

## MILLIONS WERE WASTED

### MUNICIPAL SOCIALISM IN CERTAIN LONDON BOROUGHES.

Unprofitable Undertakings and Unnecessary Luxuries Have Eaten Up Money.

Is British Municipal Socialism a failure? For some time there has been a growing sentiment among English taxpayers that it is, and the recent revelations in some of the London boroughs are not likely to lead to any reaction in its favor, writes a London correspondent.

About a year ago the preliminary symptoms of revolt appeared in London when the progressives, or Municipal Socialists, on the borough councils and the London county council were swept aside, and large majorities were returned in almost every case, pledged to an anti-socialist policy. Since then facts and figures have come to light showing that the municipal trading experiments have not been the glowing success that they were alleged to be.

The most recent instance of the rate-payers' revolt has been in Battersea, which has for years been the stronghold of the London socialists. Battersea was almost the only London borough in which the socialists managed to retain control of the council at the last municipal election, and they do not seem to have taken warning by the experience of other boroughs in the other boroughs. Even in Battersea there were mutterings of discontent among the business men and property owners, which culminated a short time ago, when the socialist borough council voted \$125,000 to be raised by a special tax of six cents on every \$5 rental value in the borough. The rates in Battersea already are about \$2.50 on each \$5, so that the additional burden was

#### A VERY HEAVY ONE.

The immediate result of this action was the announcement by several large manufacturing firms that they intended to leave the borough and transfer their works to other districts where they would not be so heavily taxed.

The money thus raised is to be spent on repairing the roads and streets in the borough, which are admitted to be in wretched condition, and this is one of the strongest arguments now being used against the socialists. They have neglected the streets, which are the first charge on the care of the public authority, and spent the public money on all kinds of socialist experiments.

Some time ago they decided that the system of hiring horses from contractors for certain parts of the municipal work was pandering to capitalism, and they decided to municipalize this service. They built a palatial stable in which 67 municipal horses are housed. The cost of the stable worked out at \$1,250 per horse, which a moderate councillor remarked at a recent meeting of the council was more than the value of most of the houses in which Battersea families were sheltered. The climax came about a year after this palace for the municipal horses was opened, when the socialist council passed a contractor's bill for nearly \$6,000 for horse hire for several months during which time it was gravely stated the municipal horses were too fat to work.

Another disastrous experiment was the erection of the public baths in the Nine Elms quarter, which is one of the poorest in London.

#### THE BATHS COST \$325,000,

and there are no others, public or private, anywhere in London that approach them for magnificence and luxury. They cost about \$17,000 a year to run, and the gross income from them is only \$7,000. The balance has to be provided by the taxpayers.

Yet another glaring instance of the extravagance of the socialists is supplied by what is known as the Latchmere Housing scheme. The Battersea council was in possession of a piece of vacant land worth about \$125,000, and it was decided to erect a block of tenement houses on it at a cost of \$585,000. This was done, but the work was so badly performed that about \$5,000 had to be spent on repairs the first year, and the net loss per year has been \$1,250, although the value of the land is not taken into account in reckoning the capital charges on the building. It is stated that any contractor in London would have

erected the buildings in better style for \$450,000.

The classic instance of municipal socialism run mad is the London county council's steamboat experiment. The county council, which is the chief municipal authority in London, was until last March in the hands of the socialists, and it has been noted for its desire to municipalize everything. There was a private company running a line of pleasure steamboats on the Thames. It was not a very successful company, but no matter. The socialists on the county council decided that here was a field for their activities. They talked largely about restoring the Thames to its ancient dignity as

#### LONDON'S CHIEF HIGHWAY.

and conjured up pictures of the pageants when the kings of the middle ages went by water from their palace at Westminster to the city.

Thirty-six boats were built at a cost of more than \$1,500,000 and the service was started. It survived two years and now it has been abandoned and the boats are rotting at their moorings, while the county council is waiting for a buyer of them to turn up. The total loss on running them in the two years has been something over \$500,000, and there has been a net loss on every passenger carried of 4 1/2 cents. All that the council has to show for the money wasted is its fleet of boats which is valued now at about \$750,000, but which will probably not fetch as much when sold by auction.

The mecca of municipalization in the United Kingdom, however, is Glasgow, the second city in point of size in the country. It is entirely in the hands of the socialists. A citizen of Glasgow may be born in a municipal house and eat in a municipal restaurant food bought in a municipal market. He may wear clothes bought in the municipal store and he may be buried by the municipal undertaker in the municipal cemetery. Of course, tram, water, gas, electricity and all other such activities are municipalized.

