

DR. LION'S BABY INCUBATOR.

A French Charity that is Saving the Lives of Delicate Babies.

A physician of Nice, France, thinks he has solved the problem of checking the great mortality among prematurely born infants. He is Alexandre Lion, and, according to the Chicago Chronicle, he has worked wonders for the weaklings of his native land with his baby incubator, which he has put into practical use in Paris, Bordeaux, Marseilles, and other cities.

His Paris incubator is located at 26 Boulevard Poissonniere and is filled with chubby-faced youngsters, still under the normal weight, but rapidly approaching it. Over the door is the sign 'The Baby Incubator Charity.' An admittance fee of 50 centimes is asked of all visitors. The money goes to the support of the babies. Within the past year more than 50,000 men and women have visited this novel charity. Each baby rests in a separate incubator. Each incubator rests upon an iron frame and consists of a glass case. Inside is a finely woven wire spring suspended from the sides. A soft mattress is placed on this, and there the baby rests. Below the spring is a spiral pipe through which a current of warm water continually runs. The water is heated by a lamp placed under a cylindrical boiler at the right hand side. Warm air is thus made to circulate all around the occupant, a thermometer in the corner showing the exact temperature. An automatic device regulates the temperature according to special needs.

'The ventilation,' says Dr. Lion, 'is effected by a specially formed pipe, which carries into the lower part of the incubator a jet of purified and filtered air. After its course through the incubator it goes out through a pipe at the top, and a little fan indicates by its rotation the force of the current. It is necessary that the air should be constantly circulating, and the temperature inside the couveuse should be carefully regulated.'

The incubators are placed in a row against the wall and nurses stand ready to fly to their charges at the slightest cry. Just back of the incubators is a glass-windowed apartment known as the baby's dining room. This is a most necessary provision, since the aim in life of the inmates seems to be to drink milk. This room is provided with mattresses, powder boxes and padded tables, as well as scales, weights and bottles. Pure, wholesome mother's milk, and plenty of it, is fed to each baby every two hours, and the child is immediately carried back to its incubator, where it quickly sinks to rest. When the little ones are too weak to swallow naturally, the nurses feed them drop by drop through the nose by means of a long curiously shaped spoon. This method is rarely necessary for more than two or three weeks.

Every morning before breakfast baby is weighed. A new baby at birth should weigh between six and seven pounds, but many raised by Dr. Lion have weighed far less. 'But,' says Dr. Lion, 'it is absolutely necessary that the baby be placed in the incubator immediately, for every minute that it is exposed to the variations of the temperature lessens its chances of life. An early child rarely dies if it is exempt from hereditary disease, weighs not less than two pounds and three ounces. The success of my system has been beyond my greatest hopes. In Nice, where I was born and where the municipality now grants money for the support of the first charity incubator started, I took 185 children in three years and out of these 137 were saved. This means 72 per cent. of the children who in the natural course of things would have died, have been spared to their mothers. Since last January we have had sixty-two babies in the Paris incubator, and of these eleven have died. Six of the eleven weighed less than two pounds, and their cases were almost hopeless. The others were brought in too late. They had caught chills.'

One of the most attractive exhibits at the Berlin Exhibition to-day is the baby incubator. In two months more than 100,000 persons visited it. The medical profession of that city is raising a fund for the support of a permanent establishment at the German capital similar to the one in Paris.

SEARCHLIGHTS FOR POLICEMEN.

An Electric Light An Appointment of the Up-to-Date Policeman.

What is practically a portable electric searchlight has been added to the equipment of the policemen of Paris. The lamp is no larger than the customary bull's-eye lantern used the world over by policemen and burglars. By means of this up-to-date device, the policeman on his rounds through the slums is enabled to direct a line of intense white light down a dark alleyway or area, dispelling the gloom and substituting the brilliancy of noon day for a distance of 150 feet.

The ordinary oil-fed bull's-eye lantern rarely throws its disk of light for a longer distance than ten feet, that is to be effective, and officers of the law have frequently complained that the only purpose served by the dark lantern is to make of them conspicuous targets for the bullet of the rook, or, at least, serve the purpose of giving the lurking lawbreaker a timely warning of the thief-taker's approach.

