

## THE BAD CHAPLAIN

Caused Strife in Lord Salisbury's Household.

### ORGIES OF BACHELOR'S HALL

Warned by Friends he Escaped While the Police Were Looking for Him.

A London cable says: The horrible scandal which has just been mentioned publicly for the first time in the newspapers regarding the immoral conduct of Rev. John Edwards has been known and commented upon privately for weeks. The difference between English and American election methods could hardly be better illustrated than by this fact. Though the family of Lord Salisbury, the Conservative leader, is unpleasantly involved in the affair in respect of conspiring to defeat justice even if in no more lamentable way, not a hint of the scandal has crept into print or been used for political purposes by the opponents of the Premier. The facts in the case are as follows: In 1883 Lord Salisbury, while visiting Oxford, was struck by the ability shown by Rev. John Edwards, curate at St. Mary's. Soon after Edwards accepted an offer to become Lord Salisbury's domestic chaplain at Hatfield House. In this position he acquired an ascendancy over the ladies of the family to such an extent that both Lord Salisbury and his son, Lord Cambridge, thought it advisable to protest. Some dissensions in the family resulted, but finally the matter was ended by the appointment of Edwards as rector of Essendon, about three miles from Hatfield House, of which living Lord Salisbury is patron. Edwards, who is a bachelor, occupied the rectory house, and according to village gossip frequent orgies took place there. The scandal that resulted from these doings gradually grew worse until a crisis was reached last May, and formal charges of criminal immorality were made against Edwards before the local magistrates. These officials, who were friends and beneficiaries of Lord Salisbury, and incidentally friendly to Edwards, took no action. The persons who were bent on exposing the scandal did not cease their activity, however, and the police were kept advised of what was going on. On June 11th, the day of the great Primrose election in Hatfield Park, Rev. Lord William Cecil, son of Lord Salisbury, and rector at Hatfield, was seen in earnest conversation with Rev. Mr. Edwards in the park. It is supposed that Cecil warned Edwards that he was in danger, as that same night, when the police suddenly descended upon the Essendon rectory, they found that Edwards had fled. The next day (Sunday) Rev. Lord Cecil conducted the service at Essendon. On Monday a warrant was issued for Edwards' arrest, the visit of the officers to the rectory on the previous Saturday having been made in the hope of capturing the accused parties in flagrant delicto. The same day that the warrant was issued, and before the officials had attempted to serve it, the Bishop of St. Albans arrived at Hatfield House and consulted with Rev. Lord Cecil. Edwards has not been seen since. The police were unable to get any information when they arrived at Hatfield and Essendon. It is believed, however, that Edwards is now in New York, and the police of that city have been warned to look out for him. The *Official Police Gazette* describes the fugitive as follows: Age 43, height 5 feet 9 inches, stout, pale, black hair, clean shaven face, thick colorless lips, good teeth, broad shoulders. The publication of the bare police record of the case has sufficed to create a tremendous sensation. Owing to the severity of the English libel laws only the most distant hints as to what developments are in the background are indulged in.

#### A Human Fiend.

A Montreal despatch says: A beast in human form was brought before the recorder to-day and charged with inhuman conduct at home. Labrie was his name. He had been living with a woman for the past two years and the couple had a child 2 years old and another aged 3 days. Yesterday the monster came home, seized the infant and flung the little thing at its mother's head, following up this act by a desperate attack upon the 2-year-old. There would, in fact, have been murder had not the police intervened, and to-day Judge De Montigny expressed regret that he could not send the scoundrel to St. Vincent de Paul for seven years. Labrie, however, got 15 months in the common jail with hard labor and all present said that it served him right.

#### Wonders of a Kaleidoscope.

The following curious and interesting calculation has been made on the number of changes that can be made in the picture presented in that remarkable instrument, the kaleidoscope.

Supposing the instrument to contain but twenty small pieces of colored glass and that you make ten changes each minute, at that rate it would take the inconceivable number of 422,980,588,576 years and 360 days to go through the immense number of changes that can be produced! Verily, the human mind shrinks from the contemplation of such immense numbers. We have no more of an idea of what such a length of time means than we have of the meaning of the word "eternity."

According to another eminent mathematician, if only 12 pieces of glass are put into the slide it will take 33,264 days or something over 91 years to exhaust its variations.

