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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, September 24.

THE TEUTONIC REPLIES.

GERMANY and Austria are united in hoping that success may attend the pope's efforts to bring about peace, and the sooner this success is attained the better pleased they will be. There is no need to doubt their sincerity; both Kaiser William and Emperor Charles desire peace; in fact, they are beginning to abhor this war, seeing in it the end of all their schemes if fought to a definite conclusion.

The reply of the Austrian emperor will meet with more sympathy than that of Wilhelm. The former inherited this war from his predecessor, and there have been indications that he would be delighted to "crawl from under" if he could see any way of doing so without courting Germany's immediate enmity. There are strong suspicions, indeed, that he had something to do with inspiring the pope's proposals with this end in view.

That Emperor Charles cannot be in sympathy with Prussian aims and policies is proved by his note, if its sincerity can be accepted. He says; "With deep-rooted conviction we agree to the leading idea of your holiness that the future arrangement of the world must be based on the elimination of armed forces and on the moral force of right and on the rule of international justice and legality."

It is only a short time since the kaiser refused to consider the British plan for limitation of armament, and he has never ceased to ignore the moral force of right and international justice and legality. "There is no longer any international law," he remarks to Ambassador Gerard, and the submarine warfare, the shelling of hospitals, the vile treatment of prisoners following the invasion of Belgium prove he speaks from the heart. With him there is no law but that of might.

Internal conditions in Austria-Hungary urge the emperor to make peace if he can do so without paying too heavy a price for the past. Hunger and disease have preyed upon the people, who have begun to sense Prussian selfishness and carelessness for the affairs of allies. It is reported that Prussian officers are subject to insult in the streets of Vienna and Budapest. Altogether Charles' reply may be credited with some measure of sincerity.

As to Wilhelm's reply, the second paragraph condemns it as hypocritical and insincere. "His majesty has been following for a considerable time, with high respect and sincere gratitude, his holiness' efforts in a spirit of true impartiality to alleviate, as far as possible, the sufferings of the war." This from the creature who has deliberately inflicted every conceivable suffering upon his enemies' women and children in addition to those which war inevitably brings! This from the monster who permits the starvation, the beating, the infection with disease and the murder of prisoners, who had already undergone all the horrors of facing the fiendish cruelties invented by the Germans for use in battle!

No doubt such a peace as that proposed by the pope would "benefit the entire world" in the kaiser's eyes, since Germany is his world and the only people worth considering are the autocrats of Prussia. This peace would give him time and opportunity to rebuild his autocracy, now tottering for its fall, and to prepare for another and more terrible war of conquest. His reply is just the slimy, oily, utterance which might be expected from one who considers his promises as mere scraps of paper to be destroyed when their usefulness to him has ended.

FOOD CONTROL.

MANY OF THOSE who are signing the pledge to do what Mr. Hanna tells them make, doubtless, mental reservations of one kind or another. There is a strong feeling that food prices should be fixed or limited, especially in the case of substitutes for wheat and beef. People are saying to themselves that they will be loyal to Mr. Hanna and expect him to be loyal to them.

His record and that of the Government which employs him is not, in connection with "big interests," prepossessing. The alarm is becoming quite general, irrespective of parties, that the men in power at Ottawa are puppets in the hands of the profiteers, or are even themselves participating in the exploitation of the public. We heard of limits being set to cold storage of eggs and butter, and then the subject was dropped. It was said that apple prices would be regulated, but a day or two later it was announced that this "would not be necessary." What does Mr. Hanna think is necessary, a smiling self-starvation? What we want from him is not merely appeal, but information definite and detailed about many things.

For instance, how long is he going to allow liquor manufacture to waste food grains in this country? How much wheat bread ought to be used by each person? In Great Britain it is 4 pounds of bread per person per week, a pretty liberal allowance. Some people never eat that much in ordinary times. How about pastry and cakes, which use up the finest white flour? Is it better to mix oats with wheat flour for bread as suggested, or to eat oatmeal porridge at breakfast and wheat bread at other meals? Is it not waste (such as, e.g., feeding wheat or even bread to poultry, which is punishable by fine in England), that is rather to be cut out than legitimate consumption to be reduced? And so on.

