THE MASTER OF MAN :-: By Sir Hall Caine

An Outspoken and Moving Study of a Deep Sex Problem by the Noted Author of "The Manxman," "The Deemster," "The Eternal City," "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," Etc.

VICTOR STOWELL is handsome, of fine nature, the scion of a family of distinction on the Isle of Man, where his father is Deemster, or chief judge. Curiously enough, he enters the stage of this powerful romance of a sin and its consequences that makes him the man to sit in sentence on the woman, who is tried for their mutual transgression, as a voluntary scapegoat to save her good name from the results of a girlish escapade. Bessie Collister, a peasant girl, is crude, but good-looking in a coarse-grained way. Little does Stowell think, when he takes the blame of walking out with her outside school hours and school bounds to save her from her brutal stepfather and to save his chum, who has really been guilty, from punishment, that Bessie's erring, which starts so young, is to affect directly his own happiness and his future great love for beautiful and great-hearted Fenella Stanley. The principal of the school asks the boy who had been guilty of this breach of discipline and maybe of morals to rise and confess. Protecting his friend, Alick Gell, Victor is unjustly struck by the principal, who, discovering the truth later, remorsefully writes to the Deemster to take his son home or he himself for shame must resign his principalship. The Deemster, now a dignified old man of sixty, had married an English lady, who died at Victor's birth. He wires to the principal to send the boy home. And here the story continues—

SIR HALL CAINE

"So that's your man, is it—driving with the Dempster?"

CHAPTER III

Fathers and Sons

NEXT day the Deemster drove to Douglas to meet his son coming back. The weather was cold; he had to leave home in the gray of morning, and he was driving in an open dogcart, but the Deemster knew what he was doing.

Ten minutes before the train came in from Castletown he had drawn up in the station yard. The passengers came through the platform and saw him there, and he saluted some of them. Caesar Qualtrough was among them, a gross-bodied and dark-faced man, darker than ever that day with a look of animosity and scorn.

When, at the tail of the crowd, Victor came, in the sour silence of the disgraced, no longer wearing his college cap, and with his discolored college trunk trundled behind him, the Deemster said nothing, but he indicated the seat by his side, and the boy climbed up to it. Then with his white head erect and his strong eyes shining he drove out of the station yard.

It was still early morning and he was in no hurry to return home. For half an hour he passed slowly through the principal thoroughfares of the town, bowing to everybody he knew and speaking to many. It was market day and he made for the open space about the old church on the quay, where the farmers' wives were standing in rows with their baskets of butter and eggs, the farmers' sons with their tipped-up carts of vegetables, and the smaller of the farmers themselves, from all parts of the island, with their carcasses of sheep and oxen. Without leaving his seat the Deemster bought of several of them and had his purchases packed about the college trunk behind him.

It was office hours by this time and he began to call on his friends, leaving Victor outside to take care of the horse and dogcart. His first call was on the Attorney General, Donald Wattleworth, who had been an old schoolfellow of his own at King William's, where forty-odd years ago he had saved him from many troubles.

The attorney was now a small, dapper, very correct and rather religious old gentleman (he had all his life worn a white tie and elastic side boots), with the round and wrinkled face that is oftenest seen in a good old woman. For a quarter of an hour the Deemster talked with him on general subjects, his courts and forthcoming cases, without saying a word about the business which had brought him to Douglas. But the attorney divined it. From his chair at his desk on the upper story he could see Victor, with his pale face, in the dogcart below, twiddling the slack of the reins in his nervous fingers, and when the Deemster rose to go he followed him downstairs to the street, and whispered to the boy from behind, as his father was taking his seat in front;

"Cheer up, my lad! Many a good case has a bad start, you know."

The Deemster's last call was at Government House, and again Victor, to his relief, was left outside. But when, ten minutes later, the Governor, with his briar-root pipe in his hand, came into the porch to see the Deemster off, and found Victor in the dogcart, looking cold and miserable, with his overcoat buttoned up to his throat, he stepped out bareheaded, with the wind in his gray hair, and shook hands with him, and said:

"Glad to see you again, my boy. You remember my girl, Fenella? Yes? Well, she's at college now, but she'll be home for her holiday one of these days—and then I must bring her over to see you. Good-by!"

