

MILLIONS OF STAMPS.

IF GOOD THEY WOULD BE WORTH MILLIONS OF POUNDS.

The immense number of Counterfeits secured by a London Dealer—Some Statements Which May be of Interest to People Who Have Collections.

"If these postage-stamps were not forged," said Mr. J. W. Palmer of London, to a Pall Mall Budget writer, pointing at the walls of the room, "they would be worth a million sterling." The postage-stamps of which Mr. Palmer spoke play the part of wall-paper. They look like an intoxicated mosaic. The room is small, about twelve feet square, and is in keeping with the exterior of the building, for 281, Strand, is a bit of Old London. The four walls are completely covered with postage-stamps. Such a collection would be curious even if the stamps were not forgeries, for they represent every known stamp in the world. They cost Mr. Palmer, who is probably the most widely known stamp merchant in the world, nothing, as they were taken from collections which he purchased. In a majority of cases the owners of these collections were not aware that any of their stamps were forgeries until they fell under the eye of the expert. He is able to tell, almost at a glance, whether a stamp, no matter what its nationality may be, is genuine or not. He has been a stamp merchant for thirty-three years, having made his first sale at the early age of seven years. Since that time he has bought and sold millions. Forgeries were not known when he entered the business, and the mania for collecting stamps was only in its infancy. It is now carried on as business-like a way as if used postage-stamps were pigs of lead or ingots of silver.

On the four walls of the small room there are 70,000 stamps. These are of all colors and shapes and of many sizes, for a £5 English stamp is a good deal larger than a penny stamp, and some countries prefer triangular, octagonal, and other shapes to the shapes generally adopted by European countries. To collect the 70,000 forged stamps took almost thirty years. To make wall-paper out of them kept four pairs of hands busy for three months. They are pasted upon canvas, so that in order to remove the stamps it will not be necessary to remove the building. Paste, not gum, has been used, as gum discolors stamps. Having been fastened to the canvas, the stamps were treated to a coat of shellac, and were then varnished. In the Chamber of Philatelic Horrors, as Mr. Palmer calls it, is a flat-topped desk. Instead of leather the top is inlaid with postage stamps. These are genuine and they number 1,440. Near the desk stands a screen. It is about five feet high and six feet long. Both sides are covered with stamps. Several persons have attempted to count the stamps, but in each case life was found to be too short.

The most valuable among the forgeries is a Brattleboro, an American stamp of the face value of five cents. If it were genuine it would be worth £250. A genuine Brattleboro, was sold by Mr. Palmer for that amount. If any of the inhabitants of Brattleboro, which is a small town in the State of Vermont, were aware of this they would immediately petition Congress to have a new set of old Brattleboro stamps printed for export. Stamp collecting is considered rather a frivolous occupation by many. Mr. Palmer, for various reasons, does not so consider it. He maintains that it is of immense aid in spreading a knowledge of geography. Who would have heard, he asks, of the island of Nevis, but for its small red stamp. There may be people so densely ignorant as never to have heard even of the small red stamp, but to convince Mr. Palmer of this would be difficult. To him a postage stamp means more than a square inch of coloured paper. When he looks at a rare specimen he sees the country by which it was issued, and in a full set he sees not only the changes that have occurred in the government, but in the people. The colour and shape of a stamp indicate to him the character of the people whose country it represents. Considered in the proper way, in his opinion, there is a lot of information in a small collection or even in a single well-filled page of a stamp album.

How many millions have passed through his hands, as buyer and seller, Mr. Palmer can only guess at. In 1884 he bought three thousand collections. Some of these cost him only a few shillings; some of them cost him a few thousands. The finest private collection in the world is owned, he says by N. Ferrari, of Paris. It is worth £250,000. Perhaps next to it in value is the collection contributed to the British Museum by the late Mr. T. K. Tapling, M. P. The Duke of Edinburgh possesses a very good collection, and so does the Duke of York. The young Princes of Siam are among the keenest stamp collectors in the world, and a very fine collection of English stamps is owned by Mr. F. A. Philbrick, Q. C. A fine collection is owned by one of the Rothschild family. The Tzar of Russia used to take much pleasure in his collection, and there are several collections of great value in America, Germany, and France.

Injury Beyond Repair.

The lissome form of the beautiful woman was shaken by the convulsions of her grief, and the fixed look of dumb, hopeless misery in her dark eyes was pitiful beyond words.

"Marian, Marian, for your own sake be calm," entreated her friend as she knelt by her side and tenderly removed the hands that covered the hot, tear-stained face. "Tell me what it all means, dear?"

