

The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

CHAPTER XLVII.

Jasper Waldron's cable had disturbed Kempton. He had realized with a little stab of pity for his friend that Waldron was very much in earnest. But he had written his reply to it deliberately.

His subsequent meetings with Marcia, like the first, had been chance ones. Nor had either of them been aware that anyone acquainted with them had seen them. The coincidence was, in any case, not very extraordinary. The couple were in their honeymoon; Marcia, ever restless, never remained in one place for long, and Kempton was already finding that his new duties took him over a fairly extensive area. The encounters had been accidental and quite natural.

It did not occur to him that he might have made a blunder by lying in his answering cable. It did occur to him, however, that Waldron would not be content to wait actively for some more definite news of Marcia. Therefore he posted the cable with a brief intimation of his own reply to the hotel where Marcia had been staying when he had seen her at Nice. His own business there had been completed satisfactorily, and the cable had found him in Paris.

Waldron, in deciding upon going straight through to Nice was actuated by the hope that, since it appeared that it was there the Acough's had seen Marcia last, she might still be there.

To Kempton he scarcely gave a second thought. Certainly it never occurred to him that the information in the younger man's answering cable might have been false.

He wanted to find Marcia. He meant to find her. And that was all that mattered. He was perplexed and a little hurt at her leaving England before his return, without giving him any intimation of her intention.

He was still more perplexed and hurt at the fact that she had made no sort of reply to his first letter. The others, he knew now, she had not received, since they could not be forwarded to her. But he was none the less determined.

He sought for no explanation of her behavior. That could come later. Nor was his determination lessened when, upon arrival and inquiry at Nice, he finally discovered that the girl and her mother had left their hotel only an hour or so previously.

In fleeing from him, and from, as he imagined, all possibility of effectual pursuit, Marcia had remembered that she was doing the right thing. Kempton Rosner was equally certain of it. But neither had reckoned with a certain grim obstinacy which had made Jasper Waldron what he was.

All his life he had set out after that which he wanted with the unshakable intention of getting it, however great the difficulties in his path. And he wanted Marcia as he had wanted nothing else. Therefore, in his pursuit of her, he was checked, but not discouraged.

Nevertheless it was nearly a month later that he found her at last. Upon leaving Nice she had decided to go by the most direct route to Egypt. She had even made inquiries of the journey. And then, suddenly smitten by the tired bewilderment of her mother's face, had changed her mind at the last moment and had decided to remain in France.

This time, still contrite at the thought of her mother's weariness and aware herself of a sudden desire for rest, she had chosen, haphazardly, a remote little village close to the sea, charming, deliciously old world, and anything but fashionable.

She told herself that she would probably be bored to extinction, but that certainly no one who knew her would think of looking for her here. Somehow to her surprise she found the place delightful. The people were simple and kindly, poor folk for the most part. The inn where they had found rooms was small and tumble-down of aspect, but it was clean and comfortable.

There was little enough to do—save talk to the villagers, read and think. And there were times when the feeling of homesickness grew almost too strong for the girl, when she yearned with all her soul for England, for familiar faces and surroundings. Times when she rebelled fiercely against her self-chosen exile.

Deep within herself she knew that the things that spelled real happiness were the simple, everyday things. She had sought pleasure, and in pleasure forgetfulness, feverishly. She had taken with eager, outstretched hands those expensive delights which a little while ago she had believed made up the sum of life's content. But she knew that the happiest hours of her life had been spent in the Tracks' sunny, staidy studio.

Perhaps her mother saw something of this, for she said, very gently: "Why not go back?"

Marcia did not answer at once. Her eyes were fixed on the long stretch of golden shore. Far in the distance, in the fall, mellow, evening sunshine, a man was plodding onward. She watched him with idle interest, her thoughts busy with her mother's question.

Then she turned and looked down at her feet.

