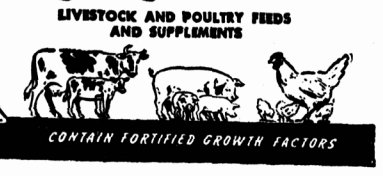
Yes::: "Miracle" Feeds bring in bigger profits because they contain ingredients scientifically tested to assure maximum results at minimum feed cost. Proper management—good stock and the "Miracle" feeding plan will put extra money in your pocket.

"MIRACLE"
LIVESTOCK AND POULTRY FEEDS AND SUPPLEMENTS



CONTAIN FORTIFIED GROWTH FACTORS

STANLEY BRIDGE W. M. S.

The annual meeting of the Stanley Bridge W. M. S. met at the home of Mrs. Herbert MacEwen with the Pres. Mrs. Eric Bell in the chair.

The meeting took the form of a Candle Light Service. The poem Candle Light Burning Bright was read by the President while red and white candles were lighted by Mrs. Carl Woolner. Mrs. Norman Green sang a solo, "O Little Town of Bethlehem." Several members read the scripture readings in keeping with the service. A number of Christmas Carols were sung by the members. The room was beautifully decorated for the service.

An offering of $6.50 was taken and dedicated by singing, As With Gladness Men of Old as a prayer.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved Roll call was answered with a verse of scripture by ten members and two visitors.

A letter of appreciation from Miss Elma Inman of Trinidad was read re a box of cards she received from the society.

The treasurer gave a very satisfactory report for the year.

The following officers for 1946 were appointed:

President—Mrs. H. S. MacEwen.
Vice President—Mrs. W. I. Green.
Treasurer— Mrs. John M. Fyfe.
Secretary— Mrs. Elmer W. Fyfe.
Temperance Secretary—Mrs. Eric Bell.
Christian Stewardship — Mrs. Carl Woolner.
Supply Secretary — Mrs. Frank S. Bell.
Strangers' Secretary — Mrs George Brown.
Missionary Monthly Secretary — Mrs. James E. Hiscott.
Associate Helpers — Mrs. John M. Fyfe.
Press Secretary — Mrs. Norman R. Green.

The President, Mrs. Herbert MacEwen, Mrs. W. I. Green and Mrs. Lorne MacEwen were appointed as delegates to the Presbyterial to be held in Kensington this month.

Mrs. W. O. Myers invited the members to her home for the Jan. meeting. Mrs. John Fyfe and Mrs. Myers to have charge of the program. The meeting was closed with singing "Joy to the World," and the Mizpah Benediction. A social hour followed, the hostess served a delicious lunch, assisted by the committee in charge.

MYSTIC BREEZES

Of the resins imported to burn as incense the three most important are Olibanum (or true frankincense,) myrr, and benzoe. The olibanum is the product of various species of trees belonging to the genus Boswellia, natives of Africa, southern Araba, and India Myrr is the product of species of balsamdendron belonging to the same regions, while benzoe is derived from the bark of a tree called Styrax Benzoin, which grows in Indo-China and the Eastern Archipelago Benzoe is largely employed as incense in religious services all over the world In India and China benzoe is also used in making cosmetics and is used by the rich to fumigate their rooms. In Japan, it is mixed with tobacco for smoking.

What makes TORONTO so good?

Toronto's goodness has long been a subject of laughter and contempt throughout Canada. In The Standard this week, Kenneth Johnstone writes a candid, behind-the-scenes feature story that shows how Toronto and Torontonians live, work and play. It gives the laugh to those who scoff at "Toronto the Good". Get The Standard - on sale now!

Other features this week:

CHILDREN SHOULD NOT BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS Santa Claus does more harm than good, unless children realize he belongs purely to the land of make-believe. That's what Major-General Brock Chisholm, deputy Minister of Health for Canada, thinks — and he has some mighty good arguments to back him up. Read his opinions in *The Standard this week — on sale now!*

KATE AITKEN — *the Recipe Queen*
Kate Aitken's fame as a cook is legend — her recipes are eagerly sought and used by housewives all over Canada. Kate Aitken's tried and tested recipes appear in The Standard every week. Get The Standard—on sale now!

CANADIANS DON'T KNOW HOW TO DRINK Back home after years abroad, Canadian veterans who remember England with affection as the nation of friendly pubs, now gulp down their beers for dear life in Canadian saloons and sigh. Be sure to read "Canadians Don't Know How to Drink" in The Standard—on sale now!

