

HER MAJESTY'S MAIL.

Letters Received and Sent by the Ruler of the British Empire.

Of the nineteen hundred millions of letters delivered in the United Kingdom during the past year, her Majesty the Queen dispatched and received a number which would probably astonish the letter-writer whose communications do not average more than two or three a week, says an English paper. Popular imagination magnifies the number, and the remark is frequently made that if her Majesty personally answered all the letters addressed to her she would have enough to do to last her two long lifetimes. As a matter of fact, the contents of the Queen's postbag vary considerably. Sometimes the daily mail, as far as personal letters are concerned, numbers forty missives; on another occasion the mail-bag may only contain three letters addressed to her Majesty. During the year, however, something like 6,000 letters are conveyed in the Royal mail bag to Windsor, Osborne, or wherever else the court may be, but of this large number many are addressed to members of the household and others engaged at the court.

It is a curious fact that the letters addressed to the Queen may be divided into two broad classes. One—by far the larger of the two—consists of the communications evidently from Her Majesty's personal friends, fellow Sovereigns, members of the peerage, etc., who are honored by the Queen's friendship. To the other class belong communications sent by people with real or pretended grievances, lunatics, etc., which it is doubtful if the Queen ever sees. Everything entering the royal residence is, of course, seen by the private secretary, who naturally prevents all but the personal communications belonging to the first class from going any further. It is worthy of note, in this respect, that the middle classes rarely, if ever, trouble the Queen with letters of any kind.

Some of the letters passing through the post, and intended for Her Majesty, are, judging from the addresses, certainly very extraordinary. One loyal soul, very patriotic but very illiterate, addressed his Sovereign as "Tae Queen, God bless her"; while another, in very bad handwriting, inscribes on his envelope the opening stanza of "God Save the Queen." Another gentleman, who also wrote very badly, anxious to become a correspondent of Her Majesty, covers his envelope with all the titles possessed by his Sovereign, beginning with "Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India," and so on until the space on the wrapper was exhausted. Yet another writer of a more original turn of mind made a drawing of the Queen's head on the envelope, and an address which, whilst scanty of course gave the staff at the post-office no trouble at all in finding the letter's destination.

Not all letters addressed to the Queen are so easy to decipher as these. Communications from all quarters of the globe are continually passing through the Royal post-bags, and some written in crabbled hieroglyphics are "puzzles" in themselves. Many come from India, and are addressed to the Queen in Hindustani. As we all now know of Her Majesty's Hindustani studies, it is not unlikely that the Queen replies to some of the letters of her Indian subjects in that language. In every case, however, the encyclopaedia knowledge of the Post Office officials enables them to cope with any difficult address, and it is doubtless if a single letter intended for Her Majesty has ever gone astray, or had to be conveyed to the Dead Letter Office.

Of Christmas cards, the Queen last year received no small number. During the night of Christmas Eve a quantity of letters from the Continent, evidently containing Christmas greetings to the Queen at Osborne, were observed just in time for the outgoing mails to the Isle of Wight, and the result was that at breakfast on Christmas day the Queen received all the cards intended for her, which were delivered at the post-office the last moment on the preceding evening.

As a rule, the Queen insists that none of her personal letters shall have preference to those of her subjects. It is pleasant to think, too, that she pays the postage on every private letter she sends away—a fact we believe never before made public. Claiming very few of the special privileges which might be thought due to her position, she cheerfully accepts the ordinary postal facilities, and in the matter of nearly all unpaid correspondence, submits to just the same exactions as her meanest subject. For all the correspondence posted unstamped—an error which she has generally forgotten to stamp her letters—by careless subjects, the Queen has to pay the tax usually imposed.

When the Queen is at Windsor her letters outward are sent by special messenger to Buckingham Palace, and thence, in a large white leather bag, bearing a brass label, inscribed: "The Queen, Windsor," to the General Post Office, where the bearer has to pay for the stamps used. Letters for Her Majesty and dispatches from the Government offices are all placed in a bag, addressed: "H. M. the Queen," by the Superintendent of the London Postal Service on duty at the time, and are then dispatched. Other and similar measures are adopted when the Queen is at Balmoral, at Windsor, or on the Continent.