The Deemster was satisfied. Not a syllable had he said from first to last about the bad story that had come from Castletown, but before he left Douglas that day, it was dead and done for.

"Now we'll go home," he said, and for two hours thereafter, father and son, sitting side by side, and never speaking except on indifferent subjects, followed the high mountain road, with its far view of Ireland and Scotland, like vanishing ghosts across a broken sea, the deep declivity of the glen, with Dan Baldromma's flour mill at the foot of it, and the turfy lanes of the Curraghs, where the curlews were crying, until they came to the big gates of Ballamoar, with the tall elms and the great silence inside of them, broken only by the loud cawing of the startled rooks, and then to Janet, in her lace cap, at the open door of the house, waiting for her boy and scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry over him.

II

Meantime there had been another and very different homecoming. In a corner of an open third-class carriage of the train that brought Victor Stowell from Castletown there was a little servant girl with a servant's tin box, tied about with a cord, on the seat beside her. This was Bessie Collister, dismissed from the High Bailiff's service and being sent home to her people. She was very young, scarcely more than fifteen, with coal-black eyes and eyebrows and bright complexion—a bud of a girl just breaking into womanhood.

Dan Baldromma had no need to say she was not his daughter. Her fatherhood was doubtful. Rumor attributed it to a dashing young Irish captain, who sixteen years before had put into Ramsey for repairs after his ship, a coasting schooner, had run on the Carrick rock. Half the girls of "the north" had gone crazy over this intoxicating person, and in the wild conflict as to who should win him Liza Corteen had both won and lost, for as soon as his ship was ready for sea he had disappeared, and never afterward been heard of.

Liza's baby had been born the following spring, and two years later Dan Collister, a miller from "the south" who had not much cause to be proud of his own pedigree, had made a great virtue of marrying her, child and all, being, as he said, on "conjergal" subjects a man of liberal views and strong opinions.

In the fourteen years that followed Liza had learned the liberality of Dan's views on marriage and Bessie the strength of his hand as well as opinions. But while the mother's nerves had been broken by the reproaches about her "by-child," which had usually preceded her husband's night-long nasal slumbers, the spirits of the girl had not suffered much, except from fear of a certain strap which he had hung in the ingle.

"The world will never grow cold on that child," people used to say in her earliest days, and it seemed as if it was still true, even in the depth of her present trouble.

The open railway carriage was full of farming people going up to market, and among them were two buxom widows with their baskets of butter and eggs on their broad knees and their faces resplendent from much soap. Facing these was a tough and rough old sinner who bantered them, in language more proper to the stud and the farmyard, on their late married lives and the necessity of beginning on fresh ones. The unvarnished gibes provoked loud laughter from the other passengers, and Bessie's laugh was loudest of all. This led to the widows looking round in her direction, and presently, in the recovered consciousness of her situation, she heard whispers of "Johnny Qualtrough" and the "Dempster's son" and then turned back to her window and cried.

There was no one to help her with her luggage when she had to change at Douglas, so she carried her tin box across the platform to the Ramsey train. The north-going traffic was light at that hour, and sitting in an empty compartment she had time to think of home and what might happen when she got there. This was a vision of Dan Baldromma threatening, her mother pleading, herself screaming and all the hurly-burly she had heard so often.

But even that did not altogether frighten her now, for she had one source of solace which she had never had before. She was wearing a big hat with large red roses, a straw-colored frock and openwork stockings, with shoes that were much too thin for the oncoming winter. And looking down at these last and remembering she had bought them out of her wages, expressly for that walk with Alick Gell, she thought of something that was immeasurably more important in her mind than the incident which had led to all the trouble—Alick had kissed her!

She was still thinking of this, and tingling with the memory of it, and telling herself how good she had been not to say who her boy was when the "big ones" questioned her, and how she would never tell that, 'deed no, never, no matter what might happen to other people, when the train drew up suddenly at the station that was her destination and she saw her mother, a weak-eyed woman, with a miserable face, standing alone on the shingly platform.

"Sakes alive, girl, what have thou been doing now?" said Mrs. Collister, as soon as the train had gone on. "Hadn't I trouble enough with thy father without this?"

But Bessie was in tears again by that time, so mother and daughter lifted the tin box into a tailless market cart that stood waiting in the road, climbed over the wheel to the plank seat across it, and turned their horse's head toward home.

