

A QUESTION OF TIME

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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A night in India—humid, breathless; with great stars hanging in the dark blue sky and the dark order of rotting vegetation from the near-by jungle.

From his seat in a bamboo reclining chair Welton stared unblinkingly at the blazing constellations. The punkah boy had fallen into exhausted slumber on the mat and the huge fan hung motionless overhead.

Welton could hear the low murmuring of voices from the interior of the bungalow, and he knew that by slightly turning his head he could see the pink glow of a light from the shaded lamp and the reflection of two faces in the large mirror in the corner.

The two forms leaned over the piano, the white fingers of Marion Lester drawing soft harmonies from the instrument while Akerslie murmured tenderly in her pretty ear.

And it was because of these two at the piano that Welton was miserable and staring at the stars. He knew that Mrs. Lester was nodding over her embroidery in some obscure corner of the room, and, as for himself—well, he seemed not to be in it at all!

Old Lester was quartered at Lucknow, and when it was learned that Welton could not obtain his desired leave of absence to pay a visit to his sweet heart, Mrs. Lester had good-naturedly undertaken the journey to Welton's isolated station at Gola Chat.

The unexpected visit of the two women had thrown the little station into a blinding confusion of preparation. The depositions of a man-eating tiger had furnished an inexhaustible source of conversation and had been the occasion of many tentative trips into the jungle several weeks before the advent of the "visitors" but now all was forgotten save the fact that there would be new faces to break the monotony of the days, fresh faces and low-toned voices of refined English women.

And then Akerslie had stepped in and spoiled it all. He had come up to see Welton and to try pot shots at the man-eater, but he had met Marion Lester, and in spite of the fact that he knew the relations existing between the two, he paid assiduous court to the girl.

Think far side had repelled his advances with a dignified coolness that seemed to infuriate him to greater rage. This evening however, the gentleness of her manner toward him and her careless treatment of her lover had driven the latter to sulky solitude in the veranda.

When the blue smoke wreaths from his cigar had formed a dense cloud which obliterated the starry heavens from his gaze, Welton dropped his eyes and stared at two points of light that oscillated near the ground. They were ten inches apart and they moved in unison. Welton calculated that they must be just without the bamboo stockade which inclosed the compound.

There was a prickly feeling along the spine, and he could feel the hair raising slightly around his forehead as he realized that Chuni had neglected to close the great gate, and that there was, perhaps only a hundred feet intervening between the man-eater and the open window of the little drawing room.

He started rapidly, with his eyes fixed on the two points of flame in the velvet gloom of the gateway. If he made a dash for the window and the safety that lay beyond the bamboo stockade would spring before he could close the shutters behind his retreating form. If he could make Akerslie hear, at least the women would be safe—

his surprise the revolver was there. There was a sharp crack at one of the yellow spots of light and a rush of air as the beast sprang toward him. He dropped to the floor, and with a tremendous thud the animal struck the closed shutters and bounded back with a blood-curdling scream of baffled rage and pain.

Welton had leaped over the railing and slipped behind the protecting trunk of a giant tree. The animal snarled about the veranda and presently there was a cry of startled fright and Welton remembered the sleeping punkah boy. He saw the tiger stepping down the path, his jaws gripping a dark, moaning bundle.

He knew that, unmolested, the beast would now retire to the jungle with his victim, and that the occupants of the bungalow as well as himself would be free from danger. He ground his teeth and aimed for the other eye. He put it out.

In the light of the stars he saw the beast sliver, drop the dark bundle, which sped frightfully away, and then come toward him with bleeding, blinded eyes and snarling mouth. It was only a question of time now. Around the tree he dodged and then farther away from the house toward the stockade; he would lure the beast from the vicinity of the bungalow and fight it out with him in the open space before the jungle, which rose dark and forbidding in the background. One would win out and the other—

Again he heard the crack of his revolver and yet again, and still the beast did not fall; still he tracked the man, blindly, remorselessly. There were two cartridges in the chamber and then—again Welton fired; once, twice. With a shriek he felt something soft on his cheek—

"By Jove! Billy seems a bit sleepy!" Wake up and hear the news, old man!" Welton recognized the facetious tone of Akerslie's half-brother. He opened his eyes slowly, wonderfully. Overhead the great stars were hanging in the dark blue sky, and there was a dank odor of rotting vegetation from the near-by jungle.

He was reclining in the bamboo chair, and Marion stood behind him with soft hand upon his rumpled hair. There was a glow of lamplight from the open window of the drawing room, and in the opposite direction he could see that the gate of the compound was closed.

"The man-eater?" he asked dazedly, moving his cramped limbs. "What made you think that?" asked Akerslie. "I was just going to spring it on you! Chuni—the brave, the incomparable Chuni—has slain the man-eater!" he exclaimed, looking at Welton with a triumphant air.

Welton rose stiffly to his feet and looked sheepishly at the gleaming torches and the crowd of brown-skinned natives who were triumphantly dragging the huge carcass through the gateway. Chuni, proud and victorious, saluted before his master. "For the honorable sahib," he said solemnly.

