



8-70 Yates Street.

WIRELESS MESSAGE FROM CORNWALL

EDISON DOUBTS THE ACCOUNT OF FEAT

Says He Knew Electricians Not Credit Story, But As-erts Signal Was Received.

ork, Dec. 16.—A special to the on Orange, N. J., says: A. Edison doubts the reliability of the published statement that Marconi has received a wireless message from the ocean. The celebration was seen at his residence in Llewellyn Park this evening. "This story," said Mr. Edison, "I don't believe. I think Marconi is deceived. The letter which it is alleged he received was sent him," was asked, "replied Mr. Edison, 'I don't believe it was received, but I doubt that letter.' 'S. J. was the is a very simple one, but I fooled myself. Until the publishers are confirmed I doubt the account.'"

Marconi's Reply. 's, Nfld., Dec. 16.—Regarding the publication of Edison, Greely, and other electrical authorities the report that he had really sent the feat of sending a wireless message over the ocean, Marconi has shown the electricians would concede to the accomplishment, and their opinions insisted that it had been received, and asserted the signal had really been from his station in Cornwall. 'ers Exchanged Messages.

rk, Dec. 16.—The "Cunarder" which has just arrived here, more than 100 miles from the mid-ocean with her sister Umbria. Long before either of the other commanders of the Marconi wireless the position of each ship was the other hours before their s showed above the horizon. uria left Liverpool on Dec. 16, the same day the Umbria of New York. They were east northeast of Sandy they passed each other last 10.7. Five hours before they were 100 miles apart. on the Etruria began to ngly. The operator replied, ocation, which showed her to miles away from the other Umbria sent her number of the fact that all was well latest news from New York. a sent word of the burning Liverpool exchange on the which occurred on Decem- the Etruria was lying in

BARNETT, OF PLATTSVILLE, ONT.

Three and a-half Years' Relief from Dodd's Kidney Pills.

proof of the Permanency of Effect by This Great Most Convincing and Interesting Statement in the Plattsville Echo, 1898.

Ont., Dec. 13.—(Special.) and a half years ago, the Echo, the local newspaper, an extended account of a curious cure of a well known respected lady, Mrs. J. Barnett, who had been extremely ill for who claimed to be permanently cured by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Her ailment had been a physical nervousness, rheumatism in pains in the small of the spinal column, and back through the eyes, left side and occasionally the right and no appetite and could fight. The physicians had and in this pitiful and hopeless condition, Dodd's Kidney Pills completely restored her to without an ache or pain. returned as her general improved. She used in all cases of Dodd's Kidney

of the Spring of 1898, and Barnett states positively strongest and most grateful cure Dodd's Kidney Pills. She has three and a half years' relief and permanent; that stronger and better than for years before taking this good woman's plain statement, and it proves the lasting character of effected by Dodd's Kidney



Our Young Folks

THE ABSENT MINDED FAIRY GODMOTHER

Of course, you all know that a very great many years ago all good children had fairy godmothers. Even if you don't know it, it must be so, for so very many people who write about things say so, and people who write about things know every single thing there is to know, especially me.

In those days of which I write, one little girl named Mary Emma had a fairy godmother who was very absent-minded. Indeed, she was so absent-minded at times that she forgot she was a fairy godmother at all, and so, instead of helping Mary Emma make her fortune, as

that she was old enough to go out and seek her fortune, so off she went. She had on her very best frock, a nice lunch in her basket, and she felt sure she was going to find a very nice fortune indeed. She left her mother stoning cherries on the back porch and walked on and on and on, until she had gone farther than she had ever gone before. After a while she entered a deep forest. She had been quite hot and cross in the sun, but it was delightfully cool in the forest under the great trees, and she thought that seeking one's fortune was just heaps of fun.

Mary Emma was going along singing at the top of her voice, when all at once she turned a corner of the forest and there were three robbers lying in wait for her. "My! But she was frightened! She winked her left foot three times just as hard as ever she could, and her fairy

to steal the bicycle, when Mary Emma jumped on it and rode off as fast as she could ride. The robbers ran after her, called to her to stop, but she kept on. Mary Emma did not know how to ride a bicycle, but you know this was a fairy godmother bicycle, and so, of course, it could keep itself right side up.

