

Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and the liturgical calendar for July 1904, including feast days like St. John the Baptist, St. Peter and Paul, and the Coronation of the Virgin Mary.

Church Lighting McDonald & Willson Toronto. To obtain the best effect consult Plan and estimate gladly submitted on request.

"HORSE SENSE."

"The boy has horse sense. I never knew him to spend a dollar foolishly in his life."

This terse statement, somewhat unusual in its simplicity, constituted the whole of a letter of recommendation once given by a man well known in the public life of Michigan as an introduction for a boy who was seeking a bank position in one of the larger cities of the State.

"Horse sense" is a homely term enough, but it contains the description of perhaps the most valuable qualification for life which a young fellow may possess. Not only is common sense a prerequisite to success in business, but in every possible undertaking. It is by another name for good judgment, and it embraces a multitude of virtues.

Common sense teaches a boy or a man to apply his powers to best advantage. It teaches him to conserve his energy and that economy of time is as essential to progress as saving money is to a bank account.

It takes a man or boy out of ruts and at the same time it nips false and exaggerated notions and curbs visionary dreams.

Common sense teaches the young worker not to make false motions. Have you ever seen printers at work at a case setting type? There are two distinct classes of compositors. To one belongs the man who simply and quickly picks up type and places it in the stick, directly, with an even, quiet gait, which is swift because never a moment is wasted.

To the other belongs the man who uses false motions. I have seen a compositor who habitually made three distinct motions in transferring a piece of type from the case to his stick; the reach, the return, and a showy, perhaps graceful, but utterly useless little circle or downward swing of the hand just before the type is placed against the rule.

It looks pretty to the novice, but in the course of a day it wastes thousands of precious instants. Three motions instead of two—they require a third more time, a third more effort, a third more expenditure of energy. Therefore a third less work is accomplished in a given time by the man who uses that third motion than by the man who does not. That third motion is not necessary. It is a matter of habit, usually cultivated deliberately, too.

It is just so in every bit of work a man or boy may have to do. The swift men are not the showy men, usually. The chopper whose pile of chips at the end of the day is largest is the chopper who strikes straight, direct, well-aimed blows at his mark every time and keeps it up. The young clerk who gets through the most waybills in the freight office in the day is the one who has no false motions to make.

The cleanest copy from the typewriter is not the one who swings his wrist to the greatest height or bangs his carriage with the greatest vigor. Any boy knows that the base ball player who holds batting records is not the one who knocks long, beautiful, skyscraping flies away up into the blue and far out over the field—for the outfielders to gather lovingly in. No, the successful batter is the man who hits straight, sharp liners or hot grounders in the right spots, very commonplace appearing, but very base-winning, and hits them every time he goes to bat.

So it is in business. The boy who wins is the boy without false motions—the boy who does what he does directly, decisively and keeps up the pace, though it may not appear to the observer to be a very swift one. The old story of the hare and the tortoise is just as true to-day as it was in Aesop's time.

It rightly. Cultivate horse sense—it can be cultivated. When you undertake a thing think about it; look on all sides of it; strip it of all glamour and give it honest inspection. This isn't wasting time; it is simply knowing your ground as any wise general does when he plans a campaign. Then decide and do what you decide to do with all your force and all your resources. Don't show off. Don't try to make people think you are something which you are not, and don't even be anxious to have them give you credit for all that you are. Be a man and do good, complete, thorough work always and everywhere. People will not be long in seeing your real worth, and you may be sure that people are watching you often more than you have any idea they are. It's much more effective when you have said nothing of your powers in any direction and have made no uncalculated attempt to exhibit them, to have your friends or acquaintances find out for themselves, what you can accomplish or have attained.

Be sensible. Don't display yourself or your abilities. Keep a reserve in power and in knowledge. Don't let your efforts be like fireworks which are the more attractive the more they spread. Concentrate them and then—"saw wood!"—The American Boy.

WHAT CATHOLICS HAVE DONE FOR AMERICA.

(Written for The Irish World.) Men have said and preached and written for a hundred years and more, that the Catholics were never an advantage to this shore.

They have shouted, lay and cleric, of the "patriotic" clan, that America owes nothing to the "Roman" Irishman.

Come and read our country's story, and behold how they have lied, See how Catholics discovered, and the Irish for her died!

Lo, Las Casas, famous Pinson, with Columbus in command, Leaving sunny Spain behind them for a visionary land.

And Americus Vesputius, kneeling at the papal throne, Asking God to bless and guide him in his quest of lands unknown.

What were they? I ask the bigots were they Catholics by birth? Found they not for all God's people, best and greatest, land on earth?

At what altar prayed the Cabots, great De Soto and Champlain, And the world-renowned Balboa, who first saw the peaceful Main?

