#### THOUSANDS OF TREES.

SANTA CLAUS FOUND A FOREST OF THEM IN BOSTON.

Christmas at the Hub-How the People Enjoyed the Day-American Home Life and its Modifications-Notes of Interest to St. John Folk.

Boston, Dec. 28 .- Christmas is over, and a cold bleak holiday it was. "Holidays" would be more correct as both Sunday and Monday were devoted to the Christmas festivities.

What were they?

Well, mostly Santa Claus. Here in Boston he is a great old fellow, a favorite with old and young alike and the amount of stuff he distributed was surprising.

It was all the more surprising in a city of flats and boarding houses, of irregular meals and uncertain hours, of steam cars and electric cars, work in the city and live in the country, and everything antagonistic to a home lite.

But Santa Claus came and forgot nobody.

Twenty thousand Christmas trees were sold at Faneuil Hall market alone, and goodness only knows how many very long stockings were hung up; yet the work of trimming and filling was completed in a night, notwithstanding the fact that the express companies and the post office had to work all day Sunday to clear up their ends of the holiday rush.

Santa Claus got there, and it speaks volumes for Boston people.

In a large city one does not expect to see the sentimentalism of the town or village; there is so much rush and bustle that it hardly seems possible. Then look at the newspapers, and the national life they picture daily, a life drawn from the courts and slums but which goes broadcast and outsiders read with wonder. They know nothing of the other side.

American home life is interesting, enjoyed as it is under difficulties, for amid all the rush and bustle of a very busy day the moments to be spent at home, are looked forward to with keen anticipation.

Where are the homes?

No matter. A crowded flat in the city, where the dog learns to wag his tail up or down, instead of the other way; a little house in the country seen only in the night and morning and never through the day, except on Sunday; or perhaps again a large hotel, the American innovation-it matters not, it is home where the children are, and where the 20,000 Christmas trees went to.

At this season of the year these things force themselves upon you. The thoughtfulness of other days is magnified an hundred fold; the little parcels taken to the tolk at home at nightfall, sweets or novelties from town; at Christmas times they grew to armloads and who could help noticing it and drawing their own con-

American home life is a national feature; the Bohemianism of other days is dying out, if it ever existed.

Here we have a great newspaper with a staff of 50 or 60 men and women-men who know life in all its phases, whom duty takes to forbidden haunts; men who know the rich and poor alike, hobnob with poliwith ministers, and hunt out murderers and theives; who dine one place and have supper another, at Young's hotel or on a Pie alley stool, carried here or carried there as the life of the city dictates; men who know the under currents of great events, and keep in touch with the people—yet amid all this the brightest spot to them is home.

When they talk about it they are happiest; the remark of a little son of greater moment, than the words of the man of national reputation they saw a moment before, -one is repeated the other is written, but what the public reads and talks about, and came from his pen, is as nothing to the jolly crowd compared with the cute remark of the youngster. The story is told and laughed over, then offset by another,-the interest is intense-and the arrival of what the society correspondent calls "a little stranger," is a greater event than the election of a president.

And all this amid the rush and bustle of getting out the views of a big city, with matters which the world calls important always on mind, strictly attended to and profoundly considered. But there is always an effort to catch "the last train."

This is the spirit one finds everywhere; there are exceptions of course, but what of

At Christmas times home is the place. On Saturday the bundle brigade was a living example, and a very cold one at that; yet, despite the weather the loads were not lighter, for every man and woman one met had as much as he or she could carry.

Business men and laboring men, professional men and mechanics all combined in a grand effort to transfer the enormous stocks of the down town stores to uptown flats and suburban houses-all were going home.

Then when Christmas morning dawned, and the fire wouldn't burn and the children wouldn't stay abed-what then?

It was a cold morning, one to try the patience of a saint, out of doors, but when the fire burned and the children frolikced round the hearth-it was home and the people stayed there.

Few came down town, and those who did went to church, then home again, to

revel in the delights that Santa Claus had

Monday was also cold and dusty, and the people stayed at home, all except those who attended the theatres, and during the afternoon, it was easy to tell the exact ter. The rooms were crowded with pupils, location of the different play houses many friends of pupils and well wishers of the blocks away.

among the crowds on Washington street last week, was Jack Sproul of Hampton, who has been up here some time, but intends going home this week. Another was Mr. Connell, Jr., son of the Sydney street livery stable man. He has been attending Holy Cross College, and came into Boston for the holidays. Hard study is a great weight reducer, and if Mr. Connell studies much harder, his friends won't know him when he goes home.

