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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 24. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 24, 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.

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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

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from five cents to one dollar per cake
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Our Ready made Ulsters and Overcoats will simply astonish you. A good Ulster for $4.00 and our $8.00 Ulsters are regular $12 Costs. Call at once and get fitted up for X'mas.

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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 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 Rutgous River at the northwest angle of lot number one hundred and nine purchased by Isaac Wade, 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 Plaintiffs 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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cut to order
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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Returning will leave Boston MONDAY, at 8 a.m., Portland, 5 p m.
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.
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Now is the time to order your printed forms for Winter and Spring business. Send your orders to
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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.

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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 R Nat 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 southeast 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, Plaintiffs solicitor. ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity.

X'MAS OF 1897
finds us with our usual large assortment of Holiday goods.
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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.
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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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Favor us with a call before going elsewhere as we are in a position to supply your wants.
HICKEY'S
DRUG STORE.
Next to R. A. Murdoch's, Chatham, N. B

Z. TINGLEY,
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SHAVING PARLOR
Benson Building
Water Street, - Chatham.
He will also keep a first-class stock
Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes,
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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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MARK YOU!
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.
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QUININE WINE AND IRON,
THE BEST TONIC AND
BLOOD MAKER
50cT BOTTLES
WE GUARANTEE IT AT
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.

THE STORY OF THE WEDDING RING.

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

Slowly he opened the silver inkstand, and drew his pen through the name—

"Katrine Ismay Carlswood."

One by one the letters disappeared beneath his heavy stroke, and when they had all disappeared it seemed to him that his daughter lay dead. In silence more bitter than the silence of death he laid his face down on the obliterated words. Presently he arose and closed the record, drawing his stately figure to its full height.

"I have mourned my dead," he said to himself; "now it remains for me to forget."

And forget, to all outward appearance, he did. He called the butler, who from having been so long with him was raised to the dignity of a confidential friend.

"You know Mr. Cameron's hand-writing," he said. "Be good enough for the future to look over all letters before I see them; and, if there are any from her, destroy them."

And after that time Lord Carlswood lived as though he had no daughter. Only the butler knew how many heart-broken letters came to Bralyn, how many pathetic appeals, how many cries for help. Even if Lord Carlswood had known, it would have made no difference—he would rather have died than have yielded.

So time passed on, and the name of the young girl who had been the pride of his race was never even heard; all traces of her had disappeared, and the servants had ceased, even in whispers, to refer to her.

Lord Carlswood grew prouder than ever.

"I have three sons," he would say to himself, "and they will do honor to my name."

People said afterwards that he was justly punished for his pride. The three young men were all strong, healthy, and likely to live to a good old age; but by a strange chapter of accidents, he lost them. The two eldest, who were passionately fond of yachting, were both lost in a terrible storm—they with all on board their yacht.

Lord Carlswood had often expressed his dislike of the amusement.

"Men who have to carry on the name of a great race," he would say to them, "should not wilfully endanger their lives."

They laughed at his fears; and one bright summer it was arranged that they should go to the Mediterranean. Lord Carlswood opposed the plan, but in the end he consented.

They touched at most of the famous towns on the Italian coast. One morning they were about to set sail, when an Italian sailor warned them against doing so.

"There will be a white squall before the day is over," he said, but they, Lord Carlswood's sons, laughed at his fears.

"We will risk it," they said.

The sun was shining on the sea, and the white cloud in the distance was as "a man's hand." They set sail in despite of all advice and warning; they had not been long at sea before the squall in its wildest fury broke over them. From the shore the boat was seen to founder, and desperate efforts were made to save the ill-fated men, but all in vain. On the day afterwards, when the sun shone warm and bright, and the angry sea had subsided, the body of Lord Carlswood's eldest son was washed ashore, but the other was never found.

Those who knew Lord Carlswood spoke of the terrible change that had come over him; long years of care and toil could not have aged him as his sorrow did; his hair grew white, his stately figure drooped, his hands trembled.

A few months passed, and his anxiety about his son was almost pitiful to witness. He could not endure him out of his presence—he could not rest one minute away from him. He was so nervously apprehensive, that by his cautions he made the boy's life miserable.

"Remember you are the last of the Carlswoods," he would say to him; "our name, our race, all depends on you."

