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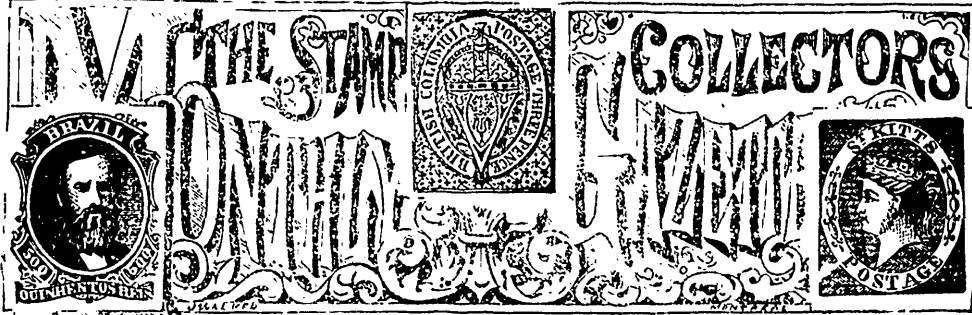
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GEORGE STEWART, Jr.,]

"MULTUM IN PARVO."

[EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOL. 2. NO. 20.]

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, JANUARY, 1867.

[PRICE 5 CTS.

A NEW YEAR ADDRESS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE PATRONS OF

The Stamp Collector's Monthly Gazette.

Time once more on fleeting wing
Has sped his annual circuit round;
The New Year dawns—with joy we sing,—
Our hearts with joy exulting bound;
For Custom bids us sing our lay.
And join in mirth and dance to-day.

Long has the tide of time flown on
Upon the earthly trodden shore,—
Each year still shows a brighter dawn
Than those that long have gone before;
While progress marks the changing years,
And words of wisdom proudly rears.

Still shall it be throughout all time,
As year on year goes hurrying by,—
The mind will seek with love to climb
The heights proud science doth defy;
She leads us on with torch of light
Beyond the ken of mortal sight.

Ring happy bells! thy sound recalls
The dream of other days gone by.
Again we roam thro' childhood's halls,
With pensive thought and tearful eye,
And think on all that might have been,
And every glad and cherished scene.

Ring happy bells! ring out your chimes!
They tell the progress of the years.
May vice, and folly, want and crime,
The ignorance, the selfish jeers
Of men be banished from the earth,—
And sing in types of purer worth.

May peace, and love, still more abound,
And Knowledge cast her seeds abroad

'Mong nations all and all around,—
The heathen climes that know not God,
The fountain and the source of light,
Whom all can know who love aright.

Ring joyful bells! ring out your peals
Upon the winter's frosty air;
The soul with gladdened rapture feels,
True hope that chases grief and care.
We'll twine our wreaths of love to night,
And sing the songs of past delight.

With joyous talk and festive cheer,
And music soft to thrill the soul,
We'll usher in the dawning year,
And pass to each the flowing bowl.
The bells of Yule, they ring at times,
With mingled sweetness in their chimes,—

They tell us of the year that's fled,
And speak of memories old and dim—
Of friends, long numbered with the dead,
Who sought the goal of life to win.
That chime is mournful which reveals
All that the broken spirit feels.

What marked events Old Time has seen;
When we look back upon the year,
Still faction strives, and wars have been
The widow's wail, the orphan's tear.
While Prussia fair exults to own
New power and splendour round her throne.

The Austrian is humbled now,
The despot's chain no more will bind.
Fresh garlands hang on Freedom's bough,
Which wave into the passing wind.

The bannered hosts, the sword, and spear,
All tell war's triumphs of the year.

Hail Italy! thou, too, art free,—
The land of Art, Romance, and Song,—
Thy people shout of Liberty,
And dare to banish every wrong;
Even Superstition starts to flee
To other climes beyond the sea!

O could the soul of DANTE rise,
And gaze upon his country now,—
What joy would gladden in his eyes,
And light his stern, reflective brow,
Who long foretold lov'd Freedom's reign
Over every fair Italian plain.

Turn we once more the scroll of Time,
And look upon this Western shore,
So favored over every clime
In all that aids to fill man's store.
By industry, he wealth can gain,
While Freedom everywhere doth reign.

But here doth Faction raise its head,
Beneath the banner of the free,
While slumber on the valiant dead,
Who fought for truth and liberty.
What, shall it e'er in time be said
That blood, alas, in vain was shed!

But sweet tranquility now dwells
Where e'er the dark St. Lawrence rolls

Its tides of water,—thro' its dells,
The home of brave and valiant souls,
Who nobly fought, and bled, and died,
When Fenian hordes our flag defied.

United soon, we all shall stand
Beneath the flag we nobly prize;
The red cross floats through our fair land,
Tho' braggart traitors may despise!
We shout for Union as before,—
From East to West, from shore to shore.

Despite commotion, strife, and war,
Art, science, still achieve their aim—
The continents united are,
And speak good will to each again;
Oh, may the globe soon girdled be,
By electric chains from sea to sea!

Hail! Britain in thy proud domain,
We pay thee homage now in song!
Long may thy loved Victoria reign,
And statesmen wise around her throng,—
To build the nation high in power,
And guard her in the evil hour.

