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W. C. ANSLOW

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, August 21, 1889.

WHOLE No. 1137.

BARGAINS IN PARLOR SUITS.

No.	Parlor Suit,	7 pcs.	Covered Raimie,	Selling for.	Former price.
1.	"	7 pcs.	"	\$33.00	\$45.00
2.	"	7 pcs.	"	45.00	55.00
3.	"	7 pcs.	Crush Plush,	55.00	65.00
4.	"	6 pcs.	Divan " Raw Silk,	60.00	75.00
5.	"	6 pcs.	" Old Gold do.,	65.00	80.00
6.	"	7 pcs.	Hair Cloth Plush bands,	55.00	65.00
7.	"	7 pcs.	Ebony Frame,	45.00	65.00
84.	"	7 pcs.	Divan Olive Plush,	55.00	70.00
85.	"	7 pcs.	Crimson Plush,	55.00	70.00
86.	"	7 pcs.	"	55.00	70.00
87.	"	7 pcs.	Olive Plush,	65.00	80.00

These goods are for Cash only at the above prices.

Newcastle, July 27, 1889.

Law and Collection Office
M. ADAMS,
 Barrister & Attorney at Law,
 Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.
 Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.

ALL CLAIMS collected in all parts of the Dominion.
 Office: NEWCASTLE, N. B.

L. J. TWEEDIE,
 ATTORNEY & BARRISTER AT LAW.
 NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c.
 Chatham, N. B.

J. D. PHINNEY,
 Barrister & Attorney at Law
 NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
 RICHMOND, N. B.
 Office: CORNER HOUSE SQUARE.
 May 1, 1889.

O. J. MACCULLY, M.A., M.D.,
 Memb. BOT. SOC. LONDON.
 SPECIALIST IN
 DISEASES OF THE EAR & THROAT,
 Office: 11 Westwood and Main Streets.
 Moncton, Nov. 12, 88.

Charles J. Thomson,
 Agent MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK. THE LARGEST INSURANCE COMPANY in the World.
 Barrister, Proctor for Estates,
 Notary Public, &c.
 Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional Business in all its branches executed with accuracy and despatch.
 OFFICE.
 Eagle House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Dr. E. Nicholson,
 Office and Residence,
 McCULLAM ST., NEWCASTLE
 Jan. 22, 1889.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson.
 OFFICE on stairs in SUTHERLAND & CROAGHAN'S building. Residence Water of Hotel.
 Newcastle, March 12, 1889.

Dr. H. A. FISH,
 Newcastle, N. B.
 March 23, 1889.

KEARY HOUSE
 (Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL.)
 BATHURST, N. B.

THOS. F. KEARY - Proprietor
 This Hotel has been entirely refitted and re-furnished throughout. Stage connects with all trains. Very convenient with the Hotel. Excellent all water bathing. Good Sample Rooms for commercial men.
 TERMS \$1.50 per day; with Sample Rooms \$1.75.

BOLOGNAS
 Soused Tripe,
 VERY CHEAP.
 JOHN HOPKINS,
 86 Union Street, St. John.
 May 3, 1889.

CANADA HOUSE
 Chatham, New Brunswick.
JOHNSTON, Proprietor.
 Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first-class Hotel and travel here will find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat Landing and Telegraph and Post Offices. The proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS
 for Commercial Travellers and Staying on the spot.
 Oct. 12, 1875.

Clifton House,
 Princess and 143 Germain Street.
 ST. JOHN, N. B.
A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR,
 Heated by steam throughout. Prompt and comfortable service. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.
 April 6, 1888.

LAMP GOODS
 On hand a large stock of
 LAMP GLASS, CHIMNEYS,
 Shades, Globes, Wicks, etc.
 AT LOWEST PRICES.
J. R. CAMERON,
 63 Prince W. Street.
 St. John's Feb. 22, 1888.

CEO STABLES.
 Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.
 117 CASTLE, N. B.
 Goods of all kinds handled on Commission and prompt returns made.
 Will attend to Auctions in Town and Country in a satisfactory manner.
 Newcastle, Arg. 11, 88.

LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS.
 The Subscriber returns thanks to their numerous customers for past favors and would say that they keep constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of Goods to be had and at low rates for cash. Also, R. E. Foster & Son's Nails and Tacks of all sizes, and Clark & Son's Boot Trees, Laces, &c. English Gaps, as well as home-made Taps to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail.
J. JOHNSON, & CO.

LIME. LIME.
 Just Received,
 1 Car Load Hornbrooks.
 For sale by
A. J. BABANG & CO.
 Moncton, July 29.

