

### All the Anthracite In the World

In a renowned strip of land of say, fifteen by seventy miles, near the center of the State of Pennsylvania is contained all the true anthracite coal in the world. Here is concentrated the enormous wealth of all the anthracite coal-carrying railroads, whose influence and prestige have been used for years in forcing the lower-priced bituminous coals out of the domestic markets of the East. One of the most effective weapons used for this purpose is the clamorous outcry against the so-called "smoke nuisance"—an anthracite cry which has resulted in such hysterical and unjust discriminating legislation, which practically forbids the use of an economical fuel in our larger cities, a fuel that is not controlled by any combination or corporation of capitalists, and which cannot be "bottled up" like anthracite coal, at the whim and caprice of a few interested individuals.

In the East, in the small strip of coast line embracing the larger cities of the United States, the householders know no fuel but anthracite coal. Forgetting the ways of our forefathers, and now forbidden by law to use bituminous coal, the inventive genius of our stove-makers—stimulated and fostered in this anthracite hot-bed—produces only burners for hard coal; for our cellars, our kitchens and our apartments, our retail dealers alive to the forced demand, keep nothing but anthracite coal for sale, and when a strike occurs in this small coal-producing area, cutting short their supply, we must go without fuel or burn corporation gas at four or five times the cost of producing the coal.

The laws forbidding the use of bituminous coal in our larger cities is class legislation of the worst kind. First, because it does not prevent the rich few from using expensive canal coals—the heaviest smoke-producer known—and, secondly, because there is no reason why such laws should exist. In Great Britain, in Germany, in France, there is no anthracite coal mined or consumed. There the rich and poor alike burn bituminous coal, all carefully screened and prepared for domestic uses, and in improved burners whose perfect combustion prevents the escape of wasteful smoke. For smoke is simply unburnt coal, a nearly pure carbon, and should be consumed.—William Jasper Nicolls in "Era."

### On the Amenities of Travel.

To a friend who was going to travel on the Continent, the late William Black, the novelist, once wrote a letter, which very amusingly hits off the most objectionable practices of the average Cockney tourist: "You must be sure, whatever custom house officers, station-masters, or policemen may do to you, never to strike them. It's no use. They have the law on their side, and in Italy they put thumb-screws on you. If the man is small, you might shove him over the edge of the platform just as a train is coming up; but in ordinary circumstances, the most you should do is to threaten to write to the Times. If you say 'Times' they will understand you. Never offer a cigar to a stranger until you find out he is not English. He might be English, and discover the cigar was bad, and be angry. A foreigner would not. You can easily find out the nationality of a stranger by addressing a few questions to him. If you think he is Spanish, say: 'Como esta, Luis?' to him; if Italian: 'Daiemi una bottiglia de vino ordinario'; if French: 'Allez-vous en, allez votre mother know you're out.' If German: 'He Vaterland?' Rhein wein. Who stole the clock? By these means you will make yourself agreeable to your fellow-travelers, who will probably pay for your brandy and soda at the next station. But I would recommend you neither water rather than soda, with foreign brandy. You must always put out your cigar before going into a cathedral. Throwing bedroom furniture out of the window of your hotel is forbidden in France, but not so in Italy. If you happen to be in a theater in some parts of South Germany, you will find that foreigners are not allowed to hit the actresses with oranges; that privilege is confined to the natives. Nor should you on any occasion fling a lemonade bottle at an actor. You can send the present to his private address. Bearing these counsels well in mind, you will get through your journey in comparative quiet. You can let out your pent-up spirits when you return to England."

### The Sinful Brother.

It was at a certain church meeting, and the good bishop was calling for reports. He had a rather stern, sharp manner which sometimes jarred a little on the nerves of the more timid. By and by he came to Brother B., a lay delegate.

"Brother B., what is the spiritual condition of your church?" demanded the bishop, briskly.

"I consider it good," said the brother. "What makes you think it is good?" asked the bishop.

"Well, the people are religious. That's what makes me think so."

"What do you call religious? Do they have family prayer?"

"Some of them do and some do not."

"Do you mean to say that a man may be a Christian, and not hold family prayer?"

"Yes, sir; I think so."

"Do you hold family prayer?"

"Yes, sir," returned the brother, quietly.

"And yet you think a man may be a Christian and not hold family prayer?"

"I have a brother who is a better man than I am who does not hold family prayer."

"What makes you think he is a better man than you are?"

