

A CAST FOR FORTUNE

By CHRISTIAN REID, IN "LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE."

CHAPTER XV.

And without fail he did leave. It was like wrenching apart the very fibres of his being but he knew that there must be no delay. In the first place, it was well that the wrench should be made quickly, and, secondly, he was aware that his mother was quite capable of coming in search of him, as she had declared her intention of doing. He was sure that the hospitality of Miraflores would be equal to such a strain, but he had no desire to add to a burden of obligation which already he could hardly hope to repay, and he knew, moreover, that the journey would be very trying to Mrs. Derwent. The thing to do, therefore, was to go, and to go quickly. So the next morning he announced his intention of departure, giving the reason thereof.

Don Maurizio expressed his regret so cordially that it was impossible not to believe in the sincerity of every word. "I hoped that we should keep you a little longer, Mr. Derwent," he said, "and now that this annoying matter of the investigation into your shooting is over, that we might have had a little conversation on business. But your mother's arrival, of course, makes it imperative that you should go. However, if you remain for any length of time in Mexico, I may see you there. I had not intended to go down for some weeks yet, but I think it will be well to take my daughter as soon as possible away from here. Yesterday's tragedy had been a great shock to her nerves, and the sooner she is away from its associations the better."

"I am sure of it," said Derwent, who felt like a reprieved criminal. The sentence of death—of separation to which he could see no end—that had been hanging over him was lifted; life seemed to flash back into his heart and veins; he was almost afraid that the irrepressible gladness of his voice would betray him. "I am delighted to hear of your resolution," he went on, "for Dona Zarifa's sake, because I am sure the tragedy has been a terrible shock to her, and for my own, because I shall have the great pleasure of seeing you again, and my mother will be able to thank you for your wonderful kindness to me."

"What we have been able to do has been fully repaid by the pleasure of your society," said Don Maurizio. "Frankly, it has been long since I have met so companionable a man. You can be no stranger to Miraflores after this, Mr. Derwent. If you like us as well as we have learned to like you, there is no question but that you will come back."

"I would cross the world to come back," cried the young man, earnestly. After this, the farewell to Dona Zarifa which he had dreaded became easy. It wrung his heart to see on her face the pallor and purple transparent shadows of yesterday still visible, but even this had not power to damp the happiness with which he said, "I hope to have the great pleasure of seeing you in Mexico, senorita. Don Maurizio tells me that he will be there, with you, in a few days."

"In a few days, papa!" she said with surprise. "I thought we should not leave Miraflores for some time."

"I find that it will be necessary for me to go down to Mexico as soon as possible," he answered, "and in that case it will not be worth while to return here before going to the Bajío. A few weeks in the city will do us both good. I will write to-day and order the house put in order for our coming."

Was it Derwent's fancy, or was there a light of pleasure in the dark eyes as they met his own? "In that case, senor," she said, with gentle graciousness, "we need not bid you a long adieu. It is enough to wish you a pleasant journey, and to hope that you may soon be able to relieve the anxiety of the senora your mother."

So, with a much lighter heart than he had fancied possible, Derwent rode out of the great gates of Miraflores, and looked back many times at the long arched dwelling on its lovely plateau, its soft cream-color thrown into relief by the green hills behind it, and the cross above its chapel pointing heavenward. At a turn of the road where he knew that the last glimpse was to be had, he paused and took off his hat, in final salutation to all that had been revealed to him there, the boundless hospitality and charity, the kind and useful lives, the widely-defused circle of good, the simplicity, the gentleness, and the happiness, which formed a golden atmosphere about the spot.

The third day after this found him entering the city of Mexico again, and hardly able to believe the evidence of the calendar that it had been little more than a month since he had left it to seek the Buena Esperanza. Although by no means sure how far Morell had been engaged in the business schemes of the redoubtable Fernandez, he had telegraphed him from Guadalajara requesting him to look at the hotels for Mrs. Derwent, and, if she had arrived, to keep her in the city. He was not very much surprised, therefore, to find Morell awaiting him at the station.

"Has my mother come?" was his first question. "Yes; she arrived yesterday," Morell answered, "and had only been here an hour or two when I received your despatch and looked her up. She was very anxious about you, and much relieved to hear that you were on the way to meet her. But, my dear fellow, what can I say for myself? I hardly know how to express my regret that such an accident should have befallen you, something no one could possibly have foreseen."

