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THE MEADOW CLAIM.

By the rough pine table within Lightsey's cabin, at the head of Tamarack Gulch in the Coeur d'Alene Mountains of Idaho stood Lightsey himself, dark, broad shouldered, and bearded, drying the tin plates and cups with a flour bag. Crackling flames in the wide stone fireplace illumined the rude log walls, the bunks piled with blankets and bearskins, and the shimmering array of picks and shovels.

Lightsey was a miner, wintering on his prospect. He listened with intense interest to the conversations of certain guests.

These were Jack Byers and his son Mitre from the prospect adjoining, and Devendorf, of Condon Peak.

Devendorf had just come from Spokane, and had stopped here overnight on his way home. His report of affairs in the outside world was heard with special zest.

Supper being finished, Devendorf filled his pipe; and as he pressed the tobacco into the clay bowl he launched forth on a new theme.

"I tell you, boys, there will be many a fine farm picked up within the next week on the Coeur d'Alene reservation. Lawyers say the act of Congress provides for no proclamation by the president, so that settlers can settle down at once in safety. Most of the river bottoms are taken already, but I saw an extra piece of timber ground on the lake front Saturday that will be worth \$5,000 within a year, and I'd have taken it but for my property on the Peak."

"Where was it?" asked Jack Byers, a heavy-set and muscular man, about forty years of age, who sat mending his snowshoe with rawhide.

"A mile west of Graff's Landing just behind the stony point. I saw it from the trail. All the trails in the reservation are open. The Indians are travelling more than common this winter. I'd say there was a hundred and fifty acres level as a floor. It lies behind a fringe of cottonwoods. No one would ever notice it from the lake, and it was by accident I saw it from the trail, for it is in sight at one point only."

Here Devendorf plucked a pitch splint; thrust it against the coals, and with it lighted his pipe.

For half an hour he stood narrating to his friends the varied gossip he had picked up on his trip; then Jack Byers arose and buckled on his greatcoat.

"Any mail to go out, Lightsey, or any errands? I may run down to Wallace to-morrow, now the roads are open again."

"Wily, father, I thought," cried Mitre, in a tone of surprise. At a gentle push of his father's foot against him he had stopped. Then Jack Byers held out his snowshoe.

"Here, Mitre, find the pair and lay them both at the door."

So Mitre went forth beneath the gaunt tamarack, under a sparkling wintry sky. He was a boy of sixteen years, active, and eager. He could hardly wait until they had tramped on their broad snowshoes beyond earshot when he queried:

"On shore?"

"Yes, sir, on shore."

"H'm! I have one, too, in my boat." The tall woodman waved his hand toward the lake. "When did you get here?"

Again Jack Byers faltered. "I came early—I came today," he said.

"How long ago?"

Under pledge to his dead wife, Byers had taught Mitre to tell the truth. He dared not flatter lie before his boy. Reluctantly he answered: "Half an hour ago."

"You hear that, Abby," said the woodman, turning to a short, stout woman, who now came from the underbrush, bearing a frying-pan, a basket and a shotgun.

"This man claims the land. He says it is half an hour since he arrived."

The woodman pulled a watch deliberately from his pocket, and showed it to his wife. "See? We landed here at 11 o'clock exactly. You remember that. It is now twenty minutes to 12. We got here ten minutes ahead of you, stranger, and have the witnesses to prove it."

"My tent is on the place," rejoined Jack Byers steadily.

The woodman buried his axe to the eye in the butt of a soft pine near.

"Here goes for the second log of my foundation," he said.

Jack Byers cocked his rifle, and thrust it forward ready to shoulder. Long with the rough and ready habits of the miners, he concluded to make a show of force. He shouted fiercely, "Get out of here! Take your axe and go! This land is mine, and I mean to hold it!"

The wood-chopper drew his axe from

the tree. His lips closed firmly together. He did not stir from his tracks; but he asked quietly, "What is your name, stranger?"

"Never mind my name. You get beyond yonder pine, Mitre."

Byers noted with secret concern that the woman had dropped her frying-pan and was handling the shotgun with remarkable dexterity.

