

TRACTION GOODS ROOM.

Costumes, Robe Dresses,
Embroidered Costumes.

Wrappers, Patterns,
Wool Wrapper Patterns.

Habit Cloths.

RTSON & ALLISON.

VALUE

Ladies' and Children's Wove
and Colored Cashmeres;
Coats, Embroidered
Gent's Ribbed
etc., etc.,

General Dry Goods Store,

STREET. 179

s Veiling,

DRESSES

Without Being Taken Apart

32 Waterloo Street.

ET IT NOW

BOOK STORE,

STREET.

The Globe and Thanksgiving.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: Why

the editor of the Globe should have taken

the trouble to pen the sneering article on

the Harvest Thanksgiving services held in

the Episcopal churches last Sunday I can

not understand, unless it be that he is so

used to dipping his pen in gall that the

habit has become a second nature. He

tries to make a point of the fact that

bunches of grapes are used in decoration with

"aesthetic taste," rather than the "substan-

tial turnip, the tender carrot or the round

and generous squash—missing the point

that grapes and wheat are used so largely

owing to their symbolical character of the

great sacrament of the Anglican church.

He evidently does not think that the

worshippers should have returned thanks to

the Great Giver of all, because the season

has not been quite so favorable as hitherto,

also the harvest has not been very bountiful.

In this Province clearly showing that the

old habit of grab all has not died out.

Unless he gets everything he is not going

to be thankful. I do not find that, though

the season has been trying to the farming

interests, yet that these interests are on the

verge of ruin. Bread stuffs certainly have

risen slightly but that has not been occa-

sioned by any shortage in New Brun-

swick and why the Anglicans should be held

up to ridicule for raising thanksgivings for

mercies received, is as I stated before hard

to understand. ANGLICAN.

St. John, N. B., Oct. 17, 1888.

A Preacher Prees His Mind.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: A

friend of mine has placed one or two copies

of your paper at my disposal, and I am

glad to see that you are not afraid to

"speak right out in meeting," when such

speaking is called for. In a recent issue you

call attention to the "nameless" condition

of your streets, and a hard matter it is for

stranger to pilot himself around your city,

because the streets are nameless, and most

of your houses numberless, so far as signs

are concerned. I do hope to see progress

in this direction.

But there is a greater evil to which I beg

to call attention, and that is the "gate

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

When kingle, kingle, kingle,
Far down the dusky dingle,
The cows are coming home.

Now sweet and clear, now faint and low,
The tiny tinkling cow bells ring,
Like chiming from a far-off town,
Or patterings of an April shower.

That makes the daisies grow;
Ko-ling, ko-long, kolloingling,
Far down the dusky dingle,
The cows come slowly home.

And old-time friends and twilight plays
And starry nights and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways,
When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home;
Malvines and Peas and Primroses,
Daisies, Red Pansies and Golden Rods,
Queen Bees and Bumble Bees, and Spangled Sue,
Across the field I hear her "loo-oo"

And clang her silver bell;
Go-ling, go-long, kolloingling,
With faint, far sounds that sweetly mingle,
The cows come slowly home.

And mother-sonnets of long-gone years,
And baby joys and childish fears,
And youthful hopes and youthful tears,
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home;
Through violet air and dewy dews,
And the summer sun a-shining down,
And the maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown.
To-ring, to-rang, to-ringingling,
By threes and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home;

The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,
The same sweet smell of bud and bloom,
When the cows come home.

With tingle, tangle, tingle,
Through fern and peewee-ling,
The cows are coming home;
A-jottering in the chequered stream,
Where the sun rays glaucous and gleam,
Clarine, Peacocks and Phebe Phillis
Stand knee-deep in creamy lilies,

In a drowsy dream;
To-link, to-ank, to-linklingling,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
The cows come slowly home.

And up through memory's deep ravine
Comes the brook's old song and sheen
And the crescent of the silver queen,
When the cows come home.

With kingle, kingle, kingle,
With loo-oo, moo-oo, and jangle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Melvin Hill
Sounds the lone cry of whip-poor-will,
And the dewdrops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,

And over the silent mill;
Ko-ling, ko-long, kolloingling,
With a tinkle-ling and jingle,
The cows come slowly home.

Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers and rain,
For dear old times come back again
When the cows come home.

—Agnes Mitchell.

SHE WAS DISMISSED.

At 20 minutes past 2, Richard Bal-

derston, sitting in his inner office, heard

the door of the clerk's room open, and a voice

inquire: "Is Mr. Balderston in?" The

clerk nodded, and in reply, and a mo-

ment later appeared with a card, which

he handed to his chief.

"Ask Mr. Turbot to step in," said the

latter at once.

A man of 30, of fashionable aspect,

good-looking, grave and well-mannered,

entered and removed his silk hat with his

gloved hand, and glanced at Balderston

with a kind of courteous indifference. He

looked like a club man who had seen the

world and become bored by it. He was

well-dressed, well-shaved, well-appointed

in every way; his gray eyes were lazy, but

unfathomable. He came in ready to see

into others, but to allow no one to see into

them. His voice, as he said, "I believe

you asked to see me?" was languid and

gentle.

