

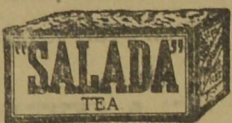
## After a Trial—

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## GENERAL FOCH A DEVOUT AND PRACTICAL CATHOLIC

**An American Boy Tells of Meeting the Generalissimo of the Allied Armies at Close Range—Saw Him Enter a Church, Get on His Knees in Humble Supplication to the Almighty While Thousands of Guns Roared Not Far Away—The Great Marshal a Deeply Religious Man.**

The following article appeared in the Los Angeles Daily Times of October 6th. The subject of the article, General Foch, is a most devout and practical Catholic, whose brother is a Jesuit priest. The article was written, of course, before Germany signed the armistice.

As the tide of battle in the great war turns more and more from doubt and anxiety to the certainty of victory, there looms with startling vividness in the world's imagination the figure of one man whose genius has exceeded that of any other soldier of whom time has made record.

This man is General Ferdinand Foch—the Gray Man of Christ. This has been Christ's war—Christ on one side, and all that stood opposed to Christ on the other side. And the generalissimo in supreme command of all the armies that fought on the side of Christ, is Christ's man.

This may seem a strange statement for a secular newspaper to make; but it is the business of a newspaper to get at facts. If the facts are of a general nature, it is still the business of the newspaper to get at them and to record them.

And the fact is that, owing to the genius of Ferdinand Foch the Hun stands at this hour with his back against the wall—a wall that is soon to crash and crumble upon his head and annihilate him forever from the face of the earth.

If you were to ask Foch "Are you Christ's man?" he would answer "Yes."

Can that kind of a man win a war? Can a man who is a practical soldier be also a practical Christian? And is Foch that kind of a man? Let us see.

If you were to know a man who in France has recently written a letter to his parents in which he gives, as well as anyone else could give, the answer to the question we ask.

This American boy—Evans by name—tells of meeting General Foch at close range in France.

Evans had gone into an old church to have a look at it, and, as he stood there with bared head, satisfying his respectful curiosity, a gray man with the eagles of a general on the collar of his shabby uniform, also entered the church.

Only one orderly accompanied the quiet gray man. No glittering staff of officers, no entourage of gold-laced aides were with him; nobody but just the orderly.

Evans paid small attention at first to the gray man, but was curious to see him kneel in the church, praying.

The minutes passed until fully three-quarters of an hour had gone by before the gray man arose from his knees.

Then Evans followed him down the street and was surprised to see soldiers salute this man in great excitement, and women and children stopping in their tracks with awe-struck faces as he passed.

It was Foch. And now Evans of San Bernardino counts the experience as the greatest in his life.

During the three quarters of an hour that the generalissimo of the Allied armies was on his knees in humble supplication in that quiet church 10,000 guns were roaring at his word on a hundred hills that rocked with death.

Millions of armed men crouched in trenches or rushed across blood-drenched terraces at his command, generals and field marshals, artillery, cavalry, engineers, tanks, fought and wrought across the map of Europe absolutely as he commanded them to do, and in no other manner, as he went into that little church to pray.

Nor was it an unusual thing for General Foch to do. There is no day that he does not do the same thing if there be a church that he can reach. He never fails to spend an hour on his knees every morning that he awakes from sleep; and every night it is the same.

Moreover it is not a new thing with him. He has done it his whole life long.

## ITS GREAT TO HAVE A CAR IN THE FAMILY

(Chicago News)

"I knew a man once who always kissed his wife 'goodnight' when they started to play bridge knowing they would not be on speaking terms later in the evening," said the pretty stenographer to the girl at the switchboard. "But it isn't bridge any more that disrupts families. It's automobiles. My sister Edith and Jack, her husband, were the most devoted couple I ever saw until Jack acquired a car. Now we never know whether they are friends or not. I hope if I marry we won't have an auto. Let me tell you what happened last night, and you will agree with me, I know."

"I know I won't," answered the girl at the switchboard, "but it sounds interesting so go on."

"Well I was going out for dinner and wanted to go home first to dress so I thought I'd call up Brother-in-Law Jack to drive me home with him and so save half an hour. I called him up at noon and told him I'd meet him at Michigan and Jackson at 5.30. He was in an awful hurry and I hardly spoke to him a minute. He said something about coming home with him for dinner and rang off before I had a chance to answer. At 5.30 I was Johnny-on-the-spot and found Edith waiting there. She was just as surprised to see me as I was to see her. She explained that she had been working at the Red Cross and called Jack up during the afternoon and told him she would meet him to drive home. Then along came Jack's sister. 'Are you going to meet Jack here too?' she exclaimed. 'Isn't that funny? I called him up to tell him I'd meet him here and drive home.'

