

“Young Natal”

The New Magazine for Young People.

Vol. 1.

MAY, 1902.

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“Advance Natalia.”



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Principal Contents.

SERIAL STORY. Opening Chapters.

“NATALIA’S HEROES,”
A tale of the Boer War.

“MY FIRST LION HUNT,” an
Interesting Short Story.

“PIET UYS,” an Africander Yarn.

“STAMP COLLECTING,” an
Essay on Philately.

“HOBBIES,” “STAMP NOTES,”

“THE CRUISE OF THE
PEPPER-BOX.”

ANECDOTES. PRIZE
OFFERS, etc., etc.

Complete List within.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Regrettable circumstances have combined to delay the production of the First number of "YOUNG NATAL" a week beyond the advertised date of publication, and in consequence the Publishers beg to notify intending competitors in the various Prize Competitions mentioned herein, that entries will be received up to noon on the 20th May.

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“Young Natal”

A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR
YOUNG COLONIALS.

VOLUME I.
MAY, 1902, TO APRIL, 1903.

BOX 105, NEWCASTLE, NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

NEWCASTLE :
S. W. LEAKE, PRINTER AND STATIONER, SCOTT STREET.

INTRODUCTORY.



UNION is Strength ; and if our Empire is to maintain its present power and greatness, its Colonies and Dependencies and their inhabitants must be united, both to each other and to the dear old Motherland ; and not only by mere business and commercial ties, but with closer bonds of personal friendship and esteem, and mutual good fellowship. With this end in view "YOUNG NATAL" is launched forth into the sea of literature—a small beginning, it is true, but one which, we trust, will not long be confined within its present bounds, but will with the cordial help of all our readers soon expand into a larger and more powerful organ, and which may during its period of existence—whether that be long or short—in some measure, however small, further its object—that of closer cementing the cordial ties which now exist between the young people of our great Colonies.

The long and terrible conflict which has for the last three years been raging around our doors, while disastrous in many ways, has served to strengthen the bonds which bind this country to the Motherland and to the other great Colonies of the Empire, and young South African's have had the opportunity of forming personal friendships with many representatives of our other Dominions. It would be well that these acquaintanceships should be kept up, and that others should be formed. Such friendships, no matter on what subject they are formed, can be productive of little else but good, as they lead to mutual respect, and convey to our minds a clearer understanding regarding the other great units of the Empire.

Since this magazine was first spoken of the publishers have received many encouraging letters from men of mark and others, and much kind assistance has been promised, so that we are confident our Magazine will be a success. It now rests with our readers to make it such. On another page we give our proposed future plan of action in greater detail, and from time to time will introduce new ideas and fresh items of interest.

We deeply regret that unforeseen and unavoidable circumstances, arising at the last moment, have in a great measure detracted from the appearance of our initial number, but will make up fully in succeeding issues for anything which may be lacking in this.

We again ask every reader, in whatever part of the Empire you may be situated, to give us your assistance, and you may rest assured that we will endeavour to show our gratitude by placing our best at your disposal.

“Young Natal.”



Published about the 1st of every month.
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 Natal.

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 advertisement in succeeding issues. We
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 Colonies, the United States, on the Con-
 tinent and throughout South Africa. Copy
 should be sent in by the 18th of each month,
 to ensure publication.

In remitting please use cheque (including
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 Address all letters to the EDITOR, “*Young
 Natal*,” Box 105, Newcastle, Natal.

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Sales Agents for this Journal Wanted in
 every Town and in Schools.

Writers are invited to communicate with
 the Editor, enclosing M.S.S., which will
 be liberally paid for. Short Stories, Anec-
 dotes, Photos, &c., wanted.

PIET UYS.

AN AFRICANDER YARN.

Come, pledge me a toast, and pledge me deep !
 'Tis the best of all toasts, I trow !
 It makes the life in our pulses leap !
 The fire in our bosoms to glow ! [three !
 The toast of all toasts, with a three times
 To the toast when we drink 'To Bravery.'

Then listen to a tale of 'derring do ;'
 A stirring tale of Africander pluck ;
 Our hist'ries say the incident is true ;
 A knightly blow and by a stripling struck !

The name of *Cœur de Lion* suits him best,
 I know you'll say with me, ere I am done ;
 Let's dub him knight—a lion for his crest,
 And proudly think—'our country calls him
son.'

It happened many, many years ago,
 When farmers ploughed with muskets by
 their side ;
 For every mealie patch might screen a foe,
 And every bush a kaffir warrior hide.

The silky streamers of the wind-stirred corn
 Full often kissed the nodding ostrich plume
 Of crouching chief, which, in the whitening
 dawn,
 Looked like some feathery spray of ocean
 spume.

Those were the days when kopje, veldt,
 and kloof,
 Would oftimes ring with clash of angry
 steel,
 And savage cries, and clang of thundering
 hoof,
 And dropping shots, and tramp of armed
 heel.

Then Zulu *Impis* made their murderous raid,
 And spears drank blood, nor seemed to
 quench their thirst,
 White smoking farms and redly dripping
 blades.
 Proclaimed a Kaffir War—a land accurst

'Twas then we read, the sturdy Pioneer
 Went armed to herd his cattle and his sheep ;
 And never laid him down without a fear
 Lest death, perchance, might find him in
 his sleep.

Then, lads were taught from infancy to ride,
 And girls to handle powder, flask and ball ;
 Could drop a bounding spring-bok in his
 stride,
 Nor feared a living creature, great or small !

To these stern times my story doth belong ;
 A noble lad's supreme self-sacrifice !
 A glorious theme to celebrate in song :
 A jewel in our records without price !

* * * *

Dissatisfied with vacillating laws
 Which followed on the War of 'Thirty-five,
 The Boers held Council, making common
 cause,
 Some plan of future action to contrive.

So, in the end, they made a Northward
trek.

An armed host, preceded by their scouts,
 Along the Drakensberg, without a check,
 Until Umzeligaas their vanguard routs !

This fierce Induna, fleeing from his lord,
 A Matabele kingdom sought and found ;
 And well he knew the length of T'Chaka's
 sword.
 So travelled far in search of neutral ground.

Checked in the front, the Boers crossed the
range,
Their envoys sent to T'Chaka, seeking peace;
Saying—"As exiles in a region strange
We pray, great King, our wanderings here
may cease.

Fierce T'Chaka listened with a traitor's ear
And smiling face, although his heart was
black,
Bidding the stranger settle without fear—
Yet gave his warriors order for attack.

Slain treacherously ere they could return,
Their waiting comrades followed up their
spoor
And swore an oath to ravage, slay and burn,
And write in blood—the vengeance of the
Boer.

* * * *

The Impi is scattered; its crescent is broken;
It's fierce Indunas are stricken with dread!
The die has been cast, and the war-God has
spoken,
And T'Chaka sits mourning the list of his
dead.

Tho' victors, beware! for your strength is
divided!
The wild boar may, desperate, turn him at
bay!
And the wolf, tho' it flee from the hunter,
derided,
May yet, in its death throes, find power to
slay.

Pursuit has been wild, the pursuers are
scattered,
Some few are indeed, now, so far in advance,
The Impi, tho' fleeing, and broken, and
shattered,
Reforms—and the Boers are in perilous
chance.

They cast to the ground every weight that
encumbers,
What chance has a score, if a hundred they
fight?
E'en Valour is powerless indeed against
numbers,
Th' avengers in turn must seek safety in
flight?

"Fly! fly!" cries their leader, his red
weapon swinging,
Hemmed in, yet he orders his comrades to
ride!
The thundering hoofs, sand and pebbles up-
flinging
Rush madly away, like a fierce swirling tide.

One turns in his saddle; looks back for a
second;
Then breaks from the band, with a wild
ringing shout;
And, charging alone against odds never
reckoned,
He cleaves a red path thro' the mêlée and
rout!

For God and my Father! his war-cry comes
pealing
Again, and again, as his weapon drives home;
For he sees the dear form in extremity
kneeling
'Midst wild, tossing plumes, like the ocean's
wild foam.

Sofather and son, in their death re-united,
Then, blazoned on Africa's 'scutcheon
their name;
Thus filial love fond affection requited,
And gave to Piet Uys Valour's chaplet of
fame.

* * * *

'Twas fifty years ago, and yet we thrill
When reading of this brave and doughty
deed!
Please God, its spirit lives amongst us still,
To serve our country at our country's need.

For Africa, to-day, breeds just such sons;
'Twas writ by dread Shangani's swollen
flood,
By reeking swords, 'midst rattle of the guns,
"Thus, prove thy children worthy of their
blood."

LYNN LYSTER

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

RULES FOR OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

—o—

1. Write on one side of the paper only.
2. Entries always close on the 12th of the month.
3. Original matter always preferred.
4. Enclose Stamps for return if not accepted.
5. Give full Name and Address.
6. Send to "THE EDITOR," *Young Natal*, Box 105, Newcastle, Natal.