"While I was working for Audrey A'sen my health seemed to fail," she noticed it and sent me to a very eminent specialist. He told me that my condition was serious; that I had, at the most, six months to live! No, wait! Let me finish."

She stood upright and turned now so that she faced him. He could see her eyes, luminous in the dusk, her slender, locked hands.

her. It was a look that somehow made Mrs. Halstead's heart jump—a look at once tragic, strangely hopeless. A moment later she bent down and kissed her.

"Because," she said, very quietly, "I dare not!"

She had not believed that loving could hurt like that; that longing could be so almost physical in its pain. She told herself, bravely, that it was for the old familiar scenes her heart ached, but deep in the soul of her she knew it was for Waldron—and for Waldron only.

While she strove with all her strength to avert it, her love was at times a living thing within her. During this last month, away from the glare and noise, the laughter and the talk, the thousand and one distractions which she had been able to buy, she realized how great had grown her need of this one man.

She dressed slowly, without the aid of her Toilette; paused at the door of the room where her mother was resting for half an hour before dinner, then went down the shallow stairs, and onto the trellised veranda.

As she reached it a man opened the little garden gate, came up the narrow path and entered the porch. She recognized Jasper Waldron one second before he looked up and met her eyes.

He halted where he was standing, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets. Marcia neither moved nor spoke. And so, for one tense, long moment they looked at each other.

Then Waldron was at her side. His arms went round her, and she set within their hold, dumb and unresisting. A little hoarsely he said her name:

"His eyes had begun to glow; the hard grip of his hands made her wince. 'Marcia! At last!'

CHAPTER XLVIII.

The quiet certainty of Waldron's words roused Marcia as no more passionate demonstration could have done.

At first the shock of seeing him so unexpectedly, the glad tumult within her at his touch, had robbed her of all thought of anything but his presence. Now she remembered, and remembering, wrenched herself free with a little, smothered exclamation.

"Please don't talk like that," she said weakly. Then, in sudden desperation, "You must not! You don't understand! You don't understand!"

She stopped on a caught breath. Waldron regarded her with a sudden gravity in his clear eyes.

"No," he agreed quietly. "I guess I don't understand—not yet. But I'm pretty sure of one thing. You didn't run away from me because you don't love me!"

Again the certainty in his voice, tender this time. A flame of color ran up over Marcia's face. She gave a little cry and caught her hands up to it, then let them fall again. She tried to speak, but he went on steadily, very gently:

"Why did you run away, Marcia?" There was no reproach in his voice, no anger; only quiet questioning, and she felt a sudden lump rise to her throat.

For a moment she stood motionless, striving to gain control of herself, struggling to think clearly, coherently. Then, abruptly, she passed him, and going to the veranda steps stood leaning against one of the trellises of the supports of the trellis.

Dusk was creeping gently over the world. The whisper of the sea came to them as they stood there, very softly.

And of a sudden Marcia knew that she must find an answer; knew that the battle was over; knew that she remained for her just one thing—to make it clear to him that marriage was out of the question.

She knew well that it would be useless for her to deny her love for him. In that, at least she had not been able to deceive him; she never would be. And, almost, in the soreness of her heart she was glad of it.

She turned her face slightly and leaned her forehead against the thick wooden post.

"I ran away," she answered him, "because I do love you! Because loving you, my greatest desire is for your happiness. Under such circumstances there was nothing else that I could do!"

"Still, I don't understand. Won't you explain?" He heard the sudden quiver of her breath as she replied: "I ought to have explained before—long ago. I ought to have told you in the very beginning. Only somehow, you took me unawares. I did not realize until it was too late that you cared."

"Ought to have told me—what?" He came nearer to her now, and she drew her hand away from her with a shiver. Her eyes widened, darkened.

"That I am practically a dead woman!" she said clearly. She went on quickly, across his smothered exclamation, speaking very distinctly, as though afraid of not making him comprehend.

