

## Rescued from Huns to Die of Starvation!

HIDEOUS PLIGHT OF BELGIANS  
DEMANDS IMMEDIATE HELP

Peace does not mean Plenty in Stricken Belgium!

Germany's hellish policy has been too thoroughly administered for Belgium to be able to feed and clothe herself again—at least, until the Government has been thoroughly organized on a permanent basis.

Little children, thousands of them, are hungry for a slice of bread, shivering in their worn-out rags. YOU can help to feed and clothe them. They haven't a cent to buy even what supplies are available.

The destitute Belgians need your help about as badly as a human creature could need it.

### HOW TO HELP!

All the machinery of the Belgian Relief Fund is at your service to convert your contribution in money HERE into food and clothing THERE.

A dollar here and now means LIFE to one of the starving subjects of King Albert, but look here . . . .

NO ONE will come to you and ASK you for your contribution. If you do not voluntarily send it to the Belgian Relief Fund, Local Committee, or Headquarters, the opportunity is gone, and the Belgian you MIGHT have saved, dies of starvation or perishes for lack of clothing or proper protection.

Make cheques payable and send contributions to

## Belgian Relief Fund

(Registered under the War Charities Act)

to your Local Committee, or to

125

Headquarters: 59 St. Peter St., Montreal.

## DROLL VIEWS OF WAR BY THE WISEACRES OF RURAL ENGLAND

Residents of Crassington, Amid the Hills of Derbyshire, Where a Strange Face is Seldom Seen, Discuss the Great Conflict in Terms of Crops and Pork.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—Snugly nestling amid the limestone hills of Derbyshire, an English county whose rugged picturesque scenery has been compared with the beauties of Switzerland, stands the little Old World village of Crassington. Its high hills shut it off completely from the outside world.

The villagers and their forbears have lived in Crassington all their lives. The villagers and their families have lived in Crassington all their lives, under their own roofs. The place has no attraction to outsiders, and a strange face is very seldom seen. News of any kind filters in very slowly, sometimes it never reaches at all. Telephones are altogether unknown.

Neither are the residents of Crassington a literary folk. Only two London papers find their way into the village.

At the Old Inn.

The medium for news in Crassington is gossip. Its two principal centres of propaganda are the "Blue and Beetle" and the village barber's.

The picturesque ivy-creeped inn with its crudely painted sign of a blue beetle has an enticing look. It seems a perfect haven of rest. Anyhow it struck the writer so and he entered. Ordering a tankard of the best, he took his seat among the aborigines.

The village blacksmith was there with his brawny arms, which reminded one forcibly of the famous verses. There were sturdy yeomen, whose rubicund faces told their own story of exposure to the weather.

"This year war," remarked one of the veterans, comfortably perched in a corner, "beats anything hollow that I ever heard of. It was as a stunner three years ago when Farmer Giles had twelve cows killed by lightning. It killed them as dead as mutton; I shan't forget it in a hurry."

He took a rest, puffing at his clay, then continued: "But that's nowt to this war. Squire's son killed, parson's son killed, bobby's two sons killed. Over twenty people in this little place

all gone under. It makes me shudder."

"Why didn't the government stop the war at first?" angrily ejaculated an old man seated in an opposite corner. "That's what I want to know."

"Very true," remarked another, "but did you ever know any government to do aught but talk and tax people to death?"

Bacon and Beans.

"The old country is going to the dogs," commented an octogenarian, who had been fumbling with his pipe for some time, itching to get a word in. "What's farming coming to? For fifty years I've had 16 bob a week, my cottage for 18 pence a week and what with my garden, my pigs and fowls, was never short of a square meal till this war started. First pig had to go, then fowls had to go because there was no corn—now everything has had to go."

"Don't forget the bacon and beans" chimed in another yeoman, "that's the stuff."

The blacksmith ventured: "Yes, as you say, that's the stuff, but my daughter says bones and bacon make folk strong in the arms but weak in the head. Reckon she read that in some book or other."

"I dunno as I believe in all this reading, caustically remarked the old man who had waxed so eloquent on beans and bacon. "What's the good of it. It's all right for the parson's daughter and the Squire's daughter—though they might find something better to do these days."

"Next to a pig, gie me a good fat goose for Christmas," remarked another sage.

"I prefer giblets pie," said a nervous voice.

"It's all the same, you old fool. No goose, no giblets pie," was the reply.

"Them Lady Farmers."

