

Written for THE CANADIAN PHILATELIST.

OTTAWA NOTES.

BY W. J. SABOURIN.

Mr. Edgar Nelson, the well known Canadian philatelist, was in town last week with the famous "Zera Zemon Co." He had in his possession a lot of rare penny issues, which he exhibited in the window of a popular drug store, during his stay in this city.

A 1 sh. Nova Scotia postage, owned by an Ottawa member, was put up at auction at our last meeting, but it could not be bought for seven bills of ten dollars each. It was a very fine specimen.

I received on approval, from several U. S. dealers, officially Sealed stamps of the U. S. black on white, and every week the postman brings more. Surely the 3c. Canadian postage is worth more than those labels. The other day in opening a letter I came across forty of them, and the dealer could swear that \$1.25 for the lot was a bargain. I will not be able to return them if they continue to come in, as it will take too much postage. Money spent in buying such stuff is money lost, they are not worth 5c. a thousand to collectors.

Fifteen members were present at the last meeting of the Ottawa Philatelic Society, and a great deal of business was done about the exchange department, etc. Mr. Nelson was introduced, and the city boys were glad to meet him and look at his treasures.

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THE MAN WITH THE STAMP ALBUM.

BY H. E. FRENCH.

HE HALTED in front of a stamp dealer's office and drawing from under his coat a parcel he inquired of the dealer who sat by the door.

"How's trade?"

"Pretty fair for hot weather," was the answer.

"Are you open for bargains?" continued the stranger, as he opened the parcel and presented one of Scott's first edition stamp albums, which seemed to have been kicked about the house ever since the close of the war.

"Humph," said the dealer as he contemptuously surveyed the album.

"You may 'humph' and 'humph' and 'humph' all you want to," exclaimed the stranger in a loud voice. "But if you want to invest in an article that will sell, this is the article."

"I don't think I want to invest."

"You don't?" Gracious goodness! but I took you for a man of talent and enterprise."

"There is but little sale for stamps or stamp albums this time of year."

"I know it is a little late, and therefore I am willing to throw off something. I shouldn't have the face to ask over 50 cents for this here stamp album."

"And I shouldn't want to pay that price," replied the dealer.

"You wouldn't? Merciful stars, but is it possible you would take bread from the mouths of

starving children, my innocent darlings, who don't know a stamp album from a bologna sausage."

The dealer was silent and the stranger pressed the precious album to his breast and continued.

"I'll go before any court in the land and take a solemn oath that this is one of the best albums offered in the market for the past fifteen years."

"I don't think I want to invest in any just now," quietly replied the dealer.

"You don't? Is it possible that you will deliberately let this great bargain slip through your fingers? No, I can't believe it. Dozens of dealers in this city want this album—want it so bad that they can't keep still. But I was recommended to come to you and I am here."

"It don't quite suit my fancy," said the dealer, as he glanced at it the second time.

"It ain't? Here mister, shoot me, draw your revolver and send a bullet right through my quivering breast."

He dropped the album and held his coat and vest open, but as the dealer didn't shoot, he presently picked up his merchandise and continued in a sad voice. "Mister, do I look like a pirate, a robber, or a liar? Do you suppose I would go and tell you a deliberate lie and peril my chance of ever being at rest for the sake of selling you this album?"

"No, I suppose not," replied the dealer, leaning back in his easy chair.

"Oh no, I wouldn't. I ain't purty, and I don't wear many store clothes on my person, but I'm honest—yes, as honest as the day is long. If I should so far forget my early training as to tell you a lie about this album, I never could enjoy another night's rest, never."

"Well, I guess I don't want it," said the dealer.

"Heavens, is it possible you will let me return to my loving wife and fond children without bread to appease their hunger? Will you deliberately and wilfully sit there and see me tie this up and walk away, when I am offering it to you for one-half its value."

"You can, perhaps, sell it elsewhere."

"I know I can. I know a dozen dealers who want it; but they are not men of your reputation. When you hand me 50 cents I know it is a genuine scrip and go away satisfied. The others might pass counterfeit money on me, and I might be arrested and jailed and my family be exposed to the scorn of this cold world."

"I don't wish the thing," again replied the dealer, "but if your family are suffering for the want of food, I'll give you 15 cents for it and throw it back in the loft."

"Fif-fifteen-fifteen cents!" exclaimed the stranger, dropping the album and springing off the steps. "Now let the angels look down and weep. If life has come to this let me die at once."

The dealer picked up the newspaper, and the stranger waited two or three minutes, sighed heavily and then handed out the album and sadly said:

"Take it and give me the paltry pittance. I am going home to die in the bosom of my family. I'll gather them around me once more, take a last farewell, and then I'll drop in the turbid river and be seen no more."

The money was handed him and he passed down the street two blocks, turned to the left, and as he kicked open the blind door of a saloon, he said to the bar tender: "Grog for one and fill the glass chuck up."