"Unless it was your friend Senor Fernandez," said Derwent, dryly. "He not only foresaw, but planned, the whole thing, and had it executed."

"Derwent!" Morell exclaimed. He stopped for they were walking together down the long platform—and looked at the other as if doubtful whether he had heard him aright. "What do you mean?" he asked. "That is a very grave accusation."

"It is a plain statement of a fact," replied Derwent. "The assassin came to finish his work, but was, fortunately, shot before he could do so. He lived long enough to tell the whole story, however." And then he related it briefly.

was certainly accountable for the crime." "To fasten it on Barrera was his chief object," said Derwent. "By the bye, do you know how he obtained the bond to that mine?"

Morell had the grace to blush. "I do not exactly," he replied, "but I suspect it was in a very unscrupulous manner. He told me that he could bring political pressure to bear. I suppose you think that I ought not to have sanctioned anything of the kind. But our bargain was that he was to get the mines and I was to sell them. I had no business to interfere with his manner of getting them."

"The receiver of stolen goods might say as much," observed Derwent with scorn. "A man of honor does not wish to profit by dishonesty in any form. I tell you frankly that there is not silver enough in all Mexico to tempt me to touch a mine with a title acquired as that of the Buena Esperanza was."

"I hope you do not think that I shall touch it further," said Morell. "Henceforth I shall wash my hands of Senor Fernandez. I might endure cheating, but attempted assassination is a little too much. Here is a carriage. You can drop me at San Francisco Street, and you will find your people at the Hotel del Jardin."

"At least the shooting did you one good turn," he added, as they rolled out of the station gates: "it domesticated you in the hacienda of the Ormonds. I said to myself, 'What luck some fellows have! as soon as I heard of it. How did you like Dona Zarifa on acquaintance? Odd, wasn't it, our discussing her that day in the Alameda?'"

"Did we discuss her?" said Derwent, who had a feeling as if the other took an unwarrantable liberty in even mentioning her name. "I never received greater kindness in my life than from every one at Miraflores. Don Maurizio picked me up in the road, you know. He is a magnificent type, grand seigneur, yet simple, cordial, kind beyond belief."

"Oh, no doubt," said Morell. "But how about Dona Zarifa? Is she as unapproachable as she looks? Or could a man venture to fall in love with her?" "That would depend entirely upon the man," replied Derwent. "You have heard, no doubt, that fools sometimes rush in where angels fear to tread. I hope that I am at least not quite a fool. But tell me about my mother. How has she borne the journey?"

He was soon able to answer this question himself. He had hardly entered within the gilded iron gates of the Hotel del Jardin and taken a few steps along the wide gallery that runs around two sides of the immense quadrangle which encloses the beautiful old garden of the monastery of San Francisco, when he was met by a tall young lady, with frank hazel eyes and red-brown hair, who uttered a cry and held out both hands in welcome.

"My dear Geoffrey! how delighted I am to see you!" she exclaimed. "And you are really alive and well? What an awful fright you gave us! Are you not ashamed of yourself?" "My dear Sibyl," Derwent retorted, "are not you ashamed to have let my mother come on such a journey? If you had only believed the explicit statement of my letter—"

"But we didn't believe them," she interposed. "At least your mother did not; she thought you were trying to spare her; and, seeing her misery, I thought the best thing for her to do was to come and satisfy herself. I am certain you would have thought so too, if you had been there."

"No doubt I should," he answered. "At least I should be a wretch to find fault with so much goodness, especially on your part. I am deeply grateful to you for undertaking the journey to accompany my mother."

"I am more than rewarded," she answered. "This is the most enchanting place I have ever wandered into. But come! Cousin Margaret is expecting you, and, afraid, even yet, that you may be brought in on a litter."

He laughed as he followed her toward the door of one of the charming apartments surrounding the gallery, and paused in the sitting-room while she opened the door of the spacious chamber beyond, and said, "Dear cousin, here is your truant. Come and scold him."

The next instant Derwent saw the slender, black-clad form and pale, lovely face of his mother, with a wistful look in the deep-blue eyes, as she said, "My boy is it really you at last?"