A PRIZE FOR YOU IF YOU CHOOSE

To step in before the other fellow collars it.

—o—

A Handsome Volume (state whether one by either of the undermentioned authors will be suitable) will be given every month to the boy or girl who sends in the Best Original Anecdote on any subject. True stories preferred. Open to all. Contributions should be of under 500 words, clearly written (or type written) on one side of the paper only. Send full name and address. Any contribution not securing the prize, but used by us, will receive a fine volume as a Consolation Prize. Entries close on the 12th of the month. Prizes are by the following well known Authors:—G. A. Henty, Geo. Manville Fenn, Gordon Stables, Guy Boothby, Marie Corelli, T. B. Reed, Rudyard Kipling, Mrs. Henry Wood, and others.

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SENTENCE BUILDING.

CAN YOU form a sentence from the letters forming the words 'Young Natal.'? The order of the initials must be adhered to, but any subject may be chosen. In awarding the prize due attention will be given to cleverness displayed in the formation. The prizes will be handsome volumes for (a) competitors over 16 years of age; (b) aged 16 and under.

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—o:—

ONE YEAR'S free subscription is given monthly for the best Humorous Anecdote sent in. The same prize will be given for the best Riddle sent us monthly. Must be new and original. Any contributions used by us (other than prize winners) will be paid for with one 15-word free advertisement in our Stamp or Peoples' columns.

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PLEASE REMEMBER that we circulate everywhere. Send in an Advertisement. See our moderate rates.

NOTICE our Prize offers on another page. Why not enter for a competition? You don't know what you are capable of until you give yourself a fair trial.

STORIES.

—:0:—

LITERATURE! Can you write a story? Half-a-guinea is offered every month for the best Original Story sent us. Boys and Girls, old and young, all may try. Second prize: A Handsome Volume. All contributions should be over 1,000 words in length, but not too long. Send in by the 12th of the month.

CITY JOTTINGS.

(From our own Correspondent).

—:0:—

THE news of the death of the Right Hon. C. J. Rhodes, P.C., was keenly felt in the City, and throughout the Colony.

It is expected that by his death the share market will be seriously affected, although up to the present no serious effects have been felt.

No flags at half-mast were to be seen flying from the Colonial Office and Assembly Buildings on the morning the news of the the great Statesman's death was received. Why?

It was very unfortunate that the Chief Justice was unable to proceed to the Cape, to attend the funeral, as arranged.

Has Natal done her share in honouring the memory of the greatest of South African politicians? We think the authorities *might* have made some greater efforts in the matter.

* * *

As usual, most of the trains to Durban at

TO SPORTSMEN.

—:0:—

INTERESTING records and experiences are invited. Secretaries of clubs please send in results of important events. We cannot chronicle unimportant or not generally interesting matters, but others are welcomed. Advertisements solicited from all Clubs. Curious sporting incidents asked for.

IN our competitions it is of course expected, though not insisted on, that all competitors shall be regular subscribers to "Young Natal."

Eastertide were not only over-crowded, but seemingly unjustifiable delays took place before starting and during the journeys.

Why this should be more so on holidays than is usual, one is at a loss to understand.

* * *

MOST of the Maritzburg streets are still lying under a heavy coating of dust, and holes innumerable abound, much to the discomfort of every one.

A few more pounds sterling spent on macadamizing the streets, instead of purchasing Race Courses, Grand Organs, etc., would be more appreciated by the Ratepayers Query! Can any one say when the Electric Trams, so long talked of, are to make their debut?

Something of this sort is badly needed, now that residential sites have been, and are being sold.

A few more visits to Durban, the "Model Borough," by our worthy Councillors, would bring new tastes to this City; otherwise we shall still be insipient.

NATALIA'S HEROES.

A STORY of the BOER WAR

by

W. J. E. BAXTER.



CHAPTER I.

MAINLY INTRODUCTORY.

It was unmistakably hot in that office down at the Point, in Durban. Not by the greatest stretch of human imagination could the weather be called comfortable. It was blistering, frizzling, and most horribly conducive to perspiration.

So also thought Frederick Barton, Esq., as he sat on a high stool in the office of Messrs. John Smith & Co., in that busiest of Natal centres, poring over the intricacies of a ledger that would not by any amount of coaxing be brought to balance. Not that Master Frederick was a backward youth—just the reverse. At Hilton College, which he had left some twelve months before, when nineteen years of age, he had been reckoned not only the best man the College had for Cricket, Football, Tennis, and such

like, but he had managed to walk off with most of the first-class certificates besides. He was a smart lad, and a general favourite with all his acquaintances, of both sexes.

But who could balance musty old ledgers when the newspaper boy was shouting "Special" under his very nose, and the town of Durban was in a perfect whirl of excitement over the latest news—that the enemy were massing on the border, and that there was no hope of a peaceful settlement of the disputes between the Transvaal and the British?

Besides, only yesterday he had cheered his chums Faulkner and Bishop off to the front with the Durban Light Infantry, a local volunteer corps, amid great enthusiasm; and, what was more, he himself was about to join an Irregular Corps now being prepared for service. Under these conditions it would, I think, have been a very exacting

master who would expect a clerk to work as well as usual—and certainly Mr. Smith was not one of those. Having himself gone through the Zulu and Boer Wars in the early years of the Colony, he could thoroughly sympathize with the volunteer movement, and as he had lived for many years in the Transvaal, he knew that there was grave cause for War, even had the Republican forces not been massed on the Borders, in defiance of the Convention. He was one of the leading men in the Colonial Parliament and thoroughly understood the political situation. Like many other members he had long ere this noted the unprepared state of the Colony for defence in case of an attack, and now that the time seemed at hand when their predictions of a war seemed about to be verified, he and his friends were foremost in assisting the Volunteers and the Colony's garrison in their preparations for the struggle. His son, a young fellow of about the same age as Barton, and his particular chum, was to join the same corps as his friend, and he himself would have done the same had it not been for advancing years and business cares.

He made up his mind that he would be doing enough if he worked at the base of operations, and let his son and his clerk do the actual fighting. You may be sure the lads were very grateful to him for his sanction, as they had not only had some experience of the Boers' ways, but were also excessively indignant at the manner in which the British had been treated, and longed to avenge the insults which had been showered upon us. And indeed it was enough to make one's blood boil, to see the great train-loads of terrified refugees who poured out of the Republics. To see those poor creatures, packed like sardines in the trains, fleeing from the Boers, leaving their all behind them and not knowing what has to

become of them afterwards, in fact impervious to all but the fact that they at last were "on British soil, thank God," and to watch their pale, drawn faces as they landed at the stations, starving, and often injured from hurts received at the hands of the Boer officials, was a sight never to be forgotten. And to think that all this misery was caused by the hypocritical villains at Pretoria, who denounced those poor creatures as thieves and intruders, lauding themselves as the chosen people! It was too awful to think of, but still there were a great number of Britishers at Home, many of whom should have known better, that believed implicitly in the "God-fearing" Boer, and cursed the "Money grabbing, blood thirsty Uitlander," who was, after all, their own brother. They have found their error ere now, many of them to their cost.

But I think that the Prologue has now been spun out long enough, so we will return to our hero.

All things must have an end, and at last Fred managed to balance his books, when he was free for the rest of the day. He put on his hat and coat, and bidding his fellow clerks good afternoon, went out. At the door he almost fell over his friend Alec Smith, who was sitting on the doorstep waiting for him to come out.

"Steady there, old man. Your Number Nines" were'nt made for tickling my ribs with. By Jove, you've been a time! What have you been up to all the afternoon? I've been waiting here for an hour, more or less."

"Less, old fellow; don't exaggerate. But I'm awfully sorry, I didn't get my books to—come out square, and—well—in fact I completely forgot about you."

"Complimentary, aren't you?"

"Oh, I didn't quite mean that, I—"

"Get out, say what you mean, and mean

what you say. The fact is you were asleep, now weren't you?"

"No, I was'nt."

"Oh, what a cracker! Although you can be excused in this sort, of weather. But now, whither bound? What shall we do with ourselves?"

"Well, I've got to go home and get cleaned up a bit before we can go anywhere," said Fred.

"You'll do nothing of the sort, my dear young chicken. Come over to the Bluff for a farewell visit. You won't meet any of your high and mighty friends that you need be in your "Sunday-go-to-Meeting's" for. Come on, let us have a decent old sail across the Bay."

"All right, but—"

"I say, Freddie, my lad, what's the matter with you? When we're in khaki next week you won't be so particular. No more objections, if you please."

"Oh, you tyrant! I'll give in to you then."

From which the reader will judge that Barton was like most young fellows of his age, a little vain of his personal appearance, and Smith was the reverse, a careless, happy-go-lucky, good-natured lad, brimming over with good spirits.