"Everybody says so, and I know he is."

"Why does not your brother, if he is such a good man, hold family prayer?" thundered the bishop.

"He had no family," meekly answered the brother.

### Constancy.

"Is better—aye, lift up the glass! Once more I'll pledge it thus—To die a good old Has Been—Than to live a Never Was."

She—I am afraid that mother saw you kiss me last night. He—What makes you think so? She—Well, I know that she passed the conservatory some time between eight and eleven—Down Topics.

### THE FOUR D'S.

Charles Spurgeon once said that there were three great enemies to man—"dirt, debt and the devil." He might have added one more "d" and included dyspepsia. The evil results of this disease could hardly be exaggerated. It's effects are felt in mind and body, and are as far reaching as the effects of the curse that was laid on the Jackdaw of Rheims which was cursed in "eating and drinking and sleeping, in standing and sitting and lying." The good effects of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are most marked in aggravated and chronic dyspepsia. It enables the stomach glands to secrete the necessary quantity of digestive fluids, and this at once removes the cause of certain forms of indigestion. It tones and regulates the stomach, invigorates the torpid liver and gives the blood-making glands keen assimilative power. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures ninety-eight per cent. of those who use it. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are superior to all other

To be a philosopher you need not know; one need only be content not to know.

Age without cheerfulness is like a Lapland winter without the sun.

### CATARH CAN NOT BE CURED

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it, you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The women who dislike men never give an entirely satisfactory reason therefor.

### HUMORS

Come to the surface in the spring as in no other season. It's a pity they don't run themselves all off that way; but in spite of pimples and other eruptions, they mostly remain in the system. That's bad.

Hood's Sarsaparilla removes them and cures all the painful and disgusting troubles they cause. Nothing else cleanses the system and clears the complexion like Hood's.

It is not what a man hears, but what he believes that makes him wise or foolish.

Dear Sirs, — I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism, and lately have been confined to my bed. Seeing your MINARD'S LINIMENT advertised, I tried it and got immediate relief. I ascribe my restoration to health to the wonderful power of your medicine.

LEWIS S. BUTLER.

Burin, Nfld.

The dollar that is borrowed is never so large as the one that has to be returned.

### WHEN YOU TRAVEL

Remember that the Grand Trunk can take you quickly and comfortably via any of its three trains, leaving Chatham for the East. The 8.32 a. m. express carries through coach to Toronto, arriving 1.30 p. m.; Pullman car, London to Buffalo, which is reached at 3.05 p. m., and has dining car. Woodstock to Niagara Falls. The New York Express leaves Chatham at 2.23 p. m. daily, and arrives Toronto 8.15 p. m., Buffalo 9.50 p. m., and New York 9.33 a. m., carries through coach to Toronto and Pullman sleeper, Hamilton to New York.

The "Eastern Flyer" leaves Chatham at 5.08 p. m., arriving Toronto 9.30 p. m., and Montreal 7.30 a. m., carries coaches and cafe parlor car to Toronto; meals "a la carte," and through Pullman sleeper to Montreal. For tickets, reservations, and all information apply to W. E. Rispin, City Passenger Agent, 115 King Street, or to J. C. Pritchard, Depot Ticket Agent.

Women may be more constant than men and they are more apt to talk about it.

### THE "INTERNATIONAL LIMITED."

"A Pleasure to Travel" is invariably the verdict from passengers who have taken the trip from Chatham to Chicago on the Grand Trunk's famous train, the "International Limited," which leaves Chatham daily at 9.07 p. m. A cafe parlor car is carried to Detroit, connecting with through Pullman sleeper for Chicago, arriving there 7.20 a. m., insuring a comfortable trip and a good night's rest. Tickets, reservations, etc., at city or station ticket offices. Mr. W. E. Rispin, C. P. & T. A., Chatham.

### THE "ST. CATHARINES WELL."

In the "Garden City of Canada," eleven miles from Niagara Falls, is situated the historical "St. Catharines Well." The waters of the famous well is saline, and its prototype in Europe is the celebrated Kreuznach Spring in Prussia, and are a great specific for such diseases as rheumatism, gout, liver troubles, skin diseases and cases of nervous prostration, or as a tonic, pure and simple. "The Welland," remodelled and enlarged, is the principal building in which these waters are used, and most comfortable accommodation can be had there at reasonable rates. For illustrated booklet and all information apply to W. E. Rispin, C. P. & T. A., Grand Trunk Railway, 115 King St., Chatham, or to J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent.