After the first eager questions had been answered, and Mrs. Derwent's anxiety somewhat reassured, Derwent found another in store for him. "You had no trouble in the journey, I hope?" he said. "It was too bad your having had to take it without a masculine attendant; for that is something you, at least, are not accustomed to, mamma. Sibyl, now, belongs to the new order of independent young ladies,—she would start out, with a maid, to go around the world,—but you are of the ancient régime, and I fear that it was very disagreeable to you."

"Oh, has Sibyl not told you?" said Mrs. Derwent. "We did not come alone. I confess I should have disliked that very much; though of course, my dearest boy, I would have done that, or anything else, to reach you. But Frank Halbert came with us. It was very kind of him."

"Frank Halbert?" repeated Derwent, in surprise. Then he threw back his head and laughed uncontrollably. "Why, you organized a regular relief expedition!" he said. "What a picture you would have made coming to storm Miraflores!"

"You are very ungrateful, Geoffrey," said Miss Lenox. "It may be a laughing-matter to you now, but it was not a laughing-matter when we thought we might find you dying or dead. What could two women, in a strange country, have done in that case? One had to think of these things. So it was exceedingly kind of Mr. Halbert to accompany us."

"It certainly was, uncommonly kind," said Derwent, recovering his gravity, "and I beg your pardon for laughing. Halbert is a very good fellow always. Where is he?" "I parted with him near the post office just before I met you. He went in to make some inquiries. Ah, here he is!"

A handsome man of about thirty, well set up, with keen eyes looking out of a refined face, appeared at the partly-open door as

Miss Lenox spoke. "So here you are!" he said, holding out a cordial hand. "It is a satisfaction to see you still living; and upon my word, young man, I begin to fear this thing has been a hoax. You are looking very well."

"Oh, Frank!" said Mrs. Derwent, reproachfully. "I do not think so. He is pale and thin."

"I ought to be looking well," said Derwent, "if the best of care could make me so. I have been doing nothing but enjoying an ideal life and recovering my strength. My wound, however, is not yet healed, and gives me some trouble."

"You must have the best medical advice at once," said Mrs. Derwent, while Halbert looked at Sibyl and laughed.

"This is pleasant, is it not?" he said. "Think of our anxiety to reach the sufferer, our hurried journey without pause, our eager desire to relieve him from the discomforts he was supposed to be enduring,—while all the time he was 'enjoying an ideal life' and recovering his strength in the most satisfactory manner! I don't know what you may think of our journey to the land of the Montezumas, Miss Lenox, but I feel rather ridiculous."

"I do not," replied Miss Lenox, loftily. "We came to relieve cousin Margaret's anxiety and to help her in any need that she might have for us. Of course, incidentally, we should have been glad to have relieved Geoffrey also."

"But, since Geoffrey has behaved so shamefully as not to need relief, you are ready to put him aside severely," said that gentleman, smiling. "Come, now, is that quite fair? I am extremely sorry that you have taken such a long journey for such an insufficient reason, but I feel your kindness to my mother more than I can possibly express. And, now that you are here, don't you think you may find something to enjoy?"

"I am sure of it," replied Sibyl, frankly. "Since our anxiety about you was relieved by Mr. Morell's visit yesterday, I have enjoyed every sight and sound. Yes, on the whole, we will magnanimously forgive you for getting well before we came. And now tell us all about your ideal hacienda."

"I have only one improvement to suggest," said Halbert. "The hacienda is chapter second. Let us have chapter first,—the whole authentic account of the shooting, with the cause thereof."

Derwent hesitated for a moment. Should he tell the whole, or only part, of that story? Nothing would have induced him to mention Dona Zarifa's name in connection with the final tragedy when speaking of it to Morell, but these were his nearest friends and relatives; was it not right that he should let them know the full greatness of his obligation? So he told the whole story; and never was narrative listened to with more rapt attention. Three pairs of winking eyes were fastened on his face as he spoke, and when he finished Mrs. Derwent fairly broke into sobs.

"Oh, my dear," she cried, "what can we ever do to show our gratitude to those kind people? They have saved your life twice over. And that heroic girl! How I long to see and thank her!"

"I too, have a great desire to see the girl," observed Halbert. "I would go across Mexico to see her!" cried Sibyl. "Happy creature!—to be able to do heroic things, not dream of them! Geoffrey, my respect for you has increased. There must be something more in you than I ever imagined, for fate to have selected you as the central figure of such a story."