ESTEY'S COD LIVER OIL CREAM
 "Bully, have you any idea what the Child is crying for? Nothing seems to quiet her. Yes, indeed, she wants more of ESTEY'S Cod Liver Oil Cream. Oh, Medicine that cures for Coughs."
 PREPARED ONLY BY
E. M. ESTEY, PHARMACEUT
 MONCTON, N. B.
 For sale by E. Lee Street, Newcastle, N. B.

CASTORIA
 for Infants and Children.
 Castoria cures Cough, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Eruptive Eruptions, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.
 THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Long-Standing Selected Literature.

MY INHERITANCE.
 (Chamber's Journal.)
 "If Mr. Frank Heathcote will call on Messrs. Pinner, Parchment & Co., Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, he will hear of something to his advantage." This brief note in a legal hand astonished me, the above name Frank Heathcote, one morning on sitting down to a modest breakfast. To hear of anything to my advantage was surprising and delightful, as I was unfortunately one of the unemployed, with little expectation of something turning up.

An hour or two later saw me searching in Lincoln's Inn for the offices of Pinner & Co. On finding the house, I duly presented myself. Mr. Pinner had not arrived; but would I step in and see Mr. Parchment? The lawyer did not believe the name, for I have seldom seen so dry and yellow looking a man. On presenting my note, Mr. Parchment surveyed me in silence a few minutes.

"So you are the nephew of the late Horace Oldcastle, young gentleman," he inquired.
 I replied I had that honor.
 "Allow me to congratulate you on your good fortune," said the lawyer with a smiling smile.
 Opening a desk, he produced the copy of a will, by which my lamented uncle left me Hermerie Place, an old Hall in Sussex, on condition that I should occupy it.

"Pray, sir," said I, "can you give me any information respecting this property?"
 "By truth to tell, my uncle had never informed me as to his, and I had only a faint recollection of the old gentleman."
 "The Hall," said the lawyer, "is an interesting place from an ancient point of view; but the situation is just a little secluded; and the building is a little small, a little out of repair; but a small outlay would render it habitable, and doubtless you will soon get over the loneliness."

Being furnished with the necessary credentials, and agreeable to the terms of the will, I set out for Sussex. Upon inquiry, I found that Hermerie Place was some five or six miles from the nearest railway station; so, having my effects packed in a knapsack, I thought I might as well walk that distance. The way lay along a beautiful bend of the South Downs. The season was spring, and the cool breeze that came sweeping over the hills was most exhilarating and laden with perfume. After climbing a long gradual ascent that wound round a spur of the Downs, I reached the summit.

The view that opened was wild and splendid. Long slopes of flower-spangled turf alternated with dense patches of fern; while on every side the ground rose up in wave-like swells. Near at hand, a shepherd was watching a large flock of sheep, the tinkling of whose bells sounded quite musical. In the far distance the sea sparkled under the keen bright sky. Overhead, light fleecy clouds floated peacefully, while two larks made melody.

On asking the shepherd the way to Hermerie Place, he directed me to the quiet dialect of the district. Keeping his direction in view, I soon came to the rusty gates of Hermerie Place. The house was of brick, in the Tudor style, and from the signs of decay, evidently of great age. A moss-covered buttressed wall extended on both sides of the gate and shut in the front of the house completely.

Entering, I came to what had once been the lawn, but was now a wilderness of woods. The path leading to the Hall door was damp and grass-grown; and the aspect of the whole place was picturesque but melancholy. There was no sign of life or welcome in the old house, many of the window shutters being closed. The walls were blotched and lichen-covered, and in some places long straggling branches of ivy hung in neglected festoons. Going round the house, I came to a tangled and overgrown garden, at the farther side of which, through an open wicket, I could make out an old man busy with a small patch of vegetables. On presenting myself to this venerable person, who was the custodian, (Griggs by name, I was welcomed in a somewhat peculiar manner. My new acquaintance first rummaged in the pocket of his coat, which lay on a wheelbarrow, and produced an antique pair of spectacles, which he presently adjusted. Looking me very attentively in the face for some time, he at length said: "You be main like old Muster Oldcastle. I nodud him well when he was as young as you. You walk in, sir, and my missus will get you a bit of supper to eat." Putting on his coat, the old fellow hurried up the steps leading to the garden door of the house.

Inside, the signs of age were if anything more apparent. The old wainscoted passage was hung with cobwebs, and our footsteps echoed lustily along the stone floor. Passing up a twisted staircase, we entered a small room on the first floor.

"This was the room in which your uncle spent most of his time, and it was here he died," said Griggs.

Selected Literature.