### Pace in Reading.

A common and trivial excuse given by those who read little is that they have no time for reading. One may have no time for eating or sleeping, but hardly no time to make love or to read. It is good will, concentration, and the habit of despatch, not leisure or unlimited opportunity, which have always performed the greatest wonders in both of these useful pursuits. Many persons in mature life are conscious of a gentle and luxuriant sentiment in favor of reading, which comes to nothing because they do not know how to read. With all the good-will in the world, they lack concentration and the habit of despatch. The good-will was not applied early enough, or not applied at all to any other end, and the lazy diversion of a moment. This naturally resulted in the formation of the newspaper habit, by which I do not mean simply the habit of reading newspapers, but the habit of mind which makes it possible for men to spend an evening in going through motions. There is no more reason for spending two hours in reading the newspaper than in having one's back blacked. Some people never make their way into the great Establishment of Letters farther than the vestibule, where they spend their lives contentedly playing marbles with the hall-boys. Of course we do not call the newspaper worthless simply because some other things are worth more. The best reading is both intensive and extensive; one reads a little of everything, and a great deal of some things. The good reader takes all reading to be his province. Newspapers, periodicals, books old and new, all present themselves to him in their proper perspective; they are all at his hand, but they do not go into the same hopper or require the same process. On the contrary, one of the main distinctions of the clever reader is that without varying as to intensity, he varies almost indefinitely as to pace. This power of reading flexibly comes mainly, of course, with practice. For those who have lacked an early experience of books, the manipulation of them is never likely to become a matter of instinctive process of adjustment which it should be. People often achieve a certain degree of education and refinement late in life, but seldom, I think, the power of the accomplished reader. It is simply not to be expected. An adult who takes up the violin may get much amusement and profit from his instrument, but he cannot hope to master it. A certain amount of facility, however, the belated reader may surely expect to gain from some sort of observance of this simple principle of adjustment.

This anxious but unskilled reader is too likely to have a set gait, so many words to the minute or lines to the hour. An essay, an editorial, a chapter in a novel or in the Bible, a scientific article, a short story, if they contain the same number of words, take up just the same amount of this misguided person's time. No wonder reading becomes an incubus to him, with the appalling monotony of its procession of printed words filing endlessly before him. He really has time enough, if he knew how to make use of it. Even Holden keeps him busy for a week or more; it should be read in a few hours. He plods methodically through Sir Walter, and finds him slow; the happy reader who can get Quixote and his labellé satisfactorily married in six hours does not. The trained reader adjusts his focus for each objective. Milton may be read in a chapter or line. Macaulay in sentences. Thackeray in paragraphs. Conan Doyle in pages. The eye, that is, readily gains the power of taking in words in groups instead of separately. How large a group the glance can manage varies with the seriousness of the subject. With the same degree of concentration, the "Prisoner of Zenda" as easily as they can absorb a line of Macbeth, or one of Fitzgerald's quatrains.

Of course this disposes of the indolent lolling style of reading—or rather makes a rare indulgence of it. When one occasionally comes upon the novel of his heart, or the poem he has waited for, he may well afford to consider it at his leisure, luxuriating in the luxury of his luxurious leisure, minimizing labor by dilatoriness. But as a rule the widely reading man is not an indolent person. Not that he is to be always keeping his nose in a book. By regulating his pace, he not only covers an astonishing amount of ground in reading, but makes room for other things. He knows how to get the most for his time, that is all. The bee does not eat the flower to get the honey out of it. The eye of the skilled reader acts like a sixth sense, directing him to the gist of the matter, in whatever form it may appear. Twenty minutes yields all that there is for him in the book which his neighbor, knowing that it would mean a week's spare hours, is careful to avoid.

This, it may be said, sounds very much like an advocacy of skimming. Skimming and rapid reading are different processes, but skimming is at times a good thing, too; even skipping becomes, on occasion, a sacred duty. We may get a step farther, for skimming mind plus cream and skipping a foothold somewhere; and many books deserve neither of these less and least complimentary modes of treatment. The eye brushes a page or two, and the mind is hardly called in to assist in a damning verdict which is informal, but summary. The experienced reader, in short, is an artist, and like other artists, attains his highest powers only when he has learned what to subordinate, to slight, even to omit. The poor fellow whose conscience will not let him refuse an equally deliberate consideration to every six inches of black and white which comes in his way may be an expert husband and father, a meritorious lawyer or merchant, and a model citizen; he is certainly not a good reader.—Contributors' Club.

