

HON. H. N. ROWELL REPLIES TO BITTER ATTACK MADE UPON HIM BY MR. MURPHY SOMETIME AGO

Branded Hon. Mr. Murphy's Accusations as Absolutely False—Gave Inside History of Ontario Liberal Party—Said Bourassa's Campaign Hurt Recruiting Movement in Quebec.

Ottawa, Sept. 17.—Debates on the address—drawing along at intervals since the opening of the session—concluded in the house today. Its final stage was marked by a reply by Hon. Mr. Rowell to the famous charges made against him in the house by Mr. Murphy eighteen months ago. Mr. Rowell declared the accusations to be false and untrue. He denied that he had ever received a cent for acting as leader of the Ontario opposition and asserted that he had accepted the position at financial loss. It was a falsehood, too, he said, that he had taken part in a conspiracy to supplant Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He declared further that he had not visited the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec, as had been charged, but had nothing but praise for members of the Roman Catholic Church who had gone to the front and served faithfully in the trenches.

Mr. Archambault strongly criticized the government for its policy in regard to recruiting in association. Joseph Archambault had a series of questions to ask the government in regard to the National Industrial Conference, when the House opened this afternoon. He wanted to know why, in issuing invitations to the conference, the National Labor Union of the Province of Quebec had been ignored. Why had the evidence taken before the Mathers' Commission not been printed and laid before the conference? Was it the intention of the government to have the evidence distributed before the conference closed? Was it the intention to have the evidence printed before any legislative recommendations by the conference? Hon. A. C. Maclean replying for the government promised to submit the questions to the Minister of Labor and to give an answer at the earliest date.

Mr. General Griesbach, referring to newspaper reports that the sale of the West Indies to the United States has been proposed asked if the government had considered any measures for incorporating the island and the island of Newfoundland in the Dominion.

Mr. Doherty replied that the government had no official information of any proposal to sell the West Indies. Mr. Byles asked if it was correct that Greece had placed an order for \$25,000,000 worth of manufactured goods in Canada, and if so, whether the purchases were being financed by the Dominion. Mr. Maclean replied that the government was not officially aware of any such order. No financial arrangement at least had been made in this direction.

Mr. D. B. McKenna asked if it was correct that the \$25,000,000 credit to Roumania had been exhausted. If so, what was the security for the loan. Mr. Doherty promised the information tomorrow.

Mr. Joseph Archambault continuing the debate on the address, referred in opening to the pleasure that the visit of the Prince of Wales had given to the people of Canada. The Prince, he said, had been scolded some of the members of the government side by his use of the French language. He referred to those members who "if God Almighty was French would be Atholites." Mr. Archambault said that he proposed to discuss the high cost of living. He was most anxious to bring this matter up while the Prime Minister and his travelling colleagues were paying a visit to this country. As far as this session of parliament was concerned, he declared that it had been called to please members because the Prime Minister returned any increase of the sessional indemnity.

A calling of a session at the present time and in view of the financial condition of the country was outrageous. However, since we were here to discuss something useful. His proposed Mr. Archambault to deal with the question of profiteering because he was convinced that it existed in Canada in its most active form. Nothing, Mr. Archambault went on, had been collected from the packers under the order-in-council limiting their profits to seven per cent. He charged that the Prime Minister and the President of the Council had never let an opportunity escape to

A Splendid Hair Grower and Wonderful Beautifier

Here's good news for men and women whose hair is falling out, who have scalps covered with dandruff that itch like mad. Any good druggist can now supply you with the genuine Parisian Sage (Liquid form), which is guaranteed to quickly, surely and safely rid you of every sign of dandruff, stop itching scalp and falling hair and promote a new growth, or money returned. Thousands can testify to the excellent results from its use; some who feared baldness now glory in their abundant hair, while others who suffered for years with dandruff and itching scalp are now clean, cool and after just a few days' use of this simple home treatment. No matter whether bothered with falling hair, gray hair, itching scalp, dandruff or itching scalp, Parisian Sage—you will not be disappointed. It's a scientific preparation that supplies all hair needs. The first application will make your hair and scalp look and feel 100 per cent better. If you want beautiful, wavy hair and lots of it, by all means use Parisian Sage. Don't delay—begin tonight. A little attention now assures abundant hair for years to come.

