

In Perfumes—Rogers & Gallat's, Lubin's, Gros-smith's and Suloy's.

JAS. G. ROSS, Chemist
491 Richmond street.

Dupont's Hair, Nail and Tooth Brushes.

WHEN YOU CAN REGISTER.

Wednesday to Saturday of
This Week.

ELECTORS, TAKE NOTICE.

Important to Voters at the Coming
Election.

The writ for the election of Chief Justice Meredith's successor in the representation of London in the Provincial Legislature, having been received, ordering the election for Nov. 20, only a little time now remains to prepare for victory.

There is no time to spare. The citizen who does not wish to be robbed of his vote must see to it that his name is on the voters' list.

The new "City Manhood Suffrage Act" comes into force at the election to take place here for the first time. By its provisions every male person who is 21 years of age and a British subject, resident in the city three months and in the Province twelve months, is entitled to vote.

Every person who voted in the general election in June last, as either owner or tenant, will find his name on the voters' list to be used on this occasion. But every income voter and every manhood suffrage voter must personally attend the registration places, and declare his intention to vote in the ensuing election.

Every tenant, owner or man simply 21 years of age, who is a new-comer, must register or he cannot vote.

There will be six registration districts in the city, and three daily sittings will be held for the convenience of those claiming to be entitled to vote.

The days upon which the registration will take place for this city for the ensuing election have been fixed for Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week.

Arrange to register early!

AN ALDERMAN'S DARING.

GOES AFTER A BURGLAR WITH A SHOT GUN.

Proves not to be a Very Dangerous Type—Natural sequence of Having an Electric Light Nearby—An Early-rising Servant Girl.

One of the City Fathers was rudely awakened from his slumbers a little after two o'clock a couple of mornings ago by the sounds of footsteps in the dining room below. He hurriedly got out of bed and crept to the head of the stairs to make sure that he had not merely dreamt he heard the noise, and soon was convinced that at least one burglar—and, maybe, more—was in the house, for he not only heard foot-steps, but other sounds which indicated that the fellow was a particularly cool customer, for he had evidently started a fire and was cooking himself something to eat. The house dog had not made any noise whatever, which was rather puzzling, but the alderman concluded that it had either been strangled or drugged.

The now thoroughly-awakened and half-frightened civic dignitary quickly rushed for his gun, and loading it to the muzzle with heavy shot and taking a few extra cartridges in case of a desperate struggle, quickly made his way down stairs, not even waiting to pull on his pants. He saw a light in the scullery, and commanding all the courage he could muster bid the supposed burglar to come out and throw up his hands. The reply was a frightened scream from a female throat, and in an instant the house maid, with her sleeves rolled up, stood before the people's champion pleading that he spare her life.

Of course, he brought his gun from the shoulder, and mutual explanations followed. She had mistaken the light from the electric lamp in front of the Alderman's house for the early rays of the morning sun, and wishing to get the week's washing out bright and early had got up, thinking it was nearly six o'clock. She had the fire going and a boiler full of clothes on the stove when she was so unceremoniously interrupted, but decided that half-past two was a little too early to start and went back to bed.

"You may depend I was glad it wasn't a real burglar I encountered," said the Alderman subsequently, in discussing the matter. "I tell you I'd sooner face three or four enraged property owners who wanted sidewalks or some other improvement than one burglar in the house after night, and any person who has ever been on the Board of Works knows what that means."

A Kentucky Lynching.

Princeton, Ky., October 31.—News reached here this morning of the lynching of Eddie Martin in the Repton neighborhood, in Crittenden county, yesterday morning, by a mob estimated at 160 men. The scene of the lynching is remote, and the best obtainable information is that Martin was called upon at the home after midnight. Opening the door he was seized by a dozen men, who asked for information of Bill Goode, the pauper commissioner of Crittenden county. The mob told him they had come to hang him, but if he would turn state's evidence upon Goode he would be spared. "If these are the only terms, gentlemen," said Martin, "let the hanging proceed." Goode has been a friend and I won't equal. The mob quickly did the work, and left the dead body swinging from a limb upon a lonely road.

