

DISTRICT DOINGS.

ERIEAU

May 24.—John Mulholland, of Blenheim, has a large carp pond and has five men at work catching carp to fill the pond. They are just beginning to be plentiful.

Bates Bros., at the foot of the Eau have a carp pond, and are fishing near the government dock.

Capt. Post has a large staff of men fishing for carp. The Eau is divided up among the three.

Will Hall and Will Nichols enjoyed themselves shooting blue rocks.

Mr. Glenn is building a 14x38 two storey double house opposite his large house at Centreville.

Jack Sheldon, of Blenheim, is building a fine summer residence, two storey, with good verandah on Eau side, between Mr. Glenn's and W. H. Harper's.

Hotel de Mallory has had a two-storey addition put on in front of the old buildings, and has a city hotel appearance. They can now give good accommodation to 60 or 70 guests. They have 28 more rooms than last season.

W. E. Campbell has added another room to his house, and is going to paint it.

J. E. Thomas will not do any work on his summer home this season, but intends to widen the verandah and paint the house this fall or next spring.

The L. E. has changed their pump house and constructed a new water tank as well as piped from tank to the Bungalow. Hydrants are put in along the line of pipe, so that the thirsty may have water to drink.

Alex. Barclay is caretaker of the Eau and keeps the pump house. The L. E. have constructed a comfortable house for the caretaker.

There are in all 20 employees of the L. E. now living at the Eau, who are employed at spilling and other work in the construction of docks. The dredge is expected shortly to make the cut into the point where the coal storage sheds will be constructed.

Mr. Robinson, the Blenheim pedestrian, only missed two Sundays in the last year. He came to the Eau as usual on the 25th.

Fritz Falls says that Lake Erie is cold, as he took his first swim of the season on the night of the 24th and was not bothered with mosquitoes.

Thos. Masonville has very much improved his summer home, "Dew Drop in," and is now painting it. The Lake Erie have moved the Eau station to a much more desirable spot, east of Bungalow, and looks fine.

Now the residents of Centreville have become more numerous it is hoped the L. E. R. R. will build a safe platform at that station, as the present one is dangerous. A roof would protect the public in wet or very hot weather.

Mr. Moore was out arranging to start the grocery and post office and informed those who were out that he would keep a good stock of groceries, etc., for the benefit of cottagers and others, at Chatham prices.

The Post Fuel Works, one of the suburbs of the Eau, give the place the air of a manufacturing centre.

Monday, May 26.—No doubt many who would like to have spent the holiday at the Eau, but could not owing to no morning train coming out, will be surprised to know that there was an early morning train.

The Sage of the Eau was seen going up and down the Lake Shore, and was as reminiscent as ever.

Work on the piers is postponed till after the election. The contractor, Mr. Paxton, came to town on the evening train, and is busy remembering Ross.

The fishing was poor, as the water was too rough to go out in boats. Some good catches were made still-fishing.

The 130 train brought out a number of pleasure seekers, among them H. J. Stevens and family and Mrs. N. H. Stevens.

R. Gray and family visited the Eau and were pleased, with the improvements.

Jerry O'Brien and family visited the Eau to see the cottage they have purchased and will occupy this summer.

Harry Andrews and Mr. Primeau, of the Gordon store, also visited the Eau.

James Glenn came out to see how his buildings are progressing.

APPLEDORE.

A number from here attended the Oddfellow's service held at Louisville on Sunday.

Planting is nearly over around here. Mr. Wm. Notie has entered the hospital at Chatham.

Alvin Campbell is slightly indisposed.

Rrs. R. Shaw is visiting at S. Craven's.

Miss Lena French is the guest of Mrs. D. McDonald. The contractor, Peter McKerrall spent Sunday at Louisville.

The heavy frost of last week did considerable damage to the corn and potatoes.

JEANNETTE'S CREEK.

Mrs. Adam, of Aberdeen, Scotland, is a guest of Mrs. H. Forbes this week.

Miss Forbes, trained nurse, was called to Tibbury, professionally, last week.

Miss Jean Forbes is visiting in Roseville this week, the guest of Miss Burgess.

Mrs. Joseph Larsh died Monday morning at the ripe old age of 83 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Brusso, of St. Clair Flats, were here this week attending the funeral of the late Mrs. Luvsh.

Capt. Joyce left Tuesday for Hamilton, where he will spend the summer.

C. F. Ouellette has a new carriage. There will be no service in the Methodist church on Sunday. Rev. J. H. Osterhout is attending conference.

Miss Fields was a Maple City visitor on Thursday.