Kind patrons, now, we bid adieu,
And ask once more your willing aid
That we, the *Stamp* world, may review,
The *issues* that will yet be made.
In every clime beneath the sun,
Stamps mark the progress man has won!

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE "GAZETTE."

GOLD and TINSEL.

BY ARTHUR ARCHER.

CHAPTER I.

"And so Cousin, you have made up your mind to break your engagement with Charles Rivers?" said Ellen Foster to her Cousin Alice Alton, as they sat together in the recess of the window, one fine summer evening.

"I have," replied Alice.

"Your resolution is a foolish one, and made without proper consideration."

"By no means." I have thought over the matter enough. Heaven knows the struggle has been a hard one! but how can I ever take a man for a husband who has so little self-respect as to embark in a career of dissipation and folly? One who does not respect himself cannot be expected to regard his wife."

"You certainly put the matter in a strong light Cousin Alice, but I would like to ask you do you ever expect to marry a perfect husband?"

"You shall be answered; I do not expect perfection, but I do expect my husband to possess good principles, and a proper self-respect. If he possesses these qualities he will be the more likely to love and appreciate his wife."

"Well you may argue with me and silence me with your fine logic, but you cannot convince me that Charles Rivers is quite so black as he has been painted, and I think in the end you will find that in breaking your engagement with him you have done a very foolish thing."

"Why do you say so?"

"Because Charles Rivers whatever may be his faults, possesses a kind and generous heart and a noble nature, and if you begin your search for perfection by slighting him, you will end it in sorrow and disappointment. It is easy for a woman to set up an ideal standard of perfection for the man she expects to marry, but she need not hope that by doing so she will make men better, or more discreet in their younger days. You say that Charles Rivers has been dissipated formerly, that you have been deceived in him, and that the echo of his wild college career is just now reaching your ears.—Of course you are shocked to know that he was considered one of the wildest young men at Harvard University, but let me tell you that if you take all the men out of the world who have been wild in their youth, there will not be many left who will make much figure in it."

"Really cousin Ellen, you plead the cause of the wild young men well. If I did not know better I would think you were interested in some one of them yourself."

"You do know better than that; but it has just occurred to me. There is Mr. Smith, the rector, you know what a good, kind-hearted, pious man he is. Well, I have heard Papa say that when they were at college together, Mr. Smith was awfully wild and used to drink hard. One day, a young man, one of his companions, was drowned while half intoxicated by being upset out of a sail-boat in which he persisted in going across the river. This event produced a great effect on the minds of the collegians, especially on Mr. Smith and Papa; and that was how Mr. Smith came to take orders, for he had intended himself for the bar. But, good-by, cousin Alice; and if you have not yet sent Charles his letter of dismissal, I advise you not to do it."

"I have not sent it, but—"

"Then burn it," So saying, the charming and lovely Ellen Foster waived her adieu.

Alice Alton was the only daughter of Squire Alton, a wealthy and respectable farmer, of Cumberland County, Nova Scotia. He had come from England some twenty-five years before our story opens, and by the judicious expenditure of considerable capital, had bought and reclaimed one of the largest marsh farms there were in the neighbourhood of Amherst. He was a very excellent man, and had given his daughter the best education the provinces afforded.

Alice Alton, at the period when our tale begins, had just completed her eighteenth year. She was in every respect a very beautiful girl; the symmetry of her form well accorded with the loveliness of her face, which in its turn, was an index of the goodness of her soul. Her eyes were of the deepest blue; and her hair that beautiful mixture of auburn and brown, which gives it the appearance of having been sprinkled with diamond dust. Alice was as good as she was beautiful, and conscientious to the highest degree, thanks to the careful training of a religious mother, aided by the naturally good bent of the youthful Alice's mind.

Ellen Foster, the other young lady whom we have already introduced to our readers in the dialogue, was, in many respects, a contrast to her cousin Alice. She was equally beautiful; but her's was a beauty of another sort. Her hair and eyes were jet black; and her features, although beautiful, were cast in that mould which is the sure indication of a determined and courageous disposition. And Ellen Foster did not belie her looks. She was indeed resolute and daring. Mounted on her favourite horse she would perform feats of horsemanship which would astonish young ladies who had learned to ride at fashionable riding schools. An ordinary gate or fence was no obstruction to her when out on one of her rambling rides over the country, which she delighted to take four or five times a week, or even oftener.

Ellen Foster was just the kind of a woman to be universally admired. Her solid mental at-

tainments, and her sound practical sense, caused her to be respected as well. Her stately carriage, and gait, also, made her conspicuous; and in every respect she was far beyond the generality of women. She was just a year the senior of her cousin Alice Alton, and naturally they were very great friends. The difference in their characters not having a tendency to estrange them from each other; but rather the contrary Alice was of a mild and confiding nature; Ellen was self-possessed and resolute. Alice's strength of mind was of the passive kind; Ellen's was active. One was fitted to suffer patiently; the other to face danger boldly.