"Imagine it! He dealt me my death sentence! And that same day I learned that I was a rich woman. When I was able to think, to realize things, I"—she hesitated for a minute, remembering Rosner—"I just thought that I would take of happiness all that I could crowd into the days that were left to me."

"I didn't want to be an invalid; I didn't want pity! I hated the thought—and, then, there was my mother. I could not let her know. And so I made up my mind to go, just as if I had been a normal woman—to laugh and live and enjoy myself. Her voice broke. 'I never thought of love!'

A strange stillness fell as she finished speaking. The next moment she found Waldron at her side. And, suddenly, impulsively, she turned and clung to him with the desperation of a child still in terror at some stifling dream.

She heard his broken, choking whisper of her name; knew that he lifted her, laid her back in one of the low, long chairs. Still holding her closely he knelt beside her, his face against her breast. And so, long afterward, the gathering shadows of night found them.

During that month Waldron had, for perhaps the first time in his life, neglected the call of business affairs. In consequence, Kempton Rosner had found himself thrust, as it were, into a position of responsibility which otherwise might never have been his. And, to his own amazement, he filled it more creditably far than he could have hoped.

He was young enough to be enthusiastic; he was fond enough of Waldron to want to justify his good opinion of him. And he loved, with Arab's face ever before him, his hope of a future with her reborn, he worked as he had never guessed it in him to work.

He found it hard and he made mistakes. But he kept in touch with Waldron, and he obeyed orders implicitly, while using an intelligence which, he told himself, humorously, he had forgotten he possessed.

(To be continued.)

Sanctuary.

Before His altar bending low,
When all the church is hushed and dim
Save for the candle's upward glow,
I catch a fleeting glimpse of Him.

But when I climb the open hills
His lightest whisper stirs the air,
The glory of His presence fills
The far blue world, and makes it fair.

Over the hills His winds blow free,
And where I go He walks with me.
—Kathleen Simmons.

Finger-Nail Fortunes.

You can tell your fortune from your finger nails.

If you possess wide, short nails, a quarrelsome nature is indicated; long, wide nails are said to be signs of deceit and craft. If your color is deep red this makes matters worse!

Short, narrow nails often accompany a childish character; they indicate sweetness and quietness.

The ideal nail is longer than it is broad, of firm texture, and deep pink in color. A half-moon of white should appear at each base.

Specks of white can usually be put down to some illness of nervous condition. A cluster in the shape of a half-moon running from base to tip is supposed to be a sign of good fortune, and it is said that Cleopatra, the famous Egyptian queen, had such marks on her fingers at the height of her power.

Boys! Speak the truth; think of others; don't dawdle.—Field-Marshal Sir W. Robertson.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

The mentally defective constitute, by no fault of their own, one of the greatest and most perplexing of social problems. This fact is all too little understood and appreciated.

It is usually estimated that from 1 1/2 to 2 per cent of the population are feeble-minded. On that basis there are in Canada from 135,000 to 180,000 of these unfortunate. Some are idiots, utterly helpless and unable to care for themselves. Others are imbeciles, a grade higher than idiots, but unable to support themselves, and requiring constant oversight and protection. Between the imbecile and the normal are the much larger proportion who because they are not easily detected constitute the greater menace. After they reach adult years they remain mere children in mentality and self-control, yet possessed with all the passions, propensities, and desires of adults.

It is easy to see what a menace this combination constitutes to themselves and to the community.

Their sexual propensities are unusually strong, and they have neither mental vision to foresee the consequences of indulgence, nor moral self-control to govern their passions. They multiply twice as fast as normal folk, and always reproduce their own kind and this quite regardless of whether they are married or not. In the Board of Education offices in Vancouver, is a family chart showing that some years ago an alcoholic man married a feeble-minded woman. Twelve children were born. Three fortunately died young. The nine who grew up are all feeble-minded. One of these, a young woman now in her twenties, is the legitimate mother of five children, all feeble-minded. Fearless mental defectives, each one a social problem, from

Woman's Sphere

Our Summer Vacation.

