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CHATHAM.

FEB. 15.—The C. M. B. A. ball came off Wednesday evening and was a great success in every way. At dark the snow began to fall but early in the evening the dressing rooms at Masonic hall began to fill with ladies and gentlemen who were not to be cheated out of a night's pleasure by a little snow; by nine o'clock there was hardly room to move in the rooms and when the time for the grand march arrived the hall was filled with a gay and expectant throng. Probably those who stood on the stage never witnessed so brilliant a scene before as that presented by the moving mass of tastefully dressed people before them. The interior of the hall was almost unrecognizable, the walls had been completely covered with red and white bunting, the windows were covered with richly toned drapery, steel engravings of national size hung between each window, over the entrance the word welcome had been cleverly formed of green tapers on a white ground and over the stage front the letters C. M. B. A. were placed with a banner draped between. The stage was furnished as an elegant drawing room for the use of chaperones and those who did not dance, and the orchestra of five pieces under the leadership of Mr. Walter White occupied seats at the front of the stage. The electric light put in for the occasion added much to the beauty of the decorations.

The grand march was led by Mr. Wm. Connors president of the Chatham Branch of the C. M. B. A. and Mrs. L. J. Tweedie. I can't begin to give you a full list of dresses but a few of the most noticeable may not be amiss.

Mrs. Wm. Connors wore a handsome gown of black silk square cut bodice, black lace and cardinal flowers.

Mrs. Roger Flanagan, black grenadine over black silk black chiffon trimmings and cream roses.

Mrs. Gouchy of Sherbrooke yellow silk with crinkled chiffon trimmings.

Mrs. Alexander Burns in a dress of pink cashmere and white chiffon, was stylish and graceful.

Mrs. Walter White blue and white striped silk.

Mrs. L. J. Tweedie black silk skirt, green waist with cream silk collar and vest, cream roses.

Mrs. Ella Russell black chiffon, cream roses.

Mrs. Robert Anderson black satin, pale tan trimmings.

Mrs. Armstrong, Newcastle, cerise silk.

Mrs. R. A. Murdoch, pale blue satin.

Miss Josie Noonan, pale blue satin, jeweled passementerie trimmings, square bodice.

Miss K. I. McLean, white satin, square cut bodice trimmed with white chiffon and pink roses.

Miss Katie Allen, heliotrope and white brocade, fur trimmings.

Miss Conway, black and white brocade, cardinal trimmings.

Miss Knight, black grenadine over cardinal.

Miss Bowser, white organdy muslin.

Mrs. Peter Archer, all green silk.

Miss Cassidy, figured cream silk.

Miss Louise Stewart, cream silk, square cut bodice, jeweled chiffon and ribbon trimmings and pink flowers.

Miss Argie Harrington, white dotted muslin.

Miss Lizzie Harrington, pale blue cashmere.

There were a number of debutantes who looked dainty and happy in their pretty white gowns; the Misses Hickey, Miss Annie Flanagan, Miss Lizzie Harrington and Miss Cassidy among them.

Miss Josie Noonan carried off the honors of belle and fully deserved it.

The supper was everything desirable and was enjoyed by over three hundred. The committees in charge of the arrangements deserve the greatest praise for their untiring efforts for the comfort and pleasure of their guests. At midnight the snow ploughs came out and cleared the streets for the ball people, an attention that was very much appreciated.

Fire broke out in the Adam's House about 11 o'clock and those interested left the ball room but the crowd was so great they were hardly missed. The fire was uncontrollable and the fine hotel was reduced to ashes before morning. Great sympathy is felt for Mr. Tom Flanagan whose loss will be very heavy.

Mr. and Mrs. Gouchy of Sherbrooke Quebec are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Flanagan.

Mrs. Jane Murray, widow of the late Robert Murray, passed away Thursday morning. Mrs. Murray has been in failing health for some time. She will be greatly missed by her family and friends, as she was an affectionate mother and an unselfish friend.

