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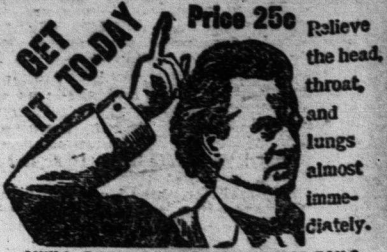
a chorus of twenty beautiful and accomplished show girls, who have been selected with particular reference to their personal charms and their accomplishments, as singers and dancers. In the company are such well-known artists as the Baker Troupe, Mitchell and Cain, The Brownings, Gertrude DeMott and many others. Matinees will be given every day.

COMING TO THE PRINCESS.

There is no one ever hears of it, E. S. Willard is more of an autocrat on his stage than even Richard Mansfield is on his. Mr. Willard's method is one of quiet decision. He is not given to making rows, but when he gives a direction no one ever thinks of arguing the point with him. He studies a play weeks before beginning rehearsals, considering every point and marking out his course, and deciding what is best to do. A rehearsal is conducted along these prearranged lines. When he and Henry Arthur Jones were associated in the management of the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, a difference of opinion arose between them over some bit of business in "The Middleman," then rehearsing. Mr. Jones, or author, insisted that Mr. Willard had not got the right idea of the incident. After listening in silence for some time, Mr. Willard said with a smile: "You might as well agree with me, for I'm going to do it my way anyhow." The second night after the production Mr. Jones came to him and said: "The first night you were right and I withdraw my opposition."

The first joint work of George Ade, the Indiana humorist and Gustav Lunders, "The Sho Gun," will be offered by Henry W. Savage as the attraction in this city at the Princess Theatre next week, and the production, intact, as it was given in Boston, Chicago and New York, will be given, together with one of the most brilliant casts ever organized and one of the most beautiful choruses ever gotten together. "The Sho Gun," is an opera treating of American methods of expansion, it is a satire upon current events, particularly as regards their advent in the far east and the satire is in Mr. Ade's very best vein. The music is quite the most scholarly yet attempted by M. Lude, who is "Pino of Pilsen" and "Woodland" are notable examples of his facility in musical construction. The case of "The Sho Gun" includes John E. Henshaw, Christie MacDonald, William C. Weedon, Agnes Caine Brown, E. B. Martindell, May Ten Broeck, T. C. Leary, E. P. Parsons, Henry Taylor and others.

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AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS

The popularity of the late Jules Verne's novels was world-wide, on account of the unique and clever combination of scientific phrases with imaginative incidents and developments, which, although they were astounding, were so worked out that they gave the impression of possibility. Perhaps by chance, perhaps by foresight, several of his predictions, which at the time of their publication were regarded as ridiculous, have been realized. In his "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," he advanced the possibility of a submarine boat long before plans for one were drawn. Years ago he wrote about automobiles and airplanes, using them as the basis for highly imaginative stories. His piece of fiction, "Around the World in Eighty Days," set a mark for travelers which has been beaten repeatedly since the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway. Jules Verne was proud to know that his predictions came true. A few years ago he said to an interviewer: "I was the first to mention a submarine vessel. Now no navy can do without torpedo boats; so, after all, poets are not necessarily dreamers, but rather chroniclers of the past and prophets of the future." He died a disappointed man. Millions read his writings, which were translated even into Arabic and Persian, and he longed to become a member of the French Academy, but the Forty Immortals declined to admit him, although his name was often proposed. That was because he did not seek to make literature. His stories depended entirely on incident for their success; there was no character drawing in them. He was born in Nantes, France, on February 8, 1828, and was therefore seventy-seven years old. He studied law, but the literary element in his nature dominated, and when he started out to support himself he tried to write plays. In 1850 he attempted a comedy in verse called "Les Faillies Rompues," but it was not a success. It was not until 1863, when he was thirty-five, that he wrote anything successful. Then he finished his first novel, "Five Weeks in a Balloon," which was published in Hetzel's Magazine of Education and Recreation. The publisher recognized in the author the creator of a new idea, that of scientific and geographic romance, and proposed a long contract by which Verne should produce for him two novels a year. It is said that the contract was drawn for fifty years and that the price paid to the author was \$4000. Verne accepted it and was bound by it for the rest of his life. His publisher, however, was somewhat lenient with the victim of his hard bargain, and it is said that he gave Verne a part of the profits of the succeeding books, although he was not bound to do so. Although nearly blind, the author was at work until lately on the two novels which were to have been brought out this year.