A little later Marion bade her lover good night. "What do you think, Billy?" she murmured softly, with a side glance at the stalwart form of Akerslie. "Major Akerslie has been telling me about his engagement to Marjorie Booth—a dear schoolmate of mine—and I'm afraid we were so much interested in talking about her that we forgot you!" Were you really asleep, Billy?

"I hope so," said Billy, impressively. A REAL MISER. With Him the Ruling Passion Was Indeed Strong in Death. The talk turned on misers, and a titled Italian in the party said: "Let me tell you about Arpagno, the famous Russian miser, and you will now know what a real miser is."

"As Arpagno lay dying in his cold, dark, bare palace of stone on the shores of his one thought was that, since he was too ill to eat, a full lira a day was being saved on the food bill. The doctor was announced. The doctor, after feeling Arpagno's pulse, looked grave.



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PASSED THE VENISON.

One Member of the Council Had a Tender Conscience.

This quaint account of an old time Thanksgiving celebration in New England was found in the diary of a Connecticut minister, dated in the year 1714.

"When ye services at ye meeting house were ended, ye council and other dignitaries were entertained at the house of Mr. Epes on ye hill near by, where we had a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner, with bear's meat and venison, the last of which was a fine buck, shot in the woods near by."

"After ye blessing was craved word came that ye buck was shot on ye Lord's day by Pegot, an Indian, who took to Mr. Epes with a lye lid his

BUTTERFLY FAKES.

The butterfly has a beautiful deep blue, as lustrous as satin, but looking at it closely, the collector shook his head.

"Another fake," he said. "See here." And with his finger he brushed off the glittering blue dust from the insect's wings and, lo, it was but a common brown doid butterfly after all.

"As the collecting of butterflies grows more popular," he explained, "more and more butterfly fakes turn up. These men, with various anti-dye powders, color up a lousy insect into a good resemblance to a ten dollar one. Their work is hard to detect for the reason that when the dye rubs off and discolors your fingers you suspect nothing, since the genuine dust belonging to every butterfly's wings would do the same thing."

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NEW METHODIST CHURCH AT WOODSTOCK DEDICATED

(Woodstock Dispatch.)

The dedication services of the new Methodist church took place on Sunday morning last. As early as 10.30 o'clock people began to assemble in the church and before the time for opening the service the building was crowded to its fullest capacity and not even standing room could be obtained.

The service opened by singing "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow," and after the first hymn had been sung, the Rev. H. G. Fulton, in an appropriate address, unveiled the beautiful window in the Chapel street side of the building donated by B. B. Manser and W. B. Belyea in memory of Mrs. R. B. Belyea and Mrs. B. H. Manser. The window is handsome in design and coloring and adds greatly to the appearance of the auditorium.

The Rev. H. D. Marr, a former pastor on this circuit, preached, taking his text in I. Tim. 3. 14-15, from which he delivered an appropriate and interesting discourse.

At the conclusion of the sermon the elders of the church were asked to step into the altar railing, and the congregation to stand, when the Rev. E. C. Turner, chairman of the Woodstock district, read the dedication service.

John A. Lindsay then read a short history of the Methodist church in Woodstock, a report of which will be found on third page.

The afternoon service was attended by a large congregation. It was in the nature of a children's service. Addresses were made by Revs. E. C. Turner and H. D. Marr. A vocal selection was rendered by Miss Davis' Sunday school class, and the service was interspersed with hymns, the congregation joining in heartily.

Another large congregation was present at the evening service. The Rev. H. D. Marr took his text from I. John 3. 2, and had the closest attention of those present during his discourse, which was ably aided.

The large choir rendered special music at both services in a very creditable manner, and added very materially to the interest of the services.

The Rev. H. D. Marr remarked at the evening service, in reference to the new church, that the building had few equals and no superiors of its size in the Methodist denomination in the Maritime Provinces.

The collection during the day amounted to over \$700.00.

This handsome building is now ready for worship is mainly due to the efforts of the pastor, the Rev. R. G. Fulton, who not only attended to his pastoral duties, but was willing to take his coat off when the occasion called for it to help along the building operations. In his selection of John E. Edgett, to superintend the work, a man whose reputation as a first class workman is well known throughout the Maritime Provinces, he made a wise choice.

Changes of regret were read from the Rev. Mr. Crisp, president of the Methodist Conference and the Rev. Dr. Kierstead, who were unable to attend.

METHODISM IN WOODSTOCK.

A Brief Outline of Its Past and Present History.

Previous to 1832 there was very little preaching by Methodist ministers in Woodstock or vicinity, and at that time there was only eleven circuits in New Brunswick. Woodstock circuit was established in 1833 and comprised all the country north of Eel River to Grand Falls. Rev. Samuel Joll was the first minister and remained two years, being succeeded in 1835 by Rev. Henry Daniel. The first Methodist church was erected during the pastorate of Rev. Mr. Joll, and was on Main street, near where the old railway station was. Charles Perley and J. M. Connell, who were members of the House of Assembly, were the principal movers in the building.

This church was burned in the fall of 1835, and at once preparations were made to rebuild on the same site. The new church was dedicated during the pastorate of Rev. Michael Pickles, 1838-40. The parsonage which was built in 1845 escaped destruction and was torn down only a few years ago.

