

London Advertiser

Published by THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED, London, Ontario.
TELEPHONE NUMBERS
3670 PRIVATE BRANCH 3670
From 9 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. and holidays
call 75. Business Department; 75. Editors and Reporters; 1174. Composing Room; 1174. Circulation Department.

Sound Municipal Finances.

Oshawa is receiving some rather undesirable notoriety in regard to the way in which the municipality has kept its books.

Government auditors went in there and found that the methods were wrong to such an extent that it had been possible for the place to lose some thousands of dollars, although there is no intimation of any crooked work being done.

While the present publicity may not be very complimentary, it has probably a deeper significance owing to the fact that Oshawa is getting in shape to get down to a better system.

The exposure of a defect, if it is accompanied by a corresponding cure, is not a sign of weakness, but rather of strength.

Not many years ago a city in Western Ontario came across a lot of money all in a heap, and they couldn't imagine where it came from. Thereupon the members of the council decided they would cut the tax rate to the core, and they did.

Some time after it was found that this was the sinking fund for a large amount of drainage that had been done some years before.

There have been a number of municipal blunders in Ontario, enough, in fact, to make finger posts for the right direction. Each succeeding year makes it harder for a civic official to put together a good alibi for out-of-date and inefficient methods.

Real Human Subjects.

Speakers at the Women's Institute meetings, just closed in London, talked about subjects that have to do with the life of the people and the manner of their homes.

Fortunately these women have passed on and no longer deal in questions that neither interest, entertain nor offend.

For instance, here we have the charge—for that is what it amounted to—that in many cases parents were so intent on saving money to retire on, or leave to their children after they had ceased to need it, that they neglected some of the more important "right-now" things.

Young people who desired to marry hesitated because they did not want to go in with the "folks at home" and share the same roof.

The young man was not given a sufficient amount, nor could he claim it, to set up house for himself, so they delayed, and in this way the country was losing some of the best future homes.

And praise be, they laid their hands in sanction on the idea of starting the home in a simple way, and even beamed upon the old idea that it was possible to be happy under such conditions, and from there go on adding as they could to their holdings.

As long as the Women's Institutes talk about real human things they will continue to flourish, and well may they.

When a Man's Champion.

SKEET, the colored heavyweight prize fighter, who recently arose out of nowhere to take over the title of champion of Europe, is not to be allowed to have any of his fights in the United Kingdom.

The authorities there claim that when a white man fights a black man there are many things entering into the contest that it is well to avoid.

In the British Empire there are many black men, and the question of the superiority of black or white in the ring is held to be a dangerous thing—too dangerous to be classed as sport.

Apart altogether from the rights or wrongs of prize-fighting, is a man a real champion when he refuses to meet all comers? It has been a practice, resorted to now and then in the past, when a colored opponent with a big fist loomed up, to take refuge in the color line, and the "too white to fight" attitude.

If a man is a real world champion in the fighting business he ought to be able to stand up on his hind legs and meet any man in the world.

If he wins he is still champion. If he loses then he is the ex-champion.

From East and West.

Uncle Sam might have an excellent chance to turn around now and say that everyone is finding fault with him.

Certain it is, he has some very outspoken critics at home, and a spell at politics serves to whet their appetite for hard words and pungent facts.

By way of example, here's a case of east and west. Away on the west coast the Los Angeles Times tackles Uncle Sam for the amount of money spent on winning the war. A glance at some of the charges given below might at the same time lead to the belief that many of the billions of United States war debt never had any bearing on increasing the efficiency of allied forces at the front. Here are some of the charges from the west:

Was it necessary to spend nearly \$4,000,000,000 to obtain 72 cannon?

Was it necessary to spend \$116,124,000 on nitrate plants which produced no nitrates?

Was it necessary to spend \$1,051,511,000 for airplanes that never

reached the battle front in France?

Was it necessary to spend over \$100,000,000 for docks and terminals at which no ship ever tied up?

