

Queer Freaks of Flowers.

"Why is it," complained the man with a frown to a restaurant keeper yesterday, "that you fellows hardly ever have any flowers in your old joints?"

The hash founder looked up. "Flowers won't live in restaurants," he said. "The smoke and odor of the cooking seems to smother them, and they never thrive. I've tried it dozens of times, and always with the same result. Put flowers in a saloon, though, and they grow and bloom in splendid shape. The tobacco smoke, I suppose, serves as a fumigator, and the fumes of the liquor apparently stimulate them. If you want to make a success of flowers, put them in a grogshop. To stunt or kill them a restaurant is the best ever."

Dogs In Patagonia.

In northern Patagonia a reward is offered for the extermination of the dogs that overrun that part of the world. The ancestors of these wild dogs were a pair of tame collies which were taken over by a Scotsman straight from his native heath. The animals have retained their natural instinct in connection with sheep, but instead of guarding them they prefer killing them; hence the farmers have always to be prepared for the sudden advance at any time of a strong herd of the wild creatures hungering after mutton.

Carlyle's View of Aprons.

Carlyle in his "Sartor Resartus" was able to find a deep philosophy in aprons. "Aprons are defenses against injury to cleanliness, to safety, to modesty, sometimes to roguery. From the thin slip of notched silk (as it were, the emblem and beatified ghost of an apron) which some highest bred housewife has gracefully fastened on to the thick tanned hide girt around him with thongs, wherein the builder builds and at evening sticks his trowel, or to those jingling sheet iron aprons wherein your otherwise half naked Vulcans hammer and smelt in their smelt furnace, is there not range enough in the fashion and uses of this vestment?"

Reassured.

The Scotch have a story of a little lad who was desperately ill, but who, for all his mother's pleading, refused to take his medicine. The mother finally gave up. "Oh, my boy will die, my boy will die!" she sobbed. "He will not take the stuff that would save him."

But presently piped up a voice from the bed. "Don't cry, mother," it said. "Father'll be home soon, and he'll make me take it."

The Light on the Isle of Pharos.

The most famous lighthouse of antiquity stood on the isle of Pharos, off the city of Alexandria, in Egypt. It was one of the seven wonders of the world and was put up during the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus. After standing up 1,600 years it was destroyed by an earthquake. It is understood to have been over 500 feet high.

Fans In Shakespeare's Time.

Fans in Shakespeare's time seem to have been composed of ostrich and other feathers fastened to handles. Gentlemen carried fans in those days, and in one of the later figures of the German they now carry fans. According to an old manuscript in the Ashmolean museum, Sir Edward Cole rode the circuit with a prodigious fan, which had a long stick, with which he corrected his daughters.

Of More Importance.

"Get my name right," said the proud owner of the 1,175 pound hog. "It's Judson K. Bimm. My father was Colonel Hiram Hotchkiss Bimm of Lexington, Ky. He came to Illinois in the year"

"Never mind that," interrupted the secretary of the fat stock show. "Give us the pedigree of the hog."

Bill Nye's Criticism.

It was in Frisco when Peter Jackson, the colored pugilist, was a feature in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Bill Nye was to have lectured at the Baldwin theater, but was greeted by so small an audience that he excused himself and went over to hear Jackson talking of the pearly gates to Little Ben. After the performance L. R. Stockwell, the veteran actor, met Nye in the lobby of the theater, and he exclaimed:

"Hello, Nye! What did you think of Peter?"

"Well," responded the humorist dryly, "anatomically he was great, but Uncle Tomically he is the worst I ever saw."

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Ask for the Octagon Bar

THE INNS OF CHINA.**Their Cheapness Is About Their One Redeeming Feature.**

Chinese inns are without register or clerks. On riding through the gateway your bridle rein is seized by a dirty boy, who helps you to dismount, shouting loudly meanwhile for the proprietor, who presently looms up through the wilderness of carts and mules. Proprietor and boy then hold a parley as to what rooms are eligible, and then a door is pushed open and the traveler is shown to his apartment. It is usually about twelve feet square. The walls and floor are of hard mud, and so are the beds, which extend entirely across the side of the room, with only space enough between them for a small table and one chair. The room is lighted by one window, in which paper takes the place of glass.

The first duty of the proprietor in making a patron comfortable is to stop up the holes in the paper window pane. He never tears the paper off entirely and replaces it with a new one, because the sheet of paper is worth about one-tenth of a cent, and the innkeeper is not wasteful. Indeed he pastes little slips of paper over the holes until all the light that filters through it is of a mottled hue.

At one end of the mule shed is the kitchen of the inn. It is here that the meals for all the patrons are prepared, to be eaten in the rooms. The menu is not elaborate. It consists only of bowls of rice and tea. Should the traveler desire a greater variety of food, he can buy it himself in the market, and his own servant can cook it in the kitchen of the inn. To sleep on the bed of a Chinese inn would be for a foreigner an impossibility were it not that he is always so exhausted at the end of each day's journey that he finds it difficult to remain awake ten minutes after alighting from his pony. He lies down on the mat that covers the hard heap of mud and surprises himself at the soundness of his slumber.

