

Written for the CANADIAN PHILATELIC WEEKLY.

The Philatelic liar sat.

BY GUY W. GREEN.

The philatelic liar sat
Within his cheerless den,
And told woe's tales of startling finds
To such attentive men.
He told of trunks that he had found,
Just brimmed and running o'er,
With stamps that gaze of mortal eye
Had never beheld before.

He told of houses he had found
By lonely country roads,
And how he lugged from out their walls
Of letters, twenty loads.
He told of congresses he met
When but a callow boy,
Who gave him rare department stamps
And caused him much of joy.

These tidings and many more he told,
Of much the selfless kind,
To all their "rascals" blind,
And then the liar chewed his quid
Of "climax" for a while,
And, looking round upon the crowd
With an engaging smile,

He said that he a paper ran
Successfully a year,
And never felt a vain regret
Or shed repentant tear;
And that in all those twelve long months
He never lost a cent.
By men who sent him lengthy ads
And then on visits went.

His hearers then, with one accord,
Rose up with what eyes,
And quickly fell upon that man
Who told such monstrous lies,
They'd heard unmoved his strange accounts
Of affairs, trunks and such,
But that last journalistic tale
Was just a drop too much.

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Philatelic Literature.

BY A. G. EAST.

THIS is a period of progress and improvement in every line. Hard times it is true, come over and anon; yet I have noticed that periods of financial stringency are times in which we wake up and realize that it is a time when special effort must be made or failure will result.

We are now in the midst of what is considered a time of general depression; yet at what time have our philatelic journals and publications been of such a high standard, showing careful preparation and constant improvement.

I can remember years ago that such a thing as a stamp journal was unknown. I can remember the first efforts in that line, and from that date forward it has been interesting to note the progress that has been made. Yearly, quarterly, monthly, weekly, and I suppose some one will start a daily before long, and I scribble to the daily should it appear. Let not this tempt any into the field of philatelic publishing, for it is only with capital (and not always with that) that a journal may be established on a paying basis.

No collector of stamps should be without his library of literature relating thereto, and as the same can be had cheaply, the matter of cost need not stand in the way. A dollar or

so expended in subscriptions to our leading journals, and a like sum for works of reference, such as hand-books, catalogues, etc., will be of great value, especially to the young collector.

Every collector may be said to receive large numbers of sample copies of various papers, many of which may be duplicates. It is always easy to exchange those that you have duplicates of with other collectors, and the exchange will prove of mutual advantage, as both are enabled to dispose of their duplicates and add to their library.

Regarding binding. Never bind an incomplete volume if you can avoid it, as I have always found that if I lacked but one number of a volume and all my efforts to procure it had failed, that no sooner was the eleven numbers bound than the twelfth was secured. In many cases a year's numbers of some of the smaller papers are too thin to bind separately, and it is advantageous to bind together volumes of two or three journals, whose pages are uniform in size. This saves expense and makes a neat book.

It is often a question which journals to subscribe to, there being so many which are deserving. I have always subscribed to the older journals first, and to those whose publishers are known, and whose name is a guarantee that your subscription will be filled. So many journals come one month and die the next that to subscribe to every one you receive a sample of, is quite often a case of wasting money, although I am acquainted with several collectors who subscribe to each and every journal of which they receive a sample copy. Of course our pocket-books are of various sizes, and they do not what rule our expenditures, etc. Yet I would, in closing, strongly advise every collector to have a library of philatelic literature, however small it may be.

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Optimism in Philately.

BY GUY W. GREEN.

OPTIMISM is one of the world's greatest and most potent agents for good. It sweetens our bitter experiences, brightens clouded skies, causes the smile of hope to chase away the frown of despair, and, taking ill in all, could not readily be dispensed with. Many a shattered fortune has been repaired, and many a seemingly hopeless battle won, simply because those who struggled were endowed with a vast amount of hope, and looked at their surroundings with optimistic eyes. That optimism is a good thing, no one will deny. It plays an important role in the business world. What does it do in the smaller sphere of philately? Is its influence there always a good one? Should we unreservedly commend its various operations in our stamp collecting community? Let us see.

Perhaps, in considering this subject, I cannot do better than bring to your attention two examples, which are easily observable by any wide-awake collector. These illustrations will be taken from the philatelic journalistic world. The first one shows the good results of a proper optimism; the second shows the evil results of an improper optimism.

A collector decided to start a monthly, devoted to our hobby. His ready cash is small in amount but he is a good worker, a ready writer, and has large hope and indomitable perseverance. He may be slightly dazzled by the supposed charm surrounding journalism, but notwithstanding his enthusiasm, he is cautious, and resolves to keep his expenditures within his means. The first issue of his paper appears. Every philatelist can imagine the reception it receives. Old and well established

periodicals predict a short life for the new venture. Subscriptions are few, far between, and advertisements are scarce yet. In short, the money expended by the publisher is almost a dead loss, temporarily at least. There is certainly very little encouragement for the new editor in the prospect that looms before him. Right here is where his optimism stands him in good stead. He looks on the right side of things, where apparently there is no bright side to them, and he goes cautiously but hopefully forward, and issues future numbers of his publication. The results are but a little better than they were the first month. But still the publisher hangs on and goes forward on his chosen course. He is conservative in his expenditures, but very hopeful as to the ultimate result. Six or eight months pass away, and finally no one knows exactly how success comes. The magazine begins to pay its way, and to leave a small surplus in the pocket of its promoter. The individual for whom the future at one time seemed so dark, is the victor instead of the vanquished. How has he attained to his success? He has promised nothing he could not perform. He has not spent money needlessly, or with intangible results. He has won the confidence of collectors by his conduct and, above all, his ever-present optimism has carried him over rough places and through dark days. His has been optimism of the proper kind, and its results are pleasing and satisfactory to everyone.

Another philatelist begins the publication of a paper under conditions much similar to those that surrounded the individual whom I considered in the paragraph preceding this one. He, too, has little capital. Like his fellow, he has optimism. He believes that he can conquer the stamp collecting world by force of his unaided efforts. In his mind's eye he sees himself the proprietor of a philatelic journal, as influential as any on the continent. He intends to revolutionize the methods of the entire fraternity, and he actually believes that every worshipper of philately will lend him his immediate and undivided support. So our new editor sends out glowing advertisements, promising big things. The first issue of his magazine is a magnificent one. But by the time it is paid for he has nothing left and nothing is coming in to reimburse his exhausted exchequer. He has depended on the good-will of the public to tide him over his difficulties, and the public has failed him. He finds it impossible to proceed further with his undertaking. He had hope and plenty of optimism, but it was not tempered with a sufficient amount of caution and conservatism. His has been an improper optimism, and its results are lamentable in the extreme.

It has been a close and fanciful illustration. Anyone can choose for himself in the philatelic world. Everyone must choose for himself which course he must pursue. In the one instance he must be of great good to our cause. In the other he will prove a positive injury. In the one he will win the confidence and esteem of his fellows. In the other he will be looked upon with suspicion, and his undertakings regarded with distrust. Which place do you desire to fill? In whose footsteps will you follow?

HOOPER WAS A FLIRT.

KINGSTON, December 28.—John R. Hooper, awaiting trial at Joliette, for the murder of his wife, it is now recalled was a private patient in the Kingston General Hospital for four weeks in September and October, 1891. He engaged a private room and was under treatment for rheumatism. He attempted a flirtation with a lady patient in another room, but the nurse in charge discovered the correspondences, and the lady patient was removed to another part of the hospital.