Quack Advertisements

Are a nuisance, and we think it behooves publishers to examine into the merits of many articles purged up in their columns. We do not deny that many meritorious remedies are properly to be classified under this heading. Take the hundreds and thousands relieved from severe suffering by the use of Polson's Nervine; would it not be unreasonable to expect them to condemn that far-famed remedy? Now we know for a fact that Polson's Nervine is a most powerful and most powerful.

THE WORKMEN'S HOTEL.

OPENING OF THE SALVATION ARMY SHELTER.

Description of the Interior—Cosy and Cheap—The Bill of Fare—A Hungry Tramp—Visit to the Wood Yard—The Generous Gift of a London Lady.

The Salvation Army's Shelter, or Workmen's Hotel, as it will probably be known, was opened last evening. There was no ceremony of any kind to mark the event. Commandant Booth, Mayor Esery, Ald. J. W. Jones and Brigadier Holland, with Captain Miller, the head of the local corps, inspected the premises, then the front doors were opened, and the Shelter had inaugurated its mission of charity.

The hotel is located in the south half of the Citadel on Clarence street. The windows and doors are frosted high up, and the visitor can have no idea of what is within until he enters. Immediately inside is a hall, and neatly arranged about it are six tables capable of seating half a dozen persons each. Small cruets and a bell are placed on the oil-cloth coverings. The floor is not carpeted, but it is scrupulously clean. So are the frescoed walls, and the grained partition, in which is built a sort of sale counter, with sliding doors opening into the kitchen of the establishment. The patron has the option of lunching at the counter or sitting at table. Here is the bill of fare:

CHEAP LIVING.

Supper, bed and breakfast, 16 cents; single bed, 15 cents; deck bed, 10 cents. Supper to consist of cup of tea (coffee or cocoa), soup and bread, bread and butter, or bread and jam. Breakfast, porridge and bread, bread and butter, or bread and jam, with cup of tea. Bowl soup, 5 cents; two eggs, scrambled, boiled or fried, 5 cents; two eggs, with bacon, 8 cents; full meal, 10 cents, including soup, bread, meat, potatoes and pudding—if no soup, cup of tea added; bread and butter, 1 cent; a slice; two pieces dry bread, 1 cent; bread and jam, 1 cent. Two or three kinds of meat will be served, and preferences acceded to. Meals will be served from 6 to 8 a.m., 12 to 2 p.m., and all evening. Between these hours no one will be allowed to lounge about the rooms.

Men coming to the hotel without money may saw quarter of a cord of wood in the yard adjoining, or split half a cord, in return for which they will receive their supper, bed and breakfast. In this regard, preferences will be given to strangers.

The hotel is open to all men. No distinctions whatever will be made, and the man who pays the "rates" will be welcomed as often as he comes.

"We will make it a point to have the best of soups," Captain Miller remarked to a FREE PRESS reporter, while discussing the prospects of the hotel over respective steaming bowls of soup.

Lieut. Liston, a professional cook, who has charge of the kitchen, comes from Toronto, where he had charge of the Army Shelter. The kitchen, by the way, has everything needful in equipment, and is a model of cleanliness and neatness.

NOT A CHARITABLE INSTITUTION.

"Our Shelter is not a charitable institution," the captain explained. "We will not keep men hanging about month after month. If they have no money they can earn it in the woodyard. We will sell wood to citizens at regular prices. The only form of charity we have is that of taking a prisoner from jail and providing for him until we secure him a situation. Order books will be issued to citizens, who can issue an order for so much to a passing tramp or other person, and then we will call around and receive payment."

Nobody called at the Shelter last night for lodging, but four paid for their supper. One was a genuine tramp, but the others were merely poor men.

