

## London Advertiser.

FOUNDED BY JOHN CAMERON IN 1862.

The Daily Advertiser.

(TWO EDITIONS.)

Selling, by mail, per year (3 to 12 pages).....\$4 00

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## Big Civic Borrowing.

In this country we sometimes hear objections made to borrowing money to provide civic and other needed reforms calculated to benefit present and future generations. Where the money is not squandered, and where the improvements are absolutely necessary, it is just as prudent for a corporation to borrow as it is for an individual. The city council of Philadelphia so holds, and it is asking the ratepayers, at the ensuing civic elections, to vote the following sums for the purposes named:

Suburban roads	\$150,000
High school and new school buildings	\$90,000
Main sewers	\$50,000
Art gallery	\$200,000
Improvements of gas works	\$1,000,000
Library site and building	\$1,000,000
New almshouse	\$200,000
Abolition of grade crossings	\$50,000
Philadelphia Museum	\$50,000
Pure water	\$3,700,000
Extension of Fairmount Park	\$100,000
Repeating streets	\$1,000,000
Repeating small streets	\$1,000,000
New bridges	\$600,000
Public parks	\$50,000
Pipe and police stations	\$300,000
Grading and repaving streets	\$400,000
Total	\$12,500,000

This is a large sum of money, but at the rate at which it can now be obtained, the Philadelphia authorities do not hesitate to advise that it be borrowed and expended. They assert that the citizens will have ample return in comfort and in influx of population.

## Pullman's Millions.

It is said that George M. Pullman, the car inventor, has left from \$20,000,000 to \$40,000,000 of a fortune. When one hears of men who start life in humble circumstances acquiring fortunes of this magnitude in a brief lifetime, he cannot fail to ask whether there is not something wrong in the legal and economic situation which permits one man to grasp so much at the expense of his fellows. A part of those many millions now in the possession of the Pullmans must belong to the rest of us. Besides, what permanent good did these millions do George M. Pullman? And, if recent telegrams be well founded, what good have they done his sons?

## Market Only the Best Breeds.

Two views with regard to Canadian sheep have recently been promulgated. One comes from a well-known English sheep-breeder, who writes to Mr. F. W. Hodson, superintendent of Farmers' Institutes in Ontario. He criticises as a "most mongrel crowd" a consignment of sheep which he saw landed at Liverpool from Montreal the other day. "The Canadian cattle," says this expert, "were good—good as our own—but the sheep were far below—did not seem to be anything definite in their breeding." The writer is the secretary of the Wensleydale-Longwood Sheepbreeders' Association, and he adds: "Our wool trade is not good now. Last year we made one shilling. This year for the same wool ten pence half-penny. Our mutton is making seven to eight pence a pound, carcass weight. We have had a great rush of Lincolns to Argentina, but the coarseness of both wool and mutton will soon cause a halt. They are finding it already in the frozen carcasses returned here." This information must all be interesting to Canadians, and will no doubt stir them up to see in what methods they can improve their sheep breeds so as to meet the growing demands of the British markets and insure in Britain a preference for their flocks over those of other countries.

Despite this criticism, however, Canadian sheep rears must be producing a pretty fair animal. Prof. Thos. Shaw, of the Minnesota State School of Agriculture, a graduate of our Ontario Agricultural College, wants to know if it is true that 250,000 Canadian sheep and lambs are imported into Buffalo yearly for butchers' purposes. This is not only true, but it is also a fact that the number is increasing, as Canadian mutton is appreciated in the United States cities and the people are determined to have it. The Dingley Bill notwithstanding. But in addition to this trade in sheep and lambs, for the butcher, Canada supplies, says the current issue of Farming, a large number of sheep for breeding purposes. Instances are given where the breeders from the Western States come to Canada and purchase stock sheep by the hundred for the purpose of improving the breed in the States. Looking at these facts, Farming urges upon the agriculturists of Ontario the importance of giving a greater amount of attention to the breeding of sheep. It is pointed out that 25 sheep can be carried on a 100-acre farm with but little extra expense, and that the money realized from the sale of the wool and the lambs is practically all profit. The demand for Canadian sheep will always exist in the States in face of the tariff laws, and Farming asks the people here to see to it that they are able to keep up the supply, both as regards quality and quantity.

