

"Our Length of Life Would Be Greatly Prolonged."

Prof. METCHNIKOFF

One of the world's greatest scientists has specifically stated that if, in infancy, our colons could be removed, we would be freed from the most prolific cause of human ailments, and live perhaps twice as long as now.

This is a strong statement, but not so surprising when we know that physicians are agreed that 95% of all illness is caused by accumulated waste in the colon (large intestine), that the first step a physician takes in all cases of illness is to give a medicine to remove that waste—and that probably more drugs are used for that purpose in this country to-day than for all other purposes combined.

The foods we eat and the manual labor or exercise that we fail to perform, make it impossible for Nature to act as thoroughly as she did in the past, in removing this waste, and so we are all, every one of us, affected by it.

This, and this alone, is responsible for the conditions known as "costiveness," "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," etc., which are all the result of accumulated waste.

You see, if the presence of this accumulation would make itself evident to us in its early stages, we would be better off, but it does not and there lies the pernicious danger of it.

For this waste is the worst of poisons, as we all know—an atom of it in the stomach would inevitably produce Typhoid; and the blood constantly circulating through the colon, absorbs and is polluted by these poisons, making us physically weak and mentally dull, without ambition and the power to think and work up to our real capacity.

You know how completely a bilious attack will incapacitate you, and it is safe to say that such a complaint would be absolutely unknown if the colon were kept constantly free of accumulated waste.

Now, the reason that physicians agree that 95% of illness is due to this cause is that it weakens our powers of resistance so much as to make us receptive to any disease which may be prevalent, and permits any organic weakness we may have to gain the upper hand.

The effect of drugs is only temporary; they force Nature instead of assisting her, and the doses have to be constantly increased to be effective at all. Here is what the journal

of The American Medical Association says:—

"Every drug exerts a variety of actions, but only a few of the actions of any drug are of benefit in any given condition; the others are negligible or detrimental."

It may be surprising to you to know, however, that over a million Americans and Canadians have learned and are now practising the surest and most scientific method of keeping the colon consistently clean and free from accumulated waste.

Who have proven that by an occasional Internal Bath, taking about fifteen minutes of their time, their blood is kept pure, their intellects bright, their minds clear, their bodies strong and vitally powerful, their nerves relaxed, and every part of their physical being in perfect tune, therefore, it naturally follows, in perfect health.

Perhaps you will be interested to know just what an Internal Bath really is — and while it can not be described in detail here, it is no more like the commonly known enema than a vacuum cleaner is like a whisk-broom—but it uses the same medium—Nature's own cleanser and purifier—warm water.

Some years ago Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell of New York City was in a most serious condition—at the point of death, according to physicians who were summoned to attend him, and by the principal of Internal Bathing referred to here, and nothing else, he effected a complete recovery.

Since that time Dr. Tyrrell has specialized on Internal Bathing alone, and has devoted his entire time, study and practice to this mode of treatment.

The result of his researches, study, and practical, as well as scientific, experience on the subject, is summed up in a little book called "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which can be obtained without a penny of cost by simply writing to Chas. A. Tyrrell, M. D., Room 443, 280 College Street, Toronto, with a mention of having read this in Everywoman's World.

There are many practical facts about the working of the digestive organs which everyone should know, but very few do, and inasmuch as the margin between good and ill health is inconceivably narrow, and it is apparent that so very little trouble is necessary to keep well and strong in advanced years as well as in youth, it seems as though everyone should read this treatise, which is free for the asking.

Akin to Love

(Continued from page 7)

Zillah to go and keep house for him, and if David got married Zillah'd go quick. Catch her staying there if you were mistress.

And David has such a beautiful house. It's ten times finer than yours, though I don't deny yours is comfortable. And his farm is the best in Meadowby and joins yours. Think what a beautiful property they would make together. You're all right now, Josephine, but what will you do when you get old and have nobody to take care of you? I declare the thought worries me at nights till I can't sleep."

