

WHAT WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY HAS ACCOMPLISHED

(From Men and Women)

The Atlantic voyage isn't what it used to be. Once it was like getting married, the event of a lifetime solemnly undertaken and quite as full of vicissitudes; now it's nothing more than a shopping trip down town, thought of one day and done the next.

When our grandfathers and grandmothers sailed over seas it cost them, for the passage, two hundred dollars or thereabouts, and a month's misery in the cradle of the deep. Their rooms and rattles were worse than the steerage gets nowadays, and when they said good-bye on one side of the ocean, they were in utter ignorance of how fared the world until they stepped off on the other many weeks later.

Not so, to-day. The Atlantic has been turned into a veritable ferry. A half dozen liners sail almost every day, and so little do they make of the crossing that you can breakfast any Saturday in New York and dine in London that day week. Fifty dollars will carry you across very decently; your room is a model of comfort; at the table you get all the delicacies of land; and so huge and steady are the modern flyers that whether the waves roll high or low is of little consequence to you. But latest of all and most interesting is the way they're putting the old Atlantic into telegraphic harness, so that shortly, thanks to the wonders of wireless, we shall be having a daily newspaper on the high seas, and in mid-ocean shall be able to call up the folks at home. Think of it! Speeding along twenty knots an hour, thousands of miles out to sea, we shall, likely enough be hearing the familiar newsboy's cry of "latest extry. All about the big fire this morning in Chicago." Or if a steamer is a day or two overdue there'll be no worrying about her, for the moment she breaks her shaft, or casts her rudder, or strikes an iceberg, or gets into any of those other manifold troubles of the deep, she'll wire us to that effect. Then off something will be sent to the rescue, and knowing her exact location, they won't have to search the seven seas to find her.

The daily ocean newspaper is on the eve of its arrival. A little more "fattening of the spark" by Marconi, and it will be here. At present the wireless outfit is only strong enough to transmit a perfect message within a radius of three hundred miles, so that vessels can only receive or send news when, at either end of the voyage, they are within that distance from some shore station. But as the Italian inventor has about succeeded in sending signals some 1,500 miles, or half way across the Atlantic, the daily paper is an assured fact of the near future.

Marine journalism is nothing new. For the last ten years or so they have been getting out, more or less regularly, on the big boats, toward the end of the voyage, a little news sheet, giving merely the events of the trip, with a joke or two and an occasional picture, if any famous and obliging artist chanced to be aboard. But prior to the invention and adoption of the wireless service, there was, of course, nothing in the way of telegraphic despatches giving the day's news of the world. The first newspaper that actually contained despatches of this sort had the honor to be edited and issued by Marconi himself. It was a chance inspiration that came to him on board the St. Paul when she was about a day's run from the English coast, on the 15th of November, 1899. He was testing his latest instrument by having a wireless talk with his Needles station. In the course of the

USED MEN AT THE OFFICE UP AND TIRED OUT WOMEN IN THE HOME CHILDREN AT SCHOOL

Every day in the week and every week in the year men, women and children feel all used up and tired out.

The strain of business, the cares of home and social life and the task of study cause terrible suffering from heart and nerve troubles. The efforts put forth to keep up to the modern "high pressure" mode of life in this age soon wears out the strongest system, shatters the nerves and weakens the heart.

Thousands find life a burden and others an early grave. The strain on the system causes nervousness, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faint and dizzy spells, skip beats, weak and irregular pulse, smothering and sinking spells, etc. The blood becomes weak and watery and eventually causes decline.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

are indicated for all diseases arising from a weak and debilitated condition of the heart or of the nerve centres. Mrs. Thos. Hall, Keldon, Ont., writes: "For the past two or three years I have been troubled with nervousness and heart failure, and the doctors failed to give me any relief. I decided at last to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and I would not now be without them if they cost twice as much. I have recommended them to my neighbors and friends."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills 50 cts. per box or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers, or The C. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

test, the land station sent him some interesting news items about things that had happened while the St. Paul was crossing. It occurred to him that these items might be put in type by the ship's printer and run off in the form of a little news sheet. So it was done, on the spot, and that day saw the birth of the first ocean publication that ever carried telegraphic despatches. They called it the Transatlantic Times. It was only ten inches by eight in size, folded once, in the middle, and printed on the two inside pages. On the top of the few copies that were run off Marconi wrote his signature. The whole thing was so much of a curiosity that every copy was sold at once, despite the fact that a dollar each was charged for them. The proceeds went to swell the Seaman's Fund. Two of the most important despatches it contained told the passengers of the loss of the U.S.A. cruiser Charleston, and of the bombardment of Kimberley with its humorous result of the destruction of one tin pot.

The next paper to appear on the Atlantic was "The Marconi Bulletin," on board the Philadelphia, en route to England, April 29, 1903. The interim since the first and only issue of the "Times" had been devoted to the perfecting of the wireless service.

