

different varieties of advertisements, and already we hear of collectors who are starting to collect the different advertisements. Next!

According to Alvah Davidson, in *Mekels Weekly*, on Thursday, the 30th of January, a man was arrested in the Bowery, New York city, carrying a satchel containing uncancelled postage stamps to the value of \$1,945.50. They were of the one, two, five, eight and ten cent denominations of the current issue. He stated that he purchased the lot from a man in Cincinnati, but as he was stopping at a cheap lodging house the police did not believe the story. They considered it the result of a post office robbery, the denominations being such as would be found in a small post office. As he looked like a typical crook his photo was added to the inspector's collection, and he sent to the Tombs for a later examination.

The French Colonies still continue to retain their reputation as the worst flock of black sheep philately has on her hands. We quote the following item in regard to these stamps from *Stanley Gibbons's Monthly Journal*: "We regret to learn from *The L. P.* that some of the absorbed colonies are to be exhumed. Diego Suarez is to lose its 'dependences' and to have a new issue all to itself (has the so-called current issue ever reached its destination postal, not philatelic?), and Nossi-Bé and Ste. Marie de Madagascar are also to be fully provided. The same authority tells us of a new province with the extraordinary appellation of 'Djibouti,' which is to have a set of triangular stamps ranging in value from 1c. up to 50 francs. We trust that all collectors will 'Djib' at this addition to the load. *The L. P.* gives the name as 'Djibouti,' and states that only the 5 franc stamp is to be triangular, but that all are to be dated '1893-94,' thus giving promise of a future blessing."

We see by the *Philatelic Record* that M. Maury complains that his catalogue has been pirated by another dealer, who winds up his preface with the announcement that "This catalogue has cost not less than a year's investigation and labor." From what M. Maury states, it seems clear that these investigations have been confined to ascertain what parts of the catalogue will best suit the purposes of this laborious dealer to transfer to his own pages by the use of scissors and paste. M. Maury is one of the leading French dealers, and M. Victor Robert admits that he is the accused party; this latter gentleman also occupies a prominent position among the French dealers. M. Moens, of Brussels, Belgium, who is the oldest stamp dealer in the world, finds that his catalogue has been subjected to a similar process, and pirated in a wholesale manner, errors and all, with a good deal of hopeless floundering about in attempting to piece the patchwork. It is anything but agreeable for the authors of catalogues to have their work pirated in this manner, which is growing far too common. We are, however, somewhat surprised to see that M. Victor Robert is the guilty party. [X]

## Mr. A. G. Allison.



MR. A. G. ALLISON, of Toronto, is justly entitled to be ranked as one of the leading Canadian collectors. He is well known in railway circles as a veteran train dispatcher of the Grand Trunk. Mr. Allison's collection is one of the finest in Canada and is very complete. It is especially rich in rare British North American.

Written for the CANADIAN PHILATELIC WEEKLY.

## "What Fools We Mortals Be."

BY WALTER A. WITHROW.

IT was five years ago that the accident happened which I am about to relate. I had been collecting stamps about two years, but as yet I had never seen a philatelic journal, and it was not strange that I was then ignorant of many little points with which I am now familiar.

About a mile outside the village in which I lived, there resided a rich but miserly old farmer. He was a widower and lived alone in a small house, but this summer he had a visitor, a young man from the city, who, it was whispered around, was the old man's heir and nephew.

How I became acquainted with the young man I do not now remember, but soon we were on intimate terms and, if possible, our friendship was made closer by the discovery that he also was a stamp collector.

How many hours we passed studying and talking over our specimens! One day I had told him of a "find" that I had made in one of the old houses in the village, and before I had concluded my story, Fred (his name was Fred Williams), started to his feet and exclaimed:

"Save the rest of the story for another time. Well, I'm going out to uncle's at once and search the home over, I'm sure I'll find something. Queer that I never thought of before, but your story just put me in mind of the fact that I never thought to ask uncle if there were any old letters in the house. Wish me good luck, old man!"

I thought it rather strange myself that the ideas had not occurred to him before, but I said heartily, "I'm sure, I hope that you'll find something for your trouble," and I added laughingly, "I'll take what you don't want off your hands."

"All right, please to keep that promise in mind."

Away he rushed, and I did not see him again until afternoon, when he came up to my office, two steps at a time, and bursting in at the door, he threw at my feet a packet of old envelopes and cried:

"There you are, Withrow. I'll take you at your word," and he dropped into a chair and watched me closely as I untied the string around the package and began examining the stamps. They were certainly a fine lot; all of them U. S. five and ten cents, 1847. Some of them were unsevered pairs, and one block of four of the five cents value. But what struck me as peculiar was their uniformly fine color, and that they were all posted from the city, and I mentioned the circumstance to Williams. He replied carelessly:

"I noticed that, too, and spoke to uncle, but he cut me rather short. I expect it was because he was jilted. The handwriting on the envelopes is a lady's, as you can see. Uncle fished these out from an old trunk in his bedroom, after considerable persuasion. There were a few more stamps, but I can use all them myself. There was only one unperfected five cents second issue, but it is a daisy copy, with great margins. Of course, you'll take these, won't you?"

I counted them over slowly—eleven tens and nineteen fives—could I buy all of them? I could, but it would take nearly all of my ready cash, for my income was exceedingly limited. But weren't they beauties?

"What do you want for the lot, Will?" I asked.

"Oh, as its you, they go for \$12, but I could easily get \$20 for them in New York."

I yielded, though I had but a small sum left to my credit when the amount was paid. I felt of my attenuated pocketbook ruefully, after Will had gone, but another look at my recently purchased specimens restored my spirits.

Three years passed. I now lived far from my former home and had a large income, my practice bringing me a handsome income. I had not forsaken my collection, and spent many delightful moments in adding to it. But it was troublesome, keeping such a large collection in proper condition, and I resolved to specialize, selecting my own country as my favorite.

But, I must know more of these stamps, and a Tiffany history was sent for. Looking over its pages one evening, I chanced to read of the 1847 reprints or imitations, and the better to understand the article, I brought out one of the stamps I had secured from Williams. Point after point was taken up, and in every case my stamps tallied with the description given.

"Tis sad to relate," but I found that my friend had palmed some of the reprints, pasted on old envelopes and fraudulently cancelled as originals.

I never could find if he were any relation to the old miser and I did not investigate the matter closely, as now I was amply able to stand the loss.

I hardly know whether I was glad or sorry to find a few weeks later in a friend's collection, stamps bearing a similar postmark, and which I now knew to be reprints, and the description tallied with Fred Williams. I wasn't the only one bitten!

Why do so many philatelic writers in contributing to our papers, hide their name and use a *nom-de-plume*? It is a bad habit and one which should not be used to excess. If you go so far as to write articles, notes, or poems, you should not be ashamed to acknowledge that they are your productions.

Uruguay has just placed an order with Messrs. Waterloos & Son of London, England, for eight million stamps of a new design, to replace the issue now in use. If Uruguay does issue stamps a little oftener than is necessary she usually has a very pretty set. Newfoundland, it is reported, will not issue a new set of stamps as reported a short time since.