Several people who came from Newcastle and other places lost their wraps etc. in the Adams House fire, having dressed for the ball there.

The Natural History Society have invitations out or a conversation to be held in the council chamber

ber next Tuesday evening. It is the society's second birthday anniversary and a very pleasant celebration is expected.

Miss Mary Connell of Woodstock is visiting her sister Mrs. George Fisher at Woodburn farm. Mironox.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

PROGRESS is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall, T. E. Archibson and H. L. Wall. In Calais at J. H. Meredith's.

FEB. 15.—Today being Ash Wednesday Lenten services are held both in Christ church and Trinity church.

Mrs. W. B. Ganong very pleasantly entertained a party of lady friends on Thursday evening at her rooms at the Windsor.

In spite of the severe snow storm on Monday evening a party of intimate lady friends enjoyed a delightful evening at the pretty home of Captain and Mrs. H. B. McAllister; whilst was the amusement provided and after the game refreshments were served.

On Monday morning two large showy banners were flying to the breeze by the Liberal and Liberal Conservative clubs. The banners are white edged with scarlet black letters which can be seen from a long distance. Election seems to be in the air it is the chief topic of conversation and everything this week is given up to it, and much excitement and old time enthusiasm is prophesied for Saturday. Light blue ribbons are worn by those who favor the government ticket, and the followers and admirers of the liberal conservatives wear badges of dark blue silk.

The Harmony club have arranged to give a parlor concert at "Westwilde" the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Black on Tuesday evening of next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph S. Horton invited a number of young ladies and gentlemen to a progressive whist party at their residence last Thursday evening. At half past eight o'clock the guests arrived in a body, they were attired as "ghosts" in sheets and pillow cases, and in solemn single file walked in to greet their host and hostess who received them in surprised amazement, as they were not expecting such a ghostly invasion. Fun and jollity reigned supreme for some time, when masks and ghostly apparel was removed, and the masqueraders settled down to the ever favourite game of whist. After the game at midnight supper was served, then followed some music and dancing. The party was one of rare enjoyment and although the hours were long into the morning it was with regret the guests bade their host and hostess adieu and departed to their homes.

Mr. John D. Chipman who is a Liberal Conservative candidate for the coming election, came from Clifton Springs, New York to be present at the nomination on Saturday, but owing to his health, and acting on the advice of his physician, left again on Monday evening for the Springs, to remain until the weather is milder and his health improves.

The travellers club met at the residence of Mrs. J. C. Rockwood on Monday afternoon. A number of the members who usually contribute spicy and original papers filled with amusing anecdotes of travel are absent this winter. Mrs. John Prescott is in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Willard B. King, in Baltimore, Mrs. A. E. Neill, in Palatka, Florida, Mrs. C. W. King, Boston, Mrs. George Curran, Washington and Mrs. E. C. Young, Portland, Me.

Mr. James Vroom is filling the editors chair at the Courier office as Editor Clarke is so deeply engaged in politics.

Mr. George A. Boardman celebrated his eighty first birthday last week. During the day he was deluged with visitors who came to congratulate and to wish him many more birthdays each happier than the last. Mr. Boardman belongs to the courteous old time gentlemen, he is hale and cheery and drives about to and fro daily attending to his many business affairs. He sometimes contributes interesting articles to the local newspapers on the happenings of by gone days, that are most amusing and interesting and a conversation with Mr. Boardman is always a rare enjoyment, and long remains in the memory.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ross have been visiting in Boston and New York city.

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P. S.—Agents for the Dominion of Canada for C. J. & G. G. Potter, Darwen, England.

Miss Martha Harris has returned from Boston where she spent a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Trimble have returned from a pleasant visit in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Murchie, Mrs. Willard Pike and Miss Ida Harmon are visiting Boston and New York.

Miss Julia McMillan has gone to Boston for a short visit with friends.

Mr. Joseph Meredith is at home and intends to spend the next two months in Calais.

Mr. James L. Thompson Jr., expects to enter the Harvard medical school at an early date.

