

EXHIBIT

THE PAN-AMERICAN

Craig.) of the Dairy Division at the following report: follows:

Table with 2 columns: Price per cent and various commodity names like Butter, Eggs, etc.

PRIZE AT THE SOO

Contract for Power Plant—New Flour Mill. The canal will be the length as the present power...

DEED ON SONS' GRAVE

Man's Sorrow Drove Him Insane. A man in New York says—Schwab, 65 years of age, a real estate agent, shot himself...

SIAN CROP FAILURE

Drought Has Extended Area of Damage. The continued drought has extended the area of crop damage...

CURIOS FETTERED

In near Broadhouse, in York-pans annually to the land-snowball in midsummer and a...

SERVANTS IN CHINA

You engage a servant or a bargain in China it is not a bargain binding until "the fastenings" has been paid. Although...

HIS ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

The Untimely End of Joseph Bonastro.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Securities vanish from the strong-room of Candelotti, Dandy and Waldo, bankers. Mr. Fiske of Scotland Yard is called in to solve the mystery. There are two keys to the strong-room—one held by Mr. Waldo, the other by Mr. Surtees, chief cashier. This latter has two children, Bob and Josephine. He reproaches Bob, who is an extravagant, with the extravagance of the hand of Helena, having consumed his sister's dowry, to pay his gambling debts.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

There was no smarter carriage in the park than Mrs. Waldo's, no toilettes so brilliant as so varied as those in which mother and daughters appeared in public places. The Waldo family were continually hearing about the Waldos, Court and other journals—often at so much per line—chronicled all their doings, their comings and goings, their guests and the clothes they wore. The Waldos turned up everywhere. That steam-launch on the river, slashing recklessly among the water-lilies, and driving the fishermen in their punts nearly mad? The Waldos. That big barge at the head of the canal, full of gorgeous beings, rowing and noisy, as parrots? The Waldos. That box at the theatre, the royal box, or next to it, the occupants of which kept up a constant chatter, to the annoyance of the audience and discomfort of the actors? The Waldos. That party which sought to monopolize half the train between the city and the country? The Waldos. At home or abroad, on shore or afloat in their people's yachts, in their parks at Birmingham, Lillie Bridge, at the Opera, or a fancy fair in the Albert Hall, always and everywhere, the name of the Waldos was a household word.

It had not been always thus, however. There was when the Waldos were at the very foot of the social ladder. Thirty years previously Mr. Waldo had been a simple clerk in the bank Mrs. Waldo, a young widow, with bright, bold eyes, which she had used with considerable effect upon Mr. Dandy, one of the partners. She was the widow of a silly youth of good family, one of the Waldos, whose marriage had caused a certain scandal at the time. Young Wingspur had died conventionally young, leaving his wife a small fortune, and a banking account in Mining Lane. It was in this way that she came to know Mr. Dandy. She had played her cards to win him, and had failed. Then she came to think more tolerantly of little Waldo.

"He'd just do for you," Mr. Dandy had said with a mocking smile. "Steady, industrious—one of our best promising young people. Intensely respectable, moreover, and without an idea or an opinion of his own. And I never saw a man so smart." "He'd just do for you, I repeat." So she consented to make Waldo happy, and he was in the seventh heaven of delight. She did not come to him empty-handed. The few thousands she had of her own seemed to her a colossal fortune; she had her little house, too, and quite a list of diamonds—some of the Waldos' family jewels, she told him, which, if the truth must be told, were presented to her by Mr. Dandy.

They began to hope in a rather modest way, and for years they were never too flush of money. They had to wait many years before Waldo became cashier. At last came a grand stroke of luck. Mr. Candelotti died, leaving Mr. Dandy the bank as well as once-recon-structed Mr. Dandy wanted a new blood, with the solid help of some one he could trust. Waldo became a partner with an fractional share. This gradually increased, till after some ten years' labor, Mr. Dandy withdrew himself almost entirely from business, and left Mr. Waldo with half profits and a clear income of twenty thousand a year.

Now Mrs. Waldo began to make money fly. She revelled in these riches. It was her only consolation. She told herself, for many years, Waldo, and she was the most of it. Old Waldo degenerated into a kind of financial stoker, whose only business was to keep the domestic engines constantly supplied with cash. Otherwise he was quite out of it, less at home there than the meagrest of the gangs of guests by whom it was continually infested. See him as he slowly comes down stairs the morning after the holidays had been stolen from, the strong-room of the bank. He still retained the habits of his youth; rose with the lark, long before the servants of Carlton Gardens, of whom he was so afraid; had finished his lonely breakfast, and was off to the City an hour or more before any of the ladies of the family appeared.

Butler did not condescend to wait on Mr. Waldo; besides, the head servant was not yet downstairs. "Small and hearty, sir. To see the dress rehearsal and afterwards a dance." "Kept up late?" "Aye, after three. Hope you weren't disturbed, sir?" "Disturbed! He had passed a sleepless night. Seldom, indeed, could he shut out the unceasing din of the office; but this last night the banker was kept awake by what had occurred at the bank. Poor Surtees had been clerks together, had known each other ever so long, and now at the end of it all his old friend and colleague was accused of robbing the bank. Sleep! He had tossed, and tumbled, and groaned the whole night through, seeking in vain to make excuses for the cashier. The well he thought over it the blacker and the more impossible of explanation Mr. Surtees' conduct appeared.