"I played a very subordinate part in it," Sibyl said derisively. "My role was subjective altogether. All the honors belong to Dona Zarifa."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Experiencing a Cloud Burst. A young man living on Champlain street has lately been preparing himself physically for a trip to the Far West. Among his preparations was that of sleeping under a tree in the garden every night. Saturday night he was there as usual, a horse blanket spread over him to keep off the chill, and he was pursuing the wild Apache in his dreams when some joker threw a pail of water over him from the alley. In his sudden awakening the young man ran against an apple tree and broke his nose, and was at Police Headquarters yesterday to say:

"I want at least four detectives to be put on this case and I want the villain run down regardless of cost. Here's \$1.50 start with, and don't lose any time or try to economize on money. A fellow who will hit a sleeping man with a cloud-burst must be given a short rope."—Detroit Free Press.

A Canstic Query. "Come, come, don't be a fool, my dear," said the husband during a domestic breeze. "Didn't marriage make you and me one," she asked. "Of course it did." "How can I help being a fool, then?"

He Couldn't Tell the Difference. The conversation was somewhat general, and the drummer, seeing an opportunity for what he deemed innocent rallery, said: "Monsieur, can you tell us the difference between a bishop and an ass? You are evidently a learned man and can certainly inform us."

After a moment's thought the prelate answered, with perfect candor and good nature: "Well, it doesn't seem such a difficult question, perhaps, and yet I really cannot explain it."

"No? Then I will enlighten you," continued the traveler, who by this time had drawn the attention of the crowd. "It is the bishop on his breast."

This sally was received with roars of laughter, nobody as yet suspecting the religious character of its object.

"And now," began the archbishop, still with perfect affability, "can you tell me the difference between a commercial traveler and an ass?"

The drummer scratched his head, and finally replied he couldn't. "Neither can I," mildly commented his grace. The traveler got out at the next station.

A Mystery Cleared Up. Pa—Have you seen with the microscope the little animals that are in the water?

IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

London, Wells and its King. Beaumont Nash. (Charming Picturesque Flains.)

A short, quiet run from London, many tunnels, a dark, black, dreary station sunk between high stone-cased banks made hideous by smoke and the disfiguring advertisements that add vulgarity and do not impart light or colour; an indistinct announcement to the guards who so conscientiously live up to the axiom, "Words are given us to disguise our thoughts," and Tunbridge Wells is reached with a feeling of absolute disappointment at having been inveigled to it under the pretence that it is the fairest flower in Kent, the "garden of England." But as soon as the long flight of steps which lead from the bowels of the earth to the surface is ascended, a reaction begins. The upper street is broad, sunny, bright, lined on one side with wide flag-stones and what seem elegant shops; on the other, sweeping beyond the railway trenches, now lost to sight, an undulating distance spreads afar, with blue hills half veiled in haze, trees such as are only found in England, grass like green enamel, and an atmosphere so clear, fresh, and pure that it seems that of the sea which the horizon resembles.

The name of that first street ascending toward other equally charming tree-planted thoroughfares is Mount Pleasant, and a little familiarity with the pretty town reveals the existence of other appellations of Puritan origin, such as Mount Zion, Mount Ephraim, &c., contrasting quaintly with the modern aspect of Tunbridge Wells, and still more with its traditions. In its length, which is great from the valley to the extreme summit of its northern hill; in its breadth, which is not large, and bounded on either side by the

BEAUTIFUL PICTURESQUE PLAINS,

the city offers the same blending of new and old. The hotels are excellent, the cooking good, shops and books are as abundant as in London; the private houses are placed in lovely matured gardens; the roads, paths, and sidewalks smooth as billiard tables, whether they plunge into picturesque little valleys and ravines, skirt the rocks, dip into the woods, or intersect the common—the glorious, breezy common of many hundred acres, the pride of the place; yet, every now and then some Old World reminiscence—a name, a building, a paved court, or avenue of beeches—carries you back to the time when the chalybeate springs of the Wells; brought all the celebrity and fashion to Tunbridge. The water still bubbles up at the same place where writs and beaux drank it. The walk is still called "Ye Pantiles;" it has its raised promenade, its seats, its quaint-walled houses, market place, curious clock, and original conformation, exactly as it stood in 1748, when its popularity was at its height with a dead and bygone generation. It was visited then by Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, "who could talk Greek faster than any woman in England;" by Richardson, the novelist; Colley Cibber; the beautiful Miss Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston; by Garrick and Chatham, Mrs. Thrale, and Chesterfield, "who never changed the shape of his hat in twenty years," says Thackeray; by Johnson, "the dictionary maker;" by George the Fourth, when he was Prince of Wales, and, last not least, by Beau Nash.

