

The Quebec Tercentenary

Champlain, His Struggles and His Ideals
—He Believed in Colonizing and He
Changed the Course of History

(By John A. Ewan in the Canadian Magazine.)

The implantation of a seed-grain of French civilization at Quebec in July, 1608, by Samuel de Champlain changed the history of the world. But for the persistence of this unknown man, and his concentration on an idea, the political aspect of the North American continent would not be what it is today. He devoted his life to the establishment of French power on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and pursued his idea for thirty years amidst discouragements that were but a collier to his spirit. In 1628, after he had been laboring for twenty years as a colonizer, there were but fifty-five white people at Quebec, and virtually none anywhere else in all Canada. At the time of his death, Quebec could scarcely be called a village. Agriculture in the real sense there was none, unless a little gardening might be described. The colony did not, during his lifetime, become self-sustaining. The connection with the mother country could not be broken if life were to be maintained, for from her fair hands came even flour that seemed so indispensable to Europeans.

It was a real though feeble birth, however, and but for aggression from without French power would have become a formidable factor in the political distribution of the continent. Champlain's dreams seemed to come to a disastrous end in the battle of the Plains of Abraham. There are at least two readings of the meaning of that event, but there can scarcely be more than one of the consequences which flowed from the life-work of which Samuel de Champlain devoted himself.

He was the one Frenchman of his time who seemed consumed with the desire to follow up the discoveries of Cartier. Cartier, indeed, had perhaps three winters in Canada, but made no attempt to form a permanent settlement. He and his companions were sailors and had no notion of deserting the deep for the work of colonizing a new land. Seventy years elapsed between the visits of the Breton navigator and the building of that "habitation" in 1608 which was the real founding of the white man's residence in Canada.

The memory of the pale-faced strangers with their winged shields and metal tubes belching forth fire and death, had ceased to be even a memory in Stadacona and Hochelaga, indeed, the race of Donnacona had vanished from the shores of the

Women and Girls Held by Anaemia

Unless the Blood Is Made Rich and Red Health Cannot Be Restored.

Throughout Canada there are thousands of growing girls and women held in the deadly clutches of anaemia. Slowly but surely a deathly pallor settles on their cheeks; their eyes grow dull; their appetite falters; their steps languid. Daily they are being robbed of all vitality and brightness. Their sufferings grow more acute if neglected, until the signs of early consumption become apparent. If your wife or daughter or sister complains of weakness, pains in the side, headaches or backaches; if her appetite and temper are uncertain and she is often low spirited, anaemia has her in its deadly hold. What she needs is a new, rich, and healthy blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People without loss of time, for they actually make new, red blood. They make girls and women well and happy, impart an appetite and steadiness of spirit, and restore the regularity of the system. Miss Carrie McGrath, 26 Penwick street, Halifax, N. S., says: "I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. Three years ago I suffered from anaemia in a severe form. I was all run down and pale as a sheet. I could scarcely eat anything, and what I did take did not seem to nourish me. My hands and feet were much swollen and the least exertion would leave me breathless and my heart beating violently. I seemed to have pains and aches all over. I was so weak I could not even sweep a floor. At different times I was under the care of three doctors, but did not get any better. One doctor said I had dropsy, and that my blood had turned to water. My friends thought I was in a decline and that I had but a short time to live. I was completely discouraged myself, when one day a lady friend called to see me, and told me Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured her daughter of anaemia, and urged me to try them. I decided to try them, and in the course of a few weeks felt much better. I met the doctor one day and he remarked how much better I was looking. I told him it was not his medicine but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that were helping me, and he told me I had better keep on taking them. I continued to do so until I had taken another half dozen boxes, when my health was perfectly restored. I am more than grateful for what these pills have done for me and strongly recommend them to all weak girls."

Thousands of men and women, now well and strong, praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for having cured anaemia, general weakness, indigestion, neuritis, neuralgia, nervous disorders, paralysis and the ailments of girlhood and womanhood. These pills do this by making new, red blood which feeds the starved nerves, drives out disease and strengthens every organ in the body. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