But when the fiat has gone forth, who shall arrest it—what human hand shall stay its course? The last of the Carlswoods fell ill of a dangerous fever. There were many who said that his father's excessive care helped to kill him—that he had too many doctors, too many nurses—that he employed too many remedies. But be the cause what it might, the result was that after all his care, his almost frantic efforts, the boy died, and in his old age Lord Carlswood was left alone.

For long hours after the boy's death he sat as one stunned and bewildered—he could not realize the blow. Only a short time since, as it seemed to him, wife and children were all around him. Death had swept them away, and he was alone. When they roused him at last he stood up and looked around him. He bowed his head, white now with sorrow.

"The hand of heaven lies heavily upon me," he said; and that was the only murmur which escaped from his proud lips. Even on the day his son was buried he looked haggard and ill, but no word escaped him.

"The Carlswoods know how to suffer in silence," he said to himself—and no man knew the smart of his pain.

CHAPTER VII.

Lord Carlswood owned that his sorrow was a heavy one, but it did not humble his pride. In vain the white-haired old chaplain, who had taught him from a boy, spoke to him of the humility that should follow a great affliction.

"My children are dead, sir, and every hope of my life is destroyed; but the last thing a Carlswood lays down is what you are pleased to call his pride."

But the time came when he was obliged to look to the future. The Bralyn property was not entailed; it had passed at times into the hands of the male heirs of the daughters of the house, the only stipulation being that whoever reigned there must take the title and name of Carlswood. In the reign of George the First, Francis, Lord Carlswood, had three daughters, but no sons; he was succeeded by the second son of his eldest daughter, who had married Lord Burton, and so the succession was kept up.

But now Lord Carlswood looked around him with a vague feeling of fear and wonder as to who was to succeed him, who was to carry on the glories and the honors of the grand old race. He had no next of kin; there was no stout, stalwart young cousin whom he could summon as his heir, and every drop of his ancient blood rose in hot rebellion at the thought of a stranger reigning at Bralyn. What was to be done? In great tribulation Lord Carlswood sent for his lawyer, Mr. Ford, of Lincoln's Inn.

Mr. Ford had been the family solicitor for many years. When Miss Carlswood ran away from home he had begged her father to give her at least a small fortune, but the master of Bralyn had sternly refused. From his countless thousands he would not give one shilling.

"Not even to save her life," he added; and Mr. Ford turned away with a sigh. After that he never dared to mention her name; and now, when his lordship sent for him to consult him, he hesitated before speaking.

"There is but one course I can suggest to your lordship, and that will not please you."

"What is it?" was the brief question.

"I was unfortunate enough to incur your anger the last time I referred to the matter. Nothing but the deepest interest in your affairs induces me to risk a repetition of the offence. Your lordship forgets that you have still a daughter living."

"I have no daughter," was the stern reply; "she died years ago—to me."

"She may have had children," continued the lawyer; "she may have sons and daughters. Granted that the offence she has committed is unpardonable, her children are innocent."

Lord Carlswood's face grew very pale. He pushed away his chair, and began to walk with rapid, agitated footsteps up and down the room. Mr. Ford watched him intently the while.

"Innocent!" he said at length, with scornful emphasis. "They may be innocent enough; but you forget they are the children of a low-born, low-bred thief, who stole my—daughter from me!"

It was so many years since his lips had fashioned the word that they seemed to tremble over it.

"How could I," he continued, "bring the children of such a man to live here at Bralyn? How could I let them succeed such ancestors as mine? It is impossible."

"It would be better, perhaps, than to allow a stranger to come after you or than letting the old name go to ruin and decay. They may be the children of Thornton Cameron, but they belong to your race also, my lord—there is no denying that fact—they may even have your features."

An expression of unutterable loathing came over the proud old face.

"I hope not," he said, abruptly.

"They may even," continued the lawyer, with great diplomacy, "have the grand old Carlswood's spirit—the fire, chivalry, the honor of the race."

Lord Carlswood's face cleared.

"If that should be the case," pursued Mr. Ford, "they have a greater claim to succeed than any stranger without these characteristics could have. After all, there is something in a rightful claim; and most certainly the children of Katrine Ismay Carlswood ought to come after her father—it would be a crying injustice to pass them over."

"You are begging the question," said his lordship, sharply—"she may have no children."

"I grant that; but I suggested that we should find her and then we shall know."

At first Lord Carlswood was violently opposed to the idea—he would never let the children of "that thief" have Bralyn.

"He was a thief!" cried the old man, in a sudden passion of anguish.

"If he had stolen all my wealth, I could have spared it far more easily than I could have spared my daughter."

