BAD MONEY IN CIRCULATION

Counterfeit Coins and Bills Are Not So Plentiful In Canada As in the United States

There are few people who have not experienced some time or other the chagrin of having had bad money of some description foisted upon them. In the majority of instances our credulity has not been imposed upon to a greater extent than half a dollar maybe, though occasionally the deception passed upon us makes us the poorer by many dollars and leaves as a souvenir of the incident and a reminder for greater precaution in the future, merely a piece of highly artistic but utterly useless paper.

The circulation of bad money is not peculiar to our own generation or century; it dates back to the very first days of the world, when money in some form or other was established as a standard means of exchange. It is interesting to conceive of Babylonia and Egypt in the dawn of history, 40 centuries before the era of Christ when barter transactions first became cash transactions, and when, alas, the ancients learned to imitate and counterfeit the established coinage and to take advantage of his too trusting neighbor. All over Africa as well as in the Coral isles of the Pacific, where shell money is used, there are wily duskies who manage to palm off on their brethren bad and inferior shells, and in the islands of Santa Cruz, where gorgeous feathers from the plumage of parrots, extremely difficult to capture, are used as money there are artful natives, who, ignorant of most things, know enough to dye and tinge feathers which never adorned any parrot at all.

Made it a Fine Art

But with the advance of civilization the human mind has increased in ingenuity and has made deception by this time a fine art. The growth of commerce and the increase of daily necessities, and requirements means the more rapid and frequent interchange of money, and this has brought about wider opportunities for the use of bad and defective coinage; and of such opportunities there will always be people ready to take advantage.

It must be remembered that the victims of the spoiler are by no means the stupid and unsophisticated alone. Some of the smartest and most canny of business men have been made considerable losers through the wiles of utterers of counterfeit money. In the matter of the smaller coins the most knowing of us can be taken in daily. Life is too short to ring and examine all the small change we receive. With regard to paper money, though people are more careful, it requires an expert almost to detect bills that are worthless. The fact that many of us up to now have not had false paper money foisted upon us is due not so much to our superior wisdom and alertness as to the fact that such counterfeit bills have not happened to pass our way. There is a tremendous amount of bad money in daily circulation, though as to what proportion it bears to good money would be idle to compute. Much of this is uttered by the most innocent of people. It has come to them unsuspectingly, and they are probably unaware of its being in their possession until they endeavor to pass it on to one more alert who rejects it with a smile—a smile that might mean several things. Such is human nature, too, that many otherwise strictly honorable people who have been duped into accepting money of no current value feel no compunction at all in endeavoring to pass it on to some one else. Sometimes this kind of money is conveniently gotten rid of in the way of tips and sometimes—tell it not in Gath!—it finds it way on the Sabbath day to the offertory plate.

Many Plugged Coins

Of the Canadian metal coinage the bad money in circulation mostly consists of 25 and 50 cent pieces. Of the former there are a great number of plugged coins in existence, whilst the greater portion of the defective half-dollar pieces are counterfeits. These coins are mostly palmed off upon new arrivals in the country, many poor immigrants suffering acutely thereby. There are a few counterfeit 10 cent pieces in circulation, but the number of them plugged is not very great. The five cent pieces are rarely defective.

There are in existence a large number of counterfeit and raised Canadian bills, for which bankers and business people have always to be on the alert. Of these bad notes perhaps the greatest number is of the $5 class, which is the denomination most readily disposed of. Coming next to this is the $10 bill and next the $1. There are also in circulation quite a number of $2 bills. Raised bills are not so numerous as out-and-out counterfeits, doubtless due to the fact that they run a close risk of detection and also in adding a cypher or altering a figure there is danger of hopelessly spoiling a good bill.

Worthless Bills

Now and then there are attempts made to pass worthless bills of some Canadian banks which are now closed or have been merged into other banks. Of this class of bad money there are bills on 36 defunct banks in existence. There are also counterfeits of interest bearing notes and bonds much in vogue in the United States, but rarely practiced in Canada.

It is at Christmas time when the storekeepers are rushed to their full capacity that efforts are most made, not by the professional swindlers, but by ordinary respectable people who have become possessed of bad money to get rid of it. In the great rush of the Christmas season tradespeople receive more plugged and counterfeit coins than during the rest of the year. Of late years business people in Montreal have rarely had instances of anyone attempting either innocently or deliberately to pass counterfeit coin, though every day their eyes have to be kept very widely open for plugged quarters and halves.

It is interesting to note that Canada and Great Britain are freer than any other countries in the world from the circulation of defective and counterfeit money. The amount of bad coinage in use in the southern countries of Europe and the South American republics is enormous.