"By the way," asked Fred, as they started off along the street, "Have you heard anything of our Corps?"

"Yes, I'm going up to Maritzburg on Tuesday."

"That's good. So am I. We can travel together."

"You bet. We'll have a good old time together."

"Did you hear that the first lot of troops from India are expected to-day? High time too, unless we are to be caught in a trap."

"Yes, we are awfully weak. I wonder how many the Boers will muster? About ten to one I should say, at present. But the Indian troops will change the numbers a little."

"Yes, but all the same it will be long odds."

"Who cares. Let 'em all come! I say—you're coming round to tea with us to-night? We can have a farewell sing-song afterwards. Some others are coming, and you'll come too, won't you?"

"Thanks, I don't mind if I do."

"I thought you would," said Alec, "so that's settled. By Jove," he ran on, "they're piling up the stores here. I fancy "King" Hunter will have a nice little job before him, taking this stuff and the troops up to the front on this little one-horse railway of his."

"Oh, he'll have a good try at it, I should think, though as you say it's likely to prove pretty difficult."

"Rather! Well, here we are again, jump into this boat here; and now, Sambo, old man, let's see how fast the 'Pretty Polly' can cross the Bay."

"Oh it won't take one minute, sah," answered the negro, with a grin as he pulled up the sail, "get out ob de way, you lubbahs," and let the 'Pretty Polly' out. Heah! you steam tug man, what for vo' in de way? Ah! deah now, sahs, we'll see her fly. And in a second the little ferry boat was making her way from under the wharves, and breasting the rippling waters of the Bay.

* * * *

"I say Fred, old boy, see that fellow in the ferry-boat over there? Seems a bit 'on,' eh?"

"Looks pretty 'squiffy.' What do you think, Sambo, my lump of black chocolate?"

"Oh, dat be new man dat buyed old Jim Crow's boat when Jim win de sweep prize. He no good. Black inergant (ignorant?) niggah, all time beastly drunk. 'Pinion he upset boat *kona manji*; wow! look dere. Nearly ovah."

"By Jove, yes, that was a close shave. We'd better stand over that way a bit in case something happens."

"Got anyone on board?"

"I think I can see someone."

Meanwhile the ferry-boat of which they were speaking was behaving in a very unseamanlike manner. The Bay was not rough, but a light boat with a large spread of sail can be easily upset, and in this case it seemed as if the person in charge was in that condition when a sudden dip into the briny might have improved his powers of management. In fact our heroes' terms described his condition pretty accurately. It was just as well then for them to have their boat close by in case of trouble.

Presently a slight gust of wind came along and Sambo had to devote his attention to the "Pretty Polly" for the time being. On again looking at the other craft they were surprised to find that she was still afloat, the only damage that she had sustained having been to lose her flag, a gaudy representation

of the Union Jack, which had been blown down.

"By Jove, that's a bad omen at present, don't you think, Alec?" said Fred laughing.

"Hang omens! I'm not superstitious. It's going to be a bad omen for that boat there though. Oh! the fool, the bally—I'll be blessed if he isn't going to try to stick it up again. Yes, there he's going to climb the mast! Stand in as hard as you like, Sambo, my boy!"

Another second and it had happened! The weight of the man climbing the mast had overbalanced the boat and she was over.

"Hurry, for goodness sake, Sambo," shouted Alec. "She's over, and they're both in the water! Let her go for all she's worth."

"Be dere in a second, sah," answered the black, as the "Pretty Polly" flew on at her best speed to the scene of the disaster.

(To be continued.)

STAMP COLLECTING.

To the world at large the stamp collector is an afflicted unfortunate whose friends ought to apply to the courts for a commission to decide on his sanity, especially when he goes running after Brattleboros or early Guianas, at fancy prices

It understands how children could amuse themselves with collecting, but when it sees intelligent men and women devoted to the same pursuit it regards them with a sort of indulgent pity, and politely hides a smile when it hears them call themselves "Philatelists."

Every collector has to face this, and most are wont to be apologetic about their fad—they are collecting for their children present

or prospective—and generally turn red whenever the subject is mentioned.

At first blush it does seem idiotic, and one can't blame the world very severely for looking with amused curiosity at people of culture and intelligence getting wildly enthusiastic over a lot of battered old stamps, that have absolutely no intrinsic value whatever.

But despite the fact that there is very little defence to be made for it from a practical utilitarian standpoint, the army gathered under the banner of Philately counts its thousands in every land, of every age and every rank.

In it, as in all other lines of collecting,

there is an explicable charm that only increases the longer one is under its spell. To the true Philatelist there is in collecting a fascination that never lessens. The commercial collector, who is in it for revenue only, loses his interest when the market breaks—but to the genuine devotee this is but a secondary matter. To him his album is above price, growing only the dearer as the years fly by.

As he turns its pages over they are full of an absorbing interest. Year after year he slowly fills them in, adding now this and now that rarity—each with its own peculiar history, and each with its own unique story. Every page is vocal to him, and he never tires listening to its voices. In this lies the secret of his album's charm.

Were he simply to send an order to his agent to purchase for him a complete collection of any country, and then draw his cheque for the cost, what would he care for it, or how long?

It is the picking them up one by one at bargain prices that makes them of interest to him and that fills him with satisfaction. How he cherishes his finds in some old secretary—in some remote country post-office—or in some musty old warehouse! The stamp he buys at some great sale at full market price is not in it for a moment with that treasure-trove from the old hair trunk covered with dust in a neglected garret that had been overlooked for a quarter of a century. As it smiles up at him from its place of honour in his album, he lives over again the thrilling hour of its discovery. How it delights his eye, and how he enjoys telling the story of its finding to some sympathetic fellow collector.

Here is a stamp that for years eluded his grasp. True, he could have gone into the market and purchased it, but that would have robbed it of half its charm. And the satisfaction that was his when at last he

secured it in a despised old album, that had been contemptuously kicked about in some second-hand junk shop, repaid him for all his years of waiting.

The old Bric-a-brac Collector in Balzac's charming novel "Mon Cousin Pons" beautifully illustrates this spirit. And every Philatelist must surely appreciate his feelings as he hastens homeward with some priceless curio under his arm, picked up for a song, or as he bends lovingly over his cabinets of quaint antiques, to find a place for his new treasure.

Philately however has well nigh passed the limit when the collector can hope for many fortunate "strikes." Obsolete stamps are now largely a fixed quantity, while every month adds to the army of collectors. The supply remains the same—the demand constantly increases. Hence it grows more and more difficult to pick them up—especially the rarer ones—as more and more of them are absorbed in collections. And hence comes it too, that on the pages of most albums are many vacant spaces—spaces that often for years are an aggravation to the collector's soul.

And yet it is upon just these vacancies that depends the permanence of his love for Philately—for, were they all filled in, his interest in it would be gone for ever.

Oft-times we wonder why some great collection goes to the auction block. As a rule it is because the collector has reached the point where further additions to it are impossible, and when he gets there all interest in it vanishes save from a commercial standpoint.

Therefore let the collector be thankful for the empty spaces in his album—for to them he owes more than he realizes. And yet how they do disturb his peace of mind, especially when only one or two remain upon a page of his book. How eager he is to fill them, and how great his disappoint-

ment when after all his efforts he fails to secure the missing treasures. And on the other hand with what pride and pleasure does he put in the long sought prize, when at last Fortune smiles upon his quest, and with what satisfaction does he gaze upon the completed page, without a vacancy to mar its symmetrical beauty.

And now, in conclusion, a word to the world that is so severe in its criticism against this amusement of ours. It, like us, is always ready to pay for its enjoyments; and to pay any price. But there is this difference between us. The world to enjoy its pie has to eat it, and that's the end of the pie. The collector enjoys the acquiring of his pie equally well—gets just as much en-

joyment out of it—and then has the pie left. And strange to say the longer he keeps it the more it is worth. A notable collection has just been sold for three times its cost. In other words after years of enjoyment in building it up it gives the collector two hundred per cent. profit plus his original pie as a reward for having a good time.

Can our critics make a better showing? Admitting that there is no practical utility in collecting—that it is only an amusement, and a somewhat expensive one in these days—even from a practical business standpoint is there not much to be said in its favour?

GEO. W. LOOMIS.

(In the International Philatelic "Review.")

When the King was a small boy, he was rather inclined to be mischievous, and used to play pranks on all and sundry. Once he had a fight with a boy on Osborne beach, and received a black eye. It is said that some workmen who were employed at that time at Osborne showed him very little sympathy, as he had played tricks with their lime and mortar so often.—"*Chams.*"

Suffering and knowledge lie very near each other, says a philosopher, and the man who used to get caned about three times a week when he was a boy at school will corroborate this statement.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN received a letter some little time back from an English schoolboy in Germany, who told him what people were saying over there about the Boer war. The Colonial Secretary wrote a letter back, in which he congratulated the boy on standing up for his country in a foreign land.