There is no telling at present to what new and unexpected usages the wireless business may be put for the benefit and entertainment of travellers, but two at least of them were forecasted in recent incidents that transpired on some of the liners. The following paragraph from "The Cunard Bulletin" tells of one of them:

"One of the saloon passengers left his home in a hurry to catch the Etruria, and when embarking suddenly discovered that he had left his purse behind him. There being no time to go back, he wired his bankers, instructing them to cable \$250 to be handed to him at Queenstown. When the Etruria was about a hundred miles from Sandy Hook, the following wireless message was received on board, from New York, via the Finland which had left New York after the Etruria: 'Have arranged Cunard pay you \$250, Queenstown. Bon voyage.' The money was duly paid over at Queenstown to the much elated passenger."

The other incident was that somewhat remarkable one of a game of chess being played by means of a wireless between two ships going at full speed in mid-Atlantic. It so fell out that the St. Paul and Minnetonka, both bound westward, steamed along side by side for several days. Although so far apart as to be out of sight of each other, the wireless operators were easily able to have a chat all the time. On the second day the vessels were together it occurred to someone that a game of chess was within the range of possibility, so a team on the St. Paul challenged one on the Minnetonka. The challenge was immediately taken up. The game lasted four hours, resulting in a defeat for the St. Paul. It was played as perfectly and as readily as if the men were all on the boat in the same smoking room.

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His 1905 Open Letter

MR. W. J. GAGE TELLS OF THE GROWTH OF THE CONSUMPTIVE HOSPITALS IN MUSKOKA

Accommodation at Free Hospital Increased by Twenty-five Beds

URGENT CALL FOR FUNDS TO MEET INCREASED BURDEN FOR MAINTENANCE

Dear Friend:—

Contributions from rich and poor, young and old, received by the Free Hospital for Consumptives, tell of the love and charity toward the great work carried on in Muskoka.

Thousands from all parts of Canada not only sent their "God bless the work" but their money also to help to answer their prayers.

The poor widow out of her hard-earned savings, telling how her own heart was made lonely through the dread scourge, as well as the rich insurance companies, have sent their gifts.

2,000 patients have been cared for since the opening of our Homes in Muskoka. 560 of these were treated in the Free Hospital. 150 patients in these two Homes to-day, show how this life-saving work has grown.

Premier Whitney, replying to a large deputation in the interests of the National Sanitarium Association, stated that "personally he thought \$100,000 would not be too much for the Government to set apart for this work."

Seventy-five patients to be cared for in the Muskoka Free Hospital for

Consumptives means a large weekly outlay. The Trustees accept this obligation, believing the needed money will be forthcoming.

The world is full of good and generous people ready to give. But they want to be sure that their money is wisely spent. In no other place can your money do so much good.

The growing knowledge of the contagious character of the disease has made the lot of the consumptive poor a hard one.

The Muskoka Free Hospital is today the only place where a sufferer in the early stages of consumption is admitted free.

Will you not help to save the life of a sick one to whom all other doors are closed?

What greater blessing could crown your giving, than the knowledge that it helps to snatch a fellow-being from the very jaws of death?

\$50,000 is wanted for the coming year. Will you join in this greatest of all charities?

Faithfully yours, **W. J. GAGE.**

Toronto, Can.

Beautiful Thoughts

Life's real heroes and heroines are those who bear their own burdens bravely, and give a helping hand to those around them.

We may be pretty certain that persons whom all the world treats ill deserve the treatment they get. The world is a looking glass, and gives back to everyone the reflection of their own face. Frown at it and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it, and with it, and it is a kind and pleasant companion; and so let all take their choice.

Never cast aside your friends if by any possibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one through petty jealousy or heedless slight. Would you throw away a diamond because it is scratched you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of the earth.

When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the woman who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and, if you are young, depend upon it it will tell when you

are old; and if you are old, it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity.

There is only one key to success, and that is perseverance. Let nothing daunt you, and if really in earnest and resolved to conquer, you must win.

Never did any soul do good but it came readier to do the same again with more enjoyment; and never was magnanimity practised but with unceasing joy, which made the practiser still more in love with the fair act.

To lose self-control is to lose the key to any situation. No man, who cannot hold himself in hand can expect to hold others. It has been well said that, in any discussion or disagreement with another, if you are in the wrong you cannot afford to lose your temper, and if you are in the right, there is no occasion to.

Or, as a lawyer has wittily put it, "Possession is nine points of the law; self-possession is ten."

All men have their frailties, and whoever looks for a friend without imperfection will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

Have courage enough to review your own conduct, to condemn it where you detect your own faults, to amend it to the best of your ability, to make good resolves for your future conduct and to keep them.

OBSTINATE COUGHS AND COLDS.

The Kind That Stick. The Kind That Turn To BRONCHITIS. The Kind That End In CONSUMPTION.

Do not give a cold the chance to settle on your lungs, but on the first sign of it go to your druggist and get a bottle of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pains in the Chest, Hoarseness, or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. Mrs. Conshaw, 43 Claremont Street, Toronto, writes: "I wish to thank you for the wonderful good Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has done for my husband and two children. It is a wonderful medicine, it is so healing and soothing to a distressing cough. We are never without a bottle of it in the house." Don't accept a substitute for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cents, at all dealers.