#### A Warning to Foreigners.

When American cruisers, with American crews and American pilots, cannot go for a day's outing without striking rocks, wrecks and sandbars, it behooves foreign Governments to ponder well the dangers of getting into a squabble with a people who own the Atlantic coast, Hell Gate and Sunken Meadows.—*New York Herald.*

There is a wide difference in horse sense and horse talk.

"Is this your house and home?" asked a peddler of a farmer as he saw him doing some carpenter work at a pig sty. "No," replied the farmer, "I'm only boarding here."

## A GAIETY GIRL A COUNTESS.

Miss Connie Gilchrist Becomes the Wife of an Earl.

The Earl of Orkney Imitates the Earl of Chancery.

A London cable says: Miss Connie Gilchrist, the ex-Gaiety burlesque actress, who yesterday became Countess of Orkney, wore at her wedding a magnificent dress of pale blue bengaline, with a ruche of the same material around the skirt; the bodice was of the same material, with a ruche and a collar of lace and puffed sleeves of rosea velvet. Her hat was of straw, ornamented with rosea velvet bows and sprays of pale pink roses.

The only ornament worn by the bride was a massive diamond brooch, and she carried a neat bouquet of white gladioli and lilies tied with white satin streamers. She was attended by her niece, Miss Doe, who was the only bridesmaid, and who wore a gown of dark corded silk trimmed with brown velvet, and a broad sash of brown ribbon en suite. Miss Doe's waistcoat was braided in pale pink satin, her hat was of brown straw, ornamented with brown satin bows, with sprays of varied blooms, and her present from the bride was a massive initial diamond brooch. She carried a bouquet of pale pink carnations tied with streamers en suite. The best man was Mr. Gerald Pratt, cousin of the bridegroom. The newly-married pair will take up their residence at Leighton Buzzard.

Miss Connie Gilchrist commenced her life as an artist's model, for as a child she was remarkable for her almost faultless form. She is now 28 years old, and appeared for the first time on a music hall stage ten years ago, first becoming conspicuously known to the public through her portrait painted by Whistler, and entitled "The Golden Girl."

The young lady had many notable admirers, among them Earl De Grey, Reginald Shirley Brooks, Carlton Blythe, Hughie Drummond, and she finally found sanctuary in the friendship of the very elderly Duke of Beaufort, who claims she is his natural daughter, and for this reason and upon this introduction she entered society.

The new Countess of Orkney has always been a bold and accomplished horsewoman, and has been one of the most dashing and picturesque personages in fashionable hunting. It was on the hunting field she met the Earl.

Edmund Walter Fitz-Maurice, seventh Earl of Orkney, who also bears the titles of Viscount Kirkwall and Baron Dechmont, was born on May 24th, 1867, and succeeded to the title in 1889.

#### M'LUCKIE'S BAIL HEAVY.

Homeless Strikers Resort to Force to Keep Out New Workmen.

A Homestead despatch says: The second skirmish in the legal battle between the Carnegie steel works and the strikers was begun this morning before Judge Magee, when the application for the release of Burgess John M'Luckie, of Homestead, was called up. After listening to the testimony and argument Judge Magee fixed the amount of Burgess M'Luckie's bail at \$10,000.

Considerable excitement was caused in the neighborhood of Thirty-third street this morning by the attempt of about 50 non-union men to get into the upper union mills. They were surrounded by a large body of strikers. No arms or clubs were displayed, but the situation looked serious for a time. One of the new men made a show of resistance and was roughly handled. But cooler heads prevented a disturbance, and the new men were finally induced to leave. Another altercation took place by the big gate. An old employee tried to enter the mill, when he was stopped by a guard, and after a brief wrangle forced to depart without succeeding in his mission. At noon everything was quiet about the mill.

The strikers are anxiously waiting to see what will be done to-morrow, when the date for the old men to return expires.

#### WHISKEY IN THEIR SODA.

These Women Thought They Were Poisoned at Asbury Park.

An exciting incident occurred in a Kingsley street drug store in Asbury Park, N. J., on Monday. The clerk had drawn what was supposed to be soda water for some men, when a party of women entered and ordered soda, requesting the clerk to hurry. He handed the concoction to an assistant who by mistake handed it to the women.

