

THE EVENT OF THE YEAR

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FREDERICKTON EXHIBIT AND RACES.

The Attractions for the Week are Numerous, and include Stock and Produce Exhibits, the Government Horses and the Last Races of the Circuit.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]
FREDERICTON, Aug. 30.—It will be the event of the year.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 5th, 6th and 7th, will be gala days in Fredericton. Everybody who can spend a day away from home should come, for during that week New Brunswick's first fair will be held. Great preparations are being made by the Park association to ensure the success of this, its first, exhibition and racing events combined.

The new track at the Odell property, in the rear of the city will be in first-class condition for the speedy thoroughbreds who will enter for the races. It is without doubt one of the best half-mile tracks in the province, and horsemen who have visited it have nothing but good words both for it and those who control it.

The area within the track, as before noted in PROGRESS, was seeded down this spring, but the soil is but half formed, and it is not probable that any sports will be allowed on it this fall.

More space was required for the very large number of exhibits expected from all quarters, and the large and level lot adjoining has been secured for the occasion. Upon this about 1,700 feet of shedding will be erected for the accommodation of stock. The sheds will be put up in a substantial manner, as it is expected they will be required to be used again and again in succeeding years.

The idea of the association is not to make this an exhibition of a season, but to have it a permanent event—a week that will be looked forward to by the farmers in every section of the province. It must be recollected that our city is admirably situated for such exhibitions. In a short time railways from every section of the province will pass its front door and it is quite plain that the far-seeing exhibition promoters are not behind the age when they make such an announcement.

With such convenient means of transportation as the New Brunswick railway which passed through Madawaska, Victoria, Charlotte, Sunbury, Queen's, St. John and York counties, the Northern and Western road which runs through Northumberland and York and the River Valley and Central roads nearing completion, no one can deny that for situation at least for a provincial exhibition it would be difficult to find its superior. Secretary W. P. Flewelling informs me that the association expects a very large attendance fair week. The attractions are numerous and cannot be beaten even in Maine, where two of the greatest eastern American fairs take place annually.

In the first place the government stock will all be on exhibition. Every horse will have returned from his circuit and will by that time be in the pink of condition. The fillies of this year are a whole show in themselves, but to them will be added 20 others the provincial secretary has recently purchased in the old country. They will be on the grounds during the fair and will be sold afterward. The attractions of the produce and stock exhibit have already been noted, but a word about the races, another great card, will not be amiss. The two days of this fair will see the closing meet of the New Brunswick trotting circuit. All the horses will have tried conclusions and present indications point to the belief that the question of superiority among the flyers will not be settled until those days. We may then expect to see some grand struggles and the admirers of every horse will be sure to turn out in force.

Maine horsemen are expected to be present in large numbers, some with their flyers, others for the purpose of buying the produce of the government horses. This will give fancy breeders an opportunity to dispose of their stock to advantage.

Base ball games are talked of as another draw. The Nationals of St. John could no doubt be induced to come and play any other club worthy of their mettle.

A Home in the Country.

The residence built and occupied by Henry Titus, situated about one mile and a-half above the village of Rothesay, is offered for sale. The house is two stories in height and contains rooms enough for a large family, and stands upon a six-acre lot, more or less, and is admirably adapted for a summer residence, as well as all the year round. There are large barns upon the premises, and the place at present cuts about five tons of hay. The view of the Kennebecasis and its islands is magnificent. The railroad runs within half a mile of the property, and a siding might be placed in the vicinity for the accommodation of passengers.

This valuable property will be sold at a great bargain, as the owner of it now resides at a distance and wishes to get it off his hands. House can be examined any time. Apply for further information to E. S. Carter, office of PROGRESS, Canterbury street.—Advt.

Taking No Chances.

Head of the house—"I see that the new girl has a wart on her nose and is cross-eyed and frouzy."
Wife—"Yes, John; that is why I employed her."—Texas Siftings.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Miss Thomas' Second Volume of Verse.
[Lyrics and Sonnets. By Edith M. Thomas. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

A CHILD OF NATURE.

