

FREDERICTON'S PARK.

ONE OF THE FIRST TRACKS IN THE PROVINCE.

A Good Portrait of the Park with the Grand and Judges' Stands, the Track and the Provincial Government Stables.

The engraving presented below will give a good idea of one of the finest trotting parks in the province. Many persons who have seen the Fredericton track pronounce it the best in the maritime provinces. Progress affords the public a good opportunity to judge of its merits.

It was intended to print this portrait October 6, together with an account of the exhibition and close of the circuit. An unavoidable delay prevented this, but with portsmen the loss of interest will be little.

Sept. 10, 1886, the following circular was sent to a few leading gentlemen of the

capital, who responded quickly to the call:

DEAR SIR: You are requested to attend a meeting of persons interested in trotting horses, to be held at the Queen hotel, on Wednesday evening, the 15th inst., at 8 o'clock.

The object of this meeting is to procure for Fredericton a good trotting track, and to maintain the same in good order and repair.

In Fredericton and vicinity are now owned many well bred and promising trotting colts, and it is very necessary that a good chance to develop them should be had. A subscription list toward a joint stock company has been already started, and has been liberally subscribed to. A site for a new track has been selected, but negotiations have not yet closed.

A plan of the new track will be exhibited. A plan of the proposed site will also be shown, and a general estimate of the cost of construction and completion will be submitted.

Should the proposed railway from Fredericton to Woodstock be built, it will run

through the site of the present track, thus destroying its usefulness.

You would confer a favor by lending your assistance toward attaining this object. Yours respectfully,

A. A. STERLING, D. F. GEORGE, J. A. EDWARDS, JOHN MCCOY, W. P. FLEWELLING.

It will be seen that the prediction of these gentlemen concerning the construction of the St. John valley railroad was fulfilled. Had they waited until the matter was settled the track would not have been completed yet. As it was, at a later meeting held on September 21 of the same year, the following resolution was passed:

Resolved: That the name of the Association be "The Fredericton Park Association;" its objects the establishing of pleasure and exhibition grounds, the owning and improving of stock and holding races.

The capital stock was fixed at \$5000

divided into 500 shares of \$10 each. Very little work was done on the track in the fall of 1886, but during the summer of 1887 the track was completed and fenced, a grand stand and judges stand built and 18 large horse boxes completed.

The first president was George E. Fenety, Esq. That gentleman retired from the directorate and the chair soon afterward and President A. A. Sterling now fills the position.

All the gentlemen connected with the management of the park are enthusiastic horsemen. The secretary, W. P. Flewelling, has devoted much energy and time to making it popular, and it can be said that his efforts have been very successful.

As Progress has pointed out before the area within the track is well adapted for sporting purposes and would make a fine ball field. It is hoped and expected that the association will take advantage of this and have good ball games there next season.

Depend upon it; it will pay.

GREAT ATTRACTION

—IN OUR—

NEW DRESS GOODS ROOM.

NOVELTIES in Combination Costumes, Robe Dresses, Bordered Costumes, Embroidered Costumes.

Novelties in Cheviots and Homespuns, Oriental Silk and Wool Wrapper Patterns, Fancy Wool Wrapper Patterns.

Amazon Cloths, Habit Cloths.

In addition to the above we have an endless variety of FANCY and PLAIN COSTUME CLOTHS, Wool, Stripes, Etc.

New Dress and Mantle Trimmings in all the Latest Designs.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

FOR GOOD VALUE

Union and All-Wool Grey Flannels; Ladies' and Children's Wove Hosiery; Ladies' Vests; Black and Colored Cashmeres; Gloves; Jerseys and Jersey Coats; Embroidered Cloth Table Covers; Gent's Ribbed Shirts and Pants, etc., etc.,