### An Age of Scepticism.

"In my young days," said the More chief, bitterly, "everybody believed in the man who fell in battle with a passport to heaven." "And is it not so now?" "Evidently not. I have seen heretics skulking behind rocks and throwing away first-class chances of getting shot."—"Puck."

Sis Hopkins—Miss Lummis, ma wants to know 'if you can let her have a cup o' sugar, two eggs, 'n' a few raisins, 'n' some flour. Oh, yes!—'n' a little butter. Mrs. Lummis—Well, I never! Sis Hopkins, you go home 'n' tell your mother I said if she'd wait till I had time to make it, she could come over 'n' take the cake.—Philadelphia "Bulletin."

### Some Allurements of the Carbolic Acid Route.

The soul has been aptly described as a life prisoner which seldom escapes without killing its jailer. Whatever may be said in favor of the dispirited individual forestalling nature and letting the prisoner out by his own hand, there is one form of suicide—the most common form with young girls—whose allurements deserve special commendation.

People abnormally addicted to self-pity (and nobody else ever commits suicide), after deciding to kill the fleshly jailer, and let the bruised soul go free, do perfectly right to cast about to find the most shocking and painful possible style of exit. The satisfaction involved in blowing his anemic brains all over the clean wall and otherwise messing up a tidy room must be far greater to the self-centered and dejected young man than to compose himself decently on a couch and float into the sweet subsequently on an overdose of morphine or laudanum. It adds to the general horror and crack o' doom stage effect, this painful blood-letting, and besides it makes his friends feel, oh, so sorry for him—and that's what he commits suicide for. He wants somebody to feel sorry.

When the very young woman—and sometimes the woman who is not so very young—has been led down into the gloom and dolor of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and all for love, she hypnotizes herself into a belief that her life has been permanently frost-bitten, and at once sets about to find some means, not of punishing the faithless heart-breaker, but of punishing her own offending self. No woman, even as she enters the suicide's portal of doom, ever thinks for a moment of wreaking vengeance on the man. With her usual fine sense of logic and consistency, she hunts up the thorniest kind of a crown of thorns to wear all by herself.

Not content merely to die in an orderly and painless manner, she decides to combine the tortures of the rack, the thumbscrew, being boiled in oil, drinking molten lead and walking on red-hot plowshares, all in one; and she does it by swallowing a few spoonfuls of concentrated lyes in the form of carbolic acid. Of course, she is well aware that there are painless and even alluring methods of climbing the golden stair, but she scorns them all. For example, there is cyanide of potassium, a piece of which as big as a shoe button touched to the tongue would stop the action of the heart and send the icy darts of death through the veins quicker than the swiftest bolt of lightning and with less pain than attends the chewing of sea-sen or an onion. Prussic acid, also, will pop the troubled soul out of the body with almost equal celerity and absence of torture. Then there is the overdose of morphine or of laudanum, which is not only painless but which wafts the suicide across the gloomy Styx in a fairy galleon, surrounded by gauzy iridescent dreams so enchanting that anyone once choosing that route out of trouble will never have any other.

Yet the morbid and love-lorn maiden will have none of these. All disappointing women crave the blistering flame of martyrdom. Not unlike the heroic red Indian, they rejoice in suffering. So we see a long procession of them depositing their fifteen cents on the drug store counter and hugging the liquid horror to their bosoms. We see them gulping down sizzling mouthfuls of carbolic acid, which bites and sears and eats its agonizing way through the tender tissues of the throat and oesophagus and stomach, and kills, finally, by eating ghastly holes through the internal organs and literally burning the victims alive. White-hot molten iron, gulped down out of a ladle, would produce precisely the same effect. To a man the prospect would be most unpleasant, but the more the horror is piled up the more it pleases the woman bent on self-slaughter.

Men who set out to pre-empt a slab in the Morgue commonly choose the volvier way or the bay route. Women are never so manly. Tender and timorous in all things until their deeper feelings are roused, she will then not only endure, but invite the most agonizing torment. It is true that the woman with the suicidal mania might come nearer her ideal of "the tomb under a harrow" by plunging under the fanged cylinder of a threshing machine, or by running over a chain in operation are not numerous distributed throughout the city; besides, fifteen cents' worth of carbolic acid is just about as excruciating and therefore as satisfactory as \$2,000 worth of threshing machine.—Grant Wallace.

