

Young Folks.

A BOY'S MOTHER.

My mother, she's so good to me
If I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good. No sir;
Can't any boy be good as her!

She loves me when I'm glad or mad,
She loves me when I'm good or bad,
An' what's the funniest thing, she
says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me.
That don't hurt, but it hurts to see
Her cry. Nen I cry, an' again.
We both cry—an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts and sews
My little coat and Sunday clothes,
An' when my pa comes home to tea
She loves him 'most as much as me.

She laughs and tells him all I said,
An' grubs me up an' pats my head,
An' I hug her an' hug my pa
An' love him part' nigh much asma.

James Whitcomb Riley.

THE WISH APPLE.

Jimmy Smith wasn't such a bad little boy, but he had a reputation. If a stone courted a window in the village, and the window got smashed, 'twas sure to be Jimmy that was blamed for it. If Willie Prime came home with a black eye of a Saturday afternoon, his mother was sure that Jimmy had done it.

And yet Jimmy wasn't such a bad little boy after all. He could fill the box quicker and get the cows in from pasture sooner than Willie Prime, who was the good little boy of the neighborhood, and Jimmy was a master hand at chores when he wanted to go a-fishing.

But he had a reputation and was just a plain boyish boy, who believed in ghosts, and fairies and things.

This particular Saturday afternoon Jimmy wanted to go to the swimming hole wick de gang, but misfortune had overtaken him in the shape of a bent pen which was found innocently reposing on the seat of Deacon Smith's chair at prayers that morning. So Jimmy was forced to spend the afternoon a prisoner "in durance vile," in the garret, where he availed himself of the heat and took rare comfort shying dried apples from the windows at the fowls and pigs in the barnyard.

There would be a strange swelling of breasts in that same barnyard after the dried apples had made the acquaintance of the water from the pump trough, and Jimmy chuckled as he thought came to him.

Any sport soon loses its zest to the prisoner, and the supply of dried apples showing an appreciable shrinkage, Jimmy thought it was time to quit. He flung himself on an old mattress under the eaves and banged his heels against the rafters overhead.

"Wish'd there wuz some fairies up here," he said.

"You do, you?" piped a thin little voice which seemed to come from the strings of dried apples over his head. "And what do you want with fairies?"

Jimmy opened his eyes wide, and his mouth wider, and stared hard at the strings of dried apples.

"I thought you wanted a fairy," piped the thin voice. "Here I am, now what do you want, boy?"

"Where are you?" said Jimmy. "I don't see nobody? Who be you?"

"I'm one of the dried apple fairies," said the voice, "that's why my voice is so thin. It's as you makes the apples swell so when you mix 'em with water. When they are all swelled up our voices swell, too, and we step out and enjoy the fun. If is because you have given so many of my friends enjoyment this afternoon in the barnyard that I want to do something for you."

"Oh!" said Jimmy.

"What would you like most?"

"Some apples, and ice cream and—"

"Hold on! Wait a bit!" broke in the fairy. "Not so fast, please, one thing at a time. Apples are right in line, but I don't know about the ice cream and the rest."

"Why, I thought fairies could do anything," said Jimmy.

"So they can, so they can, some of them; but there are others who have their limitations. Speaking of apples, how do you like that one?"

Jimmy opened his eyes wider still when he saw a big rosy apple smiling at him from the edge of a box near his head.

"Is it good to eat?"

"Sure," said the fairy, and Jimmy had pounced on it and taken a big bite, all in a minute. It was so good another big mouthful and then he stared hard. The bites filled up as fast as he took them, and the apple grew whole and rosy again.

"Wish when you bite," said the fairy. "Good-by, and good luck too you Jimmy."

"Hallo, are you going?" cried the boy but no answer came back.

"Geel but this is a luffin good apple," and he smacked his lips and bit into it again. "Wish'd I wuz in the swimmin' hole."

And before the words were fairly out of his mouth he was flourishing

in the swimming hole with all his clothes on and the other boys throwing mud at him.

"Geel!" said he, reaching for his apple which bobbed along on the water in front of him. Taking a big bite he wished himself on top of the straw stack to dry in the sun.

The straw stack was hot and before he stopped to think Jimmy said: "Wish this straw stack was on top of the north pole." Away they were whisked in an instant and Jimmy, nearly frozen and his teeth chattering, found himself looking down from a terrible height, on a great field of ice where great polar bears were having a dance in honor of the midnight sun.

Looking up, they caught sight of Jimmy and a big old grandfather bear said: "Wough! Wough! I smell a bad boy who puts bent pints on Deacon Smith's chair and who throws stones through the village windows. Wough! But he'll make a dandy salad with walrus fat!" and off he scrambled to climb the pole. Jimmy saw him coming and heard what he said.