Moonlight to Order.

A new arrangement of the electric light is now being tried in the German army. From the captive balloons work is suspended an electric lamp of some five thousand candle power. At the approach of darkness, the current, carried by an insulated wire, is turned on, and the light is reflected downward.

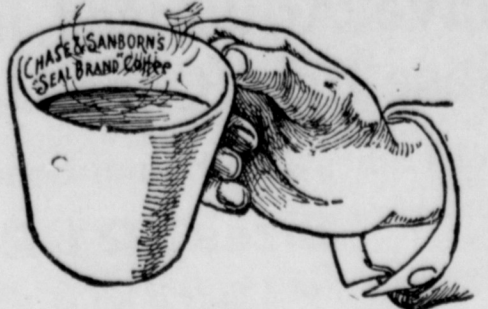
There is a beginning to all things. Cold in the head or chest, with all its unpleasant and unwholesome symptoms. Hawker's catarrh cure cures cold in the head, catarrh and all catarrhal troubles. Only 25 cents.

In public speaking or singing, hoarseness or weak throat is very annoying. Instant relief is afforded by the use of Hawker's Balm. The popular cough cure.

Cramp in the stomach yields at once to the effect of a few drops of Dr. Manning's German remedy diluted in water.

Don't let a cold "take its course." Carry it out of your system by the aid of Hawker's Balm.

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It Cures SALT RHEUM, Tetters, Scurfy Eruptions, Chapped Hands, Fever Blisters, Sore Lips or Nostrils, Corns and Bunions, Sore and Chafed Feet, Stings of Insects.

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WILLIAM CLARK.

HOW THE DOG CAME BACK.

The Story of a French Traveller Who Follows His Trainers.

The following remarkable dog story is from a work published by one Monsieur Antoine as far back as 1817: One day when Dumont, a tradesman of the rue St. Denis, was walking in the Boulevard St. Antoine with a friend, he offered to lay a wager with the latter that if he were to hide a six live piece in the dust, his dog would discover and bring it to him. The wager was accepted, and the coin secreted, after being carefully marked. When the two friends had proceeded some distance from the spot, M. Dumont called to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek it. Caniche immediately turned back, and his master and his companion pursued their walk to the Rue St. Denis.

Meanwhile a traveller, who happened to be just then returning in a small chaise from Vincennes, perceived the piece of money which his horse had kicked from its hiding place: he alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn in the Rue Pontaux-Choux. Caniche had just reached the spot in quest of the coin when the stranger picked it up. He followed the chaise, went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveller. Having observed the coin, which he had been ordered to bring back, in the pocket of the latter, he leaped up incessantly at and about him. The traveller supposing him to be some dog that had been lost or left behind by his master, regarded his different movements as marks of fondness, and as the animal was handsome, he determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper, and on retiring to bed took him with him to his chamber.

No sooner had he pulled off his breeches than they were seized by the dog; the owner conceiving that he wanted to play with them, took them away again. The animal began to bark at the door, which the traveller opened under the idea that the dog wanted to go out. Caniche snatched up the breeches and away he flew. The traveller posted after him with his night cap on, and literally sans culottes. Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of gold, Napoleons of 40 francs each, which was in one of the pockets, gave doubled velocity to his steps. Caniche ran full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived a moment afterwards, breathless and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him.

"Sir," said the master, "my dog is a very faithful creature; and if he has run away with your breeches, it is because you have in them money which does not belong to you. 'The traveller became still more exasperated. 'Compose yourself, sir,' rejoined the other, smiling; without doubt there is in your purse a silver live piece, with such and such marks, which you have picked up in the Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw down there with the firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which he has committed upon you."