"There's going to be trouble here right now," said the woodman, turning anxiously to his wife. "This stranger won't give his name, but you heard him call the boy Mitre. Take notice of him. If he kills me go to my brother's folk in Walla Walla. They've got the money. They'll hunt him down and see him hanged."

"I'll never give him the chance," replied the woman. Her face was very pale, and her breath came hard, but she managed the shotgun like an expert. "If he shoots you, father, I'll shoot him first and the boy afterwards."

"Think twice before you fire," said the woodchopper calmly to Byers. "We've lived on the border a good many years. She has shot more wolves than you ever heard howl in Idaho. Ho, girls! Chat-Florence! This way. Here's a man claims our land. If he shoots, don't let him get away."

Jack Byers looked around. Two tall, robust young women, carrying utensils and blankets, and one bearing a rifle, were coming up behind him. They seemed much frightened and were plainly not of a resolute character as their mother; yet Byers had an instinct that if he made them desperate they were capable of troublesome hostilities.

Byers went over to his son. "Well have to give it up, Mitre. I thought I could bluff 'em off, but they've got too much nerve. Besides, I don't like to scare the women."

"We'd better go," rejoined Mitre, who was much agitated by the turn of affairs. "She is liable to fire off that old shot-gun any minute."

"Wee-oo-oo-oo!" rang out a sonorous, laughing cry from the woods above. They looked up. On an edge of rocks, where the trail crooked like an elbow around the hillside, there sat an Indian on horseback.

He was clad in bright buckskins, with a red blanket swinging from his shoulders. He brandished a Winchester, and waved his hand mockingly as he looked down on their defiant attitudes. While they all regarded him, he made a gesture to denote that he was coming, then vanished from view.

He was followed by a squaw, her head bound in a scarlet cloth, and girt with gay, bright shawls. The squaw, too, looked down on them as it amused. Even at that distance they could see the sarcastic smile which broadened her tawny face.

Byers looked at the woodchopper curiously, and the latter gazed with distrust upon the miner. At first each feared that the other was about to receive an ally. Then each concluded that the Indian was not a reinforcement for either, but was coming upon an independent errand—perhaps to assert his own claims. They awaited his arrival uneasily.

Soon the Indian broke from the timber and rode out on the level. The whites went out on the flat to meet him. He was a man of massive build, his attire a mixture of Government uniform, tanned skins and gaudy blankets.

Behind him came the squaw, and after her came a long train; first a horse dragging lodge poles, to which were lashed the rolled mats of a tepee, then half a dozen glass-eyed pack pintoes, each bearing bundles strapped in buckskin hides. Both the natives were of middle age, with glittering black eyes, and long braided hair.

The Indian advanced with much dignity. At a distance of fifty feet from the strangers he hung his Winchester to the saddle-horn, dismounted, and dropped the bridle-chain.

He said "How?" holding out his hands with the palms upward, and nodded courteously.

The miner scowled and made no response. The woodman waved his hand in friendly salutation.

Thereupon the Indian put an interrogation in the deep guttural of his native tongue, and motioned up and down the level land. Evidently he was making inquiry as to their quarrel.

"This place is mine, and I intend to hold it," said the miner, loudly, with an authoritative motion.

"If you stay here you will have six feet of the meadow, and no more," retorted the woodman grimly.

The Indian smiled. He stamped on the snow and pointed down.

"Hi-as Keequilly chuck!" he exclaimed.

"What does that mean?" said the wood-chopper.

Byers shook his head. "He's talking Chinook jargon, I guess. I never understood it."

"Ke quilly!" repeated the Indian.

"What does he mean, Mitre?"

"Don't know," replied Mitre. "Except that word kequilly. You remember the claim of Rogers at the bottom of the washout? You never could remember its name. The name was Kequilly, and Rogers told me it meant blood."

"Kequilly! Um! Yes; I remember. I worked a month there, and never got a dime for it. The claim wasn't worth the powder he wasted. Kequilly!"