Dan Baldromma's mill stood face to the highroad and back to the glen and the mountains—a substantial structure with a thatched and whitewashed dwelling house attached, a few farm buildings and a patch of garden, which, though warm and bright in summer under its mantle of gillie-flowers and fuchsia, looked bleak enough now with its row of decapitated cabbage stalks and the straw roofs of its unprotected beehives.

As mother and daughter came up in their springless cart they heard the splash of the millwheel and the groan of the millstone, and by that they knew that their lord and master was at work within. So they stabled their horse for themselves, tipped up their cart and went into the kitchen—a bare yet clean and cozy place, with earthen floor, open ingle and a hearth fire, over which a kettle hung by a sooty chain.

But hardly had Bessie taken off her coat and hat and sat down to the cup of tea her mother had made her when the throb of the millwheel ceased, and Dan Baldromma's heavy step came over the cobbled "street" outside to the kitchen door.

He was a stoutly built man, short and gross, with heavy black eyebrows, thick and threatening lips, a lowering expression, and a loud and growling voice. Seeing the girl at her meal he went over to the ingle and stood with his back to the fire, and his big hands behind him, while he fell on her with scorching sarcasm.

"Well! Well!" he said. "Back again, I see! And you such a grand woman grown since you were sitting and eating on that seat before. Only sixteen years for spring, yet sooreying (sweethearting) already, I hear! With no wooden-spoon man neither, like your father—your stepfather, I mane! The son and heir of one of the big ones of the island, they're telling me! And yet you're not thinking mane of coming back to the house of a common man like me! Wonderful! Wonderful!"

Bessie felt as if her bread-and-butter were choking her, but Dan, whose impure mind was not satisfied with the effect of his sarcasm, began to lay out at her with a bludgeon.

"You fool!" he said. "You've been mxing yourself up with bad doings on the road, and now a dacent lad is lying at death's door through you, and the High Bailiff is after flinging you out of his house as unfit for his family—that's it, isn't it?"

Bessie had dropped her head on the table, but Mrs. Collister's frightened face was gathering a look of courage.

"Aisy, man veen, aisy," said the mother. "Take care of thy tongue, Dan."

"My tongue?" said Dan. "It's my character I have to take care of, woman. When a girl is carrying a man's name that has no legal claim to it, he has a right to do that, I'm thinking."

"But the girl's only a child—only a child itself, man."

"Maybe so, but I've known girls before now, not much older than she is, to bring disgrace into a dacent house and lave others to live under it. 'What's bred in the bone comes out in the flesh,' they're saying."

The woman flinched as if the lash of a whip had fallen on her face, and Dan turned back to the girl.

"So you're a fine lady that belaves in the aristocracks, are you? Well, I'm a plain man that doesn't, and nobody living in my house can have any truck with them."

"But goodness me, Dan, the boy is not a dale older than herself," said Mrs. Collister. "Nineteen years at the most, and a fine boy at that."

"Chut! Nineteen or ninety, it's all as one to me," said Dan, "and this island will be knowing what sort of boy he is before he has done with it."

The young cubs of the "big ones" began early. They treated the daughters of decent men as their fathers treated everybody—using them, abusing them, and then treading on them like dirt.

"But, Manx girls are troublesome minxes," said Dan, "and the half of them ought to be ducked in the mill pond * * * What did you expect this one would do for you, girl, after you had been colloquing and jesting and kissing with him in the dark roads? Marry you? Make you the mistress of Ballamoar? Bessie Corteen, the by-child of Liza Collister? You fool! You booby! You bought! You domned idiot!"

Just then there was the sound of wheels on the road, and Dan walked to the door to look out. It was the Deemster's dog-cart, coming down the glen, with father and son sitting side by side. The women heard the Deemster's steady voice saluting the miller as he went by.

"Fine day, Mr. Collister!"

"Middlin', Dempster, middlin'," said Dan, in a voice that was like a growl. And then, the dog-cart being gone, he faced back to the girl and said, with a bitter snort:

"So that's your man, is it—driving with the Dempster?"

"No, no," said the girl, lifting her face from the table.

"No? Hasn't he been flung out of his college for it—for what came of it, I mane? And isn't the Dempster taking him home in disgrace?"

"It was a mistake—it wasn't the Dempster's son," said Bessie.

