

pleasures of a red-hot campaign." In his usual uncalled for and bull-in-the-china-shop mode of criticism, says:—"Also a poem (?) entitled, 'My Stamps.' The poem in question was a parody written by Mr. W. H. Thurston, the editor of one of the leading newspapers in Central Ontario, a man recognized by the world as an authority on the leading questions of the day, and who knows more about poetry and literature in general, in one minute, than his would-be critic could have pounded into his head, supposing he lived until a dozen eternities after the end of the world, and the instrument used was a Suez Canal pile driver. If we cared, we might say a good many things about this individual and his ungrammatical misspelled and mis-printed sheet, who is either too stingy to purchase MSS. for his paper or too egotistical to have any other person write therein. In future we shall make no reference to this person whatever, or to his weighty "magazine," upon which he has been unable to induce the postal authorities to grant second-class mailing rates, but in closing would advise him to continue printing his paper if it amuses him and keeps him out of other mischief, until the first day of January, 1898, but to let no person see any of the copies meantime, and on first day of the New Year while it is yet dark, let him repair himself to that portion of the Bay of Fundy which has never been fathomed, and silently consign his efforts to the deep. It will be unnecessary to attach any weight to them—to make them sink—there will be enough mud in them to bear them down a "thousand fathoms deep." By carefully following these instructions it is hardly likely any person will ever discover his mental infirmities."

We confess to a certain amount of diffidence in placing the above before our readers. It is taken from an alleged philatelic paper published by a decayed stamp dealer of Toronto. The paper may be known to a few of our readers, and although bearing the date of March, it was May 3rd, 9.30 a. m., when it reached our sanctum.

It is certainly a misfortune to Canadian philatelic journalism that such matter as this should find its way into print. It has been our constant aim to keep our little magazine free from all objectionable matter, and it is "more in sorrow than in anger" that we wish to say a few words in reply to this uncalled for attack.

Our young friend who butchered the English language to the effect as quoted, has built up a mighty structure of abuse on the slight foundation of a typographical error, but on examining his remarks, it will be seen that he is himself a spelling reformer of a most pronounced type. Under his ingenious quill, *nom-de-plume* become "*nom-du-plume*," and this is no printer's error, as it occurs twice. "Misspelled" and "mis-printed," are also fruits of his vivid imagination. And still our youthful critic prates of errors in spelling and printing, and paws up the ground in his censorship. He should get his hair cut.

When we use the exclamation point in mentioning the piece of doggeral which appeared in his paper, this editorial genius froths at the mouth, and tells us that its author is, in fact, an intellectual giant. Our own opinion is that any man who could write the rot referred to is perilously near being a drivelling idiot, and should mend his ways while there is yet time. In this connection, the extreme richness of our friend's language is worthy of note. The easy man-

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