Mary Emma soon rode the bicycle out of the forest, and then it wanted to stop and rest a while, for it said it was not used to being a bicycle and was completely tired out. "Nonsense!" said Mary Emma. "The idea of a bicycle getting tired! I never heard of such a thing!" and she rode on faster than ever. Just as she was getting so very tired that it did not know what to do, they crossed a little bridge over a running brook. You all know that when anything that has been enchanted

that she would do that before Mary Emma could spell "Jack Robinson" backward in German, and then she laughed so hard at Mary Emma while she was trying to spell Jack Robinson that way that she very absent-mindedly forgot what she was about, and at the same time that she turned the lunch basket into a coach she turned herself and Mary Emma into two splendid coach horses. Mary Emma was very angry when she found herself harnessed to the coach and helping her fairy godmother, draw it along the road. "Now, just see what you've done," she cried. "I do declare you ought to keep your wits about you more. How are we ever going to get out of this?" Just then the Prince of that country and a lot of courtiers came along riding on oxen, for there were no horses in that country.

When the Prince saw the two splendid horses drawing this superb coach along the road he was delighted. He had never seen any horses before, but he had seen pictures of them in his natural history book, and so, of course, he knew what they were at once. He got in the coach and drove the horse all the way to his father's palace. The horses were just as angry as they could be, and they told the Prince he was no gentleman to make ladies draw him along the road in a coach like that. The Prince said they must not dare to talk that way to a real prince, and that they were not ladies, anyway, but only horses, and that if they didn't behave themselves and trot along nicely, he would hit them with his whip. "Oh, just you wait till we cross a running brook, and if I don't change you into a last year's mince pie, you may have my gold spectacles!" said the fairy godmother. The Prince thought that perhaps there might be something in that, so he drove them over roads that did not cross running brooks.

When they came to the palace the King, the Prince's father, was so pleased as he could be, and said that the Prince was just the dearest boy that ever lived. "You can have the coach," he said, "but send the horses to my stable and give them some oats." "Oh, indeed!" said Mary Emma. "I'll have you understand I never ate an oat in my life, and, what is more, I am not going to any old stable, either." Then, as soon as the Prince was unharmed, then the Prince and her fairy godmother started to run, but just as they had gone a few steps they crossed a water pipe full of running water that led to the palace, and they immediately turned into their proper shapes, again. Then the King was furious. "What do you mean," he shouted, "by changing yourselves into something else when you are the only horses I have? I never heard of such conduct! Change yourself back into horses again at once!" "I will do no such thing," said the fairy godmother. "If you think I am going to live in a stable and eat oats, you are very much mistaken."

"Seize them and cast them into the deepest dungeon!" cried the King to his army. The army got ready to seize them, and then Mary Emma and her fairy godmother were frightened almost to death. "I guess maybe we had better change back to horses after all," said the fairy godmother. The Prince thought that "I guess maybe we had," said Mary Emma. So, just as the army was about to seize them, the fairy godmother waved her wand, but she did it so absent-mindedly that instead of changing herself and Mary Emma she changed the whole army into horses, and they immediately began to eat grass. The King was delighted at this, because now he had enough horses to stock his whole kingdom, and besides, he owed the army two years' wages, and now he would never have to pay them. All this time the Prince had been star-

ing at Mary Emma just as hard as he could stare, and now he dropped on one knee and told her that he thought she was the very sweetest girl he had ever seen and that he would like her to be his princess at once and for evermore. Mary Emma said that she didn't mind, for she had always wanted to be a princess, and the King said they had better hurry up about it, for dinner was almost ready and he was hungry. So they were married at once, and then they decided that they had better send the fairy godmother home as fast as she could go, for fear she would absent-mindedly change them all into something else. The fairy godmother was getting homesick, so she flew off in a hurry, and all the rest lived happily ever after.

When the fairy godmother got home she called a convention of all the fairy godmothers in the world and told them all about the way she had been treated. They all said it was perfectly shameful and that they were a very much abused class of people. Most of them went out of business right there and then; that is why there are so very few fairy godmothers about to-day.

CHILD CHAUFFEURS IN NEW YORK

BY LILLIAN C. PASCHAL.

