

great Apostle, like a father, guided his loving children. Four Bishops, one after another, succeeded him in the See of Armagh, but St. Patrick was always the first Bishop and Apostle, and until his death he was the undisputed head of the Church in Ireland.

**TEACHER OF THE FAITH IN IRELAND.**  
Most nations after the Gospel has been preached to them pass through several stages of gradual development, and it is only after long years that they become fully matured in the faith, but in Ireland there was no such period of transition. The light of Faith seemed to burst forth with all the splendor of the noonday; and with all the people became at once a nation of monks and nuns. Like the infant of the early church, who, immediately after baptism, received from the hands of the Bishop the strengthening grace of Confirmation, so the children of St. Patrick, no sooner are they regenerated in the laver of water, than they rise up strong and perfect Christians and soldiers of Jesus Christ. Yes, my friends, where can we find a parallel in the annals of history for the spectacle which was presented during the three centuries after her conversion. The whole island is dotted with churches. Almost every village has its monastery of monks and nuns, and the hills and valleys of Ireland

**RE-UNITED WITH THE PRAISES OF GOD.**  
The newly converted Christians not only give freely of their substance to maintain the new religion, but sacrifice, what is dearest of all to them, their sons and daughters, whom they cheerfully consecrate to the service of God.  
"There was no desert," says Jocelin, the ancient writer, "no spot or hiding place on the island, however remote, which was not peopled with perfect monks and nuns, so that throughout the world Ireland was justly distinguished by the extraordinary title of the 'Island of Saints'—rivaling the monks of Egypt in merits and numbers, and by word and example they were a light to foreign and distant lands. Education, too, the handmaid of religion, finds here a congenial soil. Scholars in thousands and tens of thousands flock from every clime under the sun to study in her

**FAMOUS SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITIES.**  
She sends her missionaries forth into the whole of Europe, either to preserve from the ravages of the barbarians the conquests which the Church has already made after the peace of Constantine, or to plant the faith in every country of Europe which has not yet received the precious seed; and so wide was the scope of her evangelization during this golden period, and it is a remarkable fact, and a fact which is sometimes overlooked in the study of Irish history, that even at this very day there are few towns in France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland or Italy, in which some Irish Saint is not held in veneration for having lived there as an Apostle or died there in the odor of sanctity.

No wonder that devotion to St. Patrick is not confined to that little island which was the field of his labors, nor circumscribed by that nationality which glories in his name. As a proof of this, I might tell you the story of the "Flowers of St. Patrick."

Away in the heart of sunny France, a few miles from the celebrated city of Tours, a very remarkable phenomenon is repeated year by year, one concerning which science, as yet, has given no satisfactory explanation. This phenomenon, too little known, consists in the blossoming in the midst of the rigors of winter, of the blackthorn, *prunus spinosa*, commonly called the *slag*. This remarkable shrub is to be found at St. Patrice, upon the slope of a hill not far from the Chateau de Rochechotte. The buds swell, the flowers expand, as in the month of April, and cover the boughs with odorous and snow-like flowers. This singular growth of flowers has been repeated every year from time immemorial. The oldest inhabitants of St. Patrice have always seen it take place at a fixed period of the year, no matter how severe the season may be, and such has always been the ancient tradition of their forefathers. However, this phenomenon is limited to the locality and to the shrub in question. Cuttings transplanted elsewhere have only blossomed in the spring.

The incredulous will object that, after all, the circumstance is not more extraordinary than the flowers of the lilac in November, when the buds, by an unwary mistake, suppose that in the still, mild temperature they have found the soft breath of spring. But the blackthorn of St. Patrick grows, develops, and bears fruit in the most icy temperature, even when the thermometer is away below the freezing point.

Although growing on the slope of a hill, this shrub is in no way sheltered, its branches are encrusted with hoar frost, the icy north east wind blows violently amongst them, and it often happens that the shrub is loaded at one and the same time with the snow of winter and the snow of its own flowers.

The inhabitants of St. Patrice record an ancient tradition, which in its simplicity is full of freshness and poetry. St. Patrick, it is said, being on his way from Ireland to join St. Martin in Gaul, attracted by the fame of that Saint's sanctity and miracles, and having arrived at the bank of the Loire, near the spot where the church now bearing his name has been built, rested under a shrub. It was Christmas time and the cold was intense. In honor of the Saint the shrub expanded its branches, and shaking off the snow which rested on them, by an unheard-of prodigy arrayed itself in flowers white as the snow itself.

