# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Catholic Boy and a Freethinker. Not long ago a Catholic buy was traveling in a railroad car between Brussels and Namur. In the same car was an infidel school inspector. On passing before a Catholic church the boy uncovered his head, in honor of the Blessed Sacrament Which he knew is kept in the church.

The inspector, who, up to this time, had been reading a newspaper, on see ing the reverence paid by the boy to the house of God, began to laugh, and the following dialogue ensued :

"To be sure, my little friend, you must be an altar boy ?" Yes, sir," replied the boy ; " And I am just preparing for my First Com

And will you please tell me what "Well, he is just now instructing

me in the mysteries of religion." "And, please, what are these mys I have forgotten all about mysteries this long time ago, and in a couple of years it will be the same

with you. No, sir; I will never forget the mysteries of the Holy Trinity, of the Incarnation and of the Redemption "What do you mean by the Holy Tripity ?

One God in three persons. "Do you understand that, my little

friend ? Where there is a question of mys tery three things are to be distinguished; to know, to believe and to understand. We will understand only in Heaven."

These are idle stories. I believe only what I understand.' Well, sir, if you only believe what von understand, will you tell me this : How is it that you can move your

finger at will ?" My finger is moved because my will impresses a motion to the muscle of my finger.' But do you understand how this

"Oh, yes, I understand it."

"Very well, if you understand it, then teil me why your will can move your finger, and not, as in the case of a donkey, your ear ?"

This was too much for the learned school inspector. He made a sorry face, coughed and muttered between "Let me alone, little fellow ; you are too young to teach me a He resumed reading his paper and never took his eyes from it until his unpleasant little traveling companion had stepped off at the next station and disappeared from sight.

### Wagner's Promotion.

Wagner was so new to brass buttons that he still ran to fires. There are those in the police who do not run after one year's experience ; Wagner, being ambitious, had been running nearly three years and nothing had happened Wagner is a gymnast as well as a policeman, and he is as proud of his big right arm-it feels like a new hawser-as he is of his drab hel

On a night in April some years ago Wagner was patroling his beat in Lexington avenue, New York, up as far as Seventy fourth street and back again to Sixty sixth street, a leisurely tramp of half a mile, although dull from being familar. A few minutes after 2 o'clock in the morning, as Wagner records in his little book, he saw a fire engine coming up the avenue with horses in full gallop. In the daytime a fire engine is an incident; at night it is an event. This engine turned into Sixtyninth street and raced to the east

ward. An engine in full steam leaves behind a broad, bright pathway of burn ing cinders. Wagner followed this path, and it led him straight to the edge of the park. Smoke was already rising in a dim, gray cloud above a brownstone house. It needed a keen eye at that hour of the night to see that It needed a keen the building was on fire. In the middle of the street two scantily clad men were gesticulating oddly and pointing upward.

On a narrow ledge that ran just be low a fourth-story window stood a girl in a white wrapper. She was crouch ing, with her hands feeling out along the smooth brick wall and over the edge of the steep mansard roof. She had crept from the open window and the smoke was now reaching out behind her along the wall. It was about fifty feet down to the stone steps of the areaway, and the ledge was not as wide as a man's two hands. As Wagner came up he saw the girl

took down as if intending to jump.

you' Then he ran up the steps of the adjoining building, and when the door was opened he dashed up four flights of stairs and ran into a front room. The window was already open. Two men were leaning out and holding the end of a knotted sheet. The ledge ran only the width of the turning building, consequently, although the girl was near the end of it, she was still separated from the men by more than five feet of bare brick wall, and she was two feet below them. They were dangling the sheet ineffectually in her direction and shouting :

'Take hold! Take hold!" The girl made feeble passes at the sheet, but she could not catch it; if she had caught it they would, with the bes possible intentions, have dragged her from the ledge and she would have been dashed to death on the flagging below. She was silent and all but

Wagner leaned out of the window his right hand clutching the casing and his left extended in ther direction. He called to her to jump.

She glanced down at the gathering crowd in the street and clutched again at the smooth wall. Wagner knew that the frantic advice of the men be low, that the hissing of the engines and all the other din of the fire were

fast unnerving her. Fitzgerald, a fireman, now came up the stairs two steps at a time. When Wagner saw him he said: "Hold on to my leg !"

Then he straddled the sill, with his right leg in and his left one out Fuzgerald and one of the citizens grasped his aukle and braced their feet against the sill.