Last summer the need of a vacation was imperative for both my husband and myself. We are running a 200-acre farm, every foot of which is plowed with the exception of a scant 20 acres. We found we could spare only a week from our work, so we planned to make the most of the limited time—combining rest, variety, pleasure, and business on our vacation.

The last of July we left the farm in the custody of a competent man who was familiar with the care and management of the stock on the place. We felt care-free and eagerly started on our trip.

Our equipment consisted of a farm wagon with a new canvas cover, which my husband used on the farm, the bus being the only equipment purchased.

The wagon was drawn by a team of big gray Percheron geldings. At the rear of the wagon was our bed, placed on springs; underneath was the feed for the team for the eight days. In front under the spring seat was a trunk containing our clothing, and as I sat on the dash board before this opened trunk, the tray of which contained toilet articles, I had a very good substitute for a dressing table.

We took most of our supplies from home, buying bread and occasionally fresh fruit. We did our cooking on a one-burner oil stove when we did not use a camp fire.

We had two hammocks, a lantern, and yards of mosquito netting, which added materially to our comfort.

We left home at sunrise, loafed along the road, enjoying the scenery, noticing other people's houses, lawns, stock, and fields. We ate lunch in a beautiful shady grove, and camped that night in a pleasant schoolyard.

The next morning at 10 o'clock we reached our destination—a group of mineral springs about 50 miles from our home. There were mingled with the crowds, making many pleasant acquaintances, or retired to our camp as fancy dictated.

We swam, fished, visited, and loafed to our hearts' content until the following Friday morning, when we struck camp and drove 10 miles to attend a purebred hog sale. There we met quite a few old friends, and made some new ones, several of whom attended our sale the following October—my husband being in the purebred hog business.

In addition to the fun we had on our trip, we added a score of interesting breeders to our mailing list, thereby securing some new business and helping to make our fall sale one of the best in our locality.—Ms. E.C.P.C.

Concert Field Offers Widest Range of Expression.

Too many young people nowadays hear of a new "star," and they, too, want to be celebrated in opera or on the concert stage. The stage is all some of these young folks think about. But the broadest expression of the singer's art is not always to be found there. The opera repertoire is limited to a few roles which the artist does well, and these she must continue to do. In most cases the study of additional operas means only that the singer is taking on more work of others; don't dawdle.—Field-Marshal Sir W. Robertson.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

The Problem of the Mentally Defective

Dr. J. G. Shearer, Secretary Social Service Council of Canada.

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one marriage that never should have been allowed.

It is estimated by those best qualified to judge that two-thirds of all prostitution is due to feeble-mindedness.

Moreover, a large proportion of the children born out of marriage have low parents mentally. These women living in promiscuous sexual indulgence soon develop venereal diseases, and infect all their male associates. Many of these associates are normal young men who afterwards marry, and infect their innocent wives, and pass on the dread heritage of these terrible diseases to their children. It is estimated that not less than forty per cent of venereal disease is due to this source.

At least fifty per cent of all crimes in general are committed by these unfortunate. Their uncontrolled passions lead to assaults, common or indecent, to incendiarism, to murder, to burglary, to banditry, to the demoralization of children of both sexes.

Many of the epidemics of vice in schools is due to the presence of a small group of feeble-minded girls or boys or both. Normal children especially boys, are by them led into mischief in this done that will cause these youths for years if not for life, it is false economy not to provide for the care, training or restraint of these delinquents. A large part of the enormous cost of administration of reformatories, police courts, jails, prisons, segregation, specialized training, and the prevention of the reproduction of their kind. A subsequent article will, however, deal with the remedy for this great social evil.

in music are closed to the opera singer because she can not do the roles in their entirety.

