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London, Ont., Saturday, Aug. 31.

HINDENBURG LINE OCTOBER 1.

THE SMASHING success of Marshal Foch in the west, it is believed in Paris, will place the Allies in possession of the Hindenburg line by October 1. It seems almost too good to be true, but Frank H. Simonds, the celebrated war correspondent, says: "There is no mistaking the fact that the whole German resistance at critical points shows signs of cracking." The German is being "defeated heavily and continuously." Further "Ludendorff's situation is not desperate, but it is becoming exceedingly perilous." His defeats "increased the depression and pessimism of his army, and increased the sense of superiority felt by his foes."

He closes his letter with this hopeful sentence: "The present hour is the best since the war began for the Allied cause; it holds out great present possibilities, it insures ultimate military decision over the enemy, absolute and unqualified."

There can be no doubt of the success of the cause of Britain, France and America if we "keep our feet solidly on the ground," as he advises. The time to make peace with Germany is not when she offers German terms, but when she accepts the terms of united Britain, France, Italy and America. These terms were defined by PremierAsquith in the early days of the war in his celebrated speech commencing: "We shall not sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium is avenged, and more than avenged," etc. That speech has not been excelled since it was delivered, nor has there been any reason to change it. Belgium will soon see its avenging angel, the first sign of a true peace in the world.

BRITAIN, THE TYRANT'S BANE.

WORLD DOMINATION is an ambition that has tempted monarchs to acts of frenzied conquest age after age. In the sixteenth, seventeenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries some European despot has turned his reign into a period of unbearable tyranny, in an effort to divert the energies of his country into the paths of military glory, political fame and industrial prosperity. What part have the British played to overcome these attempts at domination?

About 1576 we see Spain ready to assume leadership of European power when Philip the Second sent a force of Spanish troops to quell an Irish disturbance and at the same time interfered in the Netherlands. Expelled from Ireland at a single blow, the Spaniards were routed in the Netherlands by English troops, after Elizabeth had been appealed to for assistance. Irritated by this timely action of England, and roused by the damage done to Spanish trade in the West Indies by the fleet of Francis Drake, Philip used the pretext of the death of Mary of Scotland to put forward his claim to the throne of England. His sudden blow was hurled at England's rapidly-growing sea power, but the Invincible Armada was thrown into disorder by the smaller and swifter craft of Elizabeth's navy. The directness and dispatch of the defeat put an end to Spanish dreams of conquest, and gave a powerful impulse to English seamanship, for it was during the reign of Elizabeth that the navy first began to assume the characteristics that still distinguish it.

Then we come to the most conspicuous reign in the history of France, and the most conspicuous in the history of any country, when Louis XIV. achieved greater success in striving to exalt the principle of monarchical supremacy than any other king, when the Government of France was a machine depending upon the action of a single spring, when the absolute dependence of every department of the nation upon the central authority placed France in the middle 17th century in a similar position to the Germany of today, without, however, the magnificence, the culture, the splendor and the glamor that characterized the old French court. Once again, foreign interference in Ireland led William of England to mature plans for the formation of a continental confederacy against France. The Netherlands, Germany, Spain and Savoy, harassed by schemes of French designing, united with England in the grand alliance with the object of curbing the rising power and far-reaching ambition of Louis, to force him to surrender his conquests, and to confine his territories to the limits agreed upon by him in a treaty with Germany and with France and Spain. "The Oppressor of Europe" had to defend himself against all Europe, with the assistance of a single ally, Turkey. The devastation of the fair country of the Palatinate by the armies of Louis is paralleled by the ruination of Belgium by William the Hun, and it inflamed his enemies with animosity and furnished them with inexhaustible matter for vengeance. After terrible defeats during the campaigns of three years, in 1694, William had a huge army in the Netherlands, then besieged by the French, and the English fleet held the mastery of the channel, and as a result, England once more checked and kept within bounds, tyrannical power. At the peace of Ryswick, Louis was forced to yield far more than could have been expected from one so proud and successful.

The French despot had an inborn conviction concerning universal power, which excluded scruples and remorse. He tried abroad to rule Europe and at home to enslave men's wills and consciences. The weight of his authority had been crushing and the nation breathed freely when it was lifted.