In 1885 one of Jules Verne's nephews went suddenly mad and shot at him twice. One of the bullets struck Verne in the leg, and the wound, from which he never fully recovered, made it impossible for him to walk much. It also prevented him from traveling as he had done. One of the presents made by his publisher was a yacht, in which he visited many countries before his accident. He was quick to find ideas in scientific publications, and his home was filled with reports, books and pamphlets of every description, as well as electrical apparatus, models of machinery, and geographical works. All of these he studied closely. He did a certain amount of writing every day, and was very painstaking, making correction after correction in his manuscript, and then revising his work again, in the proof sheets. He declared that he could not work fast, but in spite of that fact his two novels a year were turned out with regularity. His original inspiration was derived from reading as a boy the story of "Baron von Munchausen." "His ridiculous adventures," said Verne, "made me think that stories along a somewhat similar line could be written in a serious manner, and I set to work." In 1853 he married Honore Dufrenoy, and their married life was a happy one. They had two daughters and a son, all of whom married. In 1903 it became known that he was fast becoming blind. A distinguished oculist urged him to submit to an operation, but he declined, saying that he was too old to undergo one. He lived for years at Amiens in an unpretentious way.

Judging from the Easter (April) number of The Canadian Magazine, no person would accuse that publication of a lack of enterprise. The special colored cover, the beautiful colored illustrations, and the excellent quality of the material, combine to make this issue a notable one. Katherine Hale writes glowingly of Michelangelo's famous frescoes in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, and the striking centerpiece, The Creation of Man, is the subject of the frontispiece. Albert R. Casman, another Canadian journalist, describes the Petit-Trianon and the peculiar circumstances under which it was constructed for Louis XVI. The Motor Car of 1905 is a timely article with numerous illustrations. The six large reproductions of Russo-Japanese war scenes, made direct from original photographs, are valuable and instructive. There are short stories by W. A. Fraser, Theodore Roberts and Isabel Eccleston Mackay, an instalment of the story of the War of 1812, a translation from the Russian, and the usual well-packed departments. The poetry of the number is contributed by Dr. Thompson (of St. Francis Xavier College), Florence MacLure, Vernon Nott, Ingis Morse and Virna Sheard—all well-known Canadian writers. Every patriotic citizen may take pride in this issue of the national publication.

A worthy subject for a powerful pen is the life of Pere Lacombe, a Wilderness Apostle of the North, which Miss Agnes C. Laut contributes to April Outlook. Bravest and best-beloved of missionaries, Lacombe lived for half a century among the Indians, nursing them through plagues, fighting by them in their wars and teaching them a religion they could understand. Widely different from this is E. J. O. Alsop's account of the Holy City of the Hindus, with vivid photographs and descriptions of the strange customs of these remote people. House-boat Life on the Mississippi, by Clifton Johnson, tells of strange modes of living nearer home. Household econ-



Nat Goodwin, who returns to the Princess Theatre next week after a long absence from Toronto.

omy is brought down to an astonishingly low point on this river, where the voyager collects his own wood, catches a dinner of fish and pays no rent. Spring Work in the Garden, a practical and really helpful article for the amateur gardener, could not have come more seasonably. It tells of hot beds, cold frames and tools; laying out a garden, planting flowers, raising vegetables and fruits, and finally gives many hints for keeping a good lawn. Stalking Owls with a Camera is a difficult feat, but has successfully accomplished by Herbert K. Job, who presents a striking series of photographs, and tells how he took them. Followers of the kennel should read The Up-to-date Fox Terrier, with its many pictures of show dogs. A writer on the art of fencing deplores the fact that it is so neglected in this country and points to it as a source of great pleasure. A number of the foremost French swordsmen are pictured. Frauds in Horse Dealing, by Wilfr. P. Pond, shows that the methods of high finance are not unknown to stable hands. Arthur Chapman tells us more of the wild life in the cow towns before they were tamed in Billy the Kid—A Man All Bad. Then in the departments we find our old friend, John Burroughs, attacking a would-be animal writer: Dan Beard telling how to build a Land and Water Aquarium; William C. Harris advising where to fish and what to wear; and Ralph D. Paine writing about the School and College World. From cover to cover it is an artistic, entertaining, practical magazine, and should find a place in the hands of every magazine reader this month.

Isaac Watts (Southampton, England, July 17, 1674—London, Nov. 25, 1749) is called the father of English Hymnody, preceding Charles Wesley in point of time, and probably surpassing him in the sustained quality and popularity of his work. He was an Independent, or Congregational, preacher, debarred from the universities for his religious views, and hindered in his work by infirmity and illness. He began the versification of the Psalms when he was 18 years of age, and he published the complete work when he was 45. He also wrote a great deal of other religious poetry; all the great collections show more of his hymns than of any other writer. It is hard to realize that the author of the much-quoted "Divine and Moral Songs for Children" is also the writer of the sublime hymn, "The Wonderful Cross." Some authorities consider it the finest hymn in the English language, while the rest place it second only to Toplady's "Rock of Ages." There are four great hymns which are printed in more collections, translated into more tongues and used in more congregations than any others; they are: "The Wonderful Cross," "Rock of Ages," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "O Son of God." These four were written within the space of 100 years, the one by Watts being the first of them.

