

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Our Country with its United Interests.

W. C. ANSLOW

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XXV.—No. 40.

Newcastle, Wednesday, July 13, 1892.

WHOLE No. 1288

Charles J. Thomson,
Solicitor for Bank Notes, Stocks,
Barrister-at-Law for Estates.

Notary Public, &c.
OFFICE
Rugby House, Newcastle, Murrumbidgee, N.S.W.

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HON. DIST. COT. SURG., LONDON.
SPECIALIST IN
THE DISEASES OF THE EAR & THROAT

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McOULLUM ST., NEWCASTLE.
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Dr. H. A. Fish,
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No. 25, 1891.

W. A. Wilson, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
DERBY, N.B.
Derby No. 15, 1892.

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A. N. Peters, Prop'r.
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communication with all parts of the city.
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WIRE BRADS,
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small advance on cost. Also Overalls.
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Bolonias, Pressed Ham,
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Ask for our
WHOLESALE PRICES.
JOHN HOPKINS,
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The Subscriber has on hand Top Buggies, Con-
coils and Driving Wagons, of different
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of his own Manufacture. Stock and
Workmanship guaranteed, all
of which he offers at reas-
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Farming Implements
of which
he has in
stock a very large
assortment of the
best and most reliable
implements of the
kind, consisting of Buckeye Mowers, 3
kinds of Reapers, Mowers, 3
kinds of Different kinds of Horse Rakes;
Three different kinds of Threshing Machines,
Binders, &c.; different kinds of Horse Rakes;
Cultivators, Ploughs, Harrows, etc. and all other
implements of the kind. All of which he offers
at reasonable prices and on easy terms. These are all sold on the usual three
months' payment system, or a discount for cash.

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says: "I regard Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the
best blood medicine on earth, and know of
many wonderful cures effected by its use."

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Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢ per bottle, \$1.00
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A FORTUNE
Inherited by few, is pure blood, free
from hereditary taint. Catarrh, con-
sumption, rheumatism, Scrofula,
and many other maladies born in the
blood, can be effectually eradicated
only by the use of powerful alteratives.
The standard specific for this purpose
—the one best known and approved—
is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the com-
pounded, concentrated extract of Her-
dina sarsaparilla, and other powerful
alteratives.

"I consider that I have
saved
several hundred dollars' expenses by using
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and would strongly
urge all who are troubled with rheumatism
or rheumatic pains to give it a trial. I am sure
it will do them permanent good, as it has
done me."—Mrs. Joseph Wood, West
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Selected Literature.
AN INVITATION RETURNED.

Mrs. Lawton rocked gently to and fro
at the shaded east window of the pleasant
farmhouse kitchen. Her fingers, busy
with knitting needles, moved with the
precision of machinery, and yet she
was not wandering away in a dreamland of
her own.

The mid-afternoon hours were usually
restful ones for Mrs. Lawton. Her
husband had brought her home from
New England, where—as everybody
knew—the heavier work for the day
ends in all regulated families with the
'going up' of the dinner dishes. The
children were at school, the men in the
field; there was no sound in the room
but the measured ticking of the old-
fashioned clock, with the low, rapid
click of the knitting-needles between.

So absorbed was the good woman, that
she did not hear a quartette of little
feet coming up the flower-bordered
garden walk, and only glanced upward
when a moving shadow fell across the
sunny floor at her feet. Then she gave
a quick start of surprise.

"Bless my soul! Where did you two
little ones drop from?" she asked in an
amused tone, as her eyes fell on a brace
of tiny boys—each one apparently the
exact duplicate of the other—standing
shyly in the open doorway. They were
pretty children, with nut-brown
curls and bright eyes to match, but
their little homespun jackets and
trousers were dusty and soiled as if by
long travel. Between them, with one
climby hand each tightly grasping the
handle, they held a battered tin pail.

"Who are you? Where do you live?
What do you want in the pail?" Mrs.
Lawton continued her catechism,
scarcely stopping to take breath.

"If you please, ma'am," answered the
little fellow, evidently accustomed to
the office of spokesman for both. "We're
Johnny and Willie—I mean I am I am
Johnny and he's Willie—and we don't
live nowhere, only down there in the
wagon—and mamma said would the
pail be so kind as to sell her this pail
full of milk?"

"Live in a wagon! Little boys
shouldn't tell stories!" says Mrs. Lawton.
"I ain't!" answered the child stoutly.
"There it is—down the road!"

Mrs. Lawton looked in the direction
indicated by the small forefinger.

