

## The Postman's Knock.

in the habit of doing is, sending out Stamps in newspapers, which, strange to relate, never reach this country.— This would be all fair enough did you send them at your own risk, but this you never do; so we have the sweet consolation of paying for postals we never get. This state of things is radically wrong; something will have to be done to abate this nuisance, or timbrophilic pursuits will entirely die out. No dealer's business will sustain losses like these. We know of one gentleman who ordered and paid for 10,000 Stamps, of which he never received but 3,000—the others were either lost in the Post Office, or, as is more probable, never sent at all. We speak in all good nature and good feeling, but we must hope that better inducements will be offered American dealers, or they will be obliged to quit the trade at once and forever. Let there be a better feeling—do away with the exacting twopence-halfpenny spirit that pervades the present state of things, and all will be well; continue it, and ruin, timbrophically speaking, stares the Stamp business in the face. European dealers, heed our words and be warned in time, for if once the trade languishes and dies it can never be revived.

### THE ENGLISH MAIL.

When the Steamer arrives at Halifax from England, the mails are sent ashore as expeditiously as possible; but this cannot always be done as easily as many suppose. It takes some time for the vessel to get close up to the wharf, and after that some time to get the bags landed. These mails are taken at once to the Post Office, where the bags are checked, and those for other places sent away. Those for New Brunswick are sent to the Railway Station, about a couple of miles distant, and those especially for St. John are sent *via* Windsor or Truro, according to circumstances, and whichever way they will reach the earliest. People are apt to judge of the time of departure of the mail from Halifax by the time of its arrival as announced in the telegraphic despatches, and not sufficient allowance is made for the boat getting to the wharf, the landing

of the mails, the checking of the bags, the time occupied at the Post Office, the time taken up in cartage to the Post Office, and from the Post Office to the Station. When the steamer arrives early in the morning, it often happens that the necessary detention prevents its getting to the cars in time to leave by the regular mail train for Truro; and in that case, or when it arrives during the forenoon, it is sent by the afternoon train, unless it suits to send it *via* Windsor. If the mail leaves Halifax by the morning train it reaches St. John by the cars on the afternoon of the next day; if it leaves Halifax by the afternoon train *via* Truro, it is sent by express from that place to the Bend, and from the Bend by express train to St. John. It generally takes about 3½ or 4 hours for an express train to reach St. John. When it arrives at St. John the whole force of the Post Office is engaged in opening and sorting it for delivery. If at night, when the office is closed, and there are no other mails to open or send away, it takes about two hours to get it ready for delivery; but if during the day, when there is considerable other work, it takes a longer time. The great bulk of the English letters and newspapers are sent by the Cunard steamers *via* Halifax once a fortnight. There is a mail *via* New York once every two weeks, and a mail every week *via* Quebec, but they contain only such letters and papers as are specially addressed by those routes. J. W.

St. John, July 27, 1866.

☞ We call attention to Mr. A. D. Robertson's advertisement of his Gift Enterprize. Persons wishing to buy tickets may rest assured that everything will be conducted in an honorable and above-board manner. What Mr. Robertson says he intends to fulfil and will fulfil. The chances are great and even if you draw nothing the loss is small as the tickets are marked at a very low figure.

A letter having the following superscription, was received at the Beverly Post Office a few days since:

"Bundle away to Beverly, Mass.,  
And seek that radical rascal—  
A glorious fellow you'll find him, too—  
And his name is Garrie Haskell."