While everyone with any head and heart will be eager to scrimp for the men in the fighting lines and the wounded in hospital, not everyone will feel quite satisfied to deny himself for the vast beer-drinking population in the British Isles, least of all for those rebels among the Irish who return Sinn Fein candidates by overwhelming majorities and endeavor to embarrass our cause by getting in touch with Russian anarchists of the Lenine type. Let the British civilians eat instead of drinking their barley, rye and oats, let them close up their booze "industry," or send them cornmeal instead of wheat and flour. As for the Sinn Feiners, potatoes are wholesome and sustaining food.

Finally, another petulant thought in many minds must be a general disapproval of luxury for one, while another suffers. The labor conference is quite right in demanding a proper conscription of wealth if there is to be a conscription of men. Similarly everyone will be much happier in enduring a limitation of food if he sees wealth also taken in hand and made to "feel the war." The war should be paid for as far as possible out of current revenue. They are doing wonders in this way in Great Britain, and here also the profiteers should be made to disgorge and fat rolls thinned in order that the amount borrowed and added to the national debt of Canada may be as restricted as possible. Misery loves company. When the poor see the rich pocket also pinched by sacrifice, as in Great Britain, all will be contented to do their bit unto the end.

Thoughts like these are inevitable to the most patriotic. The women of Canada are responding to Mr. Hanna's appeal, and at the same time they have also expectations of him that he will do well to respect, and without more delay than necessary.

AS SEEN IN 1888.

AN AMERICAN paper has reprinted a sketch of Kaiser Wilhelm, written in 1888 by the journalist, Harold Frederic. Like the rest of the world at that time, Mr. Frederic had grave suspicion as to the young heir-apparent's coming conduct of the high office of German warlord. Later on the suspicions of most were lulled to rest by decade after decade of peace, however armed, but around 1890 the world was anxious.

There were good reasons for anxiety. Mr. Frederic described the coming emperor as like "a sleuth-hound, under whose smooth, delicately soft coat lie the muscles of steel, and in whose mouth—sinister legacy of nature—is the inherent taste of human blood." He referred to "the malignant tales which have been told of William's inner nature by those who knew it best." English women, particularly, "who have had to do with the bringing up of Prince William hold him in horror and detestation. Their view is that he is utterly cold, entirely selfish, wantonly cruel; a young man without conscience or compassion, or any softening virtues whatever. That he has great abilities they all admit, but heart he has none, upon their reckoning."

Is it any wonder, then, that the typical Germans cheer this kaiser to the echo? He is flesh of their flesh. It has been said that his ferocity grew tamer in 25 years of only threats of war. But the father trained up his son as purebred bloodhound as himself, and the German people largely have been bred truer and truer to this Prussian type. Ruthlessness and spoliation have been exalted into the creed of kaiser, son and people. Not peace at any price, but victory by any means is the god whom the kaiser persistently invokes, like the priests who called on Baal.

Mr. Frederic prophesied in 1888 that the minute the new kaiser should give the signal to rise and follow him to war, "a practically united Germany, every young man from Thorn to Coblenz would burn to ride with him for conquest and glory." For "the lesson taught by Prussia's success is an object-lesson in blood and iron which has not been lost on any German mind." How truly the clever English journalist sized up the kaiser and his people has been proved in the last three years.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Single tax pronounced a failure in Alberta. Another knock for Henry James.

Costa Rica beat Argentina in joining the forces of democracy and freedom. They're all coming.

M. Tcheremisoff is chief of staff of the Russian armies at the time of writing, but ye know not the minute when someone else will hold the post.

Bulgars are appealing to Germany and Austria for help, and these latter are appealing to Bulgaria. There does not seem to be much chance for any of them.

There is no refuting the statement that Hon. W. J. Hanna has done nothing to reduce prices. So far he has contented himself with appeals to consumers to economize. How about giving some attention nearer the source and making economy slightly easier?

Prof. Rand says the United States should send abroad 2,000,000 men to beat Germany. Just give her time and she may send more than that. Of course the more quickly they reach the front, after sufficient training has been given, the more effective they will be.

Since the Dominion Trades Congress has so much fault to find with the Borden Government's refusal to give any consideration to labor, why did it welcome the premier so enthusiastically at the convention? It would have been better to show him the real feeling.

