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REMOVAL
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COL. ROOSEVELT AND CHAMBERLAIN MEET

London, Jue 3.—Theodore Roosevelt was a guest today at the country home of Col. Arthur H. Lee, where were also entertained John Burns, president of the local government board, Sir Harry Hamilton Johnston, and Capt. Robert F. Scott, the Antarctic exprorer.

The former president arrived early in the afternoon, having stopped en route to have luncheon with William Northrup McMillan. During the expedition in Africa, Mr. Roosevelt stopped for several days at Mr. McMillan's African quarters on Juju ranch.

This morning Mr. Roosevelt called upon Joseph Chamberlain and the two engaged in prolonged conversation.

SUMMER FICTION FOR STANDARD READERS

TIME'S CHANGES

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH.

Of course you'll say that I should have remembered the ugly duckling, or else the grub and the butterfly, and all that sort of thing; but I didn't and if I had I shouldn't have connected them with Theodora; for, when all's said, there are plenty of grubs till the end of the chapter.

I was fourteen when I made the acquaintence of Theodora. She was eleven. She was rather tall for her age, and mostly arms and legs, though it was the legs that compelled your attention because of the incredible amount of black stocking. She had been laid up with an illness of some sort and they had cut her hair—red hair at that. She was as freckled as a bird's egg. And when I add that she was so shy that if you spoke to her she seldom answered except to smile rather foolishly, you have a pretty complete picture of my distant cousin, Theodora.

I will say for myself that I was good to her. I was just at the age when a fellow doesn't care for much of anything but hunting and fishing and learning to pitch curves and increasing his chest expansion, and a little for his mother, and he's mighty careful to keep that last to himself. But I was sorry for Theodora, and I let her tag around, and sometimes she even went along on my fishing excursions and carried the bait. She never spoke unless she was spoken to, and not always then so she wasn't much of a bother to have around.

It was several years before I saw Theodora again. I had finished college, and cast my first vote, and got over my first serious love affair, and something was due to happen. It did! It began when Grandfather called me into his study one morning to talk over certain matters "identified with my interests. I had an engagement to play polo with Freddy Harriman at eleven, and my chief interest was to get through in time to take a little of the conceit out of him. I made up my mind to expedite matters by agreeing with everything Grandfather said.

It started mustily enough, all about deeds and first mortgages and that sort of thing. I have mentioned that Theodora was a distant cousin, and that, of course, accounts for the fact that our property was entangled in the most intricate way you can imagine. I sat with my eye on the clock, while Grandfather rambled on, and interjected a "Yes, sir," and "Certainly, sir," whenever he gave me the chance, But at last he gave me a chance I didn't take.

To come to the point, Dick, my boy," said Grandfather, and I heaved a sigh of thankfulness, "the intricacy of your affairs could be simplified in a way eminently satisfactory if you and your cousin Theodora could make a match of it."

"Good Lord " I said. I hadn't thought of Theodora for I don't know when; but at that minute I saw her just as she looked when I said goodby, with her cropped red hair topping her spindling figure. "I—I really couldn't consider such a thing, Grandfather."

Grandfather frowned. He is a really splendid old fellow, you know, with the Sir Charles Grandison manners. And he has such an air of expecting to get his own way that in spite of yourself you feel sure he is going to.

"I had understood," said Grandfather, his voice dropping an octave or so, "that your affair with Mrs. Freeman was definitely—"

"Oh, yes, Grandfather," I said in a hurry, "that's all off."

"It is not indiscreet, I trust," Grandfather went on with tremendous dignity, "to ask if the lady has already a successor in your affections."

"Not on your—not at all, Grandfather," I said, blushing; for I had made a fool of myself in the Freeman affair and there he had me at a disadvantage.

The old gentleman's brow cleared. He gave me a friendly smile. "Then we will assume that you spoke with undue haste. Dick, I have no wish to force your inclinations; but I trust that a closer acquaintance with your cousin Theodora will disclose good reasons for the match, in addition to those I have touched upon. She is expected Saturday," added Grandfather, with an air that told me the interview was at an end.

I had forgotten Freddy Harriman by this time. "Saturday, Grandfather!" I repeated and stood staring at him in dumb consternation. It was out of the question, as you see, for me to tell a gentleman of Grandfather's type that it would be impossible for me to marry my cousin Theodora because she was a pathetic little fright. Girls have extraordinary insight about certain matters. The chances were that Theodora knew just why she had been invited to Oakdale, and it was a shame to put under that red thatch hopes that never could be realized. While I was groping for words with which to hint delicately at the true state of affairs, Grandfather looked at the clock and jumped.