R. G. LARSEN. THEY WERE NOT BEAUTIES.

Yet They Were Popular, and Their Name Live in History.

Some of the most popular women and belles of today are not especially beautiful. It is an old paradox that many of the most famous beauties are not beautiful.

Shobeloff's sister, who is married to the Czar's cousin, is as far removed as Cleopatra or Salome from the type of classic purity; but she is the carnation of all the graces, and her physiognomy is eloquent in expressing poetry of feeling. Anne Boleyn had many plastic defects. The Duchess of Burgundy, who lit up, in the old age of Louis Quatorze, the Court of Varsailles, and neutralized the morose influence of Madame de Maintenon, had a goitrous neck and decayed front teeth, yet she was proclaimed a beauty, even by the bilious and censorious

Marguerite de Valois, with whom most of the prominent Frenchmen of her day were at some time or another desperately in love, had heavy cheeks, like a monkey's, too prominent eyes, which were often con-gested, and a thick, hanging under lip. She had not the vices of the ladies of her mother's court, though she passed for being as naughty as they were in her efforts to make conquests for the pleasure of showing she had the power to conquer.

It was this royal coquette who first resorted to the expedient of receiving company sitting up in bed, with black satin sheets to give value to the whiteness of her bust and arms. Her gallants used to say that had she been a shopkeeper's spouse, without any of those rich accoutrements which are brought into her portraits, she would have been every whit as influential. But this is doubtful.

It sovereigns hardly ever love their queens or women of princely rank, a king's daughter who enjoys flirtation is sure to turn the heads of all her sire's courtiers. The last Duchesse de Berri would not have been allowed to so much as compete at a beauty show had she presented herself incognito. Sir Walter Scott, who was close to her at mass in the Tuileries chapel, wrote in his diary that she was plain and that her eyes were not fellows.

#### A VERY REMARKABLE SHOT.

Perhaps The Narrator of It Ought To Be Stuffed and Exhibited.

"The finest rifle shot that ever walked the soil of the West was a man named 'King' Woosley, an old timer, who lived near Yuma. Arizona, in the good old stage days of the West." said Wallace Mc-Laurin. "This man Woosley was orginaltician's millionaires and prize fighters, talk | ly from Ohio. He moved to Arizona in early childhood. When he was about the age of 10 his father and mother were killed and scalped by the Apaches. He hid in the rocks and escaped. Five years later, when he was a mere boy, he went on the warpath for the Apaches, and he never spared one. He could not count exactly how many he had killed in his life.

"The last time I saw him was one day while the stage stopped to let the horses rest near Texas Hill, on the Gila River, in 1872. His fame as a rifle shot had spread all over the West, and the mention of his name filled the Apaches' heart with fear and trembling. The passengers persuaded him to give an exhibition of his marksmanship, and he consented. He nailed a board up to the side of a little shanty, and put 100 balls at a distance of 100 yards in the same place, without the difference of a sixteenth of an inch in 100 shots. He then drove the nails far into the board with 10 more shots. Every one applauded. Then he took a common bullet, tied it to an infinitesimally small thread, fastened the thread to the limb of a tree 20 feet above the ground, and started the bullet swinging to and tro. He walked back 50 paces, wheeled suddenly around and fired.

"Well, gentlemen, you may stuff me with sawdust and exhibit me at the World's Fair as the biggest liar in the universe if This huge artificial mound is an unsightly, Woolsey didn't cut that string in twain with his rifle ball and make the bullet drop in | that might be put to some use. Some day the mouth of that bottle."-St. Louis Pa-

#### Old 'Ninety-Two.

Old '92 to you, adieu!

Adieu, the tears and smiles we've known,—
Come, take my hand. Farewell, old man,—

Farewell, each sob, -each go den tone. From laughter's lute;-farewell the fruit That ripened clung, in clusters rare,
To Memory's boughs,—Farewell, the vows—
The vows that in the grove she sware!

Adieu, the clear, soft atmosphere Where we strolled, hand in hand, the sands Of that elf shore, amid the roar

Of shells that sang of other lands. Farewell, the lisp, that in the crisp And frost-fraught air, made my heart sing With such a tune no bird of June E'er trilled with sweeter carolling.

Adieu, the talks of moonlit walks, The murmurings of silver streams;— Adieu the blooms whose sweet perfumes Stole softly thro' my mid-day dreams.

Farewell, that night the bridal light lilumed that fair and fickle form, As she those charms to other arms Did yield, amid the organ's storm.