"None of you have touched the root of the matter," came in grave reproach from an old man whose unkempt locks were white. "It's these women on the land who ruin farming."

"The cows ain't half milked. No wonder there's no butter in the country. What do they know about milking, I'd like to know?"

"Or hoeing turnips or feeding pigs

## ABLE THANKSGIVING SERMON BY A FREDERICTON PASTOR

(Continued from Page Two)

night to refresh the earth. We should gratefully remember that.

"Back of the loaf is the snowy flour, And back of the flour is the mill, And back of the mill, the seed and the shower

And the sun and the Father's will"

A Moral Victory

In the second place we should thank the God of righteousness for the great moral victory which makes memorable the past year. One of the first acts of the Union Government was to pass an Order-in-Council prohibiting the manufacture, importation and sale of alcoholic liquors as a beverage. Thus at one stroke was accomplished that for which temperance advocates and leaders have fought for generations. During the past year the Canadian ensign has floated proudly over a saloonless nation, a dry Dominion. From all the nine provinces come most gratifying reports of the beneficial results of war-time prohibition. The economic benefits have been marked. The money which formerly went to the saloon-keeper's coffers now finds its way to the merchant's till. And as a consequence homes which were once filled with poverty and wretchedness are now filled with peace and plenty. Crime resulting from intoxication has decreased markedly. Social life has taken on a cleaner and higher tone. Enemies of prohibition, now convinced of its benefits, have been converted into friends and supporters. While rejoicing in the triumph of prohibition in Canada, it is well to remember that it is only a war-time measure to continue in force during the war and for one year after the coming of peace.

Already the armistice has been signed and the war ended. Undoubtedly the liquor interests will make a supreme effort to prevent the Federal War Time Prohibition Act from becoming a permanent act of Parliament. The present is, therefore, no time for the temperance forces to rest on their laurels, but the hour for prosecuting their work with redoubled energy till a permanent prohibitory act is placed on the statute book of the Dominion. While thanking the God of righteousness for the moral victory secured in a time of national crisis, we must gird on our sword for the new struggle that lies just ahead. We hope and pray that Canada will never again tolerate the demon rum to bide within her borders.

The Spanish Influenza

Again we should give expression to our gratitude to Almighty God that the epidemic of so-called Spanish Influenza has abated. The provincial ban placed upon all public assemblies has been lifted. After being closed for five successive Sundays the churches are permitted to open their doors to their worshipping congregations. During the interim of closed churches some have been brought to a realization of how much the Sunday services mean in their lives. With a new appreciation of the public worship of God, their steps turned to the sanctuary today. It is most fitting that on this first Sunday after the lifting of the ban we should thank God that the epidemic is past and the public worship of God resumed throughout this province. The disease was widespread throughout New Brunswick as well as in the sister provinces and the neighboring republic, so widespread as to be termed pandemic. With a malignant tendency to develop into pneumonia the mortality rate was high. It is estimated that in this province alone 1500 deaths resulted from the epidemic. The death toll in this city was 14. It is a matter for deep gratitude that, though a great many families connected with this church suffered from the disease, no deaths resulted among the congregation of the Brunswick Street church. The pastor was not called upon to officiate at any funeral resulting from the epidemic. The Baptist denominations however have suffered distinct loss in the death of two of its

—It takes a life time to understand it," said another.

"This eer war has ruined every thing. Beer ain't the same, and what a price!" a yeoman remarked whose red nose indicated his taste for alcohol. "I'd like to have that blooming Kaiser at the end of my pitchfork."

"He'll come to a bad end some day. You mark my words," said a village prophet.

"Time, gentlemen," said the landlord. Outside stood the village policeman, the embodiment of law and order, and when all had departed he surreptitiously went around to the back for his nightly mug.

ministers—Rev. H. P. Everett, a fellow student with me at Acadia, a young preacher of promise, who died in St. John, and Rev. J. E. Wilson, a former pastor of the sister Baptist church of this city, a man of choice spirit and kingly character, an eminently successful pastor, and a recognized leader of our denomination in these Maritime Provinces, whose recent demise at Woodstock we all deeply deplore. Much higher might have been the mortality had we not fortunately had in the new New Public Health Act, pronounced by no less an authority than Dr. Shearer of the Social Service Council of Canada the most progressive health legislation on the statute books of this Dominion, the machinery ready to hand for dealing quickly and effectively with the epidemic. In voicing our thanksgiving for the stamping out of the epidemic we must not forget to add our meed of praise for our local doctors and nurses who toiled untiringly to save life and for the noble women of the city who rendered invaluable assistance to so many afflicted families.