Ye meadows and maize-waving fields,
Woods orchards, with your mellow yields,
And fallows, joyous and unkempt;
Ye woodlands, whether grey or green,
As spring in you doth sleep or wake;
Ye trials, runs, that ever tempt,
The longest way to reach your home,
And, as ye wander, ever break
Green news to banks ye glide between;
Thou quiet shore, and thou serene,
Cool under heaven, dashed with foam
(Wide water, glad in thy approach)—
O ye, my kindred! hear me now,
While I my love and service broach;
Your claim I may not disallow.

I am of thee, thou patient soil;
Thou harvest here, that bend and bow,
And make long pathways for the breeze;
Thine ancient clannish, strong with toil
(Thine old storm-proven growths, the trees);
Thy fondlings recent from the germ,
Which dew and beam make haste to find—
All cognate are to me, and kind!
I am of thee, and taught by thee,
To strike my roots down deep and firm.

Ye veering streams, where'er ye fly,
I seek you with a thirsty mind:
In summer, when ye climb the sky,
And leave your channels cracked and dry,
Burns fever in my dwindled veins;
And when in your white cells ye lie,
And soundless hammers forge your chains,
My fluid thought in gyres remains.
Wide water, with thy Protean lives,
In counting of thy tribute gains,
Miss not the streams that draw to thee
From sources in the heart of me.

My kindred! forest, field and lake!
Once more I sight confusion make,
How dear to me ye ever were,
And, while I live by breath, shall be:
When breath is past, 'tis yours to take,
Mournless, the never wanderer,
And gently, without sound or stir,
His elements among you break—
Whose heaven shall perchance be fair
With types of you, immortal there.

The above lines are thoroughly typical of the genius of Miss Thomas. It is in poems of this class that she shows herself at her strongest. In her first volume, the influence of Keats was to some extent predominant; but in this, which is as rich in fulfillment as was that other in promise, an Emersonian spirituality of interpretation, with something of Wordsworth's plain strength of diction, is added to that rich sympathy with the natural world which has made her work so attractive from the first. The Wordsworthian plainness of diction just spoken of, is not by any means a general characteristic of this poetry, for Miss Thomas is remarkable for her richness of phrase and freshness of epithet. She is a student of the Elizabethans, it is evident. But simplicity and plainness are hers to command, and when she employs them, it is with admirable effect. She is a pronounced stylist, stamping plainly as her own all she writes. Her rhythms and her diction are alike distinctive. It seems to me that her peculiar power, the quality which marks all her strongest work and sharply differentiates it from that of all contemporary poets, lies in her overwhelming consciousness of a personal life pervading nature. For her there is no such thing as "inanimate" nature. An individual intelligence—now frank, now elusive, now sympathetic, now tricky,—looks out at her from the eye of every flower, breathes upon her in every fragrance, beckons to her from every tree-top and changing cloud. To a superficial glance she seems by turns Christian, Pantheist, Polytheist. The fundamental fact is that to her the spiritual is omnipresent. She is the most sincere of idealists, and yet ever keeps a firm grasp upon the tangible, an unerring eye on material facts and experiences. Her field is by no means a wide one, but within it she has a mastery which will, I feel sure, secure to her a permanence of fame. Such poems as "Ver-tumnus" in her previous volume, as "The Breathing Earth," "Spirit to Spirit," "Easter Morn," "A Nocturn," "Wood-craft," "The Quiet Pilgrim," and a few others, leave a deep and definite impression. They are a stimulus to the imagination; and their flavor is unmistakable. For a certain accuracy of touch and delicacy of pathos, the two stanzas entitled "The Dreamer" are beyond praise:

Oh, not for her the early violet,
The swan-like buds upon the fruit trees set,
The robin singing in the first spring rain,
She will have gone ere these can come again.