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF THE MacALPINS The Standard's complete novel this week is the 1945 best seller, "The Higher Hill", by Grace Campbell. It's a bright, skillfully-woven story of the MacAlpin family of Glengarry, Ontario. A peach of a story you'll enjoy in The Standard — on sale now!

• • • •

Five big sections in The Standard every week — news — magazine — rotagravure picture section — complete novel — all the best comics.

The Standard
THE FASTEST SELLING WEEKEND NEWSPAPER IN THE MARITIMES

Spinsters Willing to Leave Britian

LONDON, Jan 22—(C P)—British women who want husbands and are willing to pay for them are also looking for homes outside of the tightly rationed British Isles.

At least half the 250 spinsters, widows and divorcees who advertise monthly for mates in London's unique "Matrimonial Post and Fashionable Marriage Advertiser" express willingness, if not eagerness, to live abroad.

Not one in ten specifies that her potential husband must be British—or live in Great Britain.

Bachelors, widowers and divorced men who seek wives through the columns of the 80-year-old publication—self described as "the only marriage negotiator for the nobility, gentry, commercial and all classes"—appear not to care where they live, so long as it is in the state of matrimony.

But the 200 or more male advertisers in each issue agree that the wives they want should be cheerful, healthy, neat and economical—preferably with a trim figure and a little something in the bank.

No estimate is given of the number of marriages that result from these advertisements but Editor R. Charlesworth, who says the Post has a larger circulation than all other matrimonial papers in the world combined, claims "thousands of testimonials from satisfied clients."

Fees, like the paper's actual circulation, are secret. Advertisers pay nothing until as the Court Circular would say, "a marriage has been arranged."

Male advertisers average 36 years of age; women—on the basis of their won statements—three years younger. Seventy per cent of the women list playing the piano among their attractions. About five per cent require that would-be husbands abstain from strong drink.

Women as young as 21 are listed on the "spinster" column. One Woman in the same column was outraged last month when the letter "p" was left out of "spinster." The editor doesn't say whether the accident increased or decreased the number of replies.

Berlin Trip Yields Decorations Galore

EDMONTON, Jan. 22 —(CP)— One Canadian soldier who doesn't take a back seat to anyone when it comes to handing out medals is Sgmn. Bob Cameron of the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals who recently returned home to Edmonton from overseas.

A teleprinter operator at Canadian Army press camps in Holland and Germany, Sgmn. Cameron combined with Bill Boss, Canadian Press war correspondent, to give away a few thousand German medals to army buddies after a trip to Berlin and a tour through the Reichstag Chancellery.

"I wasn't supposed to get into Berlin," Bob said, "but managed to get by on Bill Boss' press pass." During the four-day visit to the German capital he loaded a jeep trailer full of Nazi medals and took them back to the boys at press camp.

Nearly all the medals were new, Bob said, and there must have been thousands left behind in the cellar.

Sgmn. Cameron's duties at the camp included the transmission of news copy for all the Canadian war correspondents in the European theatre, and some American and British correspondents. They also sent stories in Polish, French and Dutch.

Powerful Radios

Copy was transmitted direct to a receiving centre in London on high-speed radiosat 240 words per minute. During one heavy 24-hour period a single radio sent 54,000 words of news, Bob said.

The sending and receiving sets were powerful, and after transmission was finished each night and men would switch on Canadian short wave stations and listen to dance music from home.

The radio was especially popular during the non-fraternization period when it was their only entertainment. However, Bob had no interest in the German frauleins. He was married while overseas and now is waiting for his Scottish bride to join him in Edmonton.

Sgmn. Cameron expressed a liking for the correspondents who reported the Canadian part in the war, but also admitted a gripe or two. He mentioned one instance where he was called out of bed at five o'clock in the morning to send a long story by a Canadian writer dealing with with the effect of fertilizer on the soil in northwest Germany.

WIDE VISION

The antelope's eyes are placed far apart, so that the animal can see danger approaching on all sides.