Short Story—"Wilfrid's Final," by C. S. Lawton

In "M. A. P."

We were at breakfast when papa announced the coming of Wilfrid.

"What, to live with us?" cried I aghast.

"Yes."

"For always?"

"My dear child of course not!"

When papa calls me his dear child, like that, I know something has happened to upset him. So I discreetly left him to pursue the conversation or not as he liked.

Papa is a doctor and we live in the country. It is dreadfully dull, of course, becuse nothing ever happens that hasn't happened a hundred times before—at least very seldom.

There has just been an exception however, and papa is very put out about it. A new doctor has arrived and actually has the audacity to put up a brass plate in opposition to his. For years papa has been the only medical man in the place, and so is naturally annoyed. Moreover, Bryan Felton, M.D.—it's rather a nice name—is young, decidedly good-looking, and *dashes* about the place in a smart *gig*.

I passed papa his second cup of coffee, and it seemed to remind him of my existence, for he re-opened the conversation about Wilfrid.

"It appears," he said, glancing at a letter he was holding, "that the idol has not been behaving well lately."

We nicknamed Wilfrid "the idol" because of the absurd way in which Aunt Adelaide worsrips him.

"Oh?"

"Yes. He is in for his final next October. I understand and should be reading hard, instead his mother tells me——"

"Is that a letter from Aunt Adelaide?" I interrupted.

"Yes, and not the first I've had on the subject of Master Wilfrid and his doings."

I stretched out for the letter, but papa put his hand quickly over mine.

"Mayn't I read it?" I asked, surprised.

He hesitated frowning, then he smiled.

"You're a sensible little woman, Kate, so you'd better read it. You'll need to know the details, and it will tell you better than I can."

It was all about darling Wilfrid, of course, and there were many pages of it. It appeared he had fallen in love with his sister's French governess—hopelessly, desperately, and with all the ardour of his twenty odd years. That was his crime. Aunt Adelaide went on to say that as far as dear Wilfrid was concerned, she was sure it was only a passing fancy, but the woman might prove troublesome. She always distrusted foreigners. Moreover, this affaire du coeur was interfering with Wilfrid's reading, and she was afraid he would fail ignominiously in his examinations. (Wilfrid, I must tell you, is following papa's footsteps and is to be a doctor.) Lastly, would we help her out of the difficulty by having the boy for a couple of months? Otherwise, she would be obliged to get rid of Mademoiselle, and she was loathe to do so, as she had brought the girls on so well in their French.

"And you've agreed?" I asked looking across at papa.

"What else could I do, dear?"

"Oh, nothing, of course, but——"

"But, what?"

"Well, I don't think Wilfrid will do much reading down here, you see——"

"Oh, but we must make him, you and I, Kate."

"I papa? Why, Wilfrid would as soon think of obeying the cat as doing anything I told him. There's only a couple of months' differences in our ages, you know."

"Tut, tut! Never mind about that, you've twice as much common sense, anyhow!"

So two days later the idol appeared on the scene. To be quite candid, I was rather dreading his coming. I had not seen him since he left school and had visions of an untidy, overgrown schoolboy suffering from his first attack of lovesickness.

I was, however, quickly disillusioned. There was nothing lovelorn about Wilfrid. He shouted a greeting to me long before the carriage stopped. Then he sprang out and commenced hauling his belongings after him—hat-boxes, umbrellas, golf-clubs, etc.—as though his very life depended on it.

"You pater's in a hurry," he explained with his back to me and struggling with a portmanteau.

"Yes, dear," papa called from the depths of the carriage, "I've had an urgent summons. Lady Greene is worse, I must make haste or they'll get impatient and send for the vulture!"

By "the vulture" I presume he meant Dr. Felton, but before I could inquire, the carriage vanished.

Then Wilfrid turned to me and we shook hands.

"By jove, Kate, how you've altered since—since——"

"We last met, Wilfrid," I laughed back at him, "and improved? Do say you find me improved. I am sure you must, for the last time we saw each other I was wearing my hair in a plait, which you rudely called a door-knocker, do you remember? Now come, and I'll give you some tea."

"Thanks. I could do with some," he confessed with a smile that made his plain, freckled face quite attractive. "But how about my traps?"

"While I set his mind at ease on this point, we walked round to where they had laid tea for us on the lawn.

"Now this is what I call ripping!" exclaimed Wilfrid, seating himself comfortably and running an appreciative eye over the tea-table.

"Yes, I love tea in a garden. Of course, you take sugar, all boys—men do!"

While I poured out he gave an account of his mother's health and the doings of his five sisters.