"So late?" he said. "I must be off!" As he marched past me he clapped me on the shoulder. "We'll give her a gay time, Dick," he said. "It's years since there's been a pretty girl to hold court at Oakdale. But mind," he added with his forefinger lifted, "that you don't let any of the young fellows around get ahead of you! I should be tempted to cut you off with a shilling."

"Little likelihood of that, Grandfather," I said sulkily enough, and I wondered when I saw his eyebrows go up. It didn't occur to me till later that the remark was ambiguous.

I cut out Freddy, after all, telephoned him that I was off my feed, and rode over to see Anna. Anna is as good as engaged to Tom Nichols, who is my best friend, and, for that reason and because she is a girl of resources I felt it would be a relief to talk the thing over with her.

I began by telling Anna that I was in the deuce of a fix, and with that preface I divulged Grandfather's proposition.

Anna gave me a sidelong look. "Is it Theodora Sunderland you are talking of?" she asked. "I knew her at school."

"Oh, did you?" I said, and thought that Anna, at least, could feel for me.

She twirled the little ring Tom had given her on the distinct understanding that it was not an engagement ring, and looked away dreamily. Then she looked at me again, "Should you mind very much?" asked Anna.

"Mind!" I repeated. "Mind!" Then I stopped. After all, Theodora was my cousin, and there are some things a fellow cannot say about one girl to another. So I gritted my teeth and after a moment said in a strangled voice, "if she'd given me a week's warning, I'd have been engaged to some one and settled the question; but there isn't time between this and Saturday."

"Dick," said Anna, in her kindest, old-sister fashion, "why don't you arrange with some nice girl to play at being engaged while Theodora's visit lasts."

"I—that's just what I'd like," I said gloomily, "only it's the very deuce to face a girl with such a proposition."

"I suppose so," Anna laughed. Then she laughed harder and blushed a little. "How would I do, Dick?" she said.

I was too surprised to answer; but I'm sure she saw the ecstatic gratitude in my eyes, and my temporary dumbness did not disconcert her.

"You see Tom is to be away for a month," continued Anna, "and so he won't mind. You know all about our affair, or I shouldn't consider it. And I could write to Theodora saying that you and I are engaged, but owing to family opposition it's a dead secret."

There is nothing like a woman's tact when a fellow is in a tight place. I took Anna's hand and kissed it, as if I had been Grandfather in his younger days. "Anna, you are an angel!" I said with so much fervor that she had some ground for accusing me of practising for my part.

I spent most of the next three days with Anna, perfecting every detail of the plot. Saturday morning I cut my visit short; for Grandfather had insisted on my going to the train to meet Theodora. I rode home thinking how kind and resourceful girls were, and what a lucky fellow Tom was, and feeling a little sorry for Theodora; for I was just enough to acquit her of complicity in Grandfather's plans. And so I rode up the driveway bordered with the splendid oaks that are the pride of Grandfather's heart, without even lifting my eyes. When I looked up there was a girl on the veranda steps.

I'm not such a fool as to try to tell how she looked. She was dazzling. Her hair was so bright that it was like a burst of sunshine in that dense shade. There was a dimple where her cheek was pinkest, which made me think of a dewdrop at the heart of a rose. Her face was grave; but her eyes smiled. By and by the smile spread to her lips. "He doesn't know me," she said as if thinking to herself.

"I didn't know you," I said; "I do now." I edged my horse on till I was close enough to touch her.

"He's forgotten me," she went on in the same dreamy way.

"I couldn't have forgotten you before," I said reproachfully, "because I'd never seen you. And I couldn't forget you now, because I have seen you."

"Oh, you funny Dick!" she cried and laughed out like a child. "Why I'm Theodora!"

And she really was! Talk of your ugly ducklings! That plain, awkward little Theodora had blossomed into a goddess,—hair that made you blink, and eyelashes an inch long, and such skin! Oh, what's the use of talking?

She had made connections with an earlier train than we expected, and had been there an hour and a half. I could have kicked myself to think of it. An hour and a half wasted! If I lived to be a hundred, I could never get back those precious ninety minutes. I was sitting in the hammock beside her, trying in my feeble way to make up for lost time, when she paralyzed me with a remark that sounded simple enough. It was preceded by as sweet and innocent a little smile as you ever saw.

"By the way," said Theodora, "I had a letter from Anna yesterday."

A letter from Anna! It all came back to me. Anna had written to tell her of our engagement that I might be protected from the wiles of this gorgeous creature, or at least that she might not form hopes without foundation. That is what Anna's scheming had got me into! The trouble with girls is that they read too many romances and get their heads full of fancies that make trouble when they are applied to practical life.

