SUMMER RESORTS.

Special low rates for the season for advertisements under this head.

THE ELMWOOD, ADIRONDACK Mountains, Jay, Essex Co., N. Y. Beautifully situated in the Au Sable Valley, affording a quiet resting place for summer months. Spring water; large, airy rooms; bath; broad piazza; good boating, fishing, walks and drives. HOME COMFORTS.
47-13 C. S. SWEENEY, Prop.

PIPER TIM.

"I can pipe, too," he said.

Do you know how a child's eyes look when he has just learned how beautiful this vast world is, when he feels his wings like a bird, ere the heritage of the sons of toil has dimmed them? So Tim's eyes looked that winter night. He opened the door of the smithy where the members of the village orchestra sat at practice round the blazing forge. Every man paused, instrument in hand, at the sound of the fearless, shrill young voice.

Then, smiling, Tim shut out the drifting snowflakes and stepped in among the men. The small feet were shoeless, and dark as the earthen floor on which he stood. The clothes he wore hung round his slim form in grotesque tatters. But above the tatters rose a face such as God sends into a dark world now and then. Noble were the features: the sweep of the blue eyes was clear and grand; the curve of the lips was proud yet sweet. From the beautiful brow waved hair tawny and sun-kissed, on which the glistening snow shone like stars. The men had scarcely time to look at the child when, raising his pipe to his lips, he began to play. The wonderful eye shone; the slim, brown fingers obeyed the impulse of the grand soul imprisoned in tiny Tim. Strong men laid aside their instruments and clasped horny hands to listen; here and there a face shadowed; now and then a tear was furtively wiped away. Tim smiled as he took the pipe from his lips, and his eyes turned wistfully to the blazing fire. They made way for him; they entertained him as if he had been of royal estate. A small three-legged stool was his throne, and he sat there, pipe clasped closely, as happy as far as he knew.

"Over the hills," he said. "far, far over the hills" They called him Piper Tim, in the caravan, never another name. He had always piped.

Then he laughed, and stretched his thin, brown hands with joy to the blaze. He could tell nothing more; he belonged to the "tinker band," and the sound of music had drawn him so that he lingered to listen while the caravan went on its way "over the hills."

The smith's wife admired the child's lovely face; his tatters brought tears to her eyes; womanlike she gave him to eat and to drink. Then they sat once more amazed while he played on his pipe ere, with laughing farewell, he went off into the darkness. That night the smith sat long dreaming by the red logs in his forge. He sighed as he turned in at the cottage door, where his wife awaited him by the fire.

"How would it ha' been," he said, "gin we'd kept that little chap, the piper? Our bairn would just ha' been about his age gin the Lord had spared him:"

There was a note of anxious query in his tones. But the starved mother's heart in the woman cried out:—

"Eh, but I've been sittin' here 'scein' the bonny face o' the bairn in the firelight. I thocht o' him out there in the darkness an' the snaw wi' the tinkers folk. God keep and guide him. I wish ye'd spoken sooner. Keep him! Would I no', wi' yon bonny face, yon blythe een!"

"When he comes back again," the smith said, as he drew his chair to the hearth, and his wife, with a glad smile, echoed his words.

The schoolmaster placed his old violin tenderly in its corner that night. He smiled a little bitterly as he thought of his gray hairs and his many years of plodding, then of Piper Tim.

"He plays as a bird sings," he thought sadly "His heart is full of music." Then he trimmed his lamp and sat down to his books

But the boy's face smiled from every page; the free, fearless voice was in his ears; the blue pure eyes shone in the crackling flames. The schoolmaster flung aside his book, and was back in his old days, when the hills and the stars and the sunshine had been his book, a maiden's eyes his heaven, and the world a world of wonders. He looked at the empty chair of his dead wife, and he thought of sons and daughters far away.

"If I had kept the lad," he mused aloud, "I could have made a man of him—have saved him from the tinker's life; he would have filled my empty home."

Long he dreamt; then a smile of resolution curved his lips.

"When he comes again," he said.

And Piper Tim?

He went on his way that night, turning again and again to look at the long bright gleams that fell on the snow from the great forge fire. He knew his people were camping in the mountains, and to the mountains and the darkness he turned his face. There was singing in his heart—there was always singing there—so he went on his way merrily Up, up, through the blinding snow, neither cold nor weary, for the singing in that heart of his, he watched always for the gleam of the red camp fire. But he beheld never a spark.