If you stroll through Central Park one of these fragrant, sunny afternoons you will see the heir of the Van Astorbilt millions, as well as other happy children of various ages, trundling their baby automobiles over the winding ways in victorious competition with the lesser lights in the goat carriages. A gleam of red and black, the tiny tinkle of a silver bell, a pair of dainty brown eyes under flying curls, and a dainty little maid flies past, working the little silver-mounted lever with the skill of a trained autoist. Her silent little speeder is somewhat reminiscent of other days, when nurse pushed her charge in a small red sleigh, for, like the sled, it is curled over in the front almost into baby's lap, and it skims along so close to the ground that the wheels, which are not nearly so close together as they are in the more usual wheels can hardly be seen. Only now the pushing power is something more mysterious and awful than even the most autocratic nurse of childhood days. It is the chain lightning of the skieus brought down, like some huge giant of a slave captured from regions unknown, docilely to serve the needs of a little child.

Next comes a trig little rhaboub carrying a 40-mile storage battery and a sturdy little fellow whose excited eyes, rosy cheeks and tumbled, wind-blown hair attest his joy in the exhilarating pastime. His broad sailor hat is pushed back impatiently from a tender, childish brow, and he looks, carriage and all, with his alert air and businesslike handling of his machine, like an exact miniature of his grown-up father in a full-bedged automobile. You stop him and ask him to wait

a minute while you unstring your camera, during which minute the usual crowd of children gathers to see the picture taken. But he dimples shyly and responds while you turn the inquiring eye of the lens upon him: "Charlie Guenther an' I live over there," pointing with a very comprehensive gesture which embraces half the horizon of Riverside. "How old are you?" "Half-past three," is the prompt reply.

"Well, Charlie, if you tell papa to buy a paper next Sunday you may see yourself and your electric horse." "Hasn't dot any horse, it's a naughty mobes," he says in wondering reproval of such ignorance, as he touches the lever and whirrs away. And you pass on, seeing inner visions of the little soap box with wooden wheels that fathers fixed up for you on a rainy day long ago, somewhere in the last century, in the far-off days, a couple of decades ago, when you were a little girl.



A YOUNG CHAUFFEUR.

A GAME FOR TWO.

Once upon a time a young gentleman and a younger lady were alone in a bright parlour in front of a cheerful open fire, with a table between them, playing cards. As they continued to play and chat the table was not so much between them, for they both got nearer the fire and played the game on one corner of the table. They had started into play euchre, but after an hour and a half they found that they were playing hearts. Moral—We are not always sure what the game is. An inch of rainfall, the drops frozen as they turn into delicate crystals, will make ten gulches of snow.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A PUZZLE.

My first is in lemon, But not in fruit. My second's in little, But not in suit. My third is in bottle, But not in jar. My fourth is in near, But not in far. My fifth is in roller, But not in skate. My sixth is in lightning, And also in late. My seventh's in flying, But not in doves. My whole every true American loves. The laws of Austria-Hungary are published in eight different languages.



SHE ABSENT-MINDEDLY TURNED ALL THE SOLDIERS INTO HORSES.

of course, she should have done, she just stared at home and kept house just like any one else. In fact, if it had not been for Emma herself, the fairy godmother might have forgotten that she had a god-daughter, but every once and a while Mary Emma would wink her left foot three times, which would immediately summon the fairy godmother to her side. Mary Emma did not want anything at all, but she was a very far-seeing little girl, and she knew that some time she might want something, and if her fairy godmother did not have some practice, she might forget what it meant when Mary Emma winked her left foot three times, and never come at all! By the way, you can always tell whether or not you have a fairy godmother by just trying that. If a fairy godmother with a wear hot hat and a long wand does not appear as soon as you have winked her left foot three times, then you haven't any.

When one day Mary Emma decided, godmother appeared rubbing her eyes and looking very cross, for she had just been taking a nice nap when she had been so suddenly awakened. The robbers were just about to rob Mary Emma of her lunch basket when her fairy godmother appeared, but as soon as they saw her they all stepped back a few paces, clenched their teeth and said, "Foiled!"

"Oh, please change those dreadful robbers into something quick!" cried Mary Emma. Her fairy godmother looked very severely at the robbers and waved her wand. "Why don't they change?" asked Mary Emma, and then she looked around and saw that her fairy godmother had changed herself into a bicycle by mistake.

