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## William Chapman Honored

BY "CRUX."

URING the past twenty years the name of William Chapman has been coming to the front as a French-Canadian poet. To-day, without a

doubt, he easily stands "foremost amongst the first." Whether it be that his name has a certain degree of influence against him, or that his work bears such a distinctively religious and positively Catholic tone, or whether it be for other causes, the fact remains that Chapman has had a steep hill to climb and a thousand obstacles to overcome. In the first place, he is a self-educated man—the more to his credit; then he has been obliged to devote many years of his life to the study of French literature in all its phases and forms; and, finally he was poor, without a profession, and with no financial foundation whereon to erect the structure of his future. In other words, he was obliged to toil and to deive a-lone in order to gain a mere livelihood. Then, there appeared to have arisen a certain feeling that I might fairly characterize as literary jealousy, in his regard. A regular conspiracy of silence seemed to reign. The real cause of this strange attitude of brother-writers, towards one whom all Canada recognized as a great national poet, would seem to be the resentment felt on account of the frank and independent manner in which he pointed out the shortcomings and faults of several aspirants to literary fame. Year after year and even week after week, in reviews, in periodicals, in daily newspapers appeared his delightful productions. Individuals admired them, the public became more and more charmed, all wondered at the fecundity and ever increasing strength of his muse; and yet the critics, the men of letters, they who would be supposed to have first felt a thrill of pride in this new star that was slowly but surely ascending the sky of Canadian literature, had no word to say and kept perfectly silent, and practically ignored the poet and his works. By no means discouraged, Chapman simply retired to his study and held communion with the muses, and found consolation in the association of grand ideas and in the exquisite pleasure of weaving them into verse and sending them forth on their mission of patriotism and love to gladden the hearts of the sad and to illumine the pathway of the erring or the unfortunate.

But eventually talent finds its level; merit finally challenges recognition; and Chapman has suddenly discovered that the recompense comes from a quarter whence it was least expected and whence it carries the greatest possible weight and importance—it comes from France. Some time ago, realizing the truth of the old saying that "no man is a prophet in his own country," Chapman decided to gather together his poems, to select those of them that would most clearly reflect Canada, Canadian life, and Canadian aspirations, and to carry his volume to Paris for publication. Since then the poems have passed through the hands of some of the foremost literary critics of France. The volume will be published in a few months hence, and it is no exaggeration to say, judging from the evidence before us, that it will take France by storm. French poetry has been in a lamentable state of decadence for at least a quarter of a century, and the arrival from beyond the seas, of a new spirit, of one calculated to revive the vanished splendors of the early nineteenth century, cannot fail to produce a deep impression over there, while raising to his rightful rank the humble and wonderfully gifted French-Canadian poet.

France has already honored French-Canadian literatures; French critics have praised Canada and honored this land with pages of eulogy suggested by the writings of Canada's sons. But never before have the works, the actual poems of a French-Canadian received the praise that is being accorded to the productions of Chapman. In other instances the poems seemed to suggest grand thoughts of and to awaken kind sentiments towards Canada; but in Chapman's case, the country and all its associations are merely secondary to the poems—it is the work of the poet that is admired.

I have before me at this moment, the last issue of "L'Art," the most artistic and exclusive review of

of Mr. F. L'Homme, a most remarkable article on Chapman and his book. Mr. L'Homme is a professor at the University of France, and the author of the "Comedie d'aujourd'hui," the most powerfully written review and criticism of the poets, dramatists, journalists, novelists and prose writers of France, that has appeared since the dawn of the last century. He wields a rod of iron, and he castigates without mercy the immoral, the puerile, the decadent writers of the day; he exposes their shortcomings, their literary errors, their sins against all that is true, and grand, and beautiful; he has no compassion, no sympathy for the humbug music or the catch-penny charlatan of literature. Yet, it is this man, this terrible castigator of inferiority and of mediocrity, who publishes in "L'Art," the magnificent study of Chapman and his poems, which I translate, and which I ask the "True Witness" to publish—both as a marvel of criticism and as a just tribute to a Canadian of merit.

