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THE CORONATION DECLARATION.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.

As the time for the coronation of Edward VII. approaches it is evident that the subject, in its most interesting phase, that of the anti-Catholic declaration, is becoming the topic of much speculation and dispute.

"An Act for the more effectual preserving the King's person and Government, by disabling Papists from sitting in either House of Parliament."

In the "Star" of the 19th April last, appeared a correspondence signed "A Protestant," and dated from Sheguianhah, Ont., in which the writer attempts to give reasons why the objectionable clause of that act should be retained.

The Fear of the Microbe

(From a Regular Contributor.)

The London "Lancet" seems to have found a new way of making its readers uncomfortable, especially in regard to the ubiquitous microbe

What, after all, does this mean? It is that perpetual fear of danger, that constant animal instinct of self-preservation, both asserting themselves in man. It is not, in itself, wrong, nor is it unnatural that man should adopt every possible means of prolonging and of saving

tention, have, and will, it is to be hoped, justify this safe-guard of British freedom."

We repeat that we are not going to squander time and space upon the so-called facts of history adduced by the writer "A Protestant." Even were these causes true, they now no longer exist, and the offensive declaration has no longer any practical purpose or any reason for existing.

"And whereas it hath been found by experience, that it is inconsistent with the safety and welfare of this Protestant kingdom to be governed by a Popish Prince, or by any King or Queen marrying a Papist, it is enacted that all and every person that is, are, or shall be reconciled to, or that shall hold communion with the See or Church of Rome, or shall profess the Popish religion, or shall marry a Papist, shall be excluded and forever incapable to inherit, possess or enjoy the Crown and Government of this realm."

"The British people are proverbial the world over for their conservatism. They must have suffered long and sorely before adopting this resolution, and enjoining it upon their posterity for all time to come!"

"I, A.B., by the grace of God, King, (or Queen) of Great Britain and Ireland, defender of the Faith, do solemnly and sincerely in presence of God, profess, and declare, that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever; and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other Saint, and the

Sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous. And I do solemnly in the presence of God profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration and each and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the Pope, or any other authority or person whatsoever, or without any hope of any such dispensation from any person or authority whatsoever, or without thinking that I am, or can be acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this declaration or any part thereof, although the Pope, or any other person or persons, or power whatsoever, should dispense with or annul the same or declare that it was null and void from the beginning."

Our main object is now attained that the contention of "A Protestant" is wrong, because it is based on historically false advancements, on a clause of the statute to which no objection is made, and on the omission of the very section of the Act against the existence of which the Catholic subjects of His Majesty petition and agitate. On the 20th March, 1866, when Sir Colman O'Laughlin moved leave to introduce into the British House of Commons a Bill to abolish that Declaration in as far as it concerned the Lord Lieutenant and Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking for the Government, said "the words of the Declaration were of a very painful character," and added that "they had become unnecessary, and as they were now more likely to give pain than to serve any sensible purpose, it was impossible for the Government to refuse its consent to the introduction of Sir Colman's Bill."

"It was particularly offensive that the Lord Lieutenant should be obliged to make a declaration that the doctrines of Roman Catholics were idolatrous and superstitious. In the interest of peace and conciliation and Christian charity, the Bill should receive the assent of the House."

And Mr. Chichester Fortescue was still stronger, when he said:—

"This Declaration against Transubstantiation was so utterly indefensible and devoid of foundation, that it required but the touch of any member of the House to make it fall to the ground. The only wonder was that officials should have so long been compelled on entering office to stigmatize in terms which amounted to nothing short of contempt, the sacred doctrines of the Church to which many gentlemen of the highest rank in the country adhered."

What applied to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, or to any other servant of the Government, or representative of the people, applies with still greater force to the King. And, without wishing to be offensive to "A Protestant" we feel confident that the foregoing expressions come chequer, saving for the Government he is.

thing but the rarest of diet; cease sleeping in beds, cease breathing the air of our ordinary rooms, cease everything that is calculated to make life possible. We would be attempting to save ourselves on one side while rushing headlong into dangers far more grave and far less avoidable, if we only knew it. In a word, we absolutely leave all trust, all faith, all reliance on God aside, and rush along, trying to brush aside every little menace to our petty lives, while neglecting the prayer, the invocation, the confidence, the humble self-abandonment to God's will, in all of which alone lies the safety we desire.

A REDEMPTORIST BROTHER'S JUBILEE.

Two thousand parishioners participated in the golden jubilee of Brother Herman Graute of the Redemptorist Order and sacristan of St. Mary's Church, New Orleans. It was a grand celebration and a fitting testimonial of his appreciation in the parish.