If it is a fact that the pope felt annoyed and rather insulted because the United States' reply to his peace proposals was signed by Secretary Lansing and not by President Wilson, how will he feel about the German reply, not signed by the kaiser, and addressed to "Herr Cardinal" instead of to the pope?

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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A FORTNIGHT OF PHILLIPPA.

By Susan Sanford.

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"If you don't like the company I keep—the door is not locked," Anne said defiantly.

Hayden swore inwardly. "It will not need to be locked—against me, Miss Burton; I bid you good evening," he said, rising, hands stiffly at his sides. With a ceremonious bow he walked steadily toward the door. It burst open when he was two feet from it, thrusting him back into the room. As he straightened he saw fronting him a wild-rose face, with star eyes, blue as the sky, now full of innocent concern, with red lips that cried, "Oh, have I hurt you? I am so sorry—it was very heedless of me."

"Don't cry, Phil—Mr. Hayden was just leaving—else I should present him," Anne said, with a smile of soft malice. Hayden stared. So this was Phillippa Sands, of whom he had heard such tales. An audacious flirt, even hinted at as co-respondent in a pending divorce, he had felt more than justified in begging Anne to have done with her—Anne, who was like a sister to him, only dearer.

"I believe in omens," he said, facing about. "Therefore—I shall not go—unless you insist on it." His eyes asked for mercy. Anne was loath to grant it; it hurt dreadfully to have him say such things of Phil—Phil, whom she knew in her own heart to be as clean and honest as daylight, yet unhappily dowered with a charm she was too innocent to comprehend. Men felt it—whether or no. Phil was specially deadly to the married, through being so refreshingly unlike the average matron, at the same time so full of childlike appeal.

"Stay—if your 'pressing business' can wait," Anne said, as ungraciously as hospitality permitted. Phil opened her blue eyes wider than ever. She felt the spiritual tension. Had Anne quarreled with this big masterful sweetheart? He must be her sweetheart, since there was no one else—Phil could not conceive her dear Anne unsought. She greeted him prettily, talked smilingly for ten minutes, then caught up a book and ran away, saying over her shoulder, "I came to get it—wouldn't sleep a wink tonight if I did not find out just how the end came. I know, of course, she is going to get him—after hating him half way through—but I don't know now."

"May I apologize?" Hayden asked as her footsteps grew faint outside. Anne looked at him steadily.

"Why?" she asked. "Phil is—just the same. I told you she had been shamefully lied about. You stood in awe of Mrs. Grundy until you saw her."

"Are you jealous like those others?" Hayden hazarded. Anne laughed scornfully.

"I don't know how to be," she said. "Not of anybody. Least of all Phillippa. You saw how I resented your slurs. Still, I am a little curious."

"As to what?" said Hayden.

"Why, beauty excuses," said Anne, with a dry chuckle. Hayden flushed.

"It may reasonably excuse," he said. "And that with nothing ulterior. The sight of anything so charming makes one who knows life understand the instinctive jealousy it makes in the undowered. Phillippa, a born worker of charms, is also, and innocently, a born trouble-maker. Knowing that, I am glad to find you big enough and brave enough to stand by her."

It was handsomely said. Coming from Hayden it meant everything. Anne smiled at him, but could not help saying, "You wouldn't trust me to judge for myself."

Hayden reached for her hand, pressed it between both his own and answered: "I think it was because I don't care to have you do anything for yourself. I'm so much bigger and uglier and rougher. I like to fend for us both. What do you say?"

"Nothing—until you've had a fortnight of Phillippa," Anne bubbled, her eyes dancing. "If it leaves you constant then I shall never have misgivings. That is, of course, supposing I make up my mind to say 'Yes.'"

"We will tell her, of course," Hayden said with decision.

Anne shook her head. "Nothing to tell—yet," she said. "Besides, that wouldn't be fair. You both are so human you could hardly resist forbidden fruit."

In the last day of the fortnight Hayden walked with Phillippa through an enchanted October world. It seemed to him typical of his state—life had taken on suddenly, miraculously, all the glow and color of it. Why, he did not ask. He had been constantly with the two women—as constantly he had told himself he would keep faith. Phillippa was a bird of paradise, and like the fabled bird she could not touch earth. Anne meant all the dear, homely activities, essential to a flash-and-blood man.