The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment; he delivered the six live piece to the owner, and could not forbear caressing the dog which had occasioned him so much uneasiness and such an unpleasant chase.

Bismarck's Generosity.

One day the Austrian Ambassador to the Federal Diet, Count Rechberg, received a certain important measure, accompanied with a confidential letter directing him to induce the representatives of the other German states to vote against the measure and thus defeat it.

In his haste he handed the wrong paper to Bismarck: "There must be some mistake here."

Rechberg saw his blunder, and grew pale and excited.

"Don't be disturbed," said Bismarck; "you did not intend to give me this document, and therefore you have not given it to me, and I am wholly ignorant of its contents."

In fact, he made no mention of it in his official reports, and thus won Rechberg's gratitude, besides putting him under a deep obligation henceforth.

Fun in the Family.

It is by no means an uncommon thing to see, on the closed doors of a shop, the announcement that the circumstance is in consequence of the death of the proprietor, or a member of the firm.

It was left for a German who kept a cobbler's shop in a Western town to reverse the order of things. On the occasion of his daughter's marriage a large piece of paper was tacked on his barred door. Across the paper straggled these words:

"This Store is closed on the Account of some Fun in the Family."

Explaining It.

"This won't go for a penny," said a postal clerk, returning to an old negro a letter which he had passed through the delivery window.

"What's de matter wid it?"

"Too heavy."

"Jist about what I expected. Dat letter wuz writin' by my son, an' I tole him he wuz writin' too heavy a han'! but he kep' bearing down an' bearing down on his pen! I'll take it back, sah, and git him ter write it wid er pencil."

The World's Peaceful Soldiers.

During the most peaceful years the world has 3,700,000 soldiers, who are withdrawn from productive occupations to pose as soldiers. The pay, equipments, food and clothing of these men cost the world's taxpayers nearly \$8,000,000 a day.

I CURED A HORSE of the mange by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Dalhousie. CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS.

I CURED A HORSE, badly torn by a pitch fork, with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

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Bathurst, N. B. THOS. W. PAYNE.

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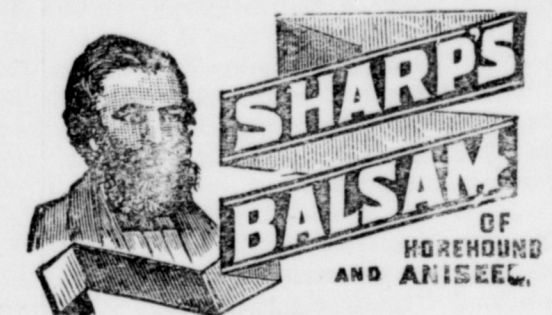
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Isn't it worth a trial? Think about it, and if you conclude to try advertising, come to PROGRESS. We will give you a handsome, well written advt., a splendid circulation, and if the people want your goods there should be no doubt about the result.

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MILLIONS OF ROSES.

A Sweet Scented Persian District Seven Hundred Miles in Area.

Although the art of making attar of roses was originally discovered in Persia, its manufacture is now mainly confined to a tract of land about seventy miles in length and ten in breadth, in the immediate neighborhood of the famous Shipka Pass.

On this ground it is estimated that from five to six thousand millions of rose blossoms are grown annually, nine tenths of them coming from a dusky variety of the damask rose.

In order to obtain the precious perfume in the largest quantity and best condition, the flowers must be cut while the dew is still on them. Every morning, therefore, during the season of bloom, which lasts from about May 20th to June 20th, troops of boys and girls climb the mountain slopes, long before sunrise, to gather the freshly-opened flowers, which are thrown into baskets and immediately taken to the distillery, it being important to finish the operation on the day that the flowers are gathered.

As the baskets are received, their contents are piled in cool, dark store-rooms, from which they are taken for distillation.

The stills are made of tinned copper and of the simplest construction. About twenty-five pounds of roses are put in each still, which is then filled about three-quarters full of water. The top is then put on, and the fire lighted.