The one redeeming thing about the inn is its cheapness. Just as the traveler is about to depart in the morning the proprietor tells him the amount of his bill. Everything is charged on the "European plan." Every cup of tea, every rushlight candle, the paper window pane, are all itemized in the long list which the proprietor reels off in singsong, but the total is surprisingly low. The cost of food and lodging for one night for a traveler and two servants, with stabling and fodder for his ponies and cart mules, is about 50 cents.

Boasted Too Soon.

The rear end of a Fordham car was congested the other afternoon. There wasn't even "standing room only." A jocular commuter said, "Beware of pickpockets!"

Everybody laughed. A gentlemanly looking fellow said: "No man need be afraid of pickpockets if he does as I did. I have a self patented scheme. I have a buttonhole in my vest pocket. I run my chain through it and attach the other end in the usual way. They can't draw that watch through that buttonhole. No pickpockets in mine, and don't you forget it."

The crowd thinned out. At Wendover avenue the "patentee" said startlingly:

"My watch is gone!" Somebody had clipped the chain, drawn it through the other way and abstracted the watch.

A Story of Two Necklaces.

When General Weyler was sent by Spain as governor general to Manila, Don Carlos Palanca, the wealthy Spaniardized Chinaman, determined to send Mrs. Weyler a gift, the customary way of obtaining the good will of the Spanish officials. He found at a jeweler's two necklaces, each costing \$20,000 and both being so beautiful that he could not choose between them. So he sent them both to Mrs. Weyler with the message that she should make her choice. He received a warm letter of thanks from her, stating that the necklaces were so beautiful that she could not decide between them and hence would keep both, which she did.

Theories About Drowned Bodies.

It was a popular theory in days gone by that the body of a drowned man would float the ninth day. Sir Thomas Browne alludes to it as believed in his time, and in his "Pseudo-doxia Epi demica" there is a discussion on this fanciful notion. It was also believed that the spirits of those drowned at sea were doomed to wander for a hundred years owing to the rites of burial having never been properly bestowed upon their bodies.

A Martyr.

"She is the most sacrificin' woman fer miles around."

"In what way?"

"Waal, whenever they git up a lawfete or sumpen like for the church in which the expenses are more'n the proceeds the committee alvays sends her up to acquaint the pastor with the result."

A True Philosopher.

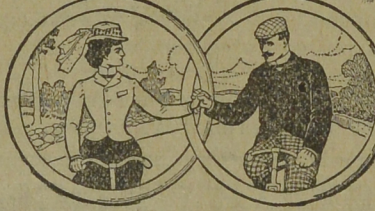
The greatest thing we ever saw in the way of a philosopher was a one armed man in a manicule establishment who gloated because he got his work done for half price.

The Sovenir Sale starts To-morrow at 10 a. m.

And will be kept up until the 23rd inst. Every day we will have new attractions. It will be a big thing to this sale as it is one of the kind ever held in Fredericton. Our manager got onto it while travelling through America's largest cities. Of course it will be a costly affair to us, but we never count expense. We want to be busy and keep our patrons in touch with the newest things out. Our stores are again packed full of all kinds of useful and seasonable goods and our prices are positively the lowest. We have the greatest assortment of goods we have ever shown. Everything new and up-to-date. To-morrow's and Wednesday's attractions will be Ladies' Spring Jackets, Tailor-made Costumes, Tailor-made Silk and Lawn Waists, Skirts, Whitewear, Laces, Embroideries, Hosiery Prints, Muslins, Floor Oilcloths, Carpets, Blinds, and Lace Curtains. 482 Turkish Rugs. To-morrow we will begin a sale of Rugs. These Rugs are in all sizes from 1-2 yd square to 6x71-2 yds in size. They are Reversible and most durable kind made. The prices will be from 28c. to \$16.00, just about 1-2 of the original selling prices. A sale for Men and Boys. Our stock of over 500 Men's Tailor-made Suits will go on sale at Makers' Prices. Boys' and Children Suits from 70c. to \$6.00. Stetson's, Christie's and Benson's Hats at 1-2 of other dealers' prices. Attend our 5th Annual Spring Sale at

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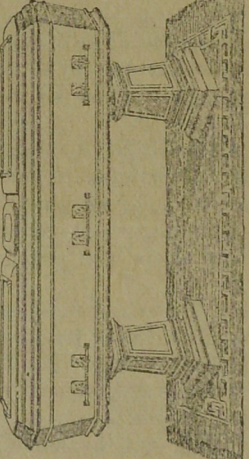
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Solicitor for Applicants.

Mch 21—dtf



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