

er. on Abitibi and Missinaibi
 rs; on the west bank of Coal
 k, and at the mouth of Poplar
 r; at and near Rocky Moun-
 House, and between that site
 Edmonton; in the region west
 Edmonton lying between the
 abasca and Red Deer Rivers,
 in the Souris district. The
 al scarcity and low quality of
 timber over hundreds of miles
 ntry bordering the two Sas-
 wan Rivers render it a
 er of the very greatest impor-
 in connection with the future
 ment of the North-West, and
 pening it up either by land or
 steam transport, to ascertain
 and at what depth coal can
 ocured available for domestic
 uses, railroads and steamboats.
 termine this, borings must be
 as surface examinations will
 ve the question.
 The recent discovery of coal in
 Souris district will prove of in-
 able value to Manitoba and
 ountry surrounding, and will
 e of the most valuable adjuncts
 e prosperity and progress of
 orth-West.

GRATUITOUS ADVICE.

antage might be taken by
 ans of the advice conveyed
 article which appeared not
 since in the Chicago Journal
 mmerce, addressed to grum-
 as follows:—
 s hardly understood why a few
 in this country have so suddenly
 rich. It is because the country
 ing in value every ten years, and
 en happen to be in possession of
 a arteries of trade and manufac-
 and so the land of every town
 a value, so does the railroad and
 h right of way double each ten
 and will continue to do so until
 ntry is fully occupied. Every foot
 in the North-West, every railroad
 go up and manufactory will be
 ouble in 1890 what it was in
 nly get hold of as much as pos-
 the material of this country and
 If the grumblers would do this
 of finding fault with owners of
 because their property doubles
 oubles again in value! Opening
 nd building railroads is not al-
 sure road to wealth, but the mines
 chance to be bonanzas and the
 h chance to be the great high-
 ill give their holders fortune.
 n't stop to grumble!"

TRUE COURAGE.

BY KATE WINDSOR.
 gh frame cabin on the bank of a
 emining regions. A dozen men
 d on the unplanned benches
 the interior, and two girls stand
 al attitude at the doorway. Out-
 banksmen are dexterously load-
 carriage with timber for use in
 e. Until they have completed
 eurs the operatives cannot go to
 pective stalls. All of them ex-
 e distinguishing marks of their
 and many of them bear on their
 the faint blue lines which tell
 ent story of perils in the mine.

The delay is tedious to men accus-
 tomed, as they are, to severe physical
 toil, and a veteran with grizzled locks
 and beard, who is evidently recognized
 by the others as a leader, suggests that
 one of the girls be sent for "drink."

The suggestion is approved by all
 with one exception, and this man, John
 Walters, remains silent.

The girl has not far to go, and she
 quickly returns with a can of the bever-
 age. Richard Wilson, one of those who
 had most heartily assented to the
 proposition, takes the can from the girl
 and proceeds to dispense the contents.
 He approaches Walters in turn and
 proffers the brimming glass, but the in-
 vitation is declined with thanks.

"So you won't drink, mate?"

"No, Dick; I can't do it."

"You are too partickler, mate; per-
 haps it's the company you objects to?"

"You know me better, Dick; don't
 press me."

"You had better drink, mate," says
 Dick, with an evil gleam in his eyes.

"I've already told you that I don't
 want it," is the steady answer.

"Well, take it that way,"—and the
 beer is violently dashed in Walters' face.

The man who is so grossly insulted
 turns a shade paler as he clenches his
 teeth hard to restrain the rising passion,
 but he says nothing, and a howl of
 derision is raised by his fellow workmen.

"Why, you cur," shouts one; "defend
 yourself; a worm will turn if trodden
 on."

"Jack Hardy," responds Walters;
 "you have worked in the next stall to
 me for over a year. We have seen some
 trouble in our heading—can you say
 that I have ever shown the white
 feather?"

"You're doing it now," is the quick
 and contemptuous retort.

"I object to fight on principle, and
 you know it," calmly replies Walters;
 and the appearance of the "boss" is
 the signal for closing the discussion.

The foreman reports the workings
 clear of gas; the lamps are locked, and
 the miners are quickly engaged in filling
 their tubs with the "black diamonds."

In the breast of John Walters various
 emotions are contending for the mas-
 tery. He is a sensitive man and the in-
 sult is keenly felt. The struggle is a
 sharp one, but the cloud lifting from his
 brow shows that he has conquered. He
 remembers the time when he drank
 harder, and for a longer period at a
 stretch, than any of his mates. He re-
 members the wretched torment, almost
 devoid of torture, which in those days
 he called his home; and he thinks of
 wife and children often hungry and
 always thinly clad.

All this is changed now. Not one of
 his fellows has a happier family or a bet-
 ter appointed home than himself, and all
 has been accomplished by total abstin-
 ence. By God's grace, he has told him-
 self, he would never fall again—and,
 although sorely tempted, he never has.

• • • • •

"Hark!"

It is one of the banksmen who is
 speaking to his companion. The sound
 which causes the exclamation is heard
 again, and both men throw themselves
 flat on the ground and endeavor to pen-
 etrate the inky blackness of the shaft.
 There is a strange and unaccountable
 stillness below, which is soon broken,
 however, by a dull rumbling sound re-
 echoing through the chambers and road-
 ways of the mine, and the men hold
 their breath in the intensity of their ex-
 citement. The carriage is at the top,
 and one of them arises and hastens to
 give the signal to "lower away."

Clang, clang, clang!
 The massive hammer has fallen three
 times in succession.

"They want to come up, there is

trouble below," says the agent, who has
 just reached the bank from the office.