St. Patrick crossed the Loire on his cloak, and on reaching the opposite bank, another blackthorn, under which he rested, at once burst out into flowers. Since that time, says the chronicle, the two shrubs have never ceased to blossom at Christmas in honor of St. Patrick.

And thus, in the very heart of France, one is surprised to witness the remarkable devotion to the Apostle of Ireland. The whole neighborhood is redolent of St. Patrick. The railway stops at the station St. Patrice; the Commune is also named after the Saint; while at about thirty yards from the tree stands the ancient parish church dedicated to the Apostle of Ireland. Documents relating to this church prove that the devotion to the Saint was already established at St. Patrice some nine hundred years ago.

Thus the "Flowers of St. Patrick"

beautifully meet and blend devotion to the Apostle of Gaul and devotion to the Apostle of Ireland.

Ah, my dear friends, where can we find anything in the whole history of the Church to parallel the fruits of our saint's apostleship? No wonder, then, that Irishmen are proud of Saint Patrick and glory in being the children of such a saint, and natives of a country with such a glorious history.

In concluding, my dear friends, there is one thought which is uppermost in my mind and that is, will the children of St. Patrick be faithful in the future as they have been in the past? It is related that a little before his death the Saint, filled with apprehension for the new-born Church which he had founded, composed what may be fittingly called his last will and testament. In the document which he has left us in his Confessions the language shows us how he was conscious that he was restoring to God a nation which he had held in trust for his Master. Wherefore, he says, in that beautiful prayer, "may my Lord avert that it should ever come to pass that I should lose His people which He has gained at the ends of the earth."

And must we not believe that a little later, when his pure soul winged its flight to his home beyond the skies, that he ceased not to repeat before the throne of God this self-same prayer: "May my Lord avert that it should ever come to pass that I shall lose His people which He has gained at the ends of the earth." Yes, for 1400 years this prayer has echoed through the vaults of Heaven, and for 1400 years has it not been most marvelously answered? No wonder, then, that your hearts glow with holy joy on this two-fold feast at once—the Golden Jubilee of your church and St. Patrick's Day.

And now, as I say the last word, methinks a spell comes over me; my eyes rise heavenward, and I see another congregation looking down from above and joining in the celebration of this festival. I see the souls of the just made perfect; the spirits of your departed ones, all those who through this gate of Heaven, your beloved church, have passed into life everlasting. There are the little ones whom a loving Providence called home while yet wearing the spotless robe of their baptism—there is that grand procession of loyal, faithful Catholics, who in this sacred temple heard the Word of God and were fed on the Bread of Life, and persevered to the end in the practice of our holy religion—there is that long line of prodigal children, who within these hallowed walls heard the loving voice of the Master and returned with sorrow to their father's home—there are those heroic souls who were here inspired to do and dare great things for God, to climb the rugged heights of sanctity, to consecrate their lives forever to His service. Oh yes, even as the beloved Apostle St. John saw a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and tribes and people and tongues, standing before the Throne, and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands, so too I fancy I see this other assembly of the elect, linked to you by that sweet bond of the Communion of Saints, coming out this morning to greet you in triumphal jubilation and to share in your rejoicing on this your festival day. Yes, I see them pleading for you before the Great White Throne, beseeching the Father of Lights to open your eyes to the treasure which you possess in this House of God, that it may be for you also, as it was for them, the Gate of Heaven.

All hail, then, House of God, Gate of Heaven—dear old St. Patrick's of Montreal—go on with thy divine work, glorify God in saving immortal souls. May thy children pass in unbroken ranks through thy portals into the mansions of life eternal. And when we shall have passed away from earth and another generation will have taken our places on this stage of life—when other lips will sound thy praises and another congregation will gather round this altar to celebrate a brighter anniversary, the centenary of thy birth—oh, may the swelling chorus of thy progeny in the Church Triumphant rise higher—may the glad psalms of thanksgiving of thy children in the Church Militant ring out louder, and be echoed and re-echoed through the vaults of space until the music of the blended song falls upon our ears with soothing sweetness, as we stand before the face of the Omnipotent.

#### THE MUSIC.

As we announced in our last issue, Prof. J. A. Fowler, the talented and enthusiastic organist of St. Patrick's, had composed a Mass specially for the occasion.