Ponce de Leon, Varrazani, valiant Cortez and La Salle, Father Marquette, Monk La Carron, who Lake Huron loved so well.

And the Admiral Magellan, who first sailed the globe around, And Carter, who Canada and the grand St. Lawrence found?

Few I name, but they are potent in revealing this broad land From the snow-clad hills of Greenland to the southern polar strand.

Turn a page, and view the founders of our cities and our states, From Quebec to St. Augustine, onward to the Golden Gates.

Read the Revolution's story—written by a truthful hand—See the Catholics who suffered and the outer ramparts manned.

At Long Island, Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine and Germantown, Monmouth, Moultrie and Point Stonewall, Valley Forge of sad renown.

And whose blood bedewed each valley and encrimsoned every rill, From the banks of Yorktown River back to blood-stained Bunker Hill.

Do they know that "Romish" Poland, "Popish" Spain and "papist" France, Sent their ships to aid our struggle—warlike men with gleaming lance?

Have they heard of great Pulaski, Rochambeau and Lafayette, The immortal Kosciuszko, whose fame's sun shall never set.

Gallant Moylan, and O'Brien; Carroll, he whose noble hand Signed the scroll of Independence on behalf of Maryland.

And the thousand other brave men, who fought well for Freedom's Chart, Signed whose names and deeds are graven on the Nation's grateful heart?

And, again in the Rebellion! Lo, the records brave and bright Of the fearless sons of Erin in the awful bloody fight.

At Fair Oaks and Lookout Mountain, Gettysburg of deathless fame; Shiloh, Corinth and Antietam—Glory yet delights to name.

And at Vicksburg—dogged strong—hold—where they charged through shot and shell Till the rebels ran before them as from out the mouth of hell.

Heard they of heroic Meagher, dashing Sheridan and Shields, Dauntless Corcoran, Phil Kearney, hero of Chantilly's fields.

But why thus pursue the story of the Catholics' high deeds; It is simply wasting paper, for the bigot never reads. —J. T. Gallagher, M.D.

The Coronation Declaration

The Duke of Norfolk intends to repeat this year the demonstration against the Coronation declaration. The Duke of Norfolk has now given notice to move "that whereas, under the Bill of Rights and the Act of Settlement, the Sovereign is required to join in communion with the Church of England, as by law established, and ample securities are provided to secure the Protestant succession to the Crown; and whereas, in addition to these securities the Sovereign is required, immediately after his accession, to make a declaration commonly called the declaration against transubstantiation, which is deeply and needlessly offensive to many millions of loyal subjects of His Majesty, this House is of opinion that the declaration aforesaid ought to be amended so as not to include the condemnation or repudiation of specific doctrines, which form part of the conscientious beliefs of any of His Majesty's subjects."

The declaration was originally not required from the Sovereign. It was enforced by statute on members of both Houses of the Legislature for the purpose of excluding Catholics from membership. A special provision was made to exempt James II. from being compelled to make the declaration on taking his seat in the House of Lords as Duke of York. He, of course, did not make the declaration on succession to the Throne. It is a curious freak in history that the declaration in the first instance rendered obligatory on members of Parliament, but not on the occupant of the Throne, should remain in force as regards the occupant of the Throne for nearly three-quarters of a century after its abolition as regards members of both Houses of the English Parliament.

The mode in which the King's Blasphemous Declaration was made was not in accordance with local requirements and constituted a "gratuitous insult" not merely to Catholics, but to other persons to whom the Christian verities are dear. The declaration is to be made, in accordance with the statute, on the opening of the first day of the first session of the King's first Parliament, or on his Coronation. The declaration was not made at the King's Coronation, and it was not made on the first day of the first session of the King's first Parliament. The day on which the declaration was made was the first day of a session of Parliament which was convened not by the King, but by the late Queen, and which had two previous sessions—the session of November, 1900, and the session of January 23rd, when it met automatically on the Queen's death, after six months from which, but for a recent statute, it would have expired. The present Parliament is, in strict intendment of the law, not the Parliament of Edward VII., but the Parliament of Queen Victoria prolonged by statute after her death into the reign of Edward VII. When the mistake of the Law Officers of the Crown in advising the making of the blasphemous declaration, and the wrong time was raised on the estimate for their salaries and fees—amounting to an odd thirty thousand pounds sterling per annum—it was ruled out of order on the quibble that the King acted on the advice of his Ministers, who were responsible, and who were only guided by the opinions of the Law Officers, which were "confidential."

Trial Proves Its Excellence.—The best testimonial one can have of the virtue of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the treatment of bodily pains, coughs, colds and affections of the respiratory organs, is a trial of it. If not found the sovereign remedy it is reputed to be, then it may be rejected as useless, and all that has been said in its praise denounced as untruthful.