He buried his face in his hands, and the lawyer respected his grief. Lord Carlswood would not at first consent to Mr. Ford's proposal; he was angry, contemptuous, indignant; but after a time he reopened the discussion, which Mr. Ford considered a good sign; and then he listened to reason, next he made excuses for himself, then wavered in his resolution, and finally agreed to what was suggested.

He persuaded himself that after all he had only listened to reason—that he had only consented to do what was best for his race. He would not, even to himself, own that natural affection or a lingering remnant of love for his daughter had actuated him. Having yielded, he wrapped himself in a mantle of reserve, he became to all outward appearance harder and prouder than ever. But Mr Ford saw how the proud face quivered with emotion, and the firm lip trembled. The old nobleman was silent for some minutes after he had given his consent, and then he turned suddenly to Mr. Ford.

"If it has to be done at all," he said, "let it be done quickly; there is no time to be lost."

Then they began to discuss details Mr. Ford found, not much to his surprise, that Lord Carlswood knew nothing of his daughter—that he had never heard one word of her since she left home.

"Has she never written?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes," was the brief reply, "but all the letters have been destroyed."

It was agreed that they should begin to search for her at once, but there was not the least clue to start with.

"It is more than twenty years since she left home," said Lord Carlswood "It seems to me almost hopeless."

But Mr. Ford thought differently.

"It is not so difficult to find any one as you imagine. I shall seek the help of one or two men from the Scotland Yard, and you will see that we shall soon have news for you," he said, hopefully—and believed what he said.

For some time after this interview friends and servants all noticed how excited and restless Lord Carlswood had become. It seemed to him impossible that he should ever look upon the face of his child Katrine again. He was always wondering if news had been heard of her—if she were found.

Weeks passed, and Mr. Ford wrote constantly, his letters contained but little intelligence. One came at last which threw Lord Carlswood into a fever of excitement, Mr. Cameron and his wife had been traced first to London, where they had lived for some months, and in all probability had spent the little money they had. In London Thornton tried hard for a professional engagement; but young, unknown, without friends or influence, how was he to succeed? From the great city he had gone to Liverpool, only too thankful to take an engagement that brought him a hundred per annum. In Liverpool he and his wife had taken furnished lodgings; and there a little child, baptized at St. John's church under the name of Ismay Cameron, had been born. In Liverpool Mr. Cameron had tried the hopeless and difficult task of endeavoring to maintain a lady, brought up in the midst of affluence and luxury, on one hundred per annum. The struggle had been from the first a most hopeless one. With a careful, economical wife he might have weathered the storm; but Katrine had seldom heard the word "economical" and had but a poor idea of what it really meant. She was perfectly ignorant of the value of money; she had always had exactly what she wished—the cost of it was a matter she never considered. She had been brought up in one of the most luxurious homes in England—what could she possibly know of small economies and sordid cares? She wondered why, now that Thornton had no engagement, they could not have good wine. She was ill, and she missed her father's wine more than anything else. She raised her beautiful eyes in wonder when Thornton once wishing to please her, brought her a bottle of "Fine old Port."

"That is not good wine, Thornton," she said—"it is not like the wine we had at home. Get me some of that."

It was with difficulty he made her understand that they could not afford it, and it was with equal difficulty he taught her even more painful facts. He gave up the task in utter despair, and started out in the world to find something better.

He was traced to Chester; and at Chester it was found that, after struggling for some time with adverse circumstances, fate and fortune both against him, he had broken down entirely. He had spoiled his life by the very action that he had hoped would make it. He had thought to reap a fortune by marrying the only daughter of a rich nobleman; instead of which he had marred every prospect life held for him. How could he, a poor, unknown musician, without friends or interest, keep an elegant refined lady in comfort—nay, supply her with even the most common necessaries of life? He could not possibly do it, and the knowledge that he had made such a lamentable mistake killed him. He had been seized with a dangerous illness, which gave but little hope that he would ever recover.

He had battled with it for some time, but at last he had died, and had been buried at Chester. His wife had remained there for some time in the greatest destitution, and then left, taking her little girl with her; and there all traces of her and the child had been lost. Some of the cleverest detectives in England had been employed to find her and failed. Mr. Ford, who had undertaken the chief direction, was ashamed of his failure; he did all that was possible, but he averred to himself at last the task was hopeless, and that he had no choice but to abandon it.

CHAPTER VIII.