Under the heading "A Canadian Poet," Mr. L'Homme writes thus:—"The poets complain that they are no longer read, and they are right in that, but they will not admit that it is their own fault and that they are in the wrong. During the first half of the nineteenth century lyric poetry was the delight of the lettered ones; it was passionately loved, and our poets received honors such as their predecessors never experienced. Their poetry had the wisdom of not confining itself within the conchaves of authors; it did not boast of nothing down, in an incomprehensible language, rare sensations and sentiments of a very special character; it sang of our joys and our sorrows, and it knew how to revive in sonorous tones our triumphs and our defeats. In our day it has lost everything—inspiration, rhythm, eloquence; our poets, for the most part, find their glory in being understood; they praise themselves and they get themselves praised; but they no longer reach the public; that public knows well that they are no longer of this world and full of indifference just passes them by."

"That poetry which is dying out with us, and which in its impotency goes back to the trivial and complicated rhythms that are so dear to the infirm minds of a decadent age, finds elsewhere the fine qualities that are lacking in it here. The French-Canadians have not been content to preserve the language of their ancestors and to defend it against the stranger; they were not willing to simply read the books that sprang from the motherland; they have made a literature of their own, for themselves; they have their poets, their novelists, their orators. Their works have the abundant sap of youth; they are at once severe and strong; while inspiration animates and vibrates their chords. There verses flow broad and pure like the giant rivers of their land. It is with a deep joy and a penetrating charm that we discover in those poems, which come to us from afar, the clearness, the strength, the harmony of those who have been our masters. I experience that joy and that charm in reading the "Aspirations," of Mr. Chapman, a Canadian poet of the most rare merit. Mr. Chapman sings the wonders of his native land; he tells of his great emotions in presence of the grand lakes and the majestic rivers; he celebrates the heroism of the hardy pioneers who cut down the vast forests and carried on the propaganda of civilization in the Northland. He is religious in spirit, as are all good Canadians. His thoughts freely turn towards his ancestors who lived in the region of Picardy. His mother bequeathed to him, with a taste for the beautiful and a love for the good, a devotion, that nothing can lessen, for the old soil of France, the glories of which he reiterates and the misfortunes of which he deplores. A generous soul breathes through his verses; they possess movement, color and precision, because they are born of enthusiasm. To glorify France he has accents at once deep and resounding; they are touching and they go to the heart. He is of those who preserve intact their devotion to the country and who, without ostentation or vain boasting, without a word of unkindness for the stranger, know how to be simply French. He loves our tongue, such as our fathers had shaped it to correspond with their minds—that is to say, clear, upright, antagonistic to all equivocation, and made, as it were, to be the organ of reason and common sense. His poetry, nobly lyrical, can be caressing and mild. It takes all manner of tones, and with ease; it stings all generous feelings; it fortifies and it consoles; it is, for all upright souls, the perfect expression of their dearest thoughts."

"The critic, do what he may, is incapable of properly praising the real poet. His words bear beyond analysis; they possess qualities the value of which the reader can feel, but cannot express; in the present case we have not to do with a movement, nor an intrigue, nor simply related facts; it is the human soul, itself, that becomes revealed and is communicated. Mr. Chapman belongs to the family of the great poets; he has their power and their inspiration. If his enthusiasm carries him away, his good taste holds him back and enables him to select. I want to him come, of himself, before the readers of France."

Mr. L'Homme then quotes from the book that is about to be published; and we can say with assurance that an introduction to the European world by such a master as Mr. L'Homme, is a guarantee of Chapman's coming triumph.

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## Bishop McQuaid On Cemeteries.

At a recent convention of Cemetery Superintendents, which was held in Flower City, last week, Bishop McQuaid made the following remarks:—"I am the superintendent of a cemetery, and I differ from you in that I am unpaid. The Catholic cemeteries are not what they should be. When I came to this city thirty-five years ago, the Church-cemetery was in a lamentable condition. It was a specimen of those cemeteries where thistles and weeds grow up over the graves in abundance. As I proposed to found a cemetery, I studied the question by visiting various ones throughout the country. I began with a capital of \$200, but I had good credit, and at once bought over \$1,000 worth of land."

