

## OFFICIAL REPORT ON COAL DEPOSIT

### Government Engineer Makes Exhaustive Survey and Reports in Detail

An important report as to the possibilities of the coal deposits found to the southwest of Saskatoon, has been prepared by Inspector Frank Smith, M.E., and presented to the deputy commissioner of the department of public works. It is as follows:

Sir:—

I beg to submit my report on the examination of the coal prospect in the Eagle Creek district, southwest of Saskatoon.

Leaving Saskatoon driving westward there is a thickly settled country for over twenty miles. Small poplar bluffs are situated over these twenty miles, but from westward and for many miles north and south of the trail there is not the vestige of a bush. Goose Lake district, 56 miles is made the first night out. Here the settlers have to go twenty to thirty miles south-east into the sand hills for their fuel.

From Goose Lake to Wiggins post office, one hundred miles out, the country is well settled upon, especially the homesteads, the land for sale not being much taken up. West of Wiggins post office, out to range 21 there are a number of settlers and I understand all the homesteads are taken up. Land has been taken up by settlers as far west as the Alberta boundary. There is no doubt that the country travelled over between townships 30 to 33 and ranges nine to twenty-one will be one of the thickly settled parts of the province of Saskatchewan.

On the north-east quarter section 14, township 32, range 21 coal was found about ten days ago by a settler named Campbell when digging for water in the Coulee formed by Stony Creek. The point at which the coal was found is fifteen feet above the level of the creek and about one hundred feet below the level of the prairie. The coal had been tested with a cover of about five feet of surface soil. At the place tested there was a large hole dug by the settlers and over a ton of coal taken out. The section of the seam as given to me by Mr. Campbell was:

Coal Shale 10 ft. 0 in.  
Clay Shale 10 ft. 6 in.  
Coal 2 ft. 6 in.

This section was as far as they could go with the primitive appliances they had for prospecting with. The hole was filled with water and it would have taken two or three days to show up the work on the coal seam. Samples of the coal were however, lying on the side and these with a sample obtained at Campbell's house shows a very good quality of lignite coal.

On the southwest quarter section 18, township 30, range twenty there are very good indications of the coal cropping out in a coulee. About this point in the west the range of Bad Hills terminate. Following east along the foot of the Bad Hills I made a cursory examination of the land but there are no rock exposures so that it is difficult to determine the formation. The general physical features of the hills however would lead to the conclusion that the coal measures underlie the whole range.

On section five, in township 31, range thirty, I visited the property owned by Mr. Calder of Saskatoon. A year ago he took this up as coal land and drove two or three short tunnels in the coal at the east side of the valley. The coal measures two feet and a half and is a very fair quality of lignite. The stratification has all the appearances of the coal measures as found in the Souris valley near Estevan. At the present time Mr. Calder has a coal drilling outfit on the ground and has reached a depth of forty feet when I was there, he has promised to give me the results of the drilling which he intends to carry to a depth of three hundred feet.

#### Conclusions

I interviewed many of the settlers on my trip and they are unanimously of the opinion that they cannot stay in there this winter unless there is a solution to the fuel problem either by mining or railway facilities. It takes the settler on an average from two to five days to make the round trip for wood to the sixty mile bush and many of them have bought it from the half-breeds who are cutting it. From the coal already found it would certainly warrant the expenditure of some money in proving its economical value or the existence

of some other workable coal seam which in all likelihood will be found in these coal measures. I would suggest that a good practical miner with two laborers be put on the present work, section 21, proving the exact location of the coal and after that prospect on section 20. Should either of these places prove an economical workable seam then the property I think could be leased at very little expense to the government. At least one thousand homes of settlers could be supplied from a mine in the district.

Your obedient servant,  
FRANK B. SMITH, M.E.,  
Inspector of Coal Mines.  
F. J. Robinson, Esq.,  
Deputy Commissioner  
Regina, Sask.