"Then who was it?"

There was no reply.

"Who was it?"

"I can't tell you."

"You mean you won't. We'll see about that, though," said Dan, and returning to the fireplace, he took a short, thick leather strap from a nail inside the ingle.

At sight of this the girl got up and began to scream. "Father! Father! Father!"

"Don't father me! Who was it?" said Dan.

The blood was rising in the mother's pallid face. "Collister," she cried, "if thou touch the girl again, I'll waik straight out of thy house."

"Walk, woman! Do as you plaze! But I must know who brought disgrace on my name. Who was it?"

"Don't! Don't! Don't!" cried the girl.

The mother stepped to the door. "Collister," she repeated, "for fourteen years, thou's done as thou liked with me, and I've been giving thee lave to do it, but lay another hand on my child * * *"

"No, no, don't go, mother. I'll tell him," cried the girl. "It was * * * it was Alick Gell."

"You mean the son of the Speaker?"

"Yes."

"That's good enough for me," said Dan, and then, with another snort, half bitter and half triumphant, he tossed the strap on to the table, went out of the house and into the stable.

An hour afterward, in his billycock hat and blue suit of Manx homespun, he was driving his market-cart up the long, straight, shaded lane to the Speaker's ivy-covered mansion-house, with the graveled courtyard in front of it, in which two or three peacocks strutted and screamed.

III

The Speaker had only just returned from Douglas. There had been a sitting of the Keys that day and he had hurried home to tell his wife an exciting story. It was about the Deemster. The big man was down—going down anyway!

Archibald Gell was a burly, full-bearded man of a high complexion. Although he belonged to what we called the "aristocracy" of the island, the plebeian lay close under his skin. Rumor said he was subject to paralyzing brainstorms, and that he could be a foul-mouthed man in his drink. But he was generally calm and nearly always sober.

His ruling passion was a passion for power, and his fiercest lust was a lust of popularity. The Deemster was his only serious rival in either, and therefore the object of his deep and secret jealousy. He was jealous of the Deemster's dignity and influence, but above all (though he had hitherto hidden it even from himself) of his son.

Stooping over the fire in the drawing-room to warm his hands after his long journey, he was talking, with a certain note of self-congratulation, of what he had heard in Douglas. That ugly incident at King William's had come to a head! The [illegible] expelled, and the Deemster [illegible] drive into town to fetch him home. [illegible] the Speaker, had not seen him there. Caesar Qualtrough had. Caesar [illegible] nasty customer to cross (he had had [illegible] perience of the man himself), and [illegible] the smoking-room at the Keys he [illegible] bragged of what he could have done. He could have put the Deemster's son [illegible] jail! Yes, ma'am, in jail! If he [illegible] had a mind for it young Stowell might have slept at Castle Rushen instead [illegible] Ballamoar tonight. And if he had [illegible] why hadn't he? Caesar wouldn't say but everybody knew—he had a [illegible] coming on in the Courts presently!

"Think of it," said the Speaker, "the first Judge in the island in the pocket of a man like that!"

Mrs. Gell, who was a fat, easy-going, good-natured soul, with the gentle eyes of a sheep (her hair was a little disordered at the moment, for she had only just awakened from her afternoon sleep, and was still wearing her morning slippers), began to make excuses.

"But mercy me, Archie," she said, "what does it amount to after all—only a schoolboy squabble?"

"Don't talk nonsense, Bella," said the Speaker. "It may have been a little thing to begin with, but the biggest river that ever plunged into the sea could have been put into a teacup somewhere."

This ugly business would go on, until heaven knew what it would come to. The Deemster, who had bought his son's safety from a blackguard without mercy, would never be able to hold up his head again—he, the Speaker never would, he knew that much, anyway. As for the boy himself, he was done for. Being expelled from King William's no school or university across the water would want him, and if he ever wished to be admitted to the Manx Bar it would be the duty of his own father to refuse him.

"So that's the end of the big man, Bella—the beginning of the end anyway."

Just then peacocks screamed in the courtyard—they always screamed when visitors were approaching. Mrs. Gell looked up and the Speaker walked to the window and looked out without seeing anybody. But at the next moment the drawing-room door was thrust open and their eldest daughter, Isabella, with wide eyes and a blank expression, was saying breathlessly:

"It's Alick. He has run away from school."