"Oh, dear! I'll be good if I ever get back out of this," said he, and he tried hard to bite his apple; but it was frozen so solid that his teeth could not dent it and wish as hard as he might, the wish would not come if he could not bite the apple.

Just then he looked down and saw the grandfather bear's great red mouth opened wide to catch him and he felt himself slipping, slipping! Then with an awful scream, he fell—bump off the mattress on to the garret floor and woke up.

"Guess I ate too many dried apples!" and he rubbed his eyes.

"Jimmy! Jimmy! Oh, Jimmy!" his mother's voice called at the foot of the garret stairs.

"Yes'm," he answered, "I ain't gone to bend no more pins."

"Supper is ready," she said.

TO ADJUST EYEGLASSES.

"Oh, yes," said the optician, as he fitted a pair of glasses on the nose of a customer. "There is an art in putting on nose glasses and at least half of the people who wear glasses don't know how to put them on. The result is that the moment they begin to perspire a little or when they shake their heads or make any unusual movement, off go the glasses smash on the floor or more often the sidewalk. Of course, we opticians don't kick, for that very thing gives us a good part of our business. There is a good profit in putting in new lenses. Really the only sensible glasses to wear are spectacles. They fasten over the ears, and they never fall off and they don't get out of adjustment. They fit on the same place every time and the eye looks through the center of the lens as it should look. But most people think that spectacles make them look older or something like that and they insist on nose glasses. Then they don't know how to put them on, and if they don't get them just right the eyes don't look through the center of the lenses and if there is any disorder of the vision other than nearsightedness the improperly adjusted glasses often do more harm than good, to say nothing of the expense from breakage. Now, madam, if you feel you must wear glasses instead of spectacles take them like this."

He took the glasses and held them perfectly level before him. "Stretch them wide apart and approach the nose like this." He advanced them toward the tip of the nose, "now raise them up so." Still holding the glass so that the springs stretched wide over the nose he advanced them upward until the upper points of the clips were directly under the eyebrows.

"Now let go," said he. The glasses were on firm. "Shake your head," said he. The customer shook her head. The glasses wiggled but did not fall off.

"You see," said the optician, "you can't shake them off. They sit perfectly and just fit the eye. You don't want anything better than that do you? Now try putting them on yourself."

The customer took them off and attempted to put them back. She got them on askew.

"No! no! no!" said the optician, "that's all wrong," and he showed her over again how it should be done. It took six times trying before the customer mastered the knack and went away happy.

"She'll be back in a month," said the optician, "wanting one or two lenses to replace her broken ones. Now I've showed her exactly how to put them on, but she'll get careless after a while and will forget all about it. I can always tell about that by the way they catch on to the knob of adjusting them when they first put them on. People who have to wear glasses at all should wear spectacles, but if they will wear nose clips they must learn how to adjust them, or they'll ruin their eyes and break their pockets at the same time. Women are no worse than men in that. I've got one customer who paid me last year \$50 for new lenses. That's about \$1 a week, and I can't get him to wear spectacles yet."

INDIA'S GREAT FAMINE.

MULTITUDES PERISHING IN THE PRESENT APPALLING CALAMITY.

Death Roll Unknown—Six Millions on the Relief Works—India's Silent Endurance—England Disgusted With Her Post Laureate—"Count Tolstoy" on suicide.

If it were not for the war in South Africa, all the world would be watching another tragedy, less dramatic, less picturesque, but the most terrible of modern times—the famine in India, writes a London correspondent. Its death roll is unknown—I have not seen even an estimate of the numbers who have perished—and one reads only an occasional official paragraph stating that another half million or so have been added to those who depend for subsistence upon the handful of rice which the Government supplies daily to people who are actually starving. England is too much absorbed in watching the extension of her dominion in South Africa to pay much attention to the perishing multitudes in the most populous part of her Empire.

I do not mean to accuse the British authorities of neglect of duty in the terrible emergency. On the contrary, all information tends to confirm the belief that no great public disaster was ever before coped with so energetically and so efficiently by the official resources at command. Lord Curzon has borne the test of an enormous responsibility with credit and honor. Not alone with the famine has he had to deal during this trying year. The plague maintains its grip on the afflicted land and cholera has recently been added to its miseries. Political dangers have further complicated the situation. The country has been almost stripped of white troops, which, in the early months of the war the danger of a Russian invasion seriously alarmed the British Government. Through all this crisis, the Viceroy has succeeded in maintaining

absolute tranquility.