"I should have thought you had enough worries of your own to keep you awake at nights, without taking over any of mine," said Josephine drily. "As for old age, it's a good way off for me yet. When our Jack gets old enough to have some sense he can come here and live with me. But I'm not going to marry David Hartley, you can depend on that, Ida, my dear. I wish you could have heard him rhyming off that poetry last night. It doesn't seem to matter much what piece he recites—first thing that comes into his head, I reckon. I remember one time he went clean through that hymn beginning, 'Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound,' and two years ago it was 'To Mary in Heavy,' as lackadaisical as you please. I never had such a time to keep from laughing, but I managed it, for I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world. No, I haven't any intention of marrying anybody, but if I had it wouldn't be dear old sentimental, easy-going David."

Mrs. Tom thumped a plucked goose down on the bench with an expression that said she, for one, wasn't going to waste any more words on an idiot. Easy-going, indeed! Did Josephine consider that a drawback? Mrs. Tom sighed. If Josephine, she thought, had put up with Tom Sentner's tempers for fifteen years, she would know how to appreciate a good natured man at his true value.

The cold snap which had set in on the evening of David's call lasted and deepened for a week. On Saturday evening, when Mrs. Tom came down for a jug of cream, the mercury of the little thermometer thumping against Josephine's porch was below zero. Everything outdoors was crackling and snapping. Inside, Josephine had kept roaring fires all through the house, but the kitchen was the only place that was really warm.

"Wrap your head up well, Ida," she said anxiously, when Mrs. Tom rose to go. "You've got a bad cold."

"There's a cold going," said Mrs. Tom. "Everyone has it. David Hartley was up to our place to-day, barking terrible—a real churchyard cough, as I told him. He never takes any care of himself. He said Zillah had a bad cold too. Won't she be cranky while it lasts?"

Josephine sat up late that night to keep the fires on. She finally went to bed in the little downstairs room, opposite the big hall stove, and she slept at once and dreamed that the thumps of the thermometer, flapping in the wind against the wall outside grew louder and more insistent until they woke her up. Someone was pounding on the porch door.

Josephine sprang out of bed and hurried on her wrapper and felt shoes. She had no doubt that some of the Sentners were sick. They had a habit of getting sick about that time of night. She hastened out and opened the door, expecting to see hulking Tom Sentner, or perhaps Ida herself, big-eyed and hysterical.

But David Hartley stood there, panting for breath. The clear moonlight showed that he had no overcoat on, and he was coughing hard. Josephine, before she spoke a word, clutched his arm, pulled him in out of the wind, and shut the door.

"For pity's sake, David Hartley, what's the matter?"

"Zillah's awful sick," he gasped. "I came here 'cause 'twas nearest. Oh, won't you come over, Josephine? I've got to go for the doctor, and I can't leave her alone. She's suffering dreadful. I know you and her ain't on good terms, but you'll come, won't you?"

"Of course I will," said Josephine, sharply. "I'm not a barbarian, I hope, to refuse to go and help a sick person, if 'twas my worst enemy. I'll go and get ready, and you go straight to the hall stove and warm yourself. There's a good fire in it yet. What on earth do you mean, starting out on a bitter night like this without an overcoat or even mittens, and you with a cold like that?"

"I never thought of them, I was so frightened," said David, apologetically. "I just lit up a fire in the kitchen stove as soon as I could and run. It just rattled me to hear Zillah moaning and breathing so's you could hear her all over the house."

"You need someone to look after you as bad as Zillah does," said Josephine, severely. In a very few minutes she was ready and had a basket packed full of homely remedies—"for like as not there'll be no putting hand on anything there," she muttered. She insisted on wrapping her big plaid shawl around David's head and neck, and made him put on a pair of mittens she had knitted for Jack Sentner. Then she locked the door and they started across the fields. It was slippery, and Josephine had to cling to David's arm to keep her feet.

In a few minutes they passed under the bare, glittering boughs of the poplars on David's lawn, and for the first time Josephine crossed the threshold of David Hartley's house. Years ago, in her girlhood, when the Hartleys lived in the old house and there were a half dozen girls at home, Josephine had frequently visited there. All the Hartley girls liked her except Zillah. She and Zillah never got on well together. Afterwards, when the other girls had married and gone, Josephine gave up visiting there. She had never been inside the new house, and she and Zillah had barely spoken to each other for years.