Was it necessary to contract for 41,000,000 pairs of shoes for 3,500,000 men?

Was it necessary to buy 945,000 saddles for \$6,000,000 cavalry horses?

Was it necessary to buy five nose-bags for each four-footed animal owned by the government?

Was it necessary to purchase 26 sets of spurs for each officer entitled to use them?

Was it necessary to buy \$21,000,000 worth of ambulance harness for an ambulance service that had been entirely motorized?

These figures will help the public to understand how war profiteers grew rich. The taxpayers of this generation will have to pay them.

Now for the east. The Brooklyn Eagle is quite certain Uncle Sam is playing a very small part in world affairs, and says so like this:

"In the last analysis, Mr. Hughes has done nothing more than voice the common hope that others will do what the United States would like to see done. We would like to see the arduous task kept open, we would like to see the racial and religious minorities in Turkey protected, but we will leave it to Great Britain and the allies to bring this about, and to pay the price, whatever it may be. We will do nothing. We will not attend the proposed peace conference. We will merely sit tight and hope. We will proclaim and wish. This, we submit, is an ignominious position for a great nation to take.

So there you are. If Uncle Sam looks west he gets a blast, and if he stays east he is plainly told of his defects. It may be that he will set his hand to remedying some of them.

Canada's Printers.

The printing and publishing business has come in for some notice from the department of statistics at Ottawa.

There are in the Dominion 1,792 establishments with a product worth in 1920, \$103,411,491. The capital investment is \$76,610,961, and employment is given to 29,336 people.

Newspaper publishing offices are distributed as follows:

Ontario	419
Saskatchewan	147
Alberta	96
Quebec	95
Manitoba	91
British Columbia	76
Nova Scotia	42
New Brunswick	34
Prince Edward	7

Morning papers number 36, while there are 86 evening publications, and five with Sunday editions. The language of publication is English for 912 newspapers, French for 66, German in 5, and 24 representing 12 foreign languages.

Collecting the Debts.

Collecting bad debts is a simple matter for a public utilities commission or a hydro board. If there are arrears or bill that cannot be collected the amount is simply added to the taxes against the property and collected in that way.

It is a great advantage to a publicly-owned institution, and a measure of relief that is not granted to any privately-owned concern.

Supposing, for instance, that all the bad debts of the community could be carted over to the city hall, and there placed as a direct levy in the way of taxes against the property, it would mean that bad debts would be eliminated right there and then, and so would much of the property.

LITTLE TISERS

Change is a very good thing—especially if you have it in your pocket.

Some folks are so cautious that they pass over the line and become scared stiff.

Digging wells is about the only business where you don't have to start at the bottom.

War results summarized—Houen-zoulex married again, and German hasn't paid her war debts.

Do not wipe your shoes with the kitchen towel. You will find a bath towel softer and better for removing mud.

When some men boast about being self-made, you just naturally feel like calling out to the hod-carrier, "More mortar."

One thing wrong with the children of this age is that they are getting too many bad examples from the grown-ups.

Things are on a pretty sound basis after all—that is the sound of the ash-sifter has smothered the sound of the lawn-mower.

Chaps who travel around and carry their lunch in a shoe box are always kicking about the hotel accommodation being rotten.

If you want to know what sort a man is, be around some rent day when the furnace has gone out and the garbage man neglected to call.

What are you going to do when a book agent comes in and says he is anxious to place a certain volume with a few of the leading men in the city?

About the time a publisher starts to throw out a bit and wonder if he can't cut down the price to his readers, the mills send out word of a \$5 boost in newsprint.

Now some person has discovered that extract of lemon has quite a

kick in it, so some folks will be flavoring their mush, bread, tea and scones as well as the pies.

When you see nothing but silk stockings at the windy street corner these cool days, it keeps a person puzzling to know whether it's a husband or pneumonia she's after.

One firm making condensed milk says they make the product from the milk of contented cows. We used to live on a farm, but come to think of it, most of our cows had something to kick about.