"Oh, I'm poisoned! I'm poisoned!" cried each of the women as she tasted the liquid. The frightened clerk then explained the mistake and admitted that he had put whiskey in the drink for the men. One woman refuses to believe that the mixture she drank was not poison. She does not want to believe she drank whiskey, as she is a strong prohibitionist. The clerk is looking for a new position and the drug store proprietor fears every man that enters the store has a warrant for his arrest.

#### An Expensive Place.

Little Miss Isabel has a weekly allowance, the amount of which depends on her good behavior, for when she is rude and naughty she is fined a small sum for each offence. A few mornings ago she transgressed and her mother fined her a penny. She erred again, and a second fine was imposed. A third time the same rule was broken, and her mamma said: "Now, Isabel, I shall fine you two cents this time, and if you disobey me again I shall double it and make it four cents." "Oh! dear me!" sighed Isabel. "I think this is a pretty expensive place to live in."—*Detroit Tribune.*

#### Color Statistics.

The recent census bulletin giving the population of the United States by sex, color and nativity in 1890 contains data of much interest to the student of social science. Of the total population 53,372,703 were native born and 9,638,360 of foreign birth. Classified in accordance with color, the white inhabitants of the country numbered 54,983,890 and the colored 7,638,360. In the colored element of our population are included Chinese, Japanese and civilized Indians, as well as persons of African descent.

There are three thousand female composers in the United States.

## PARIS PICTURE GALLERIES.

Sights and Scenes on the Streets of France's Capital.

### POLITENESS OF THE PEOPLE.

Visits to the Theatres and the Circuses.

#### OTHER HOLIDAY NOTES.

HEN the Americans say that "Paris is short for Paradise," they must surely have been there in May. "Then, if ever, come perfect days"—in Paris. The chestnuts, one of its most noticeable features, are then in full bloom. The Champs Elysees are indeed a dream of beauty, the laborious and winter are also at their best, in the Bois, parks and gardens. Everything in Paris looks so clean; the many lovely buildings are so purely white, and the gilding about them so unimpaired and brilliant. The streets are frequently and regularly watered, not by drenching water carts, but by carefully wielded India rubber "serpents," so that one may walk about without fear of soiling the daintiest skirt.

In May the picture galleries open, the rival salons and the Societe des Beaux Arts. Of the two salons, the original one at the Palais de l'Industrie (Champs Elysees) was to me far the more interesting. At the Champs de Mars impressionism reigns supreme, and to the uninitiated it goes to strange, wonderful, and even appalling lengths! True there are exceptions. Carolus Duran, for instance, has some lovely works in the rival salon, as has also Madeline Lemaire, one of the best of the *fin de siecle* women painters. Paris possesses one decided advantage for strangers, in the nice looking little open Victorias, with their drivers tidily liveried in brass-buttoned coats, red vests and shiny high hats. These vehicles may be picked up every few yards, the charge being 2 francs an hour, with a small "pour-boire," as the drivers have, as a rule, more tender consciences than the London growler Jehus. One may, in two hours, enjoy a drive along the Champs Elysees and in the Bois, and see all the "monde elegant" to the best possible advantage. For a change it is pleasant to sit under the shady trees in the Bois, chairs being amply provided, and watch—besides the passing equipages—the knots of people sitting about, and the prettily-dressed little children with their picturesque bonnets. Indeed even the poodles—black, white, and grey, and the dignified Russian boar-hounds, the prime favorites for the moment of the Parisian belles, have their interesting features, the various modes of shaving the poodles being a study in themselves, to say nothing of the gold and silver bracelets, and the ribbon bows, which complete their toilettes. There, as elsewhere in Paris, people look happy and contented, not the least bored nor blasé, and there is something infectious, surely, in their gaiety and light-heartedness? You feel that, for the time at least, you can do with less happiness of your own, than in other more serious and sober places. The Parisians, one and all, find, or make, time to play, and enjoy their play to the fullest extent, not being ashamed to let people see their enjoyment. I was constantly struck with the politeness and grace of manner of the Parisians of all classes; one hears it called "French polish," "vener," etc., but whatever it be it is pleasant to meet with. In the trams, shops, Seine boats, public buildings, wherever you go, you find information pleasantly conveyed, and your questions are courteously answered. On Sundays all the public rendezvous are thronged with pleasure seekers, the lower classes perhaps preponderating over the world of fashion and elegance. The restaurants, the cafes, the quarters where the bands play, are all crowded, yet everywhere one finds perfect decorum, combined with gaiety and good humor. At the theatres there are some good things on at present, "Par le Glaive" at the Theatre Francaise, "La Famille Pont-Vieux" and "Miss Helyett," all favorite pieces. In "Miss Helyett," the heroine's part is taken by Mile. Duhamel, one of the most bewitching and espiègle of the French opera bouffe actresses. The Parisian circuses are in their way as enjoyable as the theatres. I went to the Cirque d'Eto, and was delighted with the horses, "chiens savants" and acrobats. Ham-Hill also, mounted on his prancing steed, went through his repertoire of songs. He is a tremendous favorite with the Parisians, who applaud him to the echoes, why or wherefore is a little difficult for outsiders to say. I was fortunate enough to go to the circus on a Saturday evening. It is on this night the dukes and duchesses, and all the celebrities usually go! In a letter like this, I cannot of course begin to tell you of all there is to do and see in Paris. I can only assure you you will find three weeks fly as if on wings, and it will be difficult indeed to leave the enchanted city, above all, if you time your visit so as to be there "in Wunderschoenen Monat Mai."