The sleeping room contains 31 single beds. Some of these are separate, and others are built in double-deck fashion. A coal stove heats the room, which is large and airy, and the beds inviting. A night watchman is employed. Should guests desire to smoke or read, they may have it by visiting warm rooms provided for the purpose beneath the dining room. A free bath, with hot and cold water, is given. The lavatories are complete.

AS TO FINANCES.

"How are the Shelter's finances?" "Well, the institution cost to fit up and equip \$1,300. Of this amount \$150 remains unsubscribed for. Commandant Booth to-day received \$900 from a lady of this city who does not desire her name mentioned. The money is to be devoted to all branches of our social and religious work."

"Will the hotel be self-sustaining?" "Yes, we expect so. I forgot to mention that the lady who gave us the \$900 told Commandant Booth she at first thought we were a set of fanatics, but she now saw her mistake. Then the city, we expect, will continue the grant they have made, when they find we are helping them."

ST. THOMAS NOTES.

Sayings and Doings in and Around the Southern City.

St. Thomas, Oct. 31.—[Special.]—At an enthusiastic representative meeting of the Patrons of Industry of West Elgin, held at West Lorne to-day, Mr. Alexander McKillop, farmer, of Dunwich, was nominated to contest the riding for the Dominion Parliament. Mr. McKillop is an ex-warden of this county, and has been one of the foremost workers in the Grit ranks for years, which on the face of it shows that the Patrons of West Elgin are not in accord with the Liberal platform. That Mr. McKillop will make a good fight is a foregone conclusion.

Dr. Luton, city, was re-elected as one of the five homeopathic members of the Council of the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons for the next four years. The usual Halloween pranks were indulged in by the small boys here to-night. At a special meeting of the committee selected to report on the desirability of erecting a new City Hall, they decided to recommend that a by-law to issue debentures for \$40,000, bearing interest at 4 1/2 per cent. annum, in twenty equal instalments, be submitted to the people at the next municipal election.

Mr. Marier, the new leader of the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature, was at one time associated with Mr. G. H. Gordon, of this city, in the lumber business. For several years they held a contract to supply the M. C. R. with all firewood consumed by them, which at that time before coal was used in the engines, was a very profitable business. Mr. Marier

FOREST QUEEN'S SUPPER.

Ancient Foresters Treat Themselves to Oysters and a Literary Programme.

Last summer Court Forest Queen, Ancient Order of Foresters, ran an excursion to Detroit, and cleared between \$115 and \$130. On the strength of this the members of the Court treated themselves to an oyster supper last night after the regular lodge business was completed, which included the initiation of five candidates, and about 100 members sat down to the lavishing spread which had been prepared under the supervision of a committee consisting of Bros. J. A. Ross, C. R.; John Stevenson, Wm. Truedell, Rand. Depotie, John Cambridge, F. Blood and Hugh Brock, Sec.

After the supper the members again repaired to the lodge room, where the following programme was arranged and read under the chairmanship of Bro. Herbert Boyd, P. G. R.—Instrumental: Bros. R. and H. Depotie; song, Bro. Gregory; violin solo, Bro. Archie Legg; address, Bro. Wilkins, P. H. C. Treasurer; violin solo, Bro. Walker; song, Bro. Widder; address, Bro. A. O. Jeffery; instrumental, Bro. R. Depotie; song, Bro. Harry Boyd; address, Bro. Rossiter, D. C. R.; song, Bro. Gregory; violin solo, Bro. Legg.

In introducing the programme Bro. Boyd made a rattling address. He said that during the year Court Forest Queen had gained about twenty in membership, the total now being 237. In the same time \$1,484 had been expended in stock benefits, and there was a balance in the treasury now of about \$1,400. He urged the members to make a special effort to run the membership up to at least 300 before the next annual meeting.

IN COLD BLOOD.

Dreadful Plot to Murder Many Men—A Mere Boy Confesses the Fiendish Details.