The Great War

But all our other causes of thanksgiving to God pale into insignificance (saving only the sacrifice of the Cross) before that of the closing of the greatest war of all history. It had caught up the continents in the most colossal world conflagration. It had called millions on millions of men from peaceful occupations to face each other in deadly conflict on the farflung battle-lines. It had drenched the fields of Europe with the richest blood of the nations and strewn the ocean beds with the fair forms of helpless women and innocent children, the toll of the devilish German submarine. It has brought Europe to the verge of starvation, and has filled that land with revolution and disorder. But now thank God, the armistice is signed. The world war is over. Our boys are out of the hell of war. Soon the last casualty list, long read with beating, breaking heart, will be published. An almost unbearable burden of anxiety and dread for the safety of loved ones "somewhere in France" has been lifted from multitudes of hearts. A new joy beats in the breast. A brighter smile illuminates the countenance. The awful and ominous shadow of war which hung like a pall over us for upwards of four years has passed. We have come out into the welcome sunshine of peace again.

A Quick Transition

How quick and blessedly startling

Mark Well



The full measure of honest market quality and value is put into every genuine packet, with the selling price on each.

This is the public safeguard

# "SALADA"

The tea with every virtue that is worth consideration. B502 "Try It To-day"

was the transition from gross darkness to blazing noonday splendor! How dark and dreadful were those days and weeks that followed March 21st when the last German drive began! As the victorious hosts of the haughty Hun swept irresistibly on and ever on our hearts quaked with a dread we dare not name. In those soul-testing days when the Allied armies were being swept further and further back we tremblingly wondered if the Germans could be prevented from reaching one or all of their objectives—the separating of the British and French armies, the capture of the Channel ports, the fall of Paris. We impatiently asked why the Americans had not come in sooner and questioned if they could place sufficient forces on the Western front in time to turn the tide of battle. Then it was that mother's hearts sank low for the fate of their sons. Then it was that stout hearts of brave men were filled with forebodings of ill. Then it was that Christians questioned whether God would after all eventually bring the right to unqualified triumph. Truly the darkest hour of the war was during the bright spring days of 1918. With the summer days came the wish-for, prayed-for change.

Foch's Hammer Strokes

On July 18th Foch took up his march toward the Rhine, and kept it up relentlessly till the enemy was on his knees before him treating for an armistice. How rapidly the prize and might of the Central Alliance crumbled beneath Foch's ceaseless hammer strokes. Victory after victory made forever glorious the armies of the Allies. With the surrender of Bulgaria on Sept. 30th the great landslide began in the Teutonic Alliance. Turkey followed just one month later. Oct. 25th saw the beginning of the Italian offensive which completely broke the power of Austria and compelled her to surrender on Nov. 3rd. Germany, boastful and haughty that set out four years before for world domination with the most efficient military machine that ever took the field, with her army

now broken and beaten, her people caught in the toils of starvation and revolt at home, was now left to face alone a world in arms. Bowing to the inevitable, she signed the armistice on Nov. 11th. Thus ended the greatest war of history. Most momentous events fraught with tremendous significance for the nations and for humanity have transpired before our eyes during the spring, summer and autumn of this year. It is doubtful if any other period of the world's history since Christ hung on Calvary was crowded with so many events of such far-reaching importance and significance for the fate of nations and the destiny of civilization as that period of this year from March 21st to Nov. 11th. For these momentous days, and their blessed achievements we present our grateful and hearty thanks to Almighty God who has given, Britain and her Allies such a glorious victory.

Germany a Suppliant

The victory has been most overwhelming and complete. The enemy has been beaten beyond recovery. Autocracy has met its most crushing defeat. Its thralls are dust. The star of democracy has risen to the ascendant. Germany that set out for a place in the sun ended a suppliant at the feet of Foch. That notice of sup-

(Continued on page 7.)

Grand Complexion Improver! Better Than Cosmetics

When it's so easy to bring back the bloom of youth to faded cheeks, when skin disfigurements can be removed, isn't it foolish to plaster on cosmetics?

Go to the root of the trouble—remove the cause—correct the condition that keeps you from looking as you ought. Use Dr. Hamilton's Pills and very soon you'll have a complexion to be proud of. How much happier you'll feel—pimples gone, cheeks rosy again, eyes bright, spirits good, joyous health again returned. Never a failure with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, get a 25c. box today.

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Get our rates.

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**LINIMENT**

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