When the nineteenth century was ushered in it brought with it the genius and tyranny of Napoleon, who was turning the ardent spirit of republicanism in France into a militant democracy that was but a cloak for the overweening desire of the man to dominate per se. His conquests were so rapid and so successful as to fill his head with chimerical ideas of the formation of an all-powerful empire. English resentment of French interference in smaller European states turned the might of Napoleonic wrath against British commerce, and his invasion of England proved an expensive fiasco. Crushed and terrified as were the powers of Europe, Britain still retained sea-power and remained unconquered, and in the end was the only country of Europe that had not been ravaged by Bonaparte's troops. Effectual in withstanding Napoleon's attacks upon her commerce and colonial policies, she was the instrument of rescue for all Europe at immortal Waterloo.

The true function of Great Britain in the long struggle with Napoleon can only be understood if there is a clear appreciation of the fact that a really great military power like the French empire under Napoleon is not to be brought to terms by ordinary military successes that simply destroy the organized force opposed, but involves the breaking down of a despotic political system, the annihilation of supreme monarchical ideas and the reduction to a state of national humiliation of the tyrannical force set up to conquer not kings, but peoples, not limited sections of land, but whole nations.

Britain today is striving to bring defeat and complete downfall to the last and worst bidder for world power. "Lay the proud oppressor low" is an immortal line in the fame of the island people and their associates.

A NEW ELEMENT TO BE RECKONED WITH.

WE HAVE heard of German peace. We have read former Premier Asquith's terms, Lloyd George, President Wilson and others, but Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Boston, Massachusetts, recently stated in the Senate, the terms which should be demanded by the Allied nations. They were concise and seemed to cover the ground. They brought out a letter from Richard H. Edmonds, editor of the Manufacturer's Record, which is a strong protest against the mildness of the terms proposed by Senator Lodge. We print the leter in another column. It is one of the ablest letters yet written. It is entitled to rank with the president's classics, and is judicial in its tone. It appeared in the New York Herald.

JES' GOIN' FISHIN'.

ONE CANNOT refrain from speculating on the latest announcement concerning Premier Borden and its effect upon his newspaper supporters like the Star and the Globe of Toronto, Ont.

The premier will take up the matter of the C. N. R. award, dole out some $10,000,000 odd to Mackenzie & Mann—and then go fishing.

No one had ever before suspected our worthy premier of a sense of humor. We all thought he couldn't hume if he tried, not unless one knew him very well, and then possibly once or twice a year with the aid of diagrams and close to a very old friend who understood him.

But he must have the saving grace in marked degree. He does not distribute bon mots or indulge in satirical quips, but he knows how to act the part of the comedian.

Since his absence in England, the Star and the Globe, and a number of others, have been crying: "Please come home, Oh-o-o-oo-oh, please come home to us, papa!" He did not heed, and they stormed. They tried "The Clock in the Steeple Strikes Twelve," but he just laughed and said "The clock's got that daylight saving on it; it ain't time to come home. Me and Dave and Doug and Bonar is going to have another little touch (of confidence)."

Then how the two big boys raved and roared. "Wait till we get the old man home," they shouted.

And when he came home, instead of getting back to the labors to which the family had been calling him, he paid a couple of bills, dug up some bait in the garden, and when asked where he was going, replied: "Jes goin' fishin'."

Is it any wonder the boys are laying for him with a stuffed club?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Going fishing! Wonder how much of that Lloyd George has enjoyed recently.

The Montreal Herald has the temerity to refer to the Toronto Exhibition as "the York County Fair."

German retreats are managed "so adroitly that they are unobserved by the enemy." And sometimes the invisibility lies in the fact that the Germans saw some Canadians coming.

Example is better than precept. Therefore, the Government might do some good by insisting that the local postoffice, customs house and armories use only soft coal for heating.

Gasoline scarce in the United States, but plentiful in London. Where is the local supply obtained? The secret should be shared with Washington.

German papers declare that Teutonic retreats are so adroit that they are not noticed by the Allies. All a mistake; we are noting them daily at this distance and rejoicing at their rapidity.

The moonshine country staged a thriller when revenue officers destroyed 486 stills, arrested 200 moonshiners, killed five and poured 30,000 gallons of whiskey into the rivers. Wonder what moving picture company directed the affair?

Thirty thousand gallons of whiskey poured into the mountain streams of American states by Government agents! Spectacular, of course, but does it not come under the head of wilful waste? Is alcohol not useful for munition making!

Eric Ross Goulding, formerly of The Advertiser, and lately with the Windsor Record, passed through the city yesterday on his way to Vancouver to join the Province newspaper as an editorial writer. The best wishes of many friends go with this fine young Englishman, who suffered so severely and so cheerfully in the war.

