



## For Your Sons and My Sons

The noble work of the British Red Cross knows neither race, creed nor colour. Its "Quality of Mercy" is not strained.

But its financial burden has become more than the Motherland alone can bear. That is why October 18th has been set aside as a day to receive generous offerings to enable the British Red Cross to "carry on."

Sons and Daughters of the Empire, wherever they may be, are once again urged to give generously to this cause.

And it is most earnestly hoped that, as was the case last year, the contributions from Canada will set a standard in generosity that will be a pattern to the World.

## Give Nobly and Generously on "Our Day", October 18

### A Few Facts about the Work of the British Red Cross

The British Red Cross Society is the only institution which carries voluntary aid to the Sick and Wounded of the British forces on land and sea in every region of the War.

Its work is therefore the concern of all classes of British subjects, whether living in the British Isles, in the Dominions and Colonies beyond the seas, or in foreign countries.

### SENT OUT OF GREAT BRITAIN

\$5,500,000 for purchase and upkeep of Motors.  
2,500 Motor Ambulances, cars, cycles, wagons and soup-kitchens sent abroad.  
4 Hospital Trains running in France, each carrying 450 wounded, have cost over \$300,000 to build and run.  
\$2,800,000 spent on British Red Cross work in France and Belgium.

\$3,750,000 spent on work in Mesopotamia, India, Egypt, Salonika, Malta and Near East.  
The Hospital Ship "Nabha" sent to Mesopotamia.  
65 Motor Launches sent to Mesopotamia, Egypt, East Africa and Malta.  
22 Hospitals and Convalescent Homes in France, Egypt, Malta and Salonika.  
\$125,000 to French Red Cross Society.

### WHEN A GIRL HAS MUSICAL HANDS

No Argument is Needed, We Will Admit It—What We Don't Want is a Demonstration.

(Chicago News.)

"Matilda has great talent for music" declared Mrs. Ramble. "As soon as the professor saw her hands he exclaimed: 'Oh, Mrs. Ramble! Those are the very hands for the piano! The length of the fingers; their slender suppleness!' So very much depends on the hands, you know!"

"Everything," agreed the visiting lady; "the shape of the hand indicates the power of execution."

"Then why execute?" demanded Mr. Ramble, as he dealt the cards. "Why not just exhibit?"

"That would be satisfactory to me," observed the visiting gentleman. "Just let musicians show their hands and the best hand wins. There is no need whatever of playing the thing out when you can show a winning hand."

"That's the idea," continued Ramble. "No need of execution at all. No occasion to go to such lengths. If a girl can show the right kind of fingers she has talent. No argument. We are willing to admit it. It is only when a demonstration is insisted upon that opposition, antagonism and spleen arise."

"But," insisted the visiting lady, "there is something more to music than mere execution. Two people can play the same piece in perfect tune and time and still they will be a vast difference in the enjoyment among the hearers."

"The difference," declared Mrs. Ramble, "lies in the player's ability to interpret the composer's mood and his thoughts. Every musical composition expresses a mood and an idea and the pianist conveys them to the audience."

"Like fellows passing the buck in a card game!" suggested Ramble brightly.

"Not exactly," continued the visiting lady, "because after all it is not the composer's mood, but the mood of the pianist, which is conveyed to the listener. It is her own joys and sorrows which she passes out to the hearers."

"It doesn't work out that way with me," declared the visiting gentleman. "The girl next door sits at the piano in a state of blissful rapture. A smile spreads itself over her face and her heart leaps for joy. But when I hear the piece my mood is altogether different. I gnash my teeth and stamp and swear—I am anything but joyful." "Deal the cards," directed the visiting lady.

### DON'T SCOLD, MOTHER! THE CROSS CHILD IS BILIOUS, FEVERISH

Look at tongue! If coated, clean little stomach, liver, bowels.

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with sour waste.

While listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally has stomachache, indigestion, diarrhoea, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul waste, the sour bile and fermenting food passes out of the bowels and you have a well and playful child again. Children love this harmless "fruit laxative," and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to make their little "insides" clean and sweet.

Keep it handy, Mother! A little given today saves a sick child tomorrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups on the bottle. Remember there are counterfeits sold here, so surely look and see that yours is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup.

### SUNDAY SERVICES

St. Paul's Presbyterian.  
Rev. J. S. Sutherland, M.A., minister. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school and Bible classes at 2.30 p.m.

Methodist Church.  
Rev. Geo. M. Young, pastor. The pastor will preach at both services: a.m. "A Great Thought to Feed Upon;" p.m. "A Prophecy Now Being Fulfilled." Sunday school at 2.30 p.m. Seats free. Strangers welcome.

Brunswick Street Baptist.  
Rev. G. C. Warren, B. D., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Bible School with classes for all ages, at 2.30 p.m. All are welcome.

Reformed Baptist Church.  
Rev. H. C. Archer, pastor. Preaching on Sunday by the pastor at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Prayer and social service at 10 a.m. Sunday school at 2.30 p.m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All are welcome.

[The Daily Mail makes no charge for publishing church notices, but it requests that they be written out and sent to the office before 10 o'clock on Saturday morning.

### RHEUMATISM WAS MOST SEVERE

Dreadful Pains All The Time Until He Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES".



MR. LAMPSON

Verona, Ont., Nov. 11th., 1915.

"I suffered for a number of years with Rheumatism and severe Pains in Side and Back, from strains and heavy lifting.

When I had given up hope of ever being well again, a friend recommended "Fruit-a-tives" to me and after using the first box I felt so much better that I continued to take them, and now I am enjoying the best of health, thanks to your remedy".

W. M. LAMPSON.

If you—who are reading this—have any Kidney or Bladder Trouble, or suffer with Rheumatism or Pain In The Back or Stomach Trouble—give "Fruit-a-tives" a fair trial. This wonderful fruit medicine will do you a world of good, as it cures when everything else fails.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

### Slants of Humor

#### THE WAR GARDEN.

We have eaten the tomato;  
I've picked the lima bean;  
But wanly forlorn, the green, green corn  
Is still exceedingly green.

There may be two or more carrots;  
I'm hoping for a beet;  
'Twas the rooster, no doubt, ate the lone Brussels sprout  
Before we transformed him to meat.

The seed cost me only three dollars  
And labor was twelve more, I think;  
But I tell you, by heck! we raised more than a peck  
Of radishes, both white and pink!

#### IN MEMORIAM.

Pastor's Wife—I presume you carry a memento of some kind in that locket you wear?

Parishioner—Yes, it's a lock of my husband's hair.  
"But your husband is still alive!"  
"Yes, that is true, but his hair is gone."

DESTINY NEVER SAID A WORD.  
(By a rising poetess.)  
And thou shouldst place thy hand in his and come  
And follow gladly over hill and lea;  
Even Destiny would be in silence dumb  
When thou wert back with me.

#### SOME WEDDING MARCH.

At the Hogg-Egg wedding, according to the Montreal Gazette, the organist played "Mendelssohn's Wedding March from Lohengrin."

#### HIS CHIEF DESIRE.

General Pershing tells the following story about a young American soldier.  
"He talked a lot on the voyage over of the delight he would take in sight-seeing when on leave.

"Don't miss Notre Dame cathedral in Paris," said a French volunteer.  
"You bet I won't," said he.  
"Don't miss Westminster abbey in London," said a Scot.  
"No, siree! But, say, fellows, the thing I'm craziest of all to see is the Church of England!"

Some folks try to get up in the world by throwing stones at the men who have reached the top.