Miss Jordan of Bangor is the guest of her sister Mrs. Clarence L. Chapman.

Mr. Robert E. Clark has returned from Woodstock.

The Snowbound Prospector.

The winds may howl and the snows may fall and the frost on the pines gleam,
And the hand of winter with key of ice may lock the flow of the stream
The cold gray clouds of forbidding face may hide the sun from my sight,
And the hungry wolves with despairing howls add cheerlessness to the night.
But there's cheer for me in the ruddy glow of the fire on my cabin hearth,
And the snapping sparks from the dry pine logs seem to crackle of fiery mirth.
And I toss a defiant laugh at care and the tempests that 'round me sing,
For as long as I've got my bacon and beans and my pipe am I not a king?

There's never a care from the outer world can reach me o' mar my rest,
There's never a trouble born of earth to harrow my brawny breast,
And my songs ring out on the solitude of this mountain pass as I wait
For the warming breath of the spring to come and open the snow-locked gate.
The smoke from my chimney floats away like a bride veil over the peaks,
Till torn to shreds by the joy breath of the breeze in its sportive frolics,
And the snow-wrapped crags with the echoing notes of my laugh of defiance ring,
For as long as I have my bacon and beans and my pipe am I not a king?

When the blizzard lulls and the sun peeps out on the crest of the drift I stand,
And I compass space with a sweeping glance, and my spirits with pride expand
As I think of the toiling lads penned up in the cities' way over there
While I am as free as the winds that toss the threads of my tangled hair.
I envy not yonder pampered lords, the pale-faced princes of wealth,
For the life blood pulsing within my veins is hot with the glow of health—
I crave not the pleasures and luxuries which the power of gold can bring.
For as long as I have my bacon and beans and my pipe am I not a king?

My only neighbors assail my ears with their voicings of envious hate.
The bobcat squalls a protesting cry in the ear of its mate.

The mountain lion with angry growls looks down from his rocky lair.
As he sniffs at the scent of my steaming food on the breast of the icy air,
The gaunt gray wolf licks its hungry chops and howls at the smoke which curls
From the snapping breast of my glowing fire in the recesses of wealth.
And I hear it all, and my songs flow out with a lordlier merrier ring,
For I feel with my bacon and beans and pipe of the mountain world I'm king.

When the sun has gone and the daylight dies and the sombre veiling of night
O'er my mountain kingdom has settled down, in the genial, cheery light
Of the glowing logs in the broad fireplace in my blanketed bed I lie
And follow the wreaths from my old cob pipe with a lazy and care-free eye.
I dream of the day when the snow king's hand will be lifted from gulch and peak,
And a golden sceptre I'll seek, that rules the world with a golden sceptre I'll seek,
But never a sigh if the days in flight be driven by loitering wings,
For as long as I have my bacon and beans and my pipe I'm a happy king.

Arraigned.

He plead his case with lawyer's art,
He chokingly vowed repentance,
Then rested his cause with a loving heart,
And gravely awaited sentence.

She pardoned the culprit, a woman's way,
Nor thought of his sinful lies
That men speak ever so light, each day,
At the bar of a woman's eyes.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Wooden legs, according to statisticians, are used by over 1,000,000 English speaking men, and this accounts for the enormous trade in limbs of this kind.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attached do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

The Pacific ocean covers 73,000,000 square miles the Atlantic 25,000,000, and the Mediterranean Sea 1,000,000.

According to Nilsson, the zoologist, the weight of a full-grown Greenland whale is 100 tons, or 224,000 lb., or equal to that of 80 elephants or 40 bears.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you.

A university in Cairo is said to have 11,000 students, more than attend any other two Universities in the world.

None of us want to hurt anybody else's feelings; but it sometimes seems necessary to our own peace of mind.

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effective every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

More than 3,000,000 eggs are used every year in this country for making the albumen paper that is used in photographs.

After a woman gets literary notions, she has her picture taken with her head resting on one hand, to give the impression that her brain is heavy and needs support.

