



If a friend drops in to lunch.....

**Bovril**

will provide you with delicious soup to add to the menu.

**BOVRIL** adds an incomparable flavor to gravies, stews, etc.

If you have **BOVRIL** in the house you are prepared against any emergency.

The best food for invalids.

#### Euchre Parties.

When the average hostess gives a euchre party and has fifty or a hundred guests with two prizes, she finds that there is apt to be confusion at the beginning of the game, confusion in seating the guests at the tables, confusion at intervals during the game owing to mistakes of players, and, above all, confusion at the end when the prizes have to be awarded. So when she reads in the newspapers of semi-public euchres in which several hundred players take part, she wonders how in the world the thing can be managed and carried through without a riot.

Thus at a euchre given recently at the Waldorf-Astoria by the alumnae of St. Joseph's Academy, Flushing, for the benefit of the new convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph at Brentwood, L. I., several thousand tickets were sold, 1,004 players actually sat down at the tables and 150 prizes were distributed. Euchres even larger have been given, but the proportions of this one were sufficient to dismay the average woman who might undertake its management.

Yet the playing and the distribution of prizes went on smoothly and without confusion. The system by which it was done is simple enough, but for its successful operation considerable executive ability is required.

It is said that there are two or three men and women who are willing to manage such big euchres for pay and who may therefore be described as semi-professionals. The manager in this case was an amateur, Henry J. Heiden, who in private life is a school principal, and whose duty of managing classes of children gave him training for his work in managing a big euchre.

He organized a corps of assistants who were called captains and were thoroughly instructed in their duties and the rules of the game. On the night of the euchre the hall was divided into sections which were marked with numbered and lettered placards, and each section was placed in charge of a captain, who was manager and referee for all tables therein.

All questions arising during the progress of the game were promptly decided by the captains, who saw to it that the play went on without a hitch, and that players were placed at tables where they belonged. Dividing the players into sections made the huge body easy to handle, and the captains having in a measure official authority there was none of the confusion common at private euchres.

The prizes were distributed by a sort of lottery. They were divided into classes, and each had a numbered ticket. The persons having the highest scores drew slips having numbers corresponding to those on the best prizes and took the article thus awarded by lot. So with the other and lower scores.—New York Sun.

#### Don't Dare to Risk It.

Inhabitants of a Minnesota town remember Ellen Jones, the crabbled millionaire lumberman who hired all the mill hands himself. One day a Swede applied to the irritable old man, and secured a place on the saws. As he was leaving he said, "Mister Jones, in dees yob, you geef me dooler and halfer a day. Bestides dat, do you eat me or do I eat myself?" "Oh, eat yourself," replied the old man. "I have dyspepsia."

#### "THE PAIN WAS KILLING"

Rheumatism reveals in the writhings of its victims until the scorch of its pangs by South American Rheumatic Cure—It relieves in six hours and cures in one to three days.

Mrs. Geo. Smith, of 64 Channon St., Point St. Charles, suffered terribly from Rheumatism in her joints. The pain was killing. Doctors' medicines temporarily deadened the pain, but effected no permanent relief. She began taking South American Rheumatic Cure and when she had used four bottles was absolutely cured. For sale by C. McCallum & Co.

## WHEN BULLETS ARE LIKE HAIL

Comparatively Few Soldiers Know Sensation of Fear.

Julian Ralph Describes His Feelings When He First Found Himself Under Fire.

So many bullets hit no one, so many men come out of every battle alive and unscathed, so many narrow escapes leave no souvenir, except a recollection of superb excitement, that in battle fear enters few hearts, writes Julian Ralph in the Youth's Companion. And a true realization of the perils of war comes only to imaginative men; the typical soldier needs to be wounded to have the danger brought home to his mind.

A story is told of a soldier and a civilian who were walking beyond the houses of Kimberley toward some of the hills where the Boers were picketed. It was raining very hard, and the pelting of the drops upon the umbrella which sheltered the two men drowned all lesser noises. The soldier made a conspicuous target, and the Boers began shooting before the two men got within range.