"I cannot, I cannot," was the dull, listless reply. "No—no, I never can tell any one."

"You must—you shall," insisted the other, firmly. "I cannot bear to see all the brightness crushed out of your life without sharing the burden with you, sweet. Perhaps it will make you feel better."

"Nothing can do that now. But I will tell you. It is best you should know all, perhaps. You—remember that horrid creature from Cadillac whom I engaged as cook last week? Oh, I thought she was such a paragon. So young and modest, and dainty in her ways! I—I had every confidence in her ways! This morning I happened to step into the dining room just as there was a great crash in the kitchen. I opened the door quickly and saw my new

soup tureen lying in fragments on the floor and my husband kissing the cook."

"The monster!" hissed her friend.

"Yes," sobbed the stricken woman. "It was the loveliest piece of china in the house."

The Pioneer.

NEW ENGLAND IN NOVA SCOTIA, 1750.

Close to the low and wooded crags
Their anchor dropped with sails in rags
With lighter spars in splinters,
They scanned the tangled shore with eyes
Insured to fog and weather wise,
Lighted by vigor that defies
The frost of eighty winters.

The waves on the white-throated cape
Were leaping with their jaws a grate,
With sounds like thunder muffled;
But scarce a ripple found its way
Past isles thick-sown around the bay
That 'neath the brooding heavens lay
Unbosomed and untruffed.

At ebb, the tufted kelp was bare
And rocks, where grey seals made their lair,
Or climb with nimble flipper;
At floods the maples stooped to drink
With lips of withered rose and pink,
Where lurked the otter and the mink
In wait for teal and dipper.

The heron adown the dusky sky
Called faintly harsh, the wild-cat's cry
Replied with hungry shrillness;
And from his rufous haunt beguiled,
The lake loon's plaintive note and wild
Broke like the wailing of a child
Upon the midnight stillness.

Those brave New England souls had lost
Nor Faith nor courage they had crossed
The Tide-riven Bay of Fundy,
Forsaking all. What had they gained?
A land that rapine had not stained,
When solitude the hermit reigned
In one perennial Sunday.

What marvel if the hardy stock
That budded once on Plymouth Rock
Should blossom 'round this haven?
Here will we build and dwell, they said,
And trust him for our daily bread
Whose care on this lone coast has fed
The eagle and the raven.

Those rough-hewn models from the hand
That scarped the rock and scooped the sand
Knew not the hand of culture
The progeny of gale and flood,
The men who prayed and swore "by God!"
Had strangely mingling in their blood
The turtle and the vulture.

Of fearless hearts and steady habits,
Prolific as Australian rabbits
Compassion and resentment
Were theirs; and by an ardent myth
Their pulp were hardened into pith
Of solid grain, and gilded with
The sunshine of contentment.

What formed the substance and the sun
Of this life and the life to come?
The Bible and the psalter;
This world by some unridled law,
Was rolling in the lion's paw,
And balanced by an even draw
Between the throne and the altar!

If from that worthy pioneer seed
No oak has sprung, perchance a reed
May brave the rudest weather
And, waiting till the sky shall clear,
May pipe to either hemisphere
And draw their sundered edges near
And nearer yet together.

ALEXIS THORNE.

Clark's Harbor, N. S.

A Hundred Years Ago.

[Written under an assumed name, by Casey Tap, some time during February, 1893, with abject apologies to all the breed of kindergarten bards, including himself, who "humblily trifled their sparrow-words" during the period written of in the Legend.]

The fin-de-siècle poet man
Thro' his hair his fingers ran,
Then raised him up on his tip-toes,
And writhed his face in painful throes,
Then muttered deep, with long-drawn breath,
What some folks say comes not with death—
(Bob Ingersoll and all that crew,
Who think that they could rather do
Things better on this earthly sphere,
Could they control the Heavenly gear)—
Then sat him down upon his chair,
And laid two handfuls of blond hair
Upon the foolscap page so fair,
That lay upon his work desk there.

Spotless it was, and tainted not
With ink's thin lines—not e'en a blot
Sullied the pallid virgin page—
Then up rose he with increased rage,
And grasped the bell-cord with a jerk
That brought his hand-maid from her work
Elsewhere—for poets, understand,
Wore purple and fared sumptuously,
And lived like princes of the land,
In El Eteen Hundred and Ninety-three.
And where Bridgida stood before
His gilded den's carved, oaken door,
"O, where, O, where," he cried, have you
Put that small volume?" pointing to

The shelf where, ever, erstwhile lay
A little tome in mottled grey;
"Shure, so?" replied the trim French maid,
And curtsied low, "the wan wot layed
Right there?" "Yes, yes!" he cries—
"Wall, sor," says she, with keen surprise,
"O! Poughit it war no good, an' so
O! boorned it oop, two days ago."
"Begone!"—and, as the maid withdrew,
Her master opened his good strong box,
And took therefrom, and downward threw,
The whiles he once more yanked his locks,
Ten little burnished silver dimes—
Then bought another "List of Rhymes!"
H. C. TAPLEY.