When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My soul's great debt is paid,
And my great guilt is hid.

Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
In death of Christ, my God,
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

"The Lure of the Labrador Wild," by Dillon Wallace, is the thrilling story of Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., and the author, who, accompanied by a half-breed guide, attempted to reach and explore the Lake Michikamau section of Labrador. From the start the fates seemed to hinder in many ways the success of the expedition. Definite information concerning the best trails leading to this section seemed to be impossible, and there was much delay in making the start. The expedition was unfortunate in selecting a very difficult course, which included many swift rapids and long portages, and the heavy loads the three explorers were obliged to carry greatly retarded their progress and weakened their powers of endurance. The country seemed almost destitute of game, and the distance from supply points made their hardships the greater, and but for the fish they were able to catch, starvation would have compelled an almost immediate return. When in sight of Lake Michikamau the season had so far advanced and their food supply had diminished to such an extent that they were obliged to retrace their steps. The retreat to civilization is a record of suffering that seems incredible. Hubbard became so weakened from lack of food that the other members of the party were urged to press forward to obtain relief. Wallace secured a few pounds of mouldy flour and attempted to return to the relief of Hubbard, but was overtaken by a severe snowstorm and lost his way, and was rescued by the relief party in an almost famished condition. The relief party which had been started by the faithful guide reached the other explorer, Hubbard, too late to afford assistance, as he had probably died within a short time after he had been left by his companions. The results of the expedition seem hardly warranted by the hardships experienced and the loss of life which followed. It is doubtful if there has been since the days of the early arctic explorations such examples of the extremities to which men can be reduced by starvation as are given in this unfortunate venture.

Jack London's new book, "The War of the Clouds," is described as a collection of essays dealing with the latest subject of to-day—the world-wide revolt of the working classes. This revolt has assumed the form of a struggle between the capitalist class and the working class. The prize for which they struggle is the world, its wealth, power and governments. It is a battle of ideas, of religion, of philosophy, of politics and of physical prowess. Clubs, bricks, injunctions, Gatling guns, infernal machines, economic arguments, ethical appeals, biological demonstrations and scientific and philosophic contentions, according to the nationality, are a few of the weapons of the fighters. No more bizarre, no more earnest, no more deep-seated and widespread revolution has ever occurred, in Mr. London's view. The aim of the essays is to analyze the situation, as he sees it, and to present it in its elementary aspect.

It is a somewhat interesting fact to note that a correspondent of sundry English journals, Lieut. Colonel Hastings E. Hicks, in a letter addressed to them on Jan. 6 last, shortly after the fall of Port Arthur, foretold with an exactness, that should give him a place among the prophets, the future movements of the Japanese forces, and the results that would follow. General Nogi, with the Port Arthur troops, would push along, he predicted, on the right flank of Kuropatkin's army. At the same time a big turning movement would be made on the Russian centre and left flanks to distract attention and cause Kuropatkin to reinforce his left and centre. "By this means General Nogi will be enabled to get in rear of the Russian flank and to cut the lines of communication, when nothing will be left for Kuropatkin but the surrender of his whole force." The final result has not yet been effected in terms, but things have so far progressed largely in the direction of its fulfillment. All of which rather vindicates the present prophet at the expense of the saying, "Don't prophesy unless you know."

Miss Marie Corelli is again to figure in the near future as a censor of public morals. She will do so by means of "Free Opinions Freely Expressed on Certain Phases of Modern Social Life and Conduct." The volume will include chapters on "Fagan London," "The Vulgarities of Wealth," "Coward Adam," "Accused Eve," "Society and Sunday," "The Soul of the Nation" and other phenomena which Miss Corelli has presumably observed from her fastness at Stratford-on-Avon. Some of the chapters have already appeared in "The By-stander." The book will be published by Messrs. Constable some time this month.

