

RUINS OF VILLAGE RETAKEN BY FRENCH



Picture shows the smouldering ruins of a town which has been the scene of very heavy fighting, and which was just recently retaken by the French troops who inflicted extremely heavy losses on the defenders.

Great Banquet In London To Australian Premier

Enthusiastic Scene at the Ritz—Speeches by Bonar Law, Lord Rosebery, Lord Grey, Lord Northcliffe

(London Daily Mail.)
W. M. Hughes, the Australian prime minister, was the central figure at a memorable banquet in London on June 28. He was the guest of the Australians of the city. Gathered at the Ritz Hotel to pay tribute to the great work he has done in bringing Britain to an understanding of how to deal with the Germans were many of the country's most distinguished men. It was one of the most enthusiastic assemblies London has seen for many a day.
The High Commissioner, Andrew Fisher, presided, and among those present were:
Lord Rosebery, Lord Grey, Lord Brassey, Lord Sydenham, Lord Northcliffe, Lord Kintore, Lord Inchcape, Lord Aldenham, Lord Burnham, Mr. Bonar Law, Winston Churchill, Sir George Reid, Sir George Foster, Sir George Percy, the Hon. B. R. Wise, Sir J. Mills, the Hon. F. W. Young, John Waddington, Godfrey Isaacs, Sir J. McCall, Sir H. Babbington Smith, Sir J. Taverne, Sir J. Cockburn, Sir E. Holden, Sir Peter McBride, Sir R. Nivison, Robert Donald, Brigadier-General Sir Newton Moore, and Sir J. Denison-Pender.
Bonar Law, proposing the health of the guest, said that Mr. Hughes it could be said that he was a representative not of Australia alone but of Great Britain—and of the Empire. He had said, in a way no one could misunderstand, what the bulk of Englishmen

(thinking. The value of Mr. Hughes' character was not only that he could speak well but also that he could act well.
Empire Fiscal Union.
In my opinion, said Bonar Law, the first thing we have to do is to realise that, not merely to us who have always held certain views on the subject, but to the whole people of the country, the war has made all the difference—it has altered these views. The first thing we have to do is to see to what extent we can, without a party fight, come to an agreement which will be in the best interests of the country and of the Empire. We may have to fight, but do not let us fight until it is necessary. I say this with all the more conviction, for this reason—the value of a change in fiscal policy in the past has always depended, in my mind, on it as a means of securing the closer union of the whole British Empire. If that result is to be obtained it will be best attained not by quarrelling with ourselves but by having the people as a whole arriving at the best business proposition to secure the end we all desire. That implies something else—that while we are waiting for agreement the position should not be so prejudicial that we will be back in the old rut when peace comes without the power to make the necessary alterations.
That was an essential condition, Mr. Bonar Law went on. I do not know

whether it is altogether wise—I think it is—to tell you exactly what happened in that connection. I had made up my mind some months ago to ask the prime minister to make a statement on behalf of the government that whatever else happened, if we had not made up our minds as to the future of this country when peace came, there would be an interval in which enemy goods would be excluded long enough to enable the people of this country to decide on their future fiscal policy.
At the very time when I discussed this with some of my Unionist colleagues and was preparing to propose it in the cabinet, the president of the Board of Trade, whose illness I deplore, for it is the result of his work in a difficult office, came to me on his own initiative and actually gave me the draft of a resolution which we have presented to the Paris Conference, and which has been carried, which is to secure that object. (Cheers.)

Lord Northcliffe
Lord Northcliffe, who supported the toast, said that he did not exactly know why a plain man of affairs should be asked to speak from the table there, but he had come to the conclusion that the most eloquent of all Canadians, Sir George Foster, near to him was Lord Grey—(Cheers)—and beyond him his friend Mr. Churchill. (Cheers.)
Puzzling over the problem of why he was asked to speak by the London Australians, he had come to the conclusion that the invitation was some form of thanks for his objection to the double income tax, which he knew they all paid and to which they all took exception. (Laughter.)

He was very difficult, Lord Northcliffe continued, to deal with anything as simple as the character of Mr. Hughes to the most eloquent and most important speech of Mr. Bonar Law. That was one of two things about Mr. Hughes which have struck me on the few occasions on which I have had the honor of talking to him. That which has impressed me most is the fact that a man living the life he has lived, who has seen a great distance from the European theatre of war should have divined the purpose of the Germans.