St. Lawrence and in their place were Algonquin strangers to whom the traditions of Cartier and his men were unknown. Champlain had to begin afresh. All that Cartier had left for his successors was the knowledge of a mighty river flowing through a new land. The testimony with respect to it was various. Of the coast of Labrador Cartier records his conviction that it was the land to which Cain was banished after the murder. When he had penetrated as far as Hochelaga, however, he becomes enthusiastic with respect to the deep forests, the paths strewn with the fallen acorns and the bunches of wild grapes that bent to the water's edge. Notwithstanding these glimpses of a demi-paradise, it is altogether unlikely that Cartier's work would have been resumed but for the circumstance that a man of Champlain's temper and mind took it up. The kings of France and England, and the sense of the amazement of their own majesty, were incapable of any steady policy in regard to a matter so far from the region of their senses as Canada was. If some corner of the continent in search of novelty took it up as a fad, the monarch was willing to bestow the overlordship of the vague regions in a solemn document to which appended his august name. But favorites came and went and the founding of a French colony had depended solely on them the project would have died in its very infancy. But behind these butterflies was the man who when the court instrument failed him immediately turned to the establishment of a new France in the western world might not be delayed. He crossed the ocean more than twice, and in the course of his labors. He threatened thousands of miles the rivers and lakes of Canada in bark canoes. He braved all the dangers of the wilderness, including starvation, wounds and disease. He spent whole winters alone in the wigwags of savages and fickle men. For the thirty years of his active life he was banished from the comforts and luxuries of his home. He saw his labors apparently ruined when Kirk, the British admiral, captured Quebec but as he had gained it by sacrifice and foresight he regained it by diplomacy. And at last, broken with toil, he laid his bones down in the city of his founding.

But it came to naught, the reader will say. French possessions in North America are comprised today in two pinhead islands off the coast of Newfoundland. Let it be repeated, nevertheless, that the labors of Samuel de Champlain vastly influenced the course of history. To see this it is only necessary to speculate on the course of events if no French settlements had been formed on the St. Lawrence. Canada, whole of North America, would have been colonized by the English, and the south. The fur trade would have irresistibly attracted them to the great lakes, and when, later on, the inevitable revolution arrived, the whole of North America would have seceded from the British crown.

As it was, Canada, at the time of the Revolution, was mainly peopled by a race who inherited a decided hostility to the British colonists to the south—the Bostonians—who, in league with the English, had been the scourge of French settlement. They had but little disposition to revolt against their new masters, who had treated them with mildness and generosity, in order to place them, as a new master of whose disposition they were not so sure. Thus it comes that there is a Canada today—that there are two political systems, or three if Mexico is included, on this North American continent. This was not Champlain's great circle of human events. But for Champlain's thirty years in the wilderness there would have been no land distinctive from the thirteen colonies and the United Empire. Loyalists would have had no place of refuge on this continent from the persecutions of their foes.

Champlain was born at Brouage, in the Province of Saintonge, in 1570. In the becoming familiar with navigation, he commanded a vessel on a voyage to the East Indies. This seems to have fixed the love of travel in his blood, and when he returned to France we find him taking service with de Chatte for the purpose of prosecuting Cartier's explorations in Canada.

Even before Cartier's day the Basque and Breton fishermen were accustomed to resort to the shores of Newfoundland to prosecute their hazardous calling. Every reader of Cartier's narrative must have encountered a disillusion when he finds that the famous discoverer of Canada was able to hail vessels of his own countrymen when entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Before Champlain's arrival in Canada these fishermen had formed a settlement at a harbor on the Labrador shore which they had christened Breast. A French governor resided there, together with an almoner, etc., and it is recorded that even in the winter it contained a thousand souls. Champlain's voyage, therefore, had little in it of the breathless wonder and miraculousness which attended that of Columbus. He doubtless had a fair idea of what he was going. He was accompanied to Tadoussac by Pontgrave, who had been there before. The difference, however, between him and these fishermen and traders was abysmal. He differed from them in soul and mind. Their objects were wholly sordid; his were national and religious, with a large dash of the discoverer's insatiable curiosity acting as an incentive and reward for constant endeavor. They were content to cast their nets in the

waters or trade with the natives along the shore. To him a voice was crying from the interior wilderness which lured ever and ever further on. Thus he was led to lands that, although the most enticing of the districts of Canada, were not settled for almost two hundred years thereafter.

It touches the romantic element in our nature to picture Champlain exploring the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, Lake Ontario, the Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe three hundred years ago. A less prophetic eye than his could foresee on the shores of these great waters a mightier France. What were the Rhine, the Loire or the Seine compared with these mighty floods? When he saw the countless miles of stately forests unfolded to his gaze—the white pine areas of the Ottawa and the hardwood forests of the sparse woods of the Ottawa—the spot where the French or the dreary and treeless Landes of the southwest. He and almost he alone knew how well this effort was the inclusion of sovereignty. He has been called the Father of New France. He indeed bore every relationship to it that we associate with fostering and nursing and warming into life.