#### Smith Interviewed

That there is a bountiful supply of coal in central Saskatchewan is evident from the recent discoveries by Saskatchewan parties and the following information from the Phoenix is very interesting:

F. B. Smith, the provincial inspector of mines, who spent part of last week in Eagle Lake district looking over the recent discovery of coal, was in Saskatoon today on his way to Regina, and reports a splendid prospect for coal. He also visited visited Mr. Calder's mine and says that the indications there also are good, and would seem to show a coal field twenty-five miles in extent.

Mr. Smith was seen by a reporter for the Phoenix today and gave the following interview: "The prospects out in 32-21 are very good. From the coal indications there and from the general strata of the country along the bad hills, it shows every prospect of an extensive coal field. The general appearance of the hills and the ravines cutting into them resembles the coal fields of the Souris valley."

The coal seam discovered is over three feet in thickness and will make an excellent domestic coal.

"I interviewed many of the settlers there and all were anxious to give me all the information and assistance possible with regard to the coal found in different wells and springs. Mr. James Campbell who is located on section 14 accompanied me and showed all the work that has been done in proving the existence of the coal."

All the settlers interviewed were of the one opinion that unless coal could be secured before the coming winter that it would be impossible for them to stay in there during the winter months, as the wood question is about at its limit. It took most of the settlers from three to five days to make a round trip for a load of wood, and even then they were not sure they could get it.

Mr. Smith is highly pleased with the looks of the Eagle Lake country and the condition of the crops along the trail, with very few exceptions on the sandier soil. He left this afternoon for Regina, where he will report to Premier Scott, and he expects to be back very shortly to conduct further operations. He has been provincial mine inspector for eight years and is very well acquainted with the coal fields of the west.

Mr. Archibald Campbell, the discoverer of the coal seam which the government is developing, and which will be the provincial mine inspector has been examining it in town today with his brother James for a load of supplies. He is highly gratified at the prospects of coal being mined this fall.

## The Castle Comedy

By THOMPSON BUCHANAN

#### CHAPTER I.

CASUALLY the young man raised his eyes from his harp to find that he had an audience. He sprang to his feet, looking all embarrassment at the two girls standing suddenly so close at hand. Pictures of twin beauty, contrasts, they were, framed in the door-free stone archway of the half ruined hut.

"One was tall, perhaps, and slender, perhaps, with the hair of the Italian master—the hair that the red sun kisses, and then, unable to leave for the glory his kiss had awakened, hides in."

Her mouth was made for kissing, for smiling, or for the shy saying of things that cut, and her hazel eyes would smile always unless a sad tale dived them.

But the other—there could be no "perhaps" here. He looked and gasped, for in those deep eyes he seemed to find, all intermingled, the witchery, the appeal and the compelling power of midnight. Here was one who could follow the octave of emotions from laughter to rage and strike not a mood between. Her hair was black, and, dimly, he was aware of her nose tilting daintily upward, a bit suspicious above the lips that met so straight and yet so tender, while under the white skin he could see the blood run quick this way and that at the dominating black eyes' command. And they answered every thought.

Thus she stood, an imperious little empress of hearts, who needed no herald to announce her rank, for a new subject bowed down before her.

"Come, come, Sir Percie. There are two of us. Which were you honoring?" She of the red gold hair it was mocked him.

He bowed and answered her gayly, but his looks sought the other, the smaller girl, who held him.

"Ah, mademoiselle, a poor dancing master can serve but the most beautiful."

"A dancing master?" Her tone was different now. "Why, we thought to have found a love sick poet when we heard you playing in our pet hut. Didn't we, May?"

"Why, Sir, a dancing master will be of far more use to us awkward country maidens. We'll learn to court right and perhaps the minuets too."

Her black eyes took him in with one swift glance.

"Master Dabarré," he stammered, "Master Dabarré will teach us, she ended."

"The honor would overwhelm a poor Frenchman." This with another and a deeper bow.

"French?" cried the poet seer. "Why, you speak English like an Englishman!"

"Ah, mademoiselle, I was reared in England, but—the French shrug spoke volumes—who would employ an English dancing master?"

