

SOME TIME, SOMEWHERE.

Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail, is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer.
You shall have your desire some time, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Though when you first pre-
sented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known.
Though years have passed since then, do you not
despair.
The Lord will answer you some time, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was
uttered.
And God will finish what he has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see some time, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered;
Her feet are firmly planted on the rock.
Amidst the wildest storms she stands undaunted
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer
And cries, "It shall be done some time, some-
where."

—CHRISTINE ROSSETTI.

A STRAIN OF ROMANCE.

It was late one afternoon: as a man stepped from a small sailing boat on the quay at Waterport, Gibraltar. He felt uncomfortable and disreputable. Earlier in the day, having nothing better to do, he had set out for a sail across the bay. They had run in on the beach of a forsaken spot called Puentea Majorga. There the boatman had taken him on his shoulders and carried him through the surf, finally dropping him so that he got nicely wet. On the return journey the wind freshened and it had come on to rain, with the result that he now stood a somewhat forlorn looking object, with clothes spoiled by sea water and wet sand.

It had just occurred to him that the next obvious thing was to change his attire when the sound of voices caught his ear. Looking around, he caught sight of a little group some 50 yards away—a girl, a middle-aged lady and a brawny looking man in "brass bound" suit. Something in the girl's appearance attracted him, and unconsciously he moved nearer to the trio. He got within a dozen paces of them and standing behind a pile of crates, enjoyed a view at close quarters.

"By Jove!" he murmured under his breath. The girl was tall and slim, magnificent looking. He could not take his eyes from her. There was a certain air of vigor and independence about her that fascinated him.

"You mean to say the Scud can't sail to-day, Captain Flint?" she exclaimed. Her voice sent a thrill through him. There was the slightest most delicious suspicion of transatlantic accent in it, and he was enraptured.

In a drawing tone the captain gave an account of what had happened. It appeared that the Scotch engineer, Mr. McAllister, had gone off on a birthday frolic, and, as the result of a jovial excursion in the vicinity of Algeiras, had managed to get hauled off to a local Spanish jail.

The girl was in despair.

"What shall we do? The cable was urgent—the Scud will have to get to Alexandria by the 22nd. Can't we pick up another engineer in Gibraltar?"

The captain shook his head.

"But we can't wait until he's released!" she cried, with a little stamp of her foot. "Something will have to be done."

The man standing behind the crates had been drinking in every word, his eyes fastened on the girl's face. Suddenly an idea flashed upon him—it was a mad one, but it gripped him.

Without a moment's further consideration he stepped forward and confronted the trio.

"Beg pardon," he said, touching his hat, "I happened to overhear. I gathered you wanted an engineer?"

The girl looked at the figure before her in astonishment. She saw a tall, good looking, clean-shaven man in wet, sodden clothes, with the collar of his coat turned up.

"Are you an engineer?" she asked eagerly.

He nodded.

"I could take you to Alexandria in time," he said.

Captain Flint was interested.

"Say, young feller, got papers to show?" he drawled. "And what's your name?"

The man looked him back square in the face.

"My name is Dennis," he said, and I haven't got papers to show."

He turned to the girl frankly.

"You would have to take me on chance," he said. "I give you my word that I am capable of running the engines of your yacht and getting her to Alexandria in the time, bar a breakdown, but more I cannot say. Will you risk it?"

The girl glanced at him hesitatingly.

"The Scud must sail!"—she began.

"Guess we can see in an hour or so whether he's up to the job," said Capt. Flint suggestively.

The man looked at the girl with an inquiring smile. She gave him one more glance, then made up her mind.

"You're engaged," she said briskly.

Thus it was in a short time he found himself at work on the yacht. In another three

hours he had the steam up, and, the ladies having come on board, the Scud raised her anchor and slowly made her way out of the bay.

As engineer he was a complete success and quickly earned the warm approval of Captain Jack Flint, from whom he gleaned a good deal of interesting information. It appeared that the yacht was the property of Mr. Silas Lewison, a rich American, and that the girl on board was his only daughter. Her father had left her in England and a few weeks ago had made the journey to Cairo, leaving her to follow more leisurely in the Scud.

For the first two days he spent most of his time in the engine room. Once or twice as he sat watching the movements of the big cylinders, he broke into a short laugh. It was on the third day, when he happened to be on deck that she spoke to him.

"We are getting on famously, Mr. Dennis, I think a good fate must have dropped you from the clouds," she said with a smile.

He looked at her and tried to hide the look of admiration that had crept to his eyes. She seemed more gloriously beautiful than ever. He made some vague reply, and she went on talking about the yacht. It was intoxication to him. He had fallen desperately in love at first sight, and he wondered what it would all lead to.