"Oh, dear me!" said the bicycle. "Whatever shall I do now? I must have used the wrong magic formula, and now those horrid robbers will steal me!" The robbers all unclenched their teeth and said, "At last!" They were just about

MAGIC BREATH: A PARTY TRICK



You can astonish your little friends with a very simple trick that will not seem to have any simple to them and at the same time perform a most interesting experiment with very little trouble. Select some evening when several of your little playmates are together, sit at a party at your home, for instance, and offer to bring a glass of water into milk by breathing into it. Of course, they will not believe that you can do it, and will make all kinds of fun at your boast

THE WATER WILL TURN TO A MILKY WUE.



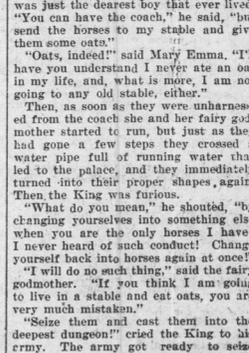
of being able to. When you have their curiosity sufficiently aroused, excuse yourself from the room and get your "magic" apparatus together. You will need some lime water, a long piece of glass and an ordinary glass tumbler. If you have no lime water in the house you can get enough for a few pennies at any drug store. Half a pint is more than enough for your trick. You can get the piece of glass from any old broken pane you can find. A piece three inches long and narrow enough to enter the tumbler at its widest part will do. Fill the tumbler with the lime water and bring it into the room where your friends are assembled. Place it upon the table before them where they can all see it, but do not allow any of them

HOW TO MAKE A PIN ORGAN



to taste it. Tell your friends that the magic properties of your breath will change the water into milk, and then breath frequently into the tumbler, stirring it constantly with the piece of glass. The perfect transparent lime water will assume a milky hue, and then as you keep breathing into it will finally grow white, closely resembling skimmed milk, and the applause of your friends. Now, you can explain that your magic breath being combined with the water in the glass will, in a few minutes, produce chalk. Let the tumbler remain perfectly quiet for a time while you and your companions play some other game, and upon looking at it later you will find a layer of real chalk has been deposited in the bottom of the glass.

HOW TO MAKE A PIN ORGAN



No doubt many of our readers are accomplished musicians, and play beautifully on the piano, violin, banjo or other musical instruments. Of course, almost all of our little friends can sing, and do sing, too, at school and Sunday school, and we feel sure that they are all very fond of music. Many of them, while very fond of instrumental music of different kinds, have no chance to play on any instrument. Here is an instrument which you can all make, and which, while it will not be a very elaborate one, or a rival to your mamma's piano or the church organ, will give you lots of pleasure and a sense of satisfaction at having your own self made something that will really play tunes when you wish to read—as in-

HOW TO MAKE A PIN ORGAN



strumental selection. Besides this, it will greatly develop your ear for music, and so be of lasting benefit to you. Take a soft pine board about three feet long and one foot wide, and make a heavy line down the center in lead pencil. Get a box of large pins and a light hammer, and your equipment is complete. Drive the pins in the board along the line down the center, having the pins about one-quarter of an inch apart. When the line is full of pins you are ready to tune your organ. Take a long pin, a hatpin, for instance, and with its point held slightly above the first pin on the line. Then let it fly back, and you will find that it will give out a distinct musical note. Now you must decide what tune you want to play on your organ. When you have selected your tune you can go ahead.

HOW TO MAKE A PIN ORGAN



The further the pin is driven into the board the higher the note it will give out when touched by the hatpin. You must rely on your ear in driving the pin various distances into the board, trying each one after each few taps of the hammer. You will find it better to drive the first pin half way into the wood, for, as some of the notes you will want will be very low, it will be necessary to have some of the pins driven in but a very little way. When you have finished you can play a tune by simply drawing your hatpin along the line of pins. You can pick out other pieces easily enough after you have become accustomed to the various notes the pins make when struck, and with a little practice you can play almost any simple melody on your pin organ.

HOW TO MAKE A PIN ORGAN



Draw the hatpin along the row of pins. The further the pin is driven into the board the higher the note it will give out when touched by the hatpin. You must rely on your ear in driving the pin various distances into the board, trying each one after each few taps of the hammer. You will find it better to drive the first pin half way into the wood, for, as some of the notes you will want will be very low, it will be necessary to have some of the pins driven in but a very little way. When you have finished you can play a tune by simply drawing your hatpin along the line of pins. You can pick out other pieces easily enough after you have become accustomed to the various notes the pins make when struck, and with a little practice you can play almost any simple melody on your pin organ.