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## LOST!

BY WAIF.

### CHAPTER V.

Although Guy Sinclair understood the genealogy of the entire fraternity found among mythological folks, from Jupiter down to the meanest servitor, it does not follow that he should comprehend at a glance the different specimens of Stamps, their family and rank. By no means; he looked over his album, and the Stamps, he had purchased with it in hopeless perplexity. Many a young urchin who blundering among the declensions in his Latin Grammar, but who finds time to barter his used Colonials for a foreign postal, with some juvenile trader whose stock consists of a few well-thumbed Continentals gummed to a bit of crumpled paper, and deposited among the "odds and ends" of a school boys pocket, could have taught our erudite traveller a few lessons. No one need despise a small beginning—indeed the work is not suggestive of an advanced stage, be the subject material or mental. I received my first ideas of Stamp Collecting from one of these boys; it was at the commencement of the stamp-mania in this city of Saint John. There were no dealers in the Timbrophilic business here then, and there was quite a dash of adventure in the young fellow's search after foreign Stamps. Sea captains' wives and widows were particular objects of interest to him at that time: and he once obtained a *Sierre Leone* from one of the latter class in quite a diplomatic manner, which amused me, exceedingly. I used to tell him "that I knew by his step in the hall, when he had procured a new Stamp," and after a time my ear got so well disciplined that I was inclined to hazard an opinion as to its country and value. But Guy had none of these eager auxiliaries at his elbow, and so was obliged to follow Ellis Blair's advice, and after some searching found out the proper squares for the common three cent United States Stamp. He found it much easier to at-

tach the next one to its place, and, in a short time, that department of his album was completed, so far as his labels would permit. He looked wistfully at the unoccupied squares, and being exact and methodical, could hardly persuade himself to commence on another page, under a new heading until he had finished the ones already commenced. He decided at length to adhere to the Connell, which he did very slightly, for he argued mentally, "I shall surely find its fair owner some time, and then it will be easy to remove it. That "some time" was the Mecca Guy was travelling to. Who dare censure him, for has not every heart a Mecca of its own?"

At this moment Mr. Frost extricated himself from the walls of Troy, or wherever he was lost, and began to regard Guy's abstracted occupation with feeble wonder. He removed his spectacles, wiped them carefully, and then took another view. If he had suddenly found himself assisting that young rake, Paris, in abducting the beautiful spouse of Menelaus he could not have been more amazed. It was some time before he could rouse himself sufficiently, to see what Guy was really doing. His pupil sticking bits of coloured paper into a gaudily bound book! No wonder the old gentleman stared! But he might as well be back in Troy again for all he understood it. It is a fortunate thing that somebody or other found out the use of the tongue, or who knows what the consequences might have been to the ex-profession. But Guy had not got so far on his pilgrimage as to be unconcious of resisting influences, and notwithstanding an involuntary trepidation, was silently enjoying the old tutor's perplexity. As soon as he saw that his fellow-traveller and mentor was about to break the silence, he turned suddenly, and said—

"You never told me, Mr. Frost the result of your mission to that—young—lady—Miss Percy."

It is enough to make one think that the heart is a distinct part of the human frame, and quite independent of it, to hear how people will inadvertently utter words that can flush or blanch the face to its utmost extremity. Did they but understand what they were saying. To see them