RHEUMATICS GET FASTER RELIEF

Eat meat sparingly and take but little sugar. Avoid intoxicants. Keep away from dampness. Drink water abundantly and rely upon Nerviline as a quick relief for external pain. "I proclaim Nerviline an efficient relief for Rheumatic pain," writes an old sufferer. "After years of suffering I can say it is the most pain-subduing liniment I ever used. With Nerviline I have helped to rub away my aches and pains, and I urge others to use Nerviline for sore joints, stiffness and muscular or rheumatic pain." 85c bottles sold everywhere.

RUB ON NERVILINE

Prestyterian Moderator Speaks in Toronto

REV. J. M. MACGILLIVRAY

TORONTO, Jan. 21 —On Sunday night, January 20th, Presbyterians of Toronto filled the big auditorium of Massey Hall to hear the Moderator of the General Assembly, Dr. J. M. Macgillivray, speak on the Church's Advance. Dr. Macgillivray had recently returned from a trip to South America where he visited the Church's mission work in British Guiana, and told of the encouraging movements of advance among Christian congregations there. After 60 years of work the British Guiana church is becoming established, with self-supporting congregations, ordained ministers, and a newly organized presbytery among the East Indian Christians there.

The Moderator also pointed the church to forward steps in the years to come, both in British Guiana and in the church in Canada. "The missionary advance in British Guiana," he said, "is a part of a new movement of advance in all the life of the Presbyterian Church, both in Canada and overseas." In speaking of his travels among the churches in Canada, he was encouraged everywhere by evidences of a new spirit of progress, especially among the churches in the western provinces. He expressed confidence that the members of the Presbyterian Church right across Canada will rally in this new movement of advance which has been called the Presbyterian Advance for Christ and Peace Thankoffering.

The meeting in Massey Hall was sponsored by the Presbytery of Toronto and participated in by churches in the city and some on the outskirts, who withdrew their congregational evening service of worship in order that they might come together for a great joint service of worship and witness. Music was provided by a massed choir of 300 voices led by Mr. H. S. Reid, Musical Director of Parkdale Presbyterian Church.

Missionaries from British Guiana, India, Japan, Formosa and Manchuria, were on the platform, and brief addresses were given by Miss Bessie MacMurchy R. N., of India and Rev. E. H. Johnson of Manchuria.

Refundable Income Taxes

OTTAWA, Jan. 16 — (CP) — Refundable portions of 1942 income and excess profits taxes will be repayable not later than March 31, 1943, Revenue Minister McCann announced tonight. The refundable portion of 1943 taxes will be payable by March 31, 1949 and the six months portion of the 1944 tax by March 31, 1950.

The Income Tax Act provided that the money, collected under the Government's compulsory savings plan, should be repayable not later than the end of the second Government fiscal period after the cessation of hostilities. By order in council the end of hostilities — so far as the tax regulations are concerned — has been set at Sept. 2, 1945.

The dates announced mark the maximum time which the Government may retain the money. The Act provides authority for the Government to make refunds before that date if it should choose such a policy.

BY HELEN CAMP

LONDON, Jan. 20 — (AP) — (Advance) — This year may see British newspapers advertising Christianity, theatres flashing movie shorts on religion and radio broadcasts of church messages as part of a five-year, $4,500,000 campaign for the "conversion of England."

Officials of the Church of England are considering a permanent organization for "modernized evangelism."

A report submitted on a tentative "five-year development campaign" contemplates the use of "all modern propaganda agencies." It said although many object to the use of advertising by the church, the present state of the Christian religion "urgently calls for definite action."

Provision of the money, the report said, would be a matter for prayer and careful consideration from all points of view," and added "account naturally would be taken of the truth that necessary financial support is never lacking where spiritual advance is being made."

MAKE BRITISH WOMEN ELECTRICALLY MINDED

LONDON, Jan. 21 —(CP)—The Electrical Association for Women has inaugurated a trust amounting to £4,000 ($16,000) annually for scholarships and travelling exhibitions for British women in electrical association's director, who has won a international reputation as a pioneer among British women engineers.

More than 80,000 women in the forces and a large proportion of 8,000,000 women in industry were working on electrical apparatus. The association anticipates that this trust will make a valuable contribution to the development of United Kingdom domestic electrical equipment.

Oyster shells in colonial days were used widely as heat furnace flues.

The Mulberry Bush

by HELEN TOFFING MILLER

At Teresa's door Bruce helped her out, holding an umbrella carefully over her hat till she was under the shelter of the marquee. She put out her hand. "Good-by, Bruce. Thanks for a lovely day." And impulsively, she added, smiling a little, "Good-by, friend."

