

NOTES FROM WASHINGTON

Latest Intelligence of Transpiring Events at the National Capital.

THE TREND OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

Lack of Interest in the Republican National Convention—Hanna's "Sure Thing" Platform—The McKinley Policy Towards Great Britain—Trust "Prosperity."

(Special Correspondence.)

Nothing tamer could be imagined than the republican national convention at Philadelphia. The delegates positively yawned with weariness and the public refused to attend the affair. If the lethargy of the convention is an indication of the kind of campaign the republicans are going to put up, it looks like a confession of defeat beforehand. Even the imperturbable Mark Hanna seems to realize that the drift of public sentiment is against his party.

Hanna with his usual lack of tact let the country see during the national convention how completely he is the party boss. He hobnobbed with millionaires and trust directors and let it be clearly understood that McKinley was only the puppet which he and his moneyed friends put up to move as they will. Even the new instances where Hanna tried to give out the impression that he was not entirely in control were so clumsily managed as to be absurd.

The voters of the country, regardless of party, are not pleased at the open attempt to control affairs in the interest of the moneyed few. The whole atmosphere of the Philadelphia convention intensifies the interest in the Democratic national convention at Kansas City.

That will be a serious gathering because matters of grave importance are to be discussed and acted upon, but it will be a real convention in close touch with the people and trying to carry out their wishes for a return to honest and constitutional government. There will be enthusiasm and earnest purpose at the Kansas City convention and it will be spontaneous. Not all the brass bands nor expensive display at Philadelphia could galvanize the republican performance into any semblance of life.

Everybody knew that the affair was out and done in Washington and except for the looks of it, the delegates might as well have staid home and let Hanna and his friends announce the candidates and platform.

The republican convention was notable for the number of government officials—high and low—who found time to leave their duties in Washington and run over to Philadelphia. At Kansas City there will be something different from a gathering of automatic delegates and anxious office holders. It will be a convention where the delegates actually represent the sentiment of their home people. Even with the honest differences of opinion which might be expected from delegates from widely-separated sections, the indications are that the Kansas City convention will be harmonious—not with the graveyard harmony so apparent in the republican gathering, but the harmony which comes when men drop all minor differences in order to deal with grave problems which affect the very life and continuance of a free nation.

Tracking to Great Britain.
The Chinese complication is causing not a little anxiety in Washington. There is every indication that the domestic convulsion in China will drag in the European nations, and it is difficult to foresee the end.

The administration is not talking so loudly now about its "open door" with China. In fact it has recently allowed the publication of a consular report from one of the chief ports in China pointing out that the Chinese have no use whatever for American-manufactured goods. They prefer their clumsy hand methods to our complicated machinery and their wants are so simple and their standards of living so low that they have no desire for our manufactured products, and even if they had they have no money with which to buy them.

The administration has known all along that the cry of "expansion of oriental trade" was a delusion, but it served to divert attention from the costly blundering in the Philippines. Now, however, immense pressure is being brought to bear on the administration from British sources, to persuade McKinley to send troops into China. It is being put up to him that it is a part of his "understanding" with Great Britain that he shall help her out in her troubles.

The fact is that Great Britain cannot spare troops from the Transvaal to go into China. The Boers are still keeping Lord Roberts very busy. So she hopes to make McKinley her catspaw with which to rake her share of the Chinese chestnuts out of the fire. If an election were not pending, the administration would hasten to do the bidding of the Briton, but it has finally been borne in upon the McKinley administration that the people of this country are disgusted with its pro-British sentiments, so unusual caution is being observed in the Chinese matter. The people may just as well understand first as last, however, that this country has nothing to gain in China, and if it goes into the matter to any extent it may find itself involved in an international war.

Trust Prosperity.

The republicans are inclined to drop all other issues and cling to the "prosperity" argument. Even here the facts are not convincing, for the average voter declines to enthuse over trust prosperity. It's a little too altruistic to ask the farmer and the wage worker to rejoice at being permitted to pay the exorbitant prices exacted by trusts in order that such institutions may boast of the enormous returns on their capital invested.