The father of Ellen Foster was a retired barrister, whose failing health obliged him to relinquish the severe and trying practice of his profession, and seek in the retirement of a country life, that health which he in vain sought for in a crowded city. He was quite wealthy, and had purchased a farm near to the residence of his brother-in-law, on which he had built a splendid mansion. His daughter, and her cousin were constantly together, and it was extremely gratifying to the parents of both to see them so much attached to each other,—both were noble girls, and each had many admirers. Indeed the man might be considered fortunate who obtained the hand of either; for they would both have ample dowries to enhance the value of their other attractions.

Charles Rivers of whom mention, has already been made to us, was a young man, who was about commencing life as an attorney in Amherst. He was very talented, generous and of a good disposition. He had inherited a considerable property from his father, and his own prospects of success in his profession were excellent. He had been engaged for a short time to Alice Alton at the time our story opens, and was considered in every respect a very suitable match. Though he might not fulfill the novelist's beau ideal of a handsome man, he was at least good looking,—imagine a young man with dark brown hair, and whiskers and moustache to match—blue eyes—features strongly marked and masculine—height 5 feet 8 inches—and a frame tolerably stout, and well put together—and you have before you, the portrait of Charles Rivers. Take a good look at him gentle reader, for he will figure quite conspicuously in our tale before you see it close. Charles Rivers had been in Harvard University some two years before attending the law classes in that venerable Institution, and it is very much to be feared that what his betrothed had just heard in reference to his excesses, there, had some foundation in fact.

Charles Rivers was no saint, and never professed to be one. He had never been a Sunday School Teacher, nor collector for an Orphan Asylum, nor a visiting member of the church's charitable fund. He made no profession, and consequently, was not a hypocrite. He was not the good young man, whom religious mothers point-

ed out as a living model of perfect life, saving grace illustrated, and an incarnation of all the virtues. He had been wild at College, and had never taken any particular pains to conceal that fact. His impulsive nature, and his love of fun often had led him into difficulties, and follies, which a more cautious person would have avoided. But this was rather a token of his goodness of heart, than otherwise. His generosity was unbounded, and his nature made him loving and affectionate.

He, then, was the man whom Alice Alton intended to cast aside on account of his former faults. One of those muck worms of society called gossips, had first unfolded his College scrapes to her with elaborate minuteness, and where the narrative was at all defective in point, took care to add some additional illustrations by way of embellishment.

When Alice taxed Charles with his wild career at College, he did not deny it; he said he had been a wild youth, thought the most of young people were the same. He hoped his sons would not follow his example; and left Alice in a state of delightful hesitation, between telling him never to see her again, and kissing him, and granting him her forgiveness.

It is now time that we should introduce two other characters to our readers who will figure much in this tale. One is Alice's mother, the other is Dr. Bland.

Mrs Alton was one of those women whose extreme religious views make them almost as bad members of society as if they had no religion at all. She was not content that her piety should be felt in the range of her own household, but she was always obtruding it where its display was at least uncalled for. She was no doubt a very excellent woman, and a very exemplary member of the church. Her zeal was genuine, even if it were sometimes directed in a wrong channel; and it certainly was not vanity or ostentation that led her to display so much of her religion outside of her own peculiar sphere. But she committed the great fault of comparing her own case with that of her neighbours,—forgetting entirely that a thousand circumstances might combine to prevent any of them from possessing so much active piety as she was blessed with. This is generally the case with all extreme religionists. They make themselves the standard of humanity, when they in reality may be only the more favoured exceptions to the common lot.

Mr. Godly, who has a neck about as large as a goose's, and a development of the organs of his head, a trifle above that of a canary, cannot understand why Mr. Fleshman, (whose head is 8 inches across at the back, and who wears a 16 inch collar), will persist in drinking brandy at dinner, and ogling all the pretty girls he meets. No wonder Mr. Godly is puzzled. He cannot be expected to understand it. The two men have nothing in common. One is all animal passion, the other possesses none at all.

Mr. Fleshman is doubtless as much puzzled at Mr. Godly, as Mr. Godly is at him. Let them change places. Set Mr. Fleshman to teach the Bible class in Sunday school, and put Mr. Godly at a bar with a glass of brandy in his hand, and they will both speedily discover that what the world calls the superior piety of the one over the other is but a weakness of constitution and body, which is an effectual bar to all excess on his part. Mr. Godly would have no stomach for the brandy, and Mr. Fleshman none for teaching. Thus it is the world over. Men who are, either from constitutional weakness or timidity, incapable of excess, are perpetually flaunting their superior piety in the faces of their friends, and making long faces at the sad contrast there is between the conduct of the most of men and their own exemplary lives. But let them enjoy their delusion now; all men will, in the end, be rewarded according to their talents.

Mrs. Alton, blessed with a comfortable home and abundant wealth, with a good husband, and a most dutiful daughter, thought it excessively sinful for people not to be content with their lot. But if Mrs. Alton had to change places with some of her less favored neighbours, and toil wearily through the world in the midst of poverty and disaster, she might have been inclined to look with a more charitable eye on those who sometimes felt tempted to repine at their condition.