Patience the Courage of Daily Life

"Every individual has times of trial, sorrow, suffering, and despair,—when the lamp of hope burns low, when struggle seems useless, when the heart grows weary. Then it seems that virtue pays constant assessments, while vice gets all the dividends. Men who are dishonest, intriguing, and corrupt, it then seems, build up great fortunes, and mount high like the eagle, while honor creeps like a snail in the dust of poverty. But as the days go on, the man who is living his life simply and truly begins to see events in their real moral perspective."

"It requires patience—calm, gentle, steady patience,—to see it all. Patience is the soil in which all the other virtues grow. It is unflinching optimism through continuous trial and struggle. It is will-power expressed in bearing, in loyalty, in waiting. The only time in life when a man does not need to exercise patience is—during his sleep."

"Those who would make patience the keynote of their lives must learn it and live it in two distinct phases—passive and active."

"Passive patience is endurance. It is the peaceful acceptance of each day's cares, sorrows, trials and worries. It is bearing without a murmur undesired reproaches and condemnation. It is suppressing rebellion against the daily round of disagreeable duties. It is keeping self-controlled. It is living life bravely when hope and illusion are dead. It is taking without protest those things we like least, because it seems necessary to accept them. It is keeping one's mind and heart sweet, pure, and genial in an atmosphere of ingratitude, folly, deceit, unkindness, willfulness, injustice, and pain. It is part of the great heroism of the commonplace—the silent, unnoted, unrecognized courage of daily life."

"Active patience consists of doing, not bearing. It is plodding, persistent, persevering conquest of trifles, toward the realization of an ideal—the attainment of an end. It is content with progress—no matter how slight, how trivial, how slow. It is the conservation of every ray of mental energy. It achieves all things—by working, watching, waiting."

"Patience should be one of the great foundation stones of every character—for its loss weakens all the other virtues, gives power and dominion to all the vices."—William George Jordan, in Saturday Evening Post.

THE BLOOM OF HEALTH.

How to Keep the Little Ones Bright, Active and Healthy.

Every mother knows that little children need careful attention—but they do not need strong drugs. When baby is peevish, cross or unwell, it is an unfortunate fact that too many mothers dose them with so-called "soothing" medicines which stupefy and put the little one into an unnatural sleep, but do not remove the cause of the trouble. What is wanted to make the little one bright, cheerful and well, is Baby's Own Tablets, which will promptly cure colic, sour stomach, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers and teething troubles. They give children sound, refreshing sleep, because they remove the cause of the trouble. These tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. Mrs. James Found, Valentin, Ont., says:—"Before I got Baby's Own Tablets, my baby was very pale and delicate, and so peevish that I had to walk the floor with him day and night. The first tablet I gave him helped him, and that night he slept soundly. Since then the tablets have made him perfectly well, and he is now a fine, healthy looking baby, and is getting quite fat. I would not be without the tablets if they cost a dollar a box."

Baby's Own Tablets are good for children of all ages and are taken as readily as candy. Crushed to a powder, they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest weakest baby. Sold by all druggists or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"If a civil word or two will render a man happy," said a French king, "he must be wretched, indeed, who will not give them to him."

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER. ON THE "STABAT MATER."

SHORT time ago, when travelling on a local train I was attracted by a conversation between two young ladies, who appeared to be deeply interested in a small book and to find subject matter for discussion within its covers. I was not close enough to them to catch the details of their conversation, nor was I purposely listening; but I could not help noticing that it was a poem in the book that was the object of their very animated chat. When we came to the half-way station, the two young ladies passed out of the car, evidently going for refreshments. They left the book behind on their seat, and it was open at the page over which they appeared to have been so animated. Curiosity overcame me, and I took a glance at the volume—expecting to find that they had been discussing the merits of a love sonnet—and, to my surprise I found that it was the "Stabat Mater" (in Latin and in English) that had created such an interest in the minds of the two young people. The reader can imagine my astonishment. During the remainder of the journey they seemed to have taken up some other subject of interest to them; I do not know what it was. But I had learned enough to satisfy my curiosity, and I am very glad that such was the case. I learned, in two words, that, in the midst of all the frivolities and vanities of the hour, there are actually young women of the world who have a sufficient appreciation of the beautiful, the inspiring and the grand to leave aside the rank literature of the day and to devote their attention to the charms—poetic as well as religious—of the "Stabat Mater."