St. Patrick's Choir has achieved many victories in the past, but on this occasion the members, under the direction of their efficient organist and director, simply surpassed themselves by the clever manner in which they interpreted the several parts of the Mass. Prof. Fowler is to be congratulated for his triumph he has achieved in his last composition in honor of the Jubilee.

The solos, which were written for the different singers, were given in a very finished manner by Messrs. J. J. Rowan, G. A. Carpenter, C. E. Smith, J. Murray and F. Cahill. The "Benedictus," a charming part selection, was effectively rendered by Messrs. D. McAndrew, J. Legalee, J. Kennedy, O. Brennan, T. Wright, M. Corcoran, W. J. Crowe and R. Cherry. At the Offertory, Professor Gruenwald played Beethoven's "Romance in G" as a violin solo.

The orchestration of the Mass was also very beautiful.

Mr. G. A. Carpenter acted as conductor and performed his duties with ability.

At the conclusion of the religious ceremonies the procession reformed in the following order:

Ald. Thos. Kinsella, marshal-in-chief.  
The Congregation of St. Anthony, not members of any society.  
Band and Banner.  
The St. Anthony's Young Men's Society.  
The Congregation of St. Gabriel, not members of any society.  
The St. Gabriel Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.  
Band and Banner.  
The Congregation of St. Mary, not members of any society.  
Band and Banner.  
Holy Name Society.  
Band and Banner.

St. Mary's Young Men's Society.  
The Congregation of St. Ann, not members of any society.  
Band and Banner.  
The St. Ann's Young Men's Society.  
Band and Banner.  
The St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.  
Band and Banner.  
Congregation of St. Patrick, not members of any society.  
Boys of St. Patrick's School.  
Band and Flag.  
The Ancient Order of Hibernians.  
Band and Flag.  
The Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association.  
Band and Flag.  
Irish Catholic Benefit Society.  
Band and Banner.  
Catholic Young Men's Society.  
Band and the Father Mathew Banner.  
The St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.  
The St. Bridget's Banner.  
Band and Banner.  
The St. Patrick's Society.  
The Mayor and invited Guests.  
The Clergy.

The procession was not a vision in green. It was a reality, a substantial testimonial of the Irishman's love of faith and country. Every Irish Catholic society was represented and every Irishman that could possibly join in the ranks was there. The line of march was well arranged and the gathering was most representative, and altogether it was a most successful procession and a fitting announcement of our patriotism.

At the close of the procession Dr. Guerin, M.L.A., president of St. Patrick's Society, and Mr. C. R. Devlin, ex-M.P., delivered brief addresses, congratulating the members of the various societies on the patriotic manner in which they assisted in celebrating the day.

#### St. Patrick's Society.

The members of the parent Irish organization of Montreal, St. Patrick's Society, have every reason to feel proud of the manner in which they celebrated the evening of St. Patrick's day at the Monument National. Dr. Guerin, M.L.A., the president, occupied the chair, and on the platform were the prominent representatives of the different national and benefit societies, including Mr. S. S. Bain, President of the Caledonian Society; Mr. J. H. McKeown, President of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society; Mr. Joseph Richards, President of

further pursue her studies. Ernest J. Chambers, whose fine bass voice was in excellent condition last night, sang "O'Donnell Aboe" and "Ashore," a plaintive old Irish melody in finished style, and was warmly applauded. Mrs. Kellond's songs were nicely given, and Messrs. Lebel and Rouleau sang a couple of Irish songs most artistically rendered. Miss Mamie Stafford, the well known and clever young elocutionist, was accorded a royal reception as she came forward to deliver one of her spirited declamations. This talented performer manifested great fervor and ability in her performance and it was fully appreciated by the large gathering. The Mines brothers danced. Prof. Saucier was the accompanist of the evening.

The Mount St. Louis Cadets, the winners of the Duke of Connaught Banner appeared in the second part of the programme and gave one of their splendid exhibitions of drill, every movement of which was enthusiastically cheered. As they retired from the stage the spectators again renewed their applause, testifying in a marked manner how highly they appreciated the artistic and clever performance of the gallant little contingent.