PILES

Dr. J. C. ... Piles ...

FRANCE REVISITED BY PHILIP GIBBS

He Sees Smiling Harvests Where He Watched Desperate Fighting on the Somme.

FINDS PARIS GAY AGAIN

Youthful Veterans, Their Uniforms Doled, Making Love in Luxembourg Gardens.

By Philip Gibbs.

Paris, Sept. 13.—I expect there are many men not long out of khaki, who are having the sensation which came to me yesterday, when I traveled to France for the first time since peace was made with Germany, on my way to see the ruins. There were no lines and the people now had the air of Ammageddon had burned to a white ash and a new world of some kind was being built out of the ruin of the war.

I had at the beginning of my journey a feeling of something having lifted—a great thing that had passed into the dark caves of memory. It is the 8.45 train for Folkestone and Boulogne, but not the same train of baneful freight that used to leave about that hour when the war was on. The crowds of soldiers going back from leave or going out as drafts to "the front," in the ranks—and they wanted a lot of filling had disappeared.

Those fellows who used to stand among their packs and their tin hats with a grim look in their eyes and hard mouths, while their wives and sweethearts held on to them, no longer blocked the way to the platform. There was no stampede of staff officers, no shouting of "British good-byes," no "good-byes" from which one used to turn one's eyes away, and good-looking boys used to say, "Well, so long, old girl! Take care of yourself," and then "Courage!" before getting into a Pullman carriage on the way to filthy ditches some-where with limited state days.

All that had gone into the ghost world, thank heaven! yesterday. Like Crowds Before the War. It was a tramping of people such as one used to see before the war. These passers for the Continent seemed to put their feet on the ground with a new freedom. There were pretty girls in summer frocks with no fear in their souls of a devouring monster on the prowl for their baggage and less worried about their baggage and not about the downfall of dynasties. There was a famous politician, not known in the country, who was seen in the crowd. "Do you think we can win now?" he thought out a new policy of peace among the pine woods.

Something had come from the sea the lurking peril that was there, however sparkling the waters. No order was given this time for the wearing of life belts, and men in their cross-channel trips when men in khaki, packed like sardines, started at the black smudges which bobbed suddenly above the waves and wondered how long they would float after the ship was struck.

From the window of the train to Paris I saw a few officers and a few men in khaki on the platform and stared at them curiously as relics of the thing that had passed. They were like people who had been forgotten—stranded in some backward life. They belonged to the history of a chapter that the world has turned down. Poor fellows! How lonely for them.

In the railway carriage there was conversation on the expensive luxury of life after the war. It was the topic which seemed of most interest, to my fellow-travelers, and they warmed to each other in the discussion of prices. I was more interested in the country through which we passed. One phrase kept coming into my mind: "A sense of peace; a sense of peace." Yes; whatever the cost of the victory in blood and in treasure, whatever the troubles were and who had tramped here in France, to one who had tramped its fields in war, the spirit of peace came back again, and the horror had gone, leaving behind only the black shadow of remembrance.

Peaceful Harvest Scenes in France. How beautiful were the harvest fields, with peasants gathering up the tawny sheaves! There were young men in the fields again, where for five years there had been only women and old men whose sons were at the front. Some of the sons had come back again with strange tales to tell of another harvesting on the slopes of Douaumont or in the valley of the Marne, as they sat with their backs against the sheaves of wheat, between swigs of "pinard," as the girls called his wine, in the heat of the day.

A thousand memories of the days when it was thronged with British soldiers plastered with mud of the Somme battlefields, and of one day when all its people fled and shells came pouring into its streets from the German guns not many miles away. They have filled up the shellholes between the rows of trees.