THE COQUETTE.

Fair Bessie waved her fan with glee,
And being in a playful mood,
She gave the airy toy to me,
And bade me flirt it if I could.

The pleasing task I quick began,
But jealous pangs my heart-strings hurt.
"My dear, I cannot flirt a fan,
But with your leave I'll fan a flirt."

"SMART SET."

DO YOU KNOW P

Where Adam was going when he was in his
Thirty-ninth year?

What it is that makes everyone sick but those
who swallow it?

How many sticks go to the building of a
crow's nest?

When does rain seem inclined to be studious?

MY FIRST LION HUNT.

BY "ZULU."

"BAAS," in a whisper from my Zulu boy.

I was fast in the land of dreams, and the soft syllable only served to soothe me further, as I enjoyed to the full my night's repose after a hard day on the 'trek.'

"Baas," again and in a slightly louder tone, accompanied with a tug at my shirt sleeve, which aroused me.

"Well, Clemboy, what's the row?" I enquired, lazily turning in my bunk and drawing aside the flap of my hunting wagon, to see the face of my native servant peering in.

"Come, baas, lions close by," whispered the boy.

"Lions! by Jove," ejaculated I, fully awakened by the information. "right you are, Clemboy, I'll be there in half a shake."

Well within that period of time I was standing outside my wagon, fully equipped for the fray—my double-barrelled express loaded and ready in my hand, while a dozen extra cartridges lay in my pockets.

A silvery light was shed upon all around by the brilliant South African moon, now at its height, and the wagon stood out distinctly in the pale effulgence—a dark blot on the moonlit veldt. A hundred yards or more to the right lay a dense forest—thickly studded with great trees of many year's growth, and intertwined with tropical vegetation. The forest stretched back for about a mile, and then continued in a gradual slope up the side of a noble mountain, which formed a fitting background to the scene. On every other side the boundless veldt extended as far as eye could reach. Away up in the mountains could be heard the musical tinkle of falling water, as the little stream near which I had outspanned

for the night fell over a rocky drop of hundreds of feet, before continuing its placid course through the forest and over the dry and burnt-up veldt.

For a moment I stood, struck with the beauty of the scene, which I had not been able to take in in its perfection on the previous evening—tired and worried with the long day's travel and hardship.

But only for a moment. The next—the sportsman's instincts had risen strong within me, banishing all other thoughts, and I was eagerly questioning the native with regard to the lion he had reported.

"Big lion, down by water, baas," he stated, "I hear him just now. He go drink."

"How far away, Clemboy?" I asked.

"Not far. P'raps half mile," he answered.

"By Jove! Pretty close, and we'll have to look spry about getting away after him, or he may take it into his head to come after us. Come on and let's—"

"Hark! What was that?"

Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!

"What a terrible sound! What on earth could produce such an unearthly noise?"

"Lion, baas. Come this way," said the boy.

"Good Heavens, was that the lion?" I exclaimed. "well, I've read about him, and heard a lot about him, but I never thought it was as bad as that. I hope his bark's worse than his bite, if you know what that means Clemboy. However, we'll—but, by Jove, just look at the poor cattle."

"Yah baas. Much fright"

And indeed the oxen which composed our team were in a state of extreme terror. Standing up, straining at their yokes, with

trembling limbs and starting eyes, it seemed every moment as though they would break loose and flee in headlong terror to Heaven knew where.

The Zulu boy was equal to the emergency, however, and soon routed out the driver and forelooper, who were fast asleep under the wagon, unheeding of the noise around them, and unmindful of their charge.

They emerged from their sleeping place, lazily grunting and grumbling, and began to secure the fastenings of the oxen.

Whoo! Whoo!

Again that awful roar. Again that restless commotion amongst the cattle, despite the efforts of the now thoroughly awakened natives to calm their agitation.

"Here, Clemboy," I shouted, "it's time we silenced that brute. He'll be having the cattle bolting all over the place in a few seconds. He seems to be coming this way, and he's getting close."

"Yah, baas, lion come close. Oxen smell 'im. He come quick."

"Indeed. Well, we'd better be quick too, and knock him over; and thus put a stopper on his pleasant little intentions, for I expect he's smelt the cattle, and is coming after them," said I, attempting to put on a bold front before the Zulu, although in reality, now it came to the point, I was a little chary about a meeting with friend Leo.

I had not yet killed my first lion, and in fact had not fallen in with one so far, although I had been living the life of a Nimrod for the past month and longer.

The native had more experience than I. He showed small signs of excitement, and acted like an old hand at the dangerous game. He had been out on several like excursions before, and prided himself on having been able to give me several "tips" during our little sporting trip.

"Here, baas," he now advised, "Now lion come here, I tink you better stand by

wagon. Got plenty moon, and you'll see 'im 'fore he get close by oxen. Stand here behind wagon; lion come—you schiet him dood."

"Right you are Clemboy, my lad. I'll do my best to 'schiet him dood.' To tell the truth, I don't altogether fancy going into the dark forest after the brute. We'll do much better out here, seeing that he's coming this way, and we'll have plenty of light to work in. He can't be far off now, to judge by the sound. His roars seem quite close now."

"He nearly here. Not far 'way. Be ready," and Clemboy left me, and, taking his beloved gun with him—the black was exceedingly proud of being entrusted with a rifle, despite the fact that he could not have hit a barn door at fifty paces—he proceeded to help the other natives, who were having hard work with the oxen, whose panic increased as the lion drew nearer.

"Foolish beast a lion," thought I, "to roar like that, and let everyone know he's coming. Better to sneak close up first."

I made my way to the shady side of the wagon, where I would have a good view of the whole side of the forest, and where I would be sure of a good steady shot at His Majesty, as soon as he put in an appearance.

He was not long in so doing.

A few moments later, my eye caught a glimpse of yellow on the border of the jungle. At the same moment I heard a low, warning "hist" from the native, and sank at once into a reclining posture, bringing my rifle up at the same time.

I kept my gaze riveted on that little spot of yellow, which appeared to slowly grow larger in the bright moonlight. Out he came—the king of the forest—slowly and stealthily, keeping his shining eyes fixed on the oxen.

Closer and closer he crept. Now he left the shade of the belt of trees and came out

into the open. Suspiciously glancing from side to side, his tail lashing, on he came.

There was a little tuft of grass—a little mound—about half way between the forest and the wagon. I made up my mind to fire as soon as he reached this spot, and carefully took aim.

Closer and closer the great brute came.

Now he was almost at the hillock. Then suddenly, down he dropped—crouching low to the earth.

“Schiet!” hissed a voice near by.

I pulled the trigger, just as the lion's huge body came hurtling through the air, in the direction of the oxen.

Like a flash I fired the other barrel, at the descending body. There was a distinct dull thud, as the heavy bullet struck its mark.

“Dood,” shouted Clemboy, a moment later, coming out from his hiding place, and advancing to where the lion had fallen, within a yard of the nearest ox.

I excitedly sprang up, leaving my rifle on the ground, and ran towards the inanimate body.

I was within a few feet of the carcase, when there was a great rush of wind, something flashed close past my head, and I was swept to the ground.

I heard a loud bang, a short distance away, and as soon as I could move, ran back for my rifle.

Hastily shoving in a cartridge, I ran up to where an astounding sight met my eyes.

Lying half over the body of one of the oxen was a full grown lioness, while a yard or two away lay Clemboy senseless, his rifle in his hand, the barrel burst!

As I approached, the lioness gave a low growl, but appeared unable to move. No wonder! She was shot right up the spine, and a bullet from my gun soon put her out of her misery.

I at once turned my attention to Clem-

boy. One of the other natives brought up a basin of water, which I dashed in his face, with the result that he soon came too. He looked about him in a dazed way for a moment, then caught sight of the lioness, and a faint smile came over his face.

“My lion, baas. I schiet.”

“You did, my lad,” I returned, “but how did it all happen? Where did that brute come from?”

“Ah, baas. You nearly dood! You come see dood lion, I see noder lion jomp—wow, big jomp! Come close by you, I tink you dood. I schiet. Gun go bang, look here!”

And sure enough, it was look here!

The barrel of the rifle, a useless old gun, had burst when fired. By a lucky coincidence the bullet had not gone to the mark aimed at, or it would more probably have reached me than the lioness, but had struck the animal in the spine, instantly incapacitating it from any further mischief. The explosion and the recoil however, had knocked the poor Zulu boy almost senseless, and severely injured his hand.

He thought little of that however. All he cared for was that he had shot his lion.

“Baas schiet lion,” he said, with a grin, “Clemboy schiet too.”