Of thund'rous praise .- Farewell the haze That screens the sunlight from the view!— And you, New Year, I hail: Good cheer, Good cheer!—Adieu, old '92! (Kimball Chase Tapley, in Judge). WHISTON'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE. A Pleasant Termination to a Successful

Year's Work. The Christmas closing of this institution was of the usual bright and happy characcollege. Among the guests present were One of the familiar faces I noticed Dr. McKay, Supt. of Education, President Forrest, of Dalhousie College, a number of city clergymen and leading business men, and a large representation of ladies.

Rev. E. B. Moore, gave a very interesting address. He spoke of what is being done along the line of general education and the host of graduates now being turned out from the various colleges. What will become of them? Ever since he could remember he has always been told that there was no room. The desks in the banks were tull, the professions were full, every place was filled. With all this there is still room-room at the top. Rugged health, Mr. Moore said, was an essential part of education, and along with the physical and intellectual should go the moral. By observing these points the graduates would bring honor upon themselves and the school in which they acquired their educa-

Principal Forrest spoke of the practical work of the school. He compared the advantages now offered over those of years past, and the marvelous growth of educational institutions in the city. When he was a boy there was no schools practically, in the city. All the boys attending the schools at that time could have been easily placed in any one of the present schools. He spoke of the great advantages derived from the commercial college and said it should receive the warm support of the mercantile community.

Mr. J. C. McKintosh took up the practical feature of a general education, and showed the great advantages the boys of the present day have over those of a few years ago. He paid a high compliment to Mr. Whiston and complimented the scholars on their cuccess.

Supt. Mackay made an exceedingly interesting and happy address. He said it was the duty of the people to encourage schools of this kind.

The exercises were enlivened and varied by musical and other selections by Mr. Stuart, little Misses Whiston and Fraser Miss Wilson, Mr. Norman and Mr. Mc-

Mr. E. Thompson was then called upon to present the diplomas. The successful students in Shorthand and Typewriting were Mary R. Fraser, Minnie M. Oakes, Harold W. White and Wakefield M. Moran. Commercial-Louis J. Kaye, Harry De-Wolfe and Isabell Logan.

The diplomas were designed and executed by Principal Whiston and were very

much admired. At this stage a very interesting presenta-tion took place, Mr. Whiston and his able assistants, Messrs. Edwards and Thompson, were called to the front and were presented on behalf of the students with a flattering address and valuable Christmas gifts. Principal Whiston was the recipient of a very elegant gold watch chain. Mr. Edwards of a luxurious easy chair, and Mr. Thompson of a beautiful reading lamp. Miss Miller, the efficient teacher of shorthand and typewriting, was then presented with an address on behalf of the students of her special department, accompanied by a handsome pair of opera glasses. The refreshments were abundant and served in dainty style. This new institution since its commencement a year ago, has had a wonderful growth, and its graduates have been remarkably successful in obtaining and holding lucrative

#### WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH IT.

A Mountain of Refuse of Cinchona Bark that Science Cannot Use.

A few miles from Mannheim there is a village supported entirely by its vast manufactory for changing the cinchona bark into the quinine of commerce. Several other medicinal extracts besides quinine are got from the bark, but after it is put to every possible use there remains a substance, in bulk almost equal to the original bark, for which no possible use has been discovered. Usually manufactories are able to turn their waste products to some sort of use-to fertilizers, to the making of embankments, to the filling of uneven ground. And if they cannot use them in some positive way, they may at least burn them, and so get rid of the burden. Not so with this refuse from cinchona bark.

Years ago the manufactory dumped this stuff into the river. But the Government was called in to investigate and found that the worthless stuff not only killed the fishes, but so embittered the waters that they were not fit to drink. So it was forbidden to the manufactory to use the river for carrying off its waste products. Then ground was bought, and they started to dumping. And now the village is under the shadow of a great hill, that is rapidly growing, and will soon be little short of a mountain. barren thing, covering many acres of soil an order may come to remove the mountain into the midst of the sea. The manufacturers hope, however, that science, which has touched so many unsightly and useless things with a magic wand, may enchant even the bitter and worthless refuse of cinchona bark and make their mountain a

### An Eccentric Duke,

The Duke of Brunswick, with his enormous wealth, was the source of much gossip in England for more than a generation, the tact that he was a brother of Queen Caroline first bringing him into notice among Londoners. Page after page was devoted to his peculiarities and adventures. His Paris house was arranged, regardless of expense, to be as near automatic as possible for the uses of a man who was suspicious of everybody, and wanted when he chose to come and go without observation. He had no confidence in banks, and kept under his root a great mine of wealth in notes, specie and jewels, which he concealed with remarkable ingenuity. The drawings piecemeal in different parts of Europe. He disliked servants, and as far as practicable boston, Mass.

was independent of them. The kitchen was entirely for the household. He never ate at home nor at the same restaurant two days in succession. His diamonds were celebrated beyond those of any royal personage. All this time the duke had an object in view, and characteristically, one that was entirely unanticipated. He bequeathed over, \$4,000,000 to the republican city of Geneva, and his bones rest in the free soil of Switzerland.

