

IT SEEMS BUT YESTERDAY.

It seems but yesterday that May
Tripped lightly past, nor paused to stay
A moment longer than 'twould take
To set her signet near and far.

It seems but yesterday that June
Came piping sweet a medley tune,
Where to the robin and the thrush
Lent each his thrilling throat, the while
The locust there beside the stile

It seems but yesterday, and yet
Today I found my garden set
In silver; and the roisterer wind
Made bold to pluck me by the gown,

—Atlantic Monthly.

[For Progress.]

THE PERDU.

BY GOODRIDGE B. ROBERTS.

I was sitting on a steep hillside, with
my arm thrown around a young white-
birch in order to maintain my position,
and was wondering what kind of beings
inhabited the dead-looking pond at my feet,

He had got the "snake berries" and was
coasting down the hill on them when I got
in his way, and now as he stood up with
each hand full of moss and twigs, his shirt
and trousers all red with crushed berries,

"Did you ever fish in that?" I asked
him, after he had informed me that tea
wouldn't be ready for "most an hour,"

"In de Pardoo, sir! By de power, no,
sir! It got no bottom."

Then he gave me a little more informa-
tion; told me he wouldn't fish there for
anything, because one day, when a little
boy, he was sitting at the edge of the
water, a great green hand was thrust out
at him, and the little boy "had ter hustle"
to get out of its reach.

I made up my mind to find out about the
Perdu. I had seen it, and wondered at it
many times in many summers since first I
had come to its neighborhood of bobolinks
and sweet air. I had heard vague reports
of its containing a hoghead full of
"pirates' gold," guarded by all manner of
deformed devils and immaterial voices, but
I had never heard any connected story
with regard to it. Now that I thought
about these rumors and superstitious dis-
likes that every one had concerning it, it
seemed to me that a crew of pirates could
not find a better place anywhere on the
river St. John for concealing a quantity of
treasure than here in the Perdu, a hundred
miles from the river's mouth.

This pool is one among a number, but it
is of extraordinary depth, while the
others are so shallow as to retain, through
a long, dry summer, scarce water enough
to attract the wandering dragon-fly. Be-
hind this chain of little lakes, none of which
are more than fifty yards long, or fifteen
wide, runs sheer up a high steep bank
thickly overgrown with poplar, birch, and
spruce. On the front a thicket of water-
willow and rank wild-parsnip and blue-joint
hides the yellow water from the waving
intervale.

One who knew but little of the where-
abouts of the Perdu might seek it vainly,
for there is a long high point between it
and the main river, and, save in the time
of spring and June freshets, the thorough-
fare that runs in behind, as if to keep the
intervale and the point from separating, is
almost dried up. So I concluded that if
pirates had sunk gold in that hole, someone
must either have shown them the way to it
or else they were born and brought up on
this farm. In either case someone must
have known something about the burial,
and surely that "someone" could not have
neglected to confide in someone else.

I made enquiries at tea-time, and was
referred to Allan Dougal.
Allan and I had enjoyed many soothing
pipes together, and I had always found him
stored with information on the subjects
which interested me most. Those subjects,
it is needless to say, were not the abstract
sciences.

No one could help liking Allan. He was
a man of six feet, three; broad-shouldered,
full-chested and big-hearted. I don't know
what color his eyes were, but I know that
they were fine, honest eyes, and his face
was brown and strikingly intelligent. His

hair was thick and wavy and gray, as was
his long, luxuriant beard.

We filled our pipes and went to the bank
of the Perdu, settled ourselves down in
clover-bloom and comfort, and Allan be-
gan:—

"Tell you about the Perdu! why, my
dear boy, that 'd keep me talking for a
week. Perhaps there is no spot in New
Brunswick so suggestive of weird ideas as
that corpse-looking puddle and its sur-
roundings. The fish in it are nearly trans-
parent and you'd imagine they had eaten
nothing but amber in all their lives. The
eels in it are more slimy than usual, and
the catfish all uncanny."

"Is it really very deep? The boy said
it had no bottom."

"Well, the probabilities are that it has a
bottom, but I've let out three hundred feet
of line in it and have never struck anything."

"I grunted my surprise and waited for him
to say more.
"'It'd be a fine place to drown kittens
in," he added, "because if you tied a stone
to their necks and sent them to the bottom
they'd be old cats by the time they got
back again—as they always do—and then
they could be allowed to live or die as they
liked."