There are 15,000 men, or one tenth of all the voters in the city, on the municipal payroll. This is one side of the picture. The other is that although the rateable value of all the property in Glasgow is only \$28,000,000, the city's debt is more than \$15,000,000 and the government of the city costs \$15,000,000 a year.

### A SAFE MEDICINE FOR ALL CHILDREN.

All so-called "soothing" syrups and most of the powders advertised to cure the ailments of babies and young children contain poisonous opiates, and an overdose may kill the child. Baby's Own Tablets are absolutely safe. You have the guarantee of a government analyst to the truth of this statement. Good for the new born babe and the well grown child. The Tablets positively cure such ailments as colic, sour stomach, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea and teething troubles. They also cure simple fever, break up colds, prevent croup and destroy worms. Every mother who has used this medicine praises it highly. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

#### DUE TO ACCIDENT.

Do you know why it is that trousers, to be smart, must have a crease down the legs? It was not always so. In fact, at one time such a crease marked a suit as ready-made, and was therefore a thing to be avoided. The change occurred thus. King Edward, then Prince of Wales, was on his way to Goodwood races in a carriage, when he had the misfortune to get a stain on his light-colored trousers. Rather than return home, he stopped at a big clothing establishment and obtained a suitable pair. Without waiting to have the crease ironed out, he proceeded on his way. So he appeared on the racecourse in creased trousers. This at once became the fashion, and has remained so ever since—for the Prince then set the fashion for the well-dressed men of London. He does so now to a great extent, and it is fortunate he is a careful dresser, or the consequences might be serious.

The best way to get money, as well as the slowest, is to work for it.

## PASS RECIPE AROUND.

### TELLS HOW TO MAKE THIS SIMPLE RHEUMATISM CURE.

Prescription Given Which Sufferers of Dread Disease Can Make Up and Try at Home at Small Cost.

To relieve the worst forms of Rheumatism, take a teaspoonful of the following mixture after each meal and at bedtime:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces.

These harmless ingredients can be obtained from any druggist in the smaller towns, and are easily mixed by shaking them well in a bottle. Relief is generally felt from the first few doses.

This prescription, states a well-known authority in a Montreal morning paper, forces the clogged-up, inactive kidneys to filter and strain from the blood the poisonous waste matter and uric acid, which causes Rheumatism.

As Rheumatism is not only the most painful and torturous disease, but dangerous to life, this simple recipe will no doubt be greatly valued by many sufferers here at home, who should at once prepare the mixture to get this relief. It is said that a person who would take this prescription regularly, a dose or two daily, or even a few times a week, would never have serious Kidney or Urinary disorders or Rheumatism.

Cut this out and preserve it. Good Rheumatism prescriptions which really relieve are scarce, indeed, and when you need it you want it badly.

#### PHINDECYLPARATOLYKELTON.

(By A. Banker.)

This is indeed a fearful and wonderful word; a word involving a considerable mental effort to commit to memory; a word, indeed, which evokes a feeling of congratulation that the composition of the English language was not left to scientists and to delivers in chemical research, who so delight in coining impossible words, when plain English would suffice equally well, and spare a needless expenditure of brain-tissue. In ordinary English, however, this stupendously bewildering word represents one of those salts of the mysterious metal, barium (the platino-cyanide), which when placed in the neighborhood of a minute grain of the still more wonderful substance, radium, immediately become beautifully fluorescent and luminous, like uranium and several other natural products, glowing with a lambent, glittering luminosity in most lovely hues.

And this newly-discovered element, radium, is surely the most amazing, and the most inexplicable and mysterious wonder in all nature. Like the sun and the stars, ever emanating, without intermission and without apparent variation, both light and heat, this strange substance, if it could be discovered in large quantities, would revolutionize the world. For, so far as can be gathered from our limited experience, its light and heat-giving properties never vary nor diminish, continuing, it is assumed, for age after age without diminution or reduction. Coal mining would come to an end, for the same piece of radium in the fire grate would give out heat day and night for the benefit of many generations of a family; and gas and electric light bills would be no more. Motive power, too, would be so inexpensive and so facile that horses would be almost entirely superseded except for pleasure riding; and travelling in the air would be considerably simplified.

And who knows whether the continued intense heat of the interior of the earth, which all the long eons of the past have failed to cool down, except only the thin crust enclosing that terrible surface of molten metals and earths, may not be fed and maintained by radium? But although the crust of the earth is not comparatively thicker than an egg shell compared with the egg, yet notwithstanding all our powers we have not yet succeeded in boring even half-way through it. Surely it would be worth an effort to probe deep down in search of this precious and costly product.