Then Wagner leaned forward, with his left foot pushing on the wall below the window until he stood straight out in mid air as stiff and firm as the hick ory shaft of a hotsting crane. He did not once look below him or count on the chances of falling. He was facing the girl; slowly he swung toward her. " Here, reach out !" he shouted.

But she did not hear him. She was trying blindly to turn on the ledge feeling that escape in this direction was cut off She was groping for the window that she had come through, not that the room was now in art, travei, education, refinement, if flames from floor to coiling. Just as used for its higher possible ends. she faced about a sudden gush of fire drove the glass cutward from the sashes and shot half a hundred feet in air. The girl shrank back before the heat, looked down, wavered and then de liberately stepped from the ledge. Her hands were thrown out above her and those below turned away in horror. But Wagner had thrown himself violently forward. As the girl shot past him he grasped her arm near the elbow with his right hand. At the sudden checking of the fall her arm

slipped swiftly through his fingers, but at her wrist he held her with a grip of steel. His own body was borne heavily downward; his leg, held by the two men within the window, was violently wrenched over the sharp stone sill and drawn down with a snap as the girl's body was stopped short in its flight at the length of his arm And there the two hung, the man holding by one leg, with his head down and his back to the wall, and the girl dangling by one hand far below him. She was a dead-weight of one hundred and thirty pounds.

For a moment Wagner did not move what with the pain in his leg, the wrench of his arm and the blood in his head he was convinced that he mus let her fall. But his wavering lasted only a second. By sheer strength he lifted her up until he could grasp her arm with his left hand. And then again he lifted, every straining lurch cutting into the leg which Fitzgerald and the citizen still held with grim de-

The girl was limp and scantily he could not get a firm hold and yet slowly and by sheer strength he succeeded in getting his hand under her arms. Then again he lifted, pushing her up across his body until one of the men above, reaching down, could grasp her arm. The they pulled her in, unconscious and more dead than alive.

After that they lifted Wagner and drew him across the sill. They thought his leg was broken, but after a moment Wagner took the girl in his rms and carried her down four flights of stairs to the ambulance.

When Wagner reported for duty the next evening the sergeant read an order from the chief of police requiring horses in tare Warner was the sadquar-Wagner went with ters. not yet having awakened to his deed. The secretary of police seemed to know him and greeted him familiarly; so did the men of the central Wagner thought it odd. At the midnight roll call the chief brought Wagner out and shook him by the hand be-fore them all. Then he conferred upon him the two gold chevrons of a roundsman. Never before in the department had courage won promotion so promptly.—Youth's Companion.

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

No Success Without Work The Advance says that young men should early learn that they cannot make a success in life without work.

The work may be through the exercise of brawn and muscle, or it may be with the head and the use of brains. Many men have tried to reach succes without work, but all have failed. Young men cannot loaf around street corners and saloons, smoke tobacco drink beer or whiskey, sponge on some one else for these things, learn to tell foul stories and sing ribald songs, with out such failure. Successful men must necessarily learn a trade or some hon est business. If they don't they will be chronic loafers, despised by ail deent people, producing nothing, and a burden upon their parents and the There is no place in the world

to-day for loafers. The ripest fruit is at the top of the tree, and one must climb to get it. If you wait for it to fall to your feet you will never get it. Smarter men will jump and pluck it all. Young man, "get a move on you," and do something, no matter how small at first.

If you would get a starter help your self and others will help you. Toil, grit and endurance are the requisites. Wake up and see what you can do ?

Young Men's Savings.

Taking for his text the epigram made by Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Put not your trust in money, but your money in trust." Mr. R. A White,

public enemy. He who takes and never gives takes from the public wealth. A few people need to be taught how to spend money. They are adepts in hoarding. But the ma jority need to learn the gospel of thrift The best kind of saving is by using properly. That is, save by legitimate investments where every dollar saved and invested briggs interest by virtue of use, benefits the saver and perform at the same time its functions in the world's economic system. Such saving is legitimate, invaluable.

Few feel the force of this in early The average young man is fall of wants, the most of them unnec essary. Al that is earned, be it great or small, is scattered. The balance at the end of the year is often on the wrong side of the ledger. The value of early habits of saving is that it is the beginning of possible wealth. There is a sentimental tendency to de cry the possession of riches. "Money is the root of all evil," some say, "therefore remain poor." The abuse "therefore remain poor." The abuse of money is an evil. Money properly used is never an evil. Money means beneficent alms, good books, music,

Wealth is created legitimately by persistent saving of something out of whatever income we have. Speculating on margins, where every dollar won for us is a dollar lost for some other man, is a legalized form of rob pery. But the man who saves some thing out of what he honestly earns invests it legitimately or leaves it in trust with some good bank, which uses it, places himself in the way of a com netence and yet benefits instead of parming others in his saving. Every young man ought to save something for the possible out-of-work ; ought to save something for the possible marry ing time.