"You are from the detective office?" re-

torted Balderston, who felt slightly em-

barrassed.

"As you see. What can I do for you?"

He seated himself as he spoke, and re-

garded the other with an air of meditative

tolerance, though the broker must have

been five years his senior, and was well

known on the street as a wealthy and pros-

perous man, of good family.

"You see, the situation is this. I am

obliged by my business to be away from

home from 9 o'clock till four. I work

hard, and am not over-fond of society. My

wife, on the other hand, has nothing but

society to attend to. She has French

blood in her—that may have something to

do with it. She is young and pretty, and

vivacious and all that. She has her social

engagements, and keeps them, so far as

appears."

"You mean, she pretends to keep them,

and does not?"

"Well, I have had reason to suspect

something of the kind."

"What reason?"

"For instance, the other night, after

dinner, she went out, ostensibly to a re-

ception at Mrs. Huntley Murray's. Her

cousins, the Lescares, were to bring her

home. After she was gone I took it into

my head to drop into the comique. It isn't

the sort of place I'd care to take my wife

to. But as I was coming out with the

audience, I saw her in the crowd ahead,

leaning on the arm of a man who was a

stranger to me, and who looked like a

gambling man. I tried to say nothing until

they were out first, and got into a hack

and drove off. I went home and waited.

At 1 o'clock Mrs. Balderston came in. I

asked her how she enjoyed the reception.

She described it to me, and the people she

saw. I concluded to say nothing until I

had something unanswerable to go upon."

The detective stroked his moustache and

mused for a while.

"You say you were behind her coming

out. Then she must have had her back to

I have been told by friends of mine that

they had seen her at places where I knew

she was not to have been. I could wish,

at least, she would be more careful."

"You and she live alone; no one else in

the house?"

"Only these servants, and her maid, who

is as much a companion as a servant."

"Ah! Have you ever thought of sound-

ing the maid—buying her up?"

Balderston shook his head. "There's

nothing to be got there. The girl is very

innocent, and knows nothing. Mrs. Bal-

derston never takes her out with her. That

would be no use."

"Now, we may as well speak plain.

What do you want? A divorce?"

The broker winced. "Not if I can avoid

it. I care for my wife. I don't believe

she's bad. I hope not! She would not be

so wrecklessly imprudent if she were. If

I can bring her up sharp, make her realize

what she is about, appeal to her strongly,

I think I can win her back. I'd make the

attempt anyhow. But this must be

stopped."

"And you want me to watch her, take

her in a compromising situation, and bring

her to you? That is the commission, as I

understand it? Very well. Then the

sooner we begin the better. What are her

ostensible plans for today?"

"She was going out to make calls at

half-past 3. At 6 o'clock she is to be at

Mrs. Murray's, at afternoon tea. She dines

en famille with her cousin at half-past 6,

and they were to attend the performance

at the 'Star' later."

The detective took out his watch.

"Three o'clock now." If you wish, we'll

start at once. I must see Mrs. Balderston,

to begin with. Then I'll do what I can."

"We shall hardly get home before she

leaves," replied the broker, "but we'll take

the chance. Come along!"

The Balderstons lived in a southwest

corner house on Madison avenue. As the

broker and the detective came up the

block, the door of the house opened, and

a lady came out. She had a parasol in her

hand, which she held in her direction.

She ran lightly down the steps, turned the

corner of the street above, and was out of

sight.

"That is my wife," said Balderston.

"Good!" exclaimed the detective. "Now,

go to your club, and stay there till you re-

ceive word from me. I shall reappear be-

fore midnight, and quickening his pace,

he also turned the corner and disappeared.

Balderston, with a sigh, faced about, and

ten minutes later was in the club reading-

room, buried in a newspaper which he was

not reading.

It was 11 o'clock when Balderston, who

had by that time passed through nearly

every phase of suspense, anxiety and pos-

sitive suffering; who had snubbed or offend-

ed every friend he had in the club; who had

bullied the waiters, cursed the cook,

chewed up the cigars without smoking

them, and given himself a headache with

brandy and soda, was timidly approached

by the call-boy, with a card on a salver.

He snatched the card with a kind of fan-

ished growl, and instantly bolted out of

the smoking-room, and encountered Mr.

Turbot, calm, penetrating and indifferent

as ever, in the hall.

"Get your hat and come with," said the

detective, quietly. "We have got all the

evidence you will need. But keep cool."

The broker got his hat, which, in his

agitation, he put on wrong side before, and

accompanied the detective into the street.

"Well, how was it?" he demanded, stan-

ammering in his eagerness.

"Well, it is not very agreeable," the

other replied, as they walked along; "but

though I'm bound to say it might be worse.

A spasm passed through Balderston's

frame. The hack drove on. The man

with the moustache reascended the steps

and disappeared through the doorway.

"Wake up, man!" exclaimed the detec-

tive, grasping Balderston by the arm and

pulling him forward. "We must not lose

sight of that carriage!" And he broke

into a run, Balderston staggering after

him, with his brain on fire. The hack</