And this is one more evidence of the omnipotent power of the Great Creator, who by a word has called into existence this perpetual heat and light giver. And these His wondrous works of creation emphasize more and more the greatness and the infinity of His love in laying aside for a time His august majesty in the Heaven of heavens in order to give Himself a sacrifice for us, that we, the punishment for our transgression being borne by Him, may, if we will, inherit an eternity of happiness.

A minister in one of the Southern States was recently asked to perform the marriage ceremony by a young negro couple. As he had employed the groom for a year or two he consented knowing what prestige would come to the couple by reason of having been married by a white minister. At the appointed time the happy pair arrived, and the ceremony proceeded. "Do you take this man for better, for worse?" the minister asked. "No, sah; Ah don't," said the dusky bride. "Ah'll take him just like he is. If he was to get any better, I'd fraid he'd die; an' if he was to get any worse, Ah'd kill him myself."

#### WHEN ADDRESSING ROYALTY.

Points to Be Observed When Speaking to the King or Queen.

The preparation of a speech or an address to be given to King Edward is no light task. There are many formalities to be observed, and his Majesty is most punctilious in such matters.

One point on which there is much confusion is the correct title for the Queen. For instance, to say "Her Majesty the Queen" is wrong; she is "Her Majesty Queen Alexandra."

Queen Alexandra is not a reigning monarch; hence there is a difference between the escort she would have when alone and that which the King would have when alone. Again, when addressing the King and Queen together, the proper mode is "Their Majesties the King and Queen Alexandra."

A common mistake, made by people who have had no previous experience of Royalty, is the too frequent use of the phrase "your Majesty" when conversing with the King. In such circumstances, "No, sir" or "Yes, sir" is correct.

An amusing story is told of the visit of a Royal Prince to a provincial town. He was met at the station by the civic authorities in State attire, and then came a sudden pause. The mayor showed his nervousness plainly, and then broke out with:

"My Prince—my Prince, there 'as been a bit of an 'itch."

Which was a novel, not to say unusual, form of greeting.

#### HIS SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY.

But Was Jilted, Now Will Comfort Her in Her Declining Years.

A quaint romance has come to light in connection with the recent good fortune of Robert O'Donnell, a venerable Tipperary (Ireland) man who went to America, and came into a fortune of \$50,000.

About fifty years ago he fell in love with a pretty Tipperary girl near his old home in the Thurles district, but she jilted him, and in a fit of despondency he packed up his things and sailed for the States. The love affair, moreover, seems to have overshadowed the whole of his life.

He eventually settled in New Jersey, and in his wandering about Jersey towns was known as "The Hermit," being a reserved man who made few friends and rarely referred to the sorrow of his early life. Recently he was informed by a firm of English solicitors that he was heir to an estate and money valued at \$50,000. He did not show much disposition to talk about his good luck, saying, "I am old, so what's the use of having all this money when I have lost the dearest friend I ever had in this world?"

He decided to end his exile and return to spend his remaining days in his native place, but it was only when he had packed his cheap valise and purchased his steamship ticket that he disclosed his intention. He had decided to return home and seek out his old love who is now dying of consumption in a hospital, and see what his newly-acquired wealth would do in soothing her declining years.

#### OLD FOX HUNTING EXPERIENCES.

Marksmen Take Up a Chase—Refuge on House Tops.

During the recent run of the Essex and Suffolk foxhounds the good people of Wivenhoe had the novel experience of seeing their town invaded by hounds and huntsmen and of looking on at the death of reynard in one of their streets, says the Westminster Gazette.

It is not long since the New Cut was the scene of an even more startling incident, when a full grown fox suddenly appeared trotting along the middle of the street when marketing was at its busiest. To a man every coter desecrated his barrow and with cries of "Tally-ho" joined in the chase. Dashing toward Blackfriars road the fox soon doubled, and darting under a fruiterer's barrow sought refuge in a wheelwright's yard, where he was found firmly wedged in the spokes of a cartwheel and carried off in triumph by a second hand furniture dealer.

A fox was recently chased by the Belvoir hounds into Aslacky village and went to ground in the churchyard; another sought refuge on the house-tops in Hullavington village and was dislodged by means of a ladder, while still another was killed in the dining room of Gayhurst House, the residence of W. W. Carille, formerly M. P. for North Bucks.

#### NO GENERALS NEED APPLY.

Some years ago a traveller in the Western States stopped to converse with a farmer, who had a large number of men at work in his hay-fields.