FUTURE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

The Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria passed two seasons at the Wells, one in the old Lushington House, now the Calverley Hotel, and one—in 1835—at Boyle House. The

was very fond of the pretty town, not nearly so large and important as it is now, and after her coronation more than once regretted the happy days she spent there. In 1871 Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne visited it. Charles II, once occupied Ephraim House, and the infamous Judge Jeffrey lived at Chancellors House. After the French Revolution many refugees settled there, which, perhaps, accounts for a certain half-English flavor pervading the place. Nor was that the only time that the victims of adverse politics availed themselves of the hospitality of Tunbridge Wells, for after his last and sudden exile the Comte de Paris, family, and suite stayed three months at the Calverley Hotel.

Not its least charm is its facility of access. Forty to fifty trains pass through during the day. London is reached in an hour by the express trains, and a four-horse coach, revived with more than the old elegance, comfort, and speed, leaves the White Horse Cellars in Piccadilly every day at 10 o'clock, and performs the journey in four hours.

The presiding genius, almost the founder of the Wells, was Beau Nash—Richard Nash, the adventurer—who for more than fifty years governed the pleasures of the polite kingdom. He spent his early acquired wealth recklessly, his equipages were sumptuous, and he habitually travelled down to the Wells in a post chaise drawn by six greys, with outriders, gorgeous footmen, French horns, and much ostentatious display. Gambling was the chief attraction, as it has been since at Monaco and the German watering places; the favorite games were *faischame*, pharaoh or faro, and the ace of hearts. Such exorbitant sums changed hands over the green cloth that public gambling was put down by statute, but various devices were resorted to in order to elude the law. A second and more stringent prohibition was issued, followed by fresh evasion, and the games of rolly-polly, Marlborough, battles, but especially of E. O., were instituted and encouraged by the very noblemen who had given their voices to the suppression of the gaming table. Nash himself had a large stipulated share in the profits. In 1735 he was the "king" of Tunbridge Wells, the hero of Ye Pantiles. He made decrees and they were obeyed. One of the principal was that

EVERY VISITOR should live in public, lodging-houses, being only used for eating and sleeping; the intermediate time was spent on the walk in the Assembly or Pump Room or at chapel. Every hour had its allotted occupation, always a gregarious one. Nash, partly from sarcasm, partly from common sense, but chiefly through impudence and assumption; he suppressed riding boots and swords, discouraged private gaming tables, insisted upon early hours, and, with all his insolence and foppishness, was occasionally capable of generous and charitable actions.

When the journey by post or stage occupied seven hours from London, the passengers by the latter were only allowed fourteen pounds of luggage; touters met

them as far as half way, solicited patronage for the different trades. The coach took the waters at the well seven times a day, paying "welcome penny" for each glass—a custom still in vogue—"dipper," as she is called, who receives the money, being a woman appointed to the duties by the lord of the manor. But the compulsory expenses of the visit—of a crown a head had to be paid for admission to the Assembly Room; another subscription for a crown by gentlemen to the Coffee Room, entitling them to the booksellers or circulating library, half guinea to the musicians, and varying sums to the clergyman, and many more and where they are often referred to. In one of the following lines spoken by a leading character: "Don't mention marriage as honesty in the city. It is a place of general address, all pleasure and liberty dangle together like a knife and fork, and are a jest to the whole walk." This recalls Boulogne, that "everyday" of the chief hotel body else's wife."

At present, under the bright warm June weather of 1890, within a stone's throw these faded but yet tenacious memories, the visitor can look upon a sight almost as curious and strange as that offered by the quaint old prints of the past century. For the last three weeks a clash of drums and cymbals the prancing of four fiery steeds harnessed with bells and plumes, the rattle

A GILDED CHARIOT.

bearing a band, a man who is their leader and two subordinates, announces that "Sequah" is repairing to the common, there to carry on his marvellous cures twice a day for two hours. Who is this modern Dulcimar, whose reputation is made in many counties of England, and who attracts around him an ever-increasing crowd of spectators and partisans? He calls himself an American, and an Indian; he and his followers wear buckskin jackets, high boots, gaudy shirts, large flapping Mexican hats; his hands sparkle with rings; his hair is curled and oily; his face clean shaven, sunburnt, and handsome; he might be American, but he drops his h's like a cockney and uses very English colloquialisms. His attendants in military uniform; he is reported to make as much as forty pounds a day, has a stud of six horses, and heals gratuitously. Crippled, maimed, and helpless men are lifted into his chariot, a barrier of rugs is upheld between him, his patient, his assistant, and the audience, and the manipulation of the limbs begins, the spectators only seeing Sequah's head and shoulders in motion.