Byers turned excitedly, struck by a startling thought. "Mitre, can he mean there is gold underneath? This meadow is nothing but wash from the hills. Look here, granger, I take this flat as a placer claim! And, let me tell you, miner's rights leads farmer's rights in these mountains, by a long ways." He clutched his rifle with an air of exultation.

"And I shall hold it as a ranch until you show the gold," rejoined the settler sternly.

Still armed with the axe, he was formidable by virtue of his own firm temper, the brave wife who accompanied him, bearing her shotgun so handsily, and the stout daughters in the background. He secretly overawed Jack Byers for all the miner's bluster and bravado.

The Indian stepped between them. "Chuck! Chuck! Keequilly!" he cried, and scraped in the snow with his moccasins.

He reached imperatively for the axe, and with its keen blade cut out the snow for a space a foot square or more. Ice showed beneath.

Into this he chopped for some minutes, when the water gushed into the narrow cleft at the bottom. Then drawing a slender lodge-pole from the packhorse near a straight fir stick about nine feet long, he thrust a smoky end through the cleft. Down went the lodge-pole its full length, and came up dripping from its soundings.

"Hi-as Keequilly chuck!" repeated the Indian, grinning wider than ever.

"Kequilly! I should say it was kequilly!" cried the miner in disgust. He dropped the butt of his rifle to the snow. A cold sweat of disappointment stood on his brow.

"Why, this is nothing but a lake here, back of the cottonwoods! There is no meadow at all! We are standing on the ice."

The Indian leaped to the saddle, laughing heartily. He headed his cavalcade back to the trail. His deep guttural, and the musical chatter of his squaw echoed from the trees as they quickly disappeared, neither looking round again at the disputants they had so fully un deceived.

"Stranger, you can have Kequilly," said the woodman, sighing a little as he learned upon his axe. "This place claim is yours. Miner's rights leads farmer's right amid the Idaho hills."

"Thank you," rejoined Jack Byers, with an awkward attempt at repartee. "You're a new-comer. It wouldn't be polite to interfere with you. I make you welcome to this fine ranch."

"Better both of you find out first if things are worth fighting over," said the wife, drawing a long breath of relief. Then she added gently to her husband, "Ask him to take dinner with us."

"Come in under the trees. Light a fire, Chat, and put the coffee on. Stay a bit with us, you two. We'll have some coffee and bacon. Come in; come in. Don't hesitate. We both wanted this place, and tried to hold it according to our different ways. Perhaps it's lucky the matter went no further. This way. We should all feel at home, here at Kequilly."

Merrily they took their midday meal together ere they separated; the miner for Tamarack Gulch, and the woodchopper to his covered wagons across the lake.

feeling well and turned against work of its liking, a steam rotary picks up the offending snow and hurls it into the next town-ship.

The rotary carries its own operating plant, but is propelled by a locomotive coupled on behind. By means of a whistle the man who handles the fan signals the engineer when to back or fill or break away. The combination of noises which greet the visitor boxed up inside the rotary is something appalling. An earthquake or wheels would be a mild comparison. There is a hiss of steam, shrieking of whistles and the rumble and rattle of machinery which causes the entire fabric to tremble and dance on the rails. Then, as the whirling knives carve their way foot by foot into the frozen drifts, there comes a horrible, crunching, crumbling sound, as if some strong-jawed man somewhere in the fan was eating dry toast with his mouth open. Small rocks click once as they strike the metal and then go whizzing through the tunnel and strike the opposite bank before the snow in a graceful arch of dissolving views can cover half the distance.

BORN.

Moncton, Mar. 3, to the wife of H. L. Bass, a son.
Alton, March 6, to the wife of L. L. Sibley, a daughter.
Halifax, March 10, to the wife of Roderick McDonald, a son.
Truro, March 6, to the wife of Daniel McLeod, a daughter.
Stellarton, March 1, to the wife of Isaac Conway, a daughter.
Halifax, Mar. 4, to the wife of C. E. Hanson, a daughter.
Dartmouth, March 10, to the wife of W. G. Lavers, a daughter.
North Sydney, March 11, to the wife of D. Lamie, a daughter.
Amherst, March 14, to the wife of B. W. Baker, a daughter.
Oxford, N. S., March 3, to the wife of H. L. Hewson, a son.
Big Meadows, March 3, to the wife of John T. Murray, a son.
New Mills, March 6, to the wife of P. H. Sheehan, a daughter.
Stellarton, March 3, to the wife of James D. McDonald, a son.
Upper Stewiacke, March 2, to the wife of H. H. O'Givvie, a son.
Halifax, March 12, to the wife of James W. Woivem, a daughter.
Dawson, N. B., Mar. 8, to the wife of Jerome G. Dawson, a son.