"We had a good laugh, and decided that it was convenient to have a car in the family. Well, we waited and waited and waited. There were hundreds of cars but no Jack. Edith was ready to cry; she was sure something had happened and I'll confess that I was nervous myself."

"Well, at a quarter past 6 Mr. Jack comes calmly walking along Jackson boulevard just as if nothing had happened and grinning as if he had a good joke."

"Well, girls," he said, 'did you have a nice surprise? Wasn't it nice of me to plan this little meeting? Now, I'm going to take you all to dinner downtown instead of going out home!'

"I expected to see Edith fall on his neck in gratitude at seeing him alive. Instead she cried, where is the car! Don't you know I called you up because I wanted to drive home?"

"You should have seen Jack's face. The car he exclaimed. 'Great Scott, Edith, didn't I tell you that I left it at the garage and can't get it until tomorrow?'

"Edith gave him one look and I'm sure she hasn't spoken to him since. His sister said, 'Thank heaven, you're my brother and not my husband.'

"What did you say?" asked the girl at the switchboard.

"I won't tell you," answered the pretty stenographer, "but I'll tell you this much. I hung on to a strap all the way to 51st street, was almost half an hour late to dinner, didn't have time to dress, and they had invited that good looking Jacky I met at the dance last week."

"I guess you won't have a car," murmured the girl at the switchboard.

## Is Your Tongue Furred? Have You Headache?

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If young Evans could have followed the general on to headquarters, where reports were waiting him and news of victory upon victory was piled high before him, he would doubtless have seen a great gladness on the General's face, but he would have seen no look of surprise there.

Men who do that which Foch does have no doubts. When Premier Clemenceau the old Tiger of France, stood on the battle front with anxious heart one look at the face of Foch stilled all his fears. He returned to Paris with the vision of sure and certain victory.

The facts then in the case are that when the freedom of the world hung in the balance, the world turned to Foch as the one great genius who could save it against the Hun; and that Foch who is perhaps the greatest soldier the world has produced is first of all a Christian.

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## EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HAS A WORD FOR THE MOTHERS

**Says That No Sacrifices During the Great War Were Laid on Cold Altars—Soldiers Who Died From Disease or by Accident Stand on the Same Level as Those Killed in Action—No Gradation of Honor, All Were Doing Their Duty.**

This is one of a series of articles written by Theodore Roosevelt, as contributing editor of the Kansas City Star and published by courtesy of that newspaper.)

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 14—A friend of a California woman, writes me that there is staying with her a widow whose only son has been in the navy and has just died of influenza and that

the mother said: "I gave my boy proudly to my country. I never held him back, even in my heart, but if only he had died with a gun in his hand; a little glory for him and a thought for me that my sacrifice had not been useless."

My correspondent continues: "There must be so many mothers who feel that they have laid down their sacri-

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face on cold altars. You have written much that will comfort the mothers whose sons have paid with their lives in battle. Isn't there something you can say to help these mothers?"

I felt a real pang when I received this letter, because the thought suggested had been in my mind, and yet I had failed to express it. It had happened that my own sons and nephews and young cousins and their close friends were where death or wounds came to them on the field of action. For example on the day I received this letter we also got news that the closest school and college and army friend of my son Quentin, who was killed, had himself just been killed. He was

(Continued on page 2)

## Belgium Needs Your Help MORE THAN EVER!

**As Homes are Freed from Grasp of Germans New Horrors Revealed.**

Belgium! Belgium! Belgium!—the papers are full of heart-rending news-items from Belgium. Delirious with joy at being rescued from the hellish tyranny of the Germans, yet the poor Belgians are in large measure in the last stages of want.

Every cent you can send to them NOW will help to feed a famished patriot or clothe one whose meagre rags will never keep out this winter's cold.

**Raise Your Fund and Send It In!**

Perhaps you cannot spare as much as you would wish, but go around among your friends, plead Belgium's cause, collect all you can in every possible way, and turn it in QUICKLY to your local Committee or to Headquarters.

Picture these hungry and stricken people, of whom the Master said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these . . . .".

**This is an imperative call for HELP!**

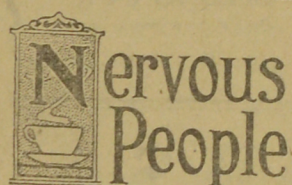
Make cheques payable and send contributions to

# Belgian Relief Fund

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to your Local Committee, or to

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