"I am so glad it is like this—our last day!" breathed Phillippa, standing bareheaded beneath a golden maple, upon a grassy hillside, snuffing gratefully the winy air from lower-lying vineyards and orchards. "Rain would have been tragic," she went on. "It always is—when you must bury something precious."

Hayden trembled violently. She faced him, looking him full in the eyes. "Forgive yourself for loving me," she said clearly. "You never meant to do it—no more than I did—it came—all in a flash——"

"Yes!" Hayden assented bowing his head. "But why talk of forgiving myself? If you love me—we can defy the whole world."

"Except Anne," Phillippa said softly. "And—my conscience. Don't laugh—I have one. Could I ever be happy, knowing she sat in shadow?"

"She would not sit there—she is too fine, too strong. Besides, she left me free of her own choice," Hayden protested doggedly. "That proves her wisdom——"

"It shall not prove my treachery," Phillippa interrupted. "So it is good-bye for always. I'm going early tomorrow. I shall never come back."

Hayden entreated, argued—she was firm. All his balancings and casuitry fell from him. Now at the pinch he knew it was Phillippa. Phillippa alone, who was his spiritual complement. He might have been happy enough with Anne but for his bird of paradise. He tried to take her hand—she eluded him, and ran down the slope, never stopping till they came to the back gate of the garden. An adorable old garden, full of riotous autumn bloom. Anne had reason for showing it to visitors. They heard voices. Hayden was for going away, but Phillippa flung open the gate, darted through it, and rushed upon her friend, crying: "Don't you dare cut roses for anybody, sister Anne—remember, I want all of them when I go."

"You are not going," Anne said, snuggling Phil in the hollow of her arm. "Instead you will stay—for my wedding. Yes—I am going to marry your uncle Mark," nodding at a man of middle age, who stood smiling a little way off. "Don't cry because we kept our secret—you'll have time enough to worry over it the rest of your life."

"I am—so—happy—I—can't—" Phil began. Hayden, behind her, looked at Anne and smiled: "I think we had better make it a double wedding," he said. Anne gave him a pitying glance. "I had no thought of anything else," she said; "I told Mark about everything an hour ago."

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

The Detroit Free Press man has picked out the Borden Government to win the elections, but he should not bet more than a jitney's worth of cigars on his size-up. If he goes very strong he will be carrying the hod next spring.

* * *

Bill Hanna has been dealing with the fish question with rare success—he has made suckers out of the public.

* * *

Rev. "Bob" Pearson, an old pal of our college days, has been elected a member of the Alberta Legislature by the soldier boys at the front. Bob was the regular kind of a preacher person a gent that packed a punch, was a regular human in every sense of the term, and a healthy normal soul. As a football player, Bob was there every minute, and a rough and ready mixer when some of the rough boys started anything. Bob would never be a professor of theology, not for a minute but when it came to getting boys and men to believe in the thing that Bob had, he had a theologian backed off the map. Bob was the right kind. Congrats, Bob.

* * *

Count von Bumstuff wanted to buy the American Congress for $50,000. Must tickle the Yanks to death to discover that the Count held them so cheaply. Fine person was Bumstuff.

* * *

It looks as if every prominent person in Sweden should be decorated with the Order of the Goat. Easy.

* * *

The Germans are howling mad at Count Luxburg, not that he was abusing the good graces of Sweden, but because he was such a poor mechanic that he could not get away with it.

* * *

Gertrude Atherton says that busy old maids in the United States are opposing the war. They hate to see even their mathematical chances of matrimony shot up.

* * *

A New York man named Kaiser has asked the courts to change his name to King. Wilhelm will shortly change his name to Mud.

* * *

The Crown Prince of Germany may be interesting as an American has said, but so is a trained flea.

* * *

Sir Robert Borden makes promises of women's suffrage after the war. The girls must be making it hot for him.

* * *

The world series will be on shortly, and we will have something to talk about with some fellahs.

* * *

Some folks are talking of "sneering power." It has been a product of German publicity agents for quite a spell, but its power will not last.

* * *

The mufflers must have been put on the Jazz music of the I. W. W. Hooray.

