

London Advertiser.

FOUNDED IN 1863.
TWO EDITIONS DAILY — WEEKLY.
TELEPHONE CALLS.

Business Office107
Editorial Department134
Job Department175
The London Advertiser Company,
Limited, 191-193 Dundas street, Lon-
don, Ont.

COBALT LOOKING UP.

The little town of Cobalt is having a renaissance. Last year it sprang up out of the wilderness, and challenged the attention of a whole continent. It presented all the features of a new mining camp in the frenzy of a boom, excepting lawlessness and drunkenness. Prospects came from the ends of the earth and scoured the country until the winter drove them away. It was expected that the spring would see a returning swarm of fortune-hunters, and it was freely predicted that the town would be a city soon after the snow had melted.

These hopes were profoundly disappointed. Cobalt slept, all summer, apparently in a state of arrested development. It was an object of curiosity to the tourists who flocked into the Lake Temagami district, but they were surprised to find it as quiet and peaceful as a country village. All the time, however, marvelous riches were coming to light almost within a stone's throw of the center of the town. The large mine-owners were steadily developing their property and sinking shafts so that the ore veins could be followed during the winter months. Owing to some difference with the refiners the shipments of ore were suspended, and profits were postponed. The public got the impression that Cobalt was merely a nine days' wonder, whereas the camp was really getting down to "hard pan." The yield of some of the larger mines is without parallel in silver mining operations in North America. The silver-producing area is believed to be limited, but within those limits it is one of the richest camps the world has ever known.

Cobalt's second boom has infected the stock market. The fever will run the usual course, and thousands of persons will be smitten. The demand for Cobalt mining shares will inflate the price, regardless of the intrinsic value behind them, and by and by the bubble will burst. Many will make money in buying and selling shares, but they will make it at the expense of the gudgeons who happen to hold the shares when the boom collapses. At least the history of Cobalt will be very different from other mining camps if this is not the case.

CANADA AND THE IMPERIAL WAR BILLS.

Sir Frederick Borden, minister of militia, who has just returned to Canada from Great Britain, says the imperial war office is well satisfied with the position taken by Canada and with conditions prevailing in the Dominion in the matter of defense. Most moderate men will agree that the British authorities have good reason for satisfaction. Canada, despite the occasional grumbles of old-world people, echoed, we regret to say, by a few Canadian jingoes, has done much for the common defense of the Empire, both directly and indirectly. So soon as the Dominion was formed, we dispensed with the imperial troops formerly stationed at inland centers. We have established and maintained a well-trained military force and have greatly improved our militia service in recent years. We have, with outside aid, put down two rebellions, made a splendid contribution, in men and arms, to the imperial force which re-established British law and order in South Africa. We have also provided one great railway highway to and from the east, and two more are under way. These Canadian transcontinental lines are of immense strategical advantage to British interests in the Orient.

Nevertheless, we occasionally find British public men dissatisfied with the present relations between the center and the outlying divisions of the Empire. Imperial statesmen of the better class are reasonable and do not argue that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves, because, without opportunity to say how the money should be spent, we do not contribute millions of dollars in aid of the British army and navy. The lord chancellor, speaking at Glasgow last week, pointed out that his majesty's Dominion now consists of 12,000,000 square miles, one-third of which had been added during the last 25 years. This vast Empire contains a population of between 400,000,000 and 450,000,000 of inhabitants of every race, color, and stage of civilization, with creeds and beliefs of every kind, and with every system of law known to humanity. The control of this vast territory by Great Britain has made that nation an obstacle to the expansion and ambitions of all other powers—and they embrace nearly every civilized nation—which have been smitten with the fever of territorial aggrandizement. The lord chancellor argues that almost all the wars and expeditions in

which Great Britain has been engaged since the end of the Napoleonic wars have been due to "Colonial and Indian causes," and with the exception of those waged on the frontiers of India, the cost of them has practically all been borne by the taxpayers of the United Kingdom. Reasoning in this way, the lord chancellor concluded that if all the money which was spent on these troubles could have been saved, and devoted towards the extinction of the national debt of Great Britain, there would have been very little national debt left, and the taxpayers of Great Britain would annually have been saved at least \$100,000,000, or perhaps \$125,000,000.