A paper in Newfoundland says a sea monster 60 feet long was seen off the coast getting ready to tackle a fishing boat. A man with a real jag on would have had the thing at least 150 feet long.

A man in Winchester, Pa., had a hod of mortar dumped on him, and is suing for damages. If he could arrange for movie rights on such a performance he'd stand a much better chance to get some money out of it.

A Chicago woman is suing for a straight million because someone has been practicing wire-tapping on her husband's affections. It's hard to say whether she thinks a heap of him or whether the tapper is wealthy.

It is quite evident that Socialists have made little progress in United States, if the recent vote is any indication, only one member going to Congress on that ticket. You are either a donkey or an elephant in U. S. politics.

Trotsky's new army is described as being "snappy" and young. And not long ago these same snappy people were throwing their muskets in the ditch and selling their machine guns to the enemy, and declaring they were through with war.

Ottawa Journal has had a reporter out to see if the car-drivers in Ottawa make too much noise with their horns. Bless you, sonny, you ought to be glad of something to break the deadly silence of the place when the House isn't in session.

Of course the announcement is made that a thorough investigation into the mine disaster at Spangler, Pa., where 60 or 70 miners were killed outright, will be made. It's high time some of this investigating was done before the killing takes place.

It's about time some of the churches showed faith in the future of their Sunday schools by building them big enough to hold the children who will attend. There are a number of them right here in London, with basement accommodation that will not hold the children who come there Sunday after Sunday. Some day a band of people, big in faith, will build a place for Sunday school purposes that will seat a thousand or more.

Who is shifting the scenery? Reports from the Arctic say polar bears and seals are too hot up there. European herrings are flocking in that direction. Then England and France are feeling cold because the Gulf Stream has shifted. Likewise does a German scientist say the earthquake last winter jolted the equator and loosened the pole. Now, let's all sit down and quit rocking the boat.

THE RIGHT WORD

By CURTIS NICHOLSON.

The Wrong Word.

1. Jack knows he ought to lay down.
2. We saw him laying there.
3. Having lain in bed until noon, he felt much better.
4. Your hat was laying on the table.
5. The coats will be laying there when you return.
6. And you say they have been laying there for some time.
7. Mary was lying out an excellent plan.
8. Our chickens will be lying well next month.
9. My boy has been lying a floor in the cabin.
10. The doctor ordered his laying still.

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Lie (To Tell a Falsehood).

1. You know he was lying about it.
2. He may lie, but I doubt it.
3. He should not lie to you.
4. But he may have had a really lie.
5. Lying will not help him.

TO THE EDITOR

A STATEMENT.

Editor Advertiser:—For the past six or seven months I have been recording the doings of Herb Wilson, and in every instance which came under my notice, save one, he was spoken of as the ex-Minister of Education, London, Ont. Ministers and ex-ministers are not exempt from temptation, and some have even fallen to a solemn warning to abstain from such conduct. I don't think he was an authorized evangelist under the direction of any church. As he well knows, there was a mission on Richmond street of which Mr. Matheson was director for some time, and I am informed that Wilson did some work for a time under Mr. Matheson, but his mission and evangelistic work did not extend any farther. If the writer is in error in this matter he will be glad to be corrected. I think the church should not be held responsible for Mr. Wilson's misdeeds.

ONE INTERESTED.

Nov. 3, 1922.

WELLS' OUTLINE OF HISTORY.

THE story of priest and king in Egypt is similar to, but by no means parallel, with that of Babylonia. The kings of Sumeria and Assyria were priests who had become kings; they were secularized priests. The Pharaoh of Egypt does not appear to have followed precisely that line. Already in the very oldest records the Pharaoh has a power and importance exceeding that of any priest. He is, in fact, a god, and more than either priest or king. We do not know how he got to that position. No monarch of Sumeria or Babylonia could have induced his subjects to have for him what the great pyramid-building Pharaohs of the IVth Dynasty made their people do in those vast erections.