"Don't get frivolous, now," I said, feel-
ing that I ought to say something, although
I was in the mood for listening rather than
talking,—if you've a week's story to tell me
about this place, let's have the beginning of
it."

"Well then, as an introduction," he said,
"I must tell you that over there in the pas-
ture where that hole is—the hole where the
raspberries grow,—was the site of the first
house within miles of here, and in that
house, when Grandfather Dougal was a
youngster, lived old man Cole, all alone,
and the chief story of the Perdu is the
story of old Cole."

"One evening as Cole, then a young
man, was sitting in his "dugout" bobbing
for eels, he was frightened half out of his
senses by a sight he saw on the river. The
"light" was merely a schooner under full
sail, but, as this was the first vessel larger
than a canoe that had as yet trespassed on
his river-front, and as it was heading in
straight for his little footpath, he imagined
all sorts of things, and would have gone
ashore and hidden himself had he not been
too frigid to raise his paddles."

"As the schooner passed, a man hailed
him in broken English and asked him about
the depth of the water and then invited him
to come aboard. Cole would far rather
have continued to bob for eels but, in his
fear magnifying the ills that might follow if
he refused, he paddled alongside and was
taken up."

"Several men came and looked at him,
seemed satisfied and held a conversation in
some foreign tongue, probably French, and
then the man who had hailed him, and who
was evidently the only one able to speak
English, addressed him holding a chart in
his hand which he studied carefully now
and again. At last he described the place
he wished to find, and the description
answered to that of the Perdu. Then he
asked Cole if he'd show him where the
place was."

"Pigheadedness and greed of gain were
Cole's strong points, and now that he
became conscious of his ability to do a
favor if chose, his fear completely left him
and he would neither lead them anywhere
nor answer another question till they had
paid him his price."

"This caused a second conversation
among the strangers, and Cole's fear
returned as he interpreted the glances cast
at him by some of the vilest eyes of the
crowd. Then the strangers went down the
hatchway and left him alone in the dusk."

"Soon light came up from below. He
heard the men arguing, and thought he
heard coin being handled. His love for
money drove away his fear and he stole
over to the hatchway and looked down."

"The gold he saw there crazed him!
There were boxes full of it! The men
were scooping it up in handfuls and gloat-
ing over it! He would do anything to get
a load of it, and it was only chance that
kept him from leaping down and clutching
an armful and dying there, on top of it,
with half a dozen knives run through his
body, and half a thousand curses hissed in
with every knife blade."

"After some more arguing the boxes
were shut, and the men came up again and
asked Cole how much he wanted. He
wanted a boxful, so they argued again, but
finally agreed to give it to him. They
brought up the box and lowered it into the
dugout. Then Cole and one of the men
got in and went ashore."

"They carried the chest of treasure to
Cole's little two-roomed house, put it
inside, and crossed to the Perdu. Then
they turned and went back, while Cole
parted with the stranger and went to his
kitchen to adore and worship his shining
idol."

"He was not the same man then that he
had been, when he dug the worms in his little
garden and made his eel bog, three hours
earlier. He started and shuddered, as the
cat rattled the tin dishes on the dresser,
and kicked the cat outdoors as punishment
to her for his nervous state of mind. He
left the door ajar and, as he stood with his
back to it, the dog pushed it open and
came quietly in, sniffed or sneezed and
frightened Cole again. So it went on till
late at night. Every sound he took to be
someone after his gold, and as he trembled

and listened he imagined he heard noises
all the time.

"All last the idea struck him that it
would be just as well to take his money
and run to the woods. He might get it
hidden before the men detected him, and
then, if they did kill him, they would, at
least, not get the gold. And if he should
stay in his house and be killed, the gold
would be where they could help themselves
to it and leave."

"His load was heavy but he didn't mind
the weight. He seized it and rushed into
the dark; turned his back to the river and
hurried across his little clearing and into
the woods. There he felt around for a
hiding place for his box; covered his
tracks by making countless others in all
directions over the soft black mould, and
made his way to the river."

"The bank was a sidehill, very high, and
from it he could see lights moving on board
the schooner, a good two miles down
stream. All night he stood and watched
the lights, while the owls kept hooting at
him from the branches, and the bats flitted
past close to his head. In the early dawn
the vessel spread her sails and went away.
Then he crawled back to his gold, un-
covered it and took it home."