POWER OF IMAGINATION — If I am not mistaken I wrote observations, some time ago, upon the subject of imagination and the important part it plays in life. Unless a person has a certain degree of imagination and a heart capable of soft and refining impressions it is not likely that poetry, be it profane or sacred, will appeal to them. But in every breast there is a string that can be made to vibrate in harmony with the loftiest conceptions, if only it can be touched at the proper moment and with the right finger. Equally is there in the great and memorable field of letters a tune, a verse, a poem that, if only brought to the attention of the hardest of us, will correspond with our dormant sentiments and awaken our slumbering impulses. Some place in his works the late Brother Azarias makes use of the following very applicable remarks: "Somewhere the chord exists that will appeal to your nature and disposition with effect, and will evoke a corresponding attainment. The vivid imagination that enables children to live in a world all their own, peopled with beings of their own creation, that imagination with which the little girl speaks to her dolls, and fancies them sick, or injured, or naughty; that imagination with which the little boy bedrives his wooden horse, or marshals his tin soldiers in battle array,—that imagination is not extinct in the grown man or woman; it is only dormant. It may be awakened to construct noble ideals of life subservient to reason and experience."

AWAKENING SENTIMENTS. — Coming back to my special subject; it seems to me that the reading, and above all the discussing, of such a production as the "Stabat Mater," must have fired their imaginations, stirred their sentiments and opened out horizons of unlimited grandeur for those two young ladies. The visions of the most sublimely tragic episode in the history of the world and, at the same time, of the most tender and marvellous of all the creatures that came from God's Hand, could not but awaken sentiments of

best run on this trip that the ship has made in four years. The time of passage from Daunt's Rock to Sandy Hook lightship, was five days, fifteen hours and fifty-nine minutes. Captain Alexander McKay said that were it not for fog which was encountered on the passage, he would have arrived in time to land his passengers earlier.

FAST PASSAGE ACROSS ATLANTIC.

The Cunard Line steamship Lucania, which arrived last week from Liverpool and Queenstown, made the

a higher and purer love and a more exalted devotion than any others in life. And of a necessity, the hand of imagination and that of sentiment must have opened the portals of the heart for the admission of religion's sweetest charms, most consoling doctrines, most reassuring promises. To my mind the "Stabat Mater" had been silently and effectively working a miracle on that rapid train, and in the midst of all the world's ailments and distractions.

THE POETRY OF MARY.—Under God, there is no being whose life, whose attributes and whose sufferings and glory, have tended more to inspire the real poets of all Christian ages—and I could almost say pre-Christian times—than Mary. From the prophetic days of antiquity, when Zachary and Simeon intoned praises, in advance of the Virgin Mother, when she, herself, gave expression to the sublime thoughts couched in the verses of the "Magnificat," down to the most modern times, when Wordsworth so graphically pictured her as:—

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast"—throughout the ages the most sacred, as well as the most worldly of poets, have sung the praises of the Mother of God. From Hilary and Prudentius, to Keble and Chaucer; from Ambrose and Bernard to Newman and Faber; from Aquinas to Scott; from Byron to Aubrey de Vere; in every tongue, and in every land, in every mood and in every form have the great and the gifted drawn inspiration from the life and perfections of the Virgin Mother and woven them into song that illumined the imagination and fanned into existence the sentiments of men.

THE MOST TOUCHING OF ALL. —But of all that pen has traced of virtue in honor or in commemoration of Mary, to my humble mind, the "Stabat Mater" stands out unique and conspicuous. It is not possible to translate it. We may give the words in our language that correspond with those of the Latin; we may even weave a rhyme out of our rendering of it; we may reproduce, in a way, the sentiments and ideas; but there is a something wanting. Take that simple question:—

"Quis est homo qui non feret, Sincetam Matrem sui videret Dum pendebat Filius?"

Who is the man who would not weep if he were to see that Holy Mother while the Son hung suspended? We must add words to this literal translation to convey all that is "understood," all the force of meaning that is hidden between the lines, in fact all the world of suggestion that is left unexpressed. We must make use of the imagination, in all its powers, to picture the scene when that Mother stood under the Cross on which her Son, the Redeemer, was expiring; we must summon up a legion of sentiments to correspond with the feelings—like an ocean of sorrow, so vast—that sinless and excruciating Mother. All the art that poet can call to his aid is displayed in the construction of that one verse; all the poetry of thought, of feeling, of imagination that men have ever experienced, is brought into play by the effective influence of that one poem. If the mind seeks to range unfettered through the realms of thought or over the fields of fancy, it has an adequate impetus given to it in the "Stabat Mater." And it was a saint of God, and a child of the Church who gave that hymn to humanity. The mere ideas suggested to me by that simple discovery of the object of the two young ladies' discussion would fill a volume. But I have over-taxed my limited space already, and I will close my observations for this week with the hope that this and others of our Church's glorious gifts to the repertory of the world's poetry may yet be fully appreciated by the people of our time.