The next character we shall introduce to our readers, is the doctor we have before named, Dr. Lemuel Bland. Dr. Bland was wealthy and young and good looking. The wealth and looks he inherited from his mother, the youth was originally his own. He did not practice his profession much, and then it was only among the poorer people, and gratuitously. He would take no reward for his services; but did good for its own sake. He was constantly with Mrs. Alton in her benevolent missions among the poor of Amherst. Dr. Bland was a good young man in every respect,—good enough even to satisfy Mrs. Alton whose standard of piety was extremely high. His piety was universally known; and although many people pretended not to like him, they could not but acknowledge his goodness.—Of course he was a great favorite with Mrs. Alton—and a constant guest at her house, so much so as to be almost counted one of the family.—Dr. Bland was tall and slight, complexion fine but rather pale, thin lips, slight aquiline nose, and grey eyes, and with a voice of the most winning and silvery kind. Reader, this is Dr. Bland, I advise you to get well acquainted with him, for you will see much of his society before we are through.

Dr. Bland was a young man of the most commanding talents, and possessed the most excellent professional education. He carried off high honors at the University, and was highly recommended for his skill in his profession. He was extremely fond of the study of chemistry, and spent hours in a small laboratory which

he had in one part of his house, making new experiments and discoveries in that most fertile of all the sciences for the patient explorer.

This laboratory with its miniature forge, and its galvanic, and electric machines, and a hundred other instruments, with unknown names, was really a very formidable looking place, but people were not in much danger of being terrified with its appearance, but few were ever admitted into its sacred precincts, and then only for a moment, and at long intervals. 'No admittance' was placed above the door, and he adhered to the principle with tolerable exactness.

Having now introduced the prominent characters to our readers, we will go on with our story.

Alice Alton had been much distressed about what she had heard in reference to Charles, and in the midst of her perplexity her cousin Ellen happened to step in. The result was the conversation which is narrated at the beginning of the story. When Ellen left, her doubt in regard to what course to pursue was not by any means decreased. She had a letter already written, which she had intended to send to Charles, informing him that she could see him no more, but since her cousin's conversation with her on the subject, she was in doubt whether to send it to or take the advice of her cousin, and burn it. It was not so easy, after all, she found to give up Charles in spite of faults and former follies. She had never realized until then the real strength of her affection for him, and she was now surprised to find that even what she considered his crimes were scarcely sufficient to turn the scale against him, when balanced with her affection for him. There is something in the love of a true woman which will even survive the disgrace of its object, something which retains its potency, even where the goodness which called it forth has passed away, or proved as false and unreal as the misty halo which surrounds the midnight moon.

Happy the man on whom such affection is bestowed! most wretched he whose unworthiness is the cause of its being withdrawn from him! for the remembrance of the treasure he has lost will pierce his soul like a poisoned arrow, and torment him with more than the anguish of a Tantalus.

Alice Alton went up to her room with a sad heart, though love in the mean time had triumphed. She would not forsake Charles. She would destroy the letter, as her cousin had advised her. While engaged in this train of thought she heard a tap at her room door, and on opening it her mother entered the room. Her grave demeanor assured Alice that she had something of a serious nature to communicate, and she accordingly prepared herself to hear unpleasant tidings.

"Alice," she said, "I have come to speak to you about Charles Rivers. I hope after what you have heard of his college life that you consider your engagement with him at an end."

"My dear mother I would that you had chosen any other time than this to speak to me on this sad subject; the thing has haunted my mind so much lately that I scarcely feel equal to the task of conversing upon it. I had viewed it in every possible light; I had even so far resolved to give Charles up that I have written a letter to that effect for him, but I cannot now. I cannot give him up;—I cannot leave him."

"My daughter, it grieves me much to think that a child of mine should hesitate between misplaced affection and duty. After the care I have taken with you, and the attention I have paid to your religious training, I did not think that you would so far forget the principles I have brought you up in from childhood as to speak as you are doing now. You surely cannot be serious in what you say."

"I am serious, mother, in what I say; and I am more than that, I am determined. I honor the principles you have taught me from childhood, but I cannot see their application here. Besides, I know of no principles which man can lay down which should be so arbitrary as completely to dispense with the exercise of the reasoning faculties in those who are desired to follow them. If I think I am doing what is right in refusing to forsake Charles, by what principle can any one who is not familiar with the facts of the case condemn my conduct in doing as I intend to do?"

"By the principle that we should have no contact with evil. A principle with a divine origin."

"I deny the correctness of the principle and its supposed origin. It is one which no man can follow, and therefore a false one. If the ministers of the gospel attempted to carry it out, where would their converts come from, or how would the heathen be saved?"

"My daughter, the Spirit of Evil is in your words. He has armed you with his insidious speech to enable you to resist the truth."

"We can never agree upon religious matters mother, and it is useless for us to discuss them."

"But have you resolved in your course in regard to the other."

"I have."

"You act with sinful rashness."

"It has cost me much thought."

"Alas! daughter, I feel for the sad state of your heart—you cling to the wicked and forsake the good. Let me picture to your mind the man you intend to marry—careless and hard in his boyhood, fonder of wicked sport and idle mischief than his book or his bible. In youth, rash and hasty of purpose—then given to seek the companionship of those as careless as himself, he pursues his career up to his manhood. He drinks, perhaps he gambles—shall I finish the picture?"

"Go on."

"How does he end? He becomes a man of the world, hard and selfish."

