THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1904.

Society Directory

Business Cards.

THE

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The following was clipped from the Granite," Boston, Mass. :

" Illustrated in the advertisement of

E. L. Smith & Co., Barre, Vt., on an-other page, is practically their complete plant, with the exception of their der-ricks. Thus Company was the first of

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ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.-Estab-lished March 6th, 1856, incorpor-sted 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Fall, 92 St. Alexan-der street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wed-nesday. Officers : Rev. Director. Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Non-Me. Justice C. J. Doharty. Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.: Treas-urer, Frank J. Green; correspond-ing Secretary, J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SO. CIETTY .- Meets on the second Sun day of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.80 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, W. P. Doyle; Rec. Secy., Jno. P. Gunning, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.-Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Aallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quina, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustia street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.80 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIE. TY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each mon 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser the month, Rev. Father Flynn, C.SS.R.; President, P. Kenehan; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connel; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart,

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.-(Organized 13th November, 1873.-Branch 26 meets at ¹ St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St, Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, P. J. Darcy: President W. F. Wall; Recording Secretary, P. C. McDonagh, 139 Visitation street; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan, 325 St. Urbain street; Trea. surer; J. H. Kelly; Medical Advisers Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connor and G. H. Merrill.

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ly, but she had resolve and she was glad th d go to the chapel and 1 tabernacle the sorrows d not reveal even to h The good nuns going in at eing how devoutly she pr eply touched; they felt t ere choice blessings in sto so devout, but they did ect why she prayed. Agn home and freedom far n e had anticipated, but wh usin's mind turned on H lief, she sought it by tryin triends among the gayest g the school and it was soc hat the old and tried frien her cousin was no dearer to the new ones she was co making. It was noticed th chose her intimates chiefly those who dressed best and to be wealthy. Cecelia w making acquaintances, a the treated all kindly, she mate with few; but those oung ladies of sterling wor it mattered not to her that

them were among the poore school. She made friends them long, but, alas ! poor many to whom she gave her proved in the end not to b as she had anticipated. It bitter lesson to her, but learned and remembered, and came when she was glad to with the companionship of far more wise cousin had ch Both girls were greatly and loved by teachers and ions, but the one flaw in h wise loving character, name pride, robbed Agnes of much steem she would otherwis commanded, and it did not 1 ters any when some mischie on whispered about that A len was an orphan whom th were bringing up, Cecelia, ing the remark, rebuked it i er that prevented its repeti



"Sweet sixteen to-morrow Agnes Cullen drew herself up standing on tiptoe to mal look taller, just as her aunt years before when she was go with Mrs. Daton as a co 'Sweet sixteen to-morrow. hardly seems possible that I ly almost a young lady."

And so am I," said 'Cece ingly: "you need not be so p being a young lady, for I am nes taller than you.' six incl What a misfortune to be feel almost tempted somet try wearing thick-soled sho heels to make me taller "And make yourself look

ridiculous, too." "I would not care if I did then people would not be alw ing me for a little girl and a young lady, when I am siz your senior.'

to price. Our experts are at your disposal, without extra cost. Cap "I would willingly change if I could, Agnes, for I do no ing called a young lady wh GEORGE W, REED & CO., still in school.'

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collection of Canadian poems in the French language, from the pen of William Chapman, of Ottawa. The volume, of some three hunared and fifty pages, is issued from the press Motteroy, Martinet, Paris, and of as far as externals are concerned, is one of the finest samples of the publication art, of which these large Parisian houses have the secret. Beautiful though may be the typographical display and the attractiveness of the press work, the externals are but the ess of the alabaster lamp that holds the divine flame lit by the

Some time ago, unknown almost, and with scarcely an introduction mave that of his poems, Mr. Chapman crossed to France and stood in the heart of literary Paris to compete with the giants of the hour for the coveted palms, that are accorded to works of genuine merit.

Before touching brielly, for space would not permit of a detailed review, upon the literary merits of Mr. Chapman's poems, it may be well to mention that no writer, during the past fifty years, has ever been accorded such an enthusiastic reception as was given to our humble, but truly great Canadian poet. Column upon column of laudatory criticism was penned; page after page of the the leading French reviews told story of the deep and sincere appreciation which he and his works received-an appreciation that cannot be gauged by any standard of money, for it can only be purchased by gen- the world. The most beautiful pasius. That this is no exaggeration we may just recall two facts: that Mr. Chapman was unheard of in France and his poems were absolutely unknown, until, a few months ago, he appeared suddenly, book in hand, in the salons of Paris. Then the press fairy islands in the vast ocean of his rang out, without one discordant note, in praise of the Canadian poet. Among the fifty odd newspapers and reviews that fairly bombarded him with honors, we might mention the the "Republique Francaise," "Revue des Poetes," the "Corres-pondant," "l'Illustration," "l'Art," "Les Livres et les Idees," the "Evenement," the "Mois Litteraire," the "Canada," and the "Paris-Canada." Decidedly this public testimony would suffice to establish the transcendent merits of any new work; but we must add more. Of the scores of eminent litterateurs who received Mr. Chapman with open arms we may ntion Francois Coppee, Jose-Maria de Heredia, Gaston Boissier. Victorien Sardou, Andre Theuriet and Sully Prudhomme, all six members of the French Academy. Of the poets and critics of France, who did in their power to pay homage to the new star that came into their sky from beyond the Atlantic, were F. L'homme, Gustave Zidler, Louis Maigue, Maurice Prox, Achille Pay Jean Lionnet. Lucien Pate. sant, Leonce Depont, Miss Helene Seguin and Miss Marguerite Duportal.

