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# MONTREAL PHILATELIST.



DEVOTED TO



Philatelists & Others.

Vol. 3 No. 1.

MONTREAL, CANADA, MARCH, 1878.

One Cent

## MONTREAL PHILATELIST.

JOHN J. McCONKEY Editor.

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SUBSCRIPTION.—in Can. or U.S. per annum post paid 10cents

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Circulation Large.

Written expressly for the "PHILATELIST"

## HAWKEYE

### THE FERRET, BY CESAR.

Author of "On the Stage," "Life on the Boards," "Stage struck Bob," "Tear to the List," "The Young Detectives," "Dick Daring," "Hucknast Academy," &c.

#### PART I.

##### CHAP. I. [continued]

"Who'll draw first?" sincerely inquired the captain.

Jackson advanced and took one. To his great joy he was safe.

Then the rest advanced and drew their slips at last there remained but two.

These were the captain's and a man named Smith's.

Smith glanced and took one of the two with a trembling hand. He found to his agreeable surprise and joy that the Captain was the one chosen by lot to demolish our hero and no wonder the men were glad.

Hitherto with the exception, perhaps of Hawkeye, their doings had been unsullied with the crime of murder.

"Return to your work," said the Captain "I will be in here again, in a while."

As he went out, he muttered to himself,

when I undertake a thing I do it, Hawkeye shall die.

#### CHAPTER II.

When our hero awoke next morning it was late, so he jumped up hastily and put on his clothes with marvelous rapidity.

He then went down stairs and entered the captain's room without knocking which he was privileged to do. Sitting down he narrated his adventures to which Seekum listened with great interest.

"Well," said Seekum, "what are you going to do now."

"I am going to the den again to day exclaimed Ralph. to see if I can't get some 'claw' to work upon.

"All right," assented Seekum. "Go right after you," he had your breakfast.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our readers will perhaps remember the boy whom we spoke of in our last chapter.

He was a traitor, he belonged to the counterfeiting gang.

Soon after breakfast he started out after having obtained leave from the Captain

Running swiftly along he soon arrived at the den of the counterfeiters.

Here he entered and vanishing through the trap-door went down into the room.

Hawkeye having finished his breakfast again redisplayed himself and started out.

When he arrived at the door of the den, he hesitated a moment, undecided what to do. He at length decided to go in, but what was his surprise to see Young Jack Shiwell, the boy we have been speaking of, standing there talking to Capt. Darkeye.

Hawkeye, however, apparently unconcerned, walked forward and asked for a glass of spirits. This was given him, when all of a sudden Young Jack Shiwell sprang forward and tore the whiskers from his face.

"Tis he 'tis he" cried the young demon dancing around. Capt. Darkeye sprang forward and seized Hawkeye in his sinewy grasp.

Hawkeye struggled desperately and

freed himself; rushing back to the side of the trap door, the existence of which he was not aware, he drew a pistol and pointing it at Darkeye, cried:—

"Move an inch and you die!"

Suddenly he felt the pistol knocked from his hand, a gag thrust into his mouth and his arms pinned behind him.

Jackson, hearing the scuffling had come up in time to save his master.

The boy, Shiwell rushed down to call up the gang at the captain's order.

The spring of the trap door, being pressed the door flew open and the men, having arrived, they led Hawkeye upstairs carefully avoiding the ninth step for the reasons we have given.

When they arrived at the top of the staircase they showed our hero into a small room at the side.

Darkeye entered the room.

"Go down to your work," he said to his men. "I will be down soon."

The men obeyed him.

Darkeye calmly sat down in front of Hawkeye and placidly regarded him.

Hawkeye was helpless as a babe, in his power.

If his hands were only free.

But he was safely bound.

"Now," began the fiendish captain of the counterfeiters, "you are in my power."

This room is magical in its effects. You see that panel in the wall: well I go out of that door over there, and open the panel, then I arrange the machinery, and the ceiling will descend upon you and crush you. I am sorry I haven't the time to watch your struggles. It would be a keen enjoyment. However, rest assured of one thing: that you will never get out of this place alive. Adieu."

And after this long and cruel oration, the captain did as he said he would. The ceiling began, slowly—very slowly—to descend. But oh! how quickly the moments flew past to our hero.

[To be continued.]

## THE RIVAL SCHOOLS.

CONTINUED FROM No 1.

## CHAPTER 1

*Shows how learning does not always beget good manners—How Thrasham stood on his dignity, how Crammer laid on his back, and how the feud began between the schools.*

“Do you dare to insinuate,” now shrieked Thrasham “you—you scoundrel—”

Another titter from the boys.

“Give it him!” called out Hurler, diving his head behind the back of his next schoolmate, and pretending to pick up a book from the floor.

“You—you low-bred fellow, you shall pay dearly for this!” cried Thrasham. “Accuse me of purloining the spoons and towels!”

“I did not accuse you,” said Crammer.

“I say you did.”

“I say I didn’t.”

“You’re a—story-teller, sir.”

“And you’re a contemptible, little man,” retorted Crammer.

