

STAMP-CRAZE REVENUES.

HOW COUNTRIES FLOURISH AT THE STAMP-COLLECTOR'S EXPENSE.

How Colonial Postmasters Have Made "Irregular Profits" by Surcharging Stamps—How North Borneo is Profiting by the Beauty of Her Stamps.

The mania of stamp-collecting has spread so widely of late years, that not a few colonies, states, or countries are turning the hobby to profitable account by the manufacture and sale of postage stamps expressly for the collector, and scarcely at all for the letter-writing members of the country.

The British Office has just issued a circular despatch upon this matter, which contains a warning to colonial postmasters who have been in the habit of making "irregular profits" by dealing with stamp-collectors and others.

Here is the method censured. The wholesale dealers in London, Paris, and elsewhere have agents or correspondents in all the colonies, and these individuals, as soon as they hear that there is only a limited stock in hand of a stamp of a particular value (the hint probably being given to them by someone in the local post-office), at once buy up the stock, and then—like Oliver Twist—"ask for more." Thereupon the colonial officers, to avoid the delay which would be involved in sending home for fresh supplies, proceed to print on stamps of different value figures or letters representing the price of those the supply of which is exhausted, a threepenny stamp becoming a halfpenny one, a twopenny stamp a fourpenny one, and so on, as the case may be.

The stamp thus altered becomes a "surcharged" one, and an immediate rush is made for it by the stamp-dealers' representatives, who—more especially if the particular combination of figures thus brought about has not occurred before—will each buy up large quantities, and consign them to the wholesale dealers in Europe, who readily dispose of these "surcharged" stamps to collectors at high prices.

One dealer in Paris keeps a sum of £1,000 "placed" at different post-offices throughout the world, which amount is constantly being worked out in surcharged stamps by the local officials. These latter cannot always discourage this practice even if they wish to do so; for example, two years ago the postmaster of New Caledonia announced that in future he would sell no more sheets of stamps over the counter, and that letters would have to be handed in with the value of the stamps required, and the post-office officials would attach the stamps and "post" the letters themselves. Thereupon the agent of a dealer addressed five hundred envelopes to himself, gave them in with the amount of postage, and had them duly delivered to him by the postman next day—the stamps having acquired a further value for many collectors by the fact that they had been used. He then removed the stamps from the envelopes and sent them to London.

The temptations offered to stamp dealers to cause the issue of surcharged varieties are illustrated by one case alone. A London dealer received one day a remittance of 12s. 6d. in halfpenny stamps from a person in Fiji, who owed him this trifling sum. The stamps were all of the surcharged variety, and were speedily sold for £15. Today, as they now rank as "obsolete," their market value would be £30.

Having explained the nature of the Colonial Office circular just mentioned, we will turn our attention to countries that go far beyond the "irregularities" quoted and which deliberately make a large income out of the European and other stamp-collectors. The negro republic of Liberia, on the West Coast of Africa, depends largely for the replenishing of its treasury on receipts from postage stamps, which, beautifully engraved in London, are really got up for sale to stamp-collectors rather than to negro letter-writers in Liberia. It is a fact that Liberia gave no ready cash to her delegate to the Chicago Exhibition, but provided him instead with a large supply of postage stamps, by the sale of which he paid his expenses.

The Cook Islands in the Pacific are nine or ten in number, and have about 10,000 dusky inhabitants, who were formerly cannibals, but who are now mainly postage-stamp dealers. At intervals of a few months, these up-to-date "darkies" issue a fresh variety of postage stamp, the sales of which suffice to pay all the expenses of governing the islands: for every stamp actually used in these islands 200 are sent abroad for sale.

Their new stamps have on them a portrait of the native sovereign, Queen Makia. This has caused some trouble with the home authorities, who, as there is a British protectorate over these islands, have intimated that the use of a portrait of the native queen on the stamps cannot be allowed. This matter is not yet settled, and, meanwhile, the stamps are selling at a greater rate than ever. The islanders are enthusiastic about their Queen Makia, and threaten a revolution—a revolution over a postage stamp!

The same lucrative business goes on in Samoa and Tonga, and the South American Republics are, of course, well "on the job." Nicaragua, San Salvador, Ecuador, and Honduras are issuing new series of postage stamps almost every year. The old issues become "obsolete" and advance in price, while the new stamps are at once brought up in large quantities by dealers. Many of the native States of India fill up the leakage of their exchequers at the expense of postage-stamp collectors and by the same process. One little Indian State has issued 300 varieties of stamps, post-cards, and stamped envelopes since the year 1877. Even where the same design has been adhered to, the changes have been rung on perforated and unperforated edges, on oblong and square shapes—and, of course, the Western enthusiast must have one of every kind.