Why He Was Leaving. A prosperous grocer had occasion to engage a new errand-boy. Trade was very brisk and the lad had a great deal of work to do in Antwerp, where he was in different parts of the town. "Well, Johnnie, how did you get on Saturday?" asked the grocer on Monday morning. "Oh, fine," replied Johnnie, "but I'll be leaving at the end of the week." "Why, Johnnie, what's up now?" queried his master. "Are the wages too high enough?" "I'm no studin' any fault with the day," replied the boy, "but the fact is, I'm a bit of a good horse out of a job here."

Fourteen Ways in Which To Avoid New Influenza

The New York Association for the Improving of the Condition of the Poor is making wide steps in warning the persons coming within its lines of work against the allowing of any neglect of hygienic or health rules owing to the word that has been sent out to the effect that a return of the influenza epidemic is imminent. Regulations that should be followed by persons living in cramped quarters or in sections of the city where cleanliness is arrived at only with difficulty within this organization's jurisdiction. The health suggestions were distributed yesterday to the 12,000 New York families being cared for by the association. Nurses, dieticians and persons interested in the work yesterday making a pilgrimage to the headquarters of the association, where a list of the instructions printed on the circulars are as follows:

Obey all regulations of the City Health authorities. Avoid crowds. Stay away from any one having a cough or cold. Drink plenty of fresh water. Keep the home well ventilated and be sure there is plenty of fresh air day and night. Sleep with the window open. Avoid fatigue and get plenty of rest in particular, avoid fatigue of stomach and excessive eating of unsuitable foods. Sleep is one of the most important things and the thing that is most neglected. Be as much as possible in the open air; and walk to your work if practicable. Eat three uniform meals a day and avoid a breakfast of mere coffee and a mere piece of cake or something of the kind for lunch. Special precautions should be taken against getting at dinner time, when the stomach is least able to cope with the largest meal of the day and when practice is bound to lower the resistance.

Paris Outwardly Her Old Self. Paris in this September of 1919 seems to have forgotten the war after its levers, its agonies, its agonies of the past. It is outwardly to the eye which does not pierce below the surface of psychology the same old Paris of pre-war days. I have been making a pilgrimage to my old haunts, getting back the old spirit which Paris herself is trying to recapture, and it is good to find the things that used to be in this city, where people know what war means in tragedy and torture. It is quiet in the gardens of the Luxembourg, where brown leaves are falling all ready on the paths.

Women were knitting there today for their children, as in the old days of peace. As for the young men of Paris, they were in deep mourning, and their hair grew long again, and changed their attire from the old baggy trousers, light as the air, and short, shabby jackets and La Valliere ties. Some of them have an empty sleeve on their right side or their left, but they have not lost their youth, as I knew when I listened to their love-making with the girls who sat under the trees with them, where Rudolph was with them in student days. The bookstalls have reopened on the quays of the Left Bank, and I watched scholars searching for the old favorites they had pronounced long ago when they were making history not yet written.

Outside the little restaurants in the Rue de la Harpe, where the taxis go by and diguosts listening to the crash of high explosives now linger at little white tables under summer awnings, watching the country of Paris go by and greeting some old comrade who passes, still in the uniform of the Chasseurs Alpins, the Zouaves, the Hussards, or the Infantry of the Line. One of them now and then puts down a pair of crutches by the side of his chair before he takes his meal, but there are not many crutches to be seen in Paris.

Here, as in London, the scars of war are not visible, and here, indeed, the pageantry of the streets is so gay, so full of color, so vivacious that one is not reminded of all that France has suffered and of all she has lost. There are officers of every allied nation in the streets, and the Italian, a wonderful variety of uniforms, among painted little ladies in short skirts and silk stockings, who play street tennis, or who are seen in a musical comedy, but just as good as that.

