

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.

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 life.

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 outside 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 talk 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 conclusions.

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 politician's millionaires and prize fighters, talk with ministers, and hunt out murderers and thieves; who dine one place and have supper another, at Young's hotel or on a Piccadilly street, 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 that.

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 frolicked 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 brought.

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 character. The rooms were crowded with pupils, friends of pupils and well wishers of the college. Among the guests present were 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 full, the professions were full, every place was filled. With all this there is still room—room at the top. Ragged 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 education.

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 school 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 success.

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, Misses Whiston and Fraser, Miss Wilson, Mr. Norman and Mr. McDonald.

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 DeWolfe and Isabella Logan.

The diplomas were designed and executed by Principal Whiston and were very much admired.

At this stage a very interesting presentation 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 positions.

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. This huge artificial mound is an unsightly, barren thing, covering many acres of soil that might be put to some use. Some day an order may come to remove the mountain into the midst of the sea. The manufactory has, however, that science, which has touched so many unsightly and useless things with a magic wand, may enchain even the bitter and worthless refuse of cinchona bark and make their mountain a gold mine.

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 fact 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 roof a great mine of wealth in notes, specie and jewels, which he concealed with remarkable ingenuity. The drawings for his fittings and furniture were made in different parts of Europe. He dined and served, and as far as practicable

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 planet earth, we may calculate that 3,607,770,000 pounds, or about 1,610,612 tons of solid food are eaten every day of the world over.

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 and 144 deep.

TRUE CULTURE.

An admirable observation regarding culture is given by Mr. Mallock in these words: "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 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—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 that 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 enmity, 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 reunions of 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 niper 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.

THOROUGH WORK, SHORT TIME AND LITTLE COST AT SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.

REAL WRITTEN Copies by an expert penman are the finest thing out for teachers and home learners. 60 cents a set. Shorthand taught by mail successfully. S. J. SNELL, Windsor, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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WANTED Agent for my fine approval sheets of Foreign Stamps at 40 per cent. discount. Packet contains 100 varieties stamps from Mexico, South America, Hong Kong, etc., and a New Brunswick stamp worth 12c. Price 5c. F. BEAR SANDRANS, Box 300, St. John, N. B.

FRASER'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 119 Halifax St., Halifax, is in session day and evening, in the best Bookkeeping, Book-keeping, etc., also Stenography and Typewriting. Send for our circular. J. C. P. FRASER, Principal.

A BARGAIN—WE ARE closing out a line of English Tweeds—dark colors—at \$18.00 a suit. A. GILMORE, Tailor, 72 Gormain Street.

BOARDING A FEW PERMANENT or temporary boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 18 Sidney Street—Mrs. McLELLAN.

STAMPS WANTED USED before closed with them. We have made an arrangement with the publisher of this excellent edition of the Leatherstocking Tales whereby we are enabled to offer this large and beautiful book almost free gifts to our subscribers. Such an offer as we make would not have been possible but for the lightning printing press, low price of paper and great competition in the book market. Perfect satisfaction is guaranteed to all who take advantage of this great premium offer.

IMPORTANT TO FLESHY PEOPLE. We have noticed a page article in the Boston Globe on reducing weight at a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send two cents stamp for a copy of our new Circular, 10 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

was independent of them. The kitchen was entirely for the household. He never ate at home nor at the casino 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 Delaarte priestess, "and you will be amazed to see how tense your position is. Your knees are drawn and bunched, 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 temples. 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 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 slip off from you, and the gentle miasma of rest and oblivion enfolds you like a garment."

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NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

"SHEFFIELD CUTLERY"

From all the Best Makers. Solid Silver Ware. Plated Ware. A LARGE AND VARIED STOCK TO CHOOSE FROM

W. H. THORNE & CO., Market Square, St. John.

Wishing Our Customers A Happy New Year

We desire to call attention to the fact that we intend clearing out our stock of



Granite Ware Blue and White All White

ENAMELLED WARES to make room for new goods coming in first of the year, and to this end we have carefully marked down many lines and offer the balance of the lot at such prices as will effect a speedy clearance.