The habit of small savings ought to be cultivated. "Take care of the pen nies and the pounds will take care themselves." Adollara week is \$52, per year. In ten years \$520 with interest added a few hundred more-enough to tide over many days of sickness of lack of employment. The \$1 per week is scarcely missed, requires but little sacrifice of even the young man on the average salary.

#### Ideal Manhood.

Mgr. Conaty has a strong article in the December number of Mosher's Magazine, called "Ideal Manhood." All morality has its origin in religion he says: The ethical system of Socrate never converted a nation. Men list ened and still lived as profligates.

"Intellectualism is the craze of the age, but intellect is only one of the powers of man. Greater than intellect more essential to a true development o manhood, is the heart, from which, as Vauvenargues says, 'all great thoughts come.' Knowledge alone cannot save manhood which craves for love, and eeks for more heart develop The Grace Roman classicism failed to touch the depths of human needs Brotherhood, equality, liberty, sprang from the love which was made known to the world in Christ, Who taught the world true religion. Manhood needs to know its duty to society. Perman ence of a free state depends upon intelligence and virtue. Morality is more essential to citizenship than advanced knowledge. You cannot have good citizens unless they first be good men, and religion alone can make and preserve men good. Religion is the solation. The Church has always been the preacher of life, and its lessons and practices have made the happiness of mankind. The Church alone can sat isfactorily answer all the questions of ife, and the questions underlie all edueation. The Church alone is commissioned to teach the truth and way of

"Religion has now to fight for its existence. That which is built up is in danger of destruction. Home is losing its charm, the family circle is vanishing under the blight of divorce, greed of power and of gain controls, the spiritual is losing its value in many places, and the supernatural seems a thing unknown. Immorality talks through our streets, dictates our literature, struts across our stage, and oisons our life blood. Trust in every thing but God is the prevailing fash ion. Crimes that cannot be traced to illiteracy defile our life, and thoughtful men ask where will it end? not ask, whence comes this, and set to work to apply a remedy? Our nature craves for religion, and if you force it out of life, you have opened the way to all disorder and darkness. The loose ideas of religion, the breaking down of all positive religious teaching, the refusal to obey the Church, are, indeed, causes of the present evils. 'The sense of sin,' as Gladstone said, 'is de caying;' the meaning of soul, immortality and future life with its judg-ments, is forgotten, and life is unable to answer its questions.

"If we would develop manhood according to the ideal, we must look to the education of our children. Divorce religion from education and make religion an elective study and it will not be long before it ceases as a

factor in education. "We need men, but men with conscience and character; men who are not afraid to be virtuous; men who believe in law because they believe in God, and who love their fellowman because he is the child of God; men who are proud to be Christians, and whose lives of integrity, self-sacrifice and President of the Chicago Penny Saving Bank, contributes the following article:

Penuriousness is a vice. A miser is a social evil. The stingy man is a particle and provided a

needs the manhood which religion alone can develop. The supernatural life is necessary to true manliness, which has its best expression in Christian virtue. Society should heed the warning of our illustrious Pontiff, who at the close of a great century bids the world look to Jesus Christ R deemer as the source of all life, light and love."

#### THE NEWTOWNBARRY TITHE MURDER.

Enniscorthy Guardian, Feb. 5 The following is the only true and uthentic account of the Newtown authentic account of the barry tithe murder by Canon Doyle, whose father's cattle were to be suc tioned for tithe on the day of that bloody massacre, June 18, 1831. account appeared in a letter to the