#### Princess Mary.

Princess Mary of Edinburgh, who by her marriage to Prince Ferdinand will become a future Queen of Roumania, is not quite 17 years of age. She has inherited from her mother, the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, the clear Scandinavian complexion and blue eyes which formed the chief charms of the Duchess of Edinburgh's girlhood, and she has a genuine Russian aptitude for music and acquiring languages. In fact, she is said to be more of a Russian than an English princess, fonder of her uncle the Czar than of her grandmother the Queen. Her really remarkable knowledge of music makes her a pitiless critic of her father's performance on the violin, which is not exactly that of a virtuoso, and the Duke is reported to have declared that he would rather have a Saratoga sit in judgment on his playing than his daughter.

Society is necessary to a man, even if it be only that of a dog.

## I WILL MAKE YOU FISHERS OF MEN.

(By Mrs. F. M. Howard.)

Y son," there was a pathetic quiver in the voice.

"What is it, mother? Don't look so downcast. I'm not going into a lion's den."

"Alas! dear boy, there are lions in every pathway in life. I should feel so much safer if you were a Christian."

"But I'm a gentleman, I hope, if not a Christian," and the young man straightened himself up proudly.

"Yes—well, I can pray for you still when you are gone. Your mother's God go with you, my dear boy. You are all I have, the hope and pride of my life."

She clasped her arms around him, and the old form of heart-breaking farewell was said—as old as the days in which mothers have parted from their sons, to see them go from home to the temptations of life in the great busy world.

He waved his hand to her at the turn in the street which hid his home from view, and while she sank down by her arm-chair in an agony of tearful prayer, he passed on to the railway station.

From the first few days the excitement of seeing the new sights of the busy little city effectively drove away all thoughts of loneliness, and his leisure hours were devoted to looking up its manufacturing interests, in watching the steamboats coming and going upon the great Mississippi. But after a time these things, so interesting in their novelty, began to get stale, and as the evening grew longer, an uneasy sense of quiet took possession of him.

He had a room at his boarding-house—a box-like affair—the regulation bedstead, wash-stand and chair and a rickety table with its own furniture. No pictures or draperies to make it seem cozy or home-like, and he soon grew unutterably weary of its prison-like dimensions. Yet where could he go?

He had a horror of saloons, and he had never acquired the habit of lounging about the stores. He had made several acquaintances among young men of his age, one of whom in particular had repeatedly invited him into a club, which in its associations was only a saloon in principle, but he had so avoided it and obtained for himself the title of "goody-boy," in consequence; but in his exceeding loneliness he had concluded to accept should the invitation be again pressed upon him.

"Come on, Baker, let's go out to church. The leading pastor in the city is giving a series of sermons to young men, and perhaps he'll have something for us." There had been a new recruit in the boarding-house ranks of late, a stranger like himself but of a stronger, firmer mould, and the two felt strongly drawn together, to Harry Baker's advantage.