“Yes you did, Clemboy, old man,” I responded, and I verily believe that you saved my life in doing so. I'll have to make up to you for that wounded hand of yours. What would you say to one of my guns? Would you care for the little single barreled one with the light yellow stock? Would that one please you?”

“Ow, inkoos!” was his only response. Then, as an afterthought, “And we go and schiet more lion? Baas schiet lion, Clemboy schiet too!”

And we did.

THE PHANTOM OF SHEBA DONGA.

BY SYLVIA E. MACKENZIE.

THERE is, I believe, a certain amount of superstition ingrained in our natures, which even this age of logic and scepticism has failed to thoroughly eradicate.

For myself, I certainly believed that I was utterly free from all superstitious fears, until an event happened which opened my eyes to the fact that in this respect, as in many others, I was as weak as other men. It is several years ago now, ten or twelve perhaps, that we, my brother, sister, mother and myself, went to live in a farm house five miles or so from Pietermaritzburg.

Now this place had an evil reputation, and it, and also a neighbouring farm, had remained unoccupied for some little time. The other farm house was nearly two miles distant, and mid-way between the two properties, separating them, lay a deep donga or kloof.

It was said that the last owner of "Sheba," as our place was called, was a miserly old Jew, who possessed, besides his gold, a very pretty daughter, of whom he was, in his way, very proud.

His neighbour lived with his wife and son, as I have said, within two miles of him. As is the usual way, in stories at all events, the young Englishman fell in love with his neighbour's lovely daughter, and the Jewess returned his affection with all the passionate devotion characteristic of her race. Often and often had Ruth heard her father say that he would see her dead rather than that she should wed one of the enemies of her race and faith; and well she knew that no intercourse between herself and the Englishman would be tolerated for a moment by her father. They therefore

met secretly in the "Donga," whenever it was possible.

At last all arrangements had been made for Ruth's flight. She was to meet her lover in the usual place, be married in Maritzburg—then little more than a small village—proceed straight to Durban, and thence by the first boat to England.

Everything had gone smoothly so far. Ruth had, with considerable difficulty, managed to extract a large sum of money from her father's store, and with triumphant heart she reached the place of tryst. But, as together the two climbed the opposite side of the bank, the girl turned round, and, with a cry of dismay, pointed across the gulf. There on the other side stood her father, his white hair streaming, his eyes glittering strangely in the moonlight. How often had I pictured the scene!—the background of veldt and mimosa trees, the slight, trembling form of the girl, white and fragile; the young man, his arm thrown protectingly round her; and before them the father—angry, revengeful.

Well, to finish the story. The old Jew, suspecting something, had followed his daughter, taking with him in his anger and hurry, an old loaded musket. Most probably his intention had been merely to frighten the young people. He had not, however, taken into consideration the strong determined characters of both. The Englishman naturally refused to give up his bride. The old man raised his gun threateningly; "Then I will kill you," he shouted. And—somehow—whether he had touched the trigger or what, I do not know, but the

gun exploded, and the pair before him were killed on the spot!

Maddened with remorse and terror, the murderer made his way to a river which runs about half-a-mile from the scene of the tragedy. Several days later his dead body was recovered by some natives, and laid beside those of the ill-fated lovers. Since then, so runs the tale, the donga has been haunted by the spirits of the three, who wander about among the mimosa bushes on moonlight nights, scaring unwary or adventurous travellers.

I, of course, laughed the story of the ghosts to scorn, and insisted, in spite of my mother's warnings and entreaties, in spending a good deal of my spare time with my gun, in the neighbourhood of the "haunted kloof." Although I had no belief in the ghost part of it, yet the legend interested and attracted me extremely.

One night, Christmas Eve it was, I, tempted by the beauty of the evening, went out for a stroll. Far in the distance glimmered faintly the lights of Maritzburg, and above, the cold, stately moon hung in a cloudless sky, seeming, as I thought, to shed a sacred radiance around, and giving an eerie, ghostly appearance to the most commonplace objects. I had wandered on absently musing, and unconsciously my feet had strayed towards my favourite haunt—the kloof—when suddenly I stopped short in amazement, and—I may as well confess it—fear. There in front of me, not three yards away, the moonlight full upon it, stood a Shape, a female shape, white-robed and ghostly. On its white features was an expression of deadly horror! For a moment or so I stood motionless, watching with a terrible fascination the figure before me, then with an exclamation of "My God!" I broke the spell. My words had a strange effect on the spectre. The horrified look

left her face; an expression of relief dawned instead, and to my further surprise, she laughed,—not a ghostly laugh, but a merry, rippling, girlish laugh.

"Oh! what a fright you gave me," she gasped out. "Do you know, until you spoke, I really thought you were a ghost. The ghost of that man, you know, I can't remember his name."

I lifted my hat rather awkwardly. "I am very sorry," I said, "but I must confess to having had as great a fright. I took you for the other."

"The ghostess," she broke in with another merry laugh, so contagious that I joined in heartily, and we both sat down on the grass opposite to each other, and laughed until we were tired, for all the world like a pair of children.

"Then who are you, and how did you get here?" I queried, as soon as I had recovered sufficiently to speak. My new friend controlled her laughter with an effort. "We have taken the old farm over there," she said, "My people did not mind the ghosts, and I like the old legend, so I came down here to-night to explore. But you did give me a fright though." And again she relapsed into a state of uncontrollable mirth.

I suggested that I should see her home. "Thank you," she said, "I shall be very glad."

I did so, and was introduced to all the other members of the family. There I had to repeat the story of our mutual fright, to their great amusement. I left, after promising to call again, and have done so several times. I am on very good terms with them all, particularly with Madge, "my little ghost," as I call her.

That night, and for many a long night after, when I crossed the donga, a cold eerie shiver would run over me, and I

would glance apprehensively about, half expecting to see the spirits of the murdered pair rise and confront me. Needless to say, no such apparition ever disturbed my peace of mind, and now Christmas Eve, two

years after the occurrence, I go with light heart down to the old "haunted Donga," to meet my love Madge, for the last time before she becomes my wife.

OUR SCHOOL FOOTBALL MATCH ALPHABET.

A's our *antagonists*, keen for the fight;
 B is the *ball*, blown up nice and tight.
 C is our *captain* courageous and "slim,"
 D of *defeat* there's no question with him.
 E's the *encouraging* shouts of the crowd;
 F is our *forwards*, of whom we're so proud.
 G's for the *goals*, that we're hoping to score,
 H for the *hacks*, which make our shins sore.
 I is the *interval*, which we much need;
 J is our *joy*, when we cross with the lead.
 K's for the *kicks* of our backs, long and low;
 L's for the *linesmen*, who run to and fro.
 M's for our *master*, an old Oxford Blue,
 N's for the *neat* tricks he taught us to do.
 O is the *offside* our enemies claim,
 P is the *penalty* lost for the same.
 Q is the *quite* we are now sure to win,
 R is the *rage* that the others are in.
 S is the *score*—seven to—for the college,
 T is the *triumph* that all must acknowledge.
 U's for the *usual* "three cheers for the
 winners";
 V's the *victorious* team at their dinners.
 W's the *word* of high praise from the Head,
 X the *'x'traordinary* things that they said.
 Y *yet* again, on some fine winter's day,
 Z we'll *zealously* meet in our mimic affray.

R. THEODORE MILFORD, M.A.
 (In the "Boys' Own Paper.")

THE earlier arrival of the English mail is looked forward to with much appreciation by City merchants.

QUEER ADVERTISEMENTS.

'WANTED—A room by two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad.'

'LOST—A collie dog by a man on Saturday evening answering to Jim with a brass collar round his neck and a muzzle.'

'WANTED—By a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good sailor.'

THERE is more in a little postage stamp than you or I can see at a glance. Aside from the historical, geographical and educational helps found in the study of Philately, where can we find in so small space so much food for thought? How much better it is for our youth to spend their leisure moments with their collection of stamps, than wasting it in reading dime-novels.—Rev. J. F. REYNOLDS.

THE SAME OLD HABIT.

MR. SWELLUP—'Well, Julia, here it is the middle of February and I have kept all my New Years' resolutions. Very few men can say that.'

MRS. SWELLUP—'I guess there is one you forgot to make.'

MR. SWELLUP—'What's that?'

MRS. SWELLUP—'To stop bragging.'

'MAMMA,' said three-year-old Flossie, 'didn't Mrs. Jones say I got my eyes from you?' 'Yes, dear,' was the reply. 'And did you used to have four eyes, mamma?' queried the little miss.

HOBBIES' PAGE.

Who has not a Hobby? Show us the unfortunate individual whose life is so empty that he has not some little fad or other—something, no matter what, that he cares for more than the ordinary run of "things." Poor fellow—if such a boy exists—we pity him.

