

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A LITTLE LESSON CONCERNING THINGS PRACTICAL

Practical folks are prone to make a fetish of their distinguishing trait. They are not satisfied to make pets of facts, those "brute beasts of the intellectual domain," the pets must be trotted out for the presumed admiration of all and sundry on every possible occasion. It demands an exceedingly limited outlook and unlimited narrowness to be, in the language of the tribe "a practical man."

"I am a practical self-made man," asseverates the successful skindint, "and I have no patience with idle idealists, who never pay their bills." He had made a virtue out of paying his bills (after he had dickered as long as possible), and saving every cent not wrung from him.

Being practical is a good trait, a useful characteristic but there is no need of swelling the chest over it, for it is as common as potatoes. Practical men see to it that the race continues; they monopolize the toil of life, they are the stokers of the world dynamite; but it would be a sorry thing for civilization if it had to depend on "practical men" alone.

There are people who boast that they never forget an umbrella; others who have the first dollar they ever earned. This is all very well as far as it goes, but dollars and umbrellas are both far from being the most important things in life. Most of the men who have made humanity their great debtors never minded either.

We have often heard Mr. Solid Citizen express his opinion of those who had the misfortune to gain his full esteem. He will tell you: "He is nothing but a maker of rhymes," or "he is one of those painter fellows," or "a mere singer of songs," or "he is forever pottering over contrivances that amount to nothing."

Now the cosmic joke is that the unpractical men have ever been the benefactors of the practical. Wait solved the problem of steam propulsion while lazily watching a teakettle boil. Fulton was esteemed an idiot until the "Fulton" made time. Newton found out the law of gravity when an apple had dropped on his head as he was lying on his back in his orchard. Galileo also discovered many things while observing the swaying sanctuary lamp in the Cathedral of Pisa.

One and all, they were anything but practical, and yet see what they accomplished. As a matter of fact the "practical" men are as many as the "unpractical" men, and the latter are coming along and pushing them forward. Then they shake their heads and congratulate one another on the world's debt to them.

Undue familiarity with material things and absorption in them begets a mental atrophy, a sort of blind insanity. The infidel scientist digs among stones and bones so long that he resents the idea that God had any part in the creation of the world. The laborer works so long in mud or iron that he generates a scorn for all those who do not labor with their hands.

These fast fanciers have allowed their brains to become parched and their higher impulses to dissolve into dust. It is ever the man lifted in spirit above his work who accomplishes. A mulecan work a tread-mill. A squirrel can make his cage revolve. Few there are with moral physique who cannot acquire dexterity at a trade if necessary. All this is a mere groping among elemental things.

There is a superman. Every normal man has it potentially, but only a few develop it. Just as the saint by ceaseless prayer and good works rises above the plane of the ordinary Christian, so does the man of thought and ideal rise to be a benefactor to all mankind in the things of this life. It is exaltation that brings progress into substantial being.

The wonders of electricity, steam and air navigation are the outcome of exaltation in the minds of those who made the wonders facts. The great creations of genius; moving orations, etherial poetry, marvelous tone pictures, the speaking marble, the breathing canvas, music that for the nonce galvanizes the clod to an undreamed of life, are all the product of exaltation.

The spirit moves the genius, he is wrapt out of himself, he forgets the vulgar facts of life, aye, sometimes hunger, cold and need, and in this mood, under this guidance he creates for posterity a masterpiece.

We live in a material world. There is need of a certain amount of practical good sense to enact the part of men and citizens well and suitably, but it were folly to stop here. This is the barest minimum of life and accomplishment. The real realm of highest manhood or truest altruism is far beyond and above mundane commonplaces.

Take counsel with yourself of your potentialities and then if you will make potentially into fact; then you will have a far worth while. A looker-on in Boston Pilot.

DON'T FEEL TOO SMART

Remember, son, that the world is older than you are by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter, better and younger men than yourself, that their feet stuck out of dormer windows, but when they died the old globe went joggling along, and not one person in ten millions went to

the funeral or even heard of their death. Be as smart as you can, of course. Know as much as you can without blowing the packing out of your cylinder-heads. Shed the light of your wisdom abroad, but don't think that you dazzle people with it. And don't imagine a thing is so, simply because you say it is so. Don't be too sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than the young men have of it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him—they cost more money, they are more stylish; your mustache is neater, the cut of your hair is better, and you are prettier, oh, far prettier than "Pa." But, stop a moment, young man, and reflect: The old gentleman gets the biggest salary, and his homely, scrambling signature on the business end of a check will drain more money out of the bank in five minutes than perhaps your handsome autograph will do during the balance of your mortal life. Young men are useful, and they are also ornamental, and we all like them, and it would be impossible to successfully engineer a picnic without them—but they are no novelties, son, oh, no, nothing of the kind—they have been here before, and they will be here again, and they are so modest as to shut yourself clear out, but don't be so fresh that you will have to be put away in a cooler to keep from spoiling. Don't be afraid that your merit will not be discovered. People all over the world are looking for you, and if you are worth finding, they will find you.—The Young Catholic Messenger.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

JERRY'S INVESTMENT

Jerry Dodson took a buckskin purse from the pocket of his overalls, and carefully counted its contents into his horny hand. Ten golden twenties shone brightly in the sunlight.