The soldier saw where the Mauser bullets struck the earth, and sent up their little fountainlike jets of red dust of the veldt. He quickened his pace in order to reach a place of shelter, and presently the little jets of sand began to spout up in front of him and his companion.

In another moment bullets were flying over their heads and striking the ground both before and behind them. The civilian was unaware of this. He heard only the rain, and the sand-jets escaped his observation.

"You don't seem very much afraid of bullets," the soldier remarked.

"I shouldn't like to be hit by one," said the civilian.

"Were you ever under fire before?" "I never was under fire," the civilian replied, "but what do you mean by 'before'?"

"Are we?" the soldier echoed. "Why, man alive, don't you know that you are under fire now? Don't you see the bullets kicking up the dirt all around us? Don't you hear them singing?"

The civilian stopped still, looked at his companion, watched the ground, saw a bullet embed itself at his feet, and then turned and ran back to Kimberley with the speed of a deer, although he was middle-aged and portly. I can appreciate that story, because the first time I was under fire, in the Boer war I did not find it out until afterward. It was at Lord Methuen's first battle—Belmont. The British had cleared one kopje, and then gone around it to dislodge the Boers from another position.

My son Lester and I climbed to the top of a kopje which faced one on which the Boers had a field gun. We were silhouetted black and white against the sky, but our position seemed secure, as the two forces were engaged in a fierce fight far below and below us.

#### UNDER FIRE WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

We did not then know that it was the custom of the Boers to detail "crack" shots to work as sharpshooters, and to pick out individuals as their targets, while their comrades were engaged in the British with volleys. As we looked on, we heard occasional faint sounds in the air just before us, and each of us saw little spurts of dirt rise and disappear, as one sees the mist of a whale's spout at a great distance at sea. The Boers retreated, the British swept ahead, and we ran down the kopje to overtake the troops.

It was not until we were in the next battle and had a closer acquaintance with the sounds and habits of flying Mauser bullets that we realized to a certainty that at Belmont we had been fired at for ten or fifteen minutes, but had been, happily, just out of the danger zone.

#### HIS HAND WAS GRAZED.

At the battle of Driefontein, just before Bloemfontein, another case in point was the experience of my son and Mr. H. A. Gwynne, of "Reuter's." They had advanced toward the invisible enemy, who were hidden among bushes and rocks on a kopje, until there came upon them such a storm of bullets that it did not seem as if a moth-miller could have flown over the veldt without being hit.

Both men fell on their faces, and out of a dare-deviltry Mr. Gwynne lifted one hand above his head to see if it would be hit. He pulled it back before it turned to his men and say, either, "Men, I fear few of us will come out of this alive," or "Take cover, quick, and shoot whenever you see a head."

When he became impressed by the impudence of the enemy, he said to his men, "We will stop these fellows. They are too cheeky. Forward, men, and roll them out of their holes!" It was so with Capt. Bowen, of the Kimberley volunteer forces. In a lively skirmish fight a Boer picked him out from among his men, and shot and shot at him until it seemed to the captain like a persecution. He grew vexed—not angry, because that implies losing one's self-control. He said to himself, "That fellow is shooting at no one but me. Does he think I am like a wooden target, with no self-respect or ability to answer back?"

CAPT. BOWEN AND THE PATIENT BOER. He lay down on the veldt, and devoted his most careful and ardent efforts to ridding the world of that Boer. He made the Boer's hiding place so hot that the man could not move without exposing himself, and therefore stopped shooting.

Capt. Bowen knew that he had not hit the man, and was obliged, reluctantly, to mount and ride after him. Half an hour later, when he was returning and had forgotten the incident, the Boer again opened fire at him, and this time shot the captain in the chest.

and this time shot the captain in the chest.