Persia has gone into the same line of business, which, by the way, is practically equivalent to the unlimited issue of bank-notes for small sums—which are never pre-

sented for payment. Even France is yielding to the temptation. It is not long since one set of stamps was considered sufficient for all the French colonies; but now every one of eighteen colonies, even including such a place as Obock, has a complete set of about thirteen of its own. Some of the higher values are never used in the colonies; but a collector of French stamps must have the lot for each colony, some 234 in all.

Beauty of design is carefully studied in many of the new issues, for the express purpose of pleasing the eye of the collector. The palm in this respect is taken by the latest stamps of the North Borneo company. These stamps, produced in London, are simply exquisite, and the sale of them in London alone during the first six weeks of 1894 is estimated by the dealers to have brought in £2,000. One man bought a supply costing £800, and another invested £400. On the day of issue 100 complete sets of these stamps were sold on the London Stock Exchange—mainly on account of their beauty.

The profits of issuing postage stamps which, sold at their face value, are not called upon to represent any letter-carrying whatever, must be enormous. The average cost of engraving and preparing a plate for a sheet of from 50 to 250 stamps may be put down at about £200. But the original cost of production is frequently covered by the sales to dealers during the first month, and after that the further cost is only about 6d. or so for the printing of each sheet. Yet every stamp on that sheet may realize to the country issuing it anything from a halfpenny to five shillings or more, and may, too, except as regards a very small proportion, never be seen again by the postal authorities.

It is no wonder that so many colonies, states, or countries should be thus turning the stamp collecting hobby to account; and, although they may not be able to increase the stock of such Mauritius stamps as those which changed hands in London recently at the price of £870 for two, they are evidently resolved that there shall be no lack of temptation offered to collectors in the way of new and artistic varieties.

GIRLS OF THE RIGHT SORT.

"My daughter, unless you can work the ship off the coast, she will soon strike the rocks, and we shall all be lost."

So said the captain of a fine merchant vessel to his daughter. He was right; it was their only chance. The bark *Anina*, 700 tons, was bound from Cuxhaven to Rio with a general cargo. She had scarcely left port when the captain was disabled by a broken leg. A mutiny followed. Under threat of bad weather the *Anina* anchored in a bight of a bay on the dangerous coast of Cornwall. Here the officers and all of the crew deserted. A furious cyclonic south-west gale arose. The anchors dragged, and the girl, burned a flame on deck. The life boat responded, but was staved against the ship's side by a sea. All the boat's crew were lost except the coxswain, who gained the deck. He was not a sailor, yet, with him alone under her orders, this girl who was a sailor, out both cables, set some headsail, and got out into the open. It was touch and go, but true grit won. Three weeks longer the girl commanded before help came. Yet it did come finally, and so did the wedding of the handsome young coxswain and the captain's beautiful and heroic daughter.

And yet there are some fools left who say we must look to men chiefly for courage and intelligence. Stuff and nonsense! Any woman will scream when she sees a mouse (that's mere nerves), and ten minutes later she will meet disaster or death with a quiet smile. Then, too, women have a genius for throwing in a suggestion exactly when it is wanted.

A man writes this way:—"I came home dejected," so he goes on, "and didn't know what to do; but my daughter said—" But wait a minute. Before we hear what his daughter said, let's have his story from the start, shipshape and Bristol fashion. He says: In December, 1890, I was suddenly taken one day with an excruciating pain in the pit of the stomach and in the right side. For over twelve hours I could neither sit nor lie down. The medical man who examined me gave me some medicine, but on the second day jaundice set in, and from that time I suffered from a similar attack about once every three weeks. Every remedy was tried without avail; nothing did the slightest good. The kidney secretion was something frightful, being a mass of matter, blood, and bile.

"This continued five months, and I grew weaker and thinner every day. My friends thought nothing could save me. Many urged me to have further advice, as at this time the secretions were much worse, and the motions resembled white clay. Another attack came on, and as I was daily getting worse, I said, 'I will see the doctor first, and if he can do me no good, I will seek further medical help.'

"Accordingly I went to see him, but he was from home, and would not return until late at night. I came home dejected and did not know what to do, but my daughter said, 'Why don't you try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup?' We hear it has cured so many. If it does you no good it will do no harm.' 'Well,' I said to her, 'I will try a bottle.'

"I then began to take it, and oh! how thankful I afterwards was, for on the third day I could see such a change. The secretion, instead of being nothing but corruption, became clear, and the motions of a healthy colour. From that time I daily gained health and strength, and in a short time I was as well as ever in my life, and have no return of the disease.