An accomplishment creditable alike to him and to the suffering millions over whom he presides.

No civilized people, it is safe to say, would suffer and perish thus unresistingly, even uncomplainingly. Never before has the philosophy of the East, the fatalism, which the wisdom of the West condemns, furnished so amazing an object lesson.

A great nation which submits to suffering and death by hunger without a struggle, however impotent struggling might be, is a spectacle which the Western mind cannot understand. The silence of India is the marvel of the world today. Not a cry has been heard, not even a protest. The world's assistance has been received with a thankfulness none the less deep because it also is silent.

And day by day the situation grows worse. Six millions is now the number of human beings who perform the allotted task of stone breaking or reservoir building in order to receive from the Government the means to keep body and soul together. Thousands perish because they are unable to work and their Eastern pride prevents their accepting a tiny dole of food as pure charity. I refrain from reproducing any of the famine stories from the English press. Few are printed and they are too painful. Most of the papers neglect, almost ignore, the subject, but the Standard this week gives an interesting summary of the situation as it existed in the early part of the present month. The following extracts give a fair idea of it:

"In Madras, which has hitherto been regarded as outside the afflicted area, things are rapidly becoming worse. The number of people on relief works has more than doubled in the space of a fortnight. There has been a little rain, but this came too late materially to benefit the crops on unirrigated lands, which are now in many places given up for lost. Irrigation supplies are generally scanty, and the wells very low in parts."

THE STANDING CROPS are now practically confined to irrigated lands. Pastureage is almost everywhere dried up, and the general aspect of the country especially the Deccan districts, is dreary in the extreme.

Going from Madras to Bombay, the traveller does not see one single patch of green, not even so much as a blade of grass, for hundreds of miles on end. The whole of the Madras and Bombay Deccan is simply one vast expanse of scorched-up, waterless upland. In many places hamlets have been completely deserted for months past, simply because there is no water within many miles of them. Springs and rivers, which have never been known to fail before, are now absolutely dry. The Nizam's dominions largely lie in this Deccan country, and it is, consequently, not surprising to learn that the intensity of the famine in his territory is rapidly increasing.

Passing to the Bombay Presidency, we come to the part of India, which, in the opinion of the Central authorities, is the most severely afflicted of all. In other parts, notably in the native States of Rajputana, the mortality from starvation may be greater, mainly because the system of famine

relief and the organization generally in such States is not so good as in British territory; but it is now generally admitted that certain parts of Bombay present the worst famine features in all India at the present time. The latest official reports show that there has been no change in the conditions, except for the worse. There is no abatement of the famine; things are merely getting slowly and surely more terrible and more disastrous than before.

"One of the most remarkable features of the present famine is that certain districts in the Bombay Presidency, hitherto reputed to be the most fertile, perhaps, in all India, are

NOW THE MOST AFFLICTED.

"In ordinary times the country around Baroda and Ahmedabad presents an aspect of extraordinary fertility. At the present moment it is in this very tract that the worst features of the present famine are to be found. The people are literally dying of starvation. The greater portion of the cattle, the celebrated breed of Gujarat are already dead. Everything that human agency can do is being done to keep the people alive, but they have been for so many months past in a low and unimproved state that the mortality in many parts has more than quadrupled. As for the cattle, the Government is trying to keep the remnants alive in cattle camps, but the mortality has been terrible, more than 1,000,000 having died in the district of Gujarat alone."

To add to the embarrassments of the local officials, a severe epidemic of cholera has now broken out at some of the relief works in the Godhra district; and the people, weakened by many weeks and months of low diet, are succumbing to this terrible scourge at a startling rate. In the Bombay Presidency as a whole there are no fewer than two millions of people on famine relief, and the population affected is more than twenty millions.

To the north and northeast of Gujarat we come to another portion of India equally afflicted. The greater portion of the land in Rajputana is of extremely light character and in many parts is hard to distinguish from desert. In States such as Jodhpur and Bikaner much of it is actual desert. Railways are few and far between and vast tracts are almost completely out of the reach of relief operations. These semi-desert tracts are so sparsely populated and the country itself is so utterly hopeless that it is impossible to establish relief works. The inhabitants eke out a mere existence

ON QUARTER RATIONS as long as they can and then when physically quite unequal to the strain of a long journey over the sun-baked, waterless wastes of sand, they try to make their way to the relief works or the big towns, perhaps a hundred miles or more away.