Mr. C. R. Devlin, ex-M.P., was introduced during the second part of the proceedings and delivered an able and patriotic address in which he complimented the Irishmen of Montreal for the magnificent celebration which had taken place. Continuing, he said that on this occasion he found himself in a role to which he had not become quite accustomed, that of making a speech to his fellow citizens in which he had to be careful not to touch Canadian politics. He was now no longer in the parliamentary arena and could no longer be an active partisan except in the broad sense of advocating his country's interests and making known to the best of his humble ability his great resources and future possibilities, a duty which had always been congenial to him and in which he hoped he would never be found wanting. (Applause.) He then drew a short but forcible contrast between the position of the Irish nationality in this city to-day and that which it occupied fifty years ago and in so doing he made no distinction between Catholic and Protestant. They were all sprung from the same root, and if they were not always united that was the one thing and the only thing which clogged their progress and prevented their completely outdistancing their competitors.



PROF. J. A. FOWLER, ORGANIST AND DIRECTOR OF ST. PATRICK'S, COMPOSER OF JUBILEE MASS.

the St. George's Society; Ald. E. G. Penny, M.P.; Mr. W. A. Anderson, United States Consul; M. Cieszkowski, French Consul General; Mr. M. F. J. Quinn, M.P.; Ald. Kinsella, president of the Irish Catholic Benefit Society; Mr. M. Sharkey, president of the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society; Mr. J. Killether, president of the St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society; Mr. J. Heffernan, president of the St. Mary's Young Men's Catholic Association; and Mr. C. R. Devlin, ex-M.P.

The chairman, in opening the proceedings, referred to the double celebration of the National Festival and the Golden Jubilee of the dedication of St. Patrick's Church, as well as pointing out the necessity for all Irishmen and sons of Irishmen to become associated with the Society over which he had the honor to preside.

A splendid programme of music followed, participated in by some of the leading amateurs of this city, the opening numbers being a quartette, "The Last Rose of Summer," excellently rendered by Miss Louise Daly, Mrs. Kellond, and Messrs. Lebel and Chambers. This was followed by a vocal selection by Miss Louise Morrison, "The Emigrants," who gave a charming rendition of this old favorite air.

Miss Morrison, who was formerly well known in Montreal, has just returned from New York, where her well cultivated and rich soprano voice was favorably criticized by the local press. Her singing of "The Vales of Arlow" was most artistic and calculated to place her in the front rank of vocalists in Canada.

Miss Louise M. Daly was delightful in her rendition of "The Kerry Dance" and "The Kerry Dance," and received a well merited encore. A little bird whistled that Miss Daly will soon be lost to the amateur concert stage. Miss Jennie Hoyle, violinist, played some appropriate selections, which were greatly admired, and this young lady will probably not be heard for some time, as she intends leaving at an early date for New York to

Give the Irishman a chance and he was bound to come to the front. Englishmen were splendid soldiers, but it was a noteworthy fact that their grandest generals were Irishmen, and to-day they were led by a soldier of that nationality. In parliamentary life many of England's most distinguished statesmen and orators were Irishmen. He cited the official criminal statistics to show that Ireland was freer from crime than any other country in Europe. All that was required to obtain for Ireland home rule, national independence and the position and prosperity which she ought to have, was unity among her children both at home and abroad (applause). He turned his attention to his mission as Immigration Commissioner. His object was not to bring out laborers to compete with our own laboring classes in our cities, but to direct to the fertile lands of Canada both in the East and West, those people who had determined to emigrate, who had some means, and whose object it was to take up farming in this country and secure for themselves happy and prosperous homes, which they could not do under the existing conditions and circumstances in the old land. Far from him was the desire to bring out people who would take the bread out of the mouths of our working classes, but we had vast tracts of fertile lands crying out for settlement, and the settlement of which by a hardy and industrious and law-abiding class would bring prosperity to our cities and work to our laborers and it was to supply to some extent this want that he intended devoting his efforts. He was not going to encourage Irishmen to leave who were content to remain at home, but only proposed directing to this country those who had made up their minds to try their fortunes in the New World.

As an instance of what could be done by a hard thrifty peasantry in Canada, he pointed to the Gattineau Valley which fifty years ago was uninhabited, but in which to-day, forty miles above the

Capital, you could find a township populated entirely by Irish Catholics, and as prosperous and happy a township as you would find in the country, and fifty years ago these people or their sons had gone there without means save the axe with which they hewed their way to independence and comfort, and the stout heart and strong arms behind it. He closed an interesting address by speaking feelingly of his exit from political life.