* * *

Let's go. The nuts are getting ripe. Always the open season.

CANADA FAIR.

I walked one night upon a lonely road,
The red sun sinking slowly in the west,
A blaze of crimson glory shining on
The glassy river, mirrored still below
With weeping willows drooping o'er the marge.
And as I walked the tiny pebbles clashed
All dry and hard beneath my careless feet.
I found a trail that led me on and on,
Down from the summit of a crested hill,
A narrow trail perchance by red men made,
In days of early glory long gone by,
When wild deer bounded through the thicket green,
And hunters' huts of hides and bark were found.
The goldenrod its plumes of precious worth
Flaunted o'er greensward fit for fairy feet,
And purple asters in the gloom stood proud
To fling a challenge to the passer-by.
The glow-worm lighted with his tiny lamp
Each darkling thicket till the moon uprose
To take the task the glow-worm had begun,
And pour her golden beams upon the earth,
To burnish the dark stream with silver bright.
In such a way I walked, and pondered why
That poets sing of other lands more gay,
When all this beauty lies before their view,
And matched with Canada, no land is fair.

Mary Kilbourne.

EIGHT CANADIANS KILLED IN ACTION, 12 DIE OF WOUNDS

Many Others Are Reported Wounded and Gassed.

OTTAWA, Sept. 23.—In a casualty list of 155 names issued Saturday night eight Canadian soldiers are reported killed in action, twelve died of wounds, three died, two reported dead through German sources, one missing, one repatriated prisoner of war, and the balance wounded, gassed or missing. The list follows:

Infantry.

Killed in Action—748992 F. B. Bennett, Lenoxville, Que.; 174815 W. J. Brown, Toronto; 739580 J. Prescott, Oneida, Ont.; 291725 P. D. Lacroix, Isles-des-Chenes, Man.; 888208 W. H. Greenwood, Melfort, Sask.; 644564 E. Beauchamp, Penetanguishene, Ont; 267434 A. Green, Edmore, Sask.

Died of Wounds.—636193 C. Milligan, Trenton, Ont.; 633101 C. Blanchard, Summerstown, Ont.; 1000223 J. McMillan, Dauphin, Man.; 693107 J. F. Williamson, Winnipeg; 264247 W. M. Johnson, Lansing, Mich.; 865923 A. E. Davis, Brandon, Man.; 25119 J. A. Bennett, Valcartier; 405484 L. D. Harkness, Toronto; 826936 H. W. Hughes, Victoria, B. C.; 919546 R. A. Peek, Point St. Charles, Montreal.

Reported Died Through German Sources—745503 C. D. Woodman, Toronto; 70745 G. E. Matheios, Winnipeg.

Missing—745173 G. A. Sedore, Ravenshoe, Ont.

Prisoner of War, Repatriated—444051 C. J. Steen, Methuen, Mass.

Wounded—871618 A. Forsyth, Winnipeg; 865198 R. Doherty, Griswold, Man.; 150017 R. Adam, Winnipeg; 135291 R. McLennan, Toronto; 727278 V. R. McElroy, Stratford, Ont.; 654612 W. Leppington, Clinton, Ont.; 449072 W. Blount, Montreal; 488812 G. McNeil, Halifax; 712588 P. McPhee, Bayfield, P. E. I.; 841088 J. J. F. Graham, Montreal; 47882 W. Lines, Barrie, Ont.; 700847 T. Laird, Winnipeg; 457455 E. B. Rogers, Verdun, P. Q.; 860081 H. Robinson, Myrtle, Man.; 125325 F. M. Robinson, Ingersoll, Ont; 736264 M. Benson, Lethbridge; 110255 T. Hughes, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; 213551 J. Bent, Windsor, Ont.; 646293 W. Terry, Vancouver; 472991 H. Chambers, Asquith, Sask.; 231610 W. H. Hanna, Erskine, Alb.; 622192 H. L. Silcox, Winnipeg; 401796 G. W. Robinson, Windsor, Ont.; 410611 J. R. Sager, Midland, Ont.; 2193342 J. A. Klump, Regina; 712303 M. McDonald, Lyndale, P. E. I.; 491574 I. Saranick, Montreal.