It should never be forgotten that whether it is a sheep, cow, steer, horse or pig, it takes just as much to feed a scrub animal, that brings a miserable return in the market, as it does to prepare for market the finest beast that can be sent forward. It is unprofitable farming, therefore, to encourage in any manner the marketing of inferior breeds. In animals, as in everything else, the farmer who produces the best will secure the best returns.

## Marine Mishaps.

Probable Loss of the Steamer Hallamshire.

Cargo of the Steamer Wastewater on Fire—Gale on the Atlantic Coast.

St. Johns, Nfld., Oct. 22.—A boat with the name "Hallamshire, of Hartlepool," deckgear, and other wreckage, have been driven ashore near Twillingate, on the north coast of Newfoundland. It is feared the British steamer Hallamshire (Capt. A. Brown), from Swansea for Tilt Cove, to get copper ore, has become a wreck, and sunk with all hands during the severe gale which raged here last Sunday.

Halifax, N. S., Oct. 22.—The steamer Wastewater, from Savannah, Ga., bound for Bremen, laden with cotton, put in here yesterday night, and was burning for several days, during which time the crew were working constantly to keep it from spreading. They have succeeded in keeping it from getting entirely possessed by the ship, but when she reached port the cotton was burning quite briskly. The Wastewater is commanded by Capt. Stephens, and is 1,845 tons. If the fire becomes much more serious the steamer will probably be scuttled in the dock in order to save her from total destruction.

Provincetown, Mass., Oct. 22.—A heavy northeast gale, accompanied by a heavy rain, struck Provincetown early yesterday morning, driving in a large fleet of vessels for a harbor. The British brig "Ethel" and "May" reported sailed on the 19th for Halifax. The latter, having found it impossible to ther. One disaster has been reported.

## Beauty From Hot Milk.

One Girl's Method of Obtaining Good Looks.

She Drank Hot Milk and Bathed in It, Times, and Now She Is Plump as a Partridge and Her Face Is Peachy Complexion—A Secret from Paris.

[New York Sun.] "Why, are you back in town, Mame?" said a girl in a stunning Russian blouse to one in a duck suit that had seen hard service as they chanced to meet at a beach counter.

"Why, yes," answered the one addressed as Mame. "Didn't you know it? Got back three days ago. Waiter, bring me a large schooner of hot milk; whatever you do don't let it come to a boil. Understand?"

"Russian blouse," exclaimed she of the new anybody improve as you have this summer in all my life. What have you been doing to yourself? Your complexion is clear and smooth and soft as a baby's, and you know, dear, it used to be so sallow and shrivelled-looking when I was with you. You were seeing a chance for another dig, 'you have taken at least ten pounds on your bones. You could almost venture to turn out in a low neck, couldn't you?"

"My neck and arms were considered the prettiest at the hotel where I stopped this summer," answered Mame tri-umphantly. "And I owe it all to this," pointing to the glass of steaming milk that the waiter put down in front of her.

"Hot milk improved your looks like that?" cried the girl in the Russian blouse. "How did you ever come to know about it?"

"Yes; hot milk and plenty of it did it," replied Mame deliberately between sips. "A woman who has spent a great many years in Paris told me about the hot milk cure for ugliness. I tell you those Paris women beat them all. They know everything that will improve a woman's complexion. Another glass, waiter. This one was exactly the right temperature."

By this time every woman at a counter had neglected the dishes in front of her, and was giving the closest attention to the girl in the duck suit. She went on:

"You remember how wrinkled and sallow my face used to be, because you have just reminded me of it. And then, every now and then, great red blotches would appear, and that almost made me lose my wits. Another glass, waiter. This one was exactly the right temperature."

"I had about reached the depths of despair when I got to know about the hot milk cure. I was properly astonished, my complexion would become clear and I would take on flesh. She advised me to begin by drinking four glasses of hot milk every day, taking one with each meal and one just before going to bed, and also to wash my face in hot milk at bedtime. In a week I felt like another woman. My face felt wonderfully refreshed after washing it in hot milk every night, and the skin began to grow very white and smooth. But I didn't gain any flesh; so my benefactor, as I called her, advised me to take an egg-nog, made of hot milk, and flavoured with very fine old rum, the first thing when I got up in the morning, another at about 10 o'clock and another about 5 in the afternoon, as this drink was the best fattener in the world. I did so, and this, with my four glasses of hot milk, put ten pounds on me in the first week. You say I've gained ten pounds. You missed it by just half, for I am twenty pounds heavier than I was the last day we met at this counter, and my face is as solid as an angel's."