Bruce took her hand, and did not let it go. "Virginia," he said, "I'm older than you—much older, undoubtedly—"

"I'm twenty-five—not adolescent, you know, Bruce."

"I'm thirty eight — and to thirty-eight, twenty-five is youth—beautiful, lost youth. Promise me that if ever things change, if ever you change, Virginia, you'll let me know."

"I'll promise that. I'm sorry I can't care, Bruce—I do admire you and—"

"Promise something else," he cut in hoarsely. "Promise me that if you need me—ever—no matter why or how—you'll tell me that, too?"

"I promise, Bruce."

"Good-by, Virginia." He bent and kissed her gently on the forehead and hurried away.

The usual Sunday night brawl, as Mike had called it, was going on in Teresa's apartment when Virginia let herself in. Teresa, wrapped in a velvet house coat, her hair elaborately done, her arms jingling with heavy bracelets, was lying on the chaise longue that had been dragged into the drawing-room.

Her injured leg, in the heavy white cast, was lying out straight and a hilarious group were gathered around—five men and two women, glasses in hand, most of them sitting on the floor.

Teresa gave a yelp of welcome as Virginia entered. Her eyes were feverish, hr voice shrill.

Virginia went into Teresa's bedroom and closed the door. The nurse was there, sitting very straight by the window, looking tired and pale and rigid with disapproval.

"How long has this been going on?" Virginia pulled off her gloves and folded them carefully.

"Since three o'clock. They come and go," said the nurse tonelessly. "And when I took her blood pressure at noon it was a hundred and eighty. I don't know what to do," she worried. "I suppose I should call the doctor."

"That would be no use," Virginia said. "Teresa would offer him a highball and leer at any advice he gave her. I'm going to the kitchen to make myself a cup of coffee I think you need one, too."

They brewed a potful of stiff coffee, and Virginia poured two cups.

CHAPTER XIV

They sat perched on the one stool and the edge of the kitchen table, and the hot, fragrant coffee revived Virginia a little, made life look a little less bleak. They washed the dishes and set the kitchen in order, while the bedlam in the front of the apartment went on beyond the pantry doors. The blue, drained look went out of the little nurse's face, and she was chattering volubly, drying the dishes, when the pantry door slammed open and Sam Hinchey came out.

"Look!" he gestured with an empty glass. "All the beautiful gals hiding out in the kitchen. What's the matter? Don't you like the party?"

"Frankly, we do not," Virginia said. "I'm sorry — there isn't any ice. Not till it freezes."

"You mean," Sam took a seat upon the table coolly, "you've been here—looking right at that refrigerator all this time, and it isn't frozen yet? And I'm an icicle—anyway halfway an icicle — already!"

"I wish you'd persuade those people to leave." Virginia hung up the dish mop and dried her fingers. "Teresa isn't well. This is very bad for her."

"I can't persuade them to leave. They wouldn't go. They'd just laugh. You go tell 'em. Give 'em the stony eye and order 'em out."

"Unfortunately, this is not my house. I merely work for Teresa Harrison. I can't order her guests to leave, much a I'd like to."

"You go in and feel her pulse and look solemn," Sam instructed the nurse. "Maybe that will scare 'em out."

"I'm going to telephone the doctor if they're not gone in half an hour." The nurse set her prim cap straight and pulled down her cuffs. "He'll have some authority. They'll listen to him." She marched out with her heels clicking, and Virginia removed the dish-towel apron, smoothed back her hair, and was starting to follow when Hinchey said bluntly, "Wait a minute, Red-top."

"Excuse me, please," Virginia began coldly, but Sam reached and caught at her skirt.

"Slow down a minute Miss Iceberg. I want to talk to you. About Mike Peaull."

Virginia stopped, looked at him. His face had lost its silly look. "I'm waiting," said Virginia quietly.

"I hardly know you, Mr. Hinchey."

"I'm a friend of Mike Peaull's," he sad. "Have you heard from him lately? Where is he?"

"He's in South America." She did not sit down.

"You're a friend of Mike's, too," he went on. "I've seen you with him. Mike's a good fellow—crazy as the devil, but—he's a good fellow."

"I'm a friend of Mike's—and I do not discuss my friends, Mr. Hinchey."