PITTS' General Dry Goods Store, 179 UNION STREET. 179

Lace, Nun's Veiling,

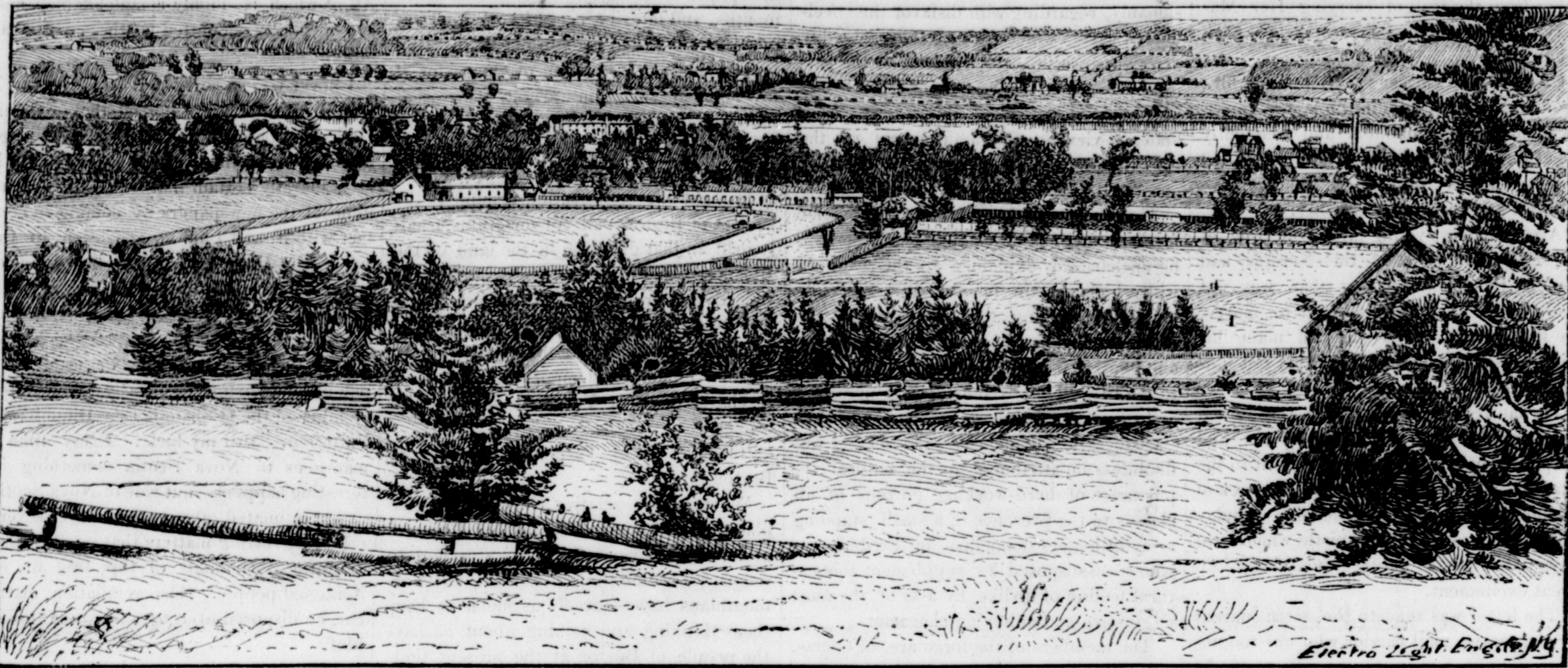
SATEEN DRESSES

Cleaned Equal to New Without Being Taken Apart

UNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY - - - 32 Waterloo Street.

YOU CAN GET IT NOW

JENNINGS' BOOK STORE, 171 UNION STREET.



FREDERICTON TROTTING PARK.

"MR. GORDON OF HALIFAX."

A New York Incident Related by a St. John Merchant—On His Muscle.

Mr. Gordon of Halifax is a small man—in stature. He is large in a commercial sense, being the head of a well known Haligonian firm.

Like other merchants he pays occasional visits to large American centres, and unlike sharp men of his class he fell a victim, a few days ago, to the wiles of bunco-steerers.

Walking down a New York thoroughfare, Mr. Gordon was accosted by a gentlemanly-looking individual.

"How do you do, Mr. Jones? All well in Jersey? How is Mr. ———?"

"My name isn't Jones. I'm Gordon from Halifax."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gordon," and the elegant stranger crossed the street, hastily.

A block further on, Mr. Gordon was greeted by another gentleman. "How do you do, Mr. Gordon? How are all the folk in Halifax?" and the Halifax visitor was shaken vigorously by the hand.

"Oh! How are you? You have the best of me. I don't remember having met you before."

"Nonsense! Why, I've been in your establishment in Halifax a score of times. I have sold lots of you people down there. I'm Hastings, of Messrs. ———. When did you arrive?"

"A day or two ago. I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Hastings."

And the pair walked down a street a little way, when Mr. Hastings invited Mr. Gordon to lunch. Mr. Gordon did not object, and was soon chatting with his new friend over the best the market afforded. An hour later he felt ready to kick himself—for Mr. Hastings had excused himself for a moment, and, forgetting to return, Mr. Gordon paid the bill.