It was not an easy task. The Breton and Basque fishermen and merchants had views entirely foreign from his. For them the only selfish object was gain. They did not believe in colonization. Colonists were apt to step between them and their barter with the Indians for furs. The fur trade was the god of these men. Champlain believed the fur trade and every other sort of trade, but believed that colonization should proceed step by step with them. Two ideals fought for years, and the slow progress of Canada was an evidence how powerful the commercial interests were. The good temper and steadiness with which he maintained his views is the best proof of his possession of the qualities that invest eventual success. It did not come in his time, however. Worn out with traveling and Indian wars and privations, he laid him down to die in the strong-hold he had founded.

The tercentenary will be associated

Buildings as Big as a Town

FIGURES THAT GIVE AN IDEA OF THE MODERN SKYSCRAPER—THINGS THAT COULD BE DONE WITH THE MATERIALS IN THE METROPOLITAN LIFE OR THE SINGER BUILDING—CITY INVESTING BUILDING EQUAL TO A CITY OF 10,000 PEOPLE.

Did it ever occur to you that if one of New York's modern skyscrapers, say the Metropolitan Life or the Singer Building with its cloud-piercing tower, could be picked up bodily and dropped on some prairie there would be practically everything needed to start a little city, including the population? In fact, when it came to building materials there might in some instances be stuff left over for use in neighboring towns.

Take the Singer Building, for instance. It contains 136 miles of various kinds of electrical lights, fans, telephones, elevators, electric wires, and clocks require 3,425 miles of wire which if stretched out would extend from the top of the Singer Building to the top of the Eiffel Tower in Paris with 800 miles left over. The steel used in the construction of the Singer Building if made into three-quarter inch wire cable, would reach from New York to Buenos Ayres, a distance of 7,100 miles. The total length of the steel-bearing columns in the building is about ten miles.

The terra cotta floor blocks in the building, if spread out on a plane, would cover 8.36 acres. Placed end to end they would extend 97 miles, or farther than from New York to Philadelphia. The fireproof blocks in the building would reach from New York to Saratoga. The new skyscraper contains 5,032,000 bricks, and these laid end to end would reach 655 miles, from New York to Detroit. They would pave a footpath 12 inches wide from New York to Boston.

This modern skyscraper contains 101 tons of sheet copper, enough to cover 640 acres. The copper combined with the steel would make a statue 98,270 miles, or about four times the distance around the earth. The length of the highest elevator shaft is 548 feet 9 inches, the tower from curb to roof being 612 feet.

There have been expended in the construction of the Singer Building about 860,000 days' labor. One man would have a job lasting 2,360 years if he cared to take it.

The Metropolitan Life Building when it is completed will afford much larger figures than these. The tower will not only be 83 feet higher than the Singer, but is of larger proportions all through. Its gross weight will be 84,000,000 pounds, or 38,000 tons, which is about twice as much as the gross weight of the Singer tower. The Singer tower is 75 feet square, whereas the new Madison Square structure is 75 by 85 feet. The Metropolitan tower walls will be of marble from top to bottom while the Singer tower has corners of brick and terra cotta and central panels of metal and glass. This will, of course, account in part for the difference in gross weight.

The new Metropolitan tower will be 700 feet high from curb to pinnacles. The steel work is nearly all up now. The highest lookout in the Singer tower is accessible to the public is the lantern balcony, which is 538 feet above Broadway. The highest point for observation in the Metropolitan tower will be a window over the lookout 669 feet above the sidewalk.

One of the chief features of the Metropolitan tower will be a huge clock with a face on each side of the tower 324 feet above the sidewalk. The face of the clock will be two stories

TICKLE YOUR PALATE WITH KORN-KINKS

The new malted corn food. Made from the choicest selected white corn, cooked, malted, flaked and toasted. All the meat of the corn blended with the life of the barley. Ready - to - serve hot or cold. The only Malted Corn Flakes

ed in the minds of many with other incidents and other figures. The moment the eyes of the world were, in connection with the celebration of its founding, fixed on the rock-built city there was a sudden realization that another world-event, the completion of the Metropolitan tower, was showing five arched openings on each face of the tower. The height of these loggias will be 50 feet. The highest office floor in the tower will be 627 feet above the sidewalk. The observatory will be a room 20 feet in diameter. The structure will be capped with a lantern 50 feet high, which will be of steel and copper gilded.

This lantern will contain an arc light of great power which will be used to designate the time after nightfall. It is proposed to do this by giving one red flash for the quarter, two for the half and three for the third quarter, and a white flash for the hour.