Merrill, Wis., Oct. 31.—Wholesale murder and express robbery were the objects that inspired the plot to derail the Great Minneapolis, Boston limited, near Headford Junction, on the night of Oct. 7. In that wreck Fireman Chas. Cottrell was instantly killed, and Engineer Jas. Dutch was seriously injured. The man who confessed is Levitt Hazleton, about 20 years old, claiming to be resident of Brainerd, Minn. His companion is Frank Williams, a short, thick-set man, who claims to have relatives and friends at Appleton, Wis. Both were arrested recently. Williams stoutly maintains that he knows nothing of the wrecking.

On September 30 the two broke into and stole an oil-coat and an overcoat at the tool house at Prentice. That night they saw a bridge near that place, but owing to the short time in which they had to do the work it was not completed, and the train passed safely over it. The following week's time was spent between Prentice and Rhineland. On October 7 they saw the piles and stringers of the high bridge near Headford Junction, and the west-bound passenger train went crashing down a 25 foot embankment. The train was running slow, so the wreck was not as complete as the wreckers expected. The baggage, smoking and day coaches and two sleepers were not broken, and none of the passengers were hurt.

Subsequently both men were arrested on suspicion, and sentenced for 30 days for carrying concealed weapons.

Last Wednesday they were charged with the murder of Fireman Charles Cottrell. They pleaded guilty, and their examination was set for to-day.

Last Friday L. Hazleton confessed. He said:—"About dark we set to work. We expected that the passengers and train crew would be all killed. We thought mostly of the money we would get, and not of the loss of life. We began work west of the centre of the bridge. We cut all the stringers across the bridge and two sets of them at the ends, and then sawed the piles or posts upon which they rested. We also cut a brace. After a train passed over we sawed the outside post and the other brace, took the bolts out of the fish-plates, pulled the spikes next to the fish-plates and removed the bolts from the fish-plates at each end of the rail."

"We waited at the east end of the bridge until the west-bound passenger train came and broke through the bridge. We were on the south side of the track at the east end of the bridge when the crash came. Then we walked westward to the point where the wreck was. We heard someone crying—'Are you hurt?' The other man answered: 'A little.' The one crying out said: 'We did not want to hear more. A man was coming toward us and that scared me out. We walked away and went down pretty near to the next town on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul track, and went into a hay barn. We remained there three days and then started for Merrill."

Chattelle will be Defended.

Toronto, Oct. 31.—Chattelle's friends in St. Hyacinthe have written a letter to a former resident in that vicinity who now resides in Toronto. They request that good legal counsel shall be engaged at once to defend the confessed murderer of little Jessie Keith at Listowel. The writer of the letter states that Chattelle is insane, and that he should be put in prison as a dangerous lunatic and not tried for a crime for which he is by nature not responsible. H. M. East, a Toronto barrister, has been asked to undertake the defence. Mr. East will go on Friday to see Chattelle and judge for himself as to the condition of the man's intellect. He has consented to undertake the defence providing he judges the fellow to have been irresponsible at the time of committing the murder.

Guatemala Withdraws Her Troops.

City of Mexico, Oct. 31.—Information has been received here that the Government of Guatemala, following the usual course, has consulted a foreign diplomatist in the city of Guatemala as to the Mexican difficulty. The diplomatist held that Guatemala's position was untenable; hence that country has withdrawn its troops precipitately from the disputed frontier territory at Agua Azul. It has been learned also that 30,000 Mauser rifles, ordered for the Guatemalan army, have not been received by the Guatemalan Government, as the English traders not being able to collect the money for them sold them to the Mosquito Indians.

Robert Lubbock, Cedar Rapids, writes:—"I have used Dr. THOMAS'S Eucalypti Oil both for myself and family for diphtheria with the very best results. I regard it as the best remedy for this disease, and would use no other."

A balky horse is not valueless because he has no pull.

