

KEPT FOR JESUS CHRIST.

Who are they who are kept for Christ?
The meek in heart,
Who as their share of service choose
The humbler part;
They, clothed in robes of lowliness,
Pursue their way,
And calmly through the shadows pass
To perfect day.

The "kept for Jesus Christ" are those
Whose path to heaven through earthly
ways
Leads on to light,
Who pray and work that sin and strife
Through Christ may cease,
Whose hearts are homes that hold as guest
The angel Peace.

Who are they who are kept for Christ?
The cleaned, the free,
Those who are pure of heart and so
His glory see;
Whom he sends forth to work for him
Where men are sad,
Because they know the love of God,
Which makes them glad.

Abel Mitchell's Last Will.

Abel Mitchell called to his typine. "You may go, Miss Morris," he said. He did not look up from the papers before him.

The young woman turned to the clock with a little start of surprise. It was only 4.30. She quietly put on her hat and with a murmured good night left the room.

Abel listened to the departing rustle of her skirts with a thoughtful expression. There was a sensible girl, a girl who never grated on his feelings, a girl who asked no useless questions. She had reached an age of discretion. If Jim was determined to marry a poor girl, why could not he have taken one like Emma Morris?

Abel opened a heavy envelope and drew forth a folded paper.

"Jim never was confidential with me," he grumbled. "Perhaps I didn't invite his confidence. I don't know. Now he has disobeyed my direct command. That can't be overlooked. When he told me about this girl I said, 'Wait.' 'How long?' he asked. 'Until you reach years of discretion!' I cried and turned away. Jim is twenty-four. Twenty-four! And I married at twenty-one! Yes; and ran away, too! But it was different with me. My father had nothing to give me. I was quite independent. He was glad to have me shift for myself. Jim's father is a rich man. Jim's father has given him pounds, where my father begrudged me pennies. Jim owes me filial obedience. He has disobeyed me to his bitter cost."

He unfolded the paper that he had taken from the envelope and ran his eye down the closely written lines.

"He had given up his father for a pretty face," he murmured.

"Let him stand by the consequences. Who is she? Who is she? It matters not. No doubt they trapped him into this marriage. 'A rich man's son,' they chuckled. But they'll find they're fooled. 'Father,' he said, 'I am to be married tomorrow night. Will you come with me to the wedding?' I turned on my heel. Then I looked back. 'You know the price you may pay,' I cried. 'Yes, father,' he said, with his head high up; 'I know. Good-by, and God bless you.' He asked a blessing on me! Ha, ha, ha! That's too rich! But he'll get evil from good this time. I'll cut him off with a shilling. Let him sup on herbs for a while. That'll take the veneer from love's young dream. I'll draw up a new will at home tonight and have it witnessed before I sleep. And to let him know what his foolish fancy has cost him, I'll write him a letter—a letter he can show to his new relatives. That's the thing—the letter."

He bent down with his head upon his hand and his eyes upon the paper. A rustle of skirts in the doorway drew his attention. He did not look up. It was a way he had. "Ah, Miss Morris," he said, "back again?" He had quite forgotten that he had sent her home.

The young girl in the doorway did not answer. Her bright eyes were fixed on the old man. She expected him to look up. If he had done so he would have seen a charming vision. She was a very pretty girl—dainty and neat from the crown of her new hat to the tips of her new shoes. But he did not look up.

"Just in time," he added, "I want to dictate a letter, before you go."

He paused, and the young girl, as if seized with a sudden fancy, quietly stepped into the room and seated herself at the typewriter.

"You have been with us so long, Miss Morris," the old man continued, "that we view you as a confidential agent. Besides, this will be public property very soon. I am going to write to my son. Last night he married an unknown girl against my wishes. I am going to tell him that I wash my hands of him and his; that tonight I change my will, cutting him off without a single shilling. Are you ready?"

The girl at the typewriter gave the instrument a preliminary click or two.

"James Mitchell," began the old man, "as

you have seen fit to disobey me, to cast my fatherly wishes in my teeth, I desire you to know that I have no wish to hold further communication with you. While I cherish the impression that you were led into this unhappy marriage—"

The typewriter stopped.