The laughter of the three, intermingled, swept away all stiffness.

"Come, May," laughed the Titian haired one, "have you not a French cousin?"

"And by that token should be almost as good a frog eater as this man, I suppose," cried May. "But you must not speak of him."

"Think, Sir, he is fighting Englishmen when he is half English himself."

"The eloquent failed. The marquise was killed. The lady's family was very powerful, and my father fled to England." He went on to tell how the outlawed Frenchman had started to dancing class. He taught the young ladies in noble English families, and so had married an English waiting maid. Gaston Dabarré was their son.

The girl seemed to lose interest after she had found all this. She listened, though, when the Frenchman went on volubly to explain that he had followed his father's trade and had taken up where the elder Dabarré left off.

Thoroughly disgusted, Mistress Percy turned back into the hut. She turned just in time to intercept a look that flashed from Dabarré to Pierre and back again. The girl caught her breath and walked straight up to the man standing beside the harp.

"Dabarré, was that long winded tale the truth?"

He faced her, laughing easily and without inevitable shrug.

"Mademoiselle, can believe all or none, just as she pleases," he said. "Then the girl looked at Pierre. The wounded man lay still, with eyes closed, face stern and set lips that made no sign, but hard not to be that evening, Mistress Percy told Sir Henry, her father, Sir John Wilmerding, Captain Thornecliffe and the rest of the company the story she had heard from Master Dabarré, and the next morning the dancing master gave his first lesson."

#### CHAPTER II.

"COME, come, mademoiselle, that is all wrong."

The dancing master spoke sharply, as one would to an unruly child, for Mistress Percy was in one of her obstinate moods, and the lesson had gone awry from the beginning. They were at one end of the long, narrow, bare-floored hall, which since the arrival of Dabarré had become, too, a dancing room.

Now the girl drew herself up to make the most of her inches.

"Dabarré, I am not accustomed"—she began.

"To hear the truth," he ended for her, smiling lightly; then, with grave politeness: "Certainly, if mademoiselle wishes to achieve awkwardness, I will say already she is far on the road to perfection. Pardon me for hitherto mistaking the aim of mademoiselle."

His face showed deep concern at his mistake. Only about the eyes was the quick humor of a man amusing himself at the expense of a spoiled child.

Her eyes flashed danger signals; but, altogether unimpaired, he turned to his assistant.

"Pierre, put your fingers out to tune, that the music may keep step with mademoiselle."

At the command, as an automaton might, Pierre, seated before his big harp at the other end of the hall, judged the struts out of all time or tune.

"Do you not like it?" Dabarré asked when the girl involuntarily put her hands to her ears. "If after three months you will not keep time with the music, then the music must keep time with you. My reputation as a dancing master demands that you keep together."

There was joy now in his tone as at the solution of a great difficulty.

"Possibly were the teacher better progress had not been so slow," Mistress Percy blurted angrily.

The Frenchman bowed profound acquiescence. "Mademoiselle is right," he said, now sadly. "I should never have attempted the task. My father, a famous dancer, often told me that only an old man could master patience to teach the very young, who have no idea how to learn."

The girl whirled on him, splendidly angry.

"Am I to be insulted by my dancing teacher? Monsieur, I would have you know this shall be the last lesson."

"Then it were wise to make the most of it," he answered coolly and took her hand. "Please go slowly. We will dance the minuets."

From pure wonder at his presumption, she yielded. For a time back and forward in graceful measure they trod through the stately dance. Ethel Courtleigh, waiting her turn, thought she had never seen so well matched a couple.

The dancing master stopped short and shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "One, two, three, four. Can you not possibly keep time?" he asked.

"Now, Pierre, again."

Once more they trod the measure. A second time Dabarré stopped short.

"Is mademoiselle a clumsy milkmaid dodging cows' tails? Have you no knees, no arms, no hands, no feet?" he asked, with exaggerated politeness, then added mournfully, "Oh, that courtesy!"

