

CAPTIVITY CAUSES BIG CHANGES IN ANIMALS

WASHINGTON'S LIONS DARKER THAN THOSE NEWLY TRAPPED

WASHINGTON, September 14.—Lions which have passed their lives in the shelter and confinement of a zoological park become radically different both in external appearance and in the shape of the skull, from their brothers roaming free in the wilds of Africa, says Mr. Hollister, superintendent of the National Zoological Park under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution, in a recent publication of the United States National Museum. Mr. Hollister drew his conclusion after examining fifty-nine specimens of lions from Africa, a subspecies of lion from East Africa, preserved in the National Museum, fifty-four of which had been wild-killed and five of which had died in captivity at the National Zoological Park. These five park-reared animals had definite and conspicuous differences from the wild lions of the same age and from the same region are much darker color, more luxuriant mane, and much longer hair tufts on the back of the neck. When the MacMillan lions appeared at the Park, their strange pale grayish buff coloration was remarked as particularly beautiful, as the men at the park had been accustomed to the much darker lions already in captivity. When, after the death of the animals, the skins reached the Museum, the darkening of the general color which their arrival was at once noted. The degree of color change was in direct relation to the period of life in Washington. Two of the MacMillan lions were males and three females, the females averaging somewhat darker in color than the males. The skin of one of the female lions which lived for five years in the park, turned so dark that at a short distance it gave the appearance of a blackish-tawny animal. The manes and tufts of hair on the back of the elms of all the captive lions were much longer, more silky, and more cinnamon buff in color than in wild-killed animals.

MR. BEEBE'S EXPERIMENTS In view of the success of Mr. Beebe's experiments in increasing the pigmentation in birds by confinement in superhumid atmosphere, it would perhaps seem unnecessary to go beyond the theory that the humid climate of Washington acts in a similar manner on these lions from the highlands of East Africa greatly to darken the color of the skin. In the skull, the changes wrought by captivity are even greater. The skulls of the captive lions are broader and shorter, more massive and bulky, and show many relative differences which in wild animals would be instantly accepted as sufficient evidence on which to base a new species. The obvious reason for these great differences is that the principal muscles operating the jaws and neck (these muscles used by a wild lion in mauling and killing game, biting, gripping, and shaking, have had little influence on the shape of the bones during development. In a wild-reared lion, these powerful muscles naturally and in a normal way mould the growing skull, particularly in the regions of their attachment.—Special correspondence of The New York Evening Post.

FISHERMEN NEED GASOLINE Ottawa, Sept. 23.—A solid train of gasoline tank cars is speeding in the direction of the Maritime Provinces in order to prevent a tie-up of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick fishing boats, owing to a gasoline shortage. Owing to railway congestion, particularly in the United States, the gasoline stocks in the Maritime Provinces are almost at the point of depletion, and unless more "gas" reaches the coast within twenty-four hours the fishing industry will be almost completely interrupted. There are over four thousand gasoline boats in Nova Scotia alone, and it is estimated that in the three eastern provinces there are at least a thousand used in fishing by line trawl. The lack of fuel for these engines threatens not only to bring idleness to dozens of fishing towns and hamlets, but to upset the carefully timed train service instituted by the Food Controller for the carrying of these fish to Montreal and Toronto for distribution to the other inland cities. Appeal to the Food Controller was made by wire by H. B. Short, of the Canadian Fisheries Association at Digby.

WARD'S LUMBERMAN'S FRIEND

MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

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TO rise, assisted by his servants, threw out one hand to balance himself, he found it seized between two small, cold palms, and he looked into two warm, glistening eyes that were doubly beautiful because of the fright and rage that found room in them too. M. de Duc Chateaurien sprang to his feet without the aid of his servants and bowed low before Lady Mary. "I make ten thousand apology to be the cause of a such mole in your presence," he said, and then, turning to Francois, he spoke in French. "Ah, then scoundrel! A little, and it had been too late."

"Francois knelt in the dust before him," Pardon" he said. "Monsieur, command me to do what I wish in the rear, to remain unobserved. The wind maliciously blew against monsieur's voice."

"See what it might have cost my children," said his master, pointing to the ropes with which they would have bound him and to the whip lying beside them. A shudder passed over the duke's face. The utter horror in his face echoed in the eyes of his fellows. "Oh, monsieur!" Francois sprang back and tossed his arms to heaven. "But it did not happen!" said M. Beucaire with a gesture, and the two stood where they were.