"I always have wonderful luck, you know," he remarked suddenly, helping himself to cake, "when the mater insisted upon my coming down here I must confess I didn't see the urgent necessity of it——"

"That's not altogether complimentary to papa and me, you know, Wilfrid."

"But I'm jolly glad now that I came, in spite of—of——"

"Of the fact that we're just two prosy, sleepy, country cousins?"

"Now, you know Kate," he proteted, bluhing crimson. "I never meant that. But I am deucedly lucky—really. Your garden's ripping and I see you've a tennis court. Do you play golf, much?"

"What about your books, Wilfrid" I asked sweetly, remembering papa's intention about leading the idol into better ways.

"Oh, I've brought them along all right," he replied, "but hang it, a fellow can't swat at books all day can be?

Then he grew suddenly thoughtful and, for some inexplicable reason, very embarrassed. He had demolished a plate of cucumber sandwiches and was I fancy, half through his third piece of cake when this occurred—not that I wish to insinuate that was the cause of his uneasiness.

"Of course the mater told you why I've come down here?" he asked suddenly, looking at his boots.

"She said you wished to get some reading done for your exam.," I replied guardedly.

"Rot!" he burst out, "I beg your pardon, Kate, but that really is—rot! It's Renee, that's what it is."

This was a turn in the conversation I had not in the least anticipated. I feigned ignorance.

"Renee? Who—who is Renee?

"She is the girl I'm engaged to," he replied, inflating his chest, "and the sweetest and best——"

"Do have some more cake?"

"Thanks, but I still have some," he replied, searching in one pocket after another, "I'm sure I have one about me—ah—here it is! This is Renee."

I took the photo and looked at it. Renee was decidedly pretty, I must admit. So much is due to Wilfrid.

"I hope you don't mind my—my talking about her?" he said with an engaging smile, "you're so sympathetic somehow, Kate, that a fellow could talk to you about—about things he wouldn't dream of—of——"

"Are you sure you won't have some more cake? Do."

"No thanks. What I mean is that a fellow naturally wouldn't talk about his very private affairs to just anyone. May I tell you all about it?"

I sighed. But he did all the same. And when papa came out to us an hour later he was still telling me.

* * * * *

"Don't do that, Wilfrid, please!"

"It doesn't matter."

"Yet it does, indeed!"

No it doesn't. Nothing matters."

Then I looked quickly up at him. It was three weeks later, and I was sitting out on the lawn under the big cedar. This was a new Wilfrid. His expression was lowering and black as a thundercloud. I racked my brains for an explanation. Then in a flash I remembered he had received a letter by the first post.

"Why, Wilfrid, what in the world is the matter?"

He stopped kicking the cedar and looked at me gloomily.

"It's Renee!" he replied, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets.

"Why, what is the matter with her, not ill, I hope?"

He laughed, but not as he generally does. It sounded something like the villian's laugh in a melodrama, and I think he meant it to.

"Ill? No, she's not ill! Don't you worry about her health, Kate!" Then he laughed again. "She's given me up, that's all."

"No?" I cried incredulously. You don't mean that?"

"Well, I shouldn't say so if she hadn't," he replied reproachfully, "read that."

He handed me Renee's letter. It was short and in bad English, but very much to the point. She gave him to understand that she could not afford to ignore the wisdom of the old saying that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and she was going to marry the curate.

"Women are so extraordinary—s—so unaccountable," the idol burst out striding up and down in front of my chair, "they go and ruin a man's whole life just for a whim, a passing fancy——"

"Oh, Wilfrid, you mustn't talk like that," I cried in tones of horror, "you must be brave. Forget her—forget Renee and think of your mother, and work for her sake."

"Don't preach," he replied rudely, and turned his back upon me. It was well he did or I should have laughed in his face. Then he strode away towards the house, wounded dignity in every line of his figure.

He had just disappeared when Dr. Felton's gig swept round the corner and came bowling along towards the house. An then a wonderful thing happened. Instead of dashing past as usual, it drew up at our gate. A second later Dr. Felton himself hurried in and catching sight of me, crossed the lawn.

"Miss Martin, I regret to have to tell you there has been an accident—a carriage accident—your father——"

At his words the lawn and trees and everything seemed to spin round me. He caught both my hands and gave me a gentle shake.

"Come, come, you must be brave," he said with a smile "it's pretty bad, I'll own, but it might have been much worse."

"But I was not nearly so silly as to faint, really.

"Have a room got ready for him at once, while I go back and meet them."

And then he was gone as quickly as he had come, and I flew into the house.