For fresh-cut roses, carnations and other

flowers, see the Floral Report.

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CONTROL OF THE TONGUE.

Physical Conditions to Be Observed With That Unruly Little Member.

Twenty centuries ago St. James denounced the human tongue as a mischievous engine and world of iniquity. A modern observer declares that chronic sore throat is not infrequently produced by the misuse of the vocal organs—very often that unruly little member, the tongue, is accountable for this difficulty, as it is for a great many other troubles in this transitory life. Many people have a habit when talking of pushing the tongue so far back against the delicate membranes that line the throat, that irritation more or less painful is caused, and if it continues any length of time ulcers will form—and so will a doctor's bill. Control of the tongue is excellent in all senses of the word. Physically this organ may be arranged by depressing it into a hollow at a point three-quarters of an inch back of where the tip of it comes when in a natural position in the mouth, and at the same time singing very light head tones. The exercise requires some patience at first, but the habit of keeping the tongue down is soon acquired. In speaking or singing it should not be allowed to loop up and fill the mouth, thus interfering with the free passage of the tones of the voice from the throat to the front of the mouth, where they should strike and then escape clear as a bell. This hooping up of the tongue in the mouth is the cause of much of the indistinct and slovenly utterance to which we are too often obliged to listen. In many people we notice the line from the point of the chin to the neck in the form of a right angle. In a shapely throat this line forms a curve, just as a canary's does when the small, yellow artist is warbling his carols. To develop the throat and make this angle a curve stand before a mirror so that you may watch the throat swell out; now thrust your tongue out as far as it will go, then draw it back quickly and forcibly at the same time bringing it downward in the mouth as far as you can. Place your thumb and forefinger against the larynx (commonly called the Adam's apple), and if you are making the right movement you will feel the larynx pass downward. For a week or two make the movement lightly, after that time put as much force into it as you can. The exercise should be practiced for a few minutes several times a day, to insure rapid and good results. To fill up the hollows of the neck, stand correctly, and then slowly lift the lungs with air, without elevating the shoulders. As the air is forced upward into the throat hold it there a few seconds and then expel slowly. This exercise is best performed soon after rising in the morning and before retiring at night.—New York Times.

The Mal-Odorous Onion.

"Talk about tobacco-scented breath of men," said a pretty girl. "I have suffered more at matinees from sitting next a woman who had eaten potato salad or Spanish omelet, or some dish of which onions or garlic formed a part, than I ever did from the fumes of tobacco in the presence of men. The odor of wine which women drink at table as often as men do is no more pleasant because it is wafted between the pretty lips of a woman, who, perchance, would tip-tilt her nose at detecting it on a 'horrid man.'"

This is more truth than poetry in this criticism, but a little care will prevent any one from being offensive on account of the food or liquids they have taken. A cup of black coffee will destroy the fumes of the mal-odorous onion. The "fad" of having peppermints and wintergreen cream candies on the table has method in its madness, as one of these will destroy the odor left by wine. It would be quite safe to use as a mouth wash and gargle after each meal a glass of water, in which had been put a few drops each of camphor and myrrh. A bit of orris root might be carried in the masculine pocket for use when necessary, for it, as well as stick cinnamon, or ginger, will disguise unpleasant odors. In some cases, however, the "ounce of prevention" would render resort to these disguises unnecessary. Henry Ward Beecher once characteristically said: "There is no smell so universally pleasing as no smell."—New York Recorder.

A Locomotive Put Together in 10 Hours.