The new lantern is attached to the belt

of the sergeant de ville ready to the hand. A small but powerfully charged storage battery is attached to the belt, on the side opposite the lantern to better distribute the weight, although the first patterns combined the storage battery and the lantern. The light is turned off and on by a switch that works on the instant. Powerful reflectors send the long, white stream of light the full distance of fifty yards, at which limit a newspaper can be read. Thrown into a cellar, or down an alleyway, the illumination is sufficient to search all objects distinctly at a much greater distance. The lantern may be readily detached from the belt and carried in the hand, when necessary, the connecting wire being long enough for the purpose. The reflector is so arranged and the lens so hooded that the officer is in absolute darkness behind it. The effectiveness of the lantern was shown in a recent raid on the homeless persons who spend the night on the sward of the Bois de Boulogne. A dozen officers, at a signal flashed their rays. The space on which at least 300 vagrants reclined was made as light as day, and the officers, advancing, cried out to all that they were under arrest. The prisoners were formed into lines, and, still under the illumination, marched off to prison. This would have been impossible under former conditions, unless a large number of officers had been engaged in the raid.

This new search light has not only proved a terror to the evil doers, who work under cover of the night in the slums, but it has materially added to the safety of the officers in the performance of their arduous duties. Thieves on the water front dread this fierce little white light, as they would the noonday sun.

The total weight of lantern and battery, good for twelve hours continuous service, is but ten ounces, the cost is less than \$2, and the daily cost of maintenance is about the cost of oil.

SAW A SPOILT METEOR FALL.

It Was of Such Offensive Smell as to Drive Everybody Away.

The remarkable experience of witnessing a meteor flashing across the firmament, watching it in its course, and seeing the stone drop to earth within a few yards of where one is standing, comes to but few people, yet such a happening occurred recently to Ben Hall a painter of Albino, Or. It was shortly after 10:30 P. M., that Hall started from the store of Joseph Turner to go to his lodgings. Reaching the corner of Rodney avenue, Hall was startled by a sudden illumination of the sky toward the east. Gazing aloft Hall saw what at first he took to be a ball from a Roman candle fired from some pyrotechnic display incident to the many processions. As the flaming globe approached, however, it assumed such size that the Roman candle supposition was precluded. Nearing the earth, the oncoming ball of fire could be seen to be bringing with it a trail of bluish sparks, which left the main body with a peculiar crackling sound resembling the snapping of charcoal.

Barely missing the roof of the house at the corner of Sellwood and Rodney avenues the visitant from the heavens took a long, swooping flight, as though repelled by the earth's surface, finally alighting in a bed of hardpan on the corner of Rodney and Russell avenues, burying itself to a depth of some five inches. The distance from where Mr. Hall was standing to where the meteor alighted was so slight that he had a fair view of that portion of the meteor exposed. From this came a shower of sparks, much the same as though the component parts of the meteoric visitor contained a percentage of saltpetre.

Going over to the spot where the fragment of some body broken loose had alighted, Hall found the meteor still at a white heat. Having no means of handling it, he returned to the cigar store of Turner and informed the people there of the phenomenon he had witnessed.

Hall and two other men then returned to the lot, corner of Russell and Rodney

avenues. On the way an empty lard kettle was picked up, and, reaching the spot, an attempt was made to scoop the fragment of a disintegrated planet into this plumbian receptacle. The piece of a 'busted' star, however, evidently did not appreciate such lowly treatment, for upon being moved it emitted fumes so pungent and nauseous as to drive the meteor hunters away. After waiting some minutes for the stone to cool, the party again tried to get it into the kettle but were again driven back by the odor of the gases. A third attempt was however, successful, and the meteor was borne back to Turner's.—Portland Telegraph.

WORK SPOILED.

Did Not Get the Right Kind.

Why labor in vain? Why do you try to dye cotton or mixed goods with common dyes that the makers prepared for all wool goods?

Well, you are not altogether to blame; the dealer who sold you the dye, and who told you it was good for either cotton or wool, is the one who is directly responsible for your loss and failure. He sold you worthless dyes because they gave him a large return of profit.

If you had bought the Diamond Dyes made specially for Cotton and Mixed Goods your work would have been well and truly done. These special cotton colors of the Diamond Dyes are the latest discoveries of the best chemists of the world, and are far superior to all other dyes for the coloring of cotton goods.

Fast Diamond Dyes for Cotton are quite fast to light, and if you use them your carpets and rugs will be as bright after years of wear as the most expensive carpets you can buy. For dyeing Cotton or Mixed Goods, ask for Fast Diamonds Dye for Cotton; take no others.

A RACE OF MEN WITH TAILS.

Discovery of a French Traveller in a Forest in Indo-China.

Paul d'Enjoy, a French anthropologist, tells, in a recent number of L'Anthropologie, about a race of men with tails which he has reason to believe exists, or has existed within recent times, in the Indo-Chinese peninsula. While exploring the forest in that part of French Annam lying between latitude 11° 12' north and longitude 104° and 106° each, the Frenchman came upon an old savage who was first seen up a tree gathering honey. When the savage saw the European party approaching he hastened down the tree by seizing the bark with his prehensile feet and the limbs with his hands, so that at first sight he was taken for a monkey. M. D'Enjoy surrounded the savage with a ring of coolies, and the prisoner vainly endeavored to escape by butting his captors with his head.