However, so far as the republicans are concerned it is to be a campaign of imagination. This sort of thing is difficult for the average campaign orator, so a republican text book is being prepared under the personal supervision of Mr. O. F. Austin, chief of the bureau of statistics. He has for months had a high-priced corps of expert sta-

TERRIBLE WORK OF A MANIAC.

He Wields an Ax with Deadly Effect and Wounds Up by Killing Himself.

Cedar Rapids, Ia., June 24.—Charles Mefford, a maniac, at five o'clock this morning killed James Fitzsimmons fatally injured Joseph Drake, seriously and possibly fatally injured Mrs. James Fitzsimmons, slightly injured Miss Kate Fitzsimmons and then ended his own life.

Mefford was 27 years old, and has been insane for a number of years. Two years ago he was in the Independence asylum for a short time, but escaped and was never returned. He was not generally considered dangerous.

Saturday night about ten o'clock, while clad in nothing but a shirt, he darted out of his home, a raving maniac. He was seen two or three times between then and midnight, but the police failed to find him.

Shortly before five o'clock this morning Reginald Andrews, the janitor at the Old Ladies' home was awakened by crashing glass. The next moment Mefford stood before him stark naked swinging a neck yoke.

"Your time has come," shouted Mefford.

"What time do you mean?" asked Andrews, with remarkable coolness.

"I have murdered a whole family to-night, and I am going to kill you next, and then everybody in the home," replied Mefford.

Mefford swung the neck yoke and tried to brain Andrews. The latter dodged, and grabbed the weapon, threw Mefford on the bed and choked him until he begged for mercy. Then Andrews agreed to give him a bath, a suit of clothes and some breakfast, which apparently satisfied him.

Rushing through the house, Andrews locked the 14 or 15 old ladies in their rooms, notified the police by telephone, and then ran across the street to the home of Joseph Drake for assistance. Drake dressed, picked up a revolver, and they started out.

As they did so Mefford, carrying an ax, was seen to plunge through a window in the home of James Fitzsimmons, about one hundred and fifty yards away. As he entered the room Mrs. Fitzsimmons uttered a scream. Mefford swung the ax and brought it down toward her head. Her uplifted arm saved her life, the arm was broken in two places, and she sustained a serious scalp wound.

Mr. Fitzsimmons, hearing the scream, dashed into the room, and grappled with the maniac. Mefford shook him off and sent the ax crashing into his skull, splitting his head wide open. Then, dashing upstairs, Mefford attacked Miss Kate Fitzsimmons, inflicting a number of severe scalp wounds.

When he came down stairs, Drake had just entered the house. Drake dropped to his knees to shoot. Click, click, went the revolver. But there were four empty chambers, and such time the hammer came down on one of them. Then Mefford struck him on the head with the ax. A second and third blow, and Drake fell over.

Andrews escaped the maniac again. Mefford took Drake's revolver and ran out of the house. After running several blocks he put a bullet into his left breast just below the heart. Running on two or three blocks farther he set down on the curbstone. Placing the revolver to his forehead, he fired and he fired again. He continued to wave the revolver above his head. But just as the first officer grabbed the revolver from behind Mefford fell over into the gutter dead.

SIX PERSONS WERE KILLED.

Thirty-Four Others Were Injured in a Collision Between Freight and Excursion Trains.

Green Bay, Wis., June 23.—A north-bound passenger train on the Chicago & Northwestern road, loaded with excursionists bound for the saengerfest in this city, collided at 10:15 o'clock yesterday morning with a freight train, at De Pere, five miles south of here. Six persons were killed, one is missing and 34 others were injured.

The accident happened just as the passenger train was pulling into the station. A double-header freight was backing into a side track to let the passenger by, but had not cleared the main track.

The injured were nearly all in the second coach. When the two trains came together, the first car, which was a combination smoker and baggage, was driven through the second coach where the loss of life occurred. The dead were taken out of the wreck and an undertaking establishment at De Pere. The injured were first taken to the De Pere high school, which was converted into a temporary hospital, and later were brought to St. Vincent's hospital in this city. None of the trainmen were injured. The engine crews jumped in time to save themselves. Both engines were badly damaged, and two coaches were broken into kindling wood.