I think I groaned. Anyway, Theodora's roseleaf of a hand rested for a second on mine.

"Anna told me that the family did not approve," said Theodora, "and that you have to keep it a secret; but don't be downhearted. In time love will conquer. And I can help you out while I'm here," Theodora went on eagerly; "for I shall have Anna with me a great deal. We were such friends at school!"

I suppose Oakdale hadn't been so lively since the days before the war as it was in honor of Theodora's visit. For a dozen miles around the young folks came to call, and after the fellows had seen Theodora you couldn't keep them away. Anna was there most of the time, it seemed to me. For all that Theodora and I were under the same roof, it was the hardest thing in the world to get a quiet word with her. And on our drives and yacht rides and the rest I was handed over to Anna, and had to stand by and see Theodora the centre of a group of fellows all scrambling for a smile, like a crowd of piccaninnies for a penny. Not that I think Theodora flirted (Anna and I were not agreed on that point), but she distributed her favors so impartially that every fellow was of the opinion that he had the best chance. That's what I call art.

From the very beginning the situation was complicated. But Tom Nichols came back in time to add a new muddle. Tom is a rather quiet fellow, more good sense than small talk, you know, not a bit of a lady's man; but it was wonderful what an attraction he seemed to have for Theodoro. From the beginning it was so pronounced as to reduce about twenty other fellows to the depths of dejection. Grandfather noticed it and hauled me over the coals.

"Nichols is well enough. I have nothing to say against Nichols," he stormed, looking very red and angry; "but for you to stand back, sir, without an effort, and allow yourself to be outdistanced by Jack Nichols' son—"

I suppose it was my look of anguish that stopped him. Tom was as good as engaged to Anna; but he was only human, and Theodora's smiles were

A Bathing Suit Which is Tabooed

This is the sort of a bathing suit that is tabooed. Its cut, with a bodice in jumper style, is perfectly good. The material, taffeta, is eminently proper. The black and white striped taffeta is also highly becoming. The objection to this suit is that white material is used. White, pink or bright yellows are forbidden on the Atlantic and Pacific beaches for obvious reasons; they are too nearly flesh colored.

enough to turn the head of a wooden Indian. I had a suspicion that Anna felt as I did, and Grandfather's comments were as comfortable as being prodded with a dagger. So he stopped halfway and began to encourage me by dwelling on my good looks and other advantages that existed largely in his imagination. I went away very grateful, but less confident than he would have wished to see me.

To add to my difficulties, along about this time Anna developed a really shrewish temper. I dare say I was not so interesting as I might have been in other circumstances, and perhaps it is true that I didn't always hear a question until it had been several times repeated; but, considering that Anna's manoeuvers were responsible for my unpleasant position, it was up to her to make it as easy for me as possible. And when she accused me of being selfish, she was certainly going too far. I passed "inconsiderate" over without a word; but "selfish!" It didn't help matters that she added an opinion to the effect that selfishness was a quality inseparable from the masculine constitution.

What with Grandfather goading me on and Anna venting her sarcasm on me whenever we were together, and Tom Nichols acting like a man bewitched, and Theodora growing lovelier every day, my position was not a pleasant one. I came to the point where I felt that so long as there was a change I didn't care much what it was. By degrees Anna had been advancing to like desperation.

The culmination came on a picnic to the island. To begin with, Theodora had sat beside Tom on the drive over, and then they had taken a canoe to reach the island, instead of crowding into the larger boats as the rest of us did. And we had not been ashore half an hour before Tom and Theodora disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. Anna did a little searching on her own account, then came and beckoned me. I read in her eyes that this would end in one way or the another.

It took three-quarters of an hour of hard hunting to find them, and by that time we could have drawn a map of the island, with every knoll and hollow. They were sitting under a wild grapevine, and Theodora's hat was on the grass. They were so absorbed with each other that they never looked up till we stood beside them.

"Tom," said Anna in a strained voice "I'm afraid I must interrupt you. I should like a few words with you."

As Tom scrambled to his feet, I saw Anna tugging hard at the ring that was not an engagement ring. I felt sure that old Tom was in for a bad half hour.

I tumbled down on the grass beside Theodora, and she looked at me with an air of puzzled candor, like a child's.

"What is the matter with Anna?" she said.

Nothing was left but frankness. "I'm afraid she thinks Tom is too appreciative of your society."

"But she has your society," argued Theodora.

"Mine! Oh, Lord, yes!" I said. "But she doesn't want it. Nobody wants it."

She looked at me a moment and put her hand on mine as she had done that first day in the hammock; but she let it rest there till I could feel the warmth of the red blood through the outer fragrant coolness.