And therefore is it that soft, pitying sleep,
Each night, by ways the Winter cannot keep,
Brings her where bloom the flowers her childhood knew.

In her lighter verse, as has so often been pointed out, Miss Thomas catches the quaintness and naiveivety which prove so taking in the lyrics of Herrick. In this sort of work I think the volume before me is less rich than its predecessor,—which is as it should be, Miss Thomas being now concerned with weightier matter. In her classical studies Miss Thomas, in my opinion, is seldom at her best; she seems not always to hit the antique note. But even so, these poems are fine in their Grecian. There is hardly one in the whole collection which I would willingly see omitted. Perhaps that one might be the "Humming-bird," which, like Miss Helen Cone's lyric on the same subject, has seemed to me almost superfluous after the perfection of Mr. Fawcett's lines ending:

"Was it a gem half bird,
Or was it a bird half gem?"

I must close by quoting one of Miss Thomas' sonnets, which are among the best the new world has to show. This on

"Music" is as characteristic as it is beautiful:

"The god of music dwelleth in our ears,
All seasons through his minstrelsy we meet,
Breathing by field and covert haunting-sweet;
From organ-lofts in forests old he pours
A solemn harmony; on leafy floors
To smooth autumnal pipes he moves his feet,
Or with the thringing spectrum of the aëol
In winter keen beats out his thrilling scores.
Leave me the reed unplucked beside the stream,
And he will stoop and fill it with the breeze;
Leave me the viol's frame in secret trees,
Unwrought, and it shall wake a druid theme;
Leave me the whispering shell on nereid shores:
The god of music dwelleth out of doors."

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

"Among the Best."

The latest issue in Ticknor's Paper series is *Aulnay Tower*,* by Blanche Willis Howard, an admirable story of an old French seigniorial chateau and its inmates, during the last siege of Paris; the *dramatis personæ* being a young patrician lady of France and her unwilling guests, a group of German officers, and the action taking place in Aulnay Tower, just outside the camps and batteries of the besieging armies. The situations arising from this international complication are pungent and interesting to the last degree, and have been portrayed with all the skill and delicacy that Miss Howard displayed in *Queen* and other works. As an eminent critic pronounced it, "it is a delightful book, with all the gracefulness of *One Summer*, and much of the strength of *Queen*. A story which for absorbing interest, brilliancy of style, charm of graphic character-drawing, and exquisite literary character, will hold its rank among the best work in American fiction."

* *Aulnay Tower*. By Blanche Willis Howard. (Ticknor's Paper series, No. 42.) Boston: Ticknor & Co. St. John: Alfred Morrissey. Price, 50c.

Notes and Announcements.

Douglas B. W. Sladen, the chief of Australian poets, has issued in London a stirring ballad on the Defeat of the Spanish Armada.

A cyclopedia of the poetry of the modern world is being edited by Mr. A. H. Miles. Canadian poetry will be copiously represented. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. are the publishers.

W. D. Lightall, of Montreal, is editing a volume of selections from Canadian poetry to be called *Songs of the Great Dominion*. The work will be published by Walter Scott in the Canterbury poet series and a large edition in the Windsor series.

Poems of Wild Life, edited by Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts, has been completed and is in the publishers' hands. It will appear in the Windsor series.

Walter Besant, overworked, is roaming leisurely through Europe hoping to restore his broken health.

How great literary successes do sometimes abide is shown in the fact that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe still receives \$1500 a year on royalties upon *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Sardou is promising to beat his own wonderful record for industry this year. He has already turned out two novels and two plays since New-Year's, and by December he contracts to have one more book in press and three more plays, for all of which he has been paid for in advance.

Guy de Maupassant is at present visiting the French prisons for the purpose of gathering the materials for a new novel, in which he will study the development of the thought of a crime up to the moment of its execution in a soul agitated by the instincts of murder.

Alexander Dumas is to be made a commander of the Legion of Honor, and Emile Zola a Chevalier.