Three Gods in One.

The earlier Pharaohs were not improbably regarded as incarnations of the dominant god, the father god, Horus sits behind the head of the great statue of Chaphren. So late a monarch as Ramses III. (XIXth Dynasty) is represented upon his sarcophagus (now at Cambridge) bearing the distinctive symbols of the three great gods of the Egyptian system. He carries the two scepters of Osiris, the god of day and resurrection; upon his head are the horns of the cow goddess Hathor, and also the sun ball and feathers of Ammon Ra. He is not merely wearing the symbols of these gods as a devout Babylonian might wear the symbols of Bel-Marduk; he is these three gods in one.

A Dynastic Romance.

The mother of Amenophis IV. was not of the race of Pharaohs; it would seem that his father, Amenophis III., made a love match with a subject, a beautiful Syrian named Ti, and Prof. Maspero finds in the possible opposition to and annoyance of this queen by the priests of Ammon in the beginnings of the quarrel. She may, he thinks, have inspired her son with a fanatical hatred of Ammon Ra. But Amenophis IV. may have had a wider view. Like the Babylonian Nabonidus who lived a thousand years later, he may have had in mind the problem of moral unity in his empire.

We have already noted that Amenophis III. ruled from Ethiopia to the Euphrates, and that the store of letters to himself and his son found at Tel-Amarna show a very wide range of interest and influence. At any rate, Amenophis IV. set himself to close all the Egyptian and Syrian temples, to put an end to all sectarian worship throughout his dominions, and to establish everywhere the worship of one god, Aton, the solar disk. He left his capital, Thebes, which was even more the city of Ammon Ra than later Babylon was the city of Bel-Marduk, and set up his capital at Tel-Amarna; he altered his name from "Amenophis" which consecrated him to Ammon (Amen) to "Akhenaton," the son of Glory; and he held his own against all the priest-hoods of his empire for eighteen years and died a Pharaoh.

Opinions upon Amenophis IV., or Akhenaton, differ very widely. There are those who regard him as the creature of his mother's hatred of Ammon and the uxorious spouse of a beautiful wife. Certainly he loved his wife very passionately; he showed her great honor—Egypt honored women, and was ruled at different times by several queens—and he was sculptured in one instance with his wife seated upon his knees, and in another in the act of kissing her in a chariot; but men who live under the sway of their womanhood do not sustain great empires in the face of the bitter hostility of the most influential organized bodies in their realm.

Others write of him as a "gloomy fanatic." Matrimonial bliss is rare in the cases of gloomy fanatics. It is much more reasonable to regard him as the Pharaoh who refused to be a god. It is not simply his religious policy and his frank display of natural affection that seem to mark a strong and very original personality. His aesthetic ideas were his own. He refused to let his portrait be sculptured in the customary smooth beauty of the Pharaoh god, and his face looks out at us across an interval of thirty-four centuries, a man amidst ranks of divine insipidity.

A reign of eighteen years was not long enough for the revolution he contemplated, and his son-in-law who succeeded him went back to Thebes and made his peace with Ammon Ra.

To the very end of the story the divinity of kings haunted the Egyptian mind, and infected the thoughts of others races. When Alexander the Great reached Babylon, the prestige of Bel-Marduk was already far gone in decay, but in Egypt, Ammon Ra was still good enough to make a snob of the conquering Grecian.

An Animated Idol.

The priests of Ammon Ra, about the time of the XVIIIth or XIXth dynasty (circa 1400 B.C.), had set up in an oasis of the desert a temple and oracle. Here was the voice of the god which could speak, move its head and accept or reject requests of inquiry. This oracle was still flourishing in 332 B.C.

The young master of the world, it is related, made a special journey to visit it; he came into the sanctuary, and the image advanced out of the darkness at the back to meet him. There was an impressive exchange of salutations. Some such formula as this must have been used (says Prof. Maspero): "one, son of my loins, who loves me so that I give thee the royalty of Ra and the royalty of Horus! I give thee valiance. I give thee to hold all countries and all religions under thy feet; I give thee to strike all the peoples united together with thy arm."