This is all very interesting, but we in Canada know that in the making of these wars for the extension of the bounds of the Empire we were never consulted, and that some of the wars would never have been undertaken if the imperial authorities had not believed that they were necessary to protect the trade and commerce of the United Kingdom. Take the last great war in South Africa, as a consequence of which the national debt was increased by \$747,110,000, bringing it up to what it was at the time Queen Victoria ascended the throne. Very many Canadians believed that even if a more adroit diplomacy could not have averted the war, it might have been so ended by reasonable foresight and more effective preparations. We had no voice in saying whether or not war should be declared, yet all classes in the country, with very few exceptions, warmly supported the aid given the mother country by the Government and people of Canada, leaving the British electorate to settle with the men responsible for the bungling.

The lord chancellor is on safe ground when he contends that what Great Britain needs in these days is not little men to make great wars, but great men to prevent them; not more annexations of territory, but the extension of self-government, both at home and abroad, as a safeguard, not only to liberty, but to cordial co-operation with the mother country. In his abhorrence of war, except as a last resort, and in his counsel to remember that one of the principal safeguards of the Empire is a full exchequer and a prosperous, healthy and contented people, the lord chancellor will find very many sympathizers in this auxiliary kingdom of the British nation. It is satisfactory to learn that what we, on our part, are doing meets with the approval of the imperial authorities.

Mr. R. L. Borden cannot consistently defend grafters—and denounce graft.

The Toronto Globe remarks that Londoners begin to resent the holier-than-thou tone of outsiders. They certainly do. A hypocrite is a meaner object than a sinner.

Mr. Weldon, who is opposing Mr. Fielding, broke up a meeting by calling the latter the arch-corruptor of Canada. There is no more straightforward man in Canadian public life than Mr. Fielding, but slander, like death, loves a shining mark.

Even more deplorable than the London election frauds themselves is the attempt made to discredit the prosecution by hinting, and even openly affirming, that it has been instituted for political reasons.—Alexandria Glengarry.

As the French say, it is to laugh.

The marriage of the Duke of Marlborough and Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt was thought to have been one of the happiest of the so-called international matches, but the young couple are now seriously estranged. Heredity may have something to do with it. The duke's father was a reprobate, and marital infelicity runs in the Vanderbilt family. The present duke's marriage, however, was clearly one of bargain and purchase. He bought an heiress and the heiress bought a title. The result is a natural one.

A resolution put through at the last meeting of the West Grey Teachers' Association by Mr. T. A. Reid, one of the candidates for the advisory council, is meeting, as might be naturally expected, with much favor among urban teachers. It is to the effect, "that existing evils cannot be remedied by the legislation of last session, which fixed the various minimum salaries to be paid by rural schools only: That the legislation should be extended to include urban as well as rural schools, with minimum salaries adapted to various classes of schools and to the positions of principals, head masters and assistants respectively; and further that inducements by way of grading and special grants should be made to secure liberal salaries, above the minimum."

POMPADOUR FINALLY DOOMED.
[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]
Down with Mary Jane's topknot! The doom of the pompadour has at last become certain. And the fall of Rome was not greater or accompanied by more sighs and tears and murmurings. The girl who for years has hidden a too intellectual forehead beneath its illusive waves, the girl who has filled out a narrow head, the girl who has shone in the glory of a marcel wave—all these are heartbroken at the passing of the pompadour. It made a woman look ten years her junior. But all is changed, and the new side part, according to bulletins of hairologists, or the Madonna coiffure, will replace it. Al-

most every other New York woman who has the price visits her hairdresser's twice a week, if she hasn't a maid who is an "artistic person with experience." Almost every society leader and telephone girl in New York now wears the marcel or the washboard wave, and some of them look like the silent war figures that stand in the windows of dress emporiums.