Alick came behind her, a pitiful sight, his college cap in his hand, his face pale, drawn and smudged with sweat, his hair disordered, his clothes covered with dust, and his boots thick with soil.

"What's this she says—that you've run away?" said the Speaker.

"Yes, I have—I told her so myself," said Alick, who was half crying.

"Did you though? And now perhaps you will tell me something—why?"

"Because Stowell had been expelled, and I couldn't stay when he was gone."

"Couldn't you now? And why couldn't you?"

"He was innocent."

"Innocent, was he? Who says he was innocent?"

"I do, Sir, because * * * it was I."

It was a sickening moment for the Speaker. He gasped as if something had smitten him in the mouth, and his burly figure almost staggered.

"You did it * * * what Stowell was expelled for?" he stammered.

To be continued tomorrow

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W. H. Lantz, 19th & Lehigh.
Llewellyn's Drug Store, 1518 Chestnut.
C. Warren Lindig, Kens'n ave. & Clearfield.
Lehrams' Pharmacy, 2d & Cumberland.
A. Lee, 27th & Oakford.
Leedom & Wissler, Chelten & Pulaski.
A. Lehman, 7101 Woodland ave.
Moss & Winand, Inc., 51st & Baltimore.
Louis Milner, 44th & Chestnut.
B. J. Murray, 2501 W. Allegheny.
Gustave Meyer, 4283 Frankford.
Miller's Pharmacy, Ridge ave. & Jefferson.
C. S. Moyer, 2948 Germantown ave.
Mt. Moriah Pharmacy, 62d & Kingessing.
R. H. Macheaney, Broad & Bristol.
J. Mintzer, 58th & Vine.
Metzler's Pharm., Frkd. ave. & Susquehanna.
M. L. Messiner, 203 W. Olney.
A. J. Meier, Chew & Chelten.
G. E. Merscher, Chew & Church lane.
J. C. Mayer, 301 E. Girard ave.
M. Matrick, 55th & Wyalusing.
Mandelis', 2944 Germantown ave.
R. J. Murphy, 6228 Germantown ave.
Miller Drug Co., 136 N. 2d.
T. L. Morgan, Church lane & Beechwood.
Meisel's Pharmacy, 304 Baltimore ave.
H. V. Morris, 3742 N. 5th.
Media Drug, 60th & Market.
Media Drug, 19th & Market.
Media Drug, 52d and Market.
D. S. Muchnick, 51st & Aspen.
J. McMichael, 55th & Market.
M. J. McAleer, 56th & Ashland.
Robert McNeil, Kensington ave. & York.
J. T. McGinnis, 1470 N. 52d.
Frances Nicholas, 5th & Ritner.
R. B. Nixon, 1343 W. Susquehanna.
Harry Neff, 5th & Boulevard.
H. R. Nelte, 13th & Christian.
Needle & Roonin, 224 N. 2d.
Chas. T. Mairin, 21st & Pine.
David Netter & Co., 126 Market.
S. B. Ostrum, 31st & Huntingdon.
Ben. Pratnisloff, 917 S. Shunk.
M. Pintzow, 2d & Wolf.
Powelton Pharm., 33d & Powelton.
L. Powell, 4th & Snyder.
R. Posner, 10th & Erie.
W. Perloff, 12th & Pine.
C. Parsons, 1646 N. 11th.
E. K. Pflieger, 13th & Jefferson.
C. Promisloe, Wayne & Chelten.
Powers' & Reynolds, 1937 W. Tioga.
M. Perel, Chelten & Stenton.
F. C. Perlitzky, 5th & McKean.
N. L. Rachmell, 3d & Ritner.
Raube & Bowman, Inc., 11th & Jackson.
J. L. Rehl, 5th & Erie.
Rowland's Drug St., 51st Market.
J. G. Rappaport, Front & Christian.
D. Rosenthal, 2826 Lehigh.
J. A. Rasek, 2320 Orthodex.
Lynn Regis. Pharm., 15th & Allegheny.