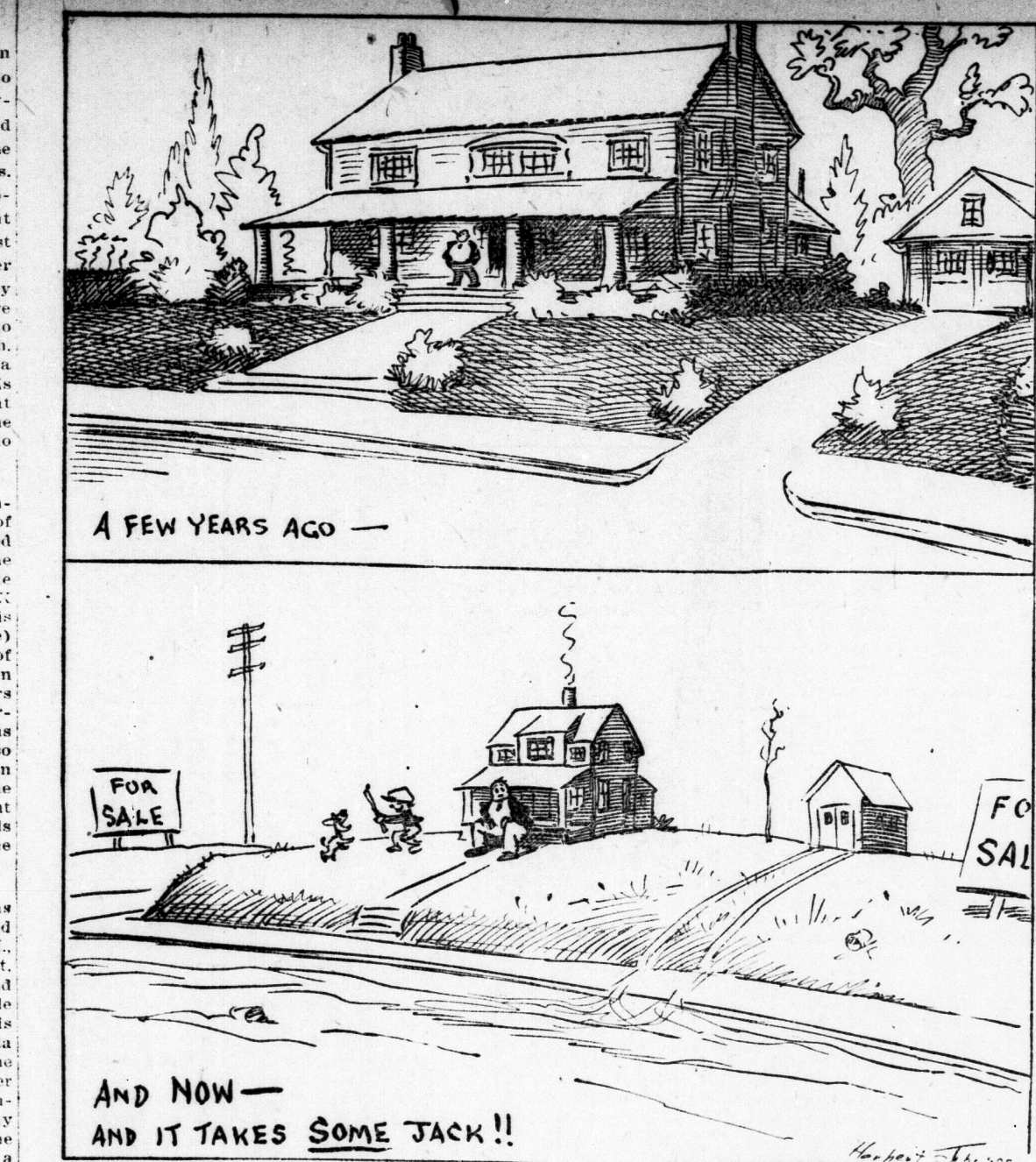
So it was that the priests of Egypt conquered their conqueror, and an Aryan monarch first became a god.