To the Editor of the Irish Catholic. Ramsgrange, Arthurstown,

Nov. 24, 1896 Dear Sir-I observe in your last issue a lecture by Mr. W J. Harbison, headed "The Tithe War." The lecture s very truthful and interesting, until he comes to "The Massacre at Newtown-Friends, paid tithes reluctantly. Mr. Harbison says that shocking massacre is truthfully described in John Mitchei's History, which he quotes. John Mitchel's de scription is, however, entirely mis-leading and untrue. I suppose there is no human being alive to day who knows anything on the subject, beyond the fact of the massacre, except myself. I know all the facts of the case, for they were burned into my memory as with a red hot iron, though was then only past thirteen years of age. This case which resulted in the murder and maiming of so many innocent people, was quite abnormal. There used to be a composition or rearrangement of tithes periodicallyevery five or seven years. The people of my parish claimed a half year's gale of tithe, which, they asserted, had peen over paid at the last arrange The minister, Mr. M'Clintock, ment. insisted that the gale was due and should be paid. My father, Patrick as their neighbors and friends. Doyle, of Tombrick, on his own part and part of the people, sought coun sel's opinion. The advice was to let the minister seize and sell the cattle, and then to take action against him for illegal seizure and sale. The bailiffs came and, without the leas opposition, seized two of my father's cattle, and one from a neighboring small farmer named Patrick Nowlan The cattle were lodged quietly in the parish pound, which stands by Ryland road-the end of the direct road from Enniscorthy leading into the beautiful little town, then called by all the people. people the meliow and appropriate name of Bunclody, for it stands at the confluence of the river Clody with the Slaney. The auction of the three cat le was appointed for the 18th of June, 31. There was a placard extensively circulated, calling upon the people t the punishment due to the most wan attend the auction, not for the purpose ton attacks on the liberty and the very of obstruction, but to create sympathy lives of the people. Of all who took part, actively or passively, in that aw -likely with the ulterior object of making a collection to meet the law ful tragedy, and had an accurate knowledge of its origin and ending, l There was neither "pigs, beds, costs. nor kettles.' There was no sale, no attempt at sale. Mr. Mitchel's descrip tion is utterly untrue and misleading These are the facts - The pound in which the three cattle were confined is about half an English mile from the centre of the fine marketplace of Bunclody (Newtownbarry,

where they were to be sold police and yeomanry, in great force, marched down towards the pound, two deep, to conduct the cattle to the market-place. A great mixed crowd of men, women and children was present - some on their way to the fair, some from curiosity, many for a day outing, and the young folk of the town for fun. When the cattle were turned out of the pound and faced towards the town, a crowd of thoughtless boys began his hand, but did not know what it to frighten and stop them. The fun became infectious, and some young men joined the lads in stopping the cattle. My eldest brother, John Doyle who was there representing my father went forward and implored the boys to let the cattle go. His advice had no effects. A great number of people had left the road and were in the paddocks at each side of it. My poor brother,

annoyed at the delay, stepped in over the low fence, and was standing, his hands in his pockets, with his side to the road, talking to a poor woman, a laborer's wife, who had been in the town on business, when, crash! came a volley of musketry from the yeomer and police, point blank into the unsuspacting crowd. A ball struck my brother about one and a half inches over his eyes, and passed right through the solid frontal bone. It did not go out at the other side, though it opened a door for itself. The doctor had merely to cut the skin and raise the one, which it had pushed out, in order he was speaking, was shot through the womb. She and her baby fell dead

doctor who saw him, and lived, de prived of his sight, for some twenty years after. The police and yeomen were in a long line, two deep, on the middle of the road, when suddenly, by direction of the demon who commanded them. (Lord Farnsham then owned the town and surrounding property) Gra ham, a northern Orangeman, they turned back to back and poured a patriotism are illumined by the faith fusilade into the unsuspecting crowd,

true men, it needs Christian men, it they rushed away and sought refuge often so swollen that I was unable to behind the fences. Fortunately, breech loaders were not then in use, or Fortunately, the number of killed and wounded poor fellows, fearing the murderers would cross over the fences and bayonet them, arose from their hiding places to seek safety by flight, and thus gave an opportunity for pot shots to their blood thirsty assailants.