That was the beginning of a very strange time. Papa was in bed three weeks and I nursed him under Dr. Felton's orders, and with the idol to assist. And strange to relate, papa took a violent liking to Dr. Felton and never again referred to him as "the vulture." It is really wonderful how quickly a friendship can spring up under certain circumstances.

One evening, when papa was convalescent and sitting up again, he asked me to sing to him. So I rearranged his cushions for him and went to the piano. The French windows, that looked into the garden, were open and I could see the idol sitting under the cedar pretending to read a book on surgery. It was a beautiful evening and the recent rain had brought out the scent of the flowers making the air delicious.

At the second verse of my first song Wilfrid's chair was empty. With the last he lounged into the room. He is very fond of singing and likes to turn over the music for me.

When I had sung all papa's favorite songs we suddenly discovered he had fallen asleep so Wilfrid snuffed the candles. Then he leaned his elbows on the piano and stood solemnly staring at me. I had taken considerable pains with my toilette, I remeber. Doctor Felton had got into a way of dropping in to dinner—or just after—very often. Papa liked him to come so that they could talk over their patients. The idol was unusually serious.

"You know Kate," he began doubtfully, "I think I make a mistake about—about Renee."

I quite agreed with him, but thought it would sound rude to say so.

"Yes, I think I didn't quite know my own mind, you know, you know—that rose in your hair looks ripping, Kate—but I've learnt a great deal since I came down here."

"Oh, I'm so glad, Wilfrid," I said earnestly, "for I know how anxious Aunt Adelaide is for you to get through your final.

"Oh, but I didn't mean that kind of thing," he replied quickly. "I didn't just then refer to medicine. What I really meant is that I've learnt a man should not look beyond his own country for a wife. You've taught me so much, Kate.

Poor Renee! In a brief six weeks it appeared I had, all unconsciously, supplanted her. I am a brunette, five seven in height, and generally considered the reverse from plain. It was the music, or the cream rose in my hair that had gone to the idol's head.

"I know I've been slacking, Kate," he continued penitently, "and shirking my reading, but when the beastly letter came you know, it made me feel I didn't care what happened. But now—now—I'm jolly glad it did come. I mean to work, to read at night and day for my final. I mean to get through for your sake, as well as the mater's."

Just then a tall figurre appeared at the nearest window and after a moment's hesitation stepped into the room. I sighed with relief for this timely interruption. It was Dr. Felton in a mackintosh from which the rain was dripping.

Wilfrid muttered something which did not sound like drawing-room language, and glared ferociously at him.

"Why, Wilfrid!" I exclaimed, starting up, "it's pouring again, and you left your books out under the cedar."

Then papa woke and asked Dr. Felton to stay to dinner. He did, and we had a very jolly evening. The only discordant note was the idol's behavior. He was not his usual good natured self, and exceedingly rude to Dr. Felton into the bargain. Happily, however, he took himself off to bed early.

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It is the third week in October, and this morning I had a letter from the idol. He says:

"Dear Katie,

"You will be glad to hear I have just managed to scrape through my final and no small thanks to you! The mater nearly had hysterics. One would think I had been made President of the Royal College of Surgeons. By the by, I have just had a letter from Bryan Felton asking me to be his best man at your wedding. It think it's awfully decent of him and shall of course be delighted to assist on that happy occpost. I am writing him by this post. I think it a very cute move on your part, keeping the patients in the family, you know.

"Always your Affectionate Cousin,

"WILFRID.

"P.S.—Did you ever meet Christine Probyn? She is a cousin of the Moxon's who live close to you. She chummed up with the mater and the girls at Folkestone and is now staying with us. She's splendid, and I should like you to know her.—W."

Some People In the Public Eye As Seen by M. A. P.

Lord North, who had the misfortune to lose his second son last week, is a typical country gentleman of the old school. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, and at one time was one of the best huntsmen in society. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and was formerly in the First Life Guards. In 1888 he married Miss Frederica Cockerell, and they have now living one son and three daughters. Lord North owns about 6,800 acres, and Wroxton abbey, his seat near Banbury, is one of the finest old mansions in the kingdom. Curiously enough, the present peer inherited his title from his mother; his father, the Right Hon. John Sidney Doyle, having adopted the name of North on his marriage with the baroness.

Mr. John Foster Fraser

Traveler, politician, author, journalist, lecturer, Mr. John Foster Fraser has played many parts in his 39 years of life, and played them well. The eldest son of the Rev. John Fraser, he was born at Edinburgh, and inherited from his father a passionate love of roaming, which sounds a little odd in view of his father's calling. But then the Rev. John Fraser was a sailor before he entered the church, and as such traveled far and wide. From his grandfather, who was for many years a leader writer on the Scotsman, he inherited the literary tastes and ability which have placed him in the front rank of descriptive writers. The literary bent showed itself first, taking him at an early age into provincial journalism, from which—it's a way Scotsmen have—he found his way to London. Then in 1895 the vagabond came uppermost and he spent a year or so on cargo boats in the Mediterranean.