TORONTO A GAMBLING CENTER.

[Galt Reporter.]
Toronto is stock mad. Man for man, dollar for dollar, opportunity for opportunity, it is the busiest, most reckless, craziest, and most determined gambling center in North America. Down there it is fringed finance wherever you go. They talk stocks in shop, factory and office, in hotels and boarding houses, on play-grounds, in the city hall and Parliament buildings—everywhere, even in the church pews, where high financiers congregate. It is stocks and bonds at breakfast, dinner and supper, with more of the same thrown in at the downtown lunch room. Young and old have imbibed the spirit of speculation, and the curb-stone gambler is as busy in his sphere as the rich broker is in his, and they both sing the song of great profits to the investor. How long will it last?

CAUSE FOR REVOLUTION.

[Indianapolis News.]
In Russia it is unlawful to give kisses in public. A kiss in the street is penalized by a fine of \$3.75, and on a train-car by a fine of \$5. Declaration of love on a postcard renders the sender liable to a fine of \$2.50.

PROSPEROUS PALESTINE.

[Chicago Tribune.]
The Holy Land is flowing with milk and honey. The stimulus given to Palestine trade is in great measure due to plentiful rains and consequent good cereal and orange crops, and the absence of quantitative restrictions. Twenty years ago the revenue was about \$20,000, while last year it was estimated at \$200,000. Another incentive to trade is the annually growing number of tourists who now visit the country in spring and autumn, arriving frequently in specially chartered vessels. As the Government proposed to build a sea jetty, which would give an impetus to trade there, as at present there is only an open roadstead, and whenever the sea is rough the loading or discharging of cargoes is impracticable. The governor of Beersheba is doing his best to encourage building. A carriage road is being made to Hebron from Beersheba, which is also a telegraph station. The Jaffa-Jerusalem Railway is a prosperous line. In about a year a new carriage road will be finished to the Dead Sea and Jericho.

FALL WEATHER.

[Washington Herald.]
And now, upon the days we fit
When Mabel's nose
Is very like, I must admit,
A red, red rose.

HIS SAD LOSS.

[Chicago Tribune.]
Sympathizing Visitor—"How you must miss Aunt Nancy!"
Uncle Josh (wiping his eyes)—I sadly do. She was with any two hired girls I ever see.

THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT.

[Harper's Weekly.]
Landryman—I regret to tell you, sir, that one of your shirts is lost.
Customer—But here, I have just paid you 22 cents for doing it.
Landryman—Quite right, sir; we laundered it before we lost it.

EVERYTHING HER OWN WAY.

[Boston Transcript.]
He (after a spat)—I sometimes think you women court domestic quarrels.
She—We do not. If we had our way there'd be no more quarrels.
He—Oh, exactly—if you had your way.

STANDING FOR A GOOD DEAL.

[Puck.]
"What, my friends," vociferously demanded Thomas Rott, "does the old party stand for?"
"Well, you, for one thing," replied a pessimistic voice from the back of the hall.

LOOKING FOR MOTOR POWER.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]
"Shaffer went out driving behind a plug of a horse yesterday."
"That so? His automobile was wrecked last week, was it?"
"Yes. Well, the old plug balked, wouldn't budge a step; so Shaffer started off absent-mindedly to buy a can of gasoline."

TOO SEASICK TO EAT.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]
"Yes," said the steamship agent, "that's our best price for a second passage to Liverpool."
"But," asked the prospective tourist, "don't you make any rebate?"
"For what?"
"Well, say, for nine meals. I'm always sick the first three days out."

LOVE SONG TO AN HEIRESS.

[Baltimore American.]
I love the rich tints of your skin,
The gold of your bright hair,
The silver of your dulcet tones,
A new bond in each share.
I gladly to you homage pay,
For it costs naught to me,
The wealth of your affection, I
Get in cash value free.

A STARVING CORPORATION.

[Ottawa Journal.]
The man who objects to tipping his Pullman car porter should remember that the Pullman Company has paid dividends of only 30 per cent a year during the past eight years. It would be a mean man who would not help out the down-trodden employee of a poverty-stricken concern of that kind.