Now there are hobbies, and Hobbies, and HOBBIES. And the peculiar thing about them is, that each one is superior to all the others—in the opinion of the hobbyist. I myself, have a strong leaning towards what is now almost more than a hobby—Stamp Collecting. But at the same time, I dabble a little in coins—not £. s. d., I am sorry to say, but only a few old copper cents, "Oom Paul" tickies, and such small fry—and I have a liking for book collecting and literary work, and some other little odds and ends.

Then there are "Camera fiends" Well, I've never been very badly bitten with that craze myself yet, although even I have "potted" my friends now and then, but I am well aware of the fact that Amateur Photography is now a great and fast growing fad, indeed, it looks at times as if there were to be a tough fight between the Stamp Album and the Kodak, so many are the admirers of the latter pursuit.

I have mentioned two—three, if we include coin collecting—of the most important hobbies, but I could dwell on dozens of others—electricity, many sciences, various forms of the "collecting" mania, literary work, music, engineering, and so on *ad fini'um*.

In fact, there is scarcely a person on the face of the earth who does not own some little "madness" from the schoolboy who talks nothing but cricket or football, to the

speculator who lives but for shares, investments, booms, and all the other financial terms.

It is but right and proper that such should be the case. In all things some must be more proficient than others, in order that the progress of the world may be maintained. Were there to be no "specialists" in different businesses, there would be little progress. All cannot be masters of every trade.

So in Hobbies. We have Stamp specialists, who by their research into special branches, give information to the ordinary collector which could not otherwise have been obtained. So in every fad or hobby.

And although there is no objection to a man having more than one hobby, still every moment devoted to the one is a moment taken from the other. This should be remembered by those who are inclined to take up too many different pursuits.

Now what has all this long rigmarole been leading up to?

Simply the fact that we want to hear from you all about your pet hobbies. We want this page full of interest to all faddists. No matter what your particular "fever" may be—we exclude "Natal Fever" however—we shall be glad to hear from you. We want regular Hobby Page" Correspondents. Please let us hear from you before we issue our next number, and we shall see whether this page may not in time become one of the most interesting in the magazine. Long life to all our little hobbies, and may they prosper well. Now, tell us all about them.

A NEW RENDERING.

CHILDREN should be seen and not so much talked about.

THE CRUISE OF THE "PEPPER-BOX."

A Sea Story, for Boys.

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CHAPTER I.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Three shots in rapid succession from the frigate's guns. A cheer from the sturdy British tars who crowded her fore-castle, eagerly watching the chase.

Boom! Again and again, as the stately war vessel drew closer to the little clipper. The wind was favourable, and, sail though she might, the wicked little slave ship could not get away. Closer and closer, until the ships were only a few hundred yards apart—but still she sailed on.

Three young midshipmen were standing on the frigate's fore-deck, enthusiastic spectators of the scene.

"Her skipper must be a brave fellow, villain though he may be," remarked one of the lads, as a shot from the frigate made the little craft quiver visibly.

"By Jove, yes, did you see how she jumped at that shot? He can't keep on much longer, though; it's madness. Why, she looks almost to be under our bows."

"I pity the poor darkies, if there are any on board."

"Yes but, I don't think that they'll be suffering much, Brown. The gunners appear to be aiming high, trying to get the rigging. Whew! how we are going through the water. I've never seen the old ship move like this. She *can* go when she wants to, can't she?"

"Rather! I've seen her doing better than this, but it's only under exceptional circumstances. We rarely have so favourable a wind as we are getting now. The chase is a clipper though, and no mistake. A little vessel like that! Why, we should have been

up with her long ago. She seems to have been built for speed. I hope our guns won't smash her entirely. She's too good to be lost that way."

"Yes, she's the right sort of boat for the traffic, and no mistake. She'd make a fine little gunboat. They could do some damage to the slave trade with that little vessel, if she had some good guns on board."

"They could, my lad. And I hope that she'll be in a fit condition to hand over to her Majesty's Government when she has hauled her colours down."

"I hope so too, sir," replied the middy, saluting the officer—the first Lieutenant—who had just come forward, "She doesn't seem to be in a great hurry to surrender, though. I should'nt like to see her knocked to pieces."

"Oh, I don't think she'll hold on much longer, Brown. You'd better get to quarters, for you'll probably be wanted to go with the boats in a short time."

"Yes, sir," and the middy addressed as Brown—the senior midshipman on board the frigate—together with his companions, ran off to their stations.

Swish, swish went the water from either side of the frigate's sharp bow, and every now and then a Boom! from the guns announced that another leaden messenger had been sent aboard the sturdy little craft.

The chase could not last long, however. Ten minutes longer, and the frigate was up with the boat. Another minute and her flag was down, and the two ships gradually slowed down—the slaver resting buoyantly on the sparkling waves a few cable lengths ahead of the man-of-war.

"Pipe the second cutter's crop, bo'sun," ordered the first Lieutenant, "Mr. Brown, take charge, and make prisoners of the slaver's crew. Return as soon as you have done that, and report her state—especially as regards the hull. Captain Somers wishes to save her, if possible. Be careful in getting on board—they are slippery customers, those American slavers. We will do our best to cover you from the rigging."

"Ay, ay, sir."

A minute more, and the cutter, with a crew of well armed men, was pulling off in the direction of the captured vessel, her bow cutting through the clear water, urged by the strong arms of hearty British seamen.

"Steady, men, don't hurry. They may try on some nasty trick, so you had better see to your arms, marines. So, that will do nicely."

Alec Brown felt a creeping sensation down his back as they came up to the slaver—but only for a moment. The next, he had sprung into the little vessel's fore chains, and was scrambling on to her deck, followed by his men. As they ran forward some dozen villainous looking fellows sprang forward to meet them, and for a few minutes there was desperate hand to hand encounter. Alec found himself opposed to a huge negro, who made at the young lad with a fiendish grin of triumph. For an instant the boy felt dizzy, as he saw his peril. Then, seeing that his men were fighting bravely all around, and with a prayer to Heaven for protection, he clutched his cutlass tighter in his hand, and awaited the black's attack. Down he came, like a dark whirlwind, and Alec knew not what happened. Involuntarily he lunged straight out. There was a loud cry, and the black fell to the deck—pierced through the heart. Alec wrenched back his weapon—just in time. Another

of the slaver's crew leapt upon him, bearing him to the deck, and there they lay—rolling about amongst the combatant's feet. The slaver had a fierce grip of the middy's windpipe, and in a few seconds Alec was suffocating. Another moment, and his grip relaxed and he rolled over, just as the enemy's hand was torn from his throat, and the slaver was sent reeling back amongst his discomfited fellows, while a hearty British voice exclaimed, "You would, would ye? Take that!" and the slaver received a crashing blow from the butt end of a pistol, wielded by a stalwart bo'sun's mate. The seaman at once turned his attention to the young officer, and dashed a capful of salt water over his face, with the consequence that in a short time his eyes reopened and he was able to sit up.

"Thanks, Fisher, he exclaimed, speaking with difficulty," how has the fight gone? Ah, I see. Bravely done, lads. I'm sorry I was'n't able to help you better.

"Why, sir, the Captain himself could'n't ha' led us better," said a man, "You're a real brick, sir, an' no mistake, if I may make so bold."

"I wish I were, Smith," said Alec, with a smile—which bore a very sickly appearance, by reason of the pain it caused to his wounded neck, "but now, lads, let us get the villains trussed up safely, and see what the little craft's like. There'll be lots of grog going on board to-night for you, if I'm not mistaken, if we get through this job smartly."

Five minutes and the vanquished crew were securely tied up, with their backs to the mast. Alec, though feeling very weak and dizzy, then made a complete inspection of the damage done to the craft.

"Here, two men, lift off this hatch, and let's see what's below."

The order was obeyed, and immediately a hideous slaver's yell arose from within the slaver's hold, from which a fearful stench proceeded.

"Whew, those must be the poor slaves. Clap on the hatch again lads, but leave them some breathing room. It wo'n't do, though, for any of them to be getting away. Whew! what a stink."

Soon afterwards the cutter put back to the frigate, three marines being left in charge of the prisoners, with two seamen to mind the ship. The day was beautifully calm, and there was no occasion for more, especially as it was still early, and a full crew would be most likely put aboard before night-fall.

The Captain and first Lieutenant were standing on the quarter deck, talking together, when Alec ran up the rope ladder which had been hung down the side of the frigate. He approached them, and saluted.

"Well, Brown, what news?" the Captain asked, eagerly, as he came up.

"We've taken 'em all prisoners, sir, and have lost no men."

Yes, we saw the fight, but we dare'n't fire on them, for fear of hitting our own men. You got them beaten back admirably, Brown, and I wont forget the action. Hillo, you're wounded though. I did'n't notice that. You'd better have it seen to."

"Oh it's nothing to speak of, sir, a mere scratch."

