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WHOLE NO. 14.

Newfoundland.

By CHAS. JENNEY, in *The Canadian Philatelist*.

From the North there came a message to a distant, sunny clime,
'Twas a message from the icebergs to the fig tree and the lime;
Others followed, bringing tidings, causing silent joy or mirth,
Or perchance they told of sorrow, of some dear one gone from earth.
Times it seemed as if warm currents from that far Atlantic Isle,
Had swept southward, brightening nature, bringing to her face a smile;
Then it seemed as if its bleak wind, flying fast o'er dale and hill,
Sought to pierce the golden tropic with a gruesome sense of chill.
From the date of fifty-seven, every message came in state,
And each bearer of a message, wore the livery of its date.
First the shamrock and the thistle blazoned on a field of white,
And the name, St. Johns, Newfoundland, circling round from left to right;
Then there came a page who bore the coronet in octagon,
Quartefoil, with the same motto as its brothers, elder born.
Later there came new devices, whispering of Atlanta's tanks,
Cod and seal with iceberg background, and a schooner off the banks.
In all colors of the rainbow, were these pages who were sped,
With their tidings from Newfoundland, to a land with sunlight wed.
Many years have faded in the dimming memories of the past,
Each new generation rising, scarcely thinking of the last;
Long-forgotten are the tidings which those messages once told,
And the writer and the reader long have changed from life to mould;
But those little bits of paper, that as passports served them then,
Still are treasured and hold places of great honor among men.
While the thoughts they served to carry, over sea and over land,
May have gone from us forever, by stern fate's unjust command,
Still we see the seal and cod-fish, and the full-rigged fishing-smack
On the pages of our album, and they bring old memories back.