"Wait a minute. The name is Sam, Red. Plain old Sam. And Mike's my friend. We went through that Bethlehem strike together and it was hot—plenty hot. They were all after us—union guys and strike breakers, too. We got tear gas and brickbats, and a couple of cameras were smashed. It was a sweet brawl. Mike pulled me out of a few holes and I pulled him out of a couple—we're still friends, and "I know he's beentaking you places That's why we ought to talk to Mike—you ought to talk to him—somebody ought to."

"About what, particularly?"

"About acting like a heel!" he said bluntly.

"Perhaps you'd better explain," Virginia said frigidly, cold anger stinging her. After all, Mike was her husband. He was hers to defend, even though this bleary-eyed young man was unaware of it.

"Sit down," Hinchey said again. "I know he' been taking you places —that's all right. Mike has a right to live—but he ought not to be an absolute heel—he ought not to treat amy nice girl the way he's treating Harriet."

So—this was it! Virginia felt her knees turning fluid under her. She sat down abruptly on the stool because she could no longer stand. "And who is Harriet?" Was that her voice, so thready, so wan?

Sam Hinchey looked at her sharply. "Why—Harriet's Mike's girl. And she's a nice girl, too, a smart girl. She works on the Tribune—and does a darned good job. Mike's my friend — but he ought not to cheat on a girl like that. Not that I blame him — you're pretty swell yourself—you're a fine person—that's why I'm talking to you like this. You can understand—you're fine and you'd want Mike to be square. You wouldn't want a friend who wasn't square, I know."

"I see," said Virginia, her throat tight and dry, her eyes feeling as if they would burst if she did not relent and let the tears fall. But she held herself erect feeling stony and hollow and cold. "I did not know about Harret. No one told me. She has another name, I suppose?"

"Hillery—Harriet Hillery. You've seen her stuff in the paper. She gets by-lines on a lot of it. And she's a hard-working kid She took care of a sick mother till she died, and helped her kid sister through school—she's swell!"

"You still haven't told me —just what is Harriet Hillery—to Mike?"

Sam Hinchey looked a little bewildered. "Why, she's going to marry Mike. It's been settled—for years! She's stuck to Mike when a lot of girls would have thrown him out—Mike off to Poland and Spain—a lot of women wouldn't have stuck, but she did. That's why I hate to see her get a shabby deal—that's why I'm talking to you. I saw you with Mike. I could see he was sort of—fascinated. Mike's that way—some fellows are. See a new girl—a pretty one —and they're off. But I knew you weren't the sort to hand another woman a wallop—not a swell girl like Harriet—so I thought, well—maybe she'll get sore at me, but I'm going to talk to her anyway. You aren't sore, are you?"

"No—I'm not sore." She stood up, but the queer dazed blindness did not lessen. She groped with an uncertain hand for the wall, for the door, then, dragging up strength from some inner place, deeper than this stunned shell of a creature that was Virginia Warfield, she said in an odd, dead voice, "Thank you, Mr. Hinchey, I have no intention of cheating anyone".

"I knew you were like that. I knew you'd be swell about it—" he began voluble with relief.

But she did not listen. She went through the living room, hardly seeing the people there, ignoring Teresa and the girl who was playing the piano. In the bedroom she got her coat, hat and purse.

"You're going out?" asked the nurse anxiously.

"Yes, I'm going."

"I called the doctor. He's coming at nine. He'll put an end—to this!" snapped the nurse.

Virginia did not hear. She crossed the living room again, and Teresa demanded shrilly: "Where in the world are you going?" But Virginia did not answer. She had not heard. She could not hear because she was hearing that voice, that young blurred voice, "Mike's that way—a new girl, a pretty one—Mike's that way—"

A cab slowed, and she got in. "Where to, Lady?"

"Georgetown." What was her number? What was her street? Oh, stop—stop. I heard you, Sam Hinchey! Mike's a heel—Mike's that way—a pretty girl—she got control of herself with a resulting effort, made her numb brain function, remember. A number and a street. A high old house, two flights of stairs, a gas stove, a rubber apron—steak broiling—oh, please God, let it stop!

The house looked lonely, all those upper windows dark. One flight, two flights, the hall was dark. Warm darkness inside smelling of dust, faint memories of mice a little—she stumbled across the room, [illegible] and purse, turned on the light, drew off her gloves, and hung her coat on its hanger.