Looking back columly over a period

> the circumstances of the case, I don't believe there was so premeditated and cold-blooded a murder perpetrated in Ireland since the days of the notorious Hunter Gowan, Hawtry White, and archy Jacob, as the tithe massacre of Newtownbarry. The bitterness of 98 had completely died out, for there is not on the face of God's earth a more orgiving people than Irish Catholics Protestant children, and young men young men often were at school in hose days) came to school and were our play fellows. I remember a neighboring yeoman to be a constant companion with one of my brothers Of course, Catholics, dissenters, and none more so than the Society of my native parish the people seemed to have made a virtue of necessity There was no combination against th payment of tithes, and no acrimonion feeling towards Minister M'Citntock who was looked upon as an amiabl inoffensive man. Hence, the people were off their guard, never suspecting they would be shot down in cold blood by men they regarded as friends and You will ask what excuse neighbors. You will ask what excuse had the police and youmanry for firing on the people. It was said that som foolish boys threw stones. There may be a grain of truth in that assertion for it is difficult to prevent thoughtless youth from doing rash things. Of this am satisfied, on mature inquiry from those who were present, that there was not sufficient provocation given to the police and youmen to fire on a pack of hounds, much less to a fire a murderous fusilade on a mixed multitude of their fellow men, who regarded them wasn't there a yeoman killed? Yes he was killed accidently either by th police or yeomen. He was in civilian dress, as some of the yeomen used to The wretched man left the ranks. and went to rest his musket on the road fence, in order to take a dead aim at the flying people. It is believed that some policeman or yeoman, thinking he was a civilian clambering over he fence, fired at him with fatal effect. He received his death wound in the back, which was turned towards his fellows, and not towards the fleeing Why were not the police and reomen brought to justice and punshed for that dreadful crime? not necessary to answer that question in Ireland, where it is notorious that the slightest provocation given to military or police will screen them from

alone remain to give its sad history. I would ask you to give a prominen place to my true statement of the facts for when I pass away there will remain no other who can correct the many errors and mis statements regarding 'The Tithe Murder at Newtown-

barry."-D ar sir, yours faithfully, THOMAS CANON DOYLE, P. P. P. S .- In order to take the people off their guard, and not to give them even the short notice of seeing the police and yoemen load their guns, they were or dered to load them in Graham's yard before coming down to the pound. was said that he read the Riot Act. No man in that mixed multitude was ever in a riot or heard the Riot Act read. Some saw a piece of paper in was, when the incarnate demon roared out hurriedly, "Fire, fire!" The bloodstained and perjured villain swore at the investigation it was "Fie, fie!" he said. T. C. D.

## A RACKING COUGH

Afflicted the Sufferer For Twenty Years.

OFTEN SAT UP IN BED COUGHING THE WHOLE NIGHT LONG DOCTORS UL TIMATELY TOLD HIM THE TROUBLE WAS DEVELOPING INTO CONSUMP TION - HOW RELIEF WAS OBTAINED

From the Times, Picton, Ont. Nothing racks the body more than a severe cough. If it is allowed to run for any length of time, it is very hard to get rid of, and often leads to that most dreaded of all disease - consump tion. Such a sufferer was Mr. Thoma Jinks, of Prince Edward county. Mr. Jinks relates the following facts to s to extract it. The poor woman, our Picton Times reporter: "I am sixty neighbor, Mary Mulroney, to whom seven years of age, and for the last seven years of age, and for the las twenty years I have had a bad cough I was troubled with catarrh, which together. It is believed the two balls were intended for my brother. He started in my head, but later spread to my stomach, leaving me dyspeptic recovered, against the opinion of every For two years I was troubled with pains in the stomach, and was not able to raise my arms above my head with out experiencing severe pains abou my short ribs and stomach. Then my kidneys began to trouble me and a could not get out of a chair without help. My limbs and feet were

> BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES "The best preparation for colds, coughs and asthma." MRS. S. A. WATSON, Temperance Lecturer "Pre-eminently the best."
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lace my boots, but as soon as the swelling went down I was but a mere shadow. My wrists and arms were so would have been ten fold more. Some shrucken that I could span them with ease. My cough racked my whole body. I have sat up in bed and coughed the whole night long. I tried several doctors without success. finally told me I was in the first stages of consumption. In the spring of 1899, a little pamphlet was thrown in the hall door telling about Dr of more than sixty five years, and in-timately acquainted as I am with all liams' Pivk Pills, and I decided to try them. Before finishing the second box, I noted a change and after using them for a ccuple of months, I was completely cured and the cough had left me At present my health is as good as I can wish for, and I can truly say through all my suffering, I never got any permanent relief until I took

Dr Williams' Pink Pills." Mr. Jinks added that it was not in his own case alone that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had proved of advantage in his family. His daughter, Miss Mil dred, was in very poor health, and scarcely able to go around. In fact, her friends feared her trouble was de veloping into dropsy. She used five boxes of the pills and is now enjoying

the very best of health.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such apparently hopeless cases as Mr. Jinks', because they make new, rich, red blood, and thus reach the root of the trouble. These pills are the only medicine offered the public that can show a record of such marvellous cures after doctors had failed. If you are at all unwell, this medicine will restore you to health, but be sure you get the genuine with the full name "Dr Williams' Pink Pink for Pale People, on the wrapper ar und each box.

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