"This last stroke of your pencil does not apply to Charles. He is neither hard nor selfish; as for being a man of the world, every man is one to a greater or lesser extent."

"Now let me paint his contrast, — the character of a man I would like to see my daughter marry. Studious in boyhood—discreet in youth—in manhood religious—imbued with piety—a good christian—an abhorrer of what is evil—I would have such an one for a son."

"In law!"

"Yes."

"Well, mamma, the picture is certainly an excellent one, but I think it would be difficult to find its living original; if such an one exists, he does not live in this neighbourhood."

"I think I know of such an one."

"Here?"

"Yes."

"Who is he pray?"

"You have seen him I think."

"Not I, but who—?"

"Dr. Bland."

So saying Mrs. Alton withdrew, and left Alice to her own reflections.

And what were these reflections?

Dr. Bland, he was no doubt a good young man; but then in these days, we do not take every one who appears to be good, for a saint.

A new light was dawning on the mind of Alice; she had never thought much of Dr. Bland before, but in spite of herself, since her mother had awakened the thought, she could not help comparing him with Charles Rivers, and involuntarily much to the disadvantage of the latter. Her thoughts she found were playing traitor to her regard for Charles, and though she tried to crush the idea in her breast, despite of all, thought would have its way. Dr. Bland was so good, and such a perfect gentleman: his conduct was so exemplary. He was a Sunday School Teacher. He was foremost in every charitable object. He prayed in the weekly prayer-meeting. He sometimes took the minister's place at the bedside of the dying man. And then his manners were so unassuming, and his voice so tender and kind. Dr. Bland was certainly a very good young man, so at least Alice's mother thought, and Alice was now much of the same opinion.

(To be continued.)

It occasionally happens that a sheet or more of a Stamp is printed in the wrong colour, and Stamps so impressed are generally of considerable rarity. Of these, the wood block Capes are perhaps the most valuable. The four-penny rose, Western Australian, of which only one sheet is said to have been printed; the blue Liberia six cents: and the 2 reales blue, of the 1855 Spanish series, are also very rare.—*S. C. Magazine.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. B. D., *Yarmouth, N. S.*—The paper you mention has, we understand, been discontinued. Cause: want of proper support.

J. S. P., *Albany, N. Y.*—You are right. The mistake occurred through the carelessness of the proof reader. The paper will be sent to your address for eight months.

R. S., *Baltimore, M. D.*—For *Doctrine* our printers made us say *Deceive* last month.

J. L. H., *Montreal.*—Thanks for enclosure, which is placed to your credit. See what you can do with the other. C. J. S.'s paper is mailed regularly from our office, and if it fails to reach its destination, the fault lies wholly with the postal authorities. C. B. S.'s address has been changed per request. S. L. T.'s paper has been sent. Will write you in a few days more explicitly.

R. J. S., *Buffalo.*—Send along your contribution, and if it suits us we will publish it.

Other correspondents will be attended to in our next.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR'S

Monthly Gazette.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JANUARY, 1867.

In order to make room for other matter our usual editorial is this month omitted.

We take pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the first instalment of the serial story entitled GOLD AND TINSEL which is given in this number of the *Gazette*. It is a deeply interesting and exciting one, and the information and pleasure derived from its perusal will well repay the reader. Written in the author's happiest manner, abounding in graphic incidents, and exciting events, it cannot fail to have many admirers. It is not, philatelically speaking, a *Stamp* story, and perhaps some of our subscribers may object to its being published in a paper devoted solely to timbrophily; but we have many, very many subscribers who are not Stamp collectors and have requested us to give for their benefit, once in awhile, a little reading of a more general character than heretofore. To satisfy them, we have engaged one of our best novelists whose productions have appeared in some of the most prominent American magazines and literary papers, to write expressly for us an original tale. We can say with perfect safety that Philatelists will be as much charmed with it as any one else.

MAPLE LEAVES. This is the title of a first-class monthly paper which appeared Jan. 1 1867. It has eight pages well filled with choice reading matter, and is published at the remarkably low price of 50 cts. per annum, by Geo. Blackie & Co., 746 Broadway, New York City.

We have just received the first number of the *Star of the East*, a neat four pagged paper published in Boston, Mass., at \$1.00 a

year, Besides stories, short articles and advertisements it contains a column devoted to stamps which will prove interesting to philatelists. This paper rises from the ashes of the defunct *S. C. Review* whose first number only appeared, and the subscribers thereto will receive the *Star* in lieu of the *Review*. We wish the new enterprise every success. Address F. H. King & Co., Box 2523, P. O. Boston, Mass.

The January number of the *Star Spangled Banner* issued by Hunter and Co., of Hinsdale N. H., is a capital one. It is enlarged from four to eight pages, is illustrated and the proprietors have secured the services of Josh Billings who will "put in" a "picce" once a month. Terms 50 cents a year.

MONEY ORDERS.—We learn that the amount of Money Orders drawn at the Post Office, St. John, was \$1880, during December 1866, corresponding period in 1865, \$1820.49. Amount paid in December, \$1655.16: same month in previous year, \$11301.01.