The worm is cooled with running water, and in forty-five minutes, when about one-fifth of the contents of the still has been drawn over, the distillation is stopped, the still emptied and the process repeated with a fresh charge until all the morning's crop of roses has been treated.

The product of this first distillation is rose water, and in order to separate the attar a second distillation is necessary. The rose-water is put again into the stills and about one-third its bulk of what is called "second rose-water" is drawn over. This is now a highly perfumed liquid, turbid with suspended globules of an oily substance, which gradually become filled with the essence. When the separation is complete, the attar is removed with a spoon, having a small hole in the bowl. Through this the water runs off, leaving the oil, which is now put into the well known ornamental bottles in which we see it offered for sale.

HOW TO GET A HUSBAND.

An English Idea That Does Not Seem to Have Got to America.

A London lady recently stated as a matter of wont to her, that, in pulling to pieces her wedding dress with a view to reconstruction of the same, she found in certain parts of the hem of the skirt a quantity of small locks and tufts of hair, these varying greatly in colour, and evidently coming from different heads.

A writer made inquiries as to this matter of a West-end dressmaker, who has a very extensive business. "Why," she replied, laughing, "almost every dressmaker knows the reason of that, and I have no doubt that thousands of wedding dresses are returned every year with quite a collection of bits of hair in them, for all the unmarried girls and women in establishments like mine believe that to sew a lock of hair in a wedding garment will bring a prosperous husband within the next twelve months, and I have known, in a big place of business, cases where thirty or forty separate small tufts or separate hairs have been sewn into one wedding garment."

"This is especially the case in the West-end of London with the richer and more costly dresses and as most brides of the wealthier classes keep their wedding dresses intact for many years, the fading of the hairs seems quite a mystery when an old wedding dress is unpicked. To show you that the custom is an old one, I have heard of wedding dresses fifty years old having these hairs found in them. In some modern establishments the placing of the hairs is forbidden. I am sure I don't know why, but the rule is always evaded, and the girls generally have fine fun in concealing hairs about a dress."

Remarkable Twin Sisters.

The other Sunday, a loaf of bread and a large piece of cheese were distributed to 500 persons at Biddenden, Kent. At the same time biscuits were presented to everyone present. The money for this annual distribution is derived from a farm left nearly 800 years ago by two sisters who were joined together, Siamese-twin fashion, at the shoulder and thigh. One died, and the other, refusing to submit to a surgical operation, only survived her sister six hours. She said they came into the world together, and they would quit it in the same plight.

Lord Aberdeen's Canadian Interest.

Lord Aberdeen was interested in the New World before was Governor-General of Canada. He owned a ranch of seven-thousand acres in British Columbia and had gone into farming and stock raising upon a very large scale, as early as 1891.

These things, coupled with the fact that he himself is a Scotsman—the backbone of Canada is Scottish—have gone far to make both him and Lady Aberdeen intensely popular.

Elective Affinity.

Well-known Millionaire (to a beggar): "Be off with you this minute!"

Beggar: "Come, now, my man, you needn't give yourself such airs! The only difference between you and me is that you are making your second million, while I as yet am only working at the first."

Where People Die soonest.

The highest death rate of any town in the civilized world is said to be that of the City of Mexico—40 per 1,000. The city is 7,000 feet above sea level, but in spite of this fact its defective drainage makes the mortality very great.

Owns 35,000 Dogs.

The greatest dog-owner in the world is Gustav Jovanovitch, the cattle king of the Russians steppes. For the protection of his 1,500,000 sheep he employs no less than 35,000 shepherd dogs of various breeds.

Hard to Obliterate.

M. Charles Margot, of the physical laboratory of the University of Geneva, has found that by rubbing on glass with an aluminum point clear metallic lines are obtained, which cannot be removed by washing, no matter how often repeated.

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Adams' Root Beer Extract. One Bottle

Fleischmann's Yeast. Half a Cake

Sugar. Two Gallons.

Lukewarm Water. Two Gallons.

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; put in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

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Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS