

THE EVENT OF THE YEAR

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FREDERICTON 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.

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.

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 sod 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 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.

With such convenient means of transportation as the New Brunswick railway which passed through Madawaska, Victoria, Charlotte, Sumbury, Queen's, St. John and York counties, the Northern & 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.—Adt.

Head of the house—"I see that the new girl has a wart on her nose and is cross-eyed and frouzy."

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Miss Thomas' Second Volume of Verse.

[Lyrics and Sonnets. By Edith M. Thomas. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

A CHILD OF EARTH. Ye meadows and maize-waving fields, Warm orchards, with your mellow yields, And fallows, joyous and unkempt;

I am of thee, thou patient soil; Your harvests here, that bend and bow, And make long pathways for the breeze;

Ye veering streams, where'er ye ply, I seek you with a thirsty mind: In summer, when ye climb the sky, And leave your channels cracked and dry,

My kindred! forest, field and lake! Once more I sigh confession make, How dear to me ye ever were, And while I live by breath, shall be;

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.

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.

It is not a happy accident that the Equitable is the most popular life insurance 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.

Head of the house—"I see that the new girl has a wart on her nose and is cross-eyed and frouzy."

"Music" is as characteristic as it is beautiful:

"The god of music dwelleth out of doors, 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,

"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 personae* 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.

\* *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 larger 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.

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The Business of the Equitable.

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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.—Adt.

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."

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 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 before 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 every-day 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 Disgusted 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—"

Precise.

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 Alfonso, you are so sudden and so unconventional.

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 too 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—"

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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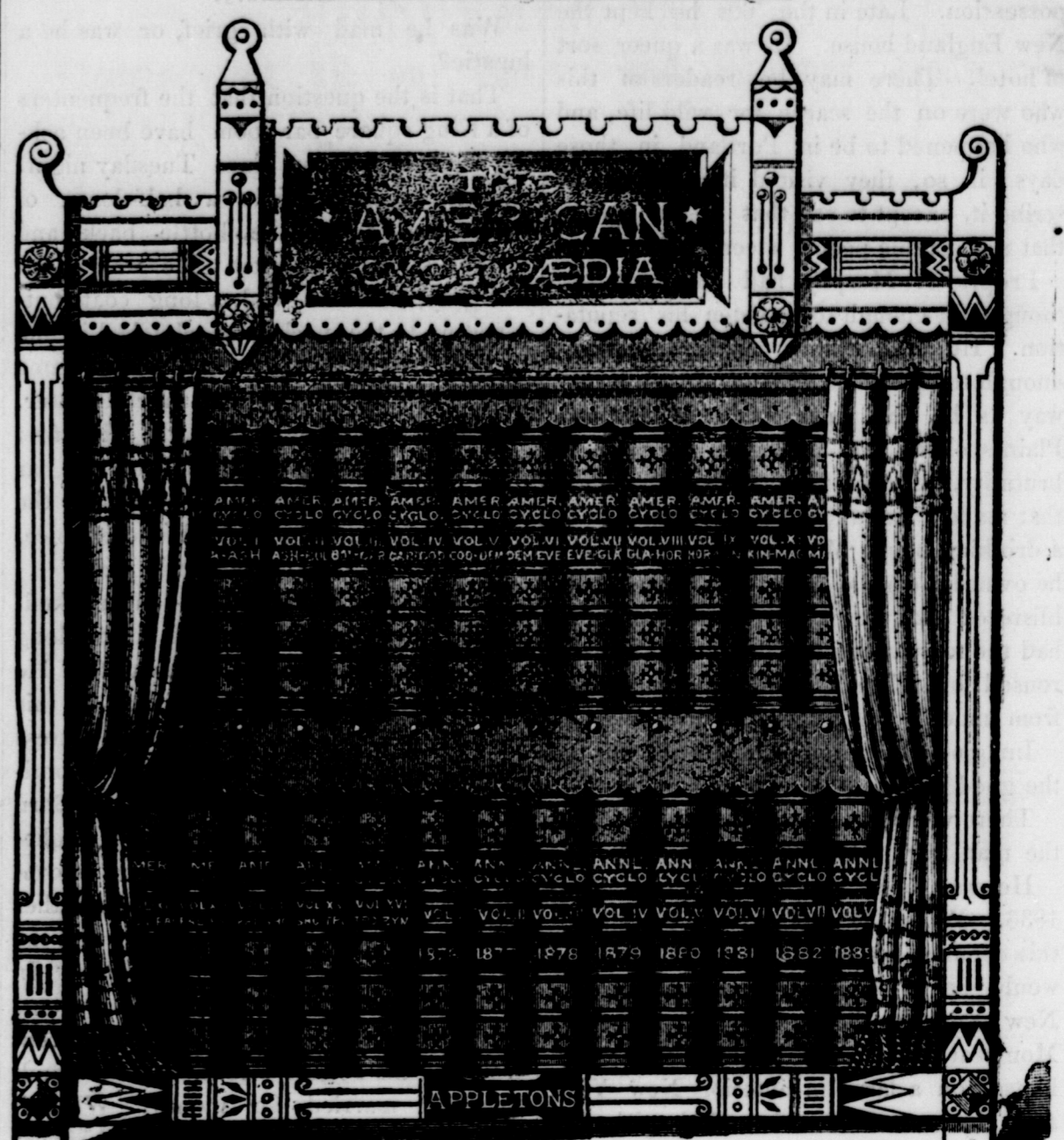
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