"There is every reason to believe that a very large proportion of these people never reach their destination, but die in the desert, where their emaciated corpses are soon picked clean by the jackals and vultures which hang on their track. Numbers reach their journey's end only to die. In some parts of Rajputana, it is said, scarce a day passes without a number of people of all ages and both sexes being found dead by the roadside. Their bodies are mere skeletons with skin stretched tightly over them, and for months past they must have suffered the acutest pangs of hunger. Yet nothing can well be done for them. Those who thus die almost invariably prove to be residents of the remotest portions of the western desert who have delayed too long their attempt to reach the famine relief works."

"It would almost seem that in many instances the people have no wish to live, no desire to continue the apparently hopeless struggle for existence. With that fatalistic tendency which is so marked a characteristic of all Orientals, they argue among themselves that it is their kismet, their destiny, and that, an inscrutable Providence having willed them to die of famine, it would be idle to struggle against the inexorable decree."

The next most afflicted portion of India is the central Provinces, which had hardly got over the scarcity of a few years ago, before this new and terrible disaster came upon them. There has been no change for the better in this region. There are now about one and three quarter million of people on famine relief, and the population directly affected by the famine is some twelve millions. Fodder is scarce, and water exceptionally so. The rivers, indeed, are now at a lower level than has ever been known, as are also the various tanks and reservoirs which form the water supply of large cities."

UNCLE JERRY'S PESSIMISTIC VIEW.

I reckon the horseless age hasn't quite got there yet, said Uncle Jerry Peebles, turning from the strike news to the war despatches, but it does seem to me sometimes as if we was livin' right in the middle of the horse

senseless age.

Floriculture.

THE CARNATION.

The carnation pink, belongs to the genus Dianthus, meaning "Flower of Jove." From its delicate grace, its regularity, its delicious clove-like fragrance and its variety of color and readiness to bloom it is a wonderful favorite. It is a more democratic flower than the rose; it is the people's flower and it may be bought, at any street stand. With ordinary care the cut carnations will hold their color and fragrance for days, being therefore very desirable for decorative use in hot rooms where other flowers would wilt. The ease with which they are cultivated makes them the most welcome of our flower friends.

Carnation is a misnomer, for 250,000,000 sold annually are white. The progenitor, Dianthus caryophyllus, still found in old fashioned gardens, has white, red or yellow petals, each raised upon a long "claw" or handle. The genus includes our common Deptford pink and sweet william. Chrysanthemums, sand worts, and anemones are humble relatives of the stately carnation, while bouncing-bet is a vulgar copy. By cultivation and hybridization our florists evolve magnificent blooms out of simple beginnings. By natural or artificial means the pollen or microspores of the anthers of one flower are brought into contact with the stigmas of the flowers of another flower, the seed, while maturing, being carefully watched and nurtured. Thus the grand hybrid blooms of today have been evolved, and with their petals, including transformed stamens and pistils, greatly enlarged and multiplied to the number of fifty or more.

In the multiplication of the strain upon the calyx cup becomes very great. It must not, however, break and let the petals fall in a slovenly manner. This is prevented by a corresponding development of the underlying bracts, which grow longer and stronger and more numerous than in the original type.

The new carnations are beauties. A wonderful improvement has taken place in size and form within a dozen years, and an infinite number of shades, ranging from what may be called with truth a brilliant white, through pink and rose to a deep, dark and yet vivid red. From white the carnation also shades toward yellow, though truth compels the admission that the color is not desirable in this flower.

CARE OF THE PALM.

The lady who wrote the interesting pointers on palm culture will find, we think, that the trouble with her palm is that it is not properly potted. She says the water runs off quickly. Probably the plant is really suffering from want of water, which runs off before it wets the ball of roots.

The size of the pot seems all right, but we should put it in a nine-inch pot on account of the large mass of roots mentioned. Do not cut or injure the roots nor disturb them any more than you can help. Put some broken crockery and a few lumps of coal in the bottom of the pot, then a few inches of fresh, rich, fertile earth, set the plant on this, in the center, and fill in around it with fresh earth, packing it solidly. If the water "runs right through" it is a sign the "packing" is not sufficient.

Every other day is often enough to water it. Give it light, but not much sunlight. After repotting it will need no fertilizer for a long time. Never give fertilizer when a plant is not growing. Therefore don't stimulate a palm in winter. Wipe the leaves with soft cloth when dusty.

We think the only trouble with this palm is that it suffers from want of water due to improper potting.

For lice on household plants, slip a large paper bag over the plant. Get some smoker to put his pipe under the edge of the bag and give three or four strong whiffs. Let the plant stand a few minutes, then take off the bag and immediately give the plants a good syringing to knock off the insects that are dead or partly so. You can prevent the lice from getting the start of you by picking off those that first appear, and syringing freely, using with clear cool water.