THIS YEAR'S FASHIONS.

[Chicago News.]

Among the clothes that are "much worn" this year are last year's.

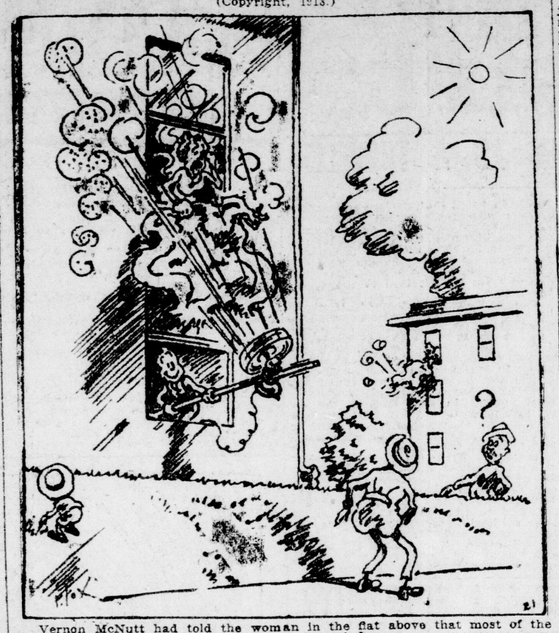
OUR BEST PARADE.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

This is a day of parades; but the most heartening and inspiring of them all is the continuous parade between the two shores of the Atlantic.

VERNON McNUTT By Fontaine Fox

(Copyright, 1918.)



Vernon McNutt had told the woman in the flat above that most of the dust she shook out of her rugs blewin his window.

BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

BITS OF BYPLAY— ..6 N.. N ..-h..

Not An Accident.

"Could I interest you in accident insurance today?" asked the Agent, as he approached the Farmer.

"I should say not," replied the Farmer.

"But I can show you the best accident policy ever written," insisted the Agent.

"I don't care what you kin show me," replied the Farmer. "I want nothin' more to do with accident insurance. I had an accident insurance policy last year and a mule kicked me and broke my leg. And the durn, swindlin' company wouldn't pay me a cent. They said it wasn't an accident, because the mule kicked me on purpose."

Who's a Liar?

A funny man is Ignatz Slaws.
He must have lots of dough;
They say last month he kicked because
His gas bill was too low.

No Joke.

"Doesn't smoking interfere with your work?" asked Brown.

"Not half as much as wanting to smoke," replied Smith.

A Four-Line Poem.

While walking down the shady street,
I nod to those I chance to meet;
I know most every man in town,
Why should I greet folks with a frown?

I nod to those I chance to meet.
While walking down the shady street;
Why should I greet folk with a frown?
I know most every man in town.

I know most every man in town.
I nod to those I chance to meet;
Why should I greet folks with a frown?
While walking down the shady street?

Why should I greet folks with a frown
While walking down the shady street?
I know most every man in town,
I nod to those I chance to meet.

Names Is Names.

Hill Stump lives in Hill, W. Va.

Nuf Ced.

There were 13,029 business failures in 1917, and according to Bradstreet 84 per cent of the failures were among firms which did not advertise.

Cinch Bet!

We have never seen the young lady, but we will bet that Irene Lienlooken of St. Paul, Minn., is not a Corn Fed.

How About Them?

Ben Zene of Detroit, Mich., and Ray Zell of Akron, Ohio, want jobs tending bar in the Club. We will have to put this to a vote.

Fast-Guides—Hunt-Woods.

The hunting season will soon be here. But what we started to say was that Dayton Fast and Irene Guides and Will Hunt and Bertha Woods were married in Newport, Ky., yesterday.

Bless Her Heart!

Some girls do all their swimming at home. But what we started to say was that Florence Wade Bath lives in Wilmington, Ohio.

Our Daily Special.

When Love Flies Out At The Window
Alimony Sneaks In At The Door.

Luke McLuke Says.

If Mother happens to break a dish at the supper table, Father indignates about Mother's carelessness keeping him poor. Then Father goes up to his pet kalf and breaks a couple of bills entertaining the audience that is listening to him whip the Kaiser.

Some men don't know how to say "no." We know a poor boob who let three girls become engaged to him at the same time.

Funny how fate arranges things. If the husband is economical, the wife is extravagant, and if the wife is economical, the husband is extravagant.