Some of His Travels

His appetite for adventure thus wetted, Mr. Fraser found no difficulty in swallowing the rather large morsel of a bicycle tour round the world for Travel. This tremendous journey, made with two companions and during which the party traversed 17 different countries, covering close on 20,000 miles in 774 days, brought the travelers into widespread fame, whilst Mr. Fraser, as the chronicler of the party and the author of "Round the World on a Wheel," "arrived" in the literary world as a writer with a distinctive and admirable style and the possessor of rare descriptive powers. Since then—well it's a long story. He has been twice across Siberia. He made his way through Manchuria when it was closed to foreigners. He has toured Canada and America, and he has spent much time in the Balkans, and he lives to tell the tale. But then, despite fires, earthquakes, bolos, brigands and trifling incidents of that kind, Mr. Fraser will not admit that he has had any thrilling adventures.

A Pen Sketch

A fine looking man. Big and burly, with the fair hair and grey-blue eyes of the Scot, and a plump, healthy, pleasant face. Not at all aggressively Scotch in speech or manner. Indeed, like the majority of educated Highlanders, he speaks much better and purer English than many Saxons, and he has a charming bonhomie of manner, which has won him countless friends. Today he is the special parliamentary correspondent for the Standard, a position he formerly held for the Yorkshire Post; and he has strong political ambitions. As a Conservative he has twice contested Huddersfield, and, although he did not win the seat, he won golden opinions both as an able speaker and as a "white" man all through. Also he achieved the distinction of having the biggest parliamentary poster on record. No doubt he will sit in parliament some day, for the powers of the party have a very favorable eye upon him. Then Mr. Fraser is well known and popular all over the country as a lecturer, and can tell some amusing stories of his experiences, notably of the provincial mayor who could not grasp the fact that the earth is round. Altogether a brilliant, forceful, yet withal amiable personality, and a very hard working man, who averages 15 newspaper and other articles a week.

Lord and Lady Oranmore

Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne have been entertaining Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein at Castle Macgarrett, their place at Claremorris. Lord Oranmore is the third baron, and succeeded to the title in 1900. He is a representative peer for Ireland, and is a clever speaker and something of a wit. Besides Castle Macgarrett, he owns two other country seats: Bourtree Hill and the Mount in Ayrshire, and he has also a town address at Stratford place. Lady Oranmore was a daughter of the eighth Earl of Bessborough, and owns the quaint Christian names of Olwen Verena. Like her sisters, she is very musical and has an excellent singing voice.

The King and Mr. Henry J. Wood

King Edward paid a fine compliment the other day, while at Marienbad, to Mr. Henry J. Wood, whose feats of music at the Queen's hall are this season more popular than ever. His Majesty was attending the usual Wagner concert at the Bellevue. In addition to his usual escort, Lady Gonchen, Princess Murat and Mrs. Hall Walker took tea with him. He was in high spirits, and before leaving he spoke to Herr Schreyer, the conductor, saying that he had much enjoyed the concert. To His Majesty's inquiry as to what Herr Schreyer did in the winter, the conductor replied: "Majestaet, I try to keep up with the times by, going to Berlin, Vienna and Paris to hear the new productions." "Ah!" said King Edward. "But why not London, You can hear nothing finer than Richter's concerts and Wood's symphony concerts in the Queen's hall."

Snubbing a Queen's Hall Audience

Mr. Wood, by the way, has the nervous temperament common to all great artists, and woe be to the audience who put too great a strain upon his sensitiveness. He has been known to stop his orchestra in the middle of a breath taking passage in order to have a wailing baby ejected from the gallery. Three years ago, at a Melba concert in the Queen's hall, an obstinate audience provoked him into making a very unusual protest. After waiting four or five minutes for the audience to settle down, he raised his baton preparatory to directing the performance of Wagner's Siegfried's Idyl. A good many people were too deeply engaged in conversation to notice the reproving glances that the conductor had already bestowed upon them, so they chatted on, meaning, no doubt, to desist when the music began. With uplifted stick, Mr. Wood called his forces to attention, but, as silence was apparently unobtainable, he at last removed the music from his desk and declined to proceed.