THE AUSTRALIAN STAMPS.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

The first issue of Stamps for this Colony took place on the 27th of December 1849 and consisted of three values 1d. red 2d. blue and 3d. green. This was the famous "View of Sydney" series, in which so many marked differences are noticed. They appear to have been printed from several plates and in this particular are unlike the Stamps of other countries, which emanate from one plate only. They are very rare, and unused varieties being nearly unattainable, the used ones, which are badly obliterated, are the only specimens left us to examine, which in our opinion is no easy task. In a sort of oblong erect frame, within a circle, upon which is SIGILLUM NOV. CAMB. AUSR., are several figures male and female; one is sitting down towards the left, and is supposed to represent Britannia, the others are convicts, just landed from the ship having two masts up to the right. On the left a church and some houses can be seen, and at the bottom of the engraving is SIC FORTIS ETRURIA CREVIT in two lines. POSTAGE at top value in words below, spandrils granulated. Some of the Stamps have clouds whilst others are devoid of them. The above description is of the 1d. Stamp; the 2d. and 3d. is much the same, except a slight variation occurs here and there. The following differences may be observed, at the top of the circle in the 2d. is a W; ship turned towards the left and has three masts and the colors are blue and violet; the 3d. is green.

4th issue 1851-1852. Laureated head of Queen Victoria to the left, POSTAGE in arched label at top, value below in words. Inscription NEW SOUTH WALES at top and sides on blue

and white paper. 1d. red, orange, carmine; 2d. blue, lilac; 3d. green; 6d. brown; 8d. yellow.

5th. REGISTRATION STAMP. Laureated head of Queen to the left in an oval border, NEW SOUTH WALES at top, REGISTERED at bottom. Colored impression on white paper, red and yellow, perforated and unperforated.

6th. 1852-1854. Profile of Queen, crowned, to the left in a circle, within a hexagonal frame, in a large square engine turned frame. Inscription NEW SOUTH WALES on scroll above value on scroll beneath, POSTAGE at top. Colored impression on white paper. 5d. green, 6d. olive, and purple brown.

7th. Similar Stamps but circle in octagonal frame. 8d. orange, one shilling rose, red, pale pink, red-brown; perforated and unperforated.

8th 1856. Head of Queen (crowned) to left in rectangular frame, POSTAGE in curve at top, value in words below, inscription NEW SOUTH WALES goes round the Stamp. Value in white letters 1d. red, orange, vermilion; 2d. blue.

9th. Va. in dark letters on white label 3d. green

10th. Bust of Queen, crowned, to left: flowers on circular disk, NEW SOUTH WALES at top in small old English letters, value below in large '5 shillings, violet' perforated and non-perforated.

11th. 1862. Head of Queen, crowned to the left in rectangular frame, NEW SOUTH WALES in scroll at top, value below, in words. Postage at left side, TWO PENCE at right, colored impression on white paper perforated; 2d. blue, light and dark.

12th. 1864. Profile of Queen (crowned) to left in an oval border, leaves in four corners, usual inscription at top, value below, colored impression on white paper, perforated 1d. red.

13th. 1864. NEWSPAPER STAMP. Imbossed profile of Queen, crowned, to left, within an oval, stars on four sides. POSTAGE ONE PENNY at top, NEW SOUTH WALES below, 1d. red.

Newly Issued Stamps.

We have to apologize to our readers this month for the non appearance of our usual illustrations: but really the fault is not our own it lies wholly with our engraver who somehow or other appears to have forgotten us. But perhaps we should not blame the *Gazette's* "Special Artist" too hastily; he may have forwarded our engravings at the usual time, and the bad state of the roads prevented their arriving as early as formerly. We would have delayed the publication of our paper until the cuts arrived, but desirous of being up to time we concluded to issue without them, asking the kind indulgence of our readers for so doing. We now prepare to make known to the timbrophilic world the newly issued Stamps which appeared last month.

SERBIA.—Five Stamps have been issued for Servia, 1 para green, 2p. brown, 10 p. yellow, 20p. rose, and 40p. blue, perforated and printed

in colour on white paper. Design, in the centre of a rectangular frame is a bust of his Highness Michael Obreuwitz Prince of Servia. Head to the left in a small circle in the centre, round the circle is a string of pearls over which at top is a band containing the inscription, the value is expressed in figures and words at bottom and a figure denoting the value is to be noticed in the four corners.

A correspondent writes as follows regarding these Stamps and appears to have good authority for speaking as he does. "The new SERVIA which the *Philatelist* calls imposters are most decidedly genuine."

MONTVIDEO.—A new Stamp for Montevideo has just been issued, 1 cent black.

PERU.—A valued European correspondent sends us these items, "the new Peru. (described in our last) are receipt Stamps only"—"the large figure Argentine so pulled up by Mr. Overy Taylor in the S. C. Magazine are reprints The Argentine Government are reprinting all the old issues and offering them in immense quantities, irrespective of facial value. A continental dealer has just been offered a large package for £200."

PORTUGAL.—A 5 reis black of the new issue has just received a place among its confreres.

CASHMERE.—The European Magazines are describing Stamps said to have been issued for this country. The last one is a sort of a square frame; in the centre are a number of hieroglyphics to explain the meaning of which would "puzzle a conjuror" considerably. The color is yellow. We will endeavour to obtain further information about these Stamps and the country which is supposed to produce them, and make our readers acquainted with the result of our search when completed.