"The aim in the setting of the cemetery was to set the trees so as to obstruct an extended view, so as to prevent the appearance of a marble yard. I told the assistant that I desired the cemetery to be beautiful and studied. We planted choice trees, with ample room for their growth. In one spot in the grounds there are eighteen varieties of elms, which are all labeled with their proper names. As well as being a burial place, the grounds should also be serviceable in education. The result is a cemetery to which no other can be compared."

"Respect for the dead is thought by the Church. And the priests are instructed to keep their parish cemetery in good order. Our cemetery was made beautiful; it was a park cemetery. You will find children in the park every day in summer and the poor often spend hours in the rest and quiet at the grounds."

"Our cemeteries cannot compare with those of Europe; they are decorated with stately mausoleums and imposing monuments. I despise this vanity. Let us all, rich or poor, follow the words, 'Dust to dust.' This is the only method which should be practiced to-day."

## CATHOLIC PRESS.

We all have hopes of better times, and we are confident that a more really Catholic spirit will yet arise to make success, smile upon Catholic journalism.

## Patent Report.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian and American Governments through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Que., and Washington, D.C. Information regarding any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

## CANADA.

Nos.  
81,670—Felix Mesnard, New Glasgow, Que. Vehicle wheel.  
82,150—Philias Bells, Montreal, P. Q. Process for making pasted leather stock.  
82,151—Philias Belle, Montreal, P. Q. Machine for making pasted leather stock.

## UNITED STATES.

Nos.  
737,646—Joseph Moreau, St. Germain de Grantham, P. Q. Rossing machine.  
738,092—Messrs. Black & Worrall, Halifax, N.S. Fruit sizer.  
738,150—Benjamin O. Beland, Montreal, P.Q. Leather joint.  
738,417—Pierre Danereau, Montreal, P.Q. Axle nut.  
738,944—Alfred Rioux, Toronto, Ont. Mower bar.

## Old Letters.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

This week I must take a departure from the track I have been following for sometime back; for two reasons; firstly, I have exhausted my supply on agriculture, and secondly, I have no really original letter at hand—nor can I reach my next bundle for some days to come. However, I have in my possession what is equally good, just as interesting, and possibly more instructive. I was, at one time, in close correspondence with a good French priest—we exchanged letters every two weeks—and he used to often send me scraps from the writings of others, either to explain the subject of his letters or else to instruct me in some of the beauties of literature. Amongst these I find a letter in which he enclosed me a description of a parish priest, written by Lamartine. I know not from what part of that author's works he took it, nor am I certain that it ever appeared in any of his compiled writings. But that does not matter, for it neither adds to nor takes from its value. The priest with whom I corresponded has now been dead a good many years. He was at one time well known and beloved in Canada. His last letter came to me from Lyons, in France, and the last words of it were: "Never yield to a temptation without first saying a short prayer—the time you take to say the prayer will suffice to conquer the temptation." I merely repeat this line, as an evidence of the keen mind and pious heart of that good man—God's rest to his soul.

In the letter in which he enclosed the above-mentioned account of the parish priest he said: "There is something very sweet in this refined picture of the priest. It is a perfect index to the influence of Christianity—that is Catholicity—upon the world and upon civilization. As a critic once recounted these blessings, they consist in the abolition of slavery, the propagation of moral and dogmatic truths, the establishment of the sway of true charity, the regeneration of the home through the respect for womanhood, the reformation of barbarous laws and customs, the abolition of all errors and the annihilation of tyranny." After such a passage one would naturally expect a beautiful selection, and I think this account of the parish priest by Lamartine will be acknowledged as such.

THE PARISH PRIEST.—(The following is simply my translation, as is what has gone before, for our correspondence was in French.)

