The address slip pasted on the top of this paper has a date on it, if the date of the paper is later than that on the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement in 4th Page

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 24. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, MARCH 10, 1898. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B, every THURSDAY morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day

It is sent to any address in Canada, or the United States (Postage prepaid by the publisher) at ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, payable invariably in advance.

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The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers Superior Inducements to advertisers. Address

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B

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SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE KIDNEY CURE AND NERVINE TONIC, DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS, CHASE'S PILLS AND OINTMENT ALSO DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE, CATARRH POWDER OINTMENT AND PILLS.
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A Beautiful Line of
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May 18, 1896.

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Our Ulsters and Overcoats of Beavers, Meltons, Frizes and Serges, are acknowledged the best and are made in prices ranging from $12 to $30.
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Ready made Clothing.
Overcoats will small advantage, April Ulsters $4.00 and up $8.00 Ulsters are regular $12 etc. Call at once and get fitted up for X'mas

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ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF
TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOOTH POWDERS AND PASTES PERFUMES & SOAPS.
Our perfumes and soaps are the finest in town, and as we have a very large assortment of Soaps, we will offer them at special prices
We also call your attention to our Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc.
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Wall Papers, Window Shades,
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Also a choice lot of
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.
R. FLANAGAN,
ST. JOHN STREET CHATHAM

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Law Chambers so called, in the town of Chatham in the County of Northumberland, on Tuesday, the Fifteenth day of March next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the Twenty-First day of December, A.D. 1897 in a certain suit therein pending, wherein Robert C. Boyes and James S. Fairley Executors of the last will and testament of Scott Fairley, deceased, are Plainiffs and William McDougall is defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity for the County of Northumberland, the lands and premises directed to be sold by the said decretal order and therein described as all that piece parcel or lot of land situate lying and being in the Lockstead Settlement, Parish of Blackville, County of Northumberland, granted by the said William McDougall as by reference to the grant will more fully appear and bounded as follows to wit. Beginning on the eastern side of the road from McLaggan's to Renous River at the northwest angle of lot number one hundred and nine purchased by Isaac Walls, in Lockstead Settlement, thence running by the magnet along the said road north five degrees and twenty minutes, west twelve chains and fifty links to a stake, thence north eighty four degrees and forty minutes east eighty chains, thence south five degrees and twenty minutes, east twelve chains and fifty links and thence south eighty-four degrees and forty minutes west eighty chains to the place of beginning- containing over a hundred acres more or less, and distinguished as lot number one hundred and twelve, in Lockstead settlement.

Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Terms of sale—Cash. For further particulars apply to Plaintiff's solicitor

Dated the fifth day of January, A.D. 1898.

L. J. TWEEDIE, Plaintiff's Solicitor, ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,
CHATHAM.
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GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS
al kinds cut and made to order on the premises, with quickest despatch and at reasonable terms.
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atisfaction Guaranteed.

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ONE TRIP A WEEK
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BOSTON.
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Through Tickets on sale at all Railway Stations, and Baggage Checked through.
Passengers arriving in St. John in the evening can go direct to the Steamer and take Cabin Berth or Stateroom for the trip.
For rates and information apply to nearest Ticket Agent. C. E. LAFLEUR, Agent.
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A full stock of paper, envelopes, tags and printers' stationery on hand. Come or send to

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D. G. SMITH, CHATHAM.

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Chambers so called in the Town of Chatham in the County of Northumberland, on Tuesday, the fifteenth day of March next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the Twenty First day of December, A.D. 1897, in a certain suit therein pending, wherein Robert C. Boyes and James S. Fairley, Executors of the last will and testament of Scott Fairley, deceased, are Plaintiffs and Joseph Grady and Charlotte Elizabeth Grady are defendants with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity for the County of Northumberland, the lands and premises directed to be sold by the said decretal order and therein described as all that certain piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Blackville, in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, bounded as follows:—Beginning at a stake standing on the northern side of the road from the Dungarvon River to McLaggan's, at the southwest angle of lot number two, purchased by John McKenzie, in the Bradalbane Settlement, east, thence running by the magnet north eighteen degrees east sixty-seven chains, thence south seventy-two degrees, east fifteen chains to a spruce tree, thence south eighteen degrees, west sixty-seven chains to a hemlock tree standing on the northern side of the aforesaid road, from Dungarvon River to McLaggan's, and thence along the same, north seventy two degrees west fifteen chains to the place of beginning containing one hundred acres more or less, and distinguished as lot number one in the Bradalbane settlement east, granted to the aforesaid Joseph Grady, as by reference thereto will fully appear.

Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Terms of sale—Cash. For further particulars apply to Plaintiffs Solicitor.

Dated the fifth day of January, A.D. 1898.

L. J. TWEEDIE, Plaintiff's Solicitor, ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity

X'MAS OF 1897
finds us with our usual large assortment of Holiday goods.
IN LEATHER GOODS
We have such articles as gents' Travelling Cases, Cuff and Collar Cases, Writing Tablets, Albums, Military Brushes in cases, Ladies' Wallets and Card Cases, Manicure Sets, etc.
IN CELLULOID AND WHITE METAL
We have Brush and Comb Cases, Manicure Sets, Shaving Cases, Necktie Cases, Jewel Cases, Photo Boxes, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Smokers' Sets, etc.
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We have such articles as Rose Bowls, Toilet Bottles, Fancy Trays, Chocolate Pitchers, as well as many other useful and ornamental pieces.
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DRUG STORE.
Next to R. A. Murdoch's, Chatham, N. B

Z. TINGLEY,
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SHAVING PARLOR
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He will also keep a first-class stock
Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes,
Smokers' Goods generally

BUSINESS CHANGE.

The Business heretofore carried on under the name of John McDonald, will hereafter be conducted under the name, and style of

John McDonald & Co.

NOTICE.

All parties indebted to John McDonald are requested to call and arrange the amounts of their indebtedness within 60 days from date, not later than 14th August. All accounts not settled on or before that date will be placed in other hands for Collection.

Chatham, June 17th, 1897.

While thanking the public generally for their liberal patronage bestowed on me in the past, I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same for JOHN McDONALD & CO.

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We have the best Studio, BEST operator, BEST assistants and the largest and most varied EXPERIENCE, and use only the BEST materials and therefore produce the
Best Photographs.
Whether our patrons be RICH or POOR we aim to PLEASE every time.
IF YOU WANT PICTURE FRAMES,
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COME AND SEE US AT
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MACKENZIE'S
QUININE WINE AND IRON,
THE BEST TONIC AND
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50cT. BOTTLES
WE GUARANTEE IT AT
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.

THE STORY OF THE WEDDING RING.

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

"I have seen Paul," she replied, and the tone of her voice was so changed, so hoarse, so altered that he did not know it. "I have seen Paul," she repeated, "and I asked him to take me back—to take me back because I love him so—because I am so guilty, so wretched—and he would not. He said I had broken his heart years ago, and the thought is killing me."

The white face drooped—her hands fell nervelessly—the words died away on her colorless lips, and the next minute Ismay Waldron, the beautiful woman, the unhappy wife, lay white and senseless at the old man's feet.

He moaned as he bent over her.

"I have killed her!" he said. "She is the victim not of her vanity, but of my pride. I have slain her!"

Some hours afterwards Lord Carlswood sat by Ismay's bedside. A grave-faced doctor was there, and he looked as though he had no very favorable verdict to give. Ismay lay quite unconscious. No word that was uttered fell on her ears.

"You say," repeated the old lord, "that she has had some great shock?"

"Yes," was the grave reply, "this illness comes from the mind, not the body; there has been a strain upon the mind, and that, followed by a shock, has been too much for a not over-strong brain."

Lord Carlswood looked at him.

"She is in danger, you think?"

"She lies in the very shadow of death," said the doctor; "human skill can avail her but very little."

Days passed and the shadow of death did not pass from the house. It seemed to those who watched Ismay so anxiously that she was conscious at times, but even then she lay with closed eyes, heedless of everything and every one around her.

A fortnight had elapsed, and one evening she looked at the nurse who stood by her bedside.

"Will you tell Lord Carlswood I want him?" she said; and the old lord hastened to obey the call.

"Are we quite alone?" she asked. "I want to speak to you."

He kissed the worn face, he held fondly in his own the thin, white hands.

"My darling, what can I do for you?" he asked.

She raised her large mournful eyes to his face.

"Grandfather," she said, "I have not long to live."

He would have interrupted her, but she held up her hand for silence.

