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SUE'S STAMPS.

BY CAPTAIN MILDMAV.

IT was an awful situation that a boy by the name of Wilkinson got me into. He wrote a beautiful story in a stamp paper telling how he had fooled his sister and made her believe that some robber-man had stolen all her stamps, but when she had done fainting he told her it was only a joke and got the stamps for her. I thought it was a beautiful story, but I have found out since that it wasn't, and I think that people ought to know just what kind of a boy Wilkinson is.

After the trouble Sue got me into about the ice cream, though it wasn't my fault at all, I thought I would do just as the Wilkinson boy did, because it would be a good way to get even with her. We ought never give way to these bad feelings, however, but keep on doing good no matter what happens. But when you get even with people they have more respect for you and treat you better in the future; so I thought that just for once I would get even with Sue.

One afternoon when Sue and mother were out making some of those horrible calls, as Sue calls them, I got her stamp album, and with a paper-knife cut out all the stamps and put them in a box. Of course I didn't mean to keep the stamps or give them away to anybody, I only wanted to teach Sue a lesson, and I intended to give her back the stamps whenever she would promise to be more considerate of my feelings. So I hid the box in my room and put back the stamp album where I got it.

I couldn't help laughing all afternoon when I thought how astonished Sue would be when she saw her stamp album and all her stamps gone—of course she would think that some robber-man had stolen them—and wouldn't she laugh when she found it was only a joke.

The next evening Mr. Thompson, the minister, called to see Sue. Now, the minister is such an old acquaintance, and father thinks so much of him, that Sue had to ask him in, though she didn't want to see him. It was getting dark and Sue was expecting Mr. Atkins every minute, and after a while, when she thought she heard him at the gate, she said, "Oh! Mr. Thompson, would you excuse me for a minute, I must see what the cook is doing. Here is my stamp album you can be looking at while I am away." Mr. Thompson took the album and thanked Sue, but he looked dreadfully queer when he opened it, but then, perhaps he thought that Sue was trying to fool him. When Sue came back Mr. Thompson said, "My dear Miss Brown, I think you must have made a

mistake, there are no stamps in this album." "No stamps?" cried Sue, looking as if she had seen some disgusting ghosts, "let me see." When Sue saw the album she shrieked and fainted right away. Mr. Thompson was dreadfully frightened, and said, "Run, Jimmy, and get the cologne or bay rum or something." I ran up to Sue's room as fast as I could and felt around in the dark for Sue's cologne bottle, which she always keeps on her bureau. I found a bottle in a minute or two and took it down to Mr. Thompson, and he bathed Sue's face with it as well as he could in the dark (for Sue had upset the lamp and broken it when she fainted), and in a minute or two she came too.

Just then the door bell rang, and who should come in but Mr. and Mrs. Downs and Miss Downs, who's the minister at the other church. Sue jumped up and ran into the far parlor to light the gas, and, of course, Mr. Thompson went to help her. They just got it lit as the visitors came in. Mr. Downs looked as if he had seen a ghost. Mrs. Downs said, "Did you ever," and Miss Downs said, "Oh my!" but father just burst out laughing.

You never saw such a sight. I had made a mistake and brought down a bottle of liquid shoe blacking and Mr. Thompson had rubbed it all over Sue's face and she was jet black except the end of her nose, and then he had rubbed his hands on his own face so that it was all black spots.

Sue really tried to make out that I had brought down the blacking on purpose. But father said it served her right and that he wasn't going to punish me for her carelessness, and of course I was dreadfully sorry about it. Mr. Thompson wasn't a bit angry, but Sue says that she is never going to speak to him again after disgracing her in such a heartless manner. As to Mr. and Mrs. Downs, they think that Sue and Mr. Thompson were having a private circus, and mother says that they will never come to the house again.

After Mr. Thompson had gone I told Sue about the stamps, that it was only a joke and that she could have them if she would promise to be more considerate of my feelings. I expected to see her burst out laughing just as Wilkinson's sister did; but instead of laughing she called father and told him what I had done. Father looked dreadfully angry. He said he'd teach me to respect sacred things, and told me to go up stairs while he got his cane. I haven't the heart to relate what happened upstairs, but I think that the Wilkinson boy ought to be punished, and if I had him in my yard I don't care if he was ever so big, I'd show him that he couldn't get innocent boys into scrapes without getting hurt.

I am not quite able to sit up this morning, and my heart is broken. I think there ought to be a law to keep men from selling canes to fathers unless they haven't any children.