### His Epitaph.

Mexicans are fond of epitaphs, they rejoice in eulogies, they like to honor their dead. Their attachment for relatives is great, and monuments and flower-strewn graves show that the departed are not forgotten. The deceased may have left a bad record, and his friends may be anxious that his conduct should be forgotten; still, this does not debar him from a really worded eulogy.

Just outside of the cemetery at Vera Cruz there stands a fine monument which marks the resting-place of a notorious outlaw, whose cruelty and violence made his name a constant menace to all peace and order. His wife, in spite of her husband's life of crime, was a faithful servant to the last, and after his death thought that she should show her respect for his memory.

She could not speak of his nobility and worth, and so, after much consideration, she caused the following inscription to be engraved upon the tomb: "Juan Fernandez has passed to his reward; he was an unerring shot and knew which he had no control his talents were perverted from their proper course, but he would be grateful for his life, as his example stands as a timely warning to the rising generation."

### City Versus Country.

A little girl whose parents had recently moved from the country into town and who is now enjoying her first experience of living in a street, thus described it in a letter to another child: "This is a very queer place. Next door is a kitchen on our house."

### Ingenuous.

Employer (to clerk)—This is disgraceful, Jones; here am I at the office first! Clerk (deferentially)—Yes, sir, I have always been taught to give precedence to my superiors!—"Pick-Me-Up."

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All wire fences are not alike. Every horizontal wire in all

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and more than twice as strong as common wire of the same size, so that another fence might weigh more than twice as much as the PAGE and still not be as strong.

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**DENTAL.**

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Brick house, two stories, 7 rooms, 40 feet front by 208 feet deep, \$1100.00.

Frame house, 8 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 60 ft. by 208 ft., good stable, \$1100.00.

House and lot, 9 rooms, \$1050.00.

House and lot, 5 rooms, \$400.00.

Farm in Township of Raleigh, 50 acres. All cleared. Good house and barn, \$3100.00.

Farm in Township of Harwich, 200 acres. Large house, barn and out-buildings, \$12,000.00.

Farm in Township of Raleigh, 40 acres. Good house, new stable and granary, \$2250.00.

Ten acres in suburbs of Chatham, \$1500.00.

Valuable suburban residence, 11 rooms; with seven acres of land. Good stable, \$3000.00.

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**W. F. SMITH,**  
Barrister.

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Room 26, Victoria Block.

**A. O. U. W.**

The twenty-fifth annual session of the Grand Lodge will be held this week in city of Toronto. A report of this meeting will be given on Friday evening.

A number of applications for membership have been received.

Visiting Brothers Welcome!

**A. E. SAUERMAN, J. R. SNELL, M. W. Recorder**

**OATMEAL, CORN MEAL, SARDINES and SALMON.**

Washing Soda and Starch, Clay Pipes, Needles and Pins, all fresh and good.

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**THE CHATHAM RUG FACTORY.**

Phone 85.

**LODGES.**

**WELLINGTON Lodge** No. 46, A. F. & A. M. G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

**ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.**  
**F. D. LAURIE, W. M.**

**MEDICAL.**

**DR. GEORGE MUSSON.**  
HOMOEOPATHIST.  
FIFTH ST. CHATHAM

**DRS. HALL & BELL.**

Wm. R. Hall, M. D. Chas. C. Bell, M. A., M. B. Tel. Residence, 173. M. R. C. S. L. R. C. P., Eng. L. M., Dublin. Tel. Residence 28. Office, Sixth St., next to fire hall. 9 to 12 m., 2 to 4 p. m. 7 to 8 p. m.

**DR. OVENS**  
OF LONDON

Surgeon, Oculist and Specialist Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

will be at Chatham, Saturday, Jan. 24th. Saturday, Feb. 28th, Saturday, Mar. 28th. Saturday, Apr. 25th, Saturday, May 30th. Saturday, June 27th, 1903. Glasses properly fitted. Office at RADLEY'S Drug Store.

**L. E. CURL,**  
OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,  
SPECIALIST IN CHRONIC DISEASES;

Examination Free. Office, Sixth street, opposite Fire Hall. Hours—8 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 p. m., 7 to 8 p. m.

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**J. B. RANKIN, K. C.**—Barrister, Notary Public, etc., Victoria Block, Chatham.

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