A St. John merchant was standing in a down-town store when Hastings chanced to enter and told the joke to an acquaintance. "Here comes the old duck now!" was his impolite conclusion, and he flitted. His acquaintance wanted some fun, and, calling in a green clerk, he said, "That small gentleman across the street is Mr. Gordon, from Halifax. Accost him, please, by name, and tell him I would like to see him."

The clerk darted across the way, and, touching the merchant, said, "Mr. Gordon of Halifax, I believe? Mr. ———"

Kerplunk! The "green one" measured his length on the sidewalk. Mr. Gordon of Halifax was on his muscle. He wasn't hungry enough for another luncheon.

Wanted—A Rat Poison.

"If some inventive genius will get up a poisonous preparation wherewith to coat the lead pipe used in residences, he will make a fortune," said a plumber, the other day. "Fully one-half of the unexplained cases of burst or leaking lead pipe are due to rats, and not to flaws in the material. In a well-cemented basement, with cement floors, etc., nearly vermin-proof as can be, the annoyance from rats is the greatest, as, being unable to find water, they are driven frantic by the sound of it flowing through the pipes, and they proceed to eat their way to it. A rat can make a hole in a soft lead pipe in a very short time, and then the cellar is flooded and the landlord is notified that the pipe has burst. It gets to me that some sort of coating could be got up that would kill the rat just as soon as he commenced to eat his way to the running water."

THE MINISTER AND JOHN.

The Former Encourages the Latter and the Latter Tries to Reciprocate.

The minister dropped in to see us last Wednesday and asked ma if she wouldn't take up a collection for a new kind of heathen what they found out in Africa. Ma said she'd be only too glad to do all she could to help the good work. The minister said she's a man after his own heart. When he was gone, ma said she'd like to know if some people hadn't nuthin' to do but find out heathens what wants collections taken up fur them.

I guess the minister knows what recitin' poetry means, 'cause he told pa he shouldn't set a bad example for the young, and said he noticed what pa wasn't to church often. Perhaps the minister has tried to put up his own hall stove-pipe. Pa says he'll wring my neck if I expose the famerly any more. He said he always knew I was going to turn out a black sheep. Anyway, pa blushed right into his whiskers when the minister was there.

The minister patted my head when he was goin' out the hall. He said he noticed I was aspirin' to be a author, and for me to persevere and some day I might be a William Shakespeare, or a John Bunyan, or a John Montgomery Ward. I told him I wouldn't like to be a Bunyan if they hurt like pa's did. Pa always says poetry when you step on his. The minister said he was an author once himself. He wrote a tract called "Light in a Dungen," which done a great deal of good. He told ma I should always write for a purpose, and try to make mankind better. I guess pa was scared I'd say that's what I was trying to do to him, for he looked as though he'd like to say somethin' what wasn't in the Bible. I told the minister he shouldn't have give up writin' so soon, for the girl in the candy shop told ma what tracts come handy to wrap up molasses candy in. I wanted to encourage him, but he said good day quick like, and didn't look back.

Ma said she'd like to know if people can't come to her house without being insulted by me. I'm goin' to be locked up in a closet when anybody comes after this. Ma don't care much about heathens, and says the congregation's stingy and always knows what she's comin' for. Ma's vice-president of the Women's Friend of the Heathen society. All the women what belongs are vice-presidents, 'ceptin' the president and the secretary.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

THEY DREW A FARM.

A Lottery Incident in a Big St. John Firm's History.

A short time ago the mail of Messrs Dry Goods, of this city contained a communication from the manager of a P. E. Island church lottery requesting them to purchase the enclosed book of tickets, twelve in number, and remit the amount, a five dollar bill.

The firm is not one that would countenance a lottery for a moment and acting upon its strict sense of right the book of tickets was returned. Generous, however, as all St. John merchants are, the sum of five dollars was enclosed with the best wishes of the firm for the success of the fair—for the lottery was but one department of the enterprising concern.

A few days later the receipt of the five

dollars was acknowledged and the firm was informed that as some name must go on the tickets the liberty of using theirs had been taken.

Weeks passed and nothing was thought of the matter, but a few days ago the mail brought the information that one of the tickets with the firms' name on, had drawn a farm!

This was a genuine surprise, and created some excitement among the partners. How large was it? Where was it situated? And of what value was it?