A gentleman who has recently visited Wilkie Collins at his home in Wimpole street, London, says that the novelist is looking old, and that his hard work has left its mark on him. He is thin and stoops very much, but his eyes, though near-sighted, are bright and sparkling. Mr. Collins is a hard worker, and when busy with a novel, usually works night and day until it is finished. It is quite common for him to work fifteen hours at a stretch, eating scarcely anything and drinking only a little champagne during that time. He gets very much excited over his stories, and walks about the room reciting the speeches of his characters in a most dramatic manner.

The Business of The Equitable.

It is not a happy accident that the Equitable is the most popular life assurance company, nor is it due to any one consideration taken alone.

It has the largest surplus and the largest percentage of surplus to liabilities. This is the consideration of first importance, for it shows it to have the greatest financial strength. But while surplus is of chief importance because it is the measure of strength, it is not of value simply on that account. Surplus means profit as well as safety; and growth in surplus means increasing dividend-paying powers. Hence, as the Equitable exceeds all competitors in surplus and increase in surplus, and is at the same time distributing large profits to the holders of its maturing policies, its pre-eminent popularity is not to be wondered at.

But the society enjoys public confidence, not simply because its policies are safe and its dividends generous, but because a comparison of the histories and financial positions of all the important companies will demonstrate the superior management and prosperity of the Equitable in every essential particular.—Advt.

He Knew Himself.

Clerk (to the new arrival): "Going to stay long?"

"I don't know. Have you a boy who will go to the room with me every night and turn off the gas?"

"We can furnish you with one."
"Then I may stay several days. If I had to go up alone it would be just like me to blow out the gas and die."—Chicago Mail.

"No, Alexander, I am not the author of that book called *How to Become an Actor*. I judge, though, from what I have seen and heard on and off the stage, that the book would advise you to be born that way. Of course you can become an amateur actor. I will give you a few hints on the subject, Alexander, free of charge, as I am something of an actor myself and seldom get anybody to listen to me, so I deem it a favor of you.

To be a good amateur actor the first thing you should do after making up for the piece—of course you don't have to act any fancy hand. Just read your lines over a few times. Instinct will tell you how to say them—is to catch hold of the side of the curtain and peep through at the audience or make faces at the orchestra. The most successful amateurs always do this. Then, again, never get too far away from the middle of the stage when you are not acting. You might be called on after it was supposed you had been running about 200 yards. But it's not worth while starting to run until you get near the middle of the stage, and, ladies, if you are standing in the wings waiting for a cue it doesn't matter whether your bustles are exposed to the full view of the audience or not, because they know the play is not really and truly what it seems. Of course everybody knows that there is somebody on the stage besides the two young people talking love in the middle of it, although they are supposed to be alone. So don't be afraid to stick your head out anywhere and have a good look at the audience. You might see somebody you knew and make pantomimic signs to him. It would perhaps help to amuse some of the audience who were weary of looking at the play.

Whatever you do, Alexander, do not talk when on the stage as you do in everyday life. If you did you would not be an amateur. Talk in a way that nobody ever heard before—I know several actors who speak their lines as if they were reading a handbill on a dead wall. The daily papers say they could not improve on their parts. Of course people in everyday life have no passions, never feel joyful, never laugh, nor do they know what it is to be angry. When you are acting the villain, Alexander, never imagine for a moment you are a villain. It is always better to imagine you are caressing the sweet little woman you are supposed to kill. By this means amateur actors generally get their correct tone of voice.

And, ladies, never let the audience think for a moment that because your part happens to be that of a peasant or low woman, that you really are one. Don't talk as these women would, but show refinement in every word and gesture. I would not advise any young lady to exert herself on the stage. Do not speak very loudly, because nobody really wants to hear what you have to say. The audience always like to look at the scenery and shoot opera glasses at people across the hall, so it is useless to waste breath speaking loud for them.