FOR THE RELIEF OF KUMASSI.

Final Advance to Open Communication Began Yesterday—Difficulties in the Way.

Frahan, June 23.—Sufficient supplies have at last been collected and the final advance to open communications with Kumassi will begin to-day (Sunday). On the road from Ashanti to Kwahon are three villages where are gathered some 2,000 fighting men who have practiced the rites of fetish worship and pledged themselves to help the Ashantis.

Due to Heavy Rains.

Marion, Ill., June 24.—Eight different washouts occurred on the Big Four railroad between Marion and Lafontaine, a distance of ten miles, Friday, on account of a torrent of rain, resembling a cloudburst. A freight train of 17 cars was wrecked, and the freight was swept away by the flood.

General Regret.

Berlin, June 23.—General regret is expressed in Berlin theatrical circles at the death of Karl Sontag, the well-known actor.

THIRTY-FIVE MEN KILLED.

Frightful Wreck on the Mason Branch of the Southern Railroad Near McDonough, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga., June 25.—A passenger train on the Mason branch of the Southern railroad ran into a washout one and a half miles north of McDonough, Ga., Saturday night, and was completely wrecked. The wreck caught fire, and the entire train, with the exception of the sleeper, was destroyed. Every person on the train, except the occupants of the Pullman car perished. Not a member of the train crew escaped. Thirty-five persons in all were killed.

Provisionally Delayed.

The train left Macon at 7:10, and was due in Atlanta at 9:45 Saturday night. McDonough was reached on time. At this point connection is made for Columbus, Ga., and here every night the Columbus train is coupled on and hauled through to Atlanta. Last night, however, for the first time in many months the Columbus train was reported two hours late on account of a washout on that branch, and the Mason train started on to Atlanta without its Columbus connection.

Many Washouts Reported.
Tremendous rains, of daily occurrence for the past two weeks, have swollen all streams in this part of the south, and several washouts have been reported on the different roads.

Scene of the Disaster.

Camp's creek, which runs into the Columbus, was over its banks, and its waters had spread to all the lowlands through which it runs. About a mile and a half north of McDonough the creek comes southeast near the Southern's tracks, and running alongside it, or some distance, finally passes away under the road by a heavy stone culvert.

Pinned into a Washout.

A cloud-burst broke over that section of the country about six o'clock Saturday night, and, presumably, shortly after dark washed out a section of the track nearly a hundred feet in length. Into this the swiftly-moving train plunged. The storm was still raging and all the car windows were closed. The passengers, secure as they thought, and sheltered comfortably from the inclement weather, went to death without an instant's warning.

Knocked into Kindling Wood.

The train, consisting of a baggage car, second class coach, first class coach and a Pullman sleeper, was knocked into kindling wood by the fall.

The Wreck Caught Fire.

The wreck caught fire a few minutes after the fall, and all the coaches were burned, except the Pullman car.

Pullman Car Passengers.

Every person on the train except the occupants of the Pullman car, perished in the destruction. Then the occupants of the Pullman car recovered from their bewilderment, and by hard work managed to get out of their car and found themselves on the track in the pouring rain.

Dead Bodies Flashed from the Wreck.

The extent of the catastrophe was quickly apparent. Flames were already seen coming from that part of the wreckage not covered by the water. As the wreck began to go to pieces under the destructive work of both flame and flood, human bodies floated out from the mass and were carried down stream by the swift current.

The Storm Did Not Abate in Fury.

Flashes of lightning added to the steady glow of the burning train, and lit up the scene with fearful distinctness.

Thought Only of Duty.

Flagman Quinlan, who was one of the first to get out, at once started for the nearest telegraph station. Making his way as rapidly as possible in the face of the blinding storm, he stumbled into the office at McDonough, and, after telling the night operator of the wreck, fell fainting to the floor.

Word was quickly sent to both Atlanta and Macon, but no assistance was to be had, except in the latter city, as the interrupted track prevented the arrival of any train from Macon.