Zillah was a sick woman—too sick to be anything but civil to Josephine. David started at once for the doctor, and Josephine saw that he was well wrapped up before she let him go. Then she prepared a mustard plaster for Zillah and sat down by her bed to wait.

When Mrs. Tom Sentner came down next day she found Josephine busy making flaxseed poultices, with her lips set in a way that betokened she had made up her mind to some disagreeable course of duty.

"Zillah has got pneumonia," she said. "The doctor is here and Mary Forrest from the corner. She'll wait on Zillah, but there'll have to be another woman here to see to the work. I reckon I'll stay. I suppose it's my duty, for I don't know who else could be got. Tom can send Mamie and Jack down to stay at my house until I get back. I'll run over every day and keep an eye on things."

At the end of a week Zillah was out of danger. Saturday afternoon Josephine went over home to see how Jack and Mamie Sentner were getting on. She found Mrs. Tom there also.

"I've had an awful week of it," said Josephine, solemnly, as she sat down by the stove and put her toes up on the hearth.

"I suppose Zillah is pretty cranky to wait on," said Mrs. Tom sympathetically. "Oh, it isn't Zillah. Mary Forrest looks after her—and, anyway, she's a lot more reasonable than you'd expect. She's been too real sick to be very cantankerous. No, it's the house. I never lived in such a place of dust and disorder in my born days. I'm sorrier for David Hartley than I ever was for anyone before."

"I suppose he's used to it," said Mrs. Tom philosophically.

"I don't see how anyone could ever get used to it," groaned Josephine. "And David used to be so particular when he was a boy. The minute I went in there the other night I took that kitchen in with a look. I don't believe the paint has ever been washed since the house was built—I honestly don't. And I wouldn't like to be called upon to swear when the floor was scrubbed either. The corners were just full of dust—you could have shovelled it out. I swept it out next day and I thought I'd be choked. As for the pantry—well, the less said about that the better. And it's the same all through the house. You could write your name on everything. I couldn't so much as clean up. Zillah was so sick there couldn't be a bit of noise made. I did manage to sweep and dust, and I cleaned out that pantry. And of course I saw that the meals were nice and well cooked. You should have seen David's face! He looked as if he couldn't get used to having things clean and tasty. I darned all his socks—he hadn't a whole pair to his name—and I've done everything I could to give him a little comfort. Not that I could do much. If Zillah heard me moving round she'd send Mary out to see what the matter was. When I wanted to go upstairs I'd have to take off my shoes and tip-toe up on my stocking feet so's she wouldn't know it. And I'll have to stay there another fortnight yet. Zillah won't be able to sit up till then. I really don't know if I can stand it without falling to and scrubbing the house from garret to cellar in spite of her."

Mrs. Tom did not say much to Josephine. To herself she said, complacently,

"She's sorry for David! Well, I've always heard that pity was akin to love. We'll see what comes of this."

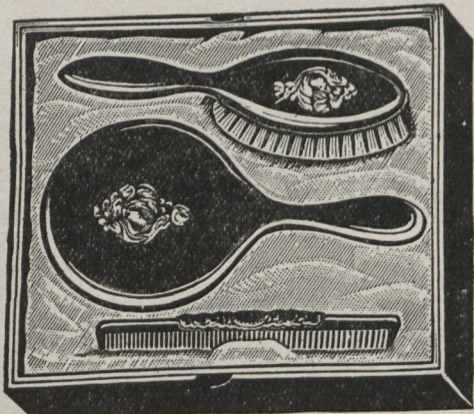
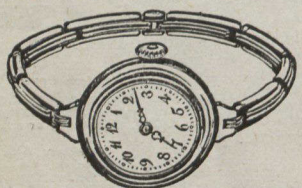
Josephine did manage to live through that fortnight. But it was with a decided sense of relief that she remarked to David one morning at the breakfast table,

"Well, I think that Mary Forrest will be

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