MARRIED.

Southside, March 9, by Rev. B. P. Parker, Clarence Cox to Edith Nickerson.
Kentville, N. S., by Rev. Dr. Brock, Geo. Hatchett to Emily Edith Burzyne.
Moncton, March 9, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, John Woodluff, to Lillie Berry.
Victoria, March 12, by Rev. Canon Neaks, Chas. W. McCann to Ada Bozer.
Brooklyn, N. S., by Rev. J. McEwen, John F. Mozar to Mrs. Ziba Smith.
Wesley, March 2, by Rev. J. Craig, Emmerson Housley to Mrs. Ruth Power.
Westville, March 6, by Rev. Dr. McLeod, Daniel McKay to Cassie McDonald.
Woods Harbor, March 7, by Rev. W. Miller, John Woodluff, to Emily Nickerson.
Tusket, March 12, by Rev. J. W. Freeman, Jacob W. Parker to Caroline Babine.
Pleasant Lake, March 5, by Rev. J. W. Freeman, Fred C. Archer to Clara Wyman.
Woodluff, March 13, by Rev. J. D. Hart, Barnham J. Tower, to Emma A. Goodwin.
Calais, March 5, by Rev. W. J. D. Thomas, Harry Olive, of St Stephen to Annie Kerr.
Bridgewater, March 9, by Rev. A. C. Swains, Mark Westley Croft, to Beatrice Mailman.
Andover, N. B., March 9, by Rev. D. Fiske, Samuel Ritchie to Margaret A. Golding.
St. John, March 13, by Rev. J. W. Carke, Henry Calhoun to Agnes Vail, of King's Co.
Sydney Mines, March 5, by Rev. D. McMillan, Alexander McDonald to Jean Dixon.
Hopewell, N. S., March 13, by Rev. Wm. McCampbell, March 11, by Rev. A. F. Carr, Mark McGraw to Bessie Miles, of Weyer's brook.
Liverpool, N. S., March 4, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, M. A., Robert Leander Bultier to Margaret Labraur.
Windsor, March 14, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, William J. Howe of Halifax to Alice Maud Boleman.
Maple Ridge, March 6, by Rev. John M. Allan, M. A., assisted by Rev. Wm. Dawson, D. D., John S. Belcher to Amanda Jones.
Falmouth, March 5, by Rev. John Murray, M. A., Capt. John McDonald to Janie Lockhart, of Falmouth.
Jacksontonville, N. B., March 10, by Rev. J. B. Morgan, B. A., John N. Harper to Mrs. Mary Hannah.

DIED.

Halifax, March 17, Joseph Starr, 50.
Halifax, March 14, McCormack, 70.
Halifax, March 13, Mary Hinds, 68.
Halifax, March 11, James Mills, 20.
Halifax, March 12, Anne Walsh, 51.
Tenbycape, March 3, Marie Hill, 88.
Bathville, March 6, Mary Robb, 57.
Gaspareau, March 8, Chas. Allen, 84.
Brookfield, March 7, Wm. F. Cox, 68.
Shag Harbor, March 7, Philip Crowell.
Fort Elgin, March 8, Mary Sprague, 73.
Kingman, March 4, James Murray, 75.