#### Young Irishmen's T. A. & B. Ass'n.

The Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association produced "Shaun Aroon" at the Academy of Music, as their contribution to the end of the day's festivities. "Shaun Aroon," according to the programme, is a sparkling Irish Comedy-Drama and the audience fully concurred in all that the programme said and even more. The house was filled from orchestra to the upper gallery and the success of the entertainment was well deserved.

During a period of nearly a quarter of a century this patriotic organization has occupied a leading place in the ranks of national societies. Its efforts to promote the good cause, whether they took the form of a handsome subscription in aid of Home Rule, to awaken a spirit of enthusiasm for a study of the Irish language, or, as on this occasion, to present a sterling drama reflecting the traits of character of the Irish people, it has always been successful.

The performance was a splendid one. The parts were well chosen and the production was creditably staged and every person in the audience was in sympathy with every line, and so failure was impossible. The plot of "Shaun Aroon" is out of common with the usual run of so-called Irish plays, but the characters were about the same. The happy, rollicking Shaun, the rascally agent, the unfortunate farmer, the gentlemanly hero, the brave heroine and the joyous colon. All were there and welcomed as old friends.

The cast of characters was as follows:—

Shaun Aroon, a roving fellow with a light purse and a lighter heart..... Mr. Jas. J. McLean.  
Lord Fernoy, "disguise as Bad Andy," a good hearted landlord..... Mr. J. Smith.  
Fergus Riordan, Fernoy's rascally agent, Mr. F. J. Gallagher.  
Dan O'Grady, a sturdy old farmer..... Mr. J. Pover.  
Tom O'Grady, his son..... Mr. Jno. P. McLean.  
Old Hennings, a money lender..... Mr. J. S. McGarvey.  
Nipper, a detective..... Mr. John E. Slattery.  
Patrick, a servant..... Mr. Geo. Morgan.  
Mrs. O'Grady, Dan's wife..... Miss Ada Brossard.  
Molly, his daughter..... Mr. Maggie Talbot.  
Maggie, a maid servant..... Miss Sadie Dowling.

As Shaun, Mr. McLean was very good, and as Maggie, his sweetheart, Miss Dowling was charming. Mr. Gallagher's rendition of *Fergus Riordan* was very acceptable. A very unusual piece of character work was that of Mr. J. S. McGarvey as the old money lender. Miss Maggie Talbot was well received as Molly O'Grady.

Incidental to the play several songs and dances were introduced and were all well rendered. Previous to the opening of the performance, Mr. W. J. Murphy, president of the association, addressed the audience, thanking those present for their appreciation and outlining the work and objects of the Association.

#### St. Patrick's Academy.

The pupils of St. Patrick's Academy, under the direction of their kind teachers, the Rev. Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, held a charming festival of their own on the afternoon of March 16, in honor of the Golden Jubilee of St. Patrick's, and it was marked by a rare tone of exquisite taste, deep feeling and graceful expression, that was, after all, but an echo of the culture daily instilled into their young minds in this well-known educational establishment.

Their pretty hall had been completely transformed into a bower of beauty by festoons of evergreens and roses. Around the beautiful shrine of the Blessed Virgin were grouped the invited guests, Rev. Father Quinn, Pastor of St. Patrick's; Very Rev. Dean O'Connor, the Rev. Fathers White, Hogan, Wisel, Doyle, C.S.R., Rev. J. McCallen, S.S., Rev. Father Fallon, Rev. Father Driscoll, Rev. M. Lussier, S.S., several *Sœur Grises* and a large number of the former pupils of the Academy.

The story of those "fifty fruitful years" was charmingly told in music, poetry and song; and the pupils, one and all, seemed filled with the joyful spirit of the glorious festival. There were the little "tots" of the Kindergarten class who so gracefully presented baskets of flowers or bunches of "Erin's shamrocks" to the favored guests; the intermediates, who in glowing language proclaimed to all that "Ireland's hero is her priest"; the seniors, who personified her priest; the seniors, the Guardian Angel of Time, Memory, the Guardian Angel of St. Patrick's, and the years eighteen, forty-seven and eighteen ninety-seven, relating in dignified terms the various events that marked each period, and paying feeling tributes to the memory of their beloved Father Dowd, their kind Father Toupin, with delicate allusion to the zeal and devotedness of their present pastor and his associates. Then came Joy, with her many aprils, claiming allegiance from all and ruling the hour with undisputed sway, as was proved by the outburst of applause accorded them. The instrumental music was of a high order, the selections being chiefly "Irish Melodies" rendered on pianos, violins, and mandolins. There was a grand

chorus, "Golden Bells," and one or two solos in which the bird-like notes delighted the listeners.