Jerry looked at them with a hard, bitter feeling in his young heart. Those twenties meant six years of getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning, of driving mule teams, walking behind a harrow over rough clods, and sweltering long days on a harvest.

The money for his work ever since he was sixteen, and less than what one year's wages should have come to.

He had tried to be so saving, never drawing a cent, save for clothes or going to town Saturday night with the rest of the boys, for a good time.

He had built such hopes on that accumulating money; he meant to buy a team and rent a piece of land, and this very fall he had planned to do it. "There was the Webster place—grain land and pasture, with a bit of alfalfa; everything for a hard-working man to succeed, and he had the first chance for it, too, but now he must go on being nothing but a hired man after all."

Colonel McClatchy had failed—his colonel whom he believed to be as good as a bank.

It was hard to believe it, looking over the fine fields of the great ranch and the almost palatial home. Yet, it was all gone for mortgages and debts, and the \$200 was Jerry's share of the wreck. There was a bitterness in his heart as he looked at the great house, with its beautiful lawns, flowers and orchards looking as bright in the sunlight as if no blighting ruin had come.

"There's always had everything," thought Jerry, resentfully; "money, clothes, horses, carriages and company, and plenty to travel round every place. What business had they going on spending other folks' money they'd worked hard for? They never worked—just went along having a good time, though," he added, "I won't say but what the old man acted square; he's turned over everything. What's the use of trying to save anything? Why shouldn't I have a good time?—and I will! I go to the city, and trot it high till every red cent of this money is gone; that I will!"

He thrust the bag back into his pocket and looked over the pasture, his young face set in lines of determination.

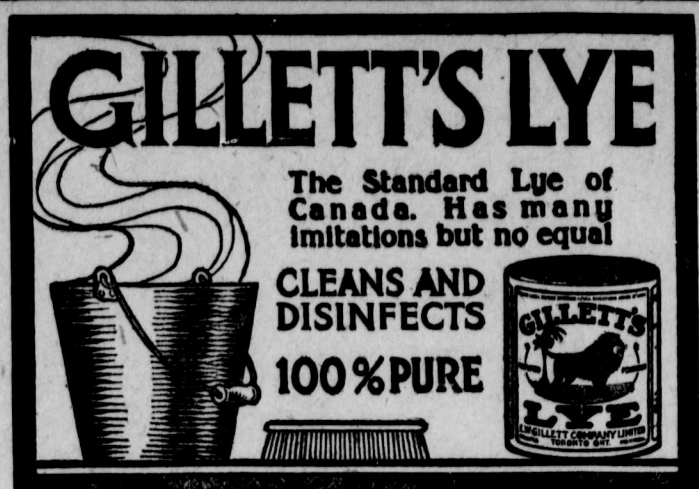
Suddenly a quick, alert look came into his eyes; he gazed intently for a few minutes.

"I wonder what's the matter with that black cow over by the pond," he thought; "she's acting queer, away off that way from the others. Like as not that calf of hers is in trouble, pecky thing. I'll have to go and see," and Jerry started with his long swinging stride across the grassy meadow, for an animal never appeared to him in vain.

He might fuss and grumble, yet he would get up in the night to feed a crying motherless lamb. If a horse was out on a wire fence, or a hog sick, it was Jerry who brought hot water and nostrums and blankets. His mules never suffered with sore shoulders, and no matter how tired he was, he would give an extra rub down to a hard-driven horse, whenever he put him in the stable.

As he walked along, the Colonel's favorite mayor lifted her head with a whinny. Jerry patted her, and wondered who would buy the horse; then almost unconsciously a feeling of pity stole into their heart for the Colonel himself. What must this ruin be to that old man! He thought how generous and good he had always been, with his purse ever open to those who needed his aid, and now to lose everything.

"I declare 'tis rough," thought Jerry, "plaguey rough! But the old man's been too careless," he con-



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tinued his resentment still stirring; but then, he's old. If he was twenty years younger I'll bet he'd get it all back! There's the women folks, too. I guess, after all, there's a good many in a worse boat than me."

Jerry found that the little calf had gone along a sheep track on the edge of the pond until the bank rose steeply. Here it stopped and blatted while the cow-mother lowed above him. Jerry turned the small animal thinking at the same time "that it was the biggest fool-calf he ever seen."