"And death!" answers the leading
 banksman, solemnly.

The carriage is lowered with light-
 ning-like rapidity, is raised and its
 living freight discharged. Again and
 again the operation is repeated, and a
 crowd of women and children are by
 by this time congregated at the pit's
 mouth. They peer anxiously into the
 faces of those brought to the surface,
 hoping for the best but fearing the
 worst. Distigured features are seen in
 every load, and suffering is gauged by
 groans of anguish.

"How many were in the pit?" asked
 the agent in a voice which tells of
 strong emotion.

"One hundred and twenty," is the
 prompt answer.

"Then they are not all up?"

"No, sir; the men in No. 4 heading
 are still below."

"I fear they are doomed, but an effort
 must be made to save them—who goes
 with me?" and the agent jumps into the
 carriage with a nervous bound.

The example is quickly followed by
 several others, but there is no enthusiasm
 —only a grim determination to do their
 whole duty, though it takes them into
 the very jaws of death.

• • • • •

A narrow pathway winding down the
 mountain's side. The herbage is scanty,
 and yawning fissures and whitened
 stones bespeak the frequent torrent. A
 solitary goat browses on the slope, and
 naught beside, save the tall black der-
 rick which rears its head in the distance,
 tells of life. The silence is broken by
 the tolling of a bell in the tower of the
 village church, and soon the pathway is
 treaded by a procession of stalwart men
 and weeping women. On the shoulders
 of the men is borne all that is mortal of
 John Walters, the "cur," who has laid
 down his life on the altar of love.

The man who has treated him with
 insult and contumely was in imminent
 danger, for the explosion had come from
 his stall, and Walters resolved, if possi-
 ble, to save him. Half choked with the
 after-damp, he toiled onward through
 the subterranean passages until he came
 to Wilson's working place. Large por-
 tions of the roof had fallen, and it was
 necessary to proceed on his hands and
 knees. He did not hesitate, but, with a
 heart-prayer for success, he boldly en-
 tered.

Groping around with his hands out-
 spread, they presently came in contact
 with the apparent lifeless body, and in
 bended posture he retreated—slowly,
 laboriously, and painfully.

Once on the roadway, he sought for a
 sign of life and found it. The pulsation
 of Wilson's heart was perceptible, and it
 nerved the gallant fellow to increased
 effort.

But at last he sank to the ground, he
 could proceed no further; his brain was
 dizzy, his sufferings more acute; then all
 was lost in unconsciousness—the insen-
 sibility of death! The hero, for hero he
 was, had paid the last debt of nature,
 and had gone to his reward.

Later, when the exploring party en-
 tered the mine, the two were found, the
 head of the dead pillowed on the breast
 of the living—the man who had been
 saved at the eleventh hour.

Silently the procession moves on its
 way save when a halt is made for a
 change of bearers, or when the choir
 who lead raise their voices in the pathetic
 strain of a funeral dirge, until the grave
 is reached and the last sad rites com-
 pleted.

"He was a good man," says one.

"Brave as the bravest," is the hearty
 response, and the aged minister lays a
 kindly hand on the shoulder of Richard
 Wilson, and whispers gently: "Greater
 love hath no man than this, that a man
 lay down his life for his friend — *Winnipeg Times*.

A prominent mining report of
 Denver, Colorado, assayed an aver-
 age specimen of quartz, taken from
 one of the Manitoba mines, and
 found that it carried \$203.58 of
 gold to the ton. He speaks of the
 ore as being of astonishing richness.



IMPORTANT SALE
 Of choice and well situated Farm
 Lands in the Province of Mani-
 toba and North-West Terri-
 tories of Canada.

At Winnipeg, commencing on Tues-
 day, the 15th May next, there will be
 offered at public auction, a portion of
 the even numbered sections lying along
 and adjoining the Canadian Pacific Rail-
 way in Manitoba and in the Territorial
 District of Assinboia, and of the even-
 numbered sections lying between the
 belt of the main line of the Canadian
 Pacific Railway and the International
 Boundary and between the Red River
 and the Coteau or Dirt Hills.

COAL LANDS.

Some of the Coal Lands on the Souris
 River will also be offered.

Further particulars of the lands, the
 upset prices, and the terms and condi-
 tions of sale may be learned at the Do-
 minion Lands Office, Winnipeg.

By order,
 LINDSAY RUSSELL,
 Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
 Department of the Interior,
 Ottawa, 20th April, 1883.



LACHINE CANAL.
NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed tenders, addressed to the un-
 dersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the
 Formation of Basins near St. Gabriel
 Locks," will be received at this office
 until the arrival of the eastern and west-
 ern mails, on Wednesday, the 6th day of
 June next, for the formation of TWO
 SLIPS or BASINS, on the north side of
 the Lachine Canal, at Montreal.

A plan and specification of the work
 to be done can be seen at this office, and
 at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, on
 and after Tuesday, the 22nd day of May
 next, at either of which places printed
 forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in
 mind that tenders will not be considered
 unless made strictly in accordance with
 the printed forms.

An accepted bank cheque for the sum
 of \$2,000 must accompany each tender,
 which sum shall be forfeited, if the party
 tendering declines entering into con-
 tract for the works at the rates and on
 the terms stated in the offer submitted.
 The cheque thus sent in will be returned
 to the respective parties whose tenders
 are not accepted.

This Department does not, however,
 bind itself to accept the lowest or any
 tender.

By order,
 A. P. BRADLEY,
 Secretary
 Dept. of Railways and Canal,
 Ottawa, 21st April, 1883.