A letter was written at once to one of their Island customers, who was asked to forward particulars. He did so; and air castles tumbled like a flash.

"The farm," he said, "has never been surveyed. It is, for all I know, boundless. Speaking of its value, allow me to inform you that it is in the centre of a black mud bog, and should that commodity remain at its present low value, I would not accept it for the taxes!"

SATURDAY NIGHT LOSSES.

Some of the Effects of Nine Wet Saturday Nights Upon Certain Trades.

"Do you know that we have had nine wet Saturdays?" asked a merchant of PROGRESS, Wednesday.

"I hadn't observed it," was the reply, "but I guess you're right. What effect has a wet Saturday upon trade?"

"What a question! I wet Saturday gives me the blues, and I think everybody else as well. Saturday is a kind of a calculation day. We all expect a fine day and fine trade. Well, we haven't had it for two months, and I cannot estimate the loss. In the dry goods business a Saturday night's trade once lost is gone forever. Not that we sell large parcels. We sell little things, and for cash. That in itself expresses a good deal. We don't have to wait six months for our Saturday night's trade.

"Why lost? Because the trade comes from the laboring classes, who have money then, and wanting something for Sunday will buy and pay for it. If the night is wet they won't come out, or if they do it prevents them from buying."

A prominent hatter estimated his sales, this fall, at \$2,000 less than they would have been if the weather had been fine. He says men wear old hats in damp, moist weather, and are careless about their general appearance. This bears out the reflections of a city barber, who declares that his trade has been injured by the disinclination of his customers to have clean faces on wet days.

PROGRESS sympathizes with the merchants to whom fortune is so unkind. It frequently pities the newsboys who try hard to keep its glossy surface from the weather, but whether it is that people have more time on wet days, or any other like cause, its edition is growing larger each week, despite the weather.

Everybody cannot be suited. If the weather has kept people from buying what they do not actually need, so much the better for them. But the money will be spent—a portion probably in the saloon—and most of it will find its way into the proper channels, and the average will come out all right in the end.

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

The Signatures of Some Well-Known Literary Men and Women.

Whether or not one be a believer in the character-in-handwriting theory, the varied characteristics exhibited in the chirography of persons more or less famous forms an interesting study.

The most peculiar handwriting that I have ever examined is that owned and controlled by one Edgar William Nye, otherwise "Bill." It looks as though the writer had placed his pen-point upon the paper, and had then been suddenly stricken with fever and ague. I should like to present an example to the reader, in fac simile. For example, the word "running" consists, in William's penmanship, of a fairly recognizable "r," and a beautiful, wavy line which suddenly descends, at a sharp angle, below the line. Mr. Nye spares no ink in the "grand flooreesh" after his well-known "sig." If he thinks as rapidly as he writes, he must frequently tremble upon the verge of vertigo.

George W. Peck, author of *The Bad Boy*, writes a very stiff, cramped hand that would make a sheet of this paper look like a lace curtain. He is quite lavish with his capital letters.

Robert J. Burdette, lecturer, writer and preacher, writes a hand that is half printing and half writing. It is a round hand, and exhibits no shading whatever. He is evidently not a rapid penman.

For clear, graceful penmanship, commend me to Eugene Field, poet, humorist and journalist generally. If the late Horace Greeley's penmanship would deprive a printer of his reason, Field's would once more restore him to the bosom of his family. There lies before me a poem by Mr. Field, of 28 lines, exclusive of title, signature and date, and all written in a space covered by an ordinary business envelope, and as clear as copy-plate.

Ella Wheeler-Wilcox's handwriting would hardly be confounded with Eugene Field's. It rather resembles Geo. W. Peck's chirography, although she does not endeavor to carve the letters into the paper.

"A good, legible business hand," exactly describes the penmanship of Mark Twain.

James Whitcomb Riley writes straight up and down—often "backhand"; writes with a heavy stroke, but makes his letters small. His capitals are almost invariably printed.

Alex. E. Sweet writes a large, bold hand and is evidently interested in some ink manufactory.

J. Arroyo Knox's writing runs like Riley's, parallel with the sides of the paper, and is free from all shading. His signature has been aptly designated as "rail-fence."

A. Miner Griswold (also of *Siftings*) writes a fairly plain, disjointed back-hand. I might mention at least a dozen school children who could make a better display of penmanship than M. Quad of the *Detroit Free Press*. It does not quite agree with Webster's definition of "caligraphy."

Opie P. Read writes a labored, school-boy's hand. His loop letters are very shaky.

