington stubborn as usual in her faith.

"It sounds as though everybody in the county had come," whispered Edna.

It did, indeed. Shouts, snatches of song, three cheers for Mrs. Pennington and noise, just noise, accompanied the cheery jingle of sleigh bells. A dozen voices admonished the horse to stop, and then there was silence.

"You go to the door," said Anne Pennington, feeling for the first time quite unable to trust herself. She sank into the arm chair all ready for the soldier and covered her white face with her hands.

She heard the door open. She thought she heard whisperings and giggling from the road. She knew that Edna strangled a cry which was followed by a kiss. Then some one strode into the room and stopped.

"They told me about the jolly mess the Department made," a voice throbbed in the intense stillness of the room. "Awful mix-ups sometimes. Heard of a fellow who turned up after his Colonel claimed to have seen him killed. Everybody along the road thought I was a ghost . . . You, poor brave, darling thing . . ." the voice grew husky, "I'm afraid to touch you. . . I'll crush you to pulp if I ever get my arms around you . . ."

She opened her eyes. Into them sprang the light that is born of Motherhood, of Sacrifice, of a Love greater than which no man hath; into them sprang joy and thanksgiving and praise of God.

Anne Pennington was looking at her son.

Suddenly he seized her and swung her out of the chair. He carried her unprotesting about the room and he squeezed her until she gasped in his arms. Then he strode to the door against which Edna Jarvis still leaned, and which he had forgotten to close, and he bellowed raucously:

"Come on in, girls and boys! We're going to have a celebration, a real cheery, old time Christmas Eve party . . . his voice broke and he pretended to cough. "We'll eat up all this other Returned Soldier's food, for 'I love to see my dear old Mother work.'"

For the first time in her life Anne Pennington did not scold him and tell him to put her down. She only turned her head toward Edna Jarvis and whispered:

"We will have to change all those presents in the spare room, otherwise Jack's is quite ready!"

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