In conclusion, Alexander, there is one thing you must always guard against. If you are playing a military drama, never let your cannon make as much noise as your revolvers or rifles. If you did, people might think you were professionals.

BROOKS.

A Disgraced Young Lady.

The young lady was reading a story on the lonely piazza of a summer hotel. The story began thus:

"It was at a summer resort in July. He was a young man and she—"

Here the young lady threw aside the book in disgust. "The story is too utterly absurd," she said. "There are no young men at summer resorts in July."

Then she went out under the trees, climbed into a hammock and went to sleep.—Chicago News.

Precious.

Alfonse de Beriot—"You say you are superstitious, Miss Gushington, but would you dare to be married on Friday?"

Miss Gushington—"What! Next Friday? Why, dear Alfonse, you are so sudden and so unconventional."

"You quite misunderstand me. I protest—I didn't propose—"

"That's all right, Alfonse, you didn't propose as they usually do, but I like it just the same. Yes, dear, it shall be Friday."

Alfonse swoons.—Springfield Union.

The Clerk Was Dazed for a Moment.

Miss Primrose (in drug store)—"I want to get a good sponge bath."

Clerk (aghast)—"I—er—I beg pardon?"

Miss Primrose—"I say I want a nice bath sponge."

Clerk—Oh, certainly.—Grip.

Working a Scheme.

Brown—Dumley, lend me \$10.

Dumley—Well, Brown, I've only got a \$20 bill, and hate to break it.

Brown—Why?

Dumley—From 6 o'clock this morning until now, 9 o'clock, I've had five cocktails on that \$20 bill, Brown, and it's no good a thing to spoil.—The Epoch.

A Pathetic Appeal.

Spinster (to bird fancier)—"Have you a nice parrot, sir, whose life has been quiet and uneventful, and whose choice of English is somewhat above the average?"

Dealer—"Yes, ma'am. I have just the bird you're looking—"

Parrot (impudently)—"Ford gawd's sake, boss, don't let me go!"—Life.

Motto for a Dude.

Dude—Yeth, Mith Fanny, I've got a family crest, but what would you suggest for a motto?

Miss Fanny—"The best motto for you, I think, would be: 'There is room at the top.'—Texas Siftings.

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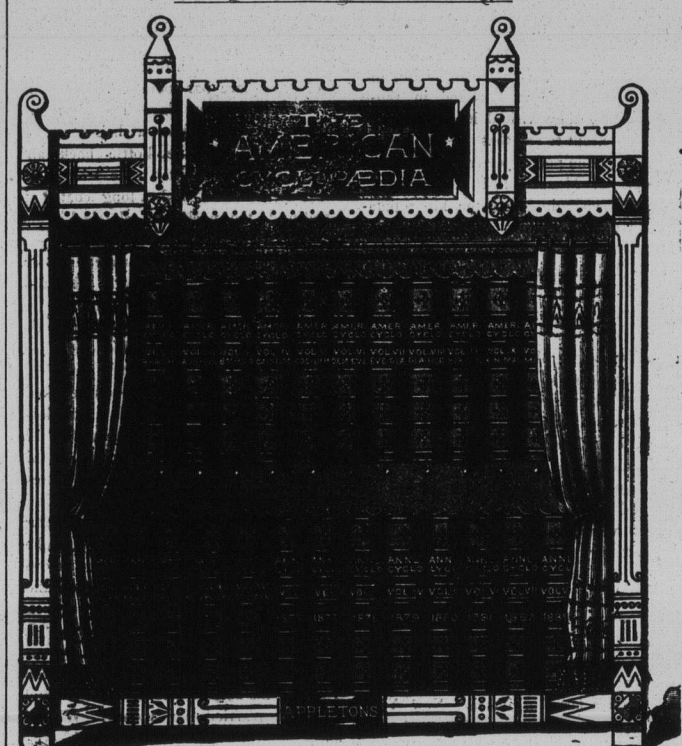
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