His heart was heavy within him that morning; he ate little or no breakfast, and it was with none of his customary alacrity that he prepared to start for the City. "Anything else I can do, sir?" asked the footman. "Is the brogram at the door, Albert?" asked Mr. Waldo, a little doubtfully. "Well, no, sir; I think not. The Captivity, I believe, took it. He had to catch an early train." "You'd better get me a cab, then." Mr. Waldo was accustomed to be disappointed about the carriages, for which he paid so large a sum every year; or stay, Albert; I'll walk as far as Waterloo Place, and pick up a bus."

With that the City magnate took up his hat, and was about to seek the humble vehicle, which daily conveys so many other financiers pastward, when the butler, making his first appearance, came up to his master and said: "Mademoiselle, sir, has come from Mrs. Waldo, to say that Mrs. Waldo will call for you at the bank, today, about four."

"Very good," replied Mr. Waldo; "I shall be very pleased to see her." The fact being that the proposed attention gave him no pleasure at all. He knew that such an honor preceded some extravagant demand upon his purse. Mrs. Waldo, in her struggle upward to the highest levels, had her slices of good and ill fortune. The first came to her in a series of accidents which made her son heir-presumptive to the Wingspur's peerage. The Lord Wingspur for the time being was an improvident nobleman, who promptly realized the advantages which might accrue from opening up friendly relations with Waldo's bank.

Her chief cross was the pushing dispositions of her own relatives, especially her sister, Mrs. Bonastro, who after a long struggle had gained an excellent position on the provincial stage. She had married an actor, or who was also a success, and much to Mrs. Waldo's disgust they came to London to push their fortunes together. Bonastro was an undemonstrative person, but beneath a calm surface ran silent depths of cool determination. Mr. Bonastro had a set purpose in coming to London. This purpose was to have a theatre of his own, and to make money. For the indispensable capital he counted, rightly or wrongly, upon Waldo's bank. Mrs. Bonastro was a pushing person with a very good opinion of herself—a jolly, off-handed, and noisy woman in the prime of life, and looks, was fully aware of this, and equally keen.

Their chances of success seemed small enough at first. They had not, in fact, been received with open arms at Carlton Gardens. Mrs. Waldo had hinted that she could not have the Bonastros much at the house. "Soon after Mr. Waldo started for the bank in the manner I have just described, Mrs. Waldo awoke from rosy dreams. After a couple of hours spent in personal adoration with the assistance of Mlle. Fanchette, an almost priceless services she had only recently secured, she came down into her boudoir—a sweet room overlooking St. James's Park, which no one entered except by Mrs. Waldo's special favor or invitation.

"So she was seated here at a pretty marquetrie writing-table, in high good humor; for she momentarily expected a visit from Lady Wingspur, when Fanchette appeared. "Mrs. Bonastro, ma'am, you know of the Royal Roscius," the relation was known only in the family circle, and not yet openly acknowledged in the house—"she is most anxious to see you." "Does she know I am at home?" "Ces jumees mees, Mrs. Bonastro is with them—said Madame was chez elle." With a gesture of displeasure Mrs. Waldo said the visitor might be admitted. "My dear," she began, in a stiff, ungainly way, "you know I am always delighted to see you. But if you could select any time but the forenoon, especially after a dance, I should greatly prefer it."

"Generous and disinterested creature, it is as you suppose; our salaries are good, more than sufficient for present needs. But what we want is to make our fortunes. 'Ah! strange wish.' "Which we are certain to do by taking the Roscius. The lease and management have been offered to us on most advantageous terms. All we want is 5,000."

"Dear me! no more?" "And that we want Mr. Waldo to lend us from the bank." "You must be mad to ask such a thing. Do you suppose Mr. Waldo is made of money, that he can count on it on every silly, ridiculous scheme? Of course, it is out of the question." "I said you would never agree. Bonny thought differently. But then he said if you refused he would raise money from the Jews on the strength of being brother-in-law to a banker. How would the bank like that?" "I declare you are a most unprincipled pair."

"You see, we are actors, my dear. A century ago we were denied Christian burial. I dare say you would like to have us buried alive now. Well, au revoir, Relia, dear. Take my advice and think over this; at any rate, you might mention it to your good man." And Mrs. Bonastro made her exit with much satisfaction.

Mrs. Waldo remained in no enviable state of mind. But soon she smoothed the frowns from her forehead, and wreathed her lips in sweetest smiles to receive Lady Wingspur.

Her ladyship was a bony, angular woman, prematurely grey, with an unusual voice, and a supercilious stare. But she was evidently anxious to be agreeable to Mrs. Waldo. She had come expressly, she said, to say that at last the day for the next Drawing Room had been fixed. Would Mrs. Waldo now make up her mind as to the presentation of her dear girls?