"I have never been what people call religious," she said; "but I am going to die. I shall have to face the great Judge. What shall I answer about my duty as a wife?"

The old lord looked distressed and dismayed; he tried to soothe her.

"You will get better, Ismay do not despair."

"But some time or other I die. What am I to say? You tempted me—what shall I say?"

The words smote him like a sharp edged sword. Were this death and fear of judgment the result of what he had done, the consequence of his sin? The mournful eyes, the faltering voice, the frightened face filled him with dismay.

"Do you wish it all undone, Ismay?" he asked.

"Yes," she whispered, faintly. "I would give my life to undo it; but it is too late—Paul says so."

She was too weak for tears, but the anguish of her face frightened him.

"I went to ask him to take me back; would willingly have been poor with him. But he is rich now. He would not take me back; and it is killing me. I am afraid to die—my life has been so empty, my sin so great."

Then she fell back faint and exhausted. He rose in alarm to call for help but she caught his hand. "Tell me before you go—you tempted me—you are old and wise—tell me what answer shall I give in extenuation of my sin?"

"May heaven pardon me!" said the old man. "I do not know."

He could not bear it; he gave one more look at the closed eyes and white face, and hastily quitted the room. Those words haunted and frightened him—"you tempted me. What shall I say?"

For the first time he thought of this affair under its religious aspect, he thought of the sin. Hitherto it had seemed to him a proper thing to do, to mark his disapprobation of unequal marriages, to keep up the prestige of his family honor and name: now, since Ismay's words had frightened him, he saw things in quite another light.

Those whom heaven had joined together he had put asunder. He had tempted a young girl to be false to her vows, to break her troth, to desert her husband; he had robbed an innocent man of his wife and child, he had caused unutterable sorrow and done immeasurable wrong. What excuse could he offer? The reasons that had once seemed all sufficient to him now appeared weak and worthless. He too was afraid, and wished the deed undone.

"I might have adopted the child, and have left husband and wife together," he thought. "I have done wrong. For a Carlswood to acknowledge that, means that he must frankly own it and atone for it. I, who prided myself on my long descent, on my unblemished honor, on mystainless name—I must go to this man and ask his forgiveness."

He went again to Ismay, and from her learned where Paul was.

His wonder was great at finding in the new member, the gifted orator, the "man of the people," Paul Waldron, his grandchild's husband. He dared not to wait to express his surprise. She was in great danger, and he believed that her husband's presence would save her. Her life seemed ebbing fast. Heaven help him if he should be too late!

Once more Paul was disturbed at his books, this time it was by the unexpected announcement of "Lord Carlswood." He had heard nothing of his wife's illness. He had resolved upon leaving England after that interview—he could not look upon her face again.

He rose from his seat when he heard the name, and stood ready to receive his visitor. At last they stood face to face, the injurer and the injured, the proud peer and the proud commoner. Paul saw a stately figure bent before him, a grand old face quivering with emotion, and pale with dread.

In his courtly high-bred fashion, Lord Carlswood held out his hand.

"I have done you a grievous wrong, sir," he said, "and I am here to ask your pardon." Lord Carlswood was gazing into a face as proud as his own.

"I have no pardon to give, Lord Carlswood," was the haughty reply. "It is too late to ask it."

"You must not refuse me," said the old nobleman.

"Years ago, Lord Carlswood, you tempted from me my wife, whom I loved as no man ever loved a woman before; you took from me my child; you laid my life bare and desolate; you robbed me of every hope. For such wrongs I have no pardon."

The old man bent his head with a humility rare in him.

"I did wrong, sir. I did not think so at the time; I see it now. I did a grievous wrong. I am an old man, and I ask you to forgive me."

"You ask an impossibility," was the stern reply.

"I came of a proud race," continued the old man; "no man springing from it ever bent his knee in supplication to his fellow-man. I do it to you."

Paul half turned away; he saw tears gathering in the old nobleman's eyes.

"I shall look upon myself as an assassin unless you give me your pardon," he continued. "It was I who wronged you, not Ismay your wife. I tempted her—I studied every foible, every weakness of her character. I lured her away from you, and it is not just that she should bear the blame."

Paul stood in silence for a few minutes, and then he said:—

"I do not understand your motive for asking my pardon."

Lord Carlswood looked at him in surprise.