And then the storm broke forth in earnest. Mistress Percy jerked her hand from his.

"When you tell me," she cried, "that a poor teacher should address his pupil, and that pupil a lady? Am I a child to be ordered about by a runaway Frenchman, a trickster with his feet? No; I will not dance. I am utterly sick of it, and I will never, never dance again!"

And with her head very high and her body held very stiffly erect the girl turned her back on him and walked proudly to the side window to see how utterly miserable everything looked without.

The man merely shrugged his shoulders and glanced at the clock.

"Certainly mademoiselle has taken more than her fair share of the time," he said, with a shrug. "I am utterly sick of it, and I will never, never dance again!"

His tone was easy and absolutely cool. With a sigh as though to himself he added, "Mon Dieu, it is so tedious to teach a young lady with so quickly that it will make little difference."

Mistress Percy whirled about to speak, then as quickly turned back to the window. Looking closely at Dabarré, Ethel Courtleigh thought she saw about his mouth the faint shadow of a smile that was quickly pressed away. Then he came over to her.

"Will Mistress Courtleigh so honor a poor dancing master by affording him a little real pleasure?"

The tone was supplication, the bow a courtesy. Ethel Courtleigh arose promptly.

"Pierre, we will dance that minuets." Again the girl at the window started. She would not look, but she could hear everything. Now Dabarré was speaking. Above the music of the harp the words came to her. Four—a gracious courtesy! A little more now. That is it, Ah, Mistress Courtleigh, it is, indeed, a pleasure to dance with one so graceful, so eager to dance well. Play that again, Pierre. I would see if Mistress Courtleigh can reach perfect time twice. A pause of a few moments, and he cried, with enthusiasm, "Indeed, indeed, you could not, for the last was even better than the first."

With such a teacher, M. Dabarré, it were indeed hard not to be a dance well. And Ethel Courtleigh smiled her gratification, while May Percy drummed violently on the window pane.

More the music started and again, after some time, Dabarré began to speak.

The girl at the window at last turned

ed to see M. Dabarré leading his pleased pupil to her seat. He bent low over the little hand.

"May I thank you for a very great pleasure?" he said earnestly. "It was worth the trip from France."

And Mistress Percy turned back to dismal counting of the trees outside. Pierre stopped playing and began to put the cover on his harp. Gaston Dabarré was preparing to go. Suddenly the girl at the window moved away from it. She hesitated for a moment; then, with her old time impulsiveness, she walked straight down the room to where the man who had chided and laughed at her stood.

"Monsieur"—she stopped, strangely embarrassed—"if—if—you please, I will dance that minuets."

She stood before him, her cheeks pink, her eyes wonderfully soft and moist, with the sweet humiliation of her first defeat. Not even his eyelashes flickered, but the man bowed very low.

"Her dancing master is always at mademoiselle's service," he said. "Pierre, the minuets."

Fifteen minutes later Captain Thornecliffe and Sir John Wilmerding came in for their daily bout with the fells, just in time to hear Mistress Percy ask:

"And do you think I will improve?"

Dabarré smiled. "Already mademoiselle shows marked improvement," he answered.

"Thank you, monsieur." And the newcomers wondered at her tone.

Pierre put the cover on his harp and went away, the girls left, and Sir John, big, strong and hotheaded, assumed his mask and foil against Captain Thornecliffe, the bluff and hearty soldier who had won promotion and gazette mention oft and over for his ability in fighting.

Yawning, the dancing master went to the window.

"You are strong, Dabarré, I know. Why don't you fence or shoot or ride?" asked Captain Thornecliffe as he was getting ready.

The one addressed laughed. "Those accomplishments are scarce within the province of a dancing master, monsieur, but I have tried all three."

"Come, are you ready, Hal?" asked Sir John impatiently, and they crossed swords, while Dabarré turned back to his window. Soon the noise forced him to look around.