Extraordinary precautions have been taken in the Metropolitan skyscraper both to guard against wind pressure and also to insure extreme durability. Engineers have figured a wind pressure of 25 pounds to the square foot, as ample for most big skyscrapers. In the case of the Metropolitan the allowance has been increased from 35 to 60 pounds to the square foot, which is ample allowance for a higher wind than has ever been experienced in New York.

To protect the steel framework against oxidation or rusting it was treated first to a priming coat of cement paint. All the abraded corners have been carefully repaired, and when put in place the steel beams have been subjected to a second coating of waterproof paint.

Besides this, the columns, the knee braces and the exposed portions of the floor beams are covered in a two-inch coating of sand and cement. The Singer tower steel beams are protected in practically the same way. With the danger of rusting and destruction from fire removed, engineers can see no reason why the Metropolitan tower should not last for ages.

The massive corner columns of this immense structure are two feet square and weigh over one ton to the lineal foot. When the tower shall have been completed there will be more than 8,135 tons of steel in it, enough for seven or eight twelve-story buildings with the same ground area as the Metropolitan tower. The estimated cost of this magnificent structure is \$3,000,000. The tower is placed at about \$3,000,000 on the ground representing an investment of about \$1,000,000.

The new City Investing Building, next to the Singer Building, is another of the city's most modern skyscrapers. It is the third highest in the city. The tower but has ornate gables running up over the main structure to a height of 486 feet above the curb. Some ideas of the height of this building may be obtained from the picture, which shows its roof alongside the Singer tower.

The City Investing Building is 33 stories high, and is said to be the largest single office building in the world, providing twelve acres of rentable space. If the building were slapped down on the prairie there would be a city of 10,000 inhabitants. There is 13,500 tons of steel in this building, which would make a rod one inch in diameter 2,900 miles long. In putting up the building 4,410,000 holes were punched in metal, and the weight of the metal punched out and thrown away was alone 135 tons, or 297,000 pounds.

The blue prints required for the plans of the building if laid out on a flat surface would cover two acres. The bricks used in the building, if laid end to end, would stretch 1,151 miles, or farther than from New York to Chicago. The plaster in the building if spread out would cover an area bounded by Fifty-ninth street on the south, Central Park West on the east, Seventy-eighth street on the north and Columbus avenue on the west. Or one might plaster Broadway with it from the Battery to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

There are 100 miles of electric wire in the building, 22 miles of conduit, 80 tons of copper, 17 miles of piping. The three pumps which supply the water for the building have a combined capacity of 4,320,000 gallons a day, which is enough to supply a city of 40,000 inhabitants.

There are 22,000 tons of tile fireproofing in the building. This would make 5,000 truckloads, reaching from Liberty street to Heaven's Gate, 21 miles. If loaded on barges it would take 110 barges or a continuous tow two miles long.

It took 22,000 yards of clay to manufacture this material. Each block was handled about 25 times from the clay bank to the building. This is equivalent to one man handling one block 5,000,000 times. The marble in the building would cover Broadway from curb to curb from the Hotel Astor to Twenty-third street. It would take one man 479 years of continuous work to prepare the marble alone.

There are 21,759,500 cubes or mosaic in the building. The 8,170,000 pounds of marble in the building would make a column one foot square 98 times as high as Washington monument.

Next to the City Investing Building for height come the Park Row Building, which runs up 380 feet, and then the Times Building, which is 362 feet high.

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA. Lucius Teter, who was recently elected president of the Chicago Savings Bank and Trust Company, is the youngest bank president in the country. Only 16 years ago he was a messenger in the bank of which he is now the head.

BATH CREATED A SENSATION

A YANKEE'S DEMAND FOR ONE UPSET A PARISIAN HOTEL.

A correspondent signing himself, "Old Fellow," writes to the New York Sun as follows: To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: Some have revealed to you secrets of the bath in France, and before the subject is taboo I wish to submit a brief account. Concerning a French bath which was and was not.

Some years ago I was a guest at the Hotel Continental in Paris, where after a daily morning struggle with the French model (bain de siege), of the English tin nuisance called a "tub," my yearning to feel once more washed overcame serious warnings I had received and I demanded le grand bain chaud (the big warm bath). The chambermaid who had each morning brought in the tin scoop half filled with water, and who called that morning to ask if I was ready for the bath, fell back in manifest horror, which I naturally attributed to my bad French.

"Oh no!" she exclaimed. "Not le grand bain chaud! Never!" "Sure," I said, and she again recoiled with a manner of being shocked, which I found difficult in reconciling with her morning custom of observing my preparation for the tub to an extent quite embarrassing to me.