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Spry Harbor, March 9, Hugh Hawes, 42.
Halifax, March 10, Mrs. Ann Mitchell, 70.
Wolville, March 12, William G. Rand, 37.
Dalhousie, March 12, David Ritchie, 59.
Falmouth, March 9, Catherine Curry, 64.
Truro, March 11, Mrs. Thomas McCallum.
Miltown, March 9, Matilda McGovern, 23.
Halifax, March 12, Margaret Crosby, 70.
Hopewell, March 3, John McDonald, 55.
Folly Village, March 8, John B. West, 58.
Bridgewater, March 10, James B. Kinney, 71.
Yarmouth, March 10, Mrs. Joseph Harris, 37.
Central Chetogue, March 10, Mrs. Haley, 78.
Middle Sackville, March 9, Lizzie Dixon, 57.
Port Elgin, March 8, Mrs. Mary Sprague, 78.
Six Mile Brook, March 4, Bella M. Gunn, 31.
Six Mile Brook, March 6, Bella M. Gunn, 31.
Coles Island, March 9, Chappell S. Pinney, 25.
Brooklyn, March 9, John Thurston, 72.
Middleton, March 8, T. S. Gould, 55.
River John, March 8, Christine McDonald, 98.
Dartmouth, March 12, Deborah Sarah Groves.
Port Matland, March 9, William H. Goudey, 84.
Deer Island, March 6, Mrs. Wm. Richardson, 29.
Centerville, N. B., March 4, Dr. T. W. Lunn, 41.
St. George, March 11, Kate, wife of T. B. Goos, 55.
Centerville, March 6, Anna Augusta Messenger, 60.
Port Mouton, C. B., March 10, Kenneth McNeil, 78.
St. John, March 14, Sarah, wife of James Anderson, 84.
Granville Ferry, March 11, Capt. Jacob Robbles, 86.
Springhill, March 14, Maggie, wife of Alexander Dink.
Halifax, March 12, Rosina, wife of Middleton B. Bauer.
Penbrooke, March 11, Ella G., wife of Edward Cushing, 25.
Gays River, March 5, Jean Rogers, wife of Charles Gay, 69.
Millidgeville, March 14, Cornelia, wife of Geo. Lamb, 27.
Chebogue Point, March 11, Mrs. Mrs. Alexander Hunkin.
Oxford, N. S., Elisha, son of Chas. W. and Julia Miller, 5.
Midgie, March 4, Ellen I., daughter of Mansfield Hicks, 10.
Halifax, March 12, after a short illness, Anne Walsh, 51.
Halifax, March 12, Richard Martin, of Plymouth, England, 79.
Stoney Island, March 8, Caroline, wife of Samuel Atkinson, 60.
Halifax, March 12, Frances, widow of the late Michael Bower, 69.
Halifax, March 9, Miss Mary, son of W. B. and Edith Bower, 69.
Maitland, March 14, William Rines, daughter of the late Bruce Rines.
Mazaretreville, March 6, Gilbert Harris, son of the late Capt. Jos. Harris, 27.
Halifax, March 14, Mary Anne Dorothy, widow of the late John D. Longard, 73.
Amherst, March 8, Amos, youngest son of Amos and Typhena Kent, 7 months.
Bridgetown, March 7, Ed. J. Davies, youngest son of the late Rev. Thos. H. Davies, 69.
Fredericton, March 14, Annie J. Edgecombe, widow of the late John Edgecombe, 77.
Croucheville, March 13, Elizabeth Potts, eldest daughter of the late Capt. Wm. Potts, 75.
Pleasant Valley, March 1, Violet Geoendoline, daughter of Geneva and O. P. Byerson, 30.
Chance Harbor, N. B., March 5, Catherine, wife of Patrick Morgan, a native of Galway, Ire., 71.
Turner's Falls, Mass., Feb. 22, Nora, youngest daughter of Isaac Freeman formerly of N. B. 16.
Somerville, Mass. March 4, Mary A. C., wife of Frank Carlin and daughter of Laug in A. Cullin, Halifax, N. S., 37.



We are informed that unscrupulous dealers are in the habit of selling plugs and parts of inferior quality, representing them to be the genuine 'T. & B.' Myrtle Navy. The genuine plug is stamped with the letters 'T. & B.' in bronze. Purchasers will confer a favor by looking for the trade mark when purchasing.

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