Nearly the entire male population of McDonough went to the scene to render assistance, but little could be done by the rescuers, as the fire kept them at a distance.

At daylight the bodies that had floated from the gorge were gathered up. One body was found a mile from the wreck, and many were seen along its banks.

Little Could be Done.

A wreck train was started out from Atlanta at midnight, but owing to the burning wreckage nothing could be done until morning.

A special train of six o'clock yesterday morning took doctors, ministers, railroad officials and helpers to the scene, but nothing could be done save to gather up the bodies.

As the dead were found they were removed to McDonough. There are 125 bodies in this city. None of the mangled remains of the passengers.

Some of the bodies were terribly burned, while others were crushed beyond recognition.

All Were Killed.

Besides the regular crew of the train, the conductors and other employees were on route to Atlanta to spend Sunday. All were killed. Conductor W. A. Barclay was in charge of the train.

Ordered to the Asiatic Station.

New York, June 24.—Commander Delehanty has been ordered to duty on the Asiatic station, sailing from San Francisco on the steamer leaving that port on July 10, according to a dispatch from the Washington correspondent of the Herald.

THE MONETARY PROBLEM.

THE REPORT OF A MAN OF EXPERIENCE.

What He Found in Western Canada to Induce Him to Settle.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Feb. 20, 1900.

To whom it may concern, especially to those who are desirous of obtaining health and wealth for themselves and families, I wish to state a few facts in regard to the Canadian Northwest, where I went, leaving Sault Ste. Marie on May 2nd, 1899, for the purpose of seeking a better home for my family in the future. I got a special rate ticket for Ft. McMurray, Alberta. Through Manitoba and part of Assiniboia the farmers were busy employed ploughing and seeding. I found the farmers very kind and friendly, willing to talk and assist in giving me the particulars of the country. At McLeod I spent a few days looking over some ranchers' stock, which I was surprised to see looking so well; they were in better condition than any stock I ever saw in Michigan, even those that had been stabled, and most of these had never seen the inside of a shed or received any feed from the hands of man. But as I was looking for mixed farm land I found McLeod no place for me, it is only fit for ranching purposes.

Retracing my way back to Winnipeg, I stopped off at Letbridge where I found some of the greatest horse ranches I ever had the pleasure of looking at; it is a fine level country and lots of water and good grazing. At Medicine Hat, which is located in a valley, there were lots of sheep, cattle and horses in the surrounding country and all looking well.

On July 14th I went on to Regina; there I began to see mixed farming lands in abundance and the crops looking remarkably well, and as long as daylight lasted I saw the same all along the line, and on the 15th of July I arrived in Winnipeg, just in time for the Exhibition; there I met with one of the most beautiful pictures of the world's records, for as soon as I entered the grounds my eyes met with all kinds of machinery, all in motion, and the cattle, grain and produce of the country was far beyond my expectation, in fact it was beyond any industrial exhibition or agricultural fair I ever visited, and I have seen a good many.

From Regina to Prince Albert, a distance of 250 miles, it is all good for mixed farming, and well settled, with some thriving little towns. In some places the grain, just coming into head, would take a man to the waist, and the wild fruit along the line was good, rich and in great quantities; from Saskatchewan on the south branch of the Saskatchewan river, Prince Albert on the north branch of the same river, is one of the best farming districts without any doubt that ever laid face to the sun, and everything to be found there that is necessary to make life comfortable; all that is required is labor. There is lots of wood, good water and abundant hay land, and the climate is excellent.