"In every parish there is a man who has no family, but who belongs to all the families; a man who is called upon as a witness, as an adviser, or as an agent in all the most solemn acts of civil life; without whom one cannot be born, nor die; who takes a man in his mother's arms and only leaves him at the grave; who blesses or consecrates the cradle, the nuptial couch, the death bed and the coffin; a man whom the little children learn to love, to venerate and to fear; whom strangers even salute as 'father'; at whose feet Christians lay down their most private difficulties and shed their most secret tears; a man who, by profession, is the consoler in all the sufferings of soul and of body, the intercessor, by duty, of the wealthy and of the indigent, and at whose door both rich and poor, each in turn, knock—the rich to leave a secret alms, the poor to receive it without a feeling of shame; who, belonging to no social rank, is equally attached to all classes,—to the lower classes by his humble life and poverty, to the higher classes, by his education, knowledge and the elevation of sentiments which a philanthropic religion inspires and ordains; a man, in fine, who knows everything, who has the right to say everything, and whose words fall from on high upon the minds and hearts of the people, with all the authority of a divine mission and with the certitude of a complete faith."

"Christianity is a divine philosophy written in two ways:—As history in the life and death of Christ, as precepts in the sublime teachings that He brought into the world. These two expressions of Christianity, the word and the example are united in the New Testament, or Gospels. The parish priest must always have it in his hand, always before his eyes, always in his heart. A good priest is a living commentary of that divine book. Each one of the

mysterious words of that book answers with exactness to the thought that questions it and comprises a practical and social meaning which illumines and vivifies the course taken by man. There is no moral or political truth that is not to be found as a germ in some passage of the Gospel; all the modern philosophies have commented on one of them, and then have forgotten it; philosophy is the offspring of its first and principal precept—charity. Liberty has walked through the world in its track and no degrading servitude could ever survive in its light; political equality is born of the acknowledgment which it has forced us to make of our equality and our fraternity before God; the laws have been made milder, inhuman customs have been abolished, chains have been snapped, and woman has regained her place in the heart of man. According as its voice rang out through the ages, it levelled here an error there a tyranny; and we can say that the present entire world, with its laws, its habits, its institutions, its hopes, is but the evangelical Word more or less incarnated in modern civilization."

"The rest of the priest's life must be spent at the altar, amidst the children, to whom he teaches to lisp the catechism—that ordinary code of the highest philosophy, that alphabet of divine wisdom,—or with his serious studies, amongst his books—that silent society of solitude. At evening, when the sexton has taken the key of the church and the 'Angelus' rings from the spire of the village Church, you may sometimes see the parish priest, with his breviary in his hand, either under the trees of his orchard or along the pathways on the hill slope, drinking in the pure and religious air of the fields, and enjoying that rest purchased by a day of labor, now halting to read a few verses of those sacred psalms, now contemplating the sky or the verdant vales around, and then returning homeward, with slow and measured pace, absorbed in holy and delicious contemplation of nature and of nature's God."

"Such his life and his pleasures: his hair grows white, his hands tremble as he lifts the chalice, his broken voice no longer fills the sanctuary, but still vibrates in the hearts of his flock; he dies, an unscrubbed stone marks his place in the cemetery hard by the door of the Church. Thus does a life pass away. There is a man gone down to perpetual oblivion. But that man has gone to rest in eternity, where his soul had lived in anticipation, and he had done hereby—low that which was best to have done—he had continued on an immortal teaching, he had been a link in an immense chain of faith and of virtue, and he had left to the generations yet unborn a belief, a law, and a God."

Vividly can I recall the sentiments with which I read, for a first time, this sublime and touching passage. The letter that enclosed it was like the familiar voice of an old acquaintance, while this was like the new and delightful tones of a fresh friend to whom the other had just introduced me. I would be doubly repaid if I thought that even one reader would study this graphic picture of the life, the duties, the sacrifices, and the sublime mission of the parish priest. It might serve in having the sentiments of its author multiplied in many other bosoms, and might aid in teaching us how to better appreciate the one whom God and the Church has placed in charge of the parish to which we belong.

## TEMPERANCE NOTES

A TRUE STORY.—"How well Maurice looks," said a young man to a prominent St. Louis clergyman with whom he was conversing on Olive street the other day, speaking about a mutual friend who had just passed them by with a friendly nod to the one and a respectful salutation to the other. "He looks ten years younger than he did a year ago, and his prosperity is evidenced by his appearance. He's evidently in luck."