The next few days passed delightfully. He had several conversations with her—indeed she seemed almost to welcome an opportunity of speaking with him. The more he saw of her the more convinced was he that he made no mistake. This was no fleeting fancy; he was really in love.

Then came a bitter shock of disappointment. They were within a day's run of Alexandria, and he was about to go on deck. As he reached up the companion something white on one of the stairs caught his attention. He picked it up and found it was a telegram. Glancing at it, he saw it was a cable that had been sent to her at Gibraltar by her father. Almost unconsciously he read the few words:

"Get Scud to Alexandria by 22nd without fail. Lord Hillmarch has promised to come with us to England."

He stood staring at it stupidly; then, as the meaning of the words dawned upon him, a fierce wave of unreasonable resentment swept over him. Old Lewison had run across Lord Hillmarch, and, considering him an eligible son-in-law had schemed to bring the two together on the yacht—the old, stale arrangement, American Heiresses and English aristocracy. Would they never tire of it?

With a frown on his face he made his way slowly on deck, the telegram still in his hand. A few yards away Miss Lewison was sitting in her deck chair, studying a book. She looked up as the engineer appeared and smiled. He crossed to her and held out the telegram.

"I found this on the stairs," he said shortly. He caught sight of the book she was reading and saw it was "Debreth's Peerage." He felt exceedingly bitter.

She thanked him with a smile, and he turned and walked moodily away.

He remained down in the engine room the rest of the time—he felt almost sullen.

The next day they were anchored off Alexandria, and old Lewison and Lord Hillmarch came on board. The engineer kept out of the way until they went into the saloon for lunch, when he seized the opportunity and went on deck. He leaned over the taffrail and gave himself up to his thoughts. Another hour or so and she would have passed out of his life forever. In his fit of abstraction he had not noticed a torpedo destroyer which was out for practice. She was going at quarter speed past the yacht.

Suddenly a voice broke on his ears.

"Why, it's Kenyon, by Jove! How are you, old man?"

The engineer awoke from his reverie with a start. A few yards away the bronzed face of the lieutenant of the destroyer was laughing at him.

"Can't keep away from the old game, I see—lucky chap to be able to choose your own fancy boat. Will you come around and see us to-night?"

The destroyer was some distance away by now, and the last words came in a shout, and the engineer nodded and waved his hand.

Then a slight noise behind him made him swing around.

He saw Miss Fay Lewison and Lord Hillmarch standing at the open door of the companion. The girl was watching him.

"He called you Kenyon," she said wonderingly.

Lord Hillmarch stepped forward he was a middle aged little man, with a kindly face. He held out his hand to the engineer.

"That happens to be his name, you know—Dennis Kenyon," he said with a smile.

Miss Lewison was still more bewildered. "You know him?"

"Slightly," he replied, "You see, his estate adjoins mine at home."

"But he has been our engineer," she cried. (There was a pause. Lord Hillmarch shot a little alert look at Kenyon and stroked his mustache. The girl stood waiting for an explanation, Kenyon gave a nervous laugh.

"There isn't really much to explain," he

said. "You see, before an uncle died and left me a bothering lot of money and an estate, I was an engineer in the navy. You just heard one of my old messmates hail me." He gave a jerk of his finger toward the destroyer. "You know the rest. I was idling around Gibraltar when I accidentally heard your trouble about the engineer. I did it on impulse—I suppose."—He hesitated. "I suppose I must have a strain of romance somewhere in my composition," he added lamely.

She did not speak. He moved his head slightly and her gaze met his. Lord Hillmarch looked from one to another critically; then a slight smile crept over his insignificant little face. He pulled out his cigarette case.

"Supposing," he observed dryly, "we all be delightfully frank with one another."

The two turned to him with a start. "I just love frankness!" said Miss Fay Lord Hillmarch lighted his cigarette.

"Then as a beginning," he said coolly, "I'll remark that I don't think I'll come to England in the yacht with you. I rather fancy, you know, that being 36 and some where five feet two in stature, with a bald head in the bargain, I will adhere to my old resolution admire nothing but my charming self. How's 'hat for frankness?"

Gigantic! said Kenyon. The little lord smiled.

"Then I'll leave you to do your share," he observed, and strolled away.

The two stared at one another blandly; then suddenly they both laughed.

"It's all very ridiculous," said Miss Lewison.

Kenyon grew sober again.

"I suppose," he said slowly, "I must be leaving the ship now unless—by a remote chance you also have"—His voice died away nervously.

"What?" she said, with her eyes on the deck.