AN AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.

[Edwin L. Sabin, in The Reader.]
An autocar in an autocar
Wailed: "Oh, this vehicle auto start!
My autotype of the guarantee
Beats 'autotype' etc. I don't know.
And if autographs of the makers, here,
Have auto do with the running-gear,
I'd not be wasting an autumn day
In such a non-autonomous way."
But he sat and sat, in the frosty fall,
Till an autopsy was the end of all.

LUCKY CITIES.

[Hamilton Herald.]
Toronto is rejoicing over 75-cent gas, which is a little more than double what Hamilton people have to pay for gas.

AN OVERWORKED FACULTY.

[Baltimore American.]
Although man is born into trouble he has a great faculty for increasing his natural store.

INFATUATED PAIR DIE TOGETHER

Registered at Hotel Under an
Assumed Name and Are
Found Dead.

New York, Oct. 28.—Louis G. Hampton, assistant secretary of the United States Trust Company, of this city, shot and killed Victoria I. Tasczkow, a beautiful young woman, in the Hotel Grifone, in West Ninth street, late last night, and then committed suicide. Hampton was infatuated with the woman, and they had been seen together many times during the past month. They had been at the hotel where the tragedy occurred since early yesterday. Whether it was the result of a pact between the man and woman to die together has not been determined. Hampton, who was about 60 years of age, leaves a wife and two children. Miss Tasczkow was 29 years old, and lived with her father and in a valid mother. She was employed in a Fifth avenue department store.

The United States Trust Company, of which L. G. Hampton was assistant secretary, is one of the largest and strongest trust companies in New York. Ex-Secretary of the United States Treasury, William D. Gage was its president until recently. The events leading up to the tragedy have been traced by the police, and, according to them, the last chapter in what looks to be an illicit romance, opened on Thursday afternoon last, when Hampton, a distinguished-looking man of medium height, with iron gray hair, called at the Hotel Grifone, and engaged a room. He said he would return later that night, or the next morning, and expected to have his wife with him. Friday morning about 9 o'clock he entered the hotel, accompanied by a woman, and, going to the office, registered as "Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, Burlington, Vt." The woman was an unusually handsome brunette. She was wearing a tailor-made skirt and a white shirtwaist, and carried in her hand a small traveling bag.

Asked To Be Called.
After registering, the couple went to the hotel dining-room and breakfasted, and then went to their room. The woman left the hotel several times during the day, but Hampton remained in the room. Soon after noon, and after from one of the excursions, early in the evening, a light dinner was sent up to their room, and a request was sent to the clerk to call them at 11 o'clock last night. "We want to be called at 11 so that we might catch a train," said Hampton.
At five minutes to 11 a maid went to the room to call them, but her repeated raps at the door brought no response, and she notified the hotel office. Accompanied by the proprietor she entered the room, and after rapping several times opened the door with her pass key. In an instant the silence was explained.

Woman Shot Four Times.

On the floor, between a large mirror and a dresser lay the man stretched out on his back. His head was cut and he held a revolver, while his left hand was held tightly in his left hand. Blood was everywhere around him, and a hasty examination proved that a shot, fired into his mouth, had entered his brain, killing him instantly. On the bed, half seated and half lying on the edge nearest to the door, was also dead, and a bullet, which had entered her head, had passed through her face, as though to shield it, and in the arm were three more wounds. Right under the left armpit was a fourth wound, the result of a shot fired after she had been shot in the head. The bullet had entered her body in a downward direction, and must have gone through the heart.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR OWN HEALTH

IT IS THE CAUSE OF MUCH SICK-
NESS—CULTIVATE A WISE IN-
DIFFERENCE.

Dr. A. T. Schofield, a leader in the medical profession, a distinguished scientific authority, lecturing before a London audience, told his hearers that it is estimated there are 200,000 premature deaths in the United Kingdom yearly and 6,000,000 preventable cases of sickness largely due to worry and anxiety about health.
This seems rather a startling statement, but when one reflects upon the number of persons within one's own knowledge who are always anxious—always worrying either about their health, their lives or their work, one can easily believe that the estimate is no exaggeration.