Indianapolis, City.

Old Familiar Things.

Old familiar things
Cast them not away
Mem'ry's golden wings
Round them love to play,
Silently tell
Eloquently low
With their mystic spell
Of the long ago.

Old familiar things cast them not away
Mem'ry's golden wings ever round them stay.
Faces glad and gay
Hearts that beat no more
Friendships passed away
Fondly they restore
With the chaste light
Of departed years
Beautiful and bright
Gleaming thro' our tears.

Old familiar things trifling tho' ye be
Still my bosom clings to ye tenderly.
Waifs and strays ye are
From life's ocean cast,
Bearing me afar
To the vanished past,
Laden with the bloom
Of my early youth,
And the sweet perfume
Of its guileless truth.

Old familiar things cast them not away
Mem'ry's golden wings round them ever play.

MRS. JOHN A. MURRAY.

Frederick, N. B.

SHE WORKED TOO HARD.

HER HEALTH WAS GONE AND LIFE IN DANGER.

When She Heard of Hawker's Remedies—A Plain Statement of Fact Supported by Convincing Testimony—What Mr. Lingley Says About The Case.

Bernard McGuire lives on what is called the Broad Road, in the parish of Petersville, Queens Co. He has a snug property and is in good circumstances. Best of all, he has an intelligent, industrious wife, who has much more than the average amount of business ability and foresight. They own two farms and cultivate both. Nine children have been born to them, some of whom are now grown up.

Something over a year ago Mrs. McGuire, as is the case with so many farmers' wives in these days of rush and worry, began to fail in health. Like thousands of others she bore up bravely, hoping that her strength would be restored without the need of rest or change. Had any of their farm stock showed any symptom of ill condition, losing flesh or refusing to eat, Mrs. McGuire would have promptly administered medicine of some kind—for stock is considered valuable—but in her own case she put off doing anything for a long time. Once at a picnic in the summer she worked hard all day ministering to the wants of others, without so much as tasting food herself.

Rev. Father Farrell

found it out and took her to task for exhausting herself in that way. But she had no desire for food, and though steadily losing ground persisted in being up about her work as usual every day.

Presently, however, her nervous condition became alarming. If one of the children came up behind her suddenly, or the least unexpected noise occurred, she would start and tremble, and her mind was crowded with strange fears and fancies. She became subject to severe attacks of neuralgia of the head and face. Other results of a thoroughly deranged physical system also developed, and she was finally compelled to consult a doctor. She did so, without deriving any benefit; and a second resort to medical aid had no better result. She also tried some patent medicines without effect.

Her condition now caused both herself and her friends deep anxiety, for it was evident that this state of affairs could not go on indefinitely.

Ex-Coun. Peter Lingley.

one of Petersville's best known men, heard of Mrs. McGuire's illness, and at once advised her to take a course of Hawker's tonic and pills.

"I feel that I owe my life to them," said Mr. Lingley, who had himself been restored to complete health after an attack of grippe, by these remedies but a few months before.

Mrs. McGuire took his advice and secured a small supply of the now celebrated Hawker's Tonic and Pills. She began to improve at once after commencing them and was soon restored to health.

Such in Brief Is the Story.

told by Manager Russell of the Hawker Medicine Co. to a reporter.

"And if you can get away on Saturday," said Mr. Russell, "come with me to Petersville and hear for yourself what Mr. Lingley and Mrs. McGuire have to say."

The invitation was accepted. They boarded the train at St. John on Saturday morning, March 11th, and went to Welsford. Here they were met by Albert Emmery with a spanking team, and after a few minutes chat with Hon. F. Woods and others, set out on a fourteen mile drive to the residence of Mrs. McGuire. On the way they passed the home of Mr. Lingley, and paused long enough to take him on board the sleigh.

The journey was a pleasant one, for Mr. Lingley proved a most entertaining companion. He sat.

For Fourteen Years

as a member of Queens county municipal council, is a justice of the peace, has taken an active part in all political campaigns, and is thoroughly versed in the politics of a county whose obstinate struggles have brought it into national prominence. But Mr. Lingley could also go away back and tell of the winter when British troops landed in St. John and marched in squads along the very road the party were travelling. That was the year of the famous "Trent" affair, and Mr. Lingley could point out the place of bivouac occupied by successive parties of the gallant British troops as they passed along on their way to Quebec.