Safe Cautels, Prompt, Economical—These few selectives apply with peculiar force to Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, a standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, kidney troubles, excoriations, sores, lameness and physical pain.

An orange tree will bear fruit until it is 150 years old.

A Pill for Generous Eaters.—There are many persons of healthy appetite and poor digestion who, after a hearty meal, are subject to much suffering. The food of which they have partaken lies like lead in their stomachs. Headache, depression, a smothering feeling follow. One so afflicted is unfit for business or work of any kind. In this condition Farnie's Vegetable Pills will bring relief. They will assist the assimilation of the aliment, and used according to direction will restore healthy digestion.

The income of the principal charitable institutions having their head quarters in London amounts to over seven million pounds per annum.

Good Digestion Should wait on Appetite.—To have the stomach well is to have the nervous system well. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disarranged no better regulator is procurable than Farnie's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

In China a wife is never seen by her husband before marriage. In this country some wives seldom see their husbands after marriage.

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GUARDS THE CAZAR'S LIFE.

The Imperial Outrider and his Important and Hazardous Duty.

The man who is the most important in the whole domain of Russia, from the point of view of its ruler, is the outrider. The czar never travels by rail without the gen-darme, who is supposed to have the keenest scent for nihilist weapons of anyone in his empire, going ahead of the train on his peculiar railway bicycle. Traveling slowly with eyes and ears alert for the presence of the enemies of his master and their terrible weapons, this outrider carries his own life in his hands and the life of him who is considered of much more importance, the ruler of the Russian empire.

Incidentally, the outrider is on the lookout for defects in the railroad that might play havoc with the royal train, but this is not the primary object of his preceding the imperial party. He is an inconspicuous object on his curious wheel, and it is not likely that his swift progress along the road will be observed until he is too near a would-be assassin for the latter to accomplish his purpose.

A long experience with the nihilist gangs of Russia has taught the police of that country that the bomb is the favourite weapon with the killer of kings. Should one of these be left on the track in such a position that the wheels of the imperial train would explode it, it must surely be discovered by the outrider, or, if he were unfortunate enough to overlook it, the czar's life at least would be saved, for the railway bicycle would cause the bomb to blow up, the rider's life alone being sacrificed. Hence the importance of the outrider.

He is continually in the proud position of offering his life for his master.—London Chronicle.

Their Ideals.

A leading French paper has asked a number of eminent men what their ideals at twenty years of age were. Here are some of the answers.

M. Sardou, the dramatist, wrote: 'At twenty years of age my ideal was success and fame, £2,000 a year, a library of 12,000 volumes, and a country house and decorations, etc. When I think of it now, the moderation of these dreams seems very prudent. My young contemporaries are more ambitious.'

M. Charles Lecocq, the composer, wrote: 'At the age of twenty my ideal was somewhat limited. No dream of glory haunted me, and my only ambition was to be no longer compelled to give piano lessons. I cursed my trade of teacher, which I performed very badly, and I congratulated myself on having been able in my mature age to escape that torment for the immense good of the bad scholars that I might have made.'

M. Armand Silvestre, the novelist, replied. 'My ideal at twenty years of age? 'To love.'

'I question my memory in vain. I find no other ideal!'

'The years which followed left me without bitterness, none of them having refused to me that joy.'

'For the years to follow I have no fear, having learned from life to love even without hope.'

M. Rodin, the sculptor, wrote: 'When I was young, I walked always with the first 'Meditation' of Lamartine in my pocket. They were tender and religious in the face of nature.'

'My sculpture resembles them; I have introduced to a certain extent the 'Meditations' in many of my works. I have, therefore, realized to some extent my ideal.'

M. Henri Becque, the author of 'Les Corbeaux,' wrote:

'I dreamed many dreams at twenty years of age, at thirty years of age, and at a time much later still; none of them has been realized.'

By the time a man has learned to speak with discretion and weigh his words carefully, a younger generation springs up, thrusts him in a corner, and will not let him speak at all.

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