It is almost impossible to imagine such an occurrence taking place at one of the regular promenade concerts. The attitude of the audiences on these occasions is almost religiously intense; so much so that during the quieter passages of the music the gentle splashing of a miniature fountain in the body of the hall can distinctly be heard. And the rapt attention given to Mr. Wood by his regular auditors is all the more praiseworthy seeing that two-thirds of them have to stand throughout the entire performance.

Why Seven Children Steal

A grim sidelight on the question of "How the Poor Live" is shown by some experiences of the helpers at the fresh air fund parties. Naturally, a strict rule has to be made that on no account shall the children pocket any of the food that is served out to them but it is often found to be the most difficult thing to enforce the command. Directly the little ones get seated in front of a good meal they seem to think almost by instinct of the poor brothers and sisters whom they have left behind in the slums, and, sometimes, also, it is not only the brothers and sisters that their hearts ache for, but grown up parents, whom they know too well have had to go without proper food for many hours.

A Pathetic Sight

Indeed, a clergyman wrote a short time ago: "Again and again I have caught my youngsters in the act of secreting fragments of bread and butter—they would have pocketed the tea if they could have managed it—and I admit frankly my anger knew no bounds till a helper explained that the hungry parents of the children looked eagerly forward to these crushed bits, messed and mauled as they were, temporarily appeasing with them the frightful gnawings of hunger. Sometimes, too, I have noticed the little girls will refuse to eat at all, and for a long time I used to argue that it was proof positive that they did not need the food, until finally my work took me into the slums that these little creatures came from, and then I realized that the poor little beggars did need the food badly enough, but were too exhausted through much fasting to eat it."

By Royal License

The marriage of Miss Gertrude de Stacpoole, the only daughter of the Duc and Duchesse de Stacpoole, recalls the fact that there are quite a number of Englishmen who enjoy foreign titles of nobility, and who are allowed to use them in this country by royal license. Many of these are of French and papal origins; others have been bestowed on their owners by such near relations of our sovereign as the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the King of the Belgians, while yet a third group enjoy titles of Dutch, Spanish and Austrian extraction. This group is headed by the genial and popular Count Bentinck, who is not only a count of the Holy Roman empire, and a member of the Dutch house of Portland, and so indirectly interested in the great Druce Case.

The Duc and Duchesse de Stacpoole

The Duc and Duchesse de Stacpoole are perhaps the most popular couple in County Galway, for if their title is foreign, their hearts are truly Irish, and they are both keenly interested in every form of sport. At Mount Hazel, their Galway home, there are all sorts of curious mementoes of the family's links with both France and the papal court. Thus in one room is a fine set of bedroom furniture which belonged to Louis Philippe, and the most precious of the many priceless relics kept in the duke's beautiful private chapel is a large piece of the true cross, given by Pio Nono to its present owner's father. The Duchesse, who when in London entertains her friends in Cadogan gardens, is a daughter of that Mr. McEvoy who was one time M. P. for Meath. As a girl she was a favorite hunting companion of the late Empress of Austria, and she still affectionately remembers, and has transmitted to her only daughter, some excellent hints anent the management of high spirited horses, given her by the imperial horsewoman.

Some Other Papal Titles

Yet another Irish squire who bears a papal title is the genial Count de la Poer. He also claims an ancient Irish barony, but his papal countship only dates from 1864. Count and Countess de la Poer—the latter a daughter of Lord Emly—live at the quaintly named Gurteen le Poer, in Waterford. They are, by the way, fond of singular cognomens, and each of their seven children has in addition to the other either name that of "de Poher!" A papal dukedom is in the enjoyment of the owner of Blackmore park, Worcester, but the Duke Gandolfi is himself of Italian extraction, in spite of the fact that his surname is Hornyold. The family also has strong links with Spain, and the present Duke's mother, who keeps house for him, for he is still a bachelor, was the daughter of a Spanish grandee. Well known in the Roman Catholic world is Count Cecil-Kearney, the hereditary keeper of St. Patrick's crozier. The Kearneys were enthusiastic adherents of the Stuarts, and one of them was secretary of state to James II. during the latter's long, sad exile at St. Germains.

In High Favor at Court

Certain holders of foreign titles of nobility are held in high favor at our court; a case in point is that of Baron Campbell von Laurentz, who was equerry and intimate friend of our sovereign's brother, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. He and the baroness, who is English, have a delightful place called Rosemead, near Windsor, where they are often honored by visits from the various members of our royal family, while they are ever welcome guests at the castle. Baron Bodall has also a close connection with royalty, for he was personal solicitor to the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and he also is licensed to assume and bear his title in this country. As for Baron de Forest, who received his barony from the Emperor of Austria, he is, of course, one of our sovereign's favorite hosts, and some seven years ago he became a naturalized British subject. Among all those holders of foreign titles mentioned in these notes he is the most likely to end as a British peer.