“I’m big enough to defend myself from an aspersion on my character,” cried Thrasham, “and I’m half a mind to—”

“To what?” asked Crammer.

Pull your nose in the presence of your scholars.

“What?” roared Crammer, raising his cane.

“Pull your nose!”

“Pull away, you mannikin!” roared Crammer, quite forgetful of his dignity; “and now if you don’t leave my school, I’ll pitch you out of it.”

A murmur ran through the school.

Half a dozen boys rose to their feet, in happy anticipation of a scene.

“You thrash me?” cried Thrasham.

“Yes I; now go.”

“I shan’t.”

“You shall.”

And Crammer placed his left hand on the other’s shoulder.

Thrasham’s little fist beat it off.

Up went Crammer’s cane, and down it came—not on the shoulders of Thrasham, as it was intended, but on the brim of his hat.

Off went his hat amid a shout of derision.

The little man sprang back, looked at his assailant for a moment, as if he would

swallow him, cane and all.

Then he sprang forward and planted a blow in the pit of Crammer’s stomach.

The blow caused Crammer to drop his cane, place both hands on his waist, and bring his head down towards his knees. All discipline in the school was now at an end.

The boys rose from their seats and shouts and laughter greeted the combatants.

The little man looked proudly and defiantly around, and then turned furiously upon Crammer, whose form, being doubled up, was no taller now than his own.

Delays are dangerous, and this proverb Thrasham bore in mind, despite his rage and he struck another blow at Crammer.

Now Mr Crammer had a large nose, and this feature being so very prominent, it was no wonder that it stopped the blow before it reached any other portion of his face.

As his proboscis came in contact with Thrasham’s fist, he raised his drooping head and revealed a stream of blood pouring from each nostril.

The dismay of the scholars was great, but the pride of Thrasham was excessive.

He raised himself off his heels on to his toes, threw himself into a gladiatorial attitude, and bade his adversary come on.

“I’ll—I’ll crush you?” cried Crammer, wiping the blood from his chin with a red cotton handkerchief.

“Do it—do it—do it!” exclaimed Thrasham, tauntingly. “I’m not afraid of you big as you are. What do you think of the mannikin now?”

“Leave my school this instant!” thundered Crammer.

“Turn him out if you can,” said Thrasham. “I defy you—before all your boys I defy you!”

“Well, we’ll see,” cried Crammer, lapping upon him with all the grace of a Newfoundland puppy, and seizing the little man by the shoulders. “Snooks, open the door.”

A tall, overgrown, attenuated lad of sixteen, who could bear a resemblance to nothing else than a ghost in consumption, sprang to obey.

Before he reached it, however, a stop was put to his career,

Thrasham had begun to peg away with all his force at his adversary’s stomach, and Crammer, smarting with the pain, flung his whole weight on the little man, and over they went, carrying Snooks with them to the floor.

Here all three struggled together, and Jack Hurler, anxious to add to his laurels, seized the ink cup out of one of the desks and emptied its contents down the neck of Thrasham.

Having completed this feat, he sprang back behind his companions, a greater hero in their estimation than ever.

Crammer was the first to rise, Snooks followed and then up sprang Thrasham. As he gained his feet, a yell broke from the lips of the boys.

The white front of his frilled shirt was streaked with ink, and the same liquid was smeared all over his face.

Nor was the appearance of Crammer any the less laughable.

The blood which continued to flow from his nose had been smeared over his cheeks in the struggle on the floor.

The fright Snooks had received had paled his face to a milky white; and there they stood, black, white, and red, a comical illustration of the truth that education does not always destroy the passions of men.

“Make a ring,” cried one, named Tom Brown.

And a ring was instantly made by the boys crowding round the two.

“Give it him master,” shouted another. “Snooky will back you.”

Snooky, like his master, having become quite forgetful of the fact that a school-room, and in school hours, ought not to be turned into a boxing floor, went down on one knee; and placing his arm around Crammer’s waist, drew him on to the other. This done, he commenced wiping his face with the red handkerchief which he picked from the floor.

“You shall suffer for this” said Thrasham, gasping for breath, and looking at his soiled shirt frill.

“Time,” cried Snooks.

“Time!” echoed a dozen voices.

Snooks gave a hitch of his knee, and at the same time a push with both his hands, and Mr. Crammer was precipitated fairly on to the bosom of Thrasham.

The little man paying more attention to his damaged linen than anything else, received the first intimation of the onslaught from the shock, beneath which he instantly sank.

And with his fall sank Crammer who forgetful that he required a larger space than the master of the academy, omitted to draw in his head, which came in contact with the leg of the desk, and which, proving harder than his skull, put a stop to the

spot and his consciousness together.

The boys drew back in terror, and look- ed blankly at each other.

Snooks' pale face grew paler, and he was silent.

The little man's frame appeared to shrink till it had gone into utter insignifi- cance, and that pomposity so inherent in him had disappeared.

His face, which had been as red with passion as the comb of an angry turkey- cock, gradually turned blue and then yel- low, and finally settled into a ghastly white.

His thin lips quivered, and his short legs appeared shaky about the knees.