I believe I am right in saying that Mr. Hughes has never been in Germany. All the more wonderful is it, therefore, that he should by sheer insight know as much of the Prussians as some of us do who have spent laborious days in studying that strange people. Mr. Bonar Law told us something of that which we have all learned, the eloquence of Mr. Hughes. I think, however, that the great position Mr. Hughes has obtained in this country in so short a time is not really due to his great power of words, but to the fact that most of us know that that which he talks of he has already done. (Cheers.)

In this country and in every democracy there is a surfeit and orgy of oratory about that which is going to be done, but which never happens. (Laughter.) What Mr. Hughes recommends us to do he has done, and it is that fact which has leapt so quickly into the imagination of our people.
The Enemy in Our Midst.
We have among us here tonight one who understands how to deal with the Germans. (Cheers.) I venture to think that if Mr. Hughes were settled here the scandal of the many thousands of untrained enemies would not be possible in this country. ("Hear, hear.") I know very few cabinet ministers; but sometimes wonder if they really know the feelings of our people in regard to this dangerous scandal of an enemy army which is spying in our midst. I know Prussia well. I have sojourned there a good deal, and I have no doubt that they have as complete a spy system here as they had in France before the war. Certain it is, that they are very well acquainted with all that is happening and are usually aware of that which is about to happen here. I am one of those people who do not like to think that Germany has secret power in this country, but, working as I do in the press, one is always coming up against facts which make one think that it is true. Mr. Hughes is soon leaving us and that which causes anxiety to many of us is the question of who is going to carry on his work. (Cheers.)
I yield to no one in my admiration of certain public men in the country, but I do not believe that the resolutions at the Paris Conference would have been carried if it had not been for Mr. Hughes and I know that there were interests at large in this country to minimise the influence of Mr. Hughes in Paris before he went over there.
Who will carry on his work? I do hope that you Australians of London will see to it that the splendid efforts of your prime minister are not allowed to die down amid our party politics. (Cheers.)
Mr. Bonar Law has told us in what those around me agree was a model oration that tones are sometimes good for people. I believe, however, that the effect of a tonic is often only temporary (laughter)—and, knowing the ways of coalition governments, I have a morbid fear that as soon as the screws of Mr. Hughes's sterner begins to turn the effect of the tonic he has given us will commence to weaken.
I suggest, therefore, that to very virile body, the Australians of London, that they should see to it that by their influence the programme laid down by Mr. Hughes is maintained to the uttermost. I am one of those who are faintly hoping for a general election this year. (Cheers.)
I am aware that in exalted quarters there is no great desire for such a test of public opinion, but if the event happens I trust that the London Australians will throw the weight of their in-

ALLIES JOINED IN CELEBRATION

How Paris Remembered Fall of the Bastille

Soldiers In Great Parade

French, British, Belgians and Russians March Through Streets Filled With Cheering Multitudes

Paris, July 20.—The grand army of the French republic—a tiny portion drawn from the trenches—supported by detachments of troops of the Allies, marched down the Avenue des Champs Elysees last Friday and paraded the boulevards of her capital in triumph. Paris had her day at last. After two years' weary, anxious waiting, the ceremonial was the patriotic celebration of the fact that now it is Germany's turn to be on a desperate defensive rather than it is the one hundred and twenty-seventh anniversary of the fall of the bastille.

Although the weather was leaden—the morning beginning with rain, the crowd began gathering at Les Invalides and the Place de la Concorde as early as 4 o'clock. By 9 o'clock it was estimated that a million and a quarter persons packed every available space along the four-mile route of march, from Le Petit Palais to the Place de la Republique. The crowd was probably different in its faith. It was not the weather for flags, nevertheless they flapped about dizzily, the crowd did not heed or care. The flags were a patriotic symbol, of course, but they themselves did not matter, nor the weather. The crowds simply typified the two years' trial, during which Paris has had to be grim and black and gray.

Although enthusiastic and often wildly so, not once today was Paris gay. This was a war parade, not a peace one. The weather was gray, the multitude, three fourths of it in mourning, was black. The marchers were the garb of the trenches, not of dress parade. The drab and khaki of the allies, with the more dominant horizon-blue of the poilus, harmonized perfectly into the general ensemble and made a note of grimness dominate the parade. Gladness and gaiety will still wait for the exit of the Germans from French soil.