The books of William Le Queux always afford exhilarating reading to those who hanker after excitement and adventure. There is no living writer of fiction, in this particular kind, who can write on mystery and keep the interest going to the very end like the author of "The Mask," the book now under notice. The plot gets more and more involved, the characters are all mysterious, and the author uses for his purposes everything that is strange, fantastic and unnatural. Looked at in the cold light of reason, the adventures are absurd, and the coincidences improbable, but these do not strike the reader at the time. It is sufficient that when he has opened the book he is in the midst of stirring scenes at once, and will rarely put it down until it is finished. The result of such plots is that one never wants to read these books a second time. The riddles are solved, the mysterious has become apparent, and there is nothing further to be learnt. The plot of this particular book has nothing particularly original or startling in it. A young man of ample means and leisure takes part in amateur theatricals as a Roman Catholic priest. Returning from the theatre in these clothes, his own having been mislaid, he is called in to hear the confession of a dying man. Before he can explain he is compelled to listen to a revelation, in which the name of a young lady, Maisie Gwynne, with whom he has already become enamored, is mixed up. Round this young lady there hangs a mystery, which grows in intensity as the book progresses. The hero is so continually being attacked, shot at, or knocked on the head, that one wonders that there is anything of him left. Buried treasure, a cryptogram, and two burglaries help to keep up the excitement to the close, when explanations and general clearing up of mystery and consequent happiness result.

General Kuropatkin, whose present predicament is, perhaps, the most unenviable one that has fallen to the lot of any military leader of modern times, although altogether unlike that of General Sir Redvers Buller in South Africa, was an officer of some distinction so far back as thirty years ago. A quarter of a century ago he produced a book called "Kashgaria," in which he told, with much soldierly precision, the story of a mission headed by himself to that remote capital of Chinese Turkistan. This instructive book was translated into English by Major Walter Gordon of the Indian army and, after many delays, published at Calcutta in 1882. The recent leader of the Russian forces in the East was then a colonel on the general staff of the imperial Russian army, and has, therefore, held high rank for thirty years. His book cannot be said to betray any originality of character, or any gift in the direction of graceful writing. But it is admirably explicit, thorough, and closely packed with information about the country with which it deals. Regarded as an expression of its author's personality, "Kashgaria" could not be adjudged an illuminating work. It is, perhaps, too soldierly, too official, a production for that. But the book is certainly proof of one of two things. Either Kuropatkin was blessed in the possession of very industrious and observant subordinates, or, as is more clearly indicated by this volume, he was himself thoro, exact and indefatigable in the gleaming of information. His object

was to produce for the guidance of his superiors and fellow-countrymen, a historical and geographical sketch of the country he visited, with working details as to its military strength, industries, and trade, and in this he succeeded to admiration. Here is no hint of the carelessness and inefficiency which has frequently been attributed to the officers of the army which is now being harassed by Marshal Oyama and his colleagues of the Japanese general staff. On the contrary, every page, in its coldly exact adequacy, suggests the work of a keen, shrewd official, a strict disciplinarian and a tirelessly watchful and active soldier, of finely comprehensive mind. No Popinjay could conceivably have written these informing pages. General Kuropatkin was an able man and a keen soldier thirty years ago. Here are a few of his conclusions regarding the military forces of the ruler to whom he was accredited:

"After casting a rapid glance over all that we have said, one cannot but come to the conclusion that the army which Yakoub Bek had, could in no sense be compared with a European army. . . . The spirit of Yakoub Bek's troops could not be considered favorable for undertaking a stubborn fight. Abuses in recruiting (compulsory enlistment, the withholding of stipulated pay, the privations which the men had to undergo at the advanced posts, the presence of masses of Andijans, who were ready after the first failure to abandon their employer and make off to their own country with the goods which they had plundered in Kashgaria); lastly, a struggle with the Chinese, the issue of which could scarcely be doubted by any—all these were the causes which called forth in the ranks of Yakoub Bek's army that indomitable to desert which increased day by day. The condition of the troops at the advanced posts during the winter was woful. The greater portion of them lived in tents made of mats, with 20 degrees of frost on the ground. They had not sufficient warm clothing, and scarcely any fuel."

The relation between much of this and matter which the general might write of existing conditions in the army he commanded until the other day is sufficiently obvious. The following paragraph indicates very much the sort of confidence entertained by the majority of the Russian generals at the opening of the present disastrous war in the east:

"With regard to the opposition which at this particular epoch a Russian army marching on Kashgaria would encounter, it may be said that such an opposition would detain us only during the time that it would take to march thru the mountainous tracts for the purpose of capturing Tashghar and certain other fortified points. In the open field, Yakoub Bek's army could be as easily defeated and scattered as have been the hosts of Kokan, Bokhara and Khiva, when these have met our Turkish troops at Indjar, Tchapanata, Zeraboolak, Chandir and Makhrum."

Little Talk Helped.

From The Chicago Journal.
"Remember, my son, that effort counts. There is an axiom which says, 'All may do what by man has been done.'"

Model Husband.

From The Columbus Despatch.
"And here we have the champion meek man of the earth," shouted the dime museum lecturer.
"In what way is he meek?" queried the onlooker in Curiosity Hall.
"Why, he let his wife cut her hair for six months to save enough to buy her an Easter hat."

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