



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 other side of the world, in mid-ocean with her sister Umbria. Long before either of the other commanders of the ship had reached the position of each ship was the other hours before their eyes showed above the horizon. The "Cunarder" left Liverpool on Dec. 15, the same day the Umbria left New York. They were east northeast of Sandy Bay, and passed each other last night in latitude 45.7 and longitude 107. Five hours before they were 100 miles apart. The "Cunarder" began to tug. The operator replied, "The position, which showed her to be 100 miles from the other side of the world, in mid-ocean with her sister Umbria sent her number of the fact that all was well. The latest news from New York. A sent word of the burning of the Liverpool exchange on the 15th, which occurred on December 15. The Umbria was lying in

**BARNETT, OF PLATTSVILLE, ONT.**

three and a-half Years  
Dodd's Kidney Pills.

proof of the Permanency of Effect by This Great A Most Convincing and an 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, 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 not sleep. The physicians had and in this pitiful and hopeless state, Dodd's Kidney Pills completely restored her to without an ache or pain. returned as her general health improved. She used in all cases of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

of the Spring of 1898, and Barnett states positively the strongest and most grateful cure Dodd's Kidney Pills has ever had, and that she is 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



**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

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.

"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.



SHE ABSENTMINDEDLY 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 hat and a long wand does not appear as soon as you have winked her left foot three times, then you haven't any.

Well, 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

**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 are almost hidden. 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.



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.

**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.

**MAGIC BREATH: A PARTY TRICK**



You can astonish your little friends with a very simple trick that will not seem to have any magic 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.**



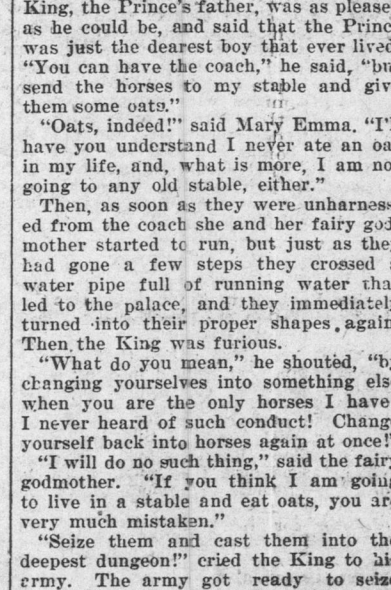
of being able to. When you have their curiosity sufficiently aroused, excuse yourself from the room and get your "magic" apparatus together.

**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 musical music of different kinds, have no chance to play on any instrument.

**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.

**HOW TO MAKE A PIN ORGAN**



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.

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