Lord Arthur Hill

Lord Arthur Hill, who has so triumphantly vindicated his claim to be the Unionist member for County Down, west division, is a man of great weight, both physically and politically. He has been three times comptroller of the royal household in different Conservative governments, and with his handsome face and fine presence he was able to carry off, as a smaller man could not have done, the gorgeous uniform of that office. In the house, where he formerly represented West Down, he was extremely popular, and he will be welcomed back to St. Stephen's with open arms by politicians of all parties. He did a good deal of "whipping" in the eighties and nineties, having a persuasive Irish way with recalcitrant or neglectful members. In Ulster he is a man of light and leading, and for many years, as guardian of his young nephew, Lord Downshire, he controlled the large family estates. His son by his first marriage, Captain Arthur Hill, is a keen yachtsman, and a hero of the South African war.

M. A. P. in the Library

The unexpected is pleasingly prominent—at least from an interviewer's standpoint—in the career and personality of Mr. Arthur Charles Fox-Davies. Had he followed the dictates of a juvenile heart whilst a schoolboy at Ackworth, Yorks, he would have been a jockey. This choice of career, however, did not exactly meet with the approval of his Quaker father—he is the second son of Mr. Thomas Edmond Fox-Davies of Coalbrookdale, Shropshire—and foiled in this direction, his next and more enduring idea was to be a barrister. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Fox-Davies' first occupation was as private secretary to the manager of a big ironworks in which his relatives had some financial interest. This post he held for about four years, and one day he chanced to see an advertisement for an editor for a heraldic book. Heraldry and everything pertaining thereto had been one of Mr. Fox-Davies' hobbies from boyhood; moreover, he had a bent, none the less distinct that it was unexpected so far as family history went, for writing and journalism. Subsequently he became editor of "Dodd's Peerage," and today edits "Armorial Families," and is one of the greatest of heraldic authorities and experts. As his fame in this particular line grew, Mr. Fox-Davies was thrown into contact with solicitors on genealogical and peerage questions, and on their advice he carried out his original desire, and was called to the Bar (Lincoln's Inn) about two years ago, and has since principally devoted himself to law in general. He can boast that the first time he spoke as a barrister it was at the bar of the House of Lords, an experience which must be unique.

Superb Sensation

However, it is in Mr. Fox-Davies, novelist, that the unexpected, to which allusion has been made, becomes most prominent. For this Quaker-bred lawyer, this pedigree-pundit, is a master of the sensational-cum-detective novel, and in "The Dangerville Inheritance," "The Mauliverer Murders," and "The Average Man" he has written three of the best and most enthralling stories of this class that it has been one's spell-bound delight to read for many a day. Indeed, one could easily exhaust the resources of eulogy in praising the superb sensationalism of these tales, which have that air of artistic verisimilitude, that grip and swing, without which a story fails to hold the reader, no matter how crammed with sensation it may be.

Imperial Outposts—Strategical and Commercial

Imperial Outposts. From a Strategical and Commercial Aspect, with Special Reference to the Japanese Alliance. By Colonel A. M. Murray. (Murray. 12s net).

London Times: Colonel Murray's "Imperial Outposts" is the record of notes taken on a journey to Japan in 1906, going out by the Suez canal route and returning across Canada, a journey on which he had ample opportunities of gathering information. "The primary purpose of the volume," he says himself, "is to examine the conditions under which communication along the main highway round the Empire can be maintained with Japan in the event of a maritime war with one or more of the great powers of the world," while he fully recognizes the vital importance of our commerce, and the consequent inter-dependence of questions of strategy and trade. Accordingly, he sketches the geographical and military, and to a certain extent the commercial, conditions at each of the great halting places on the route to the far east, in all of which if they are not actually British possessions, we have a predominant interest. Next he gives an account of Japan, especially as a fighting power, and adds a couple of chapters about Canada. Neither Japan nor Canada can with strictness be called an Imperial outpost. We need not, however, quarrel with the phrase; Canada, both in its strength and in its weakness, is perhaps at present the most interesting portion of the Empire; and there are few things more profitable for the English people in its present temper to contemplate than the example which our eastern ally offers. A nation saturated, so to speak, with patriotism, where every citizen is ready for any sacrifice that his country can demand, where the statesmen leave nothing to chance and know that the people will heartily support measures calculated to improve the national efficiency, whatever they may cost, where the fighting strength of the state is the whole population, while there is not a trace of militarism; where no class shirks its own duties or seeks immediate gain to itself at the expense of other classes, which is in the long run to the detriment of the whole body politic—such is the picture which Japan presents.

