



Dominion Bazaar.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

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PLEASE READ SPECIAL NOTICE MARKED IN RED.

THE ORIGIN OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

The origin of the stamp had a tinge of romance in it. It was thirty-nine years ago that Rowland Hill, while crossing a district in the north of England, arrived at the door of an inn where a postman had stopped to deliver a letter. A young girl came out to receive it; she turned it over and over in her hand and asked the price of postage. This was a large sum and evidently the girl was poor, for the postman demanded a shilling. She sighed sadly, and said the letter was from her brother, but that she had no money; and so she returned the letter to the postman. Touched with pity, Mr. Hill paid the postage and gave the letter to the girl, who seemed very much embarrassed. Scarcely had the postman turned his back when the young innkeeper's daughter confessed that it was a trick between her and her brother. Some signs on the envelope told her all she wanted to know, but the letter contained no writing. "We are both so poor," she added, that we invented this mode of corresponding without paying for our letters. The traveller, continuing his road, asked himself if a system giving place to such frauds was not a vicious one. Before sunset Rowland had planned to organize the postal service on a new basis—with what success is known to the world. An exact *fac simile* of the first stamped envelope ever used, is illustrated above, it represents Britannia as Post-mistress of the universe, with winged messengers delivering letters to expectant beings in every quarter of the globe, and is known by the Stamp Collecting Fraternity as the Mulready Envelope, from the name of its designer—issued 1840. 1d. black, 2d. blue, we supply the originals. 1d. at \$1.25; 2d. at \$2.50; or *fac simile* reprints 10c. each.

CURIOSITIES WANTED AND FOR SALE.

We are desirous of obtaining a good stock, principally of the following articles, for collections of which we will endeavour to give the highest exchange rates.

Canadian and Foreign Coins, Medals and Tokens, both ancient and modern, in metals.

Canadian and Foreign Postage, Revenue and Local Stamps, especially old Provincial, used or new.

Second hand Books, especially illustrated volumes, works of standard authors, and early American and English books in good preservation and binding.

If you have any curiosities you wish to dispose of, we will try and find you customers for them, if you will send us your lowest prices for the same. Our columns will always be open to collectors who are desirous of advertising their wants. For terms see Dominion Bazaar Exchange Supplement.

We will dispose of curiosities at auction at 10 per cent. commission, or private sale as per arrangement.

THE RAREST OF ALL COINS.

Here is the true story of the rarest of coins, and how a precious medal came to be the great numismatic triumph of the French collection. One evening in July, 1867, a French gentleman, an expert of the British Museum, was dining in London with General Fox, the son of Lord Holland. In the midst of the dinner-table talk, the numismatic enthusiast was addressed as follows by a gentleman present: "I am sorry you were not in town to-day, for I should have sent you a queer kind of a fellow, who says he came from Bokhara, and who pretends that he has a rare coin."

The numismatist was all attention.

"It was a gold coin, so he said, of some ancient king of India, and would weigh as much as 20 sovereigns, and was huge—as big as the palm of my hand."

The numismatist's heart was in his mouth.

"Sorry you seem so excited about it. It is my belief that the whole thing is a forgery. Just think of it! The shabby-looking fellow who was hawking the coin around had the impertinence to ask £5,000 for it!"

The numismatist thought over it, and, as an expert, reasoned in this way over the story: "Forger he may be. Still, there may be something in it. Issuers of spurious coin never have brains enough to invent new forms; they always vamp up representations of certain well-known coins. Anyhow it may be worth while for me to look it up as a numismatical monstrosity."

"The fellow," continued the informant, "seemed very much down on his luck. He told me that wherever he had been to show or sell his coin, the experts had kicked him out, declaring that his piece of money was a forgery."

A hope sprang up in the coin-collector's heart—an inkling that some great find was near at hand. Instinctively he rose from the dinner-table, determined to set out at once in search of the coin. General Fox, the host, being himself the most enthusiastic of collectors, understanding what it is to have a fit of numismatia, excused him, and he parted as quick as a cat could take him to Islington, for at Islington he knew an Oriental who kept up communication with those curious waifs from the East, who only turn up in the greatest cities of the world. A trail was discovered in Islington itself and soon the miserable lodgings of the man from Bokhara were found. The landlord of the house said, "The man you wish to see is just going to bed. I know he has been trying to find you. Shall I call him down?" "Yes, at once," cried the expert.

In a few minutes down came the man who had been kicked out by every coin-collector in London. With the help of the Oriental, who acted as an interpreter, the Bokhara man was told to show his coin. Then the Bokhara individual took off his queerly-cut coat, next his embroidered