The stars shone out serenely. Tim raised his face to them; they smiled into their twin stars—his eyes. Yet still was there no camp fire.

Tim, growing footsore, sat down in the sheltered cranny of a rock. He raised his pipe to his lips. He played a tune that began bravely and ended softly and more softly still. Tim was asleep. The snowflakes fell like bristling stars; the dawn smiled over the hills, but Tim piped never again.

Little recked the tinker band that one child less crouched to the fire, one brown hand less stretched to the steaming pot. When the musicians meet in the smithy on winter's night, and the wind shakes weird melodies from trees and mountains, the men look at each other, and sometimes a light breaks over rugged faces. "Sounds like a tune from Piper Tim," say they.

Occasionally a strange presence seems to fill the place. The smith and the schoolmaster raise eager faces, words tremble on their lips—but—ah! the fancies that are ever slumber in dreamers' hearts have been stirred by the wind's song and the shadow of the dancing flames.—Black and White.

THIS TO PREVENT SEASICKNESS.

A NEW YORK DOCTOR PRESCRIBES MIXED PEPTONE, SHERRY AND CRACKED ICE.

A young New York physician has originated a novel preventive for seasickness, which has the advantage of being simple and seemingly sure. At all events, it was tried with marked success upon a young woman who is always affected by the comparatively slight motion of Sound steamers and railroad trains. In her case, after two doses, she was able to bear without inconvenience the rolling beyond Sandy Hook, and the subsequent tossings of the voyage.

The remedy is the administration every half hour of two teaspoonfuls of peptone in sherry, cooled by pouring over cracked ice. The theory of this is no less interesting than the dose itself. The young doctor argues that the swallowing of frequent small quantities of predigested and slightly stimulating food produces a sedative effect upon the stomach and counteracts the jouncing brought about by the incessant and violent motion of a ship at sea.

Other doctors have quite lately invented a seasickness cure consisting of cocaine, or bromides, the latter in large doses, these being given with the design of dulling the stomach, as it were, and so preventing nausea. But it cannot be learned that any actual results have been attained in this way.

A MOTHER'S THANKS.

SHE TELLS WHAT PINK PILLS DID FOR HER CHILD.

SUFFERED FROM ST. VITUS' DANCE—LOST THE USE OF HER RIGHT SIDE AND ALMOST LOST THE POWER OF SPEECH—CURED IN A FEW WEEKS.

Aylmer (Que.) Gazette.

Of all the discoveries made in medicine in this great age of progress, none have done more to alleviate human suffering than have Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We suppose there is not a hamlet in this broad land in which the remarkable healing power of this favorite medicine has not been put to the test and proved triumphant. It is a great medicine, and the good it has accomplished can only be faintly estimated. There are many in Aylmer who speak of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in terms of praise, and among them is the family of Mr. John Smith, the well known blacksmith and wheelwright. Having heard that his daughter, Miss Minnie, had

been cured of St Vitus' dance by the use of Pink Pills, the Gazette called upon Mr. Smith to learn the particulars. Upon mentioning the matter to him, he expressed pleasure in making the facts public, if it was thought that they would benefit any one else, and remarked that he thought Mrs. Smith could probably give the particulars better than himself. Mrs. Smith said that about a year ago Minnie was attacked with St. Vitus dance, of a rather severe nature, and a number of medicines were tried, but without any effect upon the trouble. An electric battery was also used, but it had no beneficial effect. The trouble appeared to be getting more severe, and finally Minnie was obliged to discontinue going to school, having lost the power of her right side. Her speech was also so much affected that it was with difficulty she could be understood. She was out of school for about six months, and all this time she was undergoing treatment, which, however, proved ineffective. One day Mrs. Smith saw in the Gazette the particulars of a case of St. Vitus dance cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and determined to try them with Minnie. By the time two boxes were used Mrs. Smith was sensible of a great improvement in her daughter's condition, and after the use of four more boxes was satisfied that Minnie was completely cured, as no symptoms of the trouble remained. This was about the end of Jude last, and since that time there has not been the slightest recurrence of the dread disease. While Minnie was taking the pills her weight increased, and her general health was much improved. Mrs. Smith also said that her younger daughter showed symptoms of the same trouble, but the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills dissipated it.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered with a confidence that they are the only perfect and unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, and when given a fair trial disease and suffering must vanish. They make rich, red blood, and cure when other medicines fail. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents a box, or $2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N Y.