Another celebrity who hastened to honor the Canadian poet was the great painter, Gaston Roullet, and it was the same with the sculptor Bartholdi and Henri Dublois, Bartholdi presented Mr. Chapman with a precious casket containing a fragmen of the bronze used in the creation of the Statue of Liberty-which Bartholdi calls "My big daughter in New York.'

The Minister of Public Instruction glory the heroes of the land,

"Les Aspirations," is the title of a tionality, participate-ior the glory ous poet, Madame Treffeu, widow of Offenbach collaborateur, Edmon Montel de St. Jean, Robillard, Bu ron, Verrier, S. Rocheblanc, E. Lesellier, Raymond de la Barre, Virgil Coste and scores of others names would constitute a veritable litany of France's most competent critics

If we have taken the trouble enter into these details, it is sim ply to accentuate the fact that Chapman's volume of poems must have been a perfect revelation to France The idea of a comparatively unknown

colonist, emerging from the forests of the New World, appearing un heralded in the heart of Paris, and electrifying the most carping critics inwith the magnetic flow of his spired verse, is something that cannot be fully understood - neither by us in Canada nor by the litterati o Europe: yet the cold fact remains and is beyond dispute.

It would be presumption for to attempt any literary review, es pecially any criticism, of a volume that has produced such an effect in the impression that we have found such a centre. But, as we are under the secret of Chapman's charm, we will devote a brief space to a reveal ing of the same.

Apart from the technical perfections of his verses, which must he marvellous to have withstood such a test, there is a spirit in them that is of the soil, that belongs to Canada. that cannot be found elsewhere sages ever penned by Chateaubriand were descriptive of scenes in the New World-sunset off the American coast; a starry night in the forest; meditations within ear-shot of Niagara, and such-like-and they stand out like literary productions. They delighted the Old World, for they had about them the freshness of the New World. If it were so, for a half-dozen pages of Chateaubriand, what must it not be for the one-equally gifted with imagination and powers of expression -who was bo(n here, whose infancy, whose youth, whose more mature years, were passed under the blue of a Canadian sky? Chapman heard the weird moanings of the pines, he rambled along the majestic rivers, he scanned the expanses

our inland seas, he listened to the tumbling of our cataracts, he shivered in the Boreal storms that rush down from the regions of the Hudson Bay, he harkened to the ring of the woodsman's axe on the crisp air of winter, he sat by the fireside of the peasant in his cottage, he floated all down the streams on the olden timber rafts and sang songs (like Moore) to the time of the boatsmen's oars he exulted in the freedom of the prairies, he worshipped God from the summits of our mountains. And in that grand and beautiful volume of the "Aspirations," he poured forth the full tide of his pent-up feelings, and he sang of scenes familie liar to us all in Canada, but ap parently drawn from the realm

romance, as far as the European concerned. His poems had about them the odor of the forest, the roat of the cataract, the whistle of the storm, the charms of the golden sun set, the peace that reigns in the homes of the lowly; they had about them the mists that enshroud



we Canadians, no matter of what na-I count a hundredth birthday; but we dame Lacretelle, widow of the famhe has won reflects upon the land of his birth and of our mutual affection.

Canada's Centenarian Parliamentarian.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

"Age will come on with its winter, Though happiness hideth its snows; And youth has its duty of labor, The birth-right of age is repose

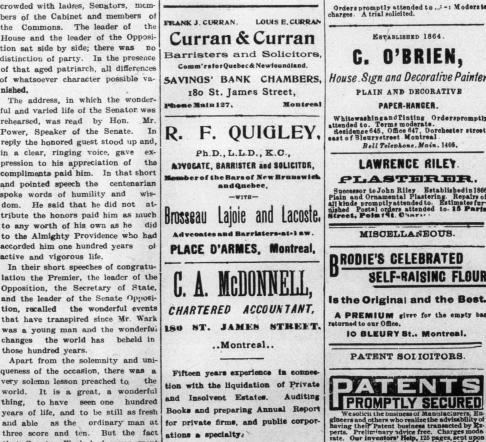
No more unique spectacle was even witnessed in this country, or in any other one, than the presentation in the Senate, at Ottawa, of a picture of himself to the Hon. David Wark. And no more picturesque figure ever graced a throne-seat than did that of the man who has passed his one hundredth birthday. The Senate was crowded with ladres, Senators, mem bers of the Cabinet and members of the Commons. The leader of the House and the leader of the Opposition sat side by side; there was no distinction of party. In the presence of that aged patriarch, all differences of whatsoever character possible vanished. The address, in which the wonder-

ful and varied life of the Senator was rehearsed, was read by Hon. Mr Power, Speaker of the Senate. In reply the honored guest stood up and, in a clear, ringing voice, gave expression to his appreciation of the compliments paid him. In that short and pointed speech the centenarian spoke words of humility and wis dom. He said that he did not at tribute the honors paid him as much to any worth of his own as he did to the Almighty Providence who had accorded him one hundred years of active and vigorous life. In their short speeches of congratu-

lation the Premier, the leader of the Opposition, the Secretary of State, and the leader of the Senate Opposi tion, recalled the wonderful events that have transpired since Mr. Wark was a young man and the wonderful changes the world has beheld in those hundred years.