Stamping Out Tradition.

The priest and king in the chow dynasty, was sinking into a state of great disorder. Each province clung to its separate nationality and traditions and the Huns spread from province to province.

The King of Ts'in (who lived about eighty years after Alexander the Great) impressed by the mischief tradition was doing in the land, resolved to destroy the entire Chinese literature, and his son, Shi Hwang-ti, the "first universal emperor," made a strenuous attempt to seek out and

WHEN MILK WAS 5c, AND BUTTER 18c.



The Spotlight

LAST POST HAIR.

A CASE wherein London leads Toronto, and modesty is the master of zeal. The Last Post Fund is a patriotic consolation for old soldiers who have left life in the same condition with which they entered it—having brought nothing into the world they are helpless to bury themselves when the Reaper calls. Mr. Hair is the father and the apostle of the fund. Though he is an old soldier, the fund is in no sense the offspring of a soldiers' organization. It is a charitable institution. It is a recognition of the duty of self-respect which the community owes to itself—the self-respect of feeling that men who have hazarded their lives for its preservation shall not lie in unhonored graves. Until this year the work of the fund was primarily a Quebec undertaking, but the wisdom of a government with a heart in its bosom has made it possible to extend its aid to the Canadian provinces. Before long the Last Post Fund should be a feature of the life of every Canadian.

London leads Toronto, because the London Military District, of the specially called Number 1, has organized its segment of the fund. The headquarters of District Number 1 are in the City of London, and the headquarters of the fund are in the City of London. The fund is a patriotic undertaking, and the wisdom of a government with a heart in its bosom has made it possible to extend its aid to the Canadian provinces. Before long the Last Post Fund should be a feature of the life of every Canadian.

Mr. Hair has lived in Montreal since 1902. He first came to Canada from his native London as a boy in 1866. Having military blood in him, he joined the army at Quebec as a trumpeter. Under the Canadian flag he established at he transferred into the imperial forces, became a gunner of the Royal Horse Artillery, saw service in India, and in the South African war, in which he was on most active duty from Buller's Natal campaign to a dozen weeks before the end, when he was invalided to Canada. His malady then being described as nervous disability, though now it would most likely be listed as shell shock, which was as little known to the South African military age as appendicitis was to our grandfathers' doctors. A pension of thirty-five cents a day is the recognition of an imperial state of its obligations to a tall, blank, quiet citizen who detests himself as much as he abhors ingratitude, but who confesses to being real proud of his South African medal with seven clasps.

THIRTEEN years ago Hair was an official in the General Hospital, Montreal. One night the police left an unconscious man at the hospital with the curt remark, "Drunk." A doctor agreed with the police, and orderlies removed him, under Hair's direction, to the place where such cases were allowed to dissipate their torpor. Hair saw in literary class was detached from the priestly class at an early date. It became a fundamental body serving the local kings and rulers. That is the basic difference between the history of China and western history. While Alexander was overrunning western Asia, China, under the last priest emperors of the chow dynasty, was sinking into a state of great disorder. Each province clung to its separate nationality and traditions and the Huns spread from province to province.

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Nervous Nations

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

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ONE of the surest signs of nervousness in an individual is a growing irritability.

For little reason, or no reason at all, the nervous individual loses control of his temper. Let his desires be crossed in any way, he flares up in a rage. Also he is inclined to see grievances where no grievances exist. This singular irritability and suspiciousness is equally a sign of nervousness in nations.

When you find a nation, through its various mediums of public utterance, weighing continually against other nations, when you find it forever lamenting that other nations are intriguing against it, and when you find it on a plea of self-defence urging policies calculated to embroil it with other nations, you may rest assured that nation is in a highly nervous state.