Altogether, the celebration was an additional proof of the varied and distinguished talents of the pupils of St. Patrick's Academy as well as of the tact and devotedness of their cultured instructors.

#### Ancient Order of Hibernians.

The large audience which filled the Windsor Hall to fittingly close celebrating the National Feast, must be accepted as proof of the esteem in which the Ancient Order of Hibernians is held. The programme provided was one of special interest to all Irishmen. This organization made a splendid showing in the procession in the morning and their success was continued in the evening. The entertainment was a brilliant affair and reflected great credit on the Order. The opening remarks, delivered by County President Geo. Clarke, dealt with the aims and objects of the Society, and the benefits offered to members. The Ladies' Auxiliary, of which two branches have been organized recently, was also intended to aid young women in instilling into their minds the leading features of the history of the Irish Race, and their duties as daughters of Erin. The speaker then enlarged on the special advantages to be derived through being associated with this branch, and closed his able speech by an earnest appeal to all women to join in the good work.

Mr. E. Halley, recently a delegate to the Dublin Convention, then entertained the audience to some very interesting glimpses of Ireland's scenery and historic spots, during the course of which St. Gabriel's Choir, under the able direction of Mr. John S. Shea, rendered a number of national songs and choruses.

The exhibition drill, by the uniformed Hibernian Knights, was greeted with rounds of applause. The execution of the various movements would have made some of our militia corps feel that they will have to look to their laurels if they intend to retain their position in the field. The success achieved by the Hibernian Knights is largely due to the untiring energy of their youthful Captain, Mr. Francis Thomas Rawley.

The feature of the evening, however, was the address of the Rev. W. J. O'Sullivan, of Montpelier, Vt. The Rev. lecturer chose for his theme, "The Heritage of the Sons of Erin." After expressing the deep sense of pride he felt in addressing such a magnificent assembly of Irishmen in the metropolis of Canada, the Rome of America, he expressed especial delight in being honored by the invitation, as Montreal was the scene of his early days and preliminary preparation for the position which he now occupied. The speaker then proceeded to dwell upon the remarkable progress of the Irish people the world over, and referred to their dauntless courage in the struggle to maintain allegiance to their Faith. "It is," he said "well for the rising generation to study and contemplate the story of the past and appreciate the inheritance, and strive to be worthy of the record. In witnessing the celebration to-day, it seemed to him as an observer, what a splendid race of men the Irish were; strong, vigorous and martial like. Join courage, said he, with a spirit of chivalry to these external qualities, and what might not these men perform. The history of every civilized country on earth bears the truth of this assertion. On the battlefield, in America and Europe, the Irish have illumined every page of history with glory, and to-day they are considered the grandest, strongest and bravest race on the face of the earth, and the secret of their vitality and energy is found in their morality and faith of St. Patrick.

The lecturer then paid a glowing tribute to the Irish women for their true virtue, which is proverbial; being good they are also fair and beautiful. The statue, made of solid silver, which was on exhibition at the World's fair in Chicago, was a representation of grace and beauty, and the person after whom it was modeled was a Limerick girl.

Speaking on the education of the Irish, he said: "By nature the Irish boys are endowed with richer and superior intellect to many others, and it was due to this fact that St. Patrick was so successful in his work. To-day the Irish language was being taught in the Universities in Europe, and to the generosity of the Ancient Order of Hibernians a chair has been endowed in the Catholic University at Washington.

The reverend lecturer then turned his attention to many other phases of the progress achieved by Irishmen, and closed with a brilliant and patriotic expression of hope that the representatives of the Old Land in the British Parliament would, ere the dawn of another St. Patrick's Day, have solved the great problems of which unity of sentiment can alone achieve.

After a vote of thanks to Rev. Father O'Sullivan, which the immense audience arose to emphasize in their appreciation of his splendid effort, Master J. J. O'Shea rendered a beautiful violin solo. The entertainment was then brought to a close.

For other reports of the day's proceedings see eighth page and supplement.



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