

# The Philatelic Advocate.

A MONTHLY FOR STAMP COLLECTORS.

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WHOLE NO. 31.

## Pithy Philatelic Points.

Sayings and Articles of Noted Writers  
Carefully Condensed.

By GEO. W. STARNAMAN.

In looking for silk paper revenues of the first issue it is necessary to carefully scrutinize the entire stamp as the silk threads are few and far between, and not infrequently a minute portion of a single thread will be found on a specimen.—E. R. Aldrich.

Those stamps which are unsullied by the slightest suspicion of illegitimacy will in the end stand higher in the estimation of philatelists than the most gorgeous of speculative issues, and their market value must inevitably increase also. The era of speculation has had its palmiest days. Speculative issues must and will in the natural order of things, become exceedingly unpopular in the near future. And what will collectors turn to then, but the old issues, less brilliant, but more upright?—Lewis G. Quackenbush.

The publisher should lay aside a surplus while the stamp season is at its height and this would tide him over the quiet summer months and allow him to obtain some rest for himself and still keep his paper alive. Of course he would not refuse advertising or subscriptions, but he would not be obliged to do any begging in either line. The reduction in the number of advertise-

ments appearing during the summer months of course lessens the competition and those that do advertise generally get good results.—W. W. Jewett.

Spain probably employs the punch to a greater extent than any other country, this being the manner of cancelling the stamps on telegrams. As no telegraph stamps are issued, the postage stamps are used in this way. Therefore, all stamps of this country cancelled with a small hole have been used to prepay telegrams and deserve no place in a postage stamp collection. This should be remembered when buying Spanish Stamps.—Gordon C. Corbaley.

### ARE YOU THE FELLOW?

In Saltpetre avenue, close to the Pit,  
Where the vitrol reservoirs sputter and spit,  
There's a bed on a griddle that never gets damp—

Prepared for the fellow who encloses no stamp.

At the Molten Hotel, in the Sulphuric glade,  
Where the temperature's nine-ninety-eight  
in the shade,

There's a thrice heated chamber for any old guy

Who writes to ask questions without meaning to buy.

Where the billows of brimstone delightfully roar,

And the geysers their seething red cataracts pour.

There's a blistering bath in a cauldron of flame—

For the chump who neglects to sign any name.  
—Home Cheer.