Prince Albert is a flourishing little place, situated on the north Saskatchewan river, having a population of about 1,800, with good streets and sidewalks and churches of nearly every denomination, three schoolhouses and another one to be built at once; also a Brewery and Creamery. Here I stayed for about four months working at my trade of brick-laying, and met with farmers and ranchers with whom I made it my special business to talk in regard to the prospects. I also visited several farmers for some distance out in the country while crops were in full bloom and I may say that I never saw better crops in all my travels than I saw along the valley towards Stony Creek and Carrot River. In the market garden there is grown currants, both red and black, and as fine a sample of roots and vegetables as ever went on a market. The soil in and around this district cannot be beaten for anything you may wish to grow, and besides the seasons being long, giving time for everything to mature. The cattle were looking as good as I saw anywhere, good pasture and hay land, and plenty of water wherever you go. The country is dotted all around like islands with timber fit for fuel and building purposes and within a day's walk of lumbering-woods, where lumbering and tie-making is carried on, in winter. Both large and small game is plenty. There are two good sawmills in this district, with a good supply of all grades of lumber all the year round and also two good brickyards with an excellent quality of brick. There is no scarcity of building material and at a reasonable price. Clothing and living are no higher than I find in Michigan, and from Regina to Prince Albert in the winter there is a great demand for lumber men all the year round and good wages ranging from \$1.75 to \$2.00 per day, and from \$25.00 to \$35.00 per month with board.

I wish to say that I am perfectly satisfied with the country and I intend to return to Prince Albert early in the spring of 1900. Any reasonable man can go there and in from five to ten years make a good and comfortable home for himself and family, and if any person into whose hand this letter should fall, desires more information, please write to me and I will freely give them my best opinion. I am writing this for the benefit of those who themselves are families or friends.

Trusting that this statement may be useful to you in the publication of your next pamphlet and be the means of guiding at least some of those who are in search of a home, I remain,

Your humble servant,

(Signed) WILLIAM PAYNE.

The above letter was written to Mr. J. Grievie, Canadian Government Agent at Saginaw, Michigan. Information as to lands, etc., can be had from Mr. P. D. LEX, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or C. J. BROUGHTON, 1223 Monnock Block, Chicago, Ill.; J. S. CRAWFORD, 214 West Ninth St., Kansas City, Mo.; E. T. HOLMES, The Bates, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Round and the Square.

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THE MONETARY PROBLEM.

MONEY IS VERY SCARCE.

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The last number of the Investors' Review, of England, published by A. J. Wilson, contains the following under the caption, "Nemesis":

"Perhaps in this age whose faith is that might is right; that should take who can; when materialism, in short, of the grossest kind appears to have taken the place, in the majority of minds, of any higher ideal or fragments of a nobler faith—our attitude may be ascribed to avarice. Be that as it may, we do retain the conviction that evildoers meet with their due reward, even in this world; that if men commit crimes, or lend themselves to the commission, they will suffer for it; that in the case of wars, as Lowell sang:

If you take a sword and dror it,
And go stick a feller thru,
Gov'mint 'll answer for it,
And 'll send the bill to you.

We shall not dwell on this personal and individual aspect of the present fratricidal strife pouncing and floundering along in South Africa, because the object of this article is to draw attention to broader national aspects of the Nemesis of suffering and disaster which is preparing for us as a nation. Let us come down to the sordid things, and interpret fact and the forecasts of these and these alone. Is it not beginning to be plain to even the least instructed mind that this war is going to bring vengeance upon us even long before it is finished? Look at the position of our money markets and of our stock markets, to come at once to plain practical issues. Compared with the highest price of last year the depreciation on consols alone to-day exceeds \$50,000,000. In all other securities of what may be described as the highest investment class the same depreciation has gone on, as the following brief table will indicate. We take the price of June 30 last as being those of a date when few people really grasped the fact that Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Alfred Milner and Messrs Rhodes, Beit & Co. were laboring might and main to bring war upon us. "Highest prices," in most instances, would show a loss much more severe than the \$45,000,000 exhibited on the 23 stocks selected as examples.

"To estimate the gross amount of the loss of nominal capital that a similar depreciation of the entire list of public securities means is a labor beyond the necessity of our argument; but it is certainly not less than \$250,000,000, and is on its way to be twice that, for the end of the decline is not yet in sight, is indeed but beginning. As the months roll by the loss is certain to increase at accelerated speed, and with each step in the decline the embarrassment of our credit market increases."