"I gazed around, and felt a sense of dread creep over me. The walls were panelled with dark oak; along one side was an old cabinet, black with age, and on a shelf above it was arranged a small collection of ancient-looking books. Close to the window was a writing-table, on which stood an old desk. A few high-backed chairs were placed by the walls, and some ancestral portraits looked down with eyes that seemed to follow my every movement. By the fire place stood a spacious armchair, shrouded in an old screen covered with stamped leather."

The view from the window was very striking. Beyond the garden lay a large pool of water surrounded by drooping trees and bushes, and fringed with a tangled growth of rank weeds. The afternoon had become suddenly overcast, and dense masses of clouds were rolling up; while a cold wind ruffled the surface of the water and tossed about the trees growing around. Beyond the pool was a flat, marshy valley, on the opposite side of which a range of hills shut in the view.

Meanwhile Mrs. Griggs, an ancient dame of gaunt and knotted aspect, was endeavoring to make a fire blaze in the rusty grate. Accomplishing this in course of time a plain maid set before me, and I was left in peace to discuss it. The walk having given me a fine appetite, I felt, to nothing lost. When I had finished, I made a closer inspection of the contents of the room. A cupboard in the wall was filled with old lumber of various descriptions. Opening the cabinet with one of the keys given to me by the lawyer, I found drawers filled with old accounts done up in a methodical manner, a pair of silver-mounted pistols of a bygone date, some odds and ends of curiosities, but nothing of any special interest or value.

At length I opened a small drawer with the smallest key of the bunch, and took out a sealed packet, which was addressed to me. Unfastening it eagerly, I found it to contain a miniature of a lady and child, also a short letter, which ran as follows:—

"NEPHEW FRANK—I leave you the old house, which has been in our family since it was built. Though it is desolate enough now, it once echoed the voices of those very dear to me. See that you do not suffer anything to be destroyed. I am very sorry to see you so young, but I am sure you will be a good man. My blessing rest on you, if you obey."
 HORACE OLDCASTLE.

After reading the letter several times, I rang for old Griggs, to try to get some information about my uncle.

"He was a close man, were Master Oldcastle," said 'living here by himself since his wife and child died years ago.

He left the old place exactly as it was when they were alive, and could not bear to see strangers. My idea is that the trouble made him a bit queer. He caught the west wind to be shut up; and they do say some of the old Oldcastles walk there. I never see any of 'em; but there's a strange noise o' nights."

I made an inspection of the house, and pitched upon a bedroom next to my uncle's study as being most convenient. Mrs. Griggs lit a fire there, and bringing in some bed-clothes, made the room in a little while as comfortable as circumstances would permit. The wind had now increased to a gale, and heavy drops of rain dashed against the window. Returning to my uncle's study, I settled myself before the fire to enjoy a snug evening before turning in for the night.

The old couple, who occupied some rooms in a distant part of the house, having retired, I felt myself cut off from the world. A pair of candles flickered on the table, and the changeable light of the fire lit up and threw into bloom the dark walls and furniture. Taking a book, I was soon deep in its pages. It was an old collection of legends and romances of Spain. One tale took my fancy. It related how a certain Don Alfonso made a search in the Alhambra in Granada, and how, after many strange adventures, he at length was successful in breaking the charm that held a great treasure guarded by enchanted moles, and became possessed of the whole. I became deeply interested in the old-world legends. After a while I closed the book, and leaning back in my chair, fell into a brown study. Suddenly I became aware of a strange thing. An old man, whom I knew to be my uncle, though I had only seen him once, years ago, was standing by the cabinet, looking intently at the books on the shelf. I started at him with all my eyes, and yet, though full of amazement, I felt no fear. After a short time he took down a book, opened it, and seemed to make a mark inside. He then replaced it, and took down the next, and by slow degrees went through most of the library. Suddenly, I heard a loud knock at the door, and breaking through the spell that held me, I started up and confronted Mrs. Griggs. Turning to the cabinet, I saw no one there; the books were on the shelf, and I noticed the empty space from which I had taken the Spanish legends. For a time I could do nothing but stare at Mrs. Griggs, who kept chucking and asking me if I would take any supper. Asking her if any one was in the house except her husband, she said no, and that the door had been locked for more than an hour.

Selected Literature.

Dismissed the old woman with a good night. I sat myself by the fire, and on thinking quietly over the strange event, came to the conclusion that I must have fallen asleep and dreamt it. A sudden thought struck me that perhaps I might find something in the books about which my uncle had seemed so busy. Looking at the back, I saw that each book was marked with a letter stamped in gold under the title. Beginning at the left-hand volume, which was marked A, each was marked in alphabetical order, ending with the last volume Z. Looking over the pages of the first volume, I could find nothing written in it, the only mark being a red cross on one of the leaves. Reading this particular page threw no light on the mystery, as the text related to legal matters about the possession of land. Having no more to read that night, I retired to my bed in the next room, and soon forgot my uncle in a sound sleep.