Once more Mr. Ford and Lord Carlswood sat together; the lawyer looked puzzled, the master of Bralyn unhappy.

"So you give up all hope?" he said to the solicitor. "You think there is no chance?"

"I have done all that man could do, and have failed," he replied, drearily; "if there had been one resource left. I should not have come to your lordship. It is almost useless perhaps to ask the question—I suppose none of your daughter's letters have been kept?"

"I have never seen any of them," said Lord Carlswood.

"You did not notice the post-marks on the envelopes?" pursued Mr. Ford.

"I have never seen the letters at all; I gave orders to Thrope to destroy them as soon as they came, and never to allow them to be brought to me. I thought she would be sure to write; but I have never asked if she has done so."

"Do you think it probable that Thorpe may have noticed the post-marks?" asked Mr. Ford.

"I cannot tell; but you can ask him."

The bell was rung, and the butler sent for, Mr. Ford repeated the question, and wondered at the change that came over the man's face.

"I should like to ask one question before I answer," he replied, respectfully. "Your lordship has been pleased to make me a confidential servant; permit me to inquire do you want information about my young mistress?"

"I do," said Lord Carlswood. "I want, not she, but her child or children, if she has any living."

"They would hardly be children now," observed Mr. Ford; and then, turning to the butler, he added, "Tell me, Thrope—when did the last letter come, and did you notice the post-marks on it?"

The man looked at his master.

"I hope your lordship will not be angry with me," he said; "I have disobeyed you. You told me to destroy all Miss Carlswood's letters; but I did not do so. I have kept them; thinking and hoping that some day they would be useful. I have them every one by me now."

A sudden light came into Lord Carlswood's face.

"That is good news," he said; "I am indebted to you for your sense and prudence, Thrope."

He tried to speak calmly, but it was easy to see that he was terribly excited. Mr. Ford was more demonstrative.

"You have done the wisest and most sensible thing you ever did in your life," he cried.

"Let us see the letters, Thrope, at once."

The man hastened from the room, and returned with a bundle of letters in his hands. He laid them before Lord Carlswood.

"They are all in order, my lord," he said, "just as I received them; they have never been touched. This was the first and that was the last."

And then, discreetly, Thrope withdrew. Mr. Ford went over to the table where Lord Carlswood sat.

"You must open them, Ford—I cannot," he said. His face was white, his hands trembled. "My daughter—oh, my daughter!" he said to himself; and Mr. Ford opened the letters.

He was a hard man, a cool, shrewd, calculating lawyer, whose life had been spent amongst deeds and parchments; but, as he read, the tears rose to his eyes, and more than one deep sigh came to his lips. Katrine's first letter was a girlish gay composition, treating the whole matter of her elopement and marriage as a jest, asking her father if he would not be well pleased to find his daughter married without any trouble to himself. Yet at the end there was a little prayer for pardon. She asked him to forgive her, and not feel annoyed. She had done that which would make her happy all her life. She would write again from London, she said.

The second letter was full of praise of her husband. He was so kind, so good, so clever; there was no one like him. The next contained an imploring prayer that her father would write. She had not meant to anger him so deeply, and she would not believe that he intended to cast her off. Then came despairing letters, telling him how hard the world was using them, but always speaking well of her husband, and always praying for pardon. The next letter came from Liverpool, and told Lord Carlswood of the birth of a little granddaughter.

"We shall call her Ismay," wrote the hapless young mother; "and I am sure that you would love her if you saw her. She has my face and my hair. Dearest papa, forgive me for my little daughter's sake."

Then came a most despairing letter written from Chester. They were starving, Mrs. Cameron said, and her husband was ill. The lawyer's strong voice trembled as he read the heart-broken supplication that followed. If Lord Carlswood would only send them bread to eat—if he would but give them the crumbs from his table—the alms that he would throw to the poorest beggar.

"She must indeed have changed," said the Lord of Bralyn. "She—a Carlswood—to beg for bread!"

Another letter told him that her husband was dead, and prayed him to let her come home to die.

"I have parted with everything I have in the world," she wrote, "except the little gold locket that you gave me with your portrait and the little ring that you

Continued on 5th Page.

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NOTICE.

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 authorize the Town Council of the Town of Chatham to impose a license or tax equal at least to a poll tax on Mechanics and laborers not being ratepayers in the parish of Chatham.

Dated at Chatham, 7th February, 1898

WARREN C. WINSLOW,
Mayor.

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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 13 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 J DUNN,
Surveyor General

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