As he turned leisurely to walk back, he heard a strange sound, and paused to listen, then he walked quickly towards a clump of willows not far from the pond. He pushed in among them, then stopped in embarrassment.

"Why—why—Miss Jeannie," he stammered. "W—what's the matter?"

A young girl was lying on the soft salt grass, sobbing as if her heart would break.

She looked up startled, "Oh Jerry!" she cried.

Anybody being a misusing you, Miss Jeannie?" he asked his hand involuntarily clinking. "If they have, it's me that will have a settling."

He looked so fierce that Jeannie McClatchy smiled a wan little smile.

"No," she said, "it's only my foolishness. There, I'm better now. It's only that papa has to sell my piano and oh, it's so hard to give it up."

Her chin quivered again while Jerry looked as if some fresh calamity had come to him.

"Oh come now," he said, "it can't be so bad as that, your papa'll fix it up somehow."

The girl shook her head. "No," she said, "he's going to sell everything that will bring money. I've been thinking I might give music lessons to help him. He's going to rent the Webster place, and begin over right here."

Jerry could hardly speak for astonishment.

The Colonel living where he had planned to live! Miss Jeannie, too! "Well, well," he said, for want of something better, "that's all-fired good as a bank."

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"Fifty dollars," said a stout farmer.

"Seventy-five," called a voice from the doorway.

"One hundred," piped a bright-eyed little woman nervously.

Then it went up by fives and tens to one hundred and forty.

The auctioneer used more eloquence. The stout farmer had invested too largely outside; he would go no higher to please the women folks; the little woman had long been silent.

"Going—going. A \$700 piano selling for a song. Do I hear more? Going, going, gone! Sold to the gentleman in the hall."

Jerry had bought the piano. He came forward and paid for his purchase, then slipped away from the jokers and merriment of his friends.

"Oh, Jerry," said Jeannie when she met him on the porch, "I had rather you had it than anybody else. It was so good of you."

"I don't want it," answered Jerry stoutly. "It is yours. I'm thinking the Colonel and I will want a little music, when we come in tired of evenings from working on the Webster place. I've got the mare, too, Miss Jeannie, and your pa will just start over again, with this pair of stout hands to help him."

CHILDREN'S TABLE MANNERS

"So-called 'table manners' are not outside show, but are based on correct principles. Special care should be taken to teach young children to eat properly and behave properly at meal times."

Good example will help, but a growing child, anxious and hungry for food, will not stop long enough to notice how others are eating it. Very young children should not be allowed at the table.

Wait until they can feed themselves, and then show them at each meal how to do it properly. A mother should strive to have her child with her at meal times as often as possible so it can be watched and corrected.

Good manners in eating, just as in everything else becomes a habit. As an incentive to using the knife and fork properly, give the child his own little set of silver, marked with his initials, and if he makes a special point of wanting a napkin in place of a bib give it to him and teach him how to use it.

Children should not monopolize the conversation, and in the event of "company" they should adhere to the old adage of being "seen and not heard."

"Please" and "thank you" should feature strongly at the family table, and should be the boys and girls present, help the girls first and so teach the little men not only politeness, but patience.

A child entering the breakfast room should be taught to bid "good morning" to those about. If the mother will make this a habit, the innate desire to imitate will readily respond in the child.

Induce a child to keep his hands on his lap when not eating; otherwise he is apt to make trains and music of the silver and glass nearby!

A WORD TO BOYS

The boy is the man; you will be later what you are now. It is therefore important that you be properly fashioned in the plastic period of your youth. You should be like waxen figures in the hands of your teachers; let them make of you good Catholics and good citizens; wax will harden and preserve the impressions given to it in the mold. The trouble is that students do not know what is before them. They wish to get through school in the shortest time and with the least effort. But I would urge you to take upon yourselves a personal responsibility in the matter of your education. Determine to get all you can, and then go forward, unceasing in the armor of scholarship, to do battle and you will succeed. At present, and still more in the future, the Church needs great and good men.

BIBLE CONVERTS

The fruits of "Bible study" are often of a character to surprise the non-Catholic teacher of Holy Writ. The Catholic Sentinel mentions a conversion that took place recently in one of these institutions:

"Daniel J. Richardson, of San Diego, Cal., is a recent convert to the Catholic Church. Mr. Richardson was for four years a student at the Bible University of Eugene, Ore. During part of his last term he received instructions in the Catholic faith, into which he was baptized on June 6 in the Benedictine Monastery, Locoy, Wash. Next month he will return to the monastery to continue his studies for the priesthood."

We have in mind the case of a Protestant missionary in Mexico, now a resident of Washington, D. C., who devoted some seven years to the preparation and publication of a Spanish Concordance to the Holy Scriptures. The minute and careful study that he was compelled to make of every text in the Bible resulted in his conversion to the Catholic Faith, and the year that followed the publication of the Concordance witnessed the baptism of the author in the church of San Lorenzo in the City of Mexico.—The Missionary.