THE SWEET PEA.

The sweet pea is said to have an international bicentenary celebration this year. It was introduced into British gardens from its home in Eastern Europe just 200 years ago. The fine blooms and extensive range of colorings which are now obtained are, however, of comparatively recent date, having been produced during the last quarter of a century or so by the efforts of growers like the Shropshire firm of Eckford and the American firm of Burpee. The arrangements for the bicentenary include an exhibition in London in July, with prizes for bunches, collections and decorative effects, a conference of expert growers and perhaps a banquet.

BRINGING HIM TO TERMS.

Blanch—I shall quarrel with him tonight as a matter of necessity. May—What for?

Blanch—He hasn't been as devoted to me lately as he ought.

Dr. W. going to renew a strengthener diseases dealer do be sent p six boxes Dr. Williams, Out.

"There is missionaries yes! He says are preparing."

A FOUR YEAR MATRIMONY. CURE WAS Mrs. J. H. Toronto, will by from the four years sh of a cane knee, and sh or treatment induced to tr Cure. She free from pain testimony by and can mov my life."

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Customer—I would kick ab mized up! L blizness allee customers like Bleyclists, bottle of Pain-It cures cuts a quickness. Av one Pain-Kille 50c.

WATER DIVINERS.

France Will Investigate the Dubious Claims of These Alleged Experts.

For many years men in this country and in Europe have claimed that they were able to ascertain the sources of water supply by means of divining rods and other instruments of fanciful names. In later years also these gifted persons have asserted their ability to discover minerals as well as water. The faith in the water diviner has been particularly prevalent in England where he still plies his lucrative profession without legal interference. He is often employed even by town authorities, who fail to realize that they are merely his dupes when his art proves inadequate to the task of discovering water sources.

Among implements besides the divining rod which these sorcerers, water seers or wizards have devised are the means of divination, are mineral rods equipped with a magnet at one end, exploring pendulums, hydroscoptic compasses and many others.

In March last, a commission was appointed in France to study all the apparatus and methods employed by diviners. The French engineer, M. Bortier de Rolliere, is the President of the commission. He is now engaged in making a collection of divining implements of all kinds. He is accumulating all the literature he can find on the subject, and there are not a few books and articles in reviews and journals, mostly written by men who claim to be gifted in this line. He is also collecting the names and addresses of inventors of the alleged devices.

It is needless to say that scientific men regard these diviners as frauds pure and simple. They believe the whole business is akin to that of the fortune teller, the fake spiritualist or any other charlatan; and they think it strange that the frauds have so long been permitted to ply their vocation without fear of prosecution. Usually the victims are the only ones to suffer, and they have to pay dear for their gullibility.

It is high time the whole matter was thoroughly investigated. The French commission proposes to make its inquiry far reaching and to place the whole matter before the public in its proper light. A report that will be accepted generally as a result of an able and thorough investigation will be a boon, for it will greatly diminish the number of victims of a class of sharpers who should have been suppressed long ago.

EMPIRE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

A new society called "The Daughters of the Empire," with junior branches called "Children of the Empire," has recently been formed in Canada. Its object is to make a great golden chain of patriotism throughout the country, bringing the women and the children into touch with each other by means of small clubs called "Chapters," which are being started all over the world. These clubs are of two kinds, either of grown-up women, or of children guided by their older friends. The meetings take place once a month, in each others' houses, when a nice little patriotic program is enjoyed. Each club has its flag and its badge. The badges are made from a special design, which has been registered, and will be worn all over the world. This Federation has already spread over the other colonies, and has taken root in England, and among British residents in the United States. Single members may enroll individually. We heartily commend it to our readers. Every woman and every child in Canada ought to be a member. For further information, and a pretty card of instructions, write to the Secretary, Mrs. Clark Murray, 310 Wood Avenue, Montreal.

ADVICE TO YOUNG WIVES.

Never disturb a man while reading his paper.

Never ask a fat man for anything when pulling on his boots.

Never speak to a man until he has had something good to eat.

When you want anything wait until your husband has had his breakfast and then help him tenderly into his coat, and while behind him smoothing his collar the right way, ask him for it.

When he looks injured and plaintive examine his plate, there is sure to be a vacancy.

If he lies on the sofa after dinner and shakes the house with his snores accuse him not of sleeping, for he is merely thinking with his eyes shut.

If he loses his handkerchiefs everywhere but at home let him have his own way about it—that the washerwoman is dishonest without your knowing it.

If he says he is going to the club for an hour, dear, bid him adieu for the evening.

If you want him to do anything never tell him it is good for him, for he will not be "tied to a woman's apron strings."

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