The mystery was explained—just
around the meadow lot, where the road
wound along a grassy level, she saw the
white cover of a settler's wagon, with
two stout oxen before her. The sight
was no uncommon one, in those earlier
days, when many a sturdy
pioneer, with his wife and little ones,
made the long journey 'overland' to
a new home in the young and growing
west.

"Sakes alive! how long have you
been travelling?"

"I don't know—lots of days. We ain't
going any farther to night, only to that
shady place down by the brook—cause
father want to rest the cattle."

"Is your ma in the wagon?"

"Yes, ma'am, she's there with the
baby. We've been driven along slow,
cause father had to stop to the black-
smith shop. She's real tired to-day—'s
so hot, she said, and that made her head
ache."

"Well, I should think it would ache—
poor thing! living in a wagon—with a
baby!" Mrs. Lawton had taken down a
pan of milk from the pantry shelf, and
was 'stirring down' the yellow cream
preparatory to pouring it into the bat-
tered tin pail.

"No, no, child!" she said, when she
had done, pushing gently away the
small hand which offered a shining coin.
"We've got plenty of milk. Your
ma's more than welcome. There—take
hold careful—so—and don't spill it!"

She shaded her eyes with her hand
watching the two little figures move
slowly and steadily down the meadow
lane.

"I never saw likelier little fellows,"
she said to herself, but I can't help feel-
ing for the poor woman."

A sudden light over-spread her face.
"I will!" she said, and she'll go
down and call on her."

She took down a checked gingham
sun-bonnet from its nail, and hurried
after the children, overtaking them just
as they reached their hithermost halting-
place.

The oxen now loosened from the yoke
were contentedly cropping the short
grass. Upon a blanket spread beneath a
drooping elm, a rosy baby girl lay kick-
ing and crowing while the young mother
sat near, tending her head wearily upon
her hand. She looked up at the sound
of the children's voices, and her sweet,
pale face brightened at sight of her unex-
pected visitor.

"Good afternoon, ma'am!" said Mrs.
Lawton, and there was a motherly tone
in her voice, which went straight to the
heart of the tired stranger. "I may as
well introduce myself, the first thing—
I am Mrs. Lawton, from the farm here!"

"And I am Mrs. Anderson, of nowhere
in particular, just now," answered the
other, smiling in her turn.

That is what the little boy told me
that you was living in a wagon. And I
said to my-fer, 'she will be glad to see
another wagon's face?'—so I just came
along?"

"And it was a dear, kind thing of you
to do."

The tears rushed to the girl's
mother's eyes, and with sweet impulsive-
ness she came close to Mrs. Lawton, and
caught that lady's hand in both her own.
"I have been so hungry for a home
face," she said, and though I never saw
yours before it seems just like one. I do
not mean to complain—I have got a
good husband, and what is best for him
is best for the rest of us. We had hard
times,—the land was poor—there wasn't
any chance for doing well by the boys,
he thought. So we sold everything and
started, but I am so homesick!"

"You poor dear! Maybe it will all
turn out the best. And you have got
got such nice boys! They are twins, are
they?"

"Yes," said the little mother, "they
are only just turned
of six, but they are so good and
reasonable, and such a help! you would
not believe. And the baby is good too—
she gets tired, like me. And we
cannot any of us keep clean," she added,
looking ruefully at her own dusty gown.

"I'll tell you," cried Mrs. Lawton,
springing up hastily from the fallen log
on which the two women had seated
themselves. "You shall all come up to
my house and have a good thorough
wash up, and then eat supper with us."

"Oh!" The brown eyes widened with
pleased surprise. "We could not do
that it would be too much, but I thank
you," she caught Mrs. Lawton's hand
again and it was worth a thousand dol-
lars and more to be asked!"

"But you shall come!" Mrs. Lawton's
cheery voice took on the tone which in
various decided vexed questions at the
farmhouse. "Mr. Lawton will be real
pleased—he is fond of company. And
the children will just go wild over the
twins and the baby."

"There's papa coming," cried Johnny.
"Just in the nick of time!" pro-
claimed Mrs. Lawton, triumphantly, as
a tall sunburned young man, with
frank, energetic countenance, walked
briskly towards the little group.

Space would fail to repeat the irre-
sistible arguments by which Mrs. Lawton
at length carried her point.

The oxen were re-yoked, and the
lumbering equipage driven back along
the winding road to the shelter of the
Lawton shade.