As a series of contributions towards a compendium of the many topics which must be kept in view by any one who studies the vast problem of the Empire, Colonel Murray's pages have their value. He knows how to put things shortly, and he does not hesitate to state the conclusions which his information has led him to form, whether they are or are not favorable to the existing state of things. Moreover, the maps and plans with which his book is amply supplied place before the reader's eye the geographical conditions involved. What he has to say about Gibraltar and Malta, Aden, Colombo, Singapore, and Hongkong, while all excellently put, is probably known to most of those who take an interest in the subject, though it would be difficult to name another book in which everything important relating to the Suez Canal is so well summarized. But from the nature of the case they are but isolated contributions; there is not a word about South Africa or Australasia, nor is there more than slight incidental reference to India. Colonel Murray must take another equally long and equally well-employed journey before he can give us a summary of the whole Imperial problem. Unfortunately, however—and this is the one serious drawback to a valuable book—Colonel Murray does not attempt the difficult task of correlating the opinions which he expresses and thus is occasionally inconsistent with himself. Views which are reasonable from a local standpoint may need much qualification when they are looked at as parts of a complicated whole. Colonel Murray begins with a sketch of the new policy which concentrates our main naval strength in European waters, and comes to the conclusion that, with our present number of battleships and our fleets "securely based on Gibraltar, Dover, and Rosyth," our position is unassailable. As the Rosyth base does not exist, it would have been safer to say—will some day be unassailable. But Colonel Murray elsewhere strongly condemns the withdrawal of all battleships from the eastern seas. This opinion may be right or may be wrong; we have no intention of attempting to argue the point; but, obviously, battleships cannot be in two places at once, and our European strength would be materially lessened by every battleship based on Hong-kong. So, again, he is severe on our administration of Aden; all his strictures are weighty, but they are too much from the local point of view. It is doubtless true that Aden has suffered from being technically annexed to Bombay; such a thoroughly artificial arrangement should have ended when the Crown took over India from the East India company. A more energetic government might well have made Aden more of a centre of trade, and have extended British influence far inland, to the ultimate advantage of the neighboring tribes, though probably much against their wills. But it is a question, not of local administration at Aden, but of general politics on the largest scale, whether Great Britain should have pushed her influence into a region where the Sultan has claims to supremacy, ineffective as these may be, whether she ought or ought not to have been content with maintaining and defending the indispensable coaling station.

Colonel Murray is a good Imperialist, perhaps a little over ready to accept fresh responsibilities—he sees, for instance, how effective a remedy it would be for the evils under which Shanghai suffers were England to take over the government, and does not weigh the additional burden—but sound and sensible on vital points. He never forgets that foreign powers, however friendly today, may in future prove hostile; the Empire must depend on itself. In his chapter on Canada he blames the slowness of the Canadians to organize effective national defence—a fault from which the Mother Country is unfortunately not free; and he urges in strong though wisely vague terms the pressing need for closer union between the component parts of the empire. Are any such words likely to bear fruit? Is it possible for this country to evolve, and to maintain, a complete external policy, including in one coherent whole, the principles of national defence, direct relations with foreign powers, and, most difficult of all, the internal relations of an empire whose components differ so enormously? History is full of proofs that such a policy, deliberately framed and steadily pursued, is necessary if states are to become or to remain great, that letting things drift is the worst course of all. England did not become great by chance, but because our forefathers knew how to use their opportunities; but she has been great and prosperous so long that an easy-going optimism has grown up among her people which takes for granted that all will go right without deliberate effort on their part. Books like Colonel Murray's will doubtless attract attention only from educated men who have already some idea of what the empire means; but it is through the educated class after all that new ideas can reach the mass of the electors, and that the politicians can be made to realize that there are things greater than party.

IS CALLED DEVIL'S BIBLE

Royal Palace of Sweden Contains Strange Copy of Scriptures

The volume which is called the 'devil's bible' is in the library of the royal palace of Sweden. It is a large copy of the Scriptures written on 300 prepared asses' skins. One report says that it took 500 years to complete this copy, which is so large that it has a table to itself. Another tradition says that it was completed in a single night, due to the assistance of his satanic majesty, who, when the work was finished, gave the monk a portrait of himself for a frontispiece. The illuminated likeness of the devil still adorns the front page of the work. This volume was carried off by the Swedes in the thirty years' war from a convent in Prague.

Enthusiastic Amateur Sailor—Let go that jib sheet!

Unenthusiastic "Landlubber" (who has been decoyed into acting crew)—I'm not touching the beastly thing!—Punch.