"A strain of romance somewhere in your composition." He finished in almost a whisper.

She lifted her head and saw him looking at her pleadingly. There was a vague something about him that appealed to her. And he was undoubtedly very much in love with her. Her lips parted in a half smile.

"I'm not certain," she said doubtfully. Then her eyes met his. "Why not give me a little time to find out?" she asked frankly.

He did and eventually discovered that there was.

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Looks Like Wisdom.

When in doubt go home. The jay carries his ignorance with complacency.

You can never tell what will happen to a balloon.

Add whiskers to self-esteem and the case is hopeless.

Husbands should be seen and not heard.—Mrs. Henry Peck.


Unless you are helping to make someone happy your life is a mistake.

Patience, my friend, that's what you need; I know it, because I need it myself.

Ladies and gentlemen, what good are your ancestors if you are no good yourself?

It is just as well to get out of the way of a bull, and few good results have been achieved by flaunting a red flag in the face of one. Bulls are designed to go ahead and man is designed to avoid them, for one man is frequently worth many bulls.

Common sense, my friend, makes the lawyer, the judge, the schoolmaster, the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, the President of the United States or the errand boy. Common sense; and he who has it has the secret of what underlies all wisdom, no matter how mighty it may sound, or how it may be named.—"The Schoolmaster."

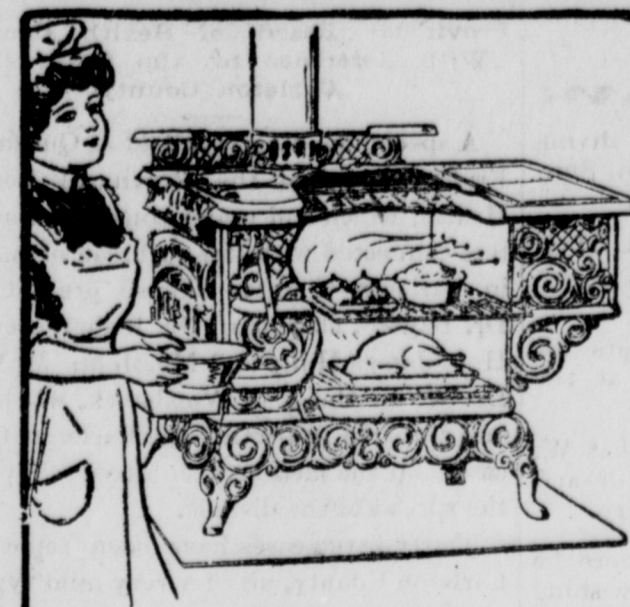


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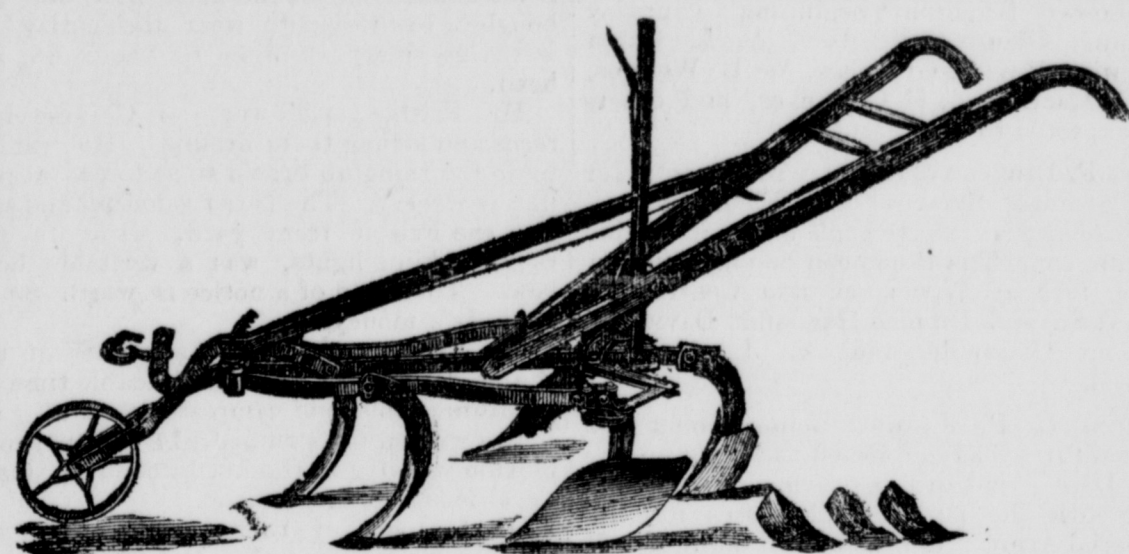
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