During the pastorate of Rev. John Prince in 1857, the foundation was laid for a new church on the corner of Chapel and Green streets, and completed during the pastorate of Rev. Wm. Nicholson in 1859. The dedication took place on Sunday, June 6th, 1859, and the morning sermon was preached by Rev. D. D. Currie, Chairman of the Fredericton District, from Joshua 24-2. Rev. J. R. Nanaway preached in the evening from Rev. 18-16. During the pastorate of Rev. G. M. Campbell, 1861, extensive alterations and repairs were made and the re-opening sermon was preached by Rev. Wm. Dobson in the morning from Heb. 5-3. Again in 1868 extensive repairs were made to the church under the pastorate of Dr. Chapman and Rev. H. D. Marr, the building committee being George A. White, Jas. Watts, H. Paxton Baird, R. B. Jones and B. B. Manser. The opening services were preached by morning text, 3 John 10-11; evening Rev. J. J. Teasdale, of Fredericton, text, Heb. 8-3. Mass meeting in the afternoon was addressed by Jas. Watts and Revs. Teasdale, Phillips, Rutledge and Marr.

The following were the pastors on the Woodstock circuit from the date of its formation: 1833-4 Samuel Joll. 1834-6 Henry Daniel. 1836-8 Michael Pickles. 1838-40 Richardson Douglas. 1840-42 George Johnston. 1842-45 Frederick Smallwood. 1845-7 William Temple. 1847-9 Joseph P. Burr. 1849-51 John Allison. 1851-3 Arthur McNutt. 1853-5 William Temple, Robert Dunn.

1854 William Allen, Chas. Gaskin. 1856 John Prince, John Cassidy. 1857 J. Prince, W. C. Brown, R. Wasson. 1858 J. Prince, R. Wasson, J. W. Smith. 1859 Robt. Temple, D. Currie, R. Wasson.

1860 R. A. Temple, D. D. Currie, D. B. Scott. 1861 R. A. Temple, D. D. Currie, S. F. Hustis, J. J. Colter. 1862 Wm. Wilson, Jas. G. Angwin. 1863 Wm. Wilson. 1864-7 Geo. S. Milligan. 1867 A. W. Nicholson, W. H. Burns. 1868 A. W. Nicholson. 1869 John Murray. 1870-2 John S. Aedy. 1872-4 Hesketh MacKinnon. 1874 Joseph Sellar. 1875 Jas. Taylor. 1876-9 Chas. H. Paisley. 1879-82 Wm. W. Colpitt. 1882-5 Geo. M. Campbell. 1885-8 Thom. J. Delahast. 1888-9 Job Stanton. 1889-9 William Dobson. 1892-3 R. S. Crisp. 1894 Thos. Marshall. 1894-8 Dr. Chapman. 1898-1901 R. D. Marr. 1901-2 J. C. Berrie. 1902-5 Geo. A. Ross. 1906 Robt. G. Fulton.

As the founders of Methodism at the formation of the circuit believed that the Sunday school was the nursery of the church, a school was organized in 1833 of which J. M. Connell was superintendent, with the following staff of teachers: Charles Rice, Charles H. Connell, George F. Williams, James R. Trupper, Daniel J. Day, Dwight Rice, William Lindsay, Mrs. J. M. Connell, Mrs. Clary, Mary Rice, Lucy McIndoe, Elizabeth McIndoe. In 1842 George F. Williams took charge of the Sunday school. He was succeeded by Robert A. Hay, who continued only a few years. Hay gave many years' faithful service as Recording Steward. During the term of Mr. Allison the late L. P. Fisher was appointed superintendent of the Sunday school, which place he held for twenty-five years. Mr. Fisher took very great interest also in the choir which he led for many years. In 1875 D. J. Holder was elected superintendent of the school and was followed by James Watts who held the position for ten years. Mr. Watts was succeeded in turn by C. L. Smith, L. E. Young and Charles L. Smith who now has charge.

For some time past the old church has needed repairs, and the congregation decided in 1907 that the old church was not up to the requirements of the work and that a new building was required.

The following building committee with Rev. R. G. Fulton as chairman, were appointed: F. B. Carvell, M. P. Arthur G. Bailey, J. Albert Hayden, William Balmann and A. W. Hay. Trustees: F. B. Carvell, Wm. Balmann, R. E. Holyoke, C. L. Smith, J. Albert Hayden, D. W. Camber and J. A. Linday. The plans were made by Harry Mort, St. John, N. B.

A. B. Corbett, contractor for the work; Stevens & Berryman, plumbers; Pickle & Davidson, plumbing; Woodstock Electric Light Co., lighting; Charles Parker, painting; H. E. Akens, of New York, the decorating; John E. Edgett, superintendent of all the work.

The building is 104 feet on Green street and 85 feet on Chapel street, the auditorium is 57x62 feet and will seat 400 persons. The large balcony on Chapel street was presented by Mr. B. B. Manser and W. B. Belyea as a memorial to Mrs. R. B. Manser and one in the west window in memory of Hon. William Lindsay.

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