"Do you keep up the treatment all the while?" asked a woman with a skin like antique parchment, anxiously.

"No, indeed," answered the newly-beautiful girl, graciously. "After I gained twenty pounds I stopped everything except bathing my face in hot milk at night and drinking hot milk bath. The rest is just treating myself to an extra glass now because I've grown so fond of it. Really, I loathe the sight of it and coffee now. When I saw the magical effect of the application of hot milk on my face I knew that was good for the face must be good for the body; so I began to give my neck and arms a daily hot milk bath. The result more than justified my expectations, and then I began to pour a little milk into my morning tea. The effect in removing fatigue

was most wonderful, and I got so that I took a bath dashed with milk whenever I was tired out."

"I wish I could take that treatment," said a young girl, with a complexion like an elderly chorus girl's, in the early morning, "but it is out of the question. Milk and cream both make me bilious and render my complexion even worse than it is naturally."

"Hot milk won't make you bilious," answered the authority, encouragingly. "That's the beauty about it. People with whom cold milk does not agree at all can take it hot and grow pretty and fat on it. If you don't like it at first a pinch of salt will make it more palatable, and some say more digestible, but a person with any kind of ramshackle digestive apparatus can take hot milk, I claim."

"Didn't those egg-nogs between meals take your appetite away for substantial food, Mame?" asked her chum, ordering two cream puffs and a glass of hot milk just for a starter.

"On the contrary, a hot egg-nog, taken a while before each meal and just before retiring is an excellent appetizer, and a simple drink of hot milk woea dreamless sleep with a feeling like a bird. Really, I could talk for hours about the virtues of hot milk for external and internal use, for I feel that it has snatched me from a living death—peeping at herself in a mirror opposite. 'It is a living death to a woman, to have a scrawny figure and a horrid complexion, isn't it?' she asked cheerfully, and seven women at the counter, in dismal voices, agreed that it was more than a living death."

"Don't you all think that my complexion and figure do very well now?" said Mame, setting off the stool and pulling her duck Etou down over the well-rounded, graceful curves of her body.

"I should say so," answered the Russian blouse girl with impulsive promptness. "Your figure looks like a plump partridge and your complexion like a pink peach. For my part I begin on the hot milk cure this very day, and I think it was awfully good of you to tell me about it. Not many girls would have done that. They would have kept the secret to themselves and declared up and down and criss-crossed their hearts on it that they hadn't done a blessed thing to make themselves better looking."

"That's so," assented the wrinkled faces at the counter with feeling, and pulling her duck Etou down over the well-rounded, graceful curves of her body.

"Who says the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer?" he exclaimed. "Let him step forward. I say it isn't so. Not one man in this community is getting richer, and I have figures to prove it."

But nobody challenged him to produce them. He was the tax assessor.

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## SATURDAY

## NIGHT

## FAIR

7 pieces 46-inch All-Wool Henrietta, colored, worth 50c yard, for..... 25c

6 pieces All-Wool Amazone Cloth, regular price 50c yard, for..... 25c

7 pieces 27-inch Serge, in black and colors, worth per 20c yard, for..... 12½c

4 pieces Serge, in navy and black, worth 40c per yard, for..... 25c

10 pieces Fancy Cloth Dress Goods, worth 20c per yard, for..... 12½c

One lot Art Muslin, worth 20c, for..... 12½c

Remnants White Window Muslins, worth from 15c to 20c per yard, your choice for..... 12½c

I.—Ladies' Black Ribbed Cashmere Hose, all wool, regular 25c, Saturday Night, 20c.

II.—Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, princess ribbed, all wool, regular 40c, Saturday Night, 30c.

III.—"The Latest" Kid Gloves, in bright cardinal, black, green and purple, all these have the new white stitching in the back and three lock fasteners, regular \$1.75, Our Price \$1.25.

IV.—Ladies' Black Cashmere Gloves, all wool, regular 35c, Saturday Night, 17 1-2c.

V.—Ladies' Colored Border and White Hem-Stitch Handkerchiefs, very special, Saturday Night, 6 for 25c.

VI.—Ladies' German Sable Ruffs, they are cheap at \$2.50, Saturday Night, \$2.25