The explorer came upon the home of his captive, a long tunnel like a great heap of dead leaves. Others of the tribe occupying the hut fled at the approach of the strangers, leaving behind in their strange house a few polished stones, bamboo pipes, copper bracelets, and pearl necklaces. These articles M. D'Enjoy believes to have been obtained by the savages from the Annamites, with whom the former carry on an irregular trade.

The captive is described by the Frenchman as having a well-marked caudal appendage and ankle bones with processes that suggested a cock's spurs. The savage managed to say by the aid of the Annamites of the expedition, who were astonished at his tail and called him a monkey, that according to tradition all of the tribe once had tails, and that through intermarriage with tailless neighbors most members of the tribe are now also tailless.

This was about all that was learned from the savage, for soon after he was captured he poisoned one of the coolies and escaped, and it was necessary to hurry out of the forest in order to save the coolie's life. M. D'Enjoy, however, is almost willing to believe that the ancestors of his temporary captive really had tails, and were midway between savage man and the ape. The tribe is known by many names in the several languages of its more civilized neighbors, and is hated by all as a race of brutish savagery. The tribe is called Moi by the Annamites, and some Annamite neighbors of the Moi, subjects of France, are noted as having prehensile feet, perhaps from intermarriage with the Moi. The Chinese call these Annamites of the prehensile feet Gao Chi, which means 'detached great toe.'

M. D'Enjoy has reason to reject the classification of the Moi as an offshoot of the Dyaks, a classification made by a French anthropologist, after an examination of Moi skulls. These skulls, M. D'Enjoy believes, could have been those of only the partly civilized Moi of mixed blood. The skull of the Moi, of pure blood would he thinks tell a different tale.

The Moinow occupy a forest area of Indo-China, though M. D'Enjoy believes that they once occupied the whole Indo-Chinese peninsula. They are exceedingly shy of strangers, and, if closely pursued, they defend themselves with poisoned arrows shot with unerring aim. A wound from one of these arrows is almost sure death. Besides this, the misman of the region they inhabit are especially dangerous to unacclimated travellers. It is the habit of the more civilized neighbors of the Moi-to slay them at every chance, much as the Apaches are slain in Mexico by any rancher that falls in with them. M. D'Enjoy believes that if the mystery of the Moi is not soon penetrated the whole tribe may be destroyed before anything further can be learned of them and their possible tails.

IT IS A TRIUMPH.**CORDED VELVET SKIRT PROTECTOR**

Supports bottoms of skirts without the aid of wire or bone. "METEOR" supersedes all other binders. Its every thread protects.

Every one buys it at sight.

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ONE BLANKET A YEAR.

The Beautiful Patient Weaving of the Navajo Indians.

Exactly the most perfect blanket. Neither Ottoman fingers nor British machines have ever produced its peer. The only thing I know of to surpass it is to be found among the astounding prehistoric fabrics we have exhumed in the mummy mines of Peru, but they are not blankets. And this matchless weaving is the handiwork, not of some Old World craftsman, not of a trained heir of civilization but of a trained heir of civilization but of a wild nomad, a dirty, foxy, barbarous denizen of a corner of the "Great American Desert."

The Navajo Indian of New Mexico and Arizona cannot vie with the modern Turk in rugs, nor with the extinct Yucua in fringes, but when it comes to blankets he can beat the world. Or, rather, he could—for it is nearly a generation since a Navajo blanket of strictly the first-class has been created. Here is a lost art—not because the Navajos no longer know how, but because they will no longer take the trouble. They make thousands of blankets still—thick, coarse, fuzzy things which are the best camping blankets to be had anywhere, and most comfortable robes. But of the superb old ponchos and zarapes for chiefs—these iron fabrics woven from yayeta (a Turkish cloth imported specially for them and sold at \$6 a pound, unravelled by them, and its thread reincarnated in an infinitely better new body), not one has been woven in twenty years. It is a loss to the world, but the collector who began in time can hardly be philanthropist enough to lament the deterioration which has made it impossible that even the richest rival shall ever be able to match his treasures.

There are still Navajos (20,000 of them), and there is still yayeta, and as there are people who would give \$500 for an absolute first class yayeta blanket you might fancy that the three things would pool. But that is to forget the Navajo. He is a barbarian, to whom enough is an elegant sufficiency. By weaving the cheap and wretched blankets of to-day—wretched, that is, as works of art—he can get all the money he desires. Why, then, toil a twelvemonth over a blanket for \$500 (which is more coin than he can imagine anyhow) when a week's work will bring \$50?