"I can, therefore speak of this medicine in the highest terms, for, under God's blessing, it cured me when nothing else had the slightest effect."

The above communication is from a business man of high character in the county of Brecon. For special reasons he desires his name to be withheld for the present, but we freely pledge our own reputation for the truth of his statement. The date is February 12, 1892.

The attacks which would probably have soon ended his life were of severe kidney and liver congestion growing out of profound indigestion and dyspepsia. His system was flooded with bile and poisons, and he may thank Heaven for having a daughter who made the right suggestion at a critical moment. In courage and good sense she is like the other noble girl who saved her father's ship from wreck while he lay helpless in his cabin. Success attended them in their own life voyages, say we.



Saved Her Life.

Mrs. C. J. WOODBRIDGE, of Waltham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's strangled breathing, and on going to it found it struggling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Prompt to act, sure to cure

FIGHTING WITH FOUR FISTS.

The "Savate," the Kick of the French Boxers, Described by a Canadian.

In the September McClure's, Robert Barr (Luke Sharp), the famous Canadian short story writer, has an interesting article on "The Savate in Boxing," from which the following extracts are made:

It is hard to make an Englishman believe that a kick, however delivered, is legitimate fighting. The Frenchman's point of view is different. He thinks that if a man is set upon by two or three ruffians, the person so attacked should be able to defend himself with all the limbs he has. The use of a foot, therefore, has been brought down to a system in France, and I was astonished to find, on investigating this subject, that many English boxers have a great admiration for the French "Savate," and in each of the boxing schools I visited in Paris I saw several Englishmen being trained to wield the light fantastic toe in a way that would make Miss Lottie Collins shudder.

In the corner of the room a small but energetic man was kicking savagely at nothing. He was delivering a low kick, guarding himself from an imaginary foe, with determination and perspiration on his face, bringing to the whole mythical encounter a seriousness that made it all seem immensely ridiculous to a stranger. But that is the way perfection is attained. If anyone believes that kick is acquired without nearly as much teaching and practice as piano-playing, he is mistaken. The professor stood over six feet tall, a powerful, well-proportioned man, who, notwithstanding his size, was as light and airy on his feet as a dancing-master. At the request of the artist, he gave some specimens of the accuracy of aim of the "savate."

The professor was William Tell, with his foot as the weapon, instead of bow and arrow; I was the unfortunate boy, with a cigarette in my mouth, instead of an apple on my head. The professor impressed upon me the necessity of standing rigidly still. . . . I planted myself solidly on my two feet, while the professor poised lightly on his one. After a few preliminary passes, the foot began to dart hither and thither in apparently the most reckless manner, coming sometimes with appalling energy full tilt toward my face, but just missing my cheek by the eighth of an inch; then over the head, under the chin, now on one side, now on the other, playing around my head like summer lightning. All the time there was running through my mind, with the persistence of "Punch, brothers, punch with care," the refrain of an old negro melody of bygone days:

There's not a foot can swing a boot.
Like this here foot of mine.

The negro referred to dancing, but any dancing that I have ever seen was not in it compared with this exhibition of "savate" by the French professor. All this time the cigarette was accumulating a long piece of ash on the end of it, which I did not shake off, because I stood so still. Once, part of the ash was blown away by a whiff of wind from the flying foot. When this brilliant and ornamental foot-play was finished, the professor announced that he would now attend to the cigarette in three passes, each one different, and again asked me to press loosely on the holder with my teeth. First, with a straight kick, he knocked the ashes off; then, with a downward pass, he struck the cigarette from the holder to the floor, finally, with an upward whisk of the foot, he sent the holder whirling to the ceiling, caught it dextrously as it came down, and presented it to me with a flourish that would have done credit to Beau Nash. All this struck me as very wonderful, but I ventured to suggest that if a man did this sky work with his foot, a real opponent could easily, with a quick movement, push him over, standing, as he did, on one leg.

"Try it," said the professor, kindly. I think, it is all the same to the reader, I will pass lightly over my disastrous attempt to upset a man who stood only on one leg. I fell an easy victim to the flying foot, which swept my own from under me with a suddenness that was a great surprise to me at the time, and a subject of sad remembrance afterwards. The shoemaker should stick to his last. I was somewhat consoled, however, when I saw one of the most stalwart men in the school fail to push the professor over, even when he succeeded in imprisoning the foot that was doing the kicking.

Grin Presents For the Czar.