"Poor Dicky!" said Theodora. "Don't take it to heart, dear. She's got to like you! One can't be so silly as to prefer Tom Nichols. If you want her," said my champion, "you shall have her!"

"But I don't!" I cried. "I never wanted her! It's you, only you!"

As I looked at her, it seemed that a ripple of laughter swept across her face, and for a moment I almost thought— But there, only a fool fancies he can understand a woman!

In spite of the fact that Tom and Anna had nearly a year the start of us, we were engaged first. Theodora and I were back with the others before the coffee boiled, and supper was half over when Tom and Anna appeared. Anna looked meek, which was more becoming than the airs she had assumed of late, and her eyes were red, as if she had been crying. The ring that was not an engagement ring was on another finger and doubtless had assumed more importance.

It was a week before Theodora would tell me when she began to care for me. I made no secret of the fact that I had loved her from the moment I saw her on the veranda steps, her sweet face framed in bright hair like a halo. But for seven long days Theodora kept her own counsel.

"Well, if you must know," said Theodora at last. "I suppose it began—well, sir, it began long ago, when we went fishing and I carried your bait. What do you make of that?"

And so it was a half pitying, half contemptuous, toleration of a lanky little girl with red hair—even now I can't connect the two—that gave me Theodora! It takes away my breath to think what if I'd snubbed her. Boys of fourteen are such cheeky little brutes.

But, in view of that confession, it's rather amusing that Grandfather should insist on taking all the credit for that match.

BOSTON SEES BOOM TOO

News of Acquisition of D.A.R. by the Canadian Pacific Received With Enthusiasm at the Hub.

Boston, Mass., June 3.—The Boston terminal, for which it has fought for years is now assured by the absorption of the lines of the Dominion Atlantic Steamship Company by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The benefits that will accrue from these sweeping changes will be as great for Boston as for any northern terminal of the absorbed system. It will also, in the belief of prominent Bostonians, exert a powerful indirect influence working toward reciprocal trade relations between the Maritime Provinces and ..ew England. The efforts of Halifax and other Nova Scotia cities to bring the Canadian Pacific into control of the Dominion Atlantic has had its echoes here. Boston business men have from time to time had a great deal of fault to find with the old system. The Chamber of Commerce, the directors of Boston 1915, and other organizations have been laboring for the expansion of our trade facilities with the Empire that lies to the North and east. Boston, if the promises of the Canadian Pacific are carried out, now find that without the agency of any of these organizations she is brought into direct contact with Canpany in a way that will be of immense benefit to herself.

NEGRO PAYS PENALTY FOR MURDER OF ARTIST

Richmond, Va., June 3.—Henry Smith, alias Henry Battine, was put to death in the penitentiary early this morning for the murder near Alexandria March 6, 1909, of Walter F. Schults of Chicago, an artist. The Negro confessed, naming Eugene Dorsey, Richard Pines and Calvin Johnson, all negroes, as his accomplices. These three men will be electrocuted next Friday.

Schultz had gone to Washington for the inauguration of President Taft, and was sight seeing in Alexandria when the negroes sat upon him, dragged him into alley and there murdered and robbed him.

ANOTHER IN FIST FIGHT.

Charleston, S. C., June 3.—Private Henry F. Fry, of the 144th Company of Coast Artillery at Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island, was killed by Private J. T. Murray, of the same company, in a fist fight between the two men on Sunday night, news of the tragedy just reaching here. Murray will be tried by court martial.

POTTS

VALUABLE FARM, 49 ACRES, M or L., Five miles from city on the Loch Lomond Road, near School House. Good spring of water and brook running along border of property. The above farm belonging to Simon I. Graham, Esq., will be sold at Chubb's Corner on Saturday morning, June the 4th, at 12 o'clock, noon.
F. L. POTTS, Auctioneer.
May 28.

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THE CITY OF ST. JOHN INVITES TENDERS FOR AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM, SAND POINT.

Sealed Tenders will be received by the Common Clerk at his office room No. 3, City Hall, St. John, N. B., addressed to him and marked "Tender for Sprinkler System," up to noon of Wednesday, the 15th day of June, inst., for a complete sprinkler system for protection from fire of Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 warehouses at shipping berths on the West Side of the Harbor of St. John, according to plans and specifications to be seen in the office of the City Engineer, room No. 5 City Hall.

A cash deposit equal to five per cent. of the estimated full value of contract at price named in tender will be required.

The city does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

St. John, N. B., June 2nd, 1910.
WM. MURDOCH,
City Engineer.
ADAM P. MACINTYRE,
Comptroller.

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