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WHOLE No. 36.

STRAY HUMOR.

The Schnectady, N. Y., post office once received a letter bearing this address: Mr. Rev. G. W. Dress, Servant of God, Learned Man of Scriptures, Preacher Over the Sheep, Bucks and Mother Lambs of the Congregation of the Lord."

HOPELESS.

"She will never be a stamp collector," said the chaperon, disconsolately, "never, I discovered! yesterday that she hasn't the Columbian set."

"Well you can't expect her to have everything."

"No, I know that, but *she* confessed it."

HE BOUGHT NO STAMPS.

Secretary—"There were forty applications for your autograph in this morning's mail, sir."

President—"Enclosed stamps?"

Secretary—"Yes sir."

President—"Well, put them in the safe, and write my autograph on post cards."

APPALLING TO THE DRUGGIST.

Enterprising Druggist—"Here's a card, Madam. Each time you buy something I'll punch it. When \$2 are punched you get five soda-water tickets free."

Madam—"That's a fine idea. I'll take \$2 worth of postage stamps now."

A stranger entered the Newtown, Kan., post office one day last week, and, buying a quantity of postage stamps, asked permission to stamp all letters that the office was holding for postage. His request was granted, and he departed saying that it was a charitable fad he had to go about the country supplying the neglect of thoughtless people.

A matter-of-fact postmaster in a small town in Arkansas, recently wrote to the Post Office Department, stating that one of the citizens had recently entered the office armed with a Winchester rifle, and had pointed it at the postmaster in a threatening manner. He closed his telegram with the words: "Send instructions." Col. Whitfield, the first assistant, tersely replied by quoting the words of a well-known refrain: "Johnny, get your gun."

Some women have a mania for dropping things. No matter what they carry around with them they manage to drop it half a dozen times in the cars within as many blocks. They never seem to tire of smiling sweetly and thanking the luckless young man who picks it up.

One of these women was coming out of a drug

store the other day. She had been making a heavy purchase—a postage stamp. She carried it with her pocketbook, and just as she stepped out of the store she dropped the stamp. It was a damp day and the pavement showed it. A nicely dressed young fellow, with daintily gloved hands, was passing and saw the stamp flutter to the pavement. He stepped forward and stooped to pick up the tiny piece of paper.

Did you ever see a man try to pick up anything small and flat with his gloves on? It's one of the most amusing things in the world. This young man tried every way he could think of to get his finger tips under the stamp, but failed dismally. His stooping position began to get uncomfortable. The blood rushed to his face, but still he persisted. He could not think of disappointing the expectant girl.

Finally she murmured:

"Would a hair pin help you?"

He grasped it eagerly. It helped him out. With a bow he handed her the stamp.

"Thank you very much. Now I won't have to lick it," said she, joyfully.

She put it on a letter she had in her hand. Then she dropped the letter, but he had fled, and another victim took his place.

A story recently published in the *Independent* recalls to a prominent mining man an incident in the early days of Pony, which, by the way, is an old camp. At the time referred to the town had about forty people.

Of course they needed a post office, though no one could be found willing to take the responsibility. There was no money in it, and the office would be a decided nuisance to the postmaster.

However, a saloon-keeper, who was more public-spirited than his fellow-citizens, took the office. The office consisted of an old tea-box, in which all the mail was dumped. The citizen would sort over the lot and take what belonged to him.

One day a gentleman came along, and, after glancing at the system, turned to the postmaster. "Don't you know that it is illegal to allow people to pick out their own mail like that?"

"Well, stranger, I don't know as it is any of your business how this office is run," replied the postmaster. "But I am a United States post office inspector." "Well in that case," said the postmaster, "we will finish up this post office in Pony right now."

And he took the tea box and placed it in the middle of the road, and, with a good run, came down and kicked it clear across the gulch.

"There," he said to the officer, "now you go back to Washington and tell the administration that the accounts are closed up, and the postmaster of Pony has resigned."