Next after Mrs. Waldo, her daughters reigned supreme in Carlton Gardens. They had everything pretty much their own way. Three, four, five, six, and seven, girls full of life and spirits, with fair shares of good looks, fond of apparel somewhat too goigous, and amusements a little risques and fast. Clara, the eldest, was especially proud of her strength; Augusta, the second, of her housewifery and driving; Helena, the third, of her elocution and dramatic powers.

"It is my dearest wish that they should go to Court," said Mrs. Waldo with a sigh. "But—" "There need be no difficulty, dear Mrs. Waldo," observed her ladyship, warmly. "If you like I will charge myself with the whole affair."

Heaven seemed opening its portals wide for Mrs. Waldo; disclosing within a vista of State concerts and State balls. "It is really too good of you, Lady Wingspur," she gasped, nearly breathless with excitement. "How can I thank you sufficiently?" "Not at all. Between relations, you know, for of course we are connected—it was the first time she had made the admission—"there need be no talk of gratitude."

Then she got up to go, but said one last word. Like a lady's postscript, it was the germ and essence of the whole affair. "I believe Lady Wingspur is going in a day or two to see Mr. Waldo at the bank."

"Mr. Waldo will be highly honored." "There is some question about mortgages on the Scotch estate. I am so stupid about money matters I cannot explain; but I believe he wants a re-arrangement—an advance, I believe."

The scales fell from Mrs. Waldo's eyes. The presentation then, was a purely commercial transaction after all. Perhaps you will prepare Mr. Waldo for, Lord Wingspur's visit. A word from you would do so much, said Lady Wingspur, blandly.

"I fear you overrate my influence, Lady Wingspur. But I promise to do all I can." The compact was signed, sealed and delivered in these few words. Yet both parties to the bargain seemed satisfied, and Lady Wingspur took her leave, Mrs. Waldo accompanying her. As they passed one of the drawing-rooms on the same floor with the boudoir an extraordinary uproar fell upon their ears, a wild sort of glee or chorus, with a loud stamping of feet, followed by shouts of laughter. Lady Wingspur looked at Mrs. Waldo inquiringly.



THE NEW QUEEN VICTORIA STATUE IN OTTAWA.

The new statue of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, executed by the Canadian sculptor, Hebert, caps a prettily little knoll to the west of the main building on Parliament Hill, Ottawa, which is a turn commands a magnificent view of the Chaudiere falls and the Ottawa river for five or six miles up that stream. The figure of the Queen is draped and

will so remain till it is formally unveiled. But enough was seen of it while in process of erection to call forth very general admiration. The English lion, too, and the allegorical figure which ornament the base are both of them worked out with good effect, and the only criticism heard in regard to the pedestal, which does not meet with universal approval, is understood that the Minister of Public Works proposes taking the advice of Mr. Hebert himself on this point. It is not as massive as some think is desirable to correspond with the statuary. It seems to be understood that the unveiling will take place during the visit to the capital of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall and York.

ICE FLOATS.

If It Sank There Would be No America to Live In. Everyone who has seen ice has noticed that it floats. But why, since ice is only water itself frozen? Simply because when water freezes it expands ever so slightly; that is to say, a pound of ice occupies just a little more space than a pound of water. This also seems a very simple little fact, and yet the existence of civilization depends upon it.

FREAKS OF THE YANGTZE.

Something About the Great Muddy River of China. The Yangtze, the great muddy river of China, is one of the greatest of rivers, and its valley is the most densely populated and closely cultivated river-basin on the globe. It crosses the whole empire in its three thousand mile course to the sea. The Yangtze has a different name in almost every province, and pours a flood of diluted mud through half the valley, tingeing the ocean for more than a hundred miles offshore. In China, the Long-Lived Empire, Mrs. Seidmore describes many interesting features of this most interesting stream.

A BICYCLE OR A COW?

An Irish farmer went into an ironmonger's shop to buy a scythe. After serving him the shopman asked if he would buy a bicycle. "What is that?" queried the Irishman. "It's a machine to ride about the town on." "And shure, what might the price o' it be?" "Forty-five dollars." "I'd rather see forty-five dollars in a cow." "But what a fool you would be riding round the town on a cow!" "Shure, now, replied the Irishman, "not half such a fool as I'd look trying to milk a bicycle."

LORD KITCHENER'S PLAN

HOW HE PROPOSES TO ENT THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA. Will Employ 50,000 Specially Selected Horsemen this Summer. Details of Lord Kitchener's plan for the ensuing summer campaign, which provides for the return of no more than 70,000 men from South Africa early in the autumn, have been published.

DISCOURAGING THOUGHT.

Wilson—But how about four. Watson—Why don't you get married? Two can live cheaper than one, can't you? Wilson—But how about four.

THE NEW NEIGHBORS.

How do you like your new neighbors? First rate. The first thing they did was to borrow our lawn mower. Gave they returned it? Not yet, and I hope they'll keep it. Then they'll be careful about using it early in the morning or at any hour when it would attract my attention unduly.

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