Assuredly the bout was becoming better every minute. The narrow place of arms resounded to the trampling of feet, while over all the two blades sang their rasping, clashing song of the steel. Up and down the room the contest waged, now Captain Harry Thornecliffe and now Sir John Wilmerding holding the advantage. They fenced with the eager animosity of tried friends opposed in mimic combat.

"Touched!" Captain Thornecliffe cried it, and stepping back, raised his foil, smiling.

"No, Hal, I protest. You touched me not. Your point failed to reach by quite an inch. I twisted away as I saw it coming."

Sir John was almost angry in his disclaimer. Captain Thornecliffe still showed his good humored smile.

"Come, come, Jack. Be generous. You have beaten so many that you can easily afford me one little point. Besides, I know I touched you. I felt it plainly."

Percy trick that involved me from Spain. We'll let M. Dabarré decide as referee."

"Sir John sneered. 'What can a dancing master know of fencing? Let him stick to his pipe, where he is at home. Zounds! You choose a queer umpire between gentlemen, Hal.'"

Dabarré, who had been watching the fight with indifferent attention, reddened ever so slightly. He walked over and, with the utmost respect, offered Sir John his handkerchief.

"Would monsieur have me wipe off the chalk from his plastron?" he said and deftly pointed out a faint white dot on the red heart of the plastron.

It was Sir John's time to reddon. Captain Thornecliffe's chance to roar.

"Pardon, gentlemen," said the dancing master. "I cannot umpire longer, for Mistress Percy desired me to bring her Sir John Suckling's verses from the library."

#### CHAPTER III.

"EVERY girl should desire to marry."

Sir Henry Percy puffed out his stomach and puffed up his lips to emphasize this distinctly orthodox sentiment. He was a large, heavy man, who thought that God made the Percys and then the world to fit them.

"But I don't intend to marry."

Mistress Percy stamped her little foot, and that made Sir Henry's emphasis seem tame.

"At least, dad," with an upward flash of her eyes, "at least not yet."

"Ah!" Sir Henry breathed once more, while Sir John Wilmerding, standing near, became again his normal red.

For this was the serious time when the years fostered plans of two old men and the day dreams of one young one were to be put to the test of a girl's caprice. From earliest childhood she had known that in the far ahead, lazy, indefinite some time there would come a fateful five minutes when she must decide. In those days when old Sir Elmer Wilmerding and Sir Henry Percy often sat together talking of their lifetime friendship and the shared joys of the long ago, the two children playing in the hall knew that sooner or later in the talk one of the fathers would look at them. Then invariably both men rose, and standing, the old cronies would drink a health to the children, May and John, whose future union was to cement the life long comradeship of their fathers. That either of the children might object never entered the heads of the

two aquirs. They were friends; their children were to marry; that was all there was to it.

Now was come that time when, under the agreement of the long ago, the children were to be brought together. Sir John Wilmerding knew the old agreement by heart—how three days before her seventeenth birthday they must be betrothed. The marriage might be delayed two years, but no longer.

It was a merely formal matter of a few minutes. Sir Henry Percy thought as he called the young man and girl to the library that morning. The betrothal was in a hurry to get away for his ride, but decided regretfully that he ought to spare a few minutes for telling his daughter she might begin preparing for her marriage.

His very first sentence had raised the storm. Mistress Percy now paced

up and down the library in most ungrown-up excitement. To be brought face to face with marriage when for weeks she had been planning nothing more serious than a birthday party was enough to disconcert any about-to-be-seventeen-year-old miss.

"Why did you not tell me of this, dad?" she demanded, stopping short and regarding the two men standing helpless before her.

"My child, I am so sorry. I was so busy with the agreement—you know it, he protested weakly."

"Agreement! How could you and Sir Elmer agree whom I should marry?"

"But, May, Sir Henry answered, most firmly now as then, his face was as stern as a stone. "I desired and do desire it. Remember your duty to your father, child. John Wilmerding now."

"But you can't want me to marry a man I don't love, father!" she cried, "father!" In place of the old, familiar, loving "dad" should have warned him, but it did not.