"As he neared the house, he saw his
dog stretched dead in front of his door,
and when he entered he found his small
stock of household goods chopped up.
Probably he congratulated himself on the
great presence of mind he had displayed in
running away the night before."

"Although the schooner was far away,
he imagined that some of the crew must
have remained to kill him and take his
gold. When he discovered a note, pinned
to the window-sash, telling him to rest
assured that some day the strangers would
come back, and he would share the fate of
his dog, his fear became confirmed. And
yet he would not leave the lonely house in
the woods and move to civilization. No,
that would necessitate his spending some
of his money, and rather than do that he
would have starved to death."

"For years he lived in this way, and at
last old grandfather Dougal's parents got
this land here and settled on it, but instead
of Cole welcoming them, his only neigh-
bors, he thought that they were come ex-
pressly for his gold, and was more afraid
than ever."

Early one morning, nearly forty years
after the schooner's visit, a little boy—the
future Grandfather Dougal—was passing
old Cole's shanty when he saw smoke com-
ing from under the eaves and around the
window casings. He pushed the door open
and looked in, but the place was so filled
with smoke that he could see nothing. He
ran and told his father but by the time help
got there the shanty was in flames. The
boy's father supposed that Cole was away
shad fishing, and he was horrified when
the flames lit a little and he saw the old
man lying near the door with his own big
knife driven to the handle in his breast."

"As he tried to save the corpse, the roof
gave way and the attempt was abandoned."

"After the fire died, my great-grand-
father, in cleaning up the ruins of the
house removed the stone which had been
the door-step, and under it he found a
brief statement of Cole's adventure with
the gold, and the note that had been found
pinned to the window sash."

Here Allan paused and relit his pipe. I
asked him if it were improbable that Cole
should take the trouble, even if he knew
how to write, to leave a record of these
events."

"Not at all," he said, "It is believed
that Cole, who was born in England, was
an educated man, with a mystery in the
early life, and that the wilderness he hid
in was the place where he was the least
likely to meet, unexpectedly, certain of
his former acquaintances who had a lively
interest in him. A few half burned books
were found after the fire."

"And I suppose," said I, "you think
the men sank their stolen wealth in the
Perdu?"

"Well," said Allan, "you know, the
whole yarn may be a romance, but it's
possible that there's lots of truth in it.
Grandfather Dougal never tried for any
of the money supposed to lie in the Perdu,
but he did hunt for Cole's share, and many
men have done so since his day, but they
have never found it."

"Do you think the old man hid his gold
and killed himself in his insanity?" I
asked.

"Either that, or else the writer of the
letter kept his word. It's rather strange
that on the morning of the fire, the grass
between the river and the Perdu was found
to be all tramped down. But then, a
crowd of cattle can tramp down grass as
well as a band of pirates."

Progress Engraving Bureau.

Do you want an attractive advertisement
reproduced? Write to Progress and you
will get prices at once. Send the "copy"
and the engraving will be made at once.
The work is better and the price lower than
that of any other engravings in the country.
Write for samples and prices.—Advt.

Many an otherwise handsome face is dis-
figured with pimples and blotches, caused
by a humor in the blood, which may be
thoroughly eradicated by the use of Ayer's
Sarsaparilla. It is the safest blood medi-
cine in the market, being entirely free from
arsenic or any deleterious drug.—Advt.

For sale by
A. CHIPMAN SMITH & CO.,
Charlotte Street.

BE WARY OF CHOOSING, GIRLS.

Marry Only a Gentleman if You Conclude
to Marry at All.

It was excellent advice I saw lately given
to young ladies urging them to marry only
gentlemen or not marry at all. A true
gentleman is generous and unselfish. He
regards another's happiness and welfare as
well as his own. You will see the trait
running through all his actions. A man
who is a bear at home among his sisters
and discourteous to his mother is just the
man to avoid when you come to the great
question which is to be answered yes or no.
You need not die old maids. But wait until
the prince passes by. No harm in delay.
You will not be apt to find him in the
ballroom. Nor is he a champion billiard
player. He has not had time to become a
"champion," for he has had too much honest
work to do in this world. I have always
observed that these "champions" were sel-
dom good for much else.