Florence Maryat writes in a bold (but but bad) feminine style. She is evidently strong-minded.

The signature of Edgar L. Wakeman is very graceful and free.

The late Stanley Huntley ("Spoondyke"), wrote a hand much resembling that of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain).

The penmanship of Joaquin Miller is small, but very heavy, and moderately very easy to read.

PEN AND PRESS.

The Halifax Critic of the 12th, refers in the following terms to its fourth anniversary:

Yesterday was the fourth anniversary of the first issue of the Critic. It was predicted by persons who thought they had reason to know, that the province would not support a high-class weekly, and that it would consequently die an early natural death. The unfavorable prophecy has, we are happy to say, been wide of the truth. The Critic not only survives, but survives in honor and credit, to which frequent testimony is borne not only by the press of Canada, but by a portion of that of Great Britain. It is no longer ago than the 14th ultimo that we found the Critic quoted, by no means for the first time, in *Public Opinion*, and only last week that we were gratified with a strong expression of satisfaction from a Nova Scotia newspaper writer: "I read the Critic every week," said this gentleman, "with interest. I like its style, and its calm, dispassionate editorial writing." The testimony to the same effect which we receive from private persons is continuous. Our efforts not to lower the standard of the press of Nova Scotia have been rewarded by a circulation which now amounts to 5,000, for which sterling tribute of appreciation, we beg our subscribers, readers and friends, to accept our hearty thanks.

PROGRESS congratulates its bright contemporary upon its success. Instead of striving "now to lower," it should try to raise the standard of the Nova Scotia press. The Critic occupies a field somewhat similar to PROGRESS. The fact that in four years its circulation has touched 5,000, while PROGRESS, though not six months old, has as large a constituency, shows that Nova Scotians are not as appreciative of a good thing as New Brunswickers. Beyond that the standard of New Brunswick newspapers is higher than that of Nova Scotia.

So the New York *Illustrated News* has a new sporting editor and his name is John L. Sullivan. Welcome to journalism, John? If you can't be a journalist and go ahead of the average sporting editor, there is less in you than we think there is. Whether you are likely to be a good newspaper man is another question.

Charley Hoyt finds the drama, the light and giddy drama, more of a financial success than newspaper work. Charley left the Boston Post too soon. If he had stayed until 1885, when William Henry Harrison Andrews undertook to run the paper on the same principle that he had run a granite quarry at Quincy, he would have had material for a good deal more nonsensical play than *A Bunch of Keys* or *A Brass Monkey*. He lost a great opportunity.

Some journalists have a secret of making a time for everything and doing everything in its time. This gives them an opportunity to get through with a great deal of work and to have plenty of chance for recreation and rest. John S. Magee has the management of the *Bay Pilot* reduced to such a system that he can go to Europe and stay a month or two, knowing that his paper will be run just as well when he is away as when he is at home. Pulitzer of the New York *World* and Bennet of the *Herald* can do the same thing. James Hannay edits a weekly in Parrsboro and a daily in St. John, and still finds time to write historical works. C. Bruce McDougal, who edits a paper in East Boston and writes about himself and others in a railway publication, is now reported as superintending the manufacture of an artificial leg. It is wonderful how some people can reduce things to a system.

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 cannot 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 "esthetic taste," rather than the "substantial turnip, the tender carrot or the rotund 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 occasioned by any shortage in New Brunswick and why the Anglicans should be held up to ridicule for raising thanksgivings for mercies received, is as I stated before hard to understand.

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

A Preacher Frees 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 nuisance" at the I. C. R. station. At stations where passenger trains are leaving every few minutes no such officer is needed as the one who stands by to punch your tickets at the I. C. R. And how long must passengers, in their hurry, and loaded with wraps and parcels, or having children to care for, be subjected to this annoyance and imposition? Even the hotel boys are not allowed to pass in with the gripsack they may be carrying in for passengers who have bought tickets for the journey. And yet I have seen boys and girls, and men and women, taking leave of their friends just as the trains were leaving, and have been told that these parties were personally known to the uniformed official at the gate, showing how "kissing may go by favor." In the interests of all concerned, PROGRESS will you not come down on this gate business, so far as "punching tickets" is concerned; so that St. John friends may not have to explain longer that this gate and its keeper are among the necessary evils existing in the city.

PREACHER. Elgin, A. Co., Oct. 14, 1888. Special values in Note Paper at McArthur's, 80, King st.