In the first war I reported I said to myself, "Courage is not at all an extraordinary thing. Nine fellows in every ten have it; but I think it must all ooze out of a man's pores, no matter what the men who have been often wounded, like Lord Roberts, and who stick to the profession, must be made of an uncommon clay." I know better than that now.

In Turkey and in Africa I found that a very large proportion of the wounded chafed in their hospital beds for the day to come, when they could get back to "the front." Indeed, I personally knew only two or three men who said they had had enough and were anxious to get home. As a rule, the wounded officers asked to say: "I have a personal account to settle with our enemy. He has had his turn at me; now I want a chance to get even with him." Or another would explain: "You see, this is my first war, and I have not seen enough of it yet."

There are men who wax enthusiastic and even poetic when they speak of war. For instance, there was Surgeon-Major Lindley, well-known as a physician in New York. He once said to me: "What a delicious affair the battle of Grapen was—it was so lively and so hot in spots! It was as complete and pretty as a well-cut little gem." And yet in that fight Major Lindley was caught in a depression of the veldt, with Boers shooting at him from three sides, and with only one little break in their lines through which he had to ride in the full blaze of all their fire.

"What did you think when you saw the fix you were in?" I asked him. "I thought I had better dash ahead and attract the fire, so that my colonel would get out safely," was his reply.

## RISE OF LORD STRATHCONA

The Extraordinary Life of Canada's Good Old Man.

Was Once Plain Mr. Smith of Labrador—His Devotion to Montreal's Interests.

For many years it appeared that Mr. Smith, now Lord Strathcona, was to have a slow advancement, even within the company. He served for thirty years in the Labrador coast—thirteen years in an inhospitable climate, with no companionship save a few employees and his own thoughts; learning the secrets of the company, how to produce the best returns. It was gradually discovered, for the authorities of the company were in haste about nothing, that in Donald A. Smith they had a sovereign with a valuable knack of turning everything to account. No matter how poor the post, he always showed a balance on the right side of the ledger. But there are very few young gentlemen of the present day who would be willing to find a fortune upon thirteen years in Labrador, those thirteen magical years between eighteen and thirty-one.

The life of monotonous adventure breeds men who have self-reliance and a sureness of judgment to a degree corresponding to their natural endowments, and Mr. Smith had an unusual mental equipment for these circumstances to work upon and develop. A proof that no experience, even the dullest, is ever lost, the fact may be emphasized that Mr. Smith would never have been able to carry out schemes that had to encounter such definite material obstacles as lay in the path of the Canadian Pacific Railway had not his training in the wilderness taught him that such obstacles were dissolved by mere application of the human mind. In all such circumstances the words of the old buccanner might be quoted: "Brains will beat grim death, if we have enough of them."

The achievements of peace are saner and more lasting than those of war, and it will be as a philanthropist that Lord Strathcona will be remembered. Of his private benefactions only one man could tell, and that is himself. As his great public achievements have had, so far as he could make them, a private character, there can be no record of those relatively small gifts whereby he has gladdened many hearts and lightened much suffering. These are subjects upon which not even his intimate friends can speak to Lord Strathcona; he will put them aside, courteously always and with that odd mixture of urbanity and frankness that is characteristic of his manner.

But there are several of his gifts that cannot easily be concealed, and will be remembrances of him so long as the city of Montreal shall flourish upon her foundations. Jointly with Lord Mount-Stephen, he set apart one million of dollars to erect a free hospital in Montreal to commemorate the jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1887. Later, when the building had been erected on the side of the mountain, they gave equally in the sum of \$800,000 to endow the institution. There can be no finer site for a hospital in the world. It overlooks the whole city and the valley of the St. Lawrence. Behind rises the mountain, terraced with lovely gardens, before lie the squares and steeples, the glittering domes and beyond that the misty Champlain with here and there a domed mountain, and at intervals a town or village marked by a wreath of smoke or the steeple of a parish church that flashes like a point in the sun. This hospital, the Royal Vic-

#### SORE NECK

Take Scott's Emulsion for scrofula. Children often have sores on the neck that won't heal up. The sores may come and go. Parents may not know what's the matter nor what to do. Scrofula is the trouble and Scott's Emulsion is the medicine.