Beware of imitations, and refuse trashy substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Teacher: "Where is the capital of Great Britain, Thomas?"

Thomas: "Most of it's in this country."

BEST FOR WASH DAY — USE SURPRISE SOAP — BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

THE LATEST IN ELEVATORS.

IF THE CAR BREAKS AWAY IT LANDS ON AN AIR CUSHION.

The new elevators being installed in the Congressional Library Building are undergoing severe tests. They are built with a special view to safety, and in addition to a safety catch are provided with what is known as an air cushion. This cushion, says the Washington Post, is not a real cushion, inasmuch as it is not soft, nor is it made and put in position. It is formed only when the elevator is dropped to the bottom of the shaft, and thus all wear and tear on the cushion is avoided. The principle is a very simple one. At the bottom of the shaft there is a well about thirteen feet in depth. The sides of the well are so arranged as to come at the top within a sixteenth of an inch of the side of the elevator. This space gradually grows larger until there is a distance of an inch and a half between the elevator and the shaft. When the elevator is dropped from the roof it pushes before it a quantity of air, and dropping into the well the air is rapidly condensed. As it can escape only by passing through the space at the sides, it escapes very slowly, thus allowing the elevator to settle easily.

Several tests have been made, and in each case the appliances worked in a most satisfactory manner. First, the elevator was taken to the top of the shaft, and on the floor was set a basket of eggs. Everything was then cut loose and the car dropped on the air cushion, a distance of about eighty feet. The noise could be heard all over the building, yet the jar was so slight that not an egg was broken or even cracked. In the next test the elevator was loaded with 2,000 pounds of iron and dropped in a similar manner. It was equally satisfactory.

The lives of the passengers are not dependent on this air cushion, as the safety catches are of the latest and most approved pattern, but in case they should fail to work the passengers would receive nothing beyond a scare. The cushion would save them from bodily injury.

HER BIG TOE.

BASIS OF SUIT BY A DENTIST AGAINST MISS SELMA, THE SINGER.

NEW YORK, June 6.—Dr. W. J. Leeds, the well-known dentist, has sued Miss Florence Selma, the singer, for $54. Miss Selma will defend. The suit arose out of the doctor's having made and fitted a golden crown to the fair singer's big toe, for which he has not been paid.

It seems, through an accident, the toe nail began to grow in, but the member grew sore, and Miss Selma claims to have lost two engagements for lameness. She then consulted a surgeon, who ordered the crown removed, when the foot became well.

"Dr. Leeds may bill the foot, but I will never foot the bill," said the black-eyed songstress last night, in her apartments at the Hotel Martin.

O'CONNELL MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Everyone interested in the completion of the church in honor of the Liberator at Cahirciveen will appreciate the efforts of the zealous pastor, Very Rev. Canon Brosnan, in furthering the good work. Canon Brosnan has attracted to his aid in this holy work many ardent supporters in every part of Ireland to assist in collecting the funds which are indispensable to the finishing of the church. It will no doubt encourage and stimulate those already in the field to further efforts, and perhaps attract new volunteers, to know that the Sovereign Pontiff has sent his blessing to all workers in this noble cause. Canon Brosnan received the following message from the Vatican:—"The Holy Father cordially blesses all co-operators in completion of Memorial Church." We wish the work still further success, and we have no doubt that the Pontiff's gracious action will give a fillip to the movement, and encourage everyone to lend a hand towards the completion of this truly national work.

A FARMER STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Mr. Ephram Arnold, who resided with his son on a farm on Gayland's Hill, in the town of Freedom, about four miles east of Delevan, Ont., was struck by lightning and instantly killed on Monday afternoon, 9th instant. Mr. Arnold was sitting in the barn at the time the bolt followed an iron rod directly under which he was sitting, and the hair was burned from his head by the lightning. His son Wesley and a little grandson were within six feet of him at the time and neither was injured. The barn was totally destroyed and it was only by the heroic efforts of his son that Mr. Arnold's body was saved from cremation. A strange fact is that a barn on the same site was struck by lightning and burned to the ground just 13 months ago, and the barn that was destroyed yesterday had recently been completed. The property was insured for $600, which will not cover the loss. Mr. Arnold was 71 years old. He leaves two daughters and three sons, all living in the vicinity.

THEY DO NOT DESPAIR.