Twenty minutes later the man operations upon, whose crutches have been broken as preliminary operation, walks down the ladder of the chariot, and, without support, is trotted round the circle at a brisk pace, the enthusiastic cheers of the bystanders. Immediately afterward, Sequah proceeds to sell his bottles of "Prairie Flower" and of at two shillings each, and he cannot supply his clients fast enough; he also gives away his nostrums to the poorer patients provided with hospital or dispensary certificates. He has puzzled the doctors; he is to all intents and purposes an ordinary quack, but a quack who has made some real cures, whether lasting or not, remains to be proved who captivates the crowd, whose drugs are at least innocuous, who gives away many £5 notes, who refuses to have anything to do with women, young or old, who has enough impudence or self-confidence to remain on the same stage for a month at a time, who, in spite of enlightenment, science, the education of the masses, the advance of civilization, the uprooting of superstition, and within thirty miles of the biggest capital of Europe, in the nineteenth century, make a many converts to his healing craft, or, many dupes of his impudence as the broad-bast, mock heroic doctor of the "Elixir Lové."

A Pigeon Service From Sable Island.

The Dominion Government is about to establish a pigeon service between Halifax and Sable Island, the "graveyard of the Atlantic." This is a move that mariners who have occasion to sail this way will welcome. The island is looked upon as one of the most dangerous points on the Atlantic, and many of the worst shipwrecks in history have occurred there. Seamen wrecked on the island have frequently been able to spread the news of their condition by means of pigeons, and the Dominion Government has taken steps to remedy this state of affairs. It has purchased carrier pigeons in Belgium for the service and the birds are expected to arrive there shortly. Houses for their reception are being built on Marine and Fisheries Wharf. The birds purchased are very rapid fliers and are expected to be able to cover the distances between Halifax and Sable Island in a short space of time.

Wheat Growing in England.

Mr. Chaplin, the minister of agriculture, in replying recently to two questions in the Imperial House of Commons, said the agricultural returns showed that the area of wheat under cultivation in Great Britain had largely diminished in recent years. There had also been a falling off in the number of sheep, but otherwise live stock had increased. There did not appear to be any corresponding falling off in the growth of wheat on the Continent. As to the cause of the diminution, it was a matter of opinion. There were some who thought it was due to excessive foreign competition—(Conservative cheer)—and to the increased facilities afforded for the transport of grain. He was not aware that his Department could do anything to restore the cultivation of wheat in England. With regard to the supplies of wheat, the Government made no provision for a reserve in view of supplies from abroad being stopped.

A Canadian Killed in Denver.

DENVER, July 4.—L. A. Melburn, a Canadian, was fatally shot here last week by his partner, a man named McCartney. They were carrying on a carriage and wagon factory, and did a large trade. McCartney alleged that Melburn defrauded him in their business. He confronted him on the first business street (Sixteenth) and fired four bullets into Melburn with fatal result, causing his death two days later. Deceased leaves a wife, formerly Miss Jennie A. Taylor, of Palleville, Ont.

Why Transatlantic? I propose to contribute to the Kingdom to any other in the United States. The reasons, both practical and the inter-connected with facts: (1) The United States are closely connected with (2) the British mails at New York, so the charge 2 1/2 on a letter to New York, and on to Canada. It nothing whatever is by the Chancellor of Exchequer to establish a rate to Canada is now the stonr colonies to the I. d. seen, the Post Office has bargained with the Governments for the to India and the East (Calcutta to Brindisi) on this bargain subsists, in the case of Canada, there is no opportunity and there is literally nothing to be done (for surely defend the jugglery about a high postage rate with commercial affairs aware of the supplies operations directed to the distributing market, and so competition? an obvious that the fat every man we will adopt (J. nineteenth Centu