Be wary in choosing, girls, when so
much is at stake. Do not mistake a pass-
ing fancy for undying love. Marrying in
haste rarely ends well. Do not resent too
much the interference of your parents.
You will travel long and far in this world
before you find any one who has your true
interest at heart more than your father and
mother.—Philadelphia Record.

The Usual Fate.

"Where is the dashing boarder who
used to be the life of the table when I was
here before, Mrs. Livermore?" asked an
old patron of the house, addressing the
landlady.

"I married him," was the quiet reply.
"Indeed! He was one of the spright-
liest fellows I ever met, always bubbling
over with spirits, and chock full of stories.
He's away from home, I suppose; I haven't
seen him since I returned."

"He's at home; he has never been
away."

"Indeed! where is he then?"

"He's in the kitchen washing dishes."—
Boston Courier.

Many diseases of the skin are not only
annoying but are difficult to cure. You
will not be disappointed if you try Baird's
French Ointment. It also cures insect
stings, piles, chapped hands, etc. Sold by
all dealers.—Advt.

The special quality of Ayer's Hair Vigor
is that it restores the natural growth, color,
and texture of the hair. It vitalizes the
roots and follicles, removes dandruff, and
heals itching humors in the scalp. In this
respect, it surpasses all similar prepara-
tions.—Advt.



BEAUTY
Skin & Scalp
RESTORED
by the
CUTICURA
Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL
comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in
their marvelous properties of cleansing, purifying
and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing,
disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of
the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA
SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from
it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new
Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin
and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.
Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; RE-
SOLVENT, \$1.00; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER
DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass.
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily
skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.
Dull Aches, Pains and Weaknesses in-
stantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN
PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster, 30c.

AMERICAN SHOE STORE

WINTER IS HERE

And Ladies will want OVERSHOES for the snow;
strong, stout BOOTS for skating, and
RUBBERS for the slush.



BOOTS and SHOES in every style for the public;
for Men and Boys, for Ladies and Children. My
goods cannot be equalled in the North End. I
keep the most extensive and best assorted stock,
and can give my customers the best prices.
Gentlemen's and Ladies' Slippers—the very thing
for Xmas Gifts—a specialty. Give us a call.

WM. SEARLE,
MAIN STREET, North End.

A. & J. HAY,
DEALERS IN—
Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches,
French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc.

JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED
76 KING STREET.

New DRY GOODS STORE,
EAST END CITY,

WATERLOO, NEAR UNION,

Great Reduction of Prices During Dec.,
in all the leading departments.

SPECIAL DRESS MATERIALS;
ULSTERINGS, TWEEDS, COATINGS;
Wool Goods, Cloth Jackets, Waterproofs, etc.

T. PATTON & CO.

DR. SCOTT'S
Electric Hair Curler.

LADIES who wish to quickly Bang, Crimp or
Curl the Hair, by a new method, should have
one of these new inventions.

For sale by
A. CHIPMAN SMITH & CO.,
Charlotte Street.

When You Need

An Alterative Medicine, don't forget
that everything depends on the kind
used. Ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla and
take no other. For over forty years this
preparation has had the endorsement of
leading physicians and druggists, and
it has achieved a success unparalleled
in the history of proprietary medicines.

"For a rash, from which I had suf-
fered some months, my father, an M. D.,
recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It
effected a cure. I am still taking this
medicine, as I find it to be a most pow-
erful blood-purifier."—J. E. Cooke,
Denton, Texas.

"C. H. Hut, Druggist, Evansville,
Ind., writes: 'I have been selling
Ayer's Sarsaparilla for many years. It
maintains its popularity, while many
other preparations, formerly as well
known, have long been forgotten.'"

"I have always recommended Ayer's
Sarsaparilla as superior to any other
preparation for purifying the blood."—
G. B. Knykendall, M. D., Pomeroy, W. T.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Advertisement for FIRE INSURANCE, PLATE GLASS, STEAM BOILER, ACCIDENT, featuring S. R. W. FRANK, 78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Large vertical Chinese advertisement for tea and tobacco, reading '等委利臣庇厘專辦上等茶舖在聖轉準'.