"Yes, you are right; he is in luck, great luck," replied the priest. "You know, for years Maurice went the pace that destroys and kills. He drank hard. He couldn't hold a position. He became a bar-room loafer. He was, figuratively speaking, in the gutter. Some of his former friends pitied him; others passed him by in silent contempt. He was declared a failure and it was prophesied that his last resting place would be potter's field."

"His father, who had been so proud of him when he was developing into manhood, bowed his head in shame when he saw his once promising son

a miserable victim in the shambles of drink. As you know, he is a man of great dignity of character and much family pride, and he cared not to meet his friends over-zealous sympathy at the downfall of his boy."

"And his poor old mother! Her heart was broken. If she lives a thousand years, Maurice can never repay her with a wealth of the most tender affection and deep filial love for all the pain he caused her in his wild days. He will never know of the many nights of anguish she spent when he was off with his drinking companions; he will never know that her hair whitened prematurely as a result of his unhappy conduct; he will never know of the scalding tears that coursed their way down her cheeks as she prayed nightly at her bedside that God in His goodness would turn her wayward boy's footsteps back to the narrow path; he will never know how often she made the Stations of the Cross that his manhood might be restored; he will never know how many times she requested her pastor to remember him in the solemn Sacrifice. No, Maurice will never realize until he, too, becomes a parent how much pain and sorrow may be occasioned by a child that is travelling the downward road."

"But God in His mercy did listen to that broken-hearted mother's prayers and supplications. A year ago Maurice was induced to make one more effort to brace up and be a man. One of his old-time friends, one who never failed to give him the grasp of friendship in his most forlorn and wretched days, sought him out and implored him to turn over a new leaf. This friend was an active worker in the Knights of Father Mathew. After prolonged insistence he persuaded Maurice to permit his name to be offered for membership in the society. It seemed as if it were God's way of answering his mother's prayers."

"From the moment he consented to become a member of the Knights of Father Mathew Maurice made a most heroic effort to resist the demon temptation of drink. He went to his pastor, who was overjoyed to see him, and told him of his resolution and asked his aid in his hour of trial. He was counseled that his only and permanent strength would lay in Divine assistance."

"However, to be brief, Maurice went to confession and communion, and became a member of the Knights of Father Mathew, a stalwart member, too, as his brethren in Council No. — know. Dozens and hundreds of hands were immediately outstretched to help him along the happy and smiling avenue of temperance. He now has a fine position, enjoys the confidence of his employer and, as you said, is in luck, great luck indeed. His father's head is no longer bowed and smiles are in his mother's eyes."

"God bless the Knights of Father Mathew," said the priest as he bade his friend good-day; "may they grow stronger and stronger until their influence in behalf of temperance is felt in the highest councils of the nation."—Western Watchman.

LAY DOWN HIS GLASS. — His Grace Archbishop Kelly gave some wholesome advice at the opening of a new school at Drummeone, Australia, when he said: "Let Irishmen stand to the honor of their country, and give no countenance to those men who are fond of drink and spend their time in public houses. There are Irishmen who said they would lay down their lives for Ireland, and here he would borrow the words of a Bishop who said: 'Give me the man who will lay down his glass for Ireland, and he will do more for her at home and abroad than the man who would go shouting and say, 'I will give my blood.' That man would have a happy home, be happy himself and he would love his children, his wife and his family, and they would have him as their ideal on earth. No matter what befell that man outside, he would have a happy home and a happy eternity. Those poor fellows who did not practice their religion and who were Catholics might be compared to a sore on a man's face which was very ugly and prevented him from going into society, but it did not endanger life."—Catholic Press.

## MONTREAL HARBOR.

Great progress has been made in improving and extending accommodation in the harbor of Montreal during the past few years. The big one million bushel elevator, which has been under course of construction in this city since the spring of 1902, is rapidly being completed, and it is fully expected that by the time the snow falls the massive concern will be ready for use.