It is in the concert field that the singer finds the widest range of expression. All the emotions that can be translated into music can be presented in one programme. The performer is not tied to a libretto. There is no ensemble to watch and no conductor. So the concert singer has a more grateful task than the opera star. Opera singers realize this themselves, for most of them have regular seasons of concert work when they refresh their minds and their voices with music that they have no access to on the dramatic stage. To regard opera as the highest goal of singing is to become restricted to routine work and lose all opportunity for versatility and individuality of effort.

The Guest Room.

Preparing the guest room had been the happiest thing Laurie ever had done. She had spent a whole year earning the money with which to do it; and when the room was finished it was lovely. The family made a holiday for "opening night," as Bob called it. They had a special dessert and after-dinner coffee, and then all went up to the new room, which now was "receiving" for the first time. Each brought some tiny gift—candles, blot- ters for the desk, a photograph frame. Laurie was so excited that she could hardly sleep that night.

And to make her happiness absolutely perfect Cousin Mary—dear, frail Cousin Mary who loved beauty so much and who had had so little of it in her hard, brave life—was to be the first guest. She was coming Wednesday. Laurie was shy about speaking of her dreams and ambitions; all she had said was that she wanted the room to be used. Mother understood. That was to be Laurie's way of giving.

Wednesday night Laurie came home with two of Cousin Mary's favorite roses. Cousin Mary was not to see the room until Laurie got home; mother had promised; yet as Laurie turned the corner she saw a light there. At first it startled her; then she laughed happily. Of course it was only mother or Cicily; mother always kept her word. What a moment it would be when she saw the look in Cousin Mary's eyes!

Dashing up the steps, Laurie opened the door. Then she stopped short. There was no mistaking that voice, Aunt Lucinda was in the guest room, and her eyes shone clearly that she understood; but she said merely, "We had a telegram from Cousin Mary, and she cannot come on Tuesday. But Aunt Lucinda surprised us to-day."

With leaden steps Laurie climbed the stairs to the room. There was nowhere else to put Aunt Lucinda. Maybe—she had almost reached the top step—maybe Aunt Lucinda might care! That would be wonderful!

But the first glimpse of the room and of Aunt Lucinda shattered the hope.

"Well, Laurie! Seems to me you're looking peaked. I've put away your gimcracks; I never could abide flummies."

Laurie kissed Aunt Lucinda and then looked round the room. Aunt Lucinda had put a towel on the dresser and had swept all the little ornaments into the desk and put old rugs, gathered from all parts of the house, in front of the bed and the dresser; she had even put towels on all the chair backs. Laurie ran to her room; she couldn't stand it.

The next days were terrible ones, even though Laurie was able to laugh. All the time she was wondering about Cousin Mary. They would all have to "double up" instead of giving her the lovely restful room. Laurie bit her lips.

And then suddenly Monday morning Aunt Lucinda came downstairs with bonnet and bag. "I've decided to go on to Ellen's," she said. "I put your gimcracks back, Laurie. I ain't hurt 'em none." Her old eyes, keen and ironic, twinkled as she observed her niece's embarrassment. "You behaved real good, Laurie; I'll say that for you," she added.

Answers to Queries.

Peggy.—Please suggest a novel way in which to announce an engagement. Entertain your friends at luncheon or at dinner and make the announcement by means of favors in the form of an old-time quilt pen. The quilt is made of cardboard rolled and fastened in place with heart-shaped stickers, while the "feather" part is made of two pieces of crepe paper pasted together with a slender wire between. A tiny envelope fastened to the pen by means of a strip of crepe paper bears on its face the following couplet: "From Cupid's pen you'll find inscribed A bit of news, so peep inside."

The envelope holds a card on which to write the names of the happy pair. Bride.—If a tea-wagon is used in serving refreshments, do the guests send themselves around it? Could refreshments be brought into the living-room or out on the porch on a tray? You can arrange your refreshments on a tea-wagon or on a large tray, placing thereon whatever will be needed, bringing the tea-wagon or tray into the living-room. Serving plates for such refreshments are the size be-

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LIGHT SPEAKS!