A CONTRAST

Of the face of a beautiful woman with the face of one who is sick proves that quite often a sad face is a sick face. Many a woman has credit for a sunny disposition who would soon be sad of face and irritable of temper if she had to endure the womanly ills which many of her sex have borne for years.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the diseases which the source of so much pain and suffering to women. It establishes regularity, dries debilitating drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

Mrs. Cornelia Hanson, of Colesburg, Iowa, writes: "In October 1899, I gave birth to a boy and the treatment I received at the hands of the midwife left me with falling of the uterus. I had no health to speak of for three years. I had another baby which was the third one. My health began to fail and I found myself completely worn out. I had so many pains and aches my life was a burden to me and also to the family, for I was nervous and cross and I could not sleep. Had four doctors come to me but at last found I was slowly dying. The doctors said I had liver, lung and kidney trouble. I was in bed for months and when I did get up I was a sight to behold. I looked like a corpse walking about. I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets, and ever since then I have been a well woman. I have suffered all a woman could suffer at my monthly period until since I began the use of Dr. Pierce's medicines, but now I can say I have no pain. The dark circles around my eyes are going away and I feel better in every way. My cheeks are red and my skin is white, but before it was as yellow and sallow."

Accept no substitute for "Favorite Prescription" there is nothing just as good for weak and sick women.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are easy and pleasant to take. A most effective laxative.

COUNTY COURT

The June sittings of the County Court will be held before His Honor Judge Bell in the Court House on Tuesday, June 10. Two cases have so far been entered for trial, both jury cases. Vick Robinson vs. the Chatham Dredging Co., G. A. Sayer for plaintiff, Wilson & Co. contra.

Crown vs. Purdy, Lewis & Co. for plaintiff, Wilson & Co. contra.

In the case of Robinson vs. the Chatham Dredging Co., Robinson, a tug owner, is suing for balance of account for services of his tug, and tug. The case all hinges on the terms of the contract. The defense deny the claim and say that Robinson was paid full.

The case of Crown vs. Purdy is an action brought by Geo. T. Crow to recover \$200 for alleged breach of contract in not delivering a carload of oats. He claims that he made a bargain with Mr. Purdy, of Tilbury East, last July while the oats were growing, whereby he, Crow, bought Purdy's oats at 25 cents a bushel for No. 2 and 24 cents for No. 3.

Purdy says that the bargain was that Crow was to take the oats at the current market price at the time they were delivered. He denies the bargain alleged by Crow.

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BOTTLED SUNSHINE.

NATURE'S GREAT FACTORY IN WHICH IS PRODUCED COAL

A Lump of the Mineral Tells Its Interesting Million Year History in a Few Words—A Wonderful Process of Evolution.

Your life to mine is as a second to a thousand years. I will let you know that in my time I have seen such sights as would make you gasp in astonishment. Once, in untold ages past, long before man had appeared on this old world, I was alive. Yes, the dirty old piece of coal was a living thing in those dim, distant ages. A thing of beauty, too—a thing to be admired. I was a fern. Not such a paltry thing as you decorate your homes with and grow in little earthenware affairs. My trunk alone measured five feet across.

Yet I was nothing out of the ordinary. In those days there were many little plants forty feet or so in height. Every bit of coal you toss about in such heedless fashion once was a living plant—a plant which grew and flourished, even as your plants of today grow and flourish. But in these degenerate days plants are poor, feeble little things. Plants were plants in those days. We had, no petted and pampered ferns. We had no houses of glass, artificially kept warm so that the poor little dears shouldn't get cold. Those were the days of real ferns, of healthy ferns free from all newfangled nonsense about fertilizers and soils and aspects and such childish weaknesses.

In those early days the earth was not as it is today. It was hotter, for it had cooled from a globe of molten rock. Its atmosphere was heavy with warm vapors; close and oppressive, you would call it, but it just suited us, as we grew and luxuriated in it. The earth's crust was thin and heated about, gradually raising vast continents from the bed of the sea and slowly dragging others deep into the ocean. It was a time of vast changes.

I grew on the muddy banks of a great pool of water, which was fed by sluggish streams, and bordered by monstrous reeds. On the other side stretched a vast swamp and a dark forest of tangled vegetation. For hundreds of miles there was no break to this forest beyond a few bogs and pools of brackish water. The sun shone hot upon me, so no wonder I grew well in this humid atmosphere. Then there were frightful storms, when mighty trees were felled down and swept by floods to the bottom of the pool. This had gone on ages before I appeared above ground; it went on ages after. The result was that the bottom of the pool was a mass of fallen trees, the newly felled trees pressed on the bottom ones, and after thousands of years the water, the mud, the heat and the pressure turned the mighty beds of vegetable matter into what you call coal.

In the dense forest it was somewhat the same. Trees were thrown down by hurricanes; forest ones grew and fell victims to storms. So it went on for long centuries until the last forest grew on the top of a great thickness of buried trees, ferns and mosses. Amid this exuberant vegetation were many fantastic and uncouth animals. Round about me they made their forest paths with their hideous belowings. They were so strangely shaped that I could not well describe them to you. Even some of the flies had wings half a foot long from tip to tip.

One day I saw a commotion in the midst of the lake far away from me. The bed rose up and belched forth steam and ashes and molten rock. In the years that followed the fluid rock rolled down the sides of the volcano into the water below. Mighty clouds of steam arose, and as the vapor condensed it fell upon us as warm rain. This is why I grew so well and why the vegetation around me was so rankly luxuriant.