American Officers Everywhere. American officers are everywhere and have made Paris theirs. It is they who chatter most of the taxis; it is the American uniform which prevails at the Cafe de la Paix. "Some guy," said one of them, "came to me last night and said: 'Want a guide, sir?' 'Sure,' young fellow, said, 'I could guide you around Paris and lose you in places where you've never been.'"

Some of them think they have seen enough of Paris. One of them turned to me last night as we leaned over the balcony watching a crowd surging round a jazz band and said: "Uncle Sam ought to take his boys away. This is not a good life for men when it goes on for long."

The Parisians, who do not go much to the boulevards, but are getting back to peace in the quiet streets, are like my traveling companions. Their fingers are absorbed in the fabulous from a book and they seem to look forward with alarm to a Winter of discontent, when coal will be so scarce that they will have no warmth at all, when they will be rationed again, and food even dearer than now. Their complaints told that underneath the superficial gaiety of Paris there was deep anxiety, and that France herself was still bleeding from wounds of war which were not healing quickly, and that there was bitterness and sadness at the heart of the people because victory had brought them no gift except that of safety for the time.

Whether that is so or not, I cannot tell just yet. It is those things and the spirit with which France is facing the future which I want to find out. For the moment I see only the lifting of the darkness which lay across France in time of war.

THE GROSS EARNINGS

Toronto, Sept. 17.—For week ending September 14, Canadian National Railway gross earnings were \$2,077,960. Corresponding week last year \$1,593,343. Increase \$484,617.

You can't fool your palate

WHEN Klim is whipped into water it becomes again natural-flavored, fresh, pasteurized separated milk. Klim is simply the solids of this milk with the water removed. By its taste you know that Klim is genuine—that it contains no added "filler," sweetening nor preservative. It is the only milk which you can buy in tin that has the unchanging milk flavor. Buy a tin and try it. Let your palate prove that Klim is separated milk at its best. 1-lb. and 10-lb. tins at your grocer's.



Canada Food Board License No. 14-242

There are as many different varieties of tea as of roses—but only ONE Red Rose Tea.

Red Rose is a blend of about a dozen varieties of teas, chiefly hill-grown ASSAMS—the richest and strongest tea grown. The perfect blending of these teas produces the delightful and distinctive Red Rose flavor. The rich, strong ASSAM leaves in the Red Rose package are so full of tea essence that three teaspoonsful go as far as five of ordinary tea.

The Red Rose combination of Quality and Economy is obtainable only in the Red Rose package.



Red Rose Coffee is as generously good as Red Rose Tea

GET SLOAN'S FOR YOUR PAIN RELIEF

Just one trial convinces you Sloan's Liniment drives away rheumatic twinges.

WHY endure pain when you know Sloan's Liniment will relieve it? It couldn't remain the World's Liniment for 35 years if it wasn't highly beneficial in relieving rheumatic aches, stiff joints, sore muscles, lumbago, neuralgia, strains, bruises, exposure to weather results. Penetrates through rubbing, leaving no stained skin, clogged pores, mustiness. A pain and ache liniment that stands alone in doing what it is meant to do. Get a bottle today and keep it handy. All druggists. Three sizes—5cc, 7cc, 31.40. Made in Canada.



Sloan's Liniment Keep it handy



HE business that started so courageously in this humble structure in 1847, to-day dominates the stove and furnace business of the British Empire. From the small number of quaint wood stoves made in those early days the output has grown steadily until now—it comprises

- Thousands of Furnaces in many styles and sizes and burning wood, coal or gas.
Cooking and Kitchen Utensils in infinite variety and in such vast quantities as would alone constitute a great industry and 100,000 Stoves using every practical form of fuel—electricity, gas, oil, coal and wood.
This success—this healthy growth over such a long period of years—could come only from fair dealing with the people. On any question regarding heating or cooking appliances, what better source of advice could you seek than McClary's.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary, Redcross, Edmonton.

DEPT. 'J', CRESCENT MFG. CO., SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.