The house was filled when they arrived, but a skilled force of young men were acting as ushers and they were taking especial pains that young men, particularly strangers, should be well seated, and one of the best seats in the church was found for them. It was a strong sermon, full of pointed and helpful suggestions, and at its close the speaker said that trying to solve the problem of what could be done for the young men who came from their homes to the city, that a number of ladies had offered to open their homes on stated evenings, for the entertainment of any young man who wished to enter the circle of an intelligent Christian family.

"I cannot tell you the pleasure it gives me to make this announcement," the speaker said earnestly, "and I trust that many of you here to-night will use the opportunity." He then read the names, the number of the residences, and the evenings upon which each would entertain.

"We design that two or more Christian homes shall be open every evening in each week, until we have had time to prove our plan a success or a failure, and cards containing the list for the week can be had of the ushers."

"Well, what do you think of it?" said Harry Baker.

They had each taken a card as they passed out.

"I think preaching and practice have got a mighty sight nearer each other than they usually get," was Ernest Duncan's reply. "It's easy enough to preach against questionable places, and tell a fellow he mustn't do this, and he mustn't do that, but if they take away all these things they ought in reason to suggest something in place of it. Shall we go?"

"We'll let circumstances determine," Harry Baker was naturally timid and dreaded the entrance among strangers.

Monday evening they were both busy, but on Wednesday evening the subject was renewed.

"Come on, Harry, we'll dress and hunt up the places, anyway," said Ernest, coming into the small, uninviting room of his fellow-boarder.

"Clark wanted me to go to the theatre with him this evening," replied Harry. "They're going to have an oyster supper afterward—some of the boys."

"Something you'd better avoid, if you'll take my advice. That is one of the lowest of variety theatres, and I don't fancy that Clark."

"I can't say that I do particularly, but a fellow must have some fun or fossilize."

"Better fossilize than decay. Come, Baker, I'd counted upon you to go with me to-night."

"All right, old fellow. I believe you're the safer of the two," replied Harry, with a little secret relief in making the decision.

There were three homes open for the evening, and they found the first number on the list readily, the blinds were shut, and there were no outward signs of hospitality.

"Pshaw, do they think we are going to bombard such a formidable-looking castle as that?" said Harry impatiently.

"Come on, Duncan, let's go up to the theatre. This Christian hospitality is a failure."

"Don't judge too hastily; we'll go on to the next place."

Very fortunately Clark did not cross their line of march for Harry would have broken ranks at the first fire of his sarcastic raillery, and as it was, Ernest barely succeeded in holding him until the next number was reached.

It was a pleasant cottage home, and a friendly light streamed out of the unshaded windows—a lovely white-haired mother placidly rocked in an easy chair, and a brightly-faced girl was playing a lively tune

upon the piano, while a young man carried a rattling accompaniment upon a violin.

"There's the place!" exclaimed Ernest, heartily. "This looks more as if they were ready and expecting company," while a big, uncomfortable lump rose up in Harry's throat—he had not even seen anything so homelike since he had left his own white-haired mother.

There was a little natural restraint just at first, but the music proved a bond of sympathy, and in ten minutes they were chatting easily and joining in with the family pleasures.

Others came in a little while, drawn there by the spell of that friendly open window, and several plans were proposed and gotten under way for spending the winter evenings pleasantly and innocently, a reading evening and musical evening each week among them.

"You will help us to bring in other young men who need home influence, will you not?" The dear, motherly hand was laid on Harry's arm with affectionate zeal.

"Yes, indeed I will, Mrs. Wayne. You do not know what this evening has done for me," his voice trembled in spite of him, as he contrasted its pleasure with that which he had contemplated.

That night was the turning point in Harry's career, as it branched out into avenues of usefulness and respectability, and as he and Ernest became interested in the work, many others of equal interest were introduced into Christian homes, and furnished with innocent and intelligent amusement.