Tit for Tat

A lady in San Francisco engaged a Chinese cook. When the Celestial came, among other things, she asked him his name. "My name," said the Chinaman, smiling, "is Wang Hang Ho." "Oh, I can't remember all that," said the lady. "I will call you John." John smiled all over, and asked, "What is your name?" "My name is Mrs. Melville London." "Me no memble all that," said John. "Chinaman he no save Mrs. Membl London. I call you Tommy."

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit which could have no hold on us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

Children's Corner

A YOUNG M.D.

Mr. Burbank stood in the front hall drawing on his gloves, preparatory to going out in the storm. His face was very grave, and as he patted Danny Small's brown head he said: "We can't be too careful, Mr. Small; do what we will, it means a hard pull for this lad's mother. She needs absolute quiet and a mind free from worry. The children must be so many mice; and Danny, here, is going to do his part—be my assistant."

Two minutes later the doctor was driving away, and Danny Small and his father were seated in the library, talking over the doctor's last words.

"He means just this, my boy," said Mr. Small, holding Danny's hand in his own; "you must do your part to keep your brothers and sisters quiet and happy while your mother is sick, and that will do as much to help as his medicine. In that way you will become an assistant of whom any doctor would be glad."

"I'll do it; begin at once," said Danny, his eyes sparkling.

"Hurrah! I'm—" said John, rushing into the house like a small torpedo.

"Sh!" said Danny, clapping his hand over his brother's mouth, "don't you know your mother is sick?" "Oh, sure enough; I forgot about mother." And John retreated toward the door.

"Well, you don't want to forget," said Danny. "I'm Dr. Burbank's assistant, and—" "Dr. Burbank's what?" interrupted John, pausing on the threshold.

"Dr. Burbank's assistant," said Danny, flashing; "and you must obey orders—no shouting and no quarrelling within a hundred feet of this house."

That night the children were impatient and cross, and Danny found his services as the doctor's assistant again required.

"Be as quiet as mice and I'll show you something new," said Danny, taking an apple from the pantry and hanging it by a string from the top casing of the door. "The first one that bites a piece out has the whole apple."

Thus for an hour Danny managed to keep the youngsters out of mischief.

"How has my assistant been getting along?" said Dr. Burbank, when he came the next morning.

"My wife has had the best night's rest she has known for a fortnight," replied Mr. Small, his eyes glistening. "Danny has been an angel. I am obliged to be away at the office most of the day, and the nurse finds it impossible to keep the little ones all quiet; but Danny—well, Danny has managed it somehow, and wife says that she has not heard a sound from the children since you were here yesterday."

"Capital! Capital!" said the physician; "between us we shall have Mrs. Small on her feet again soon."

The following day, when Danny returned from school, a great wagon load backed up before the house on the opposite side of the street, and the teamster was arranging the iron chute, intending to shoot the entire load into the cellar.

"See, here, mister," said Danny, looking up in the begrimed face of the teamster. "my mother is awful sick over there in that house, and would you mind dumping that coal in with your basket, maybe you've got a sick mother, or had one once?"

For an instant the man stood looking at Danny in amazement. To grant the request meant much extra work, and at first he was inclined to be surly. Then he scratched his head and reached for his basket, muttering something about having a sick boy at home.

Dr. Burbank was coming up the street, and he took it all in—not the coal, but the situation—and as he mounted the steps at Mr. Small's home he said, "God bless the boy."

So the weeks passed, each hour and day finding something for Danny to do as Dr. Burbank's assistant, and they were not irksome hours, either; on the contrary, they were among the happiest of Danny's life. Gradually health returned to Mrs. Small, and one morning early in the spring she came down to dinner for the first time in two months. Dr. Burbank came in while they were seated at the table.

"I am down once more, thanks to you, Dr. Burbank," said Mrs. Small. "Thanks to my assistant, Master Danny, who corrected the physician, 'he has done more than I.'"

That was the proudest minute in Danny's life—the proudest of Dr. Daniel Small's life, for years passed and Danny became a physician himself and a very successful one—Success.

REMEMBER—THE LITTLE MEMBER!

You may keep your feet from slipping And your hands from evil deeds, But to guard your tongue from tripping—

What unceasing care it needs! Be you old or be you young, Oh, beware, Take good care Of the tittle-tattle, telltale tongue!

You may feel inclined to quarrel With the doctrine that I preach, But the soundness of the moral Sad experience will teach: Be it said or be it sung Everywhere, Of the tittle-tattle, telltale tongue!

—St. Nicholas.

Cheapest of All Medicines.—Considering the curative qualities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil it is the cheapest medicine now offered to the public. The dose required in any ailment is small and a bottle contains many more doses. If it were valued at the benefit it confers it could not be purchased for many times the price asked for it, but increased consumption has simplified and cheapened its manufacture.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELONS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says:

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours for ever thankful, PETER AUSTEN

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

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