Leading the procession was a detachment of Cuirassiers of the Guard, their polished helmets not responding to the light furnished by the weather. Following, but really leading the procession, were the British and Russian troops, as the first Allied detachments, were the Belgians, looking extremely fit and neat in their new khaki uniforms, with helmets of the same color. Next came the British troops—the first parade appearance in Paris since Waterloo. They were led by Scots pipers whose kilts were the only spot of bright color in the procession.

Next in line were the Russians, who aroused the greatest enthusiasm accorded to any detachment except the French. They were magnificent—all picked soldiers, tall, carrying long bayonets on their rifles, they loomed gigantesquely far along the line of march, typifying in every way the bigness of their Empire. Although walking at exactly the same speed as the other troops, they seemed to be moving slowly, taking enormous strides and bringing their feet down heavily. The lines of their company formations stretched straight across the width of the boulevard the entire route. They sang a slow war-chant, and one thought of many things, including bears and steam rollers, as they swayed ponderously along.

Last of all came the Frenchmen. They also typified in many ways the characteristics of their race. With quick, short steps and alert, vigorous gestures, they kept time perfectly to the sharp calls of their bugles. The crowd was generously enthusiastic for the allies, but for their own, they were reserved. They uttered an sustained gallant roar of welcome during the forty minutes it took the regiments to pass. But beyond that, the cheer one noted the seriousness of faces, one saw many eyes filled with tears. For scarcely a person could be seen who was not a Frenchman, and here the Frenchman was not the man who wears a similar uniform—or had some one. So when the last line of bayonets had disappeared and the last band had passed along triumphantly beating out the "Marseillaise" and the "Sambre et Meuse" songs that are indeed battle cries of triumph such as no other nation has, the crowd quietly melted away. In a quarter of an hour the boulevards were almost deserted. The sun came out to shed a gentle benediction upon the city, though not a summer afternoon as if to show that the heart of the nation never beat more hopefully than that of France on this 14th of July.

The chief interest centred in the review by President Poincare and the presentation of government testimonials to families of men who had fallen in battle. The delivery of the testimonials was the occasion of an impressive spectacle, the background of which was furnished by an assemblage of black-painted widows, orphans and parents entitled under a recent law to documents signed by the President of the Republic, a testimonial being due each family affected.

The testimonials were on parchment with an ornamental design executed by Charles Copier, a leading French artist, and bore the name of the soldier, the date of his death and the legend: "Died for France: Homage of the nation."

"The Central Empires can be under no illusion as to the possibility of reducing the Allies to a confession of defeat," said President Poincare in an address today, "and of winning from their weariness a peace which for Prussian militarism would be only a stratagem for hiding preparations for fresh aggression."

"They know well that the seas are closed to them, that they have lost their colonies, and they know equally well that the Allies rely less on the geographical positions of their trenches than on the condition of their troops and their reserves, their capacity for resistance and offensive, and the moral temperament of their peoples and their armies."

"We are fighting not for honor alone, but for honor and life. To be or not to be—that is the painful problem imposed on the conscience of the great European nations. Entire restitution of our invaded provinces and those seized forty-six years ago, for reparation for the violation of rights at the expense of France or her Allies, and for the guarantees necessary for a definitive safeguard of our national independence."

He said the holiday this year was the occasion of an expression of the nation's gratitude to its sons who had died to save it.
Turning toward the families of the dead soldiers, he said:
"To you ladies, especially, I address the deep and respectful thanks of the

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AN AWAKENING MUST COME

(Toronto Star)
The people of Germany are beginning to get angry with their rulers because of the privations they are forced to endure.

The rulers are in an awkward position. They must have made the people believe that Germany has won victories on land and sea, and the people begin to think it is time the victorious Kaiser should stop the war and rest content, having gained Belgium, a large part of France, a good deal of Poland, and the mastery of the sea.
How is Berlin to tell the German people that all these boasted victories

THE PUSHFUL DANDELION

(Calgary News-Telegram)
The Winnipeg Telegram has discovered that the simplest way to check the growth of dandelions on the front lawn is to cover the surface with concrete to the depth of nine inches. This may answer for the effete Winnipeg dandelion, but the Calgary variety will make a meal off concrete and then clamor for something solid wherewith to stay its growing-pains.

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