Nature seems to have decreed that stupendous results in scientific research shall always emanate from the most meagre beginnings. Also that long struggles shall have been put forth before she consents to relinquish any of her secrets. Any inventor will testify to this from the facts of his own experiences. Many of these inventors or experimenters have been interested for some time in the wonderful properties of selenium.

This substance, belonging to the sulphur family, displays peculiar characteristics when exposed to light rays of changing intensities. Due to its mysterious nature, selenium has been made the basis of extensive experiments in the electrical field. Coils of wire, when treated with a compound of selenium and connected in an electrical circuit, can have their resistance raised or lowered by exposing the treated portion of the coil to light. From this basic principle, numerous adaptations of this astonishing material have arisen. Chief among these, in the past few years, has been the attempt to obtain a synchronous rendition of sound and motion which would be applicable in the motion-picture field.

In brief, their method of procedure is as follows: The vibrations of the voice are carried into a telephone transmitter and from there, as electrical impulses, they pass through a miniature lamp connected in a battery circuit. The variations of the sound waves change the impulses in the battery circuit, and cause a vibration of the tiny light. These vibrations, in- visible to the naked eye, are recorded through a narrow slit which permits the light to fall upon the swiftly moving film. The film is then developed in the usual manner, the vibrations appearing, as stated above, as lines of different shadings. For reproduction, the film is passed between a selenium cell and a bright light. The lines or shadings on the film cause a change in intensity of the light which is shining through them and on the selenium cell, thus causing a change in resistance of the sensitive coil when it is connected in an electrical circuit. From this point, by proper radio-amplification methods, these variations in electrical circuit are transformed into sounds, which are the exact duplicates of those carried into the transmitter at the beginning of the operation.

By being able to record the voice at the same time the pictures are filmed, on the margin of the same strip of film, and with the developing process being exactly the same, the absolute synchronism of the sound and action is clearly apparent. And when the film is eventually projected on the screen, there is no possible chance for the voice and action to get "out of step," which fault has been the stumbling block of all other systems of this kind, heretofore.

A Runaway Ship.

Stories are not wanting of locomotives with no one aboard suddenly going into action and dashing off down the line, to the consternation of trainmen and dispatchers and danger of collision with other trains. Machinery also will start or stop at times without human intervention. Derailments at sea frequently accomplish voyages of thousands of miles before they are reported, sought out, and sunk. It is impossible to convince the old salt water seaman that ships do not possess certain mysterious powers of action over which captain and crew have no control.

A curious instance of this kind happened recently in the Boston harbor. The Shipping Board steamer, the "Wakanna," had been condemned to end her days by being taken to a lonesome beach far from the busy lanes of vessels, and burned. She had been for some time securely anchored, while the nature of her fate was being considered. Finally it was decided. Then, at night, she slipped her moorings, and without captain, pilot, or crew on board, silently threaded her way through the harbor, out among tortuous channels, and around dangerous rocks and reefs, to navigate which, even in daytime, requires experienced pilots to pass in safety, and out toward the great ocean.

Early next morning the escape was discovered, and government tugs chased out after the truant. Finally she was overtaken, and towed back to await the ordeal by fire which occurred a few days later. Old salts shook their heads and declared, "She knew what was coming," and one might as well try to convince them the ocean is fresh water as to reason them out of their belief.

Motor Truck Convertible Into Tractor.

A motor vehicle that is interchangeable as a truck or a tractor is in use on farms in France. To transform the truck into a tractor, a wheel rim of considerably larger diameter than the front-truck wheels is mounted around each of them, with rigid connections formed of radial struts. A pair of tractor wheels on a special axle that can be lowered to bring these wheels to the ground when the tractor rim are on the front wheels. The rear-truck wheels are then taken off, and on their driving axle a sprocket wheel drives a chain which engages a second larger sprocket on the tractor wheels. The change can be made quickly.

Pictures of finger prints are now sent by wireless.

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