TURKEY.—Has issued three or four more local Stamps.

DRESDEN EXPRESS CO.—A ½ neugroschen, yellow, rectangular is out.

VICTORIA.—The 10d. is now pink, colored impression on colored paper, perforated, same design as formerly.

In addition to the Bavaria *retourbriefe* for Munich and Bamberg, we have now received some for Nurnberg, and Augsburg. The type is the same as the Munich.

BELGIUM.—On the 1st Jany. we may expect a 2c. same design as the 1c. and 5c.

VIRGIN ISLANDS.—Soon we shall have a 1d. and 6d. for these Islands. The design represents a draped female figure holding in her right hand a lamp, in her left a branch. On her head a glory, name above, value in words at foot. 1d. green, 6d. carmine.

VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.—The 10c. blue is now not perforated.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE "GAZETTE.")

THE VOW.

A TALE OF LOVE—BLOOD—THUNDER—AND HAPPINESS.

BY STELLA MACKAY.

CHAPTER I.—THE HERO.

It was a balmy evening in December on the vine-clad slopes of New Brunswick. The sun had gone down in a sea of glory—taking a small portion of the insufferable heat with him so that people began to breathe again in the ancient city of Sanjax. The thermometer immediately sank to fever heat—and the fair ladies reclining under the balconies began to muster strength to fan themselves.

Trinity Church clock slowly tolled the hour of seven, as a young man might have been seen emerging from one of the palatial freestone dwellings in York Point. In sooth, he was a gallant youth, not more than 41 summers had passed over his head, and still he wore his hair in ringlets two feet long—owing to the magic influences of Mrs. Allen's Zylobalsamum. He was fully 5 feet in height and the ringlets aforesaid flowed down over his back, and were tied with a red ribbon. His eyes were a splendid green-grey—his mouth had a fine expression like a man used to eat mashed potatoes with his knife, also to keep a bright look out for destiny. He was clad in a thin summer suit befitting the season—on his head he wore a three cornered cocked hat and a white feather—and a massive sword was by his side—also across his back was lightly slung a sweet guitar. He goes to serenade his love.

CHAPTER II.—THE HEROINE.

A maiden reclined on a piazza, at the front of one of the proudest palaces on Drury Lane—I can't describe her to you adequately—she was an airy sylph of 39 winters and weighed 347 lbs—her eyes were a delightful yellow-green her hair was a beautiful red—her form was magnificent, there was such a lot of it, and her expression was as tender as that of a bear with the whooping cough. She also is airily clad in gossamer, and even then the heat is so oppressive that she can scarcely breathe. In short, though very tall, she was a child of nature—and her name was Jane. But why is she so restless why seemeth she the surroundings. She loves and she waits for her lover, the gallant youth alluded to in our last chapter—she sighs and murmurs "Oh, my sweet Alphonso why come you not to your lonely Jane—perhaps some other fair one, but no—he is young, yet I can trust him—but alas I fear me some of these maids more advanced in years than myself may have deluded him—I am so girlish and know so little of the world—but hist, I hear his guitar—he sings, "in sweetest melody, our favourite air from the opera of Norma."

"Ten thousand tom-cats
Came rushing o'er the woodshed
And I alone—unarmed!
I seized my trenchant tomahawk
Dyed with the blood of a thousand battle fields
But caught the seat of my pantaloons,
Getting over the garden fence,
And there I hung transfixed."

"The song is ended and he comes—I rush into his arms. Just as the lovely Jane was about to carry into effect her amiable intentions a dark form strode from the shrubbery and grasping Alphonso's arm, sternly said "rash man remember your vows!" Jane fainted—Alphonso fled—the dark form laughed an awful laugh and strode away whence it came.

CHAPTER III.—THE VOW.

Alphonso fled—heedlessly, and caring not whither—it still rung in his ears "your vow"—what did it mean? "Twas thus Jane's princely father was a stamp collector, and on his death bed bequeathed her his fortune of fifty millions of dollars and his splendid collection of fourteen stamps—and also he made her swear that she would never enter into connubial felicity until her lover could produce an undoubtedly genuine 40 c. Belgium, perforated, 13 by 15. Thus she swore not knowing the terrible undertaking she was working for the gorgeous Alphonso. Then Alphonso was called in and deposited to the same effect—and the Duke of Lily Lake joined the lovers' hands with these words "my children it will be years before the condition can be fulfilled, but I make the condition solely for that reason that you may grow older for you know you are too young to marry yet. Alphonso I give you this great armful of treasure and with her my fortune—but remember your vow. At these words the venerable Duke who had seen enough of the world, thought he might as well go, and he went. The scene so gloriously depicted in chapter two—was two months after his obsequies, and the vow was not fulfilled; alas poor short sighted man to place such an unpassable barrier between two loving hearts—live on young hearts all will yet be well.

CHAPTER IV.—THE PURSUIT.