The faces of the wanderers fairly
shone from the bath as they were seated,
an hour or two later, at Mrs. Lawton's
laden supper table. The weary look
was quite gone from the young mother's
eyes; her husband chatted interestingly
with his hospitable host. Mrs. Lawton
heaped the plates of the twins, who re-
turned from beneath their long lashes
the smiles of the Lawton children, while
the baby, from the vantage ground of a
long unused high chair, drummed with
a spoon on the table, and gurgled and
crowled to her heart's content.

By the time the meal was over, the two
families felt themselves like old friends,
and when Mrs. Lawton said: "You
must stay all night with us; we will not
hear a word against it," her visitors felt
it no unnatural to accept the hearty
invitation in the same spirit which
prompted it.

They parted regretfully in the cool
of the morning, with luggage in the cov-
ered wagon increased by a great basket
of goodies for the special benefit of the
twins.

"I will never forget you as long as I
live! I were the words which came back
to Mrs. Lawton, blended with the crack-
ing of the heavy wheels as they rolled
slowly away."

Ten years passed over the Lawton
farmhouse—years which brought heavy
burdens of care and disappointment.—
The bread acres had dwindled, and upon
those which were left rested a load of
debt, which long and patient toil alone
could lift. It was no case of brilliant-
ness, but one of those strange combina-
tions of circumstances so hard to compre-
hend, when the consequences fall heavily
upon patient industry and faithfulness.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawton had borne their
reverses bravely. It was not a part
of their nature or training to droop and
pine low under the shadow of a far greater
than material misfortune seemed to men-
ace their home—their one beloved
daughter grew pale and languid before
their eyes. The beginning of an insid-
ious disease seemed to unmask in the
feverish flush on her thin cheeks.

Medicine is of little consequence," said
the physician. "Change of climate is
what she needs. Go west with her, and
you may save her life."

How easy to say, yet how hard to per-
form! The father and mother looked
at each other with agonized faces.

"How can we manage it?" was the
question which lay down with them that
night and rose with the light each morn-
ing.

"A letter for your mother!" said the
youngest boy one evening, tossing a real
envelope into Mrs. Lawton's lap.

She scanned the unfamiliar superim-
position through her spectacles and then

slowly broke the seal, and, unfolding
the letter turned it to the signature.

"Lucy Anderson," she said. "Why,
father, do we know anybody by that
name?"

"Not as I can remember. But read it,
mother; that's the quickest way to find
out."

B.—, Colorado, Sept. 2, 18—
"My Dear Friends—You have been
kind to so many other people I am sure,
in these ten years, that you have, maybe,
quite forgotten us. But we have never
forgotten you, nor the day when you took
us in—perfect strangers as we were—and
made us feel as if we were your own kin.
We called our youngest boy 'Lawton,'
and so the name is heard in our house a
hundred times a day.

"We have never heard anything about
you until the other day, when my hus-
band ran across a man who is visiting
about here, and found out by accident
that he was from your place and a neigh-
bor of yours."

"Of course we asked a great many
questions, and he told us the story—how
well I remember her! A pretty
little girl with golden curls—was not
well, and the doctor ordered a change of
climate.

"Now you will be guessing what we
want. I cannot write it fast enough!"

"This is the healthiest place in Colo-
rado, we think. Consumption is not known
here."

"We have proposed more than we ever
dared to hope. We have a nice home and
everything pleasing. We live on the
banks of a little lake with water so clear
that you can see the pebbles on the
bottom and the fish swimming. You can
look out and see the mountains.

"Now you are to come—right away,
remember—and bring your dear daugh-
ter and spend the winter with us. I am
not afraid to promise that which will
bring her back home in the spring strong
and well."

"We are all counting on your coming,
Johnny and Willie—they are sixteen
now, and tall as their father—remember
all about you, and the boys—and
Anna and Bertha, but don't mention
that she knows you now. And I
must show you little Lawton, the
prettiest of them all!"

"My husband sends kindest regards.
He is as anxious as I am to have you
come."

Your friends of the covered wagon,
LUCY ANDERSON.

Temperance.
NEWCASTLE-W. C. T. U.

A meeting of the W. C. T. U. is held
in the Mission Hall every Tuesday after-
noon, commencing at 3 o'clock. Visi-
tors from other Unions or any who are
interested in the Temperance cause are
cordially invited.

World's White Ribbon.
PURGENT PLEASANTRY—
BY SIR WILFRED LAWSON, B.T., M. D.

[The following is part of a bright
address made at the recent annual con-
vention of the British Women's Temper-
ance Association in London, to sustain
the resolution to which