So, too, it is a sign of national nervousness when a nation, accounting its rights as sacred, within its borders any widespread occurrence of brutalities and outrages characteristic of the unrestrained lust and violence of savage man.

Nervous individuals, as every medical psychologist is aware, often show a distinct tendency to revert to the cave man's mode of thinking and doing. This is a result of loss of control, permitting the emergence of instincts and impulses inherited from remote forebears, but ordinarily held in check.

And, it is noteworthy, the swing-back may be, not to brutalities, but to primitive standards of judgment. Two placid, reasonable, literary values, aesthetic ideals, etc., I am reminded in this connection of Stewart Paton's comment on futurist art.

"The ultra-moderns are really primitives. This is brought out if we compare the idols and images of these modern races with the compositions of the futurist school of sculptors or painters.

"That the artist who produces these things is often a sane, sensible, and after this fact, the dark sub-cell abode at once of simplicity and deformities exists in all of us."

And, it is noteworthy, the swing-back may be, not to brutalities, but to primitive standards of judgment. Two placid, reasonable, literary values, aesthetic ideals, etc., I am reminded in this connection of Stewart Paton's comment on futurist art.

For just as nervousness may bring indescribable suffering to individuals, so may it bring dire disaster to nations. A fact which history has stressed for us again and again—not least in the recent downfall of Germany.

Our Own Country.

RIVER CANARD.

What is the River Canard, and where is it? The River Canard is a small stream midway between Windsor and Amherstburg, flowing into the Detroit River. A tablet on the shore gives its history: "This marks the place of several engagements between British and United States troops in defense of the River Canard bridge, where the first blood was shed during the War of 1812-14, on July 24, 1812."

ISLE ROYALE.

Q. Where is Isle Royale? A. Isle Royale is in Lake Superior, near Port Arthur, and belongs to Canada. It was for years one of the richest silver mines on the continent, and mining was always done there. There are evidences that it was mined a thousand years ago.

The Evening Story

SHINING THROUGH.

(Copyright, 1922, by W. Werner.)

It was a dreary day in November and Sara Hughes felt that she would be a good press agent for gloom. She peered disconsolately from the window and wondered why the glass was so clouded when yesterday had been so freshly polished. For that matter everything in the little living-room had been polished, the walls, the floor, the furniture, the glass, and the film of blue covered it all. She looked out again. The Colby house across the street sparkled from top to bottom. The fine autumn rain only gave a sheen to the white paint; the windows were like jewels with the fire light gleaming through making points of beauty through every one. And yet Mrs. Colby had not washed those windows lately. In fact, she was to Sara's mind, a housekeeper. Careless, with no system. She even left the week's cleaning for a week-end when she was not at home. With her big, good-natured husband, Sara failed to understand it. Her husband, Billy Hughes, never asked her to play golf or anything else. Not now. He had, once or twice, when they were first married, but that was three years ago and she had never made him see that she had no time for frivolity. So he played alone or not at all.

Even today, their wedding anniversary, he had telephoned from the office that he could not be home for dinner and Sara's eyes filled as she thought that undoubtedly he had not remembered the date at all. And it was so lonely. Life was too. Marriage had not been easy to talk of then, with Billy's whims about her, and reality so far away.

Others, Belle Benedict, for example, made Saturday nights spent in silly playing about with her husband. Sara sniffed. Belle's house looked like every day was a holiday. Then a twinge came—Belle was never left alone, anniversaries or not. Tom Benedict lavished a wealth of foolish love on his wife, and she spent her hours in a cloak of adoration.

Sara's eyes filled again so that she did not see the Colbys and their demonstrative greeting. Her husband, Sara sniffed. Belle's house looked like every day was a holiday. Then a twinge came—Belle was never left alone, anniversaries or not. Tom Benedict lavished a wealth of foolish love on his wife, and she spent her hours in a cloak of adoration.

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