Scott's Emulsion heals the sores. But that is not all. Scrofula leads to consumption. This is the real danger.

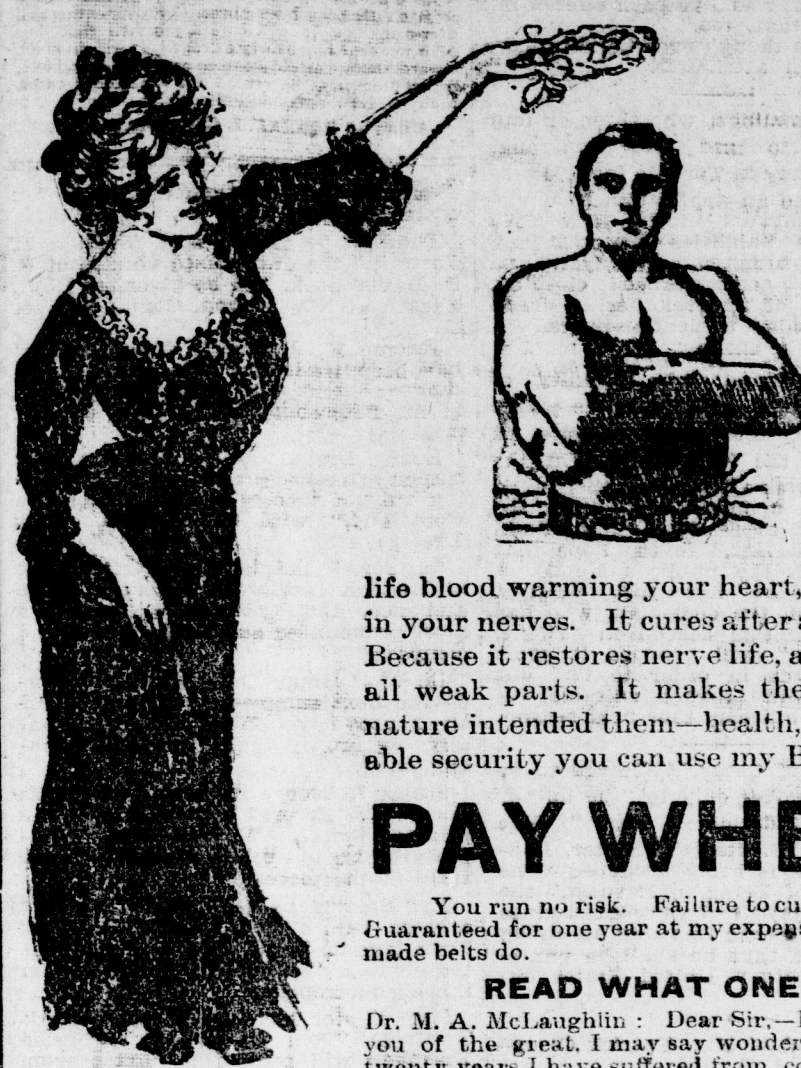
Scott's Emulsion is the "ounce of prevention" that keeps off consumption.

We'll send you a little try, if you like. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

## GIVES LASTING STRENGTH

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## DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT



You will never know what a grand power Electricity is until you feel its genial, glowing warmth penetrating every vital part of your body from my Electric Belt. Its touch is the touch of magnetism; it creates in a weakened body new life and vigor, ambition, energy, courage and happiness. It is nature's great restorer, applied gently while you sleep. It will transform your weakened, pain-racked body into a paradise of health. Try it, you weak, debilitated man; you poor, worn, weary and disheartened woman; feel the new

life blood warming your heart, the fire in your blood, and the steel in your nerves. It cures after all other remedies have failed. Why? Because it restores nerve life, animal vitality, warmth and vigor to all weak parts. It makes them strong; it restores them to what nature intended them—health, vitality. If you will offer me reasonable security you can use my Belt at my risk and

## PAY WHEN CURED

You run no risk. Failure to cure costs you nothing, as I take all the chances. Guaranteed for one year at my expense. It does not fall to pieces, as the cheaply made belts do.