So the time was whiled away till the party, after passing scores of pleasant farms and the beautiful little

Roman Catholic Church.

with Rev. Fr. Farrell's neat and charming residence beside it, at last reached the home of Mrs. McGuire. That energetic lady, to whom the other visitors were introduced by Mr. Lingley, was found busy with her household cares. From her fresh and hearty appearance one would never imagine either that she had the mother of nine children, or that she had ever been as ill as the party soon learned from her own lips that she had been. When informed of the object of the visit she at once readily assented to a request to tell the story of her case, and

Fully Corroborated.

all that is told above. She spoke in the highest terms of Hawker's tonic and pills, and declared her intention to recommend them wherever she saw an opportunity. She had intended calling on her last visit to St. John and giving the company a testimonial, but through pressure of business had not found time. She told how ill she had been and what a task it had been for her to attend to even the smallest household duties; how medical aid had been tried and failed; and how finally Hawker's tonic and pills restored her to health. There was no hesitation on her part to tell of the remarkable effects of these remedies. But her testimonial, given to Mr. Russell in presence of Mr. Lingley and the reporter, speaks for itself.

Her Testimonial.

"I am glad to testify to the great benefit I received from Hawker's tonic and pills. At the time I began to take them my system was completely run down. I had no appetite. My nerves had got in such a state that the least noise startled me. I was also troubled at times with very severe pains in my side, and in constant torture from neuralgia of the head and face, as well as other troubles. I was completely broken

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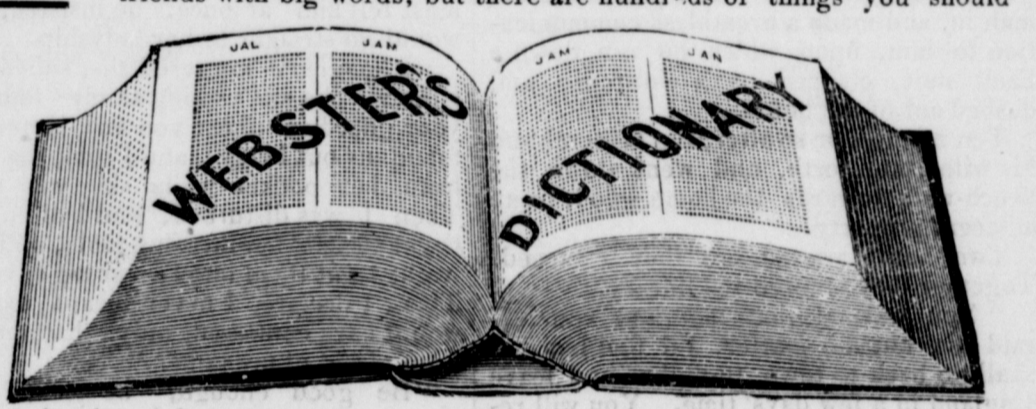
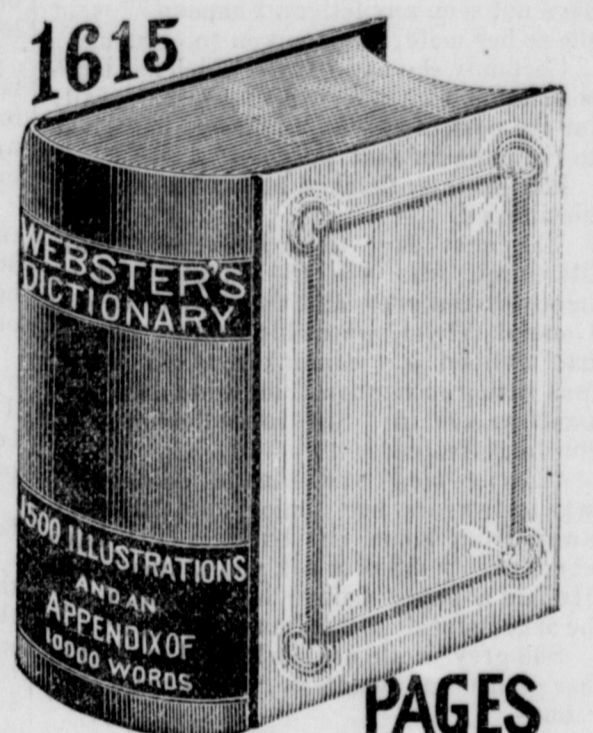
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