FORCES OF CADORNA SCORE ADVANCES ON JULIAN BATTLE FRONT

Explosion of Mine Effects Capture of Positions.

ROME, Sept. 23.—General Cadorna's forces made progress last night at several points on the Julian battle-front. In the Bainsizza Plateau the Austrians, after a violent artillery preparation, repeatedly attacked the Italian positions in the region of Kal and west of Volnik, but were repulsed. The text of the statement follows:

"In the Marmolada region, on the night of September 21-22, by exploding a mine which we had prepared after long tunneling work, our parties were enabled to penetrate two advanced positions of the enemy and then establish themselves. On the Bainsizza plateau violent concentration of fire and repeated attacks carried out by the enemy against our positions in the Kal region and west of Volnik had no results.

Gain New Observation.

"In the neighborhood of Roccogliano and Selo we advanced our line of observation, thus rectifying it in our favor.

"In the Carso yesterday the opposing artillery was more active than usual.

"Last night one of our airships, navigating in unfavorable atmospheric conditions, returned to the Chiapovano valley and renewed its effective bombardment of the enemy encampment."

The official communication issued on Saturday concerning Friday's operations follows:

Intense Artillery Duels.

"Along the whole front there were brisk artillery duels, more intense in the upper Cordevole valley, in the region of Bainsizza plateau and the Selo sector in the Carso. In a patrol action northeast of Gorizia some prisoners were taken.

"Three of our airships last night attacked enemy encampments in the Chiapovano valley, the station and hutments at Grahove and railway works northeast of Prosecco. The operation, rendered very difficult by a sudden adverse change in the meteorological conditions and by the enemy's most intense and well directed fire, was brilliantly executed and the objectives were bombarded with four tons of high explosive bombs."

GENERAL DOUCKONINE IS CHIEF OF STAFF OF RUSS WAR OFFICE

PETEROGRAD, Sept. 23.—I. N. Yefremoff has ben appointed Russian minister to Switzerland.

Gen. Douckonine, chief of staff to the commander on the western front, has been appointed chief of staff to the commander-in-chief of the Russian armies.

TractionCompany

Winter service in effect Sunday, September 24.

Fares from London as follows:

To St. Thomas, single 25c; return, 40c.

To Port Stanley, single, 35c; return, 50c.

Return tickets good 30 days. Book tickets at lower rates.

LONDON AND PORT STANLEY RAILWAY

Timetable Effective September 20.

TO ST. THOMAS—†5:20, †*6:20, 7:20, *8:20, 9:20, *10:20, 11:20 a.m., 12:20, *1:20, 2:20, *3:20, 4:20, *5:20, 6:20, *7:20, 8:20, 9:20, *10:20, †11:20 p.m.

TO PORT STANLEY—†*6:20, *8:20, *10:20 a.m., *1:20, *3:20, *5:20, *7:20, *10:20 p.m.

†Daily except Sunday.

*Limited trains, London to St. Thomas.

"How Many of our Men are Liable to be Drafted?"

The Canadian business man is asking this question often, now that the Military Service Act is the law of Canada. A simple means of answering it at once is being provided.

Medical Boards are in process of formation throughout the country for the free physical examination of all men who apply. The first class liable to call includes all single men and widowers without children between the ages of 20 and 34 inclusive, all men married after July 6, 1917, being classed as single for the purposes of the Act. In a very short time, the average employer may learn how many of his staff are liable for selection. Those adjudged physically unfit will be given a certificate which will secure them exemption from any Exemption Tribunal. Those found physically fit may still apply for exemption on any ground. The employer will be given a chance to decide if he should seek exemption for any employee whose physical condition renders him liable for selection.

This early medical examination, which quickly decides if a man is liable for selection or not, is a feature of the operation of the Military Service Act calculated to appeal strongly to the business community. It assists in definite planning for the future, enabling an employer of labor to learn at once what men will be left at their work and those who may be removed for military service. Haphazard withdrawals, the nightmare of business men of method and precision, are insured against by this timely arrangement.

Every employer of labor will find it to his advantage to note carefully the formation of Medical Boards in his locality and to be sure that his employees secure as early as possible this very important information as to their status under the Military Service Act.

Issued by
The Military Service Council.

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Sept.29

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