"Unhappy marriage," the old man repeated, and the clicking recommenced, "yet I cannot accept that as any excuse for your undutiful conduct. Tonight I change my will, and you may rest assured that your name will be passed over with the smallest possible financial consideration. I prefer to have you understand this here and now. It will prevent you and your new friends from cherishing any false hopes. This is all I have to say and no reply will be expected."

"ABEL MITCHELL."
The young girl drew the sheet from the machine and, bringing it forward, laid it on the old man's desk. Abel glanced it through. "A beautiful copy," he said, and knit his brows.

The girl at the end of the desk extended her hand.

"If you have no objection," she quietly said, "I will deliver it to him in person."

The old man looked up at the fair face bending over him.

"Why, who are you?" he cried.

"I am Alice Mitchell," said the young girl.

"Mitchell?" repeated Abel dully. "My son's wife? And what—"

But the ugly words would not come. He could not utter them in the light of those gentle eyes.

"Will you be seated?" he lamely added.

"Thank you, no," said the girl. "I have but a few words to say. They will not detain you long."

Abel's gaze dropped to the letter and the will, and a sarcastic smile twisted his mouth.

"No, no," the girl quickly added. "I have not come to plead with you. You are quite wrong to imagine such a thing. And you were quite wrong, too, to insult me as you did in that letter."

He looked up again quickly. There were tears in the gentle eyes. And there was a glint of fire in them, too.

"You insulted me, and you insulted my dear father. I have no mother."

She paused a moment.

"When you insinuated that my father was mercenary in this matter you did him a cruel wrong. He was bitterly opposed to our marrying without your consent. I disobeyed my father, too. But it was not for your money. This letter will bring us no surprise."

The old man dropped his eyes beneath the reproachful gaze.

"Perhaps I am hasty," he slowly said, "but the provocation was great." Then he added quickly: "But knowing, as you did, that I opposed the wedding, and your father opposed it, too, why did you permit yourself to marry my boy?"

"I could make it clear to you, I think," said the girl gently, "if you loved your boy."

The old man trembled. If he loved his boy! All that was near and dear to him—all that was left to him of kith and kin. The babe that a dying wife had solemnly placed in his paternal arms. If he loved his boy! He drew a long breath and stared hard at the blank envelope on the desk before him.

"And now," said the young girl, "I only want to add that I think Jim was quite wrong in crossing your wishes. He might have waited. I wanted him to wait. But he is so proud—so self-willed. I am very sorry that I should be the means of separating you, and I—I am quite sure I am not worth the great sacrifice my dear—my husband—has made."

Abel was quite sure there were tears in her eyes again, but he did not look up.

"Where is Jim now?" he asked. Then he smiled grimly. "And why are you not enjoying your—your wedding tour?"

"There was a vacancy in the bank where my father is employed," said the girl, "and father secured it for Jim. His duties began today. Perhaps we will take our wedding journey later. We have to look out carefully for the main chance now, you know."

"And you didn't expect to fall back on my sovereigns?" said the old man.

"Not a penny of them," quickly replied the girl.

The old man fidgeted in his chair.

"And why not?" he asked.

"I think you understand," said the girl, and her gaze dropped to the letter on the desk.

"Does Jim know you are here?"

"No. At least he didn't know I was coming. Father will tell him to meet me at the corner at five o'clock. I must go."

"Wait," said the old man quickly. He looked at her searchingly. She met his gaze with a smile. Her mind was on Jim.

