

Written for THE CANADIAN PHILATELIST.

OUR PHILATELIC SOCIETY'S MEETING.

CAPTAIN MILDMAY.

FOR MORE than a year there has been a club in our town called "The Sherbrooke Philatelic Society," and of course Sue has to belong to it. The society has its meetings every two weeks at each of the members' houses, alternately, and last week it was its turn to meet at our place.

Nothing would do but that Sue must have some refreshments for after the business of the meeting, and after a great deal of talking she decided on ice cream, and as she thinks the ice cream that our candy shop man makes isn't good enough for her, what did she do but get father to buy an ice cream freezer, and said that she would make it herself and that I was to help her.

The afternoon before the meeting Sue sent me to our store man to order some salt. I asked her what she wanted with salt, and she said that you couldn't make ice cream without salt no more than you could without ice. I went to the store and ordered the salt, and then had a game or two at ball with the boys, so it was late in the afternoon when I got home. There was Sue making the ice cream, and suffering dreadfully, so she said. She had to go and get dressed right away, and told me to keep turning the freezer till the ice cream froze, and don't run away and leave me to do everything again, you good-for-nothing boy. I wonder how you can do it.

I turned the freezer for ever so long, but the ice cream wouldn't freeze, so I made up my mind that it wanted more salt. As I didn't want to disturb Sue, I quietly got a cupful of salt and emptied it into the ice cream. It began to freeze right away, but when I tasted it it was awfully salt, so I got a jug of golden syrup that was on the kitchen table, and poured most of it into the ice cream, and when it was done it was a beautiful straw color.

The meeting came off splendid. Mr. Ivens, Mr. Western and Sue read some pieces about stamps, but I couldn't understand them. Mr. Stephens read a piece of philatelic poetry, that he had written especially for the occasion, at least they called it poetry, but it didn't sound very much like poetry, and most everybody was glad when he was done. Then Mr. Ivens showed everybody his stamp album. I couldn't see it from where I was hid, so I can't tell you what it was like.

There was an awful scene when the meeting tried to eat the ice cream. Sue handed everybody a dishful, and said: "This is my ice cream, and you must be sure and like it." The first one she gave it to was Mr. Western, who's dreadfully fond of ice cream. He smiled a big smile, and said "he was sure that it was splendid, and then took a spoonful; but it did not seem to agree with him, for he jumped up as if something had bit him, and ran out of the room. Two other men who had tried to eat their ice cream, jumped up and ran after Mr. Western, and two girls said: 'Oh, my!' Then everybody put down their dish and guessed they wouldn't have any.

The meeting was regular spoiled and I really don't wonder that everybody didn't like the ice cream, for I found out afterwards that the syrup in the jug, that I put in the ice cream, wasn't

golden syrup at all, but some medicine that the doctor left for our sick horse.

Sue was in a dreadful state of mind after the meeting had gone home, and made me tell her all about the syrup and the salt. She really made out that I did it all on purpose, and father took her part, and said that I ought to be made eat the ice cream since I had spoiled it, and that he would attend to my case in the morning.

If you have ever been a boy you will know what happened in the morning; but I will not dwell on such painful scenes longer. I'm sure it wasn't my fault that the medicine wasn't golden syrup; it was all the doctor's; but I couldn't get father to understand that.

I admit that I did wrong, but I didn't mean to do so. My only desire was to help my dear sister, but you'll not catch me helping her again, and the next time she wants to make ice cream I think that she will have to get Mr. Ivens or Mr. Western to help her.

Herr Schneiderkopf (at a meeting of the Philatelic Verein)—"I moof dot Herr Fleisher read his paper on 'Die Briefmarken des Schleswig-Holstein,' right away."

Herr Schimmelpennig (excitedly)—"I moof dot Herr Schneiderkopf was not in order. Die shentlemans of der club haf not dere beer already had."

The President—"I veto die first motion, and I see tot die second motion can be passed mit outd voting."

Angelica Marmaduke called Hamilton Walsingham down in a pretty smooth way last Sunday evening. Hamilton is too persistent in his hours of courtship, and is so bow limbed that he cannot form a lap, and therefore has no share of Angelica's affections. Sunday night, a little after twelve, Hamilton remarked:—

"Angie, do you know I'm getting to be a regular freak. Besides my bric-a-brac and autographs I'm collecting stamps now."

"Well, said Angelica, "some people are born freaks, some acquire freaks, and others have freaks thrust upon them."

NEW POST OFFICE METHODS.

State Senator Okanogan Smith made a half million dollars in mines in a little town named Sooyoor, Wash. When he died a year ago his wife was appointed postmistress, and on going away on a visit, appointed one of the young men of the town deputy. Last week an inspector strolled in and asked how business was.

Oh, purty fair, said the deputy. Reckon I can send out nother bag of mail by the end of the month. She's half full now. And he held up the regulation sack for inspection. It was two-thirds full.

End of the month! cried the inspector. What on earth do you mean?

Why I guess that old bag'll be full by the end of the month. Havn't been but three weeks gathering all these. An' old man Brown said he'd mail lot of letters about next Sunday.

The mail contained several thousand dollars and went out that night, even if the bag was only half full, and the Sooyoor postoffice will be discontinued.