"You did not know that she was ill! Ismay is dying, sir! I am sure, if you would go to her, if you would speak kindly to her, she would live—she would get better. You refuse me. For the love of heaven, come and visit her!"

"Ismay dying!" repeated Paul, interrupting the passionate flow of words.

"Come with me; if she dies, I shall feel that I have killed her;" and Paul, looking, saw that the old man's eyes were full of tears.

"In the presence of death," he said, kindly, "all human love and hate disappears. I will go with you."

"And you forgive me?" said the low voice.

There was a short struggle, and then Paul laid his hand on the trembling arm. "I forgive you," he said; and they left the house together.

CHAPTER XIX.

Gently and noiselessly they went up the broad stair-case that led to Ismay's room. They passed the marble statues that gleamed palely between the costly hangings, the rare pictures that adorned the walls. Paul, looking on the magnificent display thought to himself, "It was for this she deserted me, and sold my love."

Then the bitterness died out of his heart. She was dying, and he was going to her to forgive her.

Lord Carlswood pointed to the door of her room.

"You had better go in alone," he said, and Paul, turning the handle, quietly went in.

He never forgot the scene, the bright sunshine came in, softened and subdued through the shade of the rose colored blinds; the room itself was magnificently furnished—every luxury, comfort was there; the sunbeams fell on the bed with its low hangings, and on the white, worn beautiful face that seemed to bear the very impress of death. The nurse left the room as Paul entered it, and he knelt down by the bedside. Ismay had fallen into a restless sleep, and as he watched her all the burning anger, the bitter vengeance cherished through so many long years died away. He forgot the present—he forgot the agony of those ten years—he remembered only the beautiful girl he had wooed and won—the lovely young wife he had worshipped; he thought of all her bright graceful ways; and now she lay dying they said. She was so young when they tempted her away, and they had tempted her through her love of all that was beautiful and luxurious. She had not left him for another—had never given one thought to any other; frail and feeble as her love was she had given it all to him. And now she lay dying—never to give her love to any one again. Was it true, as she said, that her woman's soul was only just awakened? It might be.

"And in the awakening she turned to me," he said—"no one else but me." What she must have suffered to be brought so near death because he would not forgive her! How she must have loved him after all! Her whole heart must have yearned for him. Was it not through love of him that she lay dying? As he thought of that, the last remnant of pride and anger died out of his heart. How she must have loved him!—He remembered that and nothing else. He bent down and kissed the thin white hand.

When he raised his face she was looking at him—the sad sweet eyes were fixed on his face. She did not seem surprised to see him.

"Paul!" she whispered. "Am I dreaming?"

"My darling," he said, gently clasping her in his arms, "you are not dreaming. I am here to love you, to win you back to life, and to make you so happy that we shall both forget the wretched past."

He raised her, and the beautiful wan face drooped on his breast. She tried to put her arms round his neck, but they fell weak and helpless by her side.

"Put my arms round your neck, darling," she whispered; "and, if I have to die, let me die so."

Tears were raining down his face—her weakness touched him as her beauty never could have done.

"You shall not die, sweet," he said, "if the strength of a mighty love can bring you back to life."

Then, kneeling by her side, holding her tightly clasped in his arms, he told her the story of his love and his sorrow—of his life since he had lost her.

She was as happy as a lost child restored to its mother's arms.

"How strong love is!" she whispered to him, "I feel that while you love me so dearly it cannot die."

He soothed her with the long-silent music of loving words, until the sweet eyes grew heavy, and then she said:—

"Paul, you will not leave me if I sleep? Let me wake and find you here."

Waking, she found him there, and his love did for her what the doctor had said human skill could not do—it brought her back to life.

Once, as Paul was sitting talking to her she held her left hand up to him with a smile. It was thin and shadowy.

"Look," she said; "my ring is getting too large for me." He kissed the white hand and the gold ring. She smiled.

"Paul," she said gently, "who would think there was such a story attached to my wedding-ring?"

* * * * * *

Ismay recovered, and when she was once more herself Lord Carlswood declared that he would interfere no more—that she should accompany her husband to his own home, yet still be acknowledged as his granddaughter.

By that time he had grown to have a sincere affection and a warm, true liking for Paul. He admired his talents and respected his independence.

They made a compromise. Ismay went to her husband, and Lionel remained with Lord Carlswood as his heir. Paul says laughingly that he can spare one son, for the old walls of Ravensdale resounded with childish laughter and the music of children's voices. There are times when Ismay is inclined to think that all happened for the best.