#### READ WHAT ONE OF THE CURED SAYS:

Dr. M. A. McLaughlin: Dear Sir,—I feel great pleasure in being able to inform you of the great, I may say wonderful, cure your Belt has worked in me. For twenty years I have suffered from constipation. Only those who have suffered from this terrible ailment can know the terrible effect it can have on mind and body. To be relieved from the depressed state of mind and bodily torture is literally to become a new man. For twenty years I have had to use drugs, which only gave temporary relief, besides greatly weakening the stomach. I had one of the blistering belts, but I had to leave it off, and exchanged it for one of yours, and I am happy to say that your cushioned electrodes make your Belt the very best on the market. The soothing effect it has upon the debilitated body is something wonderful, and I would not only feel it a pleasure to answer any question from inquirers, but believe it my duty to make known the great benefit I have received from the use of your Belt. Believe me to be gratefully yours, JOHN MCCARTHY, Uffington, Ont., October 10, 1901.

**CAUTION** Beware of old-style, burning electrode belts, which are using an imitation of my cushion electrodes. My office contains hundreds of these old belts, discarded as useless and dangerous by persons whose bodies had been seared and scarred by the bare metal electrodes. I will make special terms to anyone having one of these old back-burners. Call and see the improvements in my Belt, or write for my free book.

**FREE BOOK** Every man who acquires the perfection of physical strength should read my beautifully illustrated book, sealed, free on request if you will send me my Electric Belt. I will send this book, closely sealed, free on request if you will send me my Electric Belt. If you are not the man you should be, write today.

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tor, as it is called, is one of the best-equipped institutions on this continent. Modern science has been exhausted in the search for better, and it is possible, by reason of the large endowment, to keep pace with the newest discoveries and inventions.

Out of his own hand he has given probably \$1,000,000 toward the cause of education in Canada. Most of this has gone to McGill University, of Montreal. The foundation of the Royal Victoria College for the higher education of women is one of the most popular and useful bequests to this university. "Donald," it is affectionately called, in the feminized form of Strathcona's Christian name. The beautiful building, guarded by a white marble statue of Queen Victoria, seated, looks down Union avenue from Sherbrooke street, just on the border of the college grounds.

All this munificence has flowed from a genuine heart and no public man has given with greater generosity and more noble aim. For, though Lord Strathcona has a princely fortune, it is not fabulous, and the bequests, of which but a few have been mentioned, represent, in comparison with large donations, equally lavish expenditure. —Ainslie's Magazine.

#### Exit the Nagging Woman.

The wonderful changes that have taken place in the experience and the character of women in the last fifty years have not yet found a chronicler, perhaps never will find one. Tennyson wrote "The Princess" in 1847. Scrofula was his treatment of the questions that were later to assume such importance, he had the poet's prophetic vision, and spoke a word which would be good fifty years after it was penned.

In 1867 the first class, consisting of four girls, was graduated from Vassar College. The dream of "The Princess" is now a reality, and now the "alumna" is as much a matter of course as the "alumnus."

Education and enlarged opportunity have not wrought their changes on the dinner table, the former, who happened to add the magic B. A. to their names. The new learning has filtered through the mass of society, and has leavened the whole lump. Certain types familiar enough both in fiction and in real life fifty years ago have become practically extinct.

There was the romantic maiden who talked about the home in a dream of idle lovers, cruel parents and midnight flights. She was a difficult member of a well-regulated family, and even sending her to boarding-school was not sure to clear her mind of the delicate maiden, and she is now in more danger of becoming a hoyden than an invalid.