The czar has had a good many unpleasantnesses of late. Among a number of documents awaiting his signature, which had been placed on his table, says Vanity

Fair, he found a sentence of death against the emperor of all the Russias, to be carried out in twenty-four hours. It was stamped by the "Society for the Liberation of the Russians," and it was impossible to discover how it had found place on the czar's table. A few days later the czar found a skull in one of the bedrooms, on the frontal bone of which was written "Alexander." Gen. Tschereviev, who is in charge of the palace, recently dismissed all of the emperor's servants, and replaced them by old soldiers. He also made a thorough examination of the palaces and grounds, with a view of discovering any secret passages that may exist there.

Circumstantial.

"I am sensible of the honor you do me, Mr. Spoonmore, in the proposal of marriage you have just made," said the young woman, with a slight curl of the lip; but circumstances over which I have no control will compel me to decline the distinction."

"What are those circumstances, Miss Grimshaw?" fiercely demanded the young man.

"Your circumstances, Mr. Spoonmore!"

According to a recent pamphlet by an Italian doctor, a sure way of restoring life in cases of syncope is to hold the patient's tongue firmly. After two other doctors had worked for an hour without result over a young man who was apparently drowned, he thrust a spoon into the patient's mouth, seized the tongue and worked it violently until the victim gave signs of life.

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The celebrated Dr. Chase's Ointment is made expressly for Itching Piles, but it is equally good in curing all Itchy Skin Diseases, such as Eczema, Itch, Barber's Itch, Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, etc., etc. For sale by all druggists. Price 60 Cents. Mail address—EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto, Ont., Sole Agents for Dominion of Canada.

ITCHING PILES is an exceedingly painful and annoying affliction, found alike in the rich and poor, male and female. The principal symptoms are a severe itching, which is worst at night when the sufferer becomes warm in bed. So terrible is the itching that frequently it is impossible to procure sleep. Often the sufferer unconsciously during sleep scratches the parts until they are sore—ulcers and tumors form, excessive moisture is exuded. Females are peculiarly affected from this disease, causing unbearable irritation and trouble. These and every other symptom of Itching Piles or Irritation in any part of the body are immediately allayed and quickly cured by Chase's Ointment. It will instantly stop itching, heal the sores and ulcers, dry up the moisture.

INTMENT

PIN WORMS is an ailment entirely different as to cause than Itching Piles, yet its effects and symptoms are exactly the same. The same intolerable itching; the same creeping, crawling, stinging sensation characterizes both diseases. Chase's Ointment acts like magic. It will at once afford relief from this torment.

REFERENCES.
Newmarket—J. T. Bogart, Mr. Klute. Hamilton—R. G. Deane.
Sutton—Mr. Sheppard, Mr. McDonald. King City—Wm. Walker.
Belleville—R. Templeton, druggist. Churchill—David Grose.
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St. John, N. B., 3rd July, 1894.
IRA CORNWALL, Esq., Agent "YOST" TYPEWRITING MACHINE, Saint John, N. B.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have been using the old style "YOST," which I purchased from you in August, 1891, constantly ever since that time. During a portion of that time the machine was required to do heavy work in connection with the revision of the electoral lists of the Saint John districts, under the Dominion Franchise Acts, and for the rest of the time has been used for the ordinary work of a law office. Up to the present moment the machine has not cost me one cent for repairs, and seems to be still in perfectly good condition. The writers who have worked on my "YOST" have been unstinted in their approval. My own personal use of it leads me to regard it with the highest favor. The valuable features of the "YOST" are lightness, strength, durability, simplicity, quick and direct action of the type-bar, perfect alignment and absolute accuracy. I have not examined the later editions of the "YOST" but although I am informed they have many improvements on the old style machine, am at a loss to understand how they can be very much better for ordinary practical purposes. Yours very truly, E. T. C. KNOWLES, Barrister.

The New "YOST" far surpasses the machines referred to above, and the No. 4 has many entirely new features. The Yost is by far the cheapest Writing Machine, because it is the most economical in respect to INKING SUPPLIES, REPAIRS, DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, EASE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC.

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St. John, N. B., July 3rd, 1894.
IRA CORNWALL, Esq., City.

Dear Sir: We have been using a "YOST" writing machine in our office daily for about four years, and it has given us every satisfaction.

Yours truly, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

YARMOUTH, N. S., July 3rd, 1894.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have used the "YOST" typewriter for over 36 months, and the longer I use it the more I am convinced that it is superior to all other machines. I consider the pad a great improvement over the ribbon on account of its cleanliness, and the great saving of expense. I find the pointer a great convenience for finding position. The type-guide I consider invaluable, as it overcomes the greatest weakness in other typewriters, viz., imperfect alignment. I would recommend any intending purchasers to investigate the "YOST" before buying a typewriter.

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