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Current Rot.

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IN the semi defunct *International Philatelist*, Mr. O. K. Carstarphen slobbers over a page with a heart-rending tale of woe. Somebody attacked him as President of the P. S. of A. (*ex officio*, you know) and he fears that august body will kick the bucket. It is a fearful thing to attack a society officer, and we side with Mr. C. Mr. Dodge, "*Veritas, et al.*", should pause in their insane career, lest they bring down the auburn tresses of the Denver man in sorrow to the grave.

It is a sad thing to confess, but the fair reviewer of the *Home Worker* makes us sick. It is a very mild and very reverent review, composed, we imagine, with the New Testament in one hand and Pilgrim's Progress in the other. But this could scarcely be so, as Miss Swift would need one hand to write with.

WHERE is the *Canadian Weekly Stamp News*? Can it be that it crumbled to dust, and was wafted away by the sportive wind? It was dry enough, we wot.

THE *Columbian Philatelist* informs us that New Oxford, Pa., is becoming quite a summer resort. The guests of

honor last month were Chapman, of Hartford, and Gestampelt, of Hades, who partook of Horlick's Malted Milk, with the fearless and independent man, and went home happy.

THE Toronto Philatelic Club is making claim to the honor of first proposing the Jubilee Issue, but that organization can't pull *our* foot. What the T. P. C. proposed was a Cabot series, that is, a series with whiskers. The portrait of the Queen has no whiskers, and thus their claim is demolished.

OUR friend Baker, of Sackville, New Brunswick, writes a very readable article in the June *Eastern*, entitled, "The Ideal Philatelic Magazine." Mr. Baker's ideas are large; in fact, nothing less than a subscription price of \$3 per annum will suit him. We would that our friend's ideas could be realized. We frankly acknowledge our inability to scute the inscrutable future; perhaps in the mirage-lifted ultimate we shall fondly clasp the \$100,000 stamp paper to our throbbing breast, and perhaps—nit.

It is our happy privilege to inform our readers that the *Perforator* is still perforating. The July number makes a grand showing.