"I should never have been either a sensible or a contented woman if I had not suffered," she would say to her husband, with a smile. There are tears in her eyes and smiles on her lips when she tells the story of her wedding-ring.

THE END.

Society.

The whole of society at present is too like a jelly. When it is touched, it shakes from base to summit. As yet the unity is of weakness rather than of strength. The difference of individualities must always exist, and since we are members of one body different gifts are needed to supply the wants of that body. Our aim therefore ought to be not to merge the individual in the community, but to strengthen the social life of the community and foster individuality.—Tennyson.

Gladstone's First Speech.

Mr. Gladstone's maiden speech in the House of Commons was an unmistakable failure. He spoke so low that even those nearest to him failed to catch the drift of his words, and later on he had to rise on "a point of explanation" at the request of a speaker who complained of the want of clearness of the honorable member for Newark.

Grace of Politeness.

Some of the most gifted men have suffered greatly because of their uncivil ways and vinegar habits in speech, manner and dress; others, because of politeness, put every one at perfect ease. There is a grace and dignity that charms. They have learned the happy way of pleasing. The fop, the bore, however richly endowed intellectually, finds but little place among cultivated and refined people. Such men overstep the bounds of modesty and make themselves distasteful. The grace of true politeness ought to be cultivated in the early hours of life and it is claimed by those who profess to know that between the age of 3 and 6 children should be well versed in the principles of civility, courtesy and good breeding, and in this way make it the habits of their lives.

The Color Line.

Condemned Prisoner (down south)—See here, what does this mean? I am told that two niggers are to be hung at the same time as I am.

Sheriff—Yes, on the same gallows, at the same moment.

Prisoner—Now, see here; I don't want to die alongside of a couple of niggers. Can't you hang me separately?

Sheriff—Well, the best I could do would be to swing you off quietly the day before, and then give out that you'd committed suicide.

Prisoner—The day before! Hum! Come to reflect, I think it's about time this race prejudice was obliterated in the south. I'll hang at the same time as my colored brothers.—New York Weekly.

Oriental Sacred Books.

There is a constantly increasing demand for the Oriental sacred books. The Koran, in cheap form, is one of the best selling books, and a volume of extracts from the writings of "Buddha" is extremely popular. The sale of the "Zend Avesta" is restricted, because it cannot be obtained in cheap form. The purchasers of these works are not only clergymen, but laymen, and there seems to be an intense curiosity to compare the sacred books of other religions with the Bible.

No Sin Shall Remain Unforgiven.

God will never forgive any sin—it remains unpardonable—as long as we continue untoward, refractory; as long as we close up our minds and hearts to the powers which operate for good, the influence which spreads abroad in benignity and love. But no sin shall remain unforgiven when we in contrition humble ourselves before our Father and God.

A Wonderful flesh Producer.

This is the title given to *Scotts Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil* by many thousand who have takeit. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food *Use it and try your weight.* Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00

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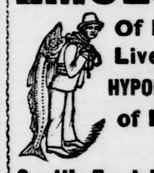
SCOTT'S EMULSION



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Every attention paid to
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PHOENIX OF LONDON
MANCHESTER.
JAS. G. MILLER,
Chatham, 29th Nov. 1993.

BILL.

TOWN OF CHATHAM, N.B. 1896.

Public notice is hereby given that application will be made at the next ensuing session of the Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick for the passing of an act to authorise the Town of Chatham to issue debentures for the sum of twenty thousand dollars in accordance with the vote of the ratepayers of said Town at a public meeting duly called for the purpose and held on the 11th November last.

Dated 5th January, 1898.

WARREN C. WINSLOW,
Mayor.

NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF TIMBER LICENSES

CROWN LAND OFFICE, 24 JULY, 1896.

The attention of all holders of Timber Licenses is called to Section 19 of the Timber Regulations which reads as follows;—

"19 No Spruce or Pine trees shall be cut by any Licensee under any License, not even for piling, which will not make a log at least 18 feet in length and ten inches at the small end; and if any such shall be cut, the Lumber shall be liable to double stumpage and the License be forfeited"

and all Licensees are hereby notified, that for the future, the provisions of this section will be rigidly enforced

ALBERT T DUNN,
Surveyor General