

WRITTEN FOR THE ONTARIO PHILATELIST.

THE TWELVE PENCE.

There lives a "crank" on British soil,
 With a stamp collector's name,
 And he has a choice collection, too,
 Of firm and widespread fame.

And oft he says in a wistful tone,
 As he sits on the garden fence:
 "Oh, for the one that will bring to me
 A stamp called the rare twelve pence.

"It has a face that is very black,
 Unperforated too, you see;
 Yes, the rarest stamp on Canada's shore
 Is surely the stamp for me.

"A hundred Vs should not be spurned,
 And I'll get all that I throw,
 If I had just one of the thirty gems
 (At the most thirty-five, I know)

"That were made some forty-five short years ago,
 And utilized for very heavy mail;
 And now couldn't I, with very few pains,
 Find one that's out for sale?

"They lived in the land of the Union Jack
 Maybe eight short years—ah, me!
 Then died with a groan and a broken heart,
 The remains bring a monstrous fee.

And so he sits and wonders and longs,
 But never has seen, I hear,
 The black-faced stamp that collectors want,
 For he's lazy and dull I fear.

So now, clever reader, with eyes all alert,
 Come, hasten your walk to a run;
 And ferret the prize from its hiding place,
 Be it anywhere under the sun.