"Most of these men are old soldiers," said the farmer.

"Indeed! Are any of them officers?" "Two of 'em. One of 'em was a private, and that fellow beyond was a corporal, but the man beyond him was a major, and that man away over in the corner was a colonel!"

"Indeed! And are they all good men?" "Well," said the farmer, "the private is a first-class man, and the corporal's pretty good, too."

"But what about the major and the colonel?" "The major's only so-so," replied the farmer, with some hesitation.

"But the colonel?"

"Well, sir, I ain't a-going to say a word against no man who has been a colonel in the American army, but I've made up my mind to one thing—I ain't a-going to hire any brigadier-generals."

## GROWING GIRLS NEED PINK PILLS

This Tonic is Necessary for Their Proper Development and to Insure Health and Strength.

There are throughout Canada thousands and thousands of young girls who are in a condition approaching decline. The complexion is pale or sallow. Appetite feeble. A short walk, or going upstairs, leaves them breathless and with a violently palpitating heart. Headaches and dizziness often adds to their misery. Doctors call this anaemia—which, in common English, means poor blood. There is just one sure and certain cure for this trouble—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new, rich, red blood, strengthen every nerve and bring a glow of health to pale faces. Do not waste time and money experimenting with other medicines. Do not delay treatment until you are in a hopeless decline. Get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once and see how speedily they will restore your health and strength. Here is the proof:

Mrs. Joseph E. Lepage, St. Jerome, Que., says: "My daughter Emilia began to lose her health at the age of thirteen years. She suffered from headaches and dizziness. Her appetite was poor. She was pale and apparently bloodless. She had no strength and could neither study nor do any work. Doctors' medicine failed to cure her and I thought she was going into a decline. She was in this condition for several months when a neighbor advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to give them a trial. It was not long until an improvement was noticed and the continued use of the pills for a month or more completely cured her and she has since enjoyed the best of health. I feel sure that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure any case of this kind."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure all troubles due to poor and watery blood, such as rheumatism, sciatica, indigestion, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, and the ailments that make the lives of so many women miserable. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

#### N.B.—HE WAS FINED.

The man before the magistrate was a stonemason in the district, and he was most indignant that he should be suffering the humiliation of his present position.

"The constable seems very certain about everything connected with my case," he sneered; "but there is one weak point in his evidence. Why?"—"Impressively—does he not call his fellow-officer to corroborate what he says?"

His worship turned on inquiring look upon the policeman, who, vainly endeavoring to conceal an expansive smile behind an amble, but, for that purpose, all too small hand.

"There's only one constable stationed in the village, sir," said the officer.

"But I saw two last night!" indignantly asserted the defendant.

"Exactly!" grinned the policeman.

"That's jest the charge against you!"

#### BETTER FIFTEEN MINUTES ON A BIKE THAN A CYCLE OF CATHARTIC.

A few years ago some knowing prophets predicted the collapse of what they claimed had previously been little better than a fad, and, was now, nothing less than a boom of a great health producer—the bicycle. Might just as well talk of a steamboat or trolley car boom, there would be about as much room for argument.

This will undoubtedly seem a pretty broad statement to many readers, but it is none the less true. In these progressive days of rapid transportation, the newspapers continually chronicle the new records established by the fast ocean steamships and overland express trains. The bicycle has been dubbed "The poor man's Automobile," and this phrase puts the whole story in a nutshell. When the wheel first scored its popularity, it was taken up largely by a pleasure-seeking public, who, after being amused, tossed the toy aside and turned their attention to some other form of indulgence. On the other hand, the steady and economical working man bought the wheel as an investment—it was something to bank on, and it checked the heavy car fare expenditure that was always a drain on the family pocket-book. Compared with the street car, the bicycle was just as quick in getting to the office in the morning and back home again at night.

Appreciating an asset of this kind, commercial men, laboring men, and even women in the various walks of mercantile life, have adopted the wheel as an absolute necessity. Transportation is the keynote of both personal and national success—the great problem has always been "to conquer distance." The wheel, therefore, is a staple and dependable quantity. It has proved its value both in regard to reducing doctor's bills and street railway dividends. The Spring of 1903 will, no doubt, see a tremendous revival of the bicycle craze.

"Had the Cycle been The Thing, Richard III., that England's King, Would have cried the couldn't sing, My Kingdom for a Wheel."

Don't neglect your cough.

Statistics show that in New York City alone over 200 people die every week from consumption.

And most of these consumptives might be living now if they had not neglected the warning cough.

You know how quickly Scott's Emulsion enables you to throw off a cough or cold.



ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.