The art of the Navajo blanket is as old as Plymouth Rock—and almost as bigoted. You can tell a genuine just as far as you can see it. It is a curious fact, known to the student that, when left to himself, the Indian never blunders in color. It is only when too long rubbed with our shoddy civilization and poisoned with the ease and cheapness of our accursed aniline dyes that he perpetrates atrocities. His eye for color is elemental and absolutely correct. Red is king—and no bastard magenta, mauve, of lake, but true red. Blue is good because it stands for the sky, and green because it is the grass; and yellow for the sun, and white for the clouds and snow—and these are the only colors found in a strictly perfect Navajo blanket. To the Indian color is a part of religion, and purple and pinks and other devil's colors he never can use until he is fully corrupted. The blanket of to-day is the most graphic witness to the falling off of the aborigine that ever came into court. It is full of hues that any decent Indian knows to be literally infamous. A generation ago a Navajo would have been put to death by his people if simply found in possession of one of these witch colors. But the true old blanket was as perfect in its color scheme as in its weaving—and I have blankets which have for seventy-five years done duty on an adobe floor.—N. Y. Sun.

PROFITS OF MURDERING.

Few Profits Financially by Means of Their Crimes.

Much has been published in England about the professional assassins of Paris, writes our Paris correspondent, and in many cases fabulous gain have been attributed to them as a result of their crimes, but those exist; more frequently in fiction than in fact. Statistics recently compiled by the prefect of Paris police throw a good deal of light on the assassin's trade as practiced in modern times. Especially interesting are they in view of the popular, but very erroneous idea that the assassin's trade is a profitable one. That it is quite the reverse seems to be clearly proved by the profits gained by notorious assassins during the last thirty years.

Biographies of a large number of French murderers, some of whom paid the penalty

of their crimes on the guillotine, while others were transported to New Caledonia, show that the average murderer makes far less money at his abominable trade than is made by any third-rate artisan or even day laborer.

Here, for example, are the names of a few criminals and a statement as to the actual money profit that resulted in each case: Sejournet committed one crime, and his profit was £2 5s; Russell, one crime, £1 10s; Ducret, one crime, £8 worth of jewelry; Cathelin, about 5s.

These are not princely profits, but they are large compared with others. Three men, for example—Georges, Voty and Franck—committed a horrible crime and only made sixpence apiece. Several others were less fortunate for they gained nothing at all. Other knights of the road found to their dismay after dispatching their victims that they had no money on them, and they were consequently bound to be satisfied with such booty as they could obtain in the shape of watches and other jewelry, which, of course, is less desirable than money, as it is not always easy to dispose of.

True, a few assassins have made a considerable sum of money. Three, Martin, Begheim and Lapommeraye, were especially fortunate or unfortunate in this respect. Martin found £200 in his victim's purse. Begheim got £1,400 worth of jewelry, and Lapommeraye also acquired a large sum of money at one stroke. These men, however, did not live very long to enjoy their wealth, as justice overtook them and quickly despatched them to another world. Such men are rare, however, so rare that careful calculation shows that the average amount made by French assassins during the last thirty years does not exceed nine or ten shillings for each crime.

Such being the case, the wonder is that there is so many murderers. And a greater wonder is, why, if they are determined to kill for the sake of obtaining money, they do not arrange to kill persons who are known to be wealthy and do not seize an opportunity when their intended victims have their pockets stuffed with gold. A distinguished official of the police force in Paris says that the assassins act in their usual foolish manner simply because they are imbeciles.—London Mail.

Uninjured Honor.

Many stories are told of the witty retorts made by a New England judge who died a few years ago, and among them is one which proves that his wit did not desert him under the most trying circumstances. One day, as he started down the steps which led from the court-house in a town where he had been hearing an important case, he slipped, lost his footing, and fell, with many thumps and bumps, to the sidewalk. One of the influential men of the place who was passing hurried up to the judge, as the latter slowly rose to his feet. 'I trust your honor is not seriously hurt?' he said, in anxious inquiry.

'My honor is not at all hurt,' returned the judge, ruefully, 'but my elbows and knees are, I can assure you!'

Fossils Found by X-Rays.

A curious application of the X-rays to the discovery of unseen things was recently made by Monsieur Lemoine at Rheims. The chalk strata in that part of France contain the fossil bones of birds, reptiles and mammals, and frequently these are shattered in the attempt at removal. It occurred to Monsieur Lemoine that the embedded fossils might be photographed by the aid of X-rays, since the latter pass readily through chalk, but are largely intercepted by the phosphates of bones. It is reported that his photographs clearly indicate the details of the hidden fossils.

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