Then a white oblong caught her eye, lying just inside the door: a letter, lying where it had fallen through the slot.

She picked it up in cold fingers. It was very thick and had a long row of foreign stamps. It was postmarked Lima, Peru.

She did not open the letter that night. She wanted to be calm and sane when she read it — not twisted and warped by all the wild thoughts that were rushing through her brain now.

With morning she deliberately deferred opening the letter until she had had her breakfast.

(To Be Continued)

SERVICE GIRLS SHUN CAREERS

CANBERRA, Jan. 21 —(CP)— Most Australian girls discharged from wartime services are settling for a cottage with roses round the door, instead of a career.

According to a bulletin of employment statistics issued by Commonwealth Statistician Carver, of 4,856 women discharged between June and August, 1945, 2,352 took up home duties. Only 356 accepted full employment, although 113 entered fulltime training classes. The other 329 said they would take a holdiday while they thought over the future.

Many marriages between farmers and city girls have resulted from the wartime organization of the Australian Women's Land Army now disbanding. For example, of 102 Victorian girls who have married, 98 per cent have married farmers and will settle on the land.

About 96 per cent of land members were city girls.

Marriage is not the only factor influencing girls to stay on the land. Many not contemplating marriage will stay in farm work.

SYDNEY, Australia —(CP)—An automatic irrigation system has been invented by an Australian engineer. The machine gauges when the earth requires water to obtain the best growth for any crop, and turns on the spraying motors, and there are no involved system. It has no electricity or gadgets.

Annual Meeting of Official Board, York

The annual meeting of the official board of the York United Charge representing the following churches: Brackley, York, Central (Marshfield and Dunstaffnage) and Pleasant Grove was held on Thursday night in the York Parsonage.

From the reports received from the different congregations in the Charge it was indicated that the past year was the best that the Churches had ever had in their history of over 70 years.

The Minister, Rev. J. A. Nicholson presided and Walter MacMillan was secretary. The financial reports were received after the minutes were adopted.

Reports of receipts for salary and M. and M. Pension Fund were:

Central Church	1050.00
York	973.00
Pleasant Grove	285.00
Brackley	494.00
Total	$2802.00

The Womens' Missionary Societies raised a total of $465.00.

It was decided to send $350. to the Missionary and Maintenance Fund, making a sum total for missions of $715.00. It was also decided to send $90.00 to the Pension Fund.

Mr. Lester Keizer, who has been the Treasurer for several years, presented his resignation. This was read and it was intimated to Mr. Keizer that the congregations in the Charge appreciated his faithful and excellent work and asked him to continue his work. It was then moved by Mr. Gibson of Marshfield and seconded that Lester Keizer be Generl Treasurer for 1946. This motion was carried unanimously. Mr. Keizer agreed to the request of the Board.

The officers elected for 1946:

Secretary — Walter McMillan, Brackley.

Treasurer: Lester Keizer, Charlottetown.

Auditor: Harold T. Watts, York.

The lay representatives to the Conference were elected as follows:

Lay Representative: Lester Keizer.

Alternate: Reginald Byrenton.

It was then moved by Walter McMillan and seconded by W. W. Gibson that this Charge extend to Rev. J. A. Nicholson and Mrs. Nicholson its deep and great appreciation for their faithful services in the work of the Church. Before the motion was put Mr. Gibson referred to the excellent reports received and the fine spirit prevailing in the different congregations and mentioned the deep loyalty to all the people to the Church and minister. The motion was put and carried unanimously.

Rev. Mr. Nicholson thanked the Board on behalf of himself and wife for their very kind expressions and he congratulated all the congregations on their reports and thanked all for loyalty and cooperation.

It was also noted that a very modern bath room and water system had been installed in the Parsonage containing a built-in tub, pedestal basin and all the most modern fittings. This was due to the efforts of the minister and Parsonage Committee.

At the close of the meeting a short social period was held Mrs. Nicholson serving a delicious lunch to the members of the Board.

LONDON, Jan. 22 —(CP)—The first British-manufactured electron microscope, capable of revealing an object as small as 1,000,000th of an inch, was displayed at the 30th exhibition of Scientific Instruments and Apparatus.

The microscope stands nine feet high, contains 53 radio tubes, several dry batteries, transformers and a complicated set of switches.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With Major Hoople