

you," is a dead letter in these *fin de siècle* days, but I am not afraid to assert that if in our dealings, philatelic or any other, we were always to heed that grand old rule, this world would be a better place to live in, and I sincerely trust that this brief essay may open the eyes of many of the great philatelic fraternity to the value of promptness in all dealings, however small.

A REVERIE.

CAPTAIN MILDMAY.

As I sit beside the fire, here, idle hand and idle brain,
Memories of the past are crowding through my
dreaming heart again;
While I watch the embers flickering in a feeble,
dying blaze,
Fondly I recall the glories of my stamp collecting days.

Again I see my little album with its covers cloth and
gold,
As I think of treasures many that its pages used to
hold.
Many years have come and vanished since that event-
ful day,
When my little album came in ever bright array.

How well I can remember those happy days of yore,
Made bright by Philately, but they, alas, too soon
were o'er;
Through after days of darkness, and whate'er ill
betide,
My album's been my helper, a friend both true and
tried.

I lift it from the mantel, its wonted place of rest,
Where it lies in peace unblemished like a birdling in
its nest.
I view my fair colonials as I turn its pages o'er,
Such a bright array of treasures has ne'er been seen
before.

Here rest the stamps of merry England, the mistress
of the sea,
Others may be rare and costly, but they have no
charm for me.
Their colors are the brightest, the prettiest ever seen,
And surrounded by a circle is a photo of the Queen.

Here the beaver clad in brightest red of this fair
Canada of ours,
An emblem of its vastness, an emblem of its powers,
It tells of far off-times, way back unto our birth,
Through after years of trouble, till now, a nation of
the earth.

As I gaze upon my treasures, some dimmed, some
worn, some old,
And think of stories they could tell but which must
be untold,
A gentle stream of singing comes floating softly by,
Like Zephyr's breezes bringing a seraph melody.

We have received a copy of the Standard Stamp Co's price list, consisting of 64 pages and cover and fully illustrated. The publishers inform us that 35 000 copies have been printed, and together with postage, the total cost will be \$1,500, the largest amount ever spent on a stamp price list. A copy can be obtained free from them at 925 La Salle Street, St. Louis, Mo. (Advt.)

Written for THE CANADIAN PHILATELIST.

"A PHILATELIST'S MUSINGS."

BY W. CULLEN BROWN.



HE fire in the grate burns brightly; the flames leaping up seem to weave themselves into divers—stamps; those long wished for—never secured. I sit gazing dreamingly, or perhaps moodily, at the smoke as it curls in wreaths of Canadian twelve pence and New Brunswick shillings—but smoke they are and in smoke they disappear.

As I sit, a scene almost as vivid as life rises before my slumbering mind. I see before me a philatelic publisher in of an eight page sheet, poor little publisher, editor, and mailing clerk. It is one act with many scenes. In scene the first he sits in his counting house counting up his wealth. Methinks I see him moodily racking his brain to find a method to sink this limited wealth of his, but do not for a moment think he wishes to lose it, he merely desires to plant it in good ground where it will bring forth fruit—thirty, sixty or an hundred fold. Suddenly a happy thought seems to enter the mind of this young collector or dealer, as the case may be. He springs to his feet with an animated exclamation, "I will become a philatelic publisher, I will publish a paper that shall never die, one by which I shall rise to the eminence of fame, tread in the path of wealth, walk hand in hand with joy, and banish care, as a representative editor of a representative paper I will —" Here a gust of wind descends the chimney and causes the curtain of smoke to hide the scene from my view. For a moment only is it so.

Again the smoky curtain fades and before me scene the second appears. The scene has changed, the bright happy face which was before me as the curtain fell or the first scene has changed. The young editor's face has a careworn look, his brow has a deep furrow between his eyes; his hair shuffled and disordered shows that he has been running his fingers through it—for what purpose I know not, but probably to make the thoughts come. He is walking up and down the full length of the room in sore distress; he holds his head, still never a thought can he think of; he stops for a moment before his desk to write a few words; I bend to see what they are; short but sweet is the young editor's thought: "Now is the time to subscribe; twelve numbers guaranteed." He resumes his monotonous pacing, glancing absently toward the clock as it strikes the midnight hour. At last a smile illuminates his countenance, he resumes his seat, and this is the thought that flowed from his pen: "We herewith present the first issue of our journal to our many readers; it is small in size but we hope to enlarge soon; we will raise our subscription price with number two. Advertise! Subscribe!!!!!" Finding himself unequal to further mental energies, he picks up a dealers' address book and proceeds to forward circulars to the leading dealers, showing them the beneficial result of an adv. in the first issue, which will have an extensive circulation of—thousand copies. At last, exhausted with his labor, he throws himself on the lounge and is soon in the land of dreams. The scene fades in air.

Scene the third—I see before me the composition department of a large printing office. The young publisher is in his glory, proof reading and filling up a line here and there with the familiar admonition "please subscribe." At last the form is completed and goes to press, and as