"Love! Pough! Fiddlerssticks!" The aquirs fairly snorted. "What love go to with foolish notions, the ordering of servants and the raising of a family? You do these things, and I'll warrant me John Wilmerding will do the loving for the pair of you."

Then the old man discovered there were two Percys in that room. The girl drew herself up, cold and white. Only her eyes were blazing.

John Wilmerding may gamble or fight his way into another's love, but he, but I don't intend to marry him. Her tone was calm, even, rigorously indifferent. It might have been, "I don't care for a glass of water, thank you."

Sir John Wilmerding went white to the lips; Sir Henry Percy red to his ear tips.

"You d-d-don't," he stammered. "Why, you baggage, you shall marry him. Do you think I am going to be put by a child of a sixteen-year-old girl, my own child at that? Not marry John Wilmerding? Why not? Now you shall marry him if he were the worst man in the county, if he had fought a dozen duels over a dozen women instead of one. Do you want a milkpail for a husband? If you do, I want so why faced preaching parson for a son-in-law. I tell you, he's only a lad of spirit!"

And, turning, Sir Henry patted the white faced young man on the shoulder affectionately. "Did you ever see a finer boy?" he said and whirled back to face his daughter.

Then his jaw dropped very suddenly. May Percy had gone over to the table, seated herself and was busily turning the leaves of a book as though searching for something.

"What are you doing now?" asked Sir Henry in very different tones.

"I was trying," she said courteously, "to find that piece Mr. Butler wrote, in which he says:

"Alone for sins they are inclined to by dancing. And they have no mind to."

"I thought probably not here and Sir John might like to read it. It damps the way faced hypocrites in great style."

Sir Henry's face became mottled purple now.

"You impudent hussy!" he cried, and started toward her, but she met him half way with a glass of water snatched hastily from the table.

"Dad, dear dad"—her tone was all anxiety now—"do be careful. You'll have a spell. Nothing could be worth that, dad. Here, drink this," and she forced the water on him. Sir Henry pushed it aside and sat down heavily in a chair.

"May, little girl, you'll break your old heart."

Dashed and beaten at every point by the child, whose will was the stronger, the old squire could only sit and shake

(To be continued.)

## KIER H

Probably the only man in the British Club, luncheon y cuts did not show w Hardie, leader of the bor party in the Br Commons.

Mr. Hardie is not conventionalities and refuses to assume the silk hat that iron-bound ordained for the man to Westminster to re-attestancy.

When he appeared as chief of the Canadian, he faced business men chosen for com weather consistent a dignified appearance bel a man between a tr were neither of rubber camping, all but his of tan leather, but bla winter weight. He w shirt of open weave, a collar all its own. A with a glass eye, the serge had not been some few days. From a gold watch chain and self was at the end, pocket. To the penda he is a stranger. Of re ally yet the differen thes do not cut—much philosophy of Kier Hardie.

The first glance at a high forehead, and grows longer than is moustache and beard are a man between a tr well trimmed, give the what roughened look. T ther conceals the lower so the brown eyes stand ing feature, of medium s deep beneath the brows, less, often with a rick if the pathway was stil uncertain, and had fis- ers. But there is no fin the head is thrown bac acerbic attitude, the out and conviction of the and a firm assurance of revealed, and a touch of

For all he represents a stitency, Kier Hardie is Scotchman, showing it in and the proud assumpt prosperity of this land is measure due to the men leif that northern land.

One does not look for in his speeches. He seems for that, and yesterday there was as after the ing as efforts to reach the audience. There ed the readiness of the form speaker, as he is m lard, proof against the "heckling" of which Ca little.

Those who came out to brand were disappointed and in the words of the Independent Labor P pipe that he pulled out smoked after he had est- bles of peace. There was a tirade against the vete- no pompous prophecies of nium that Socialism w Kier Hardie won for him himself a respectful hear- tings meted profits of a His address was on "S political developments i country." He touched bri a very interesting man- termed the "recrudescen spirit of nationalism in Scotland." "Wires," a lead to home rule.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*