The proportion ought not to be so large here, because most people are too busy to let their minds dwell on paltry troubles. One of the best antidotes against this kind of harmful thinking is for persons to get their minds absorbed in their occupations and activities during working hours, then throw themselves into some healthy form of relaxation and take plenty of sleep. No man is in perfect health who has a distorted mind or a distracted soul.
Dr. William James, the eminent professor of psychology, at Harvard University, declared in his Gifford lectures that health consists essentially in the harmony of body, soul and spirit in their relation with one another and with their environment. Herbert Spencer gives a different expression to the same idea when he says that health is perfect correspondence with our environments, ill-health imperfect correspondence, while death is the failure of all correspondence.
Dr. Schofield's advice is "regard your health with wise indifference." In other words, only yourself, so that every bodily function is performed with such ease that you are unconscious of it. To move absolutely unconscious of the mechanism within you, to think and live without effort is a rare experience, however, and it is to be feared that the average man, the average mortal is seldom illuminated by such brightness as absolute immunity from care imparts.

Wise indifference of health does not mean that you are to be careless of it. On the contrary, a great amount of suffering results from ignorance, carelessness and wilful neglect. How sim-

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO

Imperial Axminster and Velvet Carpet Sale

A tremendously important sale, and a tremendous surprise it is, too, to the people who know anything about our prices. Our genuine Imperial Axminster Carpet, manufactured in England, patterns are clearly woven through to the back, a deep soft pile that is pleasing to the tread, and they will resist the hardest wear. Colorings are in green, fawn, blue and red, some beautiful drawing-room and library designs—18-inch and 5% borders to match. Our regular \$1.50 and \$1.65 grades, and the only qualities we recommend. These together with four rolls of English Velvet Carpet in equally handsome designs, heavy, soft pile velvet, which sells regularly for \$1.25 yard.

For Immediate Selling. We'll Make and Lay the Above Lines, at, per yard - **\$1.15**

If for some reason or another this sale has come earlier than some of our customers may have wished, by paying a small deposit, we will keep whatever carpet you pick out, and we will deliver and make and lay it later when you want it, meantime insuring and storing it free.

Bring measurements with you for biggest bargains.

New White Bear Cloth

We have just received a large shipment of the popular cloth for Children's Coats, Opera Cloaks and Baby Carriage Rugs. As we import these direct from the European markets we are able to buy and sell under usual prices. This is the way we sell them.

White Bear Cloth, 50 inches wide.

Special at, a yard

..... \$1.25 and \$1.50

White Bear Cloth, very heavy

weight, long haired, wave finish;

usually sells for \$2.50. Our price

..... \$2.00

This Bear Cloth washes and

cleans beautifully.

Masks for Hollowe'en fun, each

..... 12c

Children's Hats

Large, Rolling Sailor Hats of fine

beaver with felt crowns, in

brown, castor, cardinal, blue and

natural. Special

..... \$1.98

Ripple Curl White Bear Cloth, 50

inches; worth \$3; At, per yard

..... \$2.50

Close Curl White Bear Cloth,

worth \$3.25. At

..... \$2.75

White and Red Curly Lambette,

heavy, good washing. Best \$2.25

quality. Our price

..... \$1.50

German Steins, Pewter Tops, from

..... 25c up

Yard-Wide

Wrapperettes

Still a good variety of those yard-

wide wrapperettes that created

such a stir last week. A yard 10c

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Feather Pillows

Our Feather Pillow values will meet with your approbation:

19x27 inch, full size, Feather Pil-

lows, covered with art ticking,

goose and duck-feather filling.

Special at, each

..... 88c

Thinking of

Blankets?

Better make your selection now;

not wait till the cold blasts drive

you to buying. We direct spe-

cial attention to our Scotch

Blankets. At \$4, \$4.50 and \$5 pair.