An utter loss of hope is not characteristic of Consumptives, though no other form of disease is so fatal, unless its progress is arrested by use of Scott's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil made as palatable as cream.

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Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Frosted Feet.

No article has ever attained to such unbounded popularity. We can bear testimony to the efficacy of the Pain-Killer. We have seen its magic effects in soothing the severest pain, and know it to be a good article—Commercial.

It has yet surpassed the Pain-Killer, which is the most valuable family medicine now in use—Dispatch.

It has real merit; as a means of removing pain, it merits its well earned reputation equal to Perry Davis' Pain-Killer—Christian.

Be wary of imitations. Buy only the genuine "PERRY DAVIS'." Sold everywhere; Large bottles, 25c.

Very large bottles 50c.

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V. J. E. BROUILLET, M. D., V.C.M.
Kamouraska, June 10th 1885.

"I can recommend PECTORAL "BALSAMIC ELIXIR, the composition of which has been made "known to me, as an excellent remedy for Pulmonary Catarrh, Bronchitis or Colds with no fever."

L. J. V. CLAIROUX, M. D.
Montreal, March 27th 1889.

L. ROSITAILLE, Esq. Chemist.

Sir,

"Having been made acquainted with the composition of PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR, I think "my duty to recommend it as an "excellent remedy for *Lung Affections* in general."

N. FAFARD, M. D.
Prof. of chemistry at Laval University
Montreal, March 27th 1889.

"I have used your ELIXIR and "find it excellent for BRONCHIAL "DISEASES. I intend employing "it in my practice in preference to "all other preparations, because it "always gives perfect satisfaction."

DR. J. ETHIER
L'Epiphanie, February 8th 1889.

"I have used with success the "PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR "in the different cases for which it "is recommended and it is with "pleasure that I recommend it to "the public."

Z. LAROCHE, M. D.
Montreal, March 27th 1889

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

EXCURSIONS.

Sunday School and Societies should make early applications for their summer excursions, as the choice dates for Orterbarn Park, Clarke's Island, Valleyfield, Dunstown, Iberville, Rouses Point, etc., are being rapidly secured.

Moonlight Excursions Through Lake St. Louis.

The above can now be arranged for with societies, clubs, military and other organizations.

The Trip is as follows:

Leave Bonaventure Station by special excursion train about 8 p.m., twenty minutes' ride to Lachine Wharf, where the "Duchess of York," a steel steamer, electric lighted, and with a carrying capacity of 500, will be in attendance for a three hour moonlight sail through Lake St. Louis, and return to Lachine Wharf in time to reach Montreal by special train at 11.30 p.m. These moonlight excursions will only be run on application of societies, clubs, etc., the Excursion Committees being allowed to control the sale of tickets if desired.

For choice dates, rates, etc., early application should be made at City Ticket Office, 143 St. James Street, or to D. O. Pease, District Passenger Agent, Bonaventure Station.

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New York, *8.10 a.m., *7.25 p.m.
Toronto, Detroit, *8.20 a.m., *7.00 p.m.
St. Paul, Minneapolis, *7.00 p.m.
Winnipeg and Vancouver, *9.00 a.m.
Ste. Annes, Vaudreuil, etc., *5.25 p.m., z1.30 p.m., 4.15 p.m., 5.15 p.m., 6.15 p.m., *9.00 p.m.
St. John, *9.00 a.m., 4.05 p.m., *8.20 p.m., †8.40 p.m.
Newport, *7.30 a.m., 4.05 p.m., *8.20 p.m.
Halifax, N.S., St. John, N.B., etc., †8.40 p.m.
Sherbrooke, 4.05 p.m. and *8.20 p.m.
Beauharnois and Valleyfield, *9.10 a.m., 11 a.m., *4.15 p.m., 5.15 p.m., *6.20 p.m.
Hudson, Rigaud and Point Fortune, z1.30 p.m., a5.15 p.m., *6.20 p.m.

Leave Dalhousie Square Station for

Quebec, *8.10 a.m., *5.30 p.m., *10.30 p.m.
Joliette, St. Gabriel, Three Rivers, 5.15 p.m.
Ottawa, Lachute, *7.30 a.m., 6.00 p.m.
St. Lin, St. Eustache, 5.30 p.m.
St. Jerome, *5.30 a.m., 5.30 p.m., *7.50 p.m.
St. Agathe and Labelle, *5.30 p.m.
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