"That's nothing. A stitch in time saves nine," and you had better take yourself off to the Doctor at once. But first, how's her hull, after the hard knocks we gave her?"

"Rather bad, I'm sorry to say, sir, I scarcely fancy she'll float. She has some water already, and it seems to be coming in pretty fast. She's full of blacks—about two hundred, I should say, and there's no getting at the leak if it's where they are packed."

"I understand, Brown. I've felt the spicy odours myself before now. But I'm sorry to hear she wont float. I wanted her, badly. Mr. Sparks, will you send the carpenter across to see what can be done. Send some more men, too, and tell them to get the blacks up, and put in order, in case they have to be shifted into us. Tell him to send word at once should there be urgent necessity for haste, or, stay—Here, I think it would be better if you were to go across yourself, and have a look about. Don't stay longer than you can help, but come back and let me know what we'll have to do."

"Very good, sir," answered the first Lieutenant, to whom the order had been addressed, "I'll go at once."

"And as for you, Mr. Brown," continued Captain Somers, "off you go to the Doctor, and get yourself seen to. You may come back in an hour and let me know how you're getting on; and, by the way, if you have nothing better to do, you might dine with me this evening, and let us hear all about your fight."

"Thank you very much, sir," said Alec, delighted at the unexpected honour, and, saluting, he turned away in search of Doctor Chalmers, the ship's surgeon, a bluff, hearty old Scotchman.

(To be continued.)





OUR MONTHLY RECORD OF PHILATELIC DOINGS



CONDUCTED BY "PHILATELIST."

THE Natal Philatelic Society has been again inaugurated, after a 'Rip Van Winkle' sleep of some twelve months.

It now, however, promises to be a very instructive Institution to both young and old stamp collectors, and the promoters are sparing no efforts to make it worthy of its name.

It is to be worked in harmony with the Johannesburg Society, as soon as the latter is started.

* * *

Although the order for the new Natal Stamps was sent home last year, they have not as yet been issued.

* * *

The 3d. Natal grey is now a stamp of the past, and is unobtainable. The absence of this stamp causes much inconvenience, and the sooner it is replaced the better, say we.

* * *

The British stamps bearing his Majesty's likeness, and which have only been in circulation a few weeks, are, I understand, being recalled, the reason for this step being that the head of the King at present faces the wrong way, and does not fall in with the custom prevalent in other countries of reversing the position of the Sovereign's

head on the stamps, when any change in the administration, such as the death of the ruler, occurs.

Some Home collectors are asking full value for used specimens. It is easy to ask, but hard to get.

* * *

A few collectors are at a loss as to what C. E. F. on Indian stamps signify. These stamps were used for the 'China Expeditionary Force.'

* * *

There are fashions in stamps as well as in dress. Collecting South Africans is now all the rage, but very few can boast of having anything like a complete collection, as even those with a large income are unable to procure some of the varieties, to fill up spaces in their collections. Only 360,000 of the first issue of Natal were printed, in two values—the 1d. red, and 3d. blue; therefore it is very evident that not a few collectors will be minus the stamps, and many other varieties are in the same position.

* * *

Designs for the new Gambia stamps bearing a likeness of His Majesty are being illustrated in some of the Home Philatelic papers.

NEW STAMPS FOR THE O.R.C.

—:—

BLOEMFONTEIN.—It may interest Natal Philatelists to learn that a new complete set of O.R.C. stamps, ranging from a half-penny to five shillings, has been ordered from home and is expected before very long. Also postcards and embossed envelopes. The nature of the design of the stamps is unknown yet. Before deciding, the Colonial Office will submit the design to the Civil Administration here.—“*Natal Witness*.”

* * *

In a succeeding issue a treatise on Natal stamps will be published, which we know will be acceptable to a very large proportion of our readers. Other countries will be treated of from time to time, and we hope to make ‘Young Natal’ highly popular with all classes of collectors.

NOT THE CLOCK.

—:—

An old lady entered a watchmaker's shop and handed the assistant a pendulum of an old Dutch clock.

‘Here, mister,’ she said, ‘I want you to make my old clock go.’

‘But you must bring the clock.’

‘You stupid fool! the clock's all right. 'Tis the pendulum that don't go,’ said the old lady, indignantly.—*Spare Moments*.

* * *

LORD SALISBURY received a note from a small New Zealand boy some little time back, sympathising with the difficulties he had to face in guiding the ship of State, and telling him that an Empire was behind him. The boy suggested that the Transvaal should be called ‘Salisburya.’ Lord Salisbury, to the boy's great delight, sent him back a signed photograph of himself.—“*Chums*.”

Any queries on Philatelic matters, if addressed to the Editor, will receive his attention and will be answered to the best of our ability in succeeding issues of the paper.

* * *

RABBI HERTZ, who is an authority on Philately, urged the local authorities to retain the orange tree, in designing the new stamps for the O.R.C., but, as it is so distinctive, this is considered very improbable.—“*Natal Witness*.”

* * *

Almost any collector can, with a little effort, induce one or more of his intimate acquaintances to take to stamp gathering. It is pleasant to have a few philatelic friends to whom you can show your album and with whom you can chat and compare notes. Show your stamps on all possible occasions, as you can never tell beforehand who will make collectors.

TEACHER : (to class) ‘Now boys, a thing is transparent, when you can see through it. Can anyone give an example?’

SMALL BOY : ‘Yes, a key-hole.’

* * *

‘Now TOMMY,’ said an anxious mother to her small son, ‘the minister will be here to dinner to-day and you must be sure to wash your face clean.’ ‘All right mamma,’ answered Tommy, ‘but suppose he doesn't come?’

* * *

HER FATHER—‘Aha! I caught you kissing my daughter, sir! What do you mean by that sort of business?’

HE—‘I don't consider it business at all, sir, but pleasure, purely pleasure.’—*The Philadelphia Press*.

THE BRIGHT GREEN SNAKE.

THE doves were cooing loudly among the Wattle trees that for some acres surrounded a certain old Farm House in Zululand.

It was a very hot afternoon, and the dozen or more natives who squatted before the door of the long narrow looking house, used to the climate as they were, could be seen raising a corner of the dirty blanket that enwrapped them to their faces, to wipe away the perspiration that seemed to flow in muddy streams from their thick matted hair.

Mingled with the noise of the doves was to be heard the unearthly howls of the kaffirs, as, rocking themselves to and fro, they gave way to unmistakable signs of grief.

The subject of their tears was a little unfaan, a small kaffir boy, who was employed as servant on the place. Quiet and still he lay on the flat stone before the steps leading to the door, in his little suit of holland bound with red: flat on the stone rested his black woolly head; between his wide open eyes and the glaring sun, the thick growing passion-flower that covered verandah posts and roof sent a kindly shade. Parents, brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts,—from far and near, wrapped round with dirty blankets, in some cases merely beads, bits of feather or fur, wept and howled around him.

In a little room within the house a small white boy sat clutching his mother's hand, listening with white, frightened looking face to the sounds from without.

He had been playing that morning with his father's gun in ignorance of its being loaded: it had gone off in his hand, and the little kaffir at whom he was playfully pointing it, as the unexpected report that followed his pull of the trigger startled all those within and around the house, fell dead upon the large flat stone before the door.

No one had been allowed to touch or move him until some officer of the law had been upon the scene. He could not possibly reach there that night, so during the whole of that day the kaffir boy's relatives had been arriving—taking up their position around the dead body of the boy, to wait until the officer should appear, and give them leave to bear it away.

The sun set, giving place to the full glorious moon, but still the kaffirs sat on, keeping up their ceaseless lamentations, joined now and again by the cooing of some dove, that seemed, owing to the brightness of the night, deluded into thinking it was day.

At last Mrs. Leigh—the owner of the farm—her husband being away, terrified at what had happened, and fearing mischief for idle hands—that it might enter the heads of the kaffirs without, to break in and do some injury to her and her child, crept from window to door, locking and latching each one fast. Fain would she have bolted out all sounds of the miserable, dirge-like noise, that haunted, and was to be heard from every corner of her house.

The little boy could not sleep. That little black playmate of his, for whom he had had so great a liking, was dead, and that, although accidentally, by his hand.

He knew the thought of death to these kaffirs was anything but pleasant—no white winged beings in their imagination to bear the departed spirits of their dead to fairer worlds than this.

He knew the spirit was supposed by some, to enter at death the form of a bright green, though harmless snake. He had often beheld such, and had come to regard them with a certain amount of awe, encouraged to do so by this very boy, lying so quiet and still among his howling relatives.

Should he go forth and attempt to comfort them, tell his deep, deep sorrow for what had happened, and tell of a different state of things to that they imagined, endeavour to dispel their old belief in that bright green snake? Tell them of the white winged angels that had already perhaps borne the spirit of the boy away. Prepare the little black body of his play fellow for Christian burial, take the flowers from the vase, and fold the poor black hands upon them, above his breast, and breath some little prayer out loud for him to Heaven?