There is another type which has not yet wholly disappeared, but which is less common than of old. This is the nagging woman. She had no sense of proportion. The stopping of her watch was as important to her as a death in the family. She harped on a single string—for example, a person's inconvenience—until husband and guests were at the last notch of irritation. She worried her children into open rebellion. She could never keep her servants. She could break up a church committee at a single session, although

no one dared to think of her as anything but "a very good woman."

Slowly but surely the broader horizon, the richer resource, the better training are banishing this woman from modern society. She was often the unconscious victim of her own energy and ambition. Today these are directed and utilized in the activities of town and city. She begins to see herself as others see her, and the twentieth century will mark the disappearance of the nagging woman as the nineteenth has rejoiced over the extinction of the romantic dreamer and the invalid by profession.—Youth's Companion.

#### THE POPULAR DRUG STORE.

Strict attention to every detail of the drug business, low prices, and giving our people just the thing they ask for, have all contributed to make our establishment the popular drug store of the town. Physicians' prescriptions filled with accuracy and dispatch. We invite you to call and examine our large stock of perfumes and new toilet preparations.

#### PAINE'S CEREALY COMPOUND.

At this time, when thousands are suffering from nervousness, dyspepsia, impure blood, liver complaint and kidney troubles, we can strongly recommend Paine's Cerealy Compound. This wonderful medicine is the prescription of an eminent physician. Try one bottle; it will give you cheering results. Our stock of Paine's Cerealy Compound is always fresh.

E. W. BOYLE, DRUGGIST, 652 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

#### An Embarrassing Honor.

The obsequiousness of those who hope to advance themselves by being exceedingly polite to their superiors in office sometimes assume an amusing aspect.

A certain head of a government department was invited, says a daily paper, to dine with others at a table with a cabinet minister. During the dinner the former, who happened to be placed between a door and a window, and had said nothing at all, began to sneeze.

"Are you taking cold, Mr. Brown?" asked the cabinet minister.

"I believe I have that honor and pleasure," answered Mr. Brown, bowing very respectfully.

## Carpenters' Kidneys.

Carpentering is not an easy trade. The constant reaching up and down, the lifting and stooping over are all severe strains on the kidneys. No wonder a carpenter exclaimed, recently, that every time he drove a nail it seemed as though he was piercing his own back. He uses

#### DOAN'S Kidney Pills

now on the first sign of backache and is able to follow his trade with comfort and profit.

"I have had kidney and urinary troubles for more than three years with severe pain in the small of my back in both sides. I could not stoop without difficulty, and I had severe neuralgic pain in both temples. Seeking the advice of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box. They have given me quick relief, removing the pain from the back and sides, and banishing the neuralgic pains from my head. The urinary difficulty is now entirely gone. I feel fresh and vigorous in the morning, and am much stronger in every way since taking these pills." CLARENCE H. BAZZO, Carpenter and Builder, Trenton, Ont.

#### The Mightiest of Tunnels.

The great Simion tunnel under the Alps from the Valley of the Rhone into Italy is about half finished, and it is now believed that it will be ready for traffic within two and a half years. Its cost will be \$14,000,000, and this enormous expense has been incurred to shorten the road between Paris and Milan only 50 miles. The distance by way of the new tunnel being 606 miles against 656 through the St. Gothard tunnel, but a greater gain than that in distance is effected in grades, because the highest point of the Simion tunnel will be only 2,312 feet above sea-level as against 3,785 feet for the St. Gothard and 4,244 for the Mont Cenis. This makes much easier work for the locomotive. The length of the tunnel will slightly exceed twelve miles.

When you feel weak, run-down, nervous, unable to work or think as you ought, take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They'll build up your energy.

#### Lee Hing Laundry

Telephone 1314, 467 Richmond Street. SHIRT COLLARS IRONED STRAIGHT so as not to hurt the neck. Stand-up collars ironed without being broken in the wing. Ties done to look like new. Give me a call. If you are not suited, no pay. Washing returned in 24 hours. All hand work. Best in the city. Parcels called for and delivered.

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Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhea and Runnings in 48 hours. Cures Kidney and Bladder troubles.

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