A wife knows that if she lets her husband have his own way he is going to make a fool of himself. And ten times out of nine she is right.

Theosophists claim to have weighed a soul and that the soul weighed just seven sixteenths of an ounce. Those birds must have dug up a Hun soul by mistake and weighed it. If a Hun has any soul at all, and we have our doubts his soul would weigh about seven sixteenths of an ounce.

Some men are always a month behind the rest of the world. They do not start wearing straw hats until July and do not shake the straw lids until October.

When there are two clocks in the house a woman is always calling up the telephone operator to find out which clock is right.

If you want to get a reputation as a brilliant conversationalist just do all the listening while the other fellow does all the talking.

MINIMUM TERMS OF PEACE FOR AUSTRIA, BULGARIA, TURKEY AND THE UNSPEAKABLE HUN

An Open Letter to Senator Henry Cabot Lodge by Richard H. Edmunds, Editor of the Manufacturers' Record, Printed From the New York Herald.

I believe you have done all civilization a great service in presenting what you regard as the minimum terms of peace to be imposed upon Germany and its allies and in insisting that peace shall be dictated after the victorious armies of America and our Allies have invaded Germany.

Certainly it would be a disaster to civilization for all time to come if the people of Germany and Austria should not, by the invasion of our armies and an overwhelming defeat of their military power, learn something of the agonies which France and Belgium and Italy have had to endure. But will you permit me to suggest that your peace terms do not go far enough?

After many years of preparation Germany and Austria entered this war for the express purpose of conquering and looting the world. The people of Germany, from the highest to the lowest, by the testimony of men like Muehlin and Thyssen and others, had no other thought than that of enormous personal and national profit, and to gain this they were willing to murder millions of men. The people of Germany glorified war. They glorified frightfulness and gave holidays to celebrate the most dastardly crime which up to that time had ever been committed on the high seas—the crime of the Lusitania. Unlike any other war in human history, viewed from the standpoint of supposed civilization, this was the most dastardly war known in the world's history.

The highwayman who carefully plans to commit murder in order to rob his victims is not as guilty as the whole German race, for the highwayman generally acts without long years of predetermined effort. Germany, on the other hand, taught in its schools and in its family life, as well as in its military training, that war was its definite policy and that through war, which meant the murdering of millions of soldiers, Germany should extend its power over the world in order to loot other nations and thus to dominate the whole earth. It was the most diabolical, hell-devised scheme ever launched in human history. Millions of men have been murdered by Germany, and we should ever bear in mind that this is a definite war of murder. Tens of millions have lived in voiceless agony because their loved ones were facing the horrors of the battlefield. Women have suffered the fearful agony of the brutish lust of German soldiers, and the innocent, helpless children have died by the hundreds of thousands and even by millions because of Germany's crimes.

Shall there be no punishment for such criminals?

Shall Germany simply have to retire from Belgium and France, give up its stolen treasure of Alsace-Lorraine and withdraw from the other conquered regions, and Austria simply have to abandon to Italy that section which by right belongs to Italy, and Turkey, which has been guilty of murdering in cold blood a million or more Armenian Christians, go unpunished except for the loss of Constantinople?

Your suggested peace terms do not indicate any direct punishment of the criminals who have been guilty of murdering these millions of soldiers of our Allies and who will before they have surrendered murder hundreds of thousands and perhaps a million or more of our soldiers. Nor do your peace terms suggest any punishment of the people of Germany and Austria and Turkey and Bulgaria who have upheld these criminals in their effort to murder and loot the world.

Would not civilization fail to justify itself if it should permit these crimes to go unpunished—for your peace terms involve no punishment of the death penalty on leading criminals or of punishment by financial indemnity to be paid by the countries guilty of bringing this fearful war upon the world?

Shall there be no other punishment for these criminals, of whom Secretary Lansing recently said "that to recount their crimes would sicken a tiger," than that they shall merely have to give up the loot in the shape of the countries overrun which thus far they have been able to conquer?

It seems to me that even to accept such terms from Germany and its allies would be for all civilization to show a lack of moral strength, for this would indicate indeed a premium upon crime. Unless Germany and its allies are punished and made for generations to come to realize that crime is not profitable, and that civilization will not permit the highwayman to go scot free provided he returns the loot, we shall place a premium upon crime and endanger the moral fibre of all the world for centuries to come.