A PRIZE OF A CADDY OF CELEBRATED
5 o'clock Tea

will be given to the person that first
sends a correct translation of the
above hieroglyphics to

T. WILLIAM BELL,
Wholesale Dealer in Finest China Teas,
88 Prince William Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

MOORE'S
Almond and Cucumber Cream,

FOR—
SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN.

It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips.
It cools the skin when hot, dry or painful from
exposure to sun or wind, or heated by exercise.
It removes Tan, Pimples, Scaly Eruptions and
Blackheads, and keeps the complexion clear and
brilliant.

An excellent application after shaving.
PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.
Sample bottles, 10 cents.

Prepared by G. A. MOORE,
DRUGGIST,
109 Brussels St. cor. Richmond.

GERARD G. RUEL,
( LL. B. Harvard )
BARRISTER, Etc.

3 Pugley's Building, - - St. John, N. B.

RAILWAYS.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c.
"THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c.

Commencing October 7, 1889.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-
COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, AT
16.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland,
Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews,
Houlton, Woodstock and points north.

FULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON.
17.00 a. m.—Accommodation for St. Stephen and
intermediate points.

3.00 p. m.—Fast Express for Houlton and Wood-
stock, and, via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ot-
tawa, Toronto and the West.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL.
14.45 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and inter-
mediate stations.

18.45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland,
Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houl-
ton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

FULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.
RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM
Montreal, 18.30 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car at-
tached.

Bangor at 16.00 a. m. Parlor Car attached. 11.20,
7.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached.
Vanceboro at 11.15, 10.55 a. m.; 12.10, 11.55 p. m.
Woodstock at 16.00, 11.00 a. m.; 11.30, 18.20
p. m.

Houlton at 16.00, 11.05 a. m.; 12.15, 18.30 p. m.
St. Stephen at 19.20, 11.30 a. m.; 13.15, 11.20 p. m.
St. Andrews at 16.45 a. m.
Fredericton at 16.20, 11.20 a. m.; 13.20 p. m.
Arriving in St. John at 16.45, 10.05 a. m.; 12.10,
17.10, 11.20 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE.
18.00 a. m. for Fairville.
1.430 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from
St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. †Daily
except Saturday. †Daily except Monday.
F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY!

St. Stephen and St. John.
EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON and after THURSDAY, Oct. 5, Trains will
run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:—

LEAVE St. John at 1 p. m., and Carleton at
1.25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and inter-
mediate points, arriving at St. George at 4.10 p. m.;
St. Stephen, 6 p. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 7.45 a. m., St. George, 9.50
a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.25 p. m., St. John
at 12.45 p. m.

FREIGHT UP to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—
will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 WATER
STREET, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky
freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carle-
ton, before 6 p. m.

BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at
MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will
be in attendance.
W. A. LAMB, Manager.

St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889.

Intercolonial Railway.

1889—Winter Arrangement—1890

ON and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1889,
the trains of this Railway will run daily
(Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton..... 7.20
Accommodation for Point du Chene..... 11.10
Fast Express for Halifax..... 14.20
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 16.20
Express for Sussex..... 16.25

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express
trains leaving Halifax at 7.15 o'clock and St. John
at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Que-
bec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.20 and take
Sleeping Car at Montreal.

The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Satur-
day at 16.20, will run to destination on Sunday.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.
Express from Sussex..... 8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec..... 11.10
Fast Express from Halifax..... 14.50
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 19.25
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave..... 23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and
from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated
by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., 15th Nov., 1889.

Buctouche and Moncton Railway.

On and after MONDAY, 18th November,
Trains will run as follows:

LEAVE BUCTOUCHE, 8.30 | LEAVE MONCTON, 15.30
ARR. MONCTON..... 10.30 | ARR. BUCTOUCHE, 17.30
C. F. HANINGTON,
Moncton, 14th Nov., 1889. Manager.

TICKETS

— to —
MONTREAL and All Points West
BY SHORTEST ROUTES.

Baggage Checked to Destination.
Travellers' Insurance Tickets for Sale.

FRED. E. HANINGTON,
TICKET AGENT, Intercolonial Depot.

HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class
Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

VICTORIA HOTEL,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
D. W. MCCORMICK, Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
T. F. RAYMOND,
Proprietor.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL,
28 to 32 GERMAIN STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Modern Improvements. TERMS, \$1.00 per day.
Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts.

W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

HOTEL DUFFERIN,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
F