Rich & Comler, Ridge ave. & Poplar.
D. J. Reese, 17th & Huntingdon.
Fred Rosin, 701 S. 6th.
M. A. Roeder, York rd. & Chelten.
F. J. Rinker, 7201 Germantown ave.
Dr. G. Slonimsky, Franklin & Moyamensing.
R. W. Shelton, 63d & Market.
C. R. Silva, 1503 Clearfield.
M. L. Snyderman, 60th & Locust.
J. A. Schmieg, 7th & Venango.
A. Snyder, 52d & Jefferson.
F. N. Schulte, 22d & Indiana.
A. B. Scheuhing, 29th & Huntingdon.
E. Scheckter, 1709 W. Susquehanna.
Siegfried & Gorby, 17th & Erie.
S. A. Slipakoff, 19th & Susquehanna.
M. T. Snyder, Butler st. & Pulaski.
W. Elwood Strunk, Torresdale & Higbee.
S. B. Shingle, 19th & Jefferson.
J. Smart, 2401 Fairmount.
M. F. Snyder, 25th & Brown.
N. D. Streeter, Pulaski & Erie.
E. S. Schneider, 3050 Frankford ave.
Supreme Drug Co., 4034 Germantown ave.
E. T. Spencer, 1433 Arch.
Chas. F. Seltzer, 4401 Frankford ave.
Sublett Drug Store, Frkd. ave. & Oxford.
Jamie Silverman, 3d & Catharine.
O. O. Schaeffer, 19th & Wingohocking.
Stanley Drug Co., 224 Market.
H. B. Shaw, 52d & Parrish.
C. F. Schmickle, 6519 Germantown ave.
A. B. Schmirks, 2758 N. 13th.
Sawyer & Scott, Germantown & Chelten.
I. Shore, Franklin & Berks.
Charles S. Shotz, 42d & Mantua.
Supreme Drug Co., 27th & Reed.
Mortimer Smith, 13th & Montgomery.
I. K. Stauffer, 46th & Sansom.
A. Sagin, 6401 Woodland.
Harry Schoff, 540 Baltimore.
Tremont Pharm., Frankford ave. & Womrath.
Tacony Pharmacy, 3632 Longshore.
Triangle Pharmacy, 21st & Pt. Breeze.
20th Century Drug Co., 20th & McKean.
Louis Trupp, Chelten ave. & Boyer.
A. H. S. Taggart, Morton & Church lane.
I. C. Thrash, Wayne & Logan.
F. L. Trist, Queen lane & Morris.
L. A. Usatt, 2721 Columbia.
Sam. Vigderman, 12th & McKean.
J. H. Wood Co., 126 Market.
W. H. Walters, 15th & Thompson.
Weissman's Drug Store, Gtn. ave. & Venango.
Weissman's Drug Store, 4008 Lancaster.
Weissman's Drug Store, 1120 W. Rockland.
S. Wolgemuth, 51th & Haverford.
B. B. Wildman, 22d & Green.
B. A. Wissler, Mt. Allum & Wakefield.
E. Weinberg, 7th & Morris.
R. J. Wolfe, 4307 Locust.
H. L. Wentley, Louden & Greene.
R. B. Wissler, 7141 Germantown ave.
E. M. Wolfe, 3d & Bainbridge.
E. H. Weber, 2d & Westmoreland.
Jacob Wallfield, Gtn. ave. & Huntingdon.
Harry H. Walton, 659 N. Broad.
Yellin's Pharmacy, 60th & Locust.
E. W. Youngken, 15th & Tioga.
J. P. Zeller, 27th & Oxford.
Harry C. Zeisig, 1500 Harrison.
Charles S. Zimmerman, 2500 N. 33d.
Emanuel M. Zevin, 3d & George.
Antonio Vanato, 7th & Catharine.
Geo. B. Evans, 1636 Chestnut.
Geo. B. Evans, 1106 Chestnut.
Geo. B. Evans, 8th & Market.
Geo. B. Evans, 1221 Market.
Geo. B. Evans, 1912 Market.

JOBBERS
Ashenbach & Miller, 3d & Callowhill.
D. Maurer & Son, 331 N. 8th.
Phila. Wholesale Drug, 645 N. Broad.
Adam Pfromm, 243 N. 2d.
Valentine H. Smith, 2d & Green.
Smith, Kline & French, 429 Arch.
Tripoli Barber's Supply Co., 606 S. 9th.

LEMON
Cold Cream
Cleansing Cream
Massage Cream

LEMON
Cold Cream
Cleansing Cream
Massage Cream