Germany has issued of bonds and currency for carrying on this war of murdering and looting more than $30,000,000,000. This enormous sum was gladly and gleefully taken by its own people, because they expected to have it repaid out of robbing the rest of mankind. Germany has taken from Belgium and France and other countries an enormous amount of materials, foodstuffs, machinery, coal, ore, railroad cars, locomotives and money, estimated by some to aggregate in value between $20,000,000,000 and $30,000,000,000. In other words, Germany has already robbed the conquered regions which it has overrun of almost as much wealth as the amount of its war indebtedness.

Can civilization in any way whatever justify itself if it should permit Germany to go unpunished by the failure to impose an enormous indemnity, certainly far exceeding the amount of bonds which Germany has issued for its war purposes?

Personally I believe that the entire cost of the war to the Allies and to the United States should be imposed upon Germany, even if it takes that country fifty years to repay the amount, and if in doing so it becomes necessary to compel Germany and Austria and Turkey to repudiate all of their indebtedness to their own people due to their murdering war work.

Is it conceivable that we shall permit Germany to repay to its people the $30,000,000,000 which they have advanced to their country in staking it as a gambler upon the chance of winning the war and robbing others, while the United States and England and France and Italy and Serbia have to bear for years to come the burden of carrying the indebtedness made necessary to stop the highwayman from his murderous campaign?

I have recently pointed out that at the close of the civil war in 1865 all of the indebtedness incurred by the Confederacy for carrying on that war was wiped out and not a dollar of it ever repaid. The investment in slaves was necessarily destroyed with the death of slavery, and all intelligent Southern people today recognize that there was no injustice in their having to bear this tremendous burden when they lost in the contest for what they believed to be a constitutional right. They fought not for slavery as slavery, though that was one of the issues involved. At the close of the civil war the South thus had to face the terrible losses of four years of struggle and a complete wiping out of all of the indebtedness incurred by the Confederacy. It lost the billions which had been invested in slavery, its manufacturing interests were almost completely destroyed, and its labor system was so thoroughly changed that for ten or fifteen years it might have been seriously questioned whether Anglo civilization in the South could be saved. Moreover, the South through taxation immediately began to pay its proportion of the pensions, aggregating since 1865 many billions of dollars, to the very men who had been instrumental in defeating the Confederacy upon the battlefield. It has been well said that the civil war was not an unmoral or immoral war, viewed from any standpoint. It was a war of two great sections both dominated by principle, and far removed from any campaign of murder and looting, such as that upon which Germany entered. The South within fifty years after the close of the Civil war, beginning in overwhelming bankruptcy and poverty, reached a point where its manufactured and agricultural output, where the money expended upon public schools and the amount of banking capital exceeded the totals for the entire country in 1880, though the population of the United States in 1880 exceeded by 17,000,000 the population of the South at the end of the first half century after the close of the war. If the South was thoroughly able to rebuild its fortunes and redeem itself from poverty, surely we would not be inflicting undue punishment upon Germany and its allies if we imposed upon them a financial indemnity sufficient to repay the entire cost of the war to the United States and our allies, and if we forced them to pay a pension to the families of every soldier murdered in this fight of civilization to save itself from athiestic barbarism.

May I not, therefore, presume to suggest that this country should go further at this stage of the war than you have done and definitely announce that the leaders in Germany and Austria guilty of bringing on the war shall with their lives have to pay the penalty which is enforced upon any other murderers, and that Germany shall be compelled to repudiate its war indebtedness in order that it may be able to bear an indemnity equal to the cost of the war to this country and our allies? In no other way can the people of Germany themselves be made adequately to appreciate the horrors which they have brought upon the world, and in no other way can they be adequately punished for their crimes, and indeed, even this punishment would be wholly inadequate.

RICHARD H. EDMONDS.
Atlantic City, August 25, 1917.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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THINGS WORTH WHILE.
By Vincent G. Perry.

Teas, dances, house parties, masquerade balls, golf, yachting, motoring—Kathleen was tired of them all. No sooner had one finished than another started. Her aunt had accepted invitations for her that extended months ahead. There was hardly a day that she could count on as her own. The thought of what lay before her bored her. There would have been some variation if Aleck had been going to be there, but she was sure he would not be. Something terrible had happened to Aleck, she was convinced. She had heard nothing of him for nearly a month, and to think that they were engaged, too! He had probably met some other girl he liked better, and had, perhaps, married her and was on a honeymoon. She determined not to feel melancholy about it, for, she assured herself, their engagement had been nothing but a farce, anyway. He had intended marrying her for her aunt's money, and she sought the social position that his name would bring her. Besides it had been considered a good match. Love? Why, that was only for country girls and story books!