"To look at a railway locomotive one would scarcely think that by any possibility it could be put together in less than one day," remarked Thomas G. Bick of Montreal, "yet that astonishing feat was accomplished not long ago in England, the work occupying less than ten hours from the driving of the first rivet to the application of the final coat of varnish. The start was made at 9 o'clock in the morning, and eleven minutes afterward the first rivet was put into the frames. The cylinders were set and fixed in one hour and seventeen minutes. Four hours and seventeen minutes from the start the boiler was in place, and an hour and twenty minutes later the engine was wheeled. The wheels were supplied just as they left the shops, and the eccentric sheaves had to be fixed, and the axle boxes, connecting rod and coupling rod brasses fitted by the erectors. Eight hours and twenty-two minutes from the start the valve setting was completed, and the painting of the engine was begun fifteen minutes later. In nine hours and forty-seven minutes from the start the engine and tender were completed in every detail. One hundred and thirty-seven men were engaged in the work. The locomotive was put into regular service on the day it was completed, and has been running continuously ever since."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Jean Bart, the Corsair.

The last descendant of the famous French corsair, Jean Bart—Mme. Taverne de Tersud, nee Melanie Jean Bart—has died at Dunkirk. Jean Bart's effigy is frequently to be seen as a sign-board in Paris and provincial towns, and the presentation of the old fire-booter in his gayly plumed hat, cloak and jackboots, striding up and down the quarterdeck of his cruiser, often appeals to the imagination of the youthful Frenchmen who happen to have a hankering after salt water. The corsair is also venerated on patriotic grounds, for, although not originally belonging to the national navy, he was commissioned under letters patent to fight the Dutch. Afterwards, being captured by the English, he escaped from Plymouth, and in 1679 he was admitted by Louis XIV. to the Royal Navy on the recommendation of Vauban. He was also ennobled and empowered to wear the Fleur de Lis in his coat-of-arms. Mme. de Tersud, his descendant, was seventy-two years



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THIS IS THE GENUINE.

Our trade mark on Buff Wrapper around every bottle.

THE WONDER OF HEALING.

FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,

WOUNDS, STRAINS, BRUISES,

PILES, FEMALE COMPLAINTS,

INFLAMMATIONS, CATARRH,

HEMORRHAGES, and ALL PAIN.

Refuse Substitutes, made crudely, sold cheaply.

Used Internally and Externally.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Prices, 50c., Cheap, \$1, Cheaper, \$1.75, Cheapest.

Genuine is strong and pure. Can be diluted with water.

Sole Manufacturers, POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

OUR PRICES FOR THE CELEBRATED

Plymouth Hard Coal

Until further notice are as follows:

\$6 PER TON, \$3 PER HALF TON, \$1.65 PER QUARTER TON.

HUNT BROS.

GENUINE SCRANTON

TONS, \$6 00

HALF TONS, 3 10

QUARTER TONS, 1 65

AMERSON'S

421 Richmond St., 316 Burwell St.

DR. LAROE'S COTTON ROOT PILLS

Safe and absolutely pure, the most powerful Female Regulator known. The only safe and reliable pill for sale. Ladies ask your druggist for Laroe's Star and Crescent Brand. Take no other kind. Guaranteed to relieve suppressed menstruation, Sold by all reliable Druggists, or Postpaid on receipt of price.

American Pill Company, Detroit, Michigan.

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A Total Eclipse

IT IS FIFTY TIMES AS NOURISHING

—AND MAKES—

A Strengthening and Invigorating Beverage.

x327v

TO ORDER.

All-wool Tweed Suits, \$16.00

All-wool Tweed Suits, \$15.00

Heavy Wool Pants, \$4 and \$4.50

Underclothing, all wool, 90c and up.

See our Tailor-Made Flannel Shirts.

PETHICK & McDONALD

393 Richmond St., first door north of City Hall

RIGBY

This is the season when we properly appreciate a warm, comfortable, porous Water-proof Coat. Everybody is asking for "Rigby."

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SEE BEATON'S WINDOW SHOW LATEST STYLES OF FURS!

138 DUNDAS ST. OPPOSITE MARKET LANE.

x370a

Bedroom Sets, \$22

THE LATEST.

Very pretty white finished Bedroom Sets, with brass trimmings, suitable for young people's rooms.

London Furniture Mfg. Co

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