Five years have passed since Alphonso fled—and the vow is not fulfilled—Alphonso looks older, and Mrs. Allen's Zylbalsamum ceases to invigorate his hair. He has been on a five years' chase after that 40c. Belgium 13 by 15, and he has got it. He has had a diplomatic correspondence, also personal conversations with the Count of Belgium, and learned that only one stamp of the kind wanted, was ever made and that one for an Englishman—he has hunted that Englishman till he fled from England—chased him to the Mauritius, thence to the Cape of Good Hope—thence all over the world till we find him close on his trail in the same month of the year in which our tale opens, and in the same place—the balmy month of December in the city of Sanjax amid the vine-clad

hills of New Brunswick—he goes to see the beautiful Jane—again is she reclining on the Piazza, again sounds the melody of that classic air—again she rushes frantically to his arms—and again they are parted; but not by the dark form mentioned before, but by the Englishman who is rushing madly to escape from Sanjax, having just heard his pursuer is in the city. Alphonso stretches forth his hand and clutches him as he flies—with a triumphant shriek he cries, "give me that 40c. Belgium perforated 13 by 15 or die—" and with these cruel words his massive broadsword flashed in the evening twilight!—It was an awful moment!"

CHAPTER V.—THE DUEL.

The Englishman looked at Alphonso and cried "wherefore have you the right to demand it—the King of Belgium made it for me and me alone—death sooner than dishonor, give me but the chance on a fair field and no favor and the one who lives shall own the stamp. "Agreed" cried Alphonso and drawing another massive broadsword from his waistcoat pocket he handed it to Sir Splithair, and the terrific battle began. After they had fought for 22 hours they began to grow a little exhausted, and rested awhile on their laurels, but when about to resume the fight, Jane who had lain in a dead faint awoke and rushed between the combatants exclaiming "I am the cause of all, kill me." It was an exciting point, but neither of them killed her—and Sir Splithair demands an explanation—it is given. A convulsive shudder passes over his manly frame, he reels, and clutches several posts of the piazza. Alphonso grimly smiles. There is an intermission of fifteen minutes allowed Sir Splithair to recover himself—at length he does so—he steps towards the pair and says in tragic tones, "young people I will no more part you, take the stamp and happiness—I give it up and with it I give my dearest hopes—but, alas! I am a childless man and have none to whom to transmit my treasure Take it and be happy, but when in after years groups of happy children play around you, bestow a thought upon the lonely grave of him who invented a 40c. Belgium perforated 13 by 15"—he concluded—they raised their eyes to thank him but the magnanimous Baronet was gone—They were married the next day, and lived happy ever afterwards—and it is said that on the anniversary of that balmy night in December in which our tale unfolds the spirit of the deceased Duke of Lily Lake may be seen crossing the piazza murmuring "The Vow is fulfilled."

THE END.

PRIZE ENIGMA.

I am composed of 96 letters.
My 95, 86, 53, 76, 16, 67, 43, 4, 89, 62, 74, 51,
85, 40, 87, 27, 91, 84, 24, 83, 63, 78, 82, 69,
90, 96, 38, 81, 48, 10, 33, 59, 75, 71, 80, 78
22, 31, are often collected by Philatelists.
" 18, 28, 60, 54, 1, 20, 83, 61, 8, 14, 77, 92,

- 57, 64, 65, 7, 40, 79, 66, 38, 88, 9, inscription on a Stamp.
- " 70, 36, 39, 41, 44, 68, 93, 23, 11, 45, 52, 76, 82, 49, 74, 21, 7, 86, inscription on a Stamp.
- " 96, 31, 22, 33, 38, 77, 10, 37, 63, 14, 16, 13, 43, inscription on a Postage Stamp.
- " 47, 58, 2, 25, 50, 56, 79, 66, 86, 40, 25, 68, 5, 70, 90, inscription on a Stamp.
- " 63, 96, 32, 7, 34, 22, 72, 49, 30, 15, 83, 89, 25, 88, 2, 14, 49, 16, 28, inscription on an essay.
- " 3, 66, 92, 58, 35, 46, 85, 14, 94, 37, 20, 40, 6, 88, 28, 70, 75, 19, 33, 29, 68, 35.
- Are well known to American Stamp Collectors.
- " 26, 55, 96, 10, 89, 40, 45, 17, 91, 93, 38, 74, 42, 72, 92, 12, 79, 7, 40, 86, 25, is an obsolete Stamp.

My whole are Stamp publications.

NETTIE V.

(Answer next issue).

Answer to enigma in last number. "The one shilling Standard Guide to Postage Stamp collecting by Messrs Bellars and Davies and Postage Stamp forgeries by J. M. Stourton."

The above enigma must have been very difficult to solve, and up to the present time of writing no answers have reached our office. We really cannot tell how it is, that our enigma solvers, who formerly so readily and promptly sent in their answers, have lately neglected to do so, unless it be that the enigmas now presented for solution are so *terribly hard*. We hope to see a better "turn out" in this respect than heretofore, this month.

We would direct the attention of our subscribers to the song entitled TRY TRY, AGAIN, and after a careful perusal of it, the enigma which at first sight appeared difficult to work out, will become comparatively easy and little if any difficulty will be experienced in its correct solution.

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MONTHLY GAZETTE,

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Box 67, P. O., St. John, N. B.