Apart from the solemnity and uniqueness of the occasion, there was a very solemn lesson preached to th world. It is a great, a wonderful thing, to have seen one hundred years of life, and to be still as fresh and three score and ten. But the fact stions a specialty, that Senator Wark had never spent an idle day, from his boyhood down to the prese ent. and never abused nature nor indulged in any vice, or passion, but was ever temperate drink, in food, and in disposition, goes a long way to advocate rection of an age that is mad with folly, dissipation and sin.

and we have it short, but there is room for doubt as to its being merry-that is to say really happy These are but a few reflections sug



gested by the incident above-mention There are dozens of others lessons that could be drawn from the same-and all of them most salutary. It may be that Senator Wark will vet live to see many of his younger colleagues go down before him. would appear to be a living illustration of the -"Last Leaf upon the Tree," that John Greenleaf Whittier sings of, and in which he tells how the marble rests, "on the lips that he had pressed" in their bloom; and how all the friends he knew are now slumbering in the tomb. It must be lonely, detpite all the consolations of surrounding friends, to feel oneself all alone, the last survivor of thousands that commenced life at the same time and even much later. It shows us that, in God's great plan, it is allotted for each one to go away as soon as his life-work is done. And it is quite possible that this aged man was reserved, as an exception to the rule, to show us the wisdom of , the general dispensation.

do not, in this age, prepare ourselves for such an event. Our motto seems to be "a short life and a merry one"

et gi may be given to a man who has never written line, with the title of Officer of Public In-

that mist, in the glintin by the Alliance Francaise, presented light of real patriotism, we catch a him with the Palms of an Officer of glimpse of the bayonets of patriotic Public Instruction. This is not to battalions and the wheel of swords be mistaken for the Academic Palm. in the hands of national heroes. Such The one accorded Mr. Chapman is the charm, such the secret of Chapthe highest honor within the gift of man's success; such the spirit that the Minister, as a recognition of li- has captivated literary France and terary merit. The Legion d'Honneur that has turned a garland of triumph around the brow of our young Canabut it is otherwise dian nationhood.

As you turn the volume over, page

The Holy Scriptures have promised long life to the child who honors his father and mother-that is to

struction. by page, you start with an address who does as they would have him do The evening before Mr. Chapman's to his two mothers-the mother who And surely these long years con departure from France he was speci- bore him and who sleeps 'neath Ca- stitute a reward for the aged Sena ally received by the Marquis de Levis, nadian soil, and the incluse with a have been a very good boy when who gave a dinner in his honor. Ten his ancestors-and you close with a have been a very good boy when in the world to the new-comer, and in each of gone to the peacerul majority. The to-day do we find who can be said them he recited, amidst the greatest Alpha and Omega of the work are to deserve a like reward. The honorsiasm, some of his admirable expressions of filial love and venera- ing of the father and mother is productions. Amongst the journalists tion. Between these two points he coming unfashionable now-a-days; the ovelists, professors, and the elite carries you along, from stage to respect due to them is looked upor of Parisian society, who flocked to stage, of Canadian history, from as childish and out of place. these reunions, we might mention scene to scene in our varied and ini- is the same with all the other oldsuch well-known personages as Hector Fabre, T. Obalski, Eugene Bordet, mitable climate, from picture to time virtues. Men are afraid o picture set in frames of the richest them, and seem to imagine that they language, every detail of which paint-would be considered too much behind Jean Steens, Madame Offenheim, Milg language, every detail of which paintings is familiar to our eye, our ear, Irma Dreyfus, Leopold Leau. A. the times if they were to practic Hamel, Jules Carreard, C. A. Guerour very touch. It is this truth to them. the nature and exactness of expression It is not at all likely that any of ard, A. de Bertha

A. de Bertha, Madame the nature and exactness of expression combined that constitute the secret Counters d'Eu de Montigny, sister combined that constitute the secret us, any of the hundreds who were of Massenet, the great composer, Ma- of his success; and in that success, present on that occasion, will even TELEPHONE 1182,

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classes, but it is when I am here that I feel it."

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"I wish it was all over, i really tired of this school w ame old thing over and over day after day. I longa to b so into the world to see nings and people."

"You should be more patient or we shall have to leav peaceful shelter soon enough, brown on the world."

You talk like one of vas ence, Cecelia. Where điđ your superior knowledge of affairs? Certainly not have Certainly not here "From the great book of I have observed differen during my vacations and I heard much."

She might have said that, he was, she had been entrus nany a secret by her com which her cousin suspected p the could not by even the hint betray the confidence pl