He arose from his bed, took the bright red flowers from the stand, which "Jack," as he had been called, had that very morning picked him, and unfastening one of the doors, made his way towards the group, who as they rocked to and fro in the moon-light, cast their shadows upon the white stone steps of the verandah.

Did they deem that those few flowers which the child was about to lower and lay upon the dead boy's breast would work some spell upon the spirit of the child? Did they prefer the idea of his being henceforth a snake, to that of the glorious white winged angel of which the little white boy was taking such trouble to assure them, he would be, and into which perhaps the touch of those flowers upon his breast, together with the strange mysterious muttering he called a prayer, if not stayed, might turn him? Within an inch they were of the child, when one great kaffir, more ferocious perhaps than the rest, dealt the white boy bending so tenderly over the black one a blow—struck him to the earth, with the stoutest of the two sticks he carried with him.

A grunt of satisfaction passed through the crowd, as looking from one to the other they saw the one child as quiet and still as the other.

Then, silently they lifted the body before

which so many hours they had been sitting, fearing even to touch on account of the white man's law, and hurried with their burden away among the trees and different sheds in which either Coolies or Natives were sleeping, gazing with evident satisfaction as they turned, at the little white figure, lying so white and still—to all appearances dead.

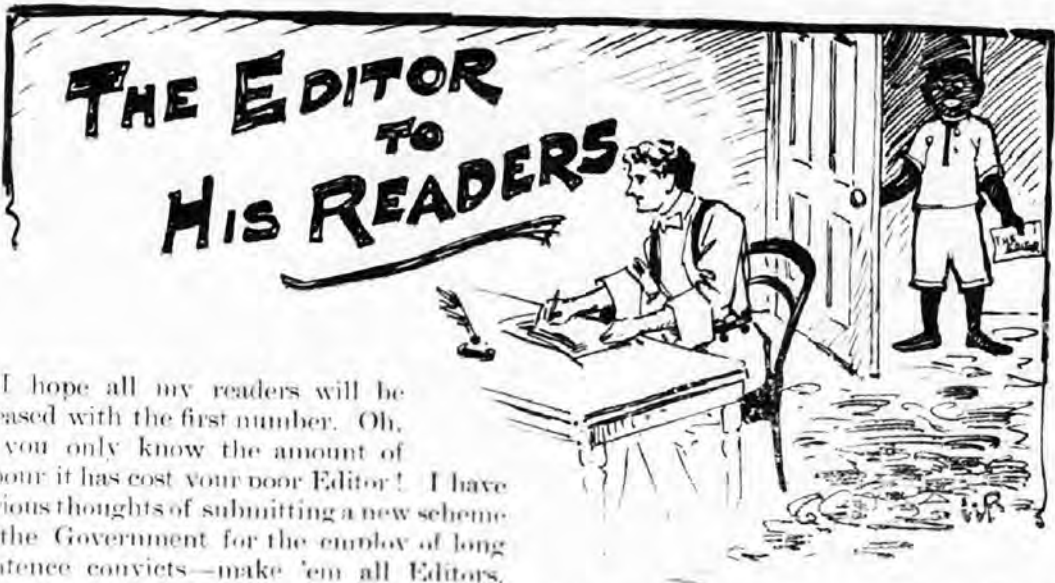
It was at an early hour in the morning, before even Coolie or Native was astir, when the officer for whom all had been waiting arrived on the scene. Strange was the sight that met his eye as he dismounted from his horse at the door. Instead of a black child—a white one lay upon the stone, to all appearances awaiting burial.

"What does it mean?" thought the man, and he knocked loudly on windows and doors, to attract the attention of some one within.

But his consternation was nothing to that of the poor child's mother when she came forth at hearing a strange man's voice.

Her child! she could not believe her eyes. "How came he there?" "What had been done?" were questions she asked over and over again of every servant appearing on the scene. But as fortunately there seemed to be faint signs of life in the boy, she put all questioning aside, and began to try every means in her power to keep alive the faint spark of life that seemed to flicker within. Stunned he was and bleeding, but as yet not dead. Carefully they raised him and carried him within to the little bed he had so unfortunately left. There he lay for many weeks, but eventually, recovered from the blow he had received.

For many years after he could not bear to hear the report of a gun. The thought of the poor little boy he had accidentally killed, and sought to prepare for Christian Burial haunted him.



I hope all my readers will be pleased with the first number. Oh, if you only know the amount of labour it has cost your poor Editor! I have serious thoughts of submitting a new scheme to the Government for the employ of long sentence convicts—make 'em all Editors. That would knock the Breakwater out of the running. I'll wager! There wouldn't be any need of Judges, High Courts, etc. then—the criminals would be so afraid of the work that they'd prefer to "be good." By the way—this idea's patented; so there's no use you're trying to forstall me with the Government.

But, however, I've rolled myself into it, and I'll "do or die." So you may be prepared for a first-class contents bill every month, even if it is wound up suddenly with an edition in deep mourning, and a long obituary notice on your poor friend,

THE EDITOR.

P.S.—More later.

F.J.S.—Your story is very good, particularly the last two chapters, but is rather too long for our Magazine. We should be pleased to have a short story from you later on.

Correspondence invited from readers in every part of the world.

DURBAN READERS can procure "Young Natal," at the Office of Messrs. A. F. BORLAND & Co., 396 & 408, West Street.

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A. L. AUSTIN, Box 121, Pietermaritzburg, can supply copies of this journal to readers in the City and District.

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EDITORIAL.

THE publishers offer no apology for the publication of this Magazine. Its excuse is simply the need which exists for such a journal—a Magazine which the young people of Natal—and, in fact, of all the Colonies—may look upon as their own, and may take an interest in as personal property. So far as we are aware, there is no paper of the sort in Natal. Of course, there are “*School Magazines*” of various descriptions—all exceedingly good and highly commendable in their own way, but this is meant to be something different. “*YOUNG NATAL*” will endeavour to emulate—in a modest way, of course—such home papers as the “*B.O.P.*” or “*Chums*”—a Magazine full of interest, instruction and amusement, not a mere register of dry facts.

In our competitions, we hope to develop in young people a taste for literary work—which is at present dormant in Natal, simply because of the want of an outlet. The monthly prizes will be worth working for, and we hope the competitions will awaken interest in our readers. Of course, it must be remembered that one cannot reach the top of the ladder at a single bound, and some contributions will be unaccepted, but our advice to the unsuccessful is not to be disappointed at a reverse—keep on trying. Remember the old rule.

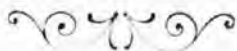
Our contents bill will always be kept at a high level. We hope to obtain literary assistance from several well-known and popular writers, and in this respect we think that “*YOUNG NATAL*” will require some beating. What with Serial and Short Stories, Interesting Articles, Stamp and Hobbies’

Pages, Anecdotes, and a host of other attractions, we can guarantee readers their full “money’s worth. No efforts will be spared to make “*YOUNG NATAL*” a “red-hot favourite” (as our friends the Yankees would say) in every home.

A subscription blank is enclosed, and we trust you will use it, and recommend us to your friends.

Then for advertising purposes. You may take our word for it that “*YOUNG NATAL*” will make a splendid Advertiser. General Merchants use it because it will reach every home: dealers in Sporting or similar goods because it is read by the young folks: Stamp Dealers and Collectors—ah! here is your chance, just what you wanted: everyone—for the smallest purpose an advertisement in our columns should bring success.

The remark has been made that we start at rather an unfortunate time. No, we do not! True, the country is not yet free from war—that dread scourge which has done us all so much harm, but on the other hand we hope and believe that South Africa, the Colonies, and our great and glorious Empire, are entering upon a new era—a time of magnificent progress and success, and of closer union and greatly increased power. Surely the time is opportune, with such a grand vista before us. We sincerely trust that, by introducing young Colonials to one another in bonds of friendship, we may accomplish some share, however small, in the cementing of those ties which will make our beloved Empire grander, more powerful, and even more beloved than it has ever yet been.



YOUNG NATAL.

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PRIZE AWARDS. The Publishers

have pleasure in announcing the results of the Story Competition recently advertised in the Natal Daily, and which closed on 12th April last. The entries were good, and after careful consideration the Awards have been decided upon as follows:—

First Prize, £1 is. "The Link Between."
By FRANCES J. SHIPPEY.

The above Story will appear next issue.

Second Prize, 10/6. "The Phantom of Sheba
Donga," By S. E. MACKENZIE.

Third Prize, Handsome Volume. "My First
Lion Hunt." By ZULU.

Fourth Prize, Handsome Volume. "The Bright
Green Snake." By K. G.

—:0:—

*Our Next Story Competition Closes on the 12th of
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