In the morning, I rose early, greatly refreshed, and strolled out to view my domain. The sun shone brightly, and it was impossible to feel gloomy under the clear fresh sky, with the sweet breeze playing over the peaceful fields. After a short walk, to breakfast, I then set myself to consider my position and arrange matters as to my new mode of life. I had been left, some few years back, with an allowance which barely sufficed to keep me, but had unfortunately been put to no profession. The outlook was not promising, and I did not feel very hopeful regarding my future. To try to cheer myself up, I made a tour over the old house. The rooms were mostly in a state of decay; but the furniture and decorations, in spite of the ravages of time, were handsome, and showed that my ancestors held great state at one time. My uncle was reputed to have been very rich, but what he did with his money was a mystery, for he had only left some paltry legacies. The west wing of the house had been shut up for years, in consequence of some dreadful occurrence which had happened there. I did not care to investigate the gloomy chambers.

"Never say die," said Tom. "We must now try the walls." He commenced tapping and feeling in the crevices, and went into a cupboard, tried the window-panes; and, as a last resource, turned his attention to the chimney-piece, which was very high and highly carved. The mantle was high, and projected into the bay over the hearth. The panels on either side were ornamented with grotesque figures and highly carved. Tom looked up the chimney rapidly, and pried into each little nook. I was similarly engaged, but with no success. An exclamation from Tom caused me to rush to his side, when I saw him pushing at a small grotesque head enclosed in a wreath of leaves and flowers. "This seems to give a little," Frank said; and, holding the whole in strength, the projection came into the panel, and disclosed a little to one side and a box of matches.

"Stop here a moment, Tom," said I, "highly excited. 'In a few minutes I will be on the eve of a great discovery.' Hurrying down stairs, I got old Griggs to light a lantern; and snatching up a chisel and a hammer, made my way back as fast as I could.

"We forced the panel far enough to allow us to enter, and groping our way along a dark, smoky, stifling passage, only feebly illumined by the lantern. Stumbling along in what seemed the wrong direction, we came to a steep flight of stairs, evidently built in the thickness of the wall, and ending in a small door, at which we stopped. Feeling no longer we gave a simultaneous heave, and bursting the obstacle, fell forward into a room. Recovering ourselves, we searched about the floor for the part of the house supposed to be in a crushed condition, and the light extinguished.

"Here's a pretty go!" cried Tom. "It's so dark we can't see anything. One of us had better go back and fetch a light." I volunteered to stay. Tom felt his way slowly down the stairs, and after what seemed an age, returned with a candle and a box of matches.

"I wouldn't trouble Griggs," said he. "I got these from my bedroom, as we had better manage this business quietly by ourselves."

"We gazed about in a bewildered way on the room we had discovered. It seemed to be close under the roof, and from the direction of the passage, was evidently in the west wing of the house. The walls and floor were covered with dust; and the little air the place contained came through a small opening at the top of the door. In one corner, fastened to the floor by strong iron chains, was a ponderous-looking cast-iron chest, with bands of iron, studded with nails, and fastened with a curiously ornamented lock.

"I have it!" said Tom. "That curious key we found in the desk will very likely fit this lock; the ornamentation seems very similar in design."

In a few minutes I returned with the key, and after a vigorous wrench, managed to unlock the chest. We peered open the heavy lid; and a perfect mine of wealth was disclosed to us. My uncle must have had an old-fashioned prejudice against banks, for here was evidently the hoarded riches of years, stowed away in a secret chamber, and further protected by being in the part of the house supposed to be haunted. In the chest we also found a letter, addressed to me:—

"DEAR NEPHEW—If you find this money, as I believe you will, take it as the reward for obeying my wish. As the Hall has been in our family since its foundation, I solemnly charge you to show the name of Oldcastle; and may the old time be revived in you. Your loving uncle,
 HORACE OLDCASTLE."

This letter was dated only a few weeks before my uncle's death; and it seemed strange and sad to be hearing, as it were, the words of a dead man in that dark and gloomy chamber.

With the help of Tom I was soon placed on a friendly footing with his father, and the treasures of the past were forgotten in the light that beamed from Clara's dear eyes.

We had a regular cleaning and polishing up of Hermerie Place; the west wing was thrown open to the light of day; and a few months after saw Clara enthroned as mistress of the old Hall.

My uncle has never again visited me in my dreams, and this I take to be a proof of his satisfaction with the way in which I have carried out his wishes.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.