"Monsieur!" she said, with a note of rallery in her voice, but smiling so tenderly that he started with happiness. His movement brought him a hot spasm of pain, and he clasped his hand to a red stain on his waistcoat. "You are hurt!" "It is nothing," smiled M. Beucaire. Then, that she might not see the stain spreading, he held his handkerchief over the spot. "I am a little—but just—a trifling—bruise," he said.

"My faith, madam," cried the duke, "this saucy fellow has paid you the best insult! He is so sure of you he does not fear you will believe the truth. When all is told, if you do not see he deserved the lashing you planned to—"

"I'll hear no more!" "You will bitterly repent it, madam. For your own sake I entreat—"

"And I also," broke in M. Beucaire, "permit me, mademoiselle. Let me speak."

"Then let him be brief," said Lady Mary. "For I am earnest to be quit of him. His explanation of an attack on my friend and on my carriage should be made to my brother."

"Od's blood, is she not convinced?" broke out Mr. Bantison. "Fellow, were you not the ambassador's barber?"

"It is all false!" she whispered. "The most fine art, mademoiselle. How long you think it takes M. de Winterset to learn that speech after he writes it out? It is a mix of what is true and the most chaste art. Monsieur has become a man of letters. Perhaps he may enjoy that more than the wars. Ha, ha!"

"Do French gentlemen fight like this?" he asked. "Do French gentlemen fight like this?" he asked. "Do French gentlemen fight like this?" he asked.

"No, monsieur," he answered. "Do French gentlemen fight like this?" he asked. "Do French gentlemen fight like this?" he asked.

"Bravo!" cried Beucaire softly. Lady Mary leaned toward him, a thrilling terror in her eyes. "It is false, she uttered."

"Monsieur should not have been born so high. He could have made little work of—"

"You mean it is false?" she cried breathlessly. "Od's blood, is she not convinced?" broke out Mr. Bantison.

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"The king of Bath was happy for his beauty, fashion—to speak more concretely, nobles, belles, gamblers, beaux, statesmen and poets made fairland for opera buffe, at least in his dominions; play ran higher and higher, and Mr. Nash's coffers filled up with gold. By crown, his pleasure a prince of the French blood, the young Comte de Beaujolais, just arrived from Paris, had reached Bath at noon in state, accompanied the Marquis de Mirepoix, the ambassador of Louis XV. The bear dearly prized the society of the lofty, and the present visit was an honor to Bath; hence to the master of ceremonies. What was better, there would be some profitable bargains with the cards and dice. So was that Mr. Nash smiled never more benignly than on that bright evening. The rooms rang with the silvery voices of women and delightful laughter while the fiddles went merrily, their melodies chiming sweetly with the joyousness of his mood. The skill and brazen effrontery of the ambassador's secondarily servant in passing himself off for a man of condition formed the point of departure for every conversation. It was a success, for the young ladies and persons present who had not suspected him from the first; and by a singular paradox, the most astute of all proved to be old Mr. Bichitt, the traveler, one a visitor at Chateaurien; for he—according to report—had by coup of diplomacy entrapped the impostor into an admission that there was no such place. However, like poor Captain Badger, the worthy old man had held his peace out of regard for the Duke of Winterset. This nobleman, heretofore secretly dial-

ed, suspected of irregular devices at play and never admired, had won admiration and popularity by his remorse for the mistake and by the modesty of his attitude in endeavoring to atone for it, without presuming upon the privilege of his rank to entangle the disclosure of his own culpability in having stood the villain's sponsor. To-night, the happy gentleman, with Lady Mary Carlisle upon his arm, went grandly about the rooms, smiling and raising a host of smiles. "I was said worst would be begun at once to rebuild the duke's had stung me; so I must only say what I can have strength for, and stand straight till he is gone. Besides, there are other rixons. Ah, you must believe! M. Molyneux I am for, and tell him all, because he show courtesy to the young Frenchman, and I can trust him. I trust you, mademoiselle—long ago—and would have told you everything, except just because—well, for the romance, the (on) I believe! It is so clearly so. You do believe, mademoiselle?"

"She did not even look at him," M. Beucaire lifted his hand appealingly toward her. "Can there be no faith in—"

"If you had not believed me to be an impostor, if I had never said I was Chateaurien, if I had been just that M. Beucaire of the story they told you, but never with the heart of a lackey, an honest man, a man, the man you knew, himself, could you—would you?" He was trying to speak firmly, yet as he gazed upon her splendid beauty he choked slightly and fumbled in the lace at his throat with unsteady fingers. "Would you—have me ride by your side in the autumn moonlight?"

"I'm sorry," said Molyneux. "You fight it like this?" he asked. "I'm sorry," said Molyneux.

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