Many years after the land began to sink. Slowly it went down; slowly the water closed over our heads until all the mighty forests were deep under the sea. Thus we stopped for countless centuries above us. Then, just as slowly, we arose until we formed a vast elevated land. Then came other forests—trees whose limbs were tangled with enormous festoons and garlands of strange climbing plants. Terrible thunderstorms alone broke the silence of these wooded solitudes save when a mighty fern crashed to the ground or when the wind tore down young branches and hurled them into the swamps.

So all went on anew, as of old, and the continent sank once more below the waters of the ocean, taking with it the beds of buried verdure. Yet again it rose, and again it sank. So layer upon layer of plants and of sand were formed—vast layers, which took ages unthinkable to form—until there was a depth of 10,000 feet of hard baked wood and sand, of coal and dirt. Look at me, and you will find that you can trace my markings. In every pit you can find hundreds of delicate fern leaves and mosses as perfect as when alive. You can see even the veins of the fragile fronds, so beautifully preserved are they. Dirty, old coal, indeed!

It was the sun which made me. I absorbed his rays then. When you burn me, I give them back again. I am a mass of bottled sunshine. Do you realize that the fire you watch is the sunshine which blazed in those solemn forests innumerable ages ago? It is no flight of fancy to say that I am bottled sunshine; it is a fact.

The Teacher Was Not Slow. "Ha ha!" laughed Willie. "I chuckled a bannan skin in front of de teacher."

"I don't see any joke in that," spoke up his mother.

"Don't you? Well he tumbled all right, all right."

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Something Superior

to the finest tea grown



Ceylon GREEN Tea same flavor as Japan only more delicious and then it is absolutely pure. Sold in sealed lead packets the same as the celebrated "SALADA" Black tea at 25c and 40c per lb. By all grocers.

Geo. Stephens & Douglas

Wonder Ice Cream
Freezers at Geo.
Stephens & Douglas
A Very Complete
Stock.

Geo. Stephens & Douglas

For Sale

Chalco Clover Seed, Timothy Seed, White and Black Oats, Barley, Corn, Beans, Buckwheat,

For Best Bread

Use Kent Mills Gold Medal Flour.

For Health

Steven's Breakfast Food. "Sunrise" Oatmeal

The Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited

CHATHAM - - - - - ONT.

THE MARKETS

There was no market to speak of yesterday, nothing being offered but green stuff. There was not much dairy produce, and what there was sold very rapidly. The prices remain about the same.

The following is the full price list:

IN THE SHEDS.
Eggs, 12c. to 13c. per doz.
Butter, 16c. to 18c. per lb.
Chickens, each, 30c. to 40c.

VEGETABLES.
Rhubarb, 2 bunches for 5c.
Lettuce, per pound, 20c.
Green onions, 2 bunches for 5c.
Radishes, 3 bunches for 5c.
Sage, a bunch, 5c.
Cauliflower, 10c. head.
Carrots, 15c. peck.
Potatoes, per bag, \$1.25 to \$1.50.
Summer savory, 5c. bunch.
Peppers, 10c. dozen.
Tomato plants, per box, 10c. to 25c.
Cabbage plants, per box, 10c. to 25c.

When you want an artistic design, made with the choicest and freshest flowers, your wants can always be supplied at the Victoria Avenue Green Houses.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold in Chatham by C. H. Gunn & Co., Central Drug Store.

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HER LOST DIARY.

The Plaguy Thing Had All Her Dearest Secrets Recorded Too.

"Diary" fairly shrieked the pretty young lady, with flashing eyes, as she walked down the avenue with a companion. "Diary! Don't you say diary to me again. What do you know about it, Kate?"

"Nothing, only that you told me that you had commenced keeping a diary, as usual, and I supposed you had dropped it at the end of a month, as usual. I didn't mean to throw you into hysterics."

"Kate, don't you ever breathe a word of it, but I've lost that diary; dropped it somewhere on the street. And the plaguy thing has all my dearest secrets in it. I wrote just what I thought too. It just sends me crazy. There it is in black and white that Lillian looks like a fright, that Hattie is turning green from jealousy, that Charley is just too sweet to live and that Fred hasn't sense enough to talk more than three minutes unless he rehearses in advance."

"Why don't you advertise and offer a reward?"

"Indeed, I won't. I never want to see the thing again. If any one returns it, I shall declare that it's a forgery from beginning to end. I'll never own up the longest day I live."

"What did you say about me, Edith?"

"Oh, I don't just remember, but something nice. You can depend on that, for you're my very dearest friend."

"I can help your memory. You wrote that I was the most inquisitive little mix in the city and that I thought it my special business to look after other people's business. Here's your diary. You left it at our house, and Tommy spelled out your estimate of me before I knew what he was doing. Good afternoon."

Then they looked at each other, both began to cry, fell into each other's arms and in five minutes were criticising a mutual friend.

Mrs. Pepperday—My first husband had a great deal more sense than you have.

Mr. Pepperday—True enough — he died.

MEDICAL.