#### How to Go to Sleep.

"If you have never done so, watch yourself go to sleep," said a Delsarte priestess, "and you will be amazed to see how tense your position is. Your knees are drawn and bended, your back is curved, the arms are held more or less tightly to the body, and the fingers are folded; the eyelids are held shut, not allowed to droop over the eyes, the neck is strained, and the head seems to touch the pillows only at the teniples. The points of contact with the bed are really at temples, shoulders, hips, knees and ankles. Now look at a child sleeping. Every muscle is relaxed, every joint is inert, and prone on the touch: his little frame finds rest at every point. "The features are undone, so to speak,

the nose widens, the mouth droops, the eyelids close easily, and with every line of expression obliterated he finds utter and complete repose. The abandon makes him fall out of bed sometimes, such an inert body has he become. You may imitate him even to that degree if necessary. Begin at your toes to relax, loosen all your joints and muscles, unbend your fingers, shake your wrists loose, take the curve and strain out of your neck, go all to pieces, in fact, and see how the day's fatigue seems to slip off from you, and the gentle mantle of rest and oblivion enfolds you like a gar-

#### The World's Food for One Day.

The average healthy man eats nearly two and a half pounds of solid food in a day. Some races eat much more than others, but against this we can set the smaller consumption of children and the delicate members of civilized communities.

Now, as there are, according to the most careful computations, 1,497,000.000 human beings on the planet' we may conclude that 3.607,770,000 pounds, or about 1,610,612 tons of solid food are eaten every day the

With regard to the drinking capacity of the human race, as the proper individual allowance is nearly two and three-quarter pints a day, we may take it that the above named quantity of food is washed down with about 4,047,888,000 pints of liquid in some form or other, that is to say, enough to fill a reservoir 144 yards long, 144 broad

#### True Culture.

An admirable observation regarding culture is given by Mr. Mallock in these

"I don't call a woman cultivated who bothers me at dinner, first with discussing this book and then that-whose one perpetual question is, Have yave you read So and So? But I call a woman cultivated who responds and who knows what I mean as we pass naturally from subject to subject -who by a flash or a softness in her eyes, by a slight gesture of the hand, by a sigh, by a flush in the cheek, makes me feel as I talk of some lovely scene that she, too, could love it: as I speak of love or sorrow makes me feel that she herself has known them; as I speak of ambition, or ennui, or hope, or remorse, or loss of character makes me feel that all these are not mere names to her, but things.

#### New Year's Calls.

A pleasant way of spending a sometimes disagreeable day by reunioning old acquaintances and keeping track of friends. In this age of necessary prohibition the visitor must have "something to take," and nothing is more convenient for the hostess or nicer for the caller, on a cold day, than a cup of hot Beef Tea, Cocoa or Chocolate. and a drink of good Java and Mocha Coffee with Reception, Snowflake, or other choice Biscuits are not to be despised. Syrups and Confectionery are also in order, and all can be had from J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., Groceries, 32 Charlotte St.

#### Amateurs to the Front.

The drama of "Bound by an Oath," will be produced at the Opera House on Monday evening, the 9th, by amateurs, among whom will be found some leading local talent. Harrison's full orchestra will assist and a crowded house is expected.

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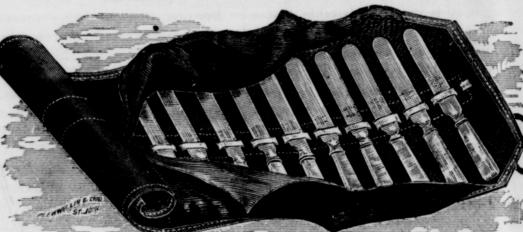


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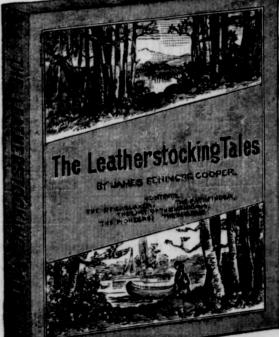
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