Just the same Kathleen did feel melancholy. Aleck was different from the other men she knew. He was not nearly so artificial as the others. Perhaps that was why he had forgotten her. She couldn't help acknowledging that she was artificial—her every movement and word had been part of a pose while in his company. No wonder he had wearied of her. Oh, to be the little country girl she had been before she went to college! Oh, to have the dreams she had had then! Her college course was not to blame, she told herself, in fairness. It all came from coming to live with her aunt instead of going back to teach the country school, as she had planned. Of course, it would have been foolish to have turned down the chance of becoming heiress to her aunt's immense fortune, but she wondered if it had made her happy.

Kathleen jumped to her feet hastily. It was useless to sit there getting sentimental. She looked at her engagement pad wearily. "A Red Cross tea at Mrs. De Vain's" for that afternoon. Another bore, she reflected, as she rang for her maid to assist her to dress.

Mrs. De Vain's tea dragged through the afternoon. It was hot on the lawn, and Kathleen had just about decided to feign illness as an excuse for leaving, when the feature of the afternoon's entertainment was announced—an address from Miss Marshley, a returned nurse from the front. Miss Marshley had a gripping personality and a great story to tell. Kathleen did not miss a word of it.

"You have no idea what is going on over there," Miss Marshley said as she neared the end of her address. "How lucky we are to be safe here at home enjoying entertainments like this one while the boys are bleeding on the fields of Flanders! Every one of us should do something to bring this war to an end—things worth while. We can, and we must! Pleasure must be forgotten and the stern duties of life taken on. Every one must help where she is best suited to help. It would be ridiculous to suggest to you ladies to go out on farms, where help is needed most, but there is some other place where you are needed. You have judgment—find that place!"

Kathleen sat quite still after the speaker had finished, her mind working rapidly. What a useless being she was to the world when everyone was needed to be valuable! The few dollars she had given to patriotic purposes had been given to her by her aunt and were not a sacrifice at all. She would have to do something—one of the things worth while. What was she best suited to? There was not a thing that she had learned at college or since that would help in any way in the winning of the war. Then her mind traveled back to the days before she went to college—the good old days on the farm. She jumped to her feet with a little cry of joy as she thought of it. She would go back to the farm, where help was needed the most! She would show these shallow-brained women that she was a real person after all. She would show Aleck Beatty that she was not the artificial girl he had mistake her for. The thought of Aleck caused the triumphant simel to fade just a little. Aleck was really one of the shallow brains, too, though she hated to admit it.

Two weeks later found Kathleen milking cows. She had insisted upon being put to work almost upon her arrival home. How fine it was to be back at the old farm again! She wondered how she could have left it for the life in the city.

As the milking progressed, Kathleen became conscious of the fact that some one was watching her. She realized, too, that it was the man whom she had noticed working in the next field, when she first started to milk. Trying to make it appear quite accidental, she looked up. When her eyes met his she almost overturned the pail of milk.

"Aleck!" she cried, exctedly. "What are you doing here? You are Aleck, aren't you?" After she had spoken she was afraid she had made a mistake, for the man before her was in overalls and was as brown as a berry, but if he wasn't Aleck he was his double.

"You bet I am Aleck," he replied, as soon as he could gain his voice, "and the most surprised Aleck in the world." He climbed over the fence without waiting for an invitation. "You look sweet in that milking costume, and you are really milking! Where did you learn to do it?"

She told him as hurriedly as she could for she was eager for an explanation, too.

"That is just why I came to work on the next farm," he said when she finished. "I was sick of being dressed up all the time and not getting anything out of life but a bored existence. I wanted to enlist, but they wouldn't take me because of my stiff knee, so I came out here to help with the crop. I am a soldier of the army behind the army."

"You are wonderful!" she told him breathlessly. "Why didn't you write to me and tell me all about it? You didn't let me know whether you were dead or alive."

"I didn't think you would care and besides, Kathleen, I made up my mind to give up the old life forever and, you see, you were part of it."

"I understand," she said quietly, trying to choke back the lump that had risen in her throat. "Perhaps it is for the best. I am really just a butterfly."

"No, you are not," he cried. "You are not a bit like a butterfly, and you never were. You just pretended. It is all changed now, for you have left the old life, too. It was harder to give you up than anything else, for I really love you. Let me tell you how much, dear."

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