She retreated, but soon returned with a valet in red jacket and high state of excitement. He asked if the startling information was true, would nothing dissuade me, would not something else do—he even suggested a "quarta," whereby I knew he meant a "cocktail"; he was desolate, he assured me. Did I really demand a big hot bath?

I remained obdurate. I would have not only a big hot bath but a big cold bath afterward. I wished to go to breakfast in France for once feeling both clean and refreshed. The maid and the valet regarded me with wonder not unmixed with admiration for my courage, it seemed. They solicitedly helped me on with my bathrobe after the manner fashioners dress a condemned man on the morning he is to be hanged, and then departed to forward the last sad preparations.

But they were not altogether of a sad nature either. During the half hour they were absent I heard their voices ringing through the corridors. "Le grand bain chaud!" The riot of excited repetitions of the cry rose from lower floors, wafted down from floors above; other valets and other maids came to my room and jeered at me with cautious interest; a hall boy brought me my mail (an hour earlier than usual) and apologized for his stare of wonder by explaining that he had never seen one before and wished to be able to tell his parents how I looked; a commissioner brought my morning paper even before he had read it, so eager he was to take what he evidently believed was his last look at me.

Within an hour my valet and chambermaid returned and told me that all was ready. I followed them and found in the hall all the valets and all the chambermaids arranged in an orderly procession. At the word of command given by my valet we took up our line of march, proceeded, followed, surrounded by loud cries of "The great hot bath!" Make way for the gentleman who is about to great hot bath himself!

It was well they shouted "make way," for guests crowded out of apartments, their native politeness forgotten in their mad determination to see one inconceivably bent on witting himself all over. Our march led us to a set of stairways with which I was not familiar, descending to a part of the hotel behind the reading room, at the back of the main court, and as we drew near the bathroom the tumult and excitement attracted a numerous party of young American gentlemen, who, I suspect, had not yet gone to bed, for they were drinking whiskey and soda by the side of the court to the left as you face the reading room.

They were much moved by the spectacle. They halted the procession to cheer me. They demanded in chorus to know "What's the matter with—" to their own vociferous answer that I was all right, my valet and chambermaid gave denial; something was exceedingly wrong with me, they said.

This noisy demonstration by my fellow countrymen attracted the curious and alarmed from as far as the Place de la Concorde, and I soon found myself the centre of interest of all Paris, as one might say, an interest none the less when my joyous compatriots lifted me on their shoulders and demanded a speech.

I took occasion to impress upon my auditors the hygiene and other advantages of the daily grand bain chaud. I spoke at some length and eloquently because some of the Americans thoughtfully refreshed me wherever they had found refreshment.

Suddenly the keeper of the bath rushed forth tearing his hair and roundly berating my valet for the delay. Now the bath was out. The stopper would retain the water only

ENGLISH COURT AND MARRIAGE

ACCESSION OF HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK BROUGHT NEW IDEAS.

It was not until the accession of the House of Brunswick that German ideas on the subject of royal marriages began to be prevalent at the English court, no doubt because a "misalliance" might have caused a dispute as to the succession of the Electorate of Hanover. In 1772 the royal marriage act was passed. This act made it impossible for any descendant of George II., "other than the issue of princesses married into foreign families," to contract valid marriage without the previous consent of the King signified under the Great Seal. "But in case any descendant of George II., being above 25 years old, shall persist to contract a marriage disapproved of by his majesty, such descendant, after giving twelve months' notice to the Privy Council, may contract such marriage without the consent of his majesty and it shall be good except both Houses of Parliament shall declare their disapprobation thereto."

Queen Victoria seems to have had English ideas about love matches, for not only did she allow her cousins the Princess Mary of Cambridge to marry the Duke of Teck and the Princess Frederica of Baron von Pawel-Rammingen, both "misalliances" by the German rule, but she willingly gave her consent to the marriage of her fourth daughter, the Princess Louise, to the Duke of Argyll, and of her youngest daughter, the Princess Beatrice, to Prince Henry of Battenberg. But worse was yet to come, from a German point of view, for the present King's eldest daughter, the Princess Louise of Wales, who at the time might easily have succeeded to the throne, was married to the Duke of Fife, at that time an earl of modern creation; and the present Prince of Wales, the direct heir to the throne, was permitted to marry the Princess Mary of Teck, whose pedigree would by no means satisfy the German court genealogist.

Do you recollect ever finding what you were looking for in the place you expected to find it? Pen-Angle Underwear has the strength and the seams because the are so firmly proper twist to secured that withstand wear is given to the cannot rip, yam.

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