He looked down at Crammer, and up at Snooks, round at the boys, and then at the door.

This last glance had the effect of rous- ing him from the bewilderment into which he had fallen, and turning upon his heel, he strode to the door.

"Stop him! eriol Hurler; he's born and bred a master, and will have to be hung for it."

Several boys took a step forward, and Thra him, flinging open the door, sprang out into the air.

"Stop him! stop him!" yelled the boys, as the little gentleman hurried across the green, and a volley of stones were hurled after him.

A moment he paused, but the looks of the boys armed with stones, picked out of the roadway caused him to turn and run for his home.

Away went the little man, and away after him went the boys.

They had passed nearly across the green when the gates of the academy were flung open and through them poured the pupils to the rescue of their master.

Thus commenced the feud between the Rival Schools.

CHAPTER II.

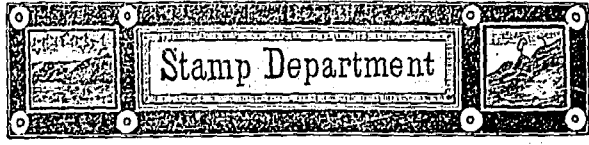
*Snooks shows his authority, and takes a lesson in Sacred History—the force of a tree pericly exemplified.*

On the following day, Mr Crammer appeared at his desk with a large star on his forehead.

This ornament was made of narrow strips of strapping plaister.

It was observable, too, that his nose was somewhat swollen, and that when his gaze wandered through the windows of his own school towards the establishment on the other side of the green, that he grew very red in the face.

To be continued.



NEWLY ISSUED STAMPS.

**CANADA.** We have been informed that the P. O. D. is thinking of issuing a 2½ cent Post Card for use between here and Germany.

**NOWANUGGUR.** Another Indian territory claims a place in our albums for its issue. The stamp is described as nearly square, having a sort of scimitar in the centre, flanked by inscriptions in the native dialect; the whole within an oval frame inscribed with name on the right; post STAMP on the left. Greenish grey, perforated. Value not given. The place is situated near the mouth of the Nagin river on the Gulf of Cutch; in the province of Guzerat.



SAMOA.

This month we give an engraving of the stamp for this country which we chronicled last month.

**PORTUGUESE INDIES.** A set in facial accordance with the other Portu- guese colonials, takes place of the barbaric, but distinctive type hitherto employd for the Eastern possessions of this kingdom. The new emission closely approximates that of Mozambique &c. Central crown within circle, inscribed INDIA PORTE- GUESA; CORREIO; value below

|         |             |           |         |
|---------|-------------|-----------|---------|
| 5 reis. | black.      | 40 reis.  | blue.   |
| 10 "    | yellow.     | 50 "      | green.  |
| 20 "    | pale brown. | 100 "     | blue.   |
| 25 "    | pink.       | 200 "     | orange. |
|         |             | 300 reis. | brown.  |



SOUTH AUS- TRALIA.

This month we give an engraving of the new card for this colony which we chronicled in our last issue.

**SALVADOR.** Last month we gave an engraving of the new issue of this Republic, and since then we have been informed that the issue is not like the engraving, but like the one sent by our correspondant. So we have had a cut of same made, which we will insert in our

next issue, and let our readers judge for themselves between the two.

Not.—This month we give only a short list of New Issues on account of our principal correspondant being late with his news, but will make up for it in our next issue.



THE SPANISH COLONIES, we learn from Berne, will enter the International Postal Union on the 1st of May next.

FEW AND FAR BETWEEN.—There are but three-hundred-and-ten post-offices in Turkey, just three-hundred-and-nine more than the newspapers number.

SOME DIFFICULTY has been raised between the Sultan and the Shah of Persia as to whether, in a postal convention, the latter is entitled to be styled "Imperial."

A LETTER from Constantinople states that the Sultan has conferred the third class of the Order of the Meljidie upon Mr. F. L. Soudanore, in recognition of his valuable services in reorganising the postal and telegraphic system.

THE GERMAN IMPERIAL POST prepared as a present for the Emperor on his birthday, a magnificent work representing all the means of communication which have been employed from the first begin- nings of civilization.

THE PORTRAIT OF THE SHAH ON THE PERSIAN STAMPS.—Much surprise has been evinced at the Shah's effigy being depicted on the Persian stamps, as being con- trary to the tenor of the Mohammedan reli- gion; but it must be borne in mind that the Persians are unorthodox dissenters, and allow the exhibition of pictures in their houses. There are palaces in Persia adorn- ed with paintings three hundred years old.

A PHILATELIC CURIOSITY.—A corres- pondent forwards for inspection a philatelic curiosity which we believe unique. A gentleman arriving from France, wrote from London to Ostend on a French post card with the usual 15 centime stamp there- on. This error actually passed the post, and was duly delivered without extra charge. There are the regular London and Ostend postmarks; the only peculiarity being a capital T impressed on the face of the card.

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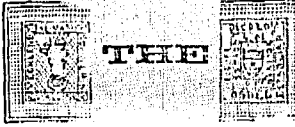


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