When spring again opened her avenues of interest and out-of-door recreation to the unoccupied, the pastor made another announcement:

"I am greatly pleased to report that the plan of opening Christian homes to young and homeless men has been a noble success, and I am persuaded that the ripples of influence which have gone out from the movement will be immortal. In watching its workings I have noted one fact, however, which I will bring before you as a suggestion: It has been those who have fled with open windows and bright, cheerful firesides who have caught the most fish. Do not shut your blinds and present a dark front when you hope to entice a wanderer; rather hang out a banner with an illuminated 'Welcome' upon it, and give the saloon no advantage of brightness or monopoly of attractions for homeless or idle men."

As a cure for paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, female troubles such as suppressions, bearing down pains, etc., general debility and that tired feeling peculiar to so many, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand unrivaled. Beware of imitations and substitutes. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post paid, on receipt of price—50 cents a box. The Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

#### Burial Alive for Indian Lepers.

Surgeon General Sir William Moore does not think that the terrible disease leprosy is more prevalent in India now than it was in former years, in spite of the impression to the contrary which led to the appointment of the commission now investigating this subject. Railways, it is observed, have enabled lepers to flock to the large centres, where they find better opportunities of living on alms. The only reason which may have increased the number of lepers, he believes, the suppression by the British Government of what is called "sumah," or the burial alive of lepers, which was formerly a common practice. This horrible remedy for the leper's sufferings was, we are told, always adopted with the consent of the leper himself, who frequently declaring to his relatives and friends that he was tired of life—would ask them to perform "sumah." Then a hole was dug, and the leper escorted to the grave with flags, drums, "tom-toms" and other native unmusical instruments. The leper was simply placed in the hole in a sitting posture and the earth filled in.—*London Daily Times.*

Growth of Christian Endeavor Societies.

It is the tenth annual meeting of this organization, which was founded in 1881 by Rev. Francis E. Clark, of Portland, Me. The phenomenal growth is shown by the following figures:

Year.	Societies.	Members.
In 1881.....	2	68
In 1882.....	7	481
In 1883.....	15	2,870
In 1884.....	136	13,948
In 1885.....	253	10,964
In 1886.....	820	50,000
In 1887.....	2,314	140,000
In 1888.....	4,879	310,000
In 1889.....	7,762	485,000
In 1890.....	9,091	600,000
In 1891.....	16,274	1,008,380
In 1892.....	18,500	1,100,000

Fannie—Say, Charlie, dear, let me have a collar and pair of cuffs. Mine are all soiled. Charlie—Certainly, pet, if you will let me have one of your sashes and that last new tie of yours.

ARE NOT A Pur- gative Medi- cine. They are a Blood Purifier, Tonic and Reconstituent, as they supply in a condensed form the substance actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from Poor and Watery Blood, or from VITIALIZED HUMORS in the Blood, and also purifying and BUILD- UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION ON THE SEXUAL SYSTEM OF both men and women, restoring lost vigor and correcting all IMPURITIES and WEAKNESSES.

EVERY MAN Who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energy with physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN should take them. They cure all suppressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

YOUNG MEN should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO. Brockville, Ont.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

FOR PALE PEOPLE

EVERY MAN

EVERY WOMAN

EVERY YOUNG MAN

EVERY YOUNG WOMAN

EVERY OLD MAN

EVERY OLD WOMAN

EVERY CHILD

EVERY ANIMAL

EVERY PLANT

EVERY MINERAL

EVERY COSMETIC

EVERY ART

EVERY SCIENCE

EVERY RELIGION

EVERY PHILOSOPHY

EVERY HISTORY

EVERY GEOGRAPHY

EVERY ASTRONOMY

EVERY METAPHYSICS

EVERY PSYCHOLOGY

EVERY LOGIC

EVERY ETHICS

EVERY POLITICS

EVERY ECONOMICS

EVERY JURISPRUDENCE

EVERY MEDICINE

EVERY LITERATURE

EVERY ARTS

EVERY MANUFACTURES

EVERY COMMERCE

EVERY INDUSTRY

EVERY OCCUPATION

EVERY PLEASURE

EVERY PAIN

EVERY SUFFERING

EVERY DEATH

EVERY LIFE

EVERY THING

EVERYWHERE

EVERYTIME

EVERYWHERE

EVERYTIME

EVERYWHERE

EVERYTIME

EVERYWHERE

EVERYTIME

EVERYWHERE

EVERYTIME

EVERYWHERE

EVERYTIME

EVERYWHERE

EVERYTIME