No reader, we suppose, ever stops to examine the foundations of our marvelous system of credit, to ask himself when he pays away a check what the amount written upon it is composed of. He regards it as so many sovereigns. You draw a check for \$100, and it is to all practical purposes, as long as the holder has a check of 100 sovereigns. As a matter of fact, however, it is only so much banking credit that is thus transferred from one banker's ledger to another, and if the component elements of this sum were, to say, chemically analyzed, it would be found to consist of minute portions of an almost endless variety of securities. Along with a bundle of consols and perhaps Northwestern railway stock or "Little Chatham's" traces might be found of Le Roi shares, "Associates," "Chartered," Rand mines, Goldfields, Matabels, Ashantis, Lipton's Salt Unions, Ivanhofs, a list that might be indefinitely extended. In other words, banks in the course of their business have given customers credit more or less well secured upon every description of stock or share dealt in on the public market.

The credit thus created is called "money," and passes from hand to hand through checks and other instruments of transfer from banker to banker as money. So long as the borrowers of this credit, at whose instance it has been originated by the banker, are able to pay interest charged against their loans, and to make good the margins upon the securities pledged, all goes well; but when the day comes that finds them unable to do either the one or the other, then the banker has to face a loss, and in proportion to the loss the amount of bank-created credit circulating in the market is diminished.

An elaborate essay might be written in illustration of the statement contained in these few sentences, but it is unnecessary just yet. Our immediate object is to point out that the shrinkage in the market price—not alone of the miners and bubble industrial or other trading companies whose names we have cited—having a direct influence in curtailing resources of our banking institutions as a whole. Assume, for the sake of argument, that the total depreciation has reached \$300,000,000, and it follows inevitably that no small portion of this has produced an unfavorable effect upon banking resources. If consols have depreciated upwards of \$50,000,000, from the highest price of last year, and upwards of \$25,000,000 since the 1st of July last, it follows that whatever amount of consols has been utilized for creating credit is to the extent of this depreciation less efficient than it was. When consols were at 111 a borrower could obtain perhaps credit to the extent of \$105 upon each \$100 nominal of the stock lodged. Now that they are down at par he cannot get more than 95 advanced from his banker. It results that in this and similar examples the resources of banks are being curtailed, and with them the money of the market that banks create. From this source arises no small portion of the hard money now felt in our money market. Bankers have less "money" to lend in consequence of the depreciation of the securities utilized with them to create credit, and in proportion as their means decrease through falling prices do the difficulties of the market grow. At a point these difficulties must produce somewhere inability to pay,

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Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Feb. 20, 1900.

To whom it may concern, especially to those who are desirous of obtaining health and wealth for themselves and families, I wish to state a few facts in regard to the Canadian Northwest, where I went, leaving Sault Ste. Marie on May 2nd, 1899, for the purpose of seeking a better home for my family in the future. I got a special rate ticket for Ft. McMurray, Alberta. Through Manitoba and part of Assiniboia the farmers were busy employed ploughing and seeding. I found the farmers very kind and friendly, willing to talk and assist in giving me the particulars of the country. At McLeod I spent a few days looking over some ranchers' stock, which I was surprised to see looking so well; they were in better condition than any stock I ever saw in Michigan, even those that had been stabled, and most of these had never seen the inside of a shed or received any feed from the hands of man. But as I was looking for mixed farm land I found McLeod no place for me, it is only fit for ranching purposes.

Retracing my way back to Winnipeg, I stopped off at Letbridge where I found some of the greatest horse ranches I ever had the pleasure of looking at; it is a fine level country and lots of water and good grazing. At Medicine Hat, which is located in a valley, there were lots of sheep, cattle and horses in the surrounding country and all looking well.

On July 14th I went on to Regina; there I began to see mixed farming lands in abundance and the crops looking remarkably well, and as long as daylight lasted I saw the same all along the line, and on the 15th of July I arrived in Winnipeg, just in time for the Exhibition; there I met with one of the most beautiful pictures of the world's records, for as soon as I entered the grounds my eyes met with all kinds of machinery, all in motion, and the cattle, grain and produce of the country was far beyond my expectation, in fact it was beyond any industrial exhibition or agricultural fair I ever visited, and I have seen a good