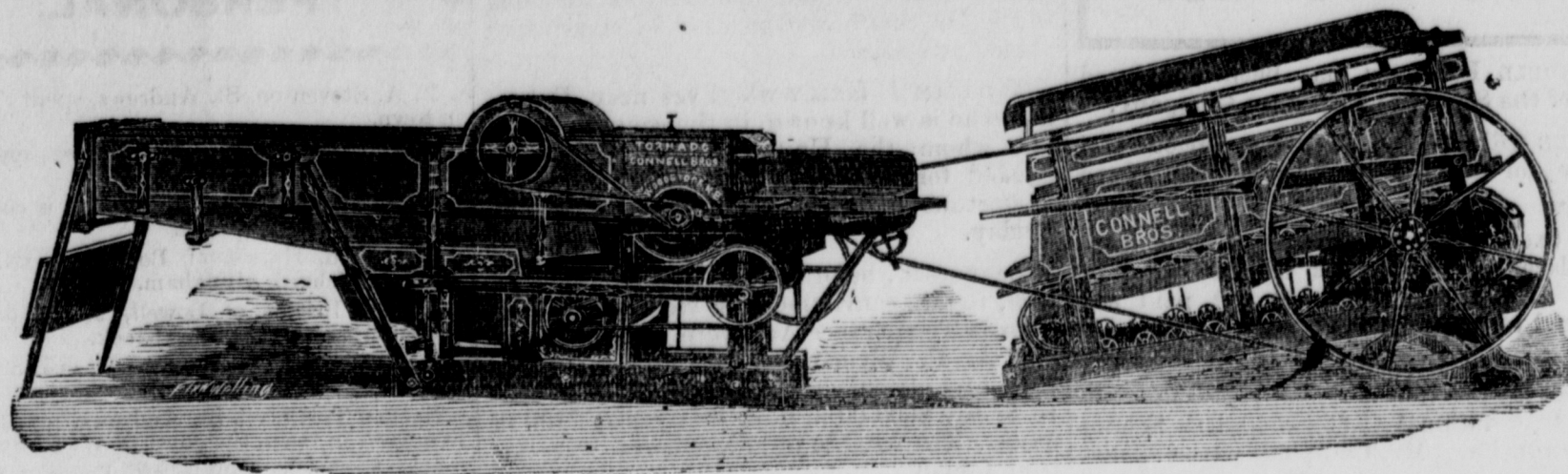
Abel deliberately put the will back in its envelope and the envelope in its pigeonhole. Then he picked up the letter in its undressed envelope, tore it into minute particles and tossed them into the waste paper basket.

"I've changed my mind," he softly muttered.

He pulled down his desk cover with a bang and reached for his hat.

"There," he said, "I'm ready." Then he added: "Will you give me your arm, my dear?"

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As they passed through the doorway he paused.

"I think, Alice," he said, "that you and I are going to be very good friends. And now we must hunt up Jim and take him home with us."

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HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION.

A Texas Statesman Abroad.

Ex-Governor Hogg of Texas recently returned from a visit to England. For a time much was said of him because of his refusal to wear knee breeches at the King's levee. Everybody's Magazine prints two incidents of his life while in London:

At lunch one day in the mansion of a distinguished earl the ex-governor of Texas met a duchess who became so highly interested in his picturesque personality that she asked him to accompany her to a reception for which she was bound so he could tell her more stories about his cul-well. Hogg politely declined, explaining that he was going to devote the afternoon to seeing the town from the top of a 'bus.

"Better come along, too, ma'am," he said.

After some hesitation the lady consented, and the governor gently helped her to a seat on the roof of the 'bus, pulling his own huge proportions up after her. Together they had a long ride and got a good look at the city.

"Governor," she said, "I can almost imagine myself in Texas. I never before rode on the top of a London 'bus."

At the close of a fashionable dinner in London the ex-governor found himself at the door of the mansion beside a handsome woman who had sat opposite him at the table, but whose name he had not caught. She awaited her carriage, but was unescorted.

"Surely you are not going home alone, ma'am?" said the polite governor to the lady.

"Thank you, governor," she said, "but I'm perfectly safe. My carriage is below now."

"But, madam," he persisted, "in Texas

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we never permit a lady to go home alone from a party. I should esteem it a great favor to be allowed to escort you to your home."

"I won't trouble you, governor," she replied cordially, "but you may see me to my carriage."

This rejection of his company set Governor Hogg thinking that he had committed an error, and he proceeded to consult Ambassador Choate.

"They do things differently over here," explained the ambassador gravely. "It was not quite the right thing for you to do to offer to take the lady home, but don't worry. That was the famous Duchess of C—, one of the brightest and most practical women in London, and she'll not think the worse of you for your mistake."

The ambassador smiled reassuredly. "Choate," said the ex-governor, "wasn't it clever of me to pick out such a sensible and fine-looking lady as the Duchess of C— to make that Texas break on?"

Hallie Erminie Rives, the authoress, recently assumed editorial charge of a daily paper of Atlantic City, for one issue, the receipts of the day's sales going to aid the Atlantic City Hospital. Some remarkable stories are told of her labors. She conscripted a staff of special writers, and, it is said, detailed a prominent pastor to report a ball, a musician of international reputation to do the police court, and a political boss to write an article denouncing the corrupt methods of modern elections.

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