THE BIBLE BEFORE LUTHER'S TIME

A non-Catholic reader of The Indiana Catholic, says that excellent journal, wrote us a polite query recently as follows:

"Why did the Catholic bishops and priests refuse to permit the people to have the Bible? Is it not true that there were no translations of the Bible until Luther began his Reformation movement?"

We will gladly answer our friend's strange query, strange indeed, coming from one who is an "educator" in our own state and a man who is regarded by all who know him as fair and broad-minded.

Before Protestantism existed there were more than twenty translations of the Bible in most of the modern languages. Here is the enumeration of some old Catholic translations:

Bible of Just, Mayence, 1467.
Bible of Bender, Augsburg, 1467.
Malermi's Italian Bible, 1471.
The four Gospels in Flemish (Belgian) 1472.

The entire Bible in Belgian, Cologne, 1475.
Bible of Julien, 1477.
Edition of Delft, 1477.
Bible of Ferrier, Spanish, 1478.
Edition of Gonda, 1479.
Edition of Des Moulins, French, 1480.

Four translations mentioned by Banebre (Histoire de la Reforme, livre iv.) printed before 1522.

To this enumeration it is as well to add the following list of old manuscript translations:

Of the Bible into English, 1290.
Of the Bible into Anglo-Saxon verse, 1300.
Of the Bible into German languages, 800.
Of the Bible into Italian, 1270.
Of the Bible into Spanish, 1280.
Of the Bible into French, 1294.

Before Luther's time three translations of the Bible appeared in Italy; four translations and a multitude of editions were published in the Gaelic language, and in French; two Belgian translations, which passed through several editions.

A translation at Prague in 1488; at Patna, in 1493; at Venice in 1506 and 1511. Many other Catholic translations into almost all the languages of the world were published at Rome, the sanctuary of "Popery." The anti-Catholic prejudices of certain writers are so deeply rooted, that it is with the greatest difficulty we succeed in making them believe that Luther was not the first translator of the Bible in the vulgar German tongue. Before the apostasy of the two famous Augustinian monks, there existed twenty-one German translations (fifteen in Hochdeutsch, and six in Niederdeutsch) in Germany. Luther himself made use of the translation of Nicholas of Lyra, which appeared in 1473, and passed through several editions before the Reformation. Luther made such good use of the translation of Lyra that a comic poet has rendered this proverbial. Plus VI, writing to Martin, Archbishop of Florence, regarding his translation of the Scriptures, congratulates him on his zeal in publishing this translation and exhorts the faithful to read it. This letter, dated April, 1788, is placed at the beginning of all English Catholic Bibles.

"DOIN' GOOD'S NO NEWS"

Dooley's friend said to him: "Dooley, the world is going worse every day. Just look at the papers. There is nothing but murders and burglars and graft and divorces and all kinds of delivment reported."

Dooley replied: "That's so, Hinnessey, according to the reports, but ye must remember that doin' good's no news." Our Irish wit and philosopher spoke to the point. Evil attracts notice more than good because it is exceptional. It is exceptional because it seldom happens. If evil were common and good rare, then good would be the sensational thing and would crowd evil off the front page of the newspapers and the newsboys would be crying it in special edition on the street. When a man beats his wife, the whole town knows about it, but not even a remark is made about the many husbands who treat their wives with unfailing courtesy. When the sun is all splendor nobody looks at it, but when a tiny spot flecks its brightness everybody looks at it. If the sun were commonly dark, a bright spot on its surface would set the astronomers agog and draw all eyes. It is because there is such an immense amount of good in the world and it stands at such a constant high level that it is not news and commands no attention. Evil is a great advertiser and knows how to get in the lime-light, but good is modest and retiring and has little to say about its work. Just now the newspapers are all stuffed with war news, as though the whole planet had burst into a vol-

cano of fire and blood. Hardly a good deed gets mentioned amidst the mass and flood of war stuff. But underneath the blackest storm the grass is still green and tender flowers are blooming, and underneath all these wars and rumors of war the old world is still green and fruitful with human affection and service and goodness. Goodness is in the majority. God is with it, and it will yet prevail.—Presbyterian Banner.

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This Washer Must Pay For Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine one. But I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you the money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and I might have to wait for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1000 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it. But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

I know what our "1000 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes with out wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1000 Gravity" Washer does the work so fast that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, they are broken buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might. So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1000 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1000 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1000 Gravity" Washer must be all that say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save you a whole lot in a few months. In wash and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save you 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine for the month, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 50 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1000 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me personally, I. A. Morris, Manager, Nineteen Hundred Wash Co., 857 George St., Toronto, Ont. (Factory at 79-81 Portland St., Toronto).

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