EMERSON & FISHER.

P.S. Our stock of seasonable goods is most complete and value were never more in favor of the buyer. We solicit inspection and comparison.



Granite Ware in TEA POTS, BAKE DISHES, SAUCE PANS, STEW KETTLES.

Give Us a Call. BURPEE, THORNE & CO., Prince Wm. St.

ENGLISH CUTLERY.



TABLE CUTLERY. POCKET CUTLERY. T. McAVITY & SONS, St. John, N. B.

A GREAT LITERARY BARGAIN!

Cooper's Famous Romances of the American Forest

THE LEATHERSTOCKING TALES

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

The first and greatest of American novelists was James Fenimore Cooper. His popularity says a writer in the Century Magazine, "was commensurate." He was almost a widely read in Germany, and in Italy as in Great Britain and the United States. Only one American book ever since attained the international success of Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales." The great author is dead, but his charming romances still live to delight new generations of readers. "The wind of the lakes and the path has not lost its bloom and the salt of the keeps its savor," says the same writer and quoted. Beautiful indeed are Cooper's stories, the red man and the pioneer, full of incident, intensely interesting, abounding in adventure, pure, elevating, manly, and entirely devoid of the objectionable features of the modern novel. No reading could be more wholesome for young or old than Cooper's famous romances. This new edition of the Leatherstocking Tales has just been published in one large and handsome volume of over three hundred large pages, containing all of these famous romances complete, unaltered and unabbreviated, viz.: THE DEERSLAYER, THE PATHFINDER, THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS, THE PIONEERS, THE FRONTIERS.

This handsome edition of the Leatherstocking Tales is printed upon good paper from Germany. It is a delightful book, and one which should have a place in every American home. The price is \$2.50, and it is available in all book stores. Mind of man has ever conceived. A whole world's resting is compressed in it. It is a masterpiece of art. All who have not read Cooper's romances have in store for themselves a rich literary treat. Every member of the family circle will be glad with them. We have made an arrangement with the publisher of this excellent edition of the Leatherstocking Tales whereby we are enabled to offer this large and beautiful book almost free gifts to our subscribers. Such an offer as we make would not have been possible but for the lightning printing press, low price of paper and great competition in the book market. Perfect satisfaction is guaranteed to all who take advantage of this great premium offer.

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EDWARD S. CARTER.

TIGHTLY BOUND

MUSICAL

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES

I don't think we ever had richer music than those of Christmas day. In the Roman churches, perhaps the finest music was in church at high mass, when one of Mozart was given very beautifully. St. Peter's perhaps the best B. C. choir in St. John. Some doubt if the soprano soloist is as good in the cathedral, but as far as the music is concerned St. Peter's is always the best. B. C. churches the Adeste Fidelis was always seems to sound more impressive.

In Trinity church a choral celebration at 8 o'clock a. m., followed by the usual service at 11. It is told that both the organ volunteers were unusually good. At the Mission church a full choral celebration at 11. The service used was Mozart's mass, which it seems worse than he must confess that it seems worse than he have attempted that beautiful, most beautiful, most noticeable by the choir which has heard Mr. Carter himself. In the Creed the solo part in the organ would have been more of a success if Master Rodgers instead of his being as some of the little boys, who were an added musical one. It must have been a splendid service to listen to on Sunday. In my opinion I am glad to say everything went well. Mr. O. C. Diaper assisted the choir on the day.

In the Stone Church, all the music was given by the choir. In the evening the voluntary and hymn, "Adeste Fidelis" gave rise to the impression that there was a rare musical treat. The Psalm was very well rendered as usual. The soprano soloist, by Mr. Gullied, the leading bass, who has served so many times, was away; and in place the organist seemed totally unfamiliar with the accompaniment, most noticeably in the which has lovely ascending chord passages. In the Creed the solo part in the organ would have been more of a success if Master Rodgers instead of his being as some of the little boys, who were an added musical one. It must have been a splendid service to listen to on Sunday. In my opinion I am glad to say everything went well. Mr. O. C. Diaper assisted the choir on the day.

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