

# OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

I am not in trim to write this week, so your readers, good "True Witness," will have to overlook my rambling style and faulty expression. I have had a shock; and every one knows that a shock has mischievous effects upon the nerves. Possibly the cause of this particular "up-setting" is of no public interest; still, as I feel the results very strongly I cannot refrain from recalling the circumstances. It was all about this mayoralty contest now in full swing.

I was going down St. Urban St. the other afternoon, and I must have been in a kind of day-dream—certainly "my thoughts were with my heart." I heard a shoving, grating noise coming from some place over head; I looked up, just as a mass of ice began to show signs of a fever to jump off the eve of a tall house. As a rule people run out into the street to get away from such a visit; but I stepped in towards the wall. No sooner had I done so than fifty or sixty pounds of frozen snow and solid ice came down with a crash, and split into ten thousand fragments upon the spot where I had been standing a moment previous. As I drew my breath, a voice from across the way roared out: "A narrow escape my man! I thought you would be smashed to atoms." "If I had stood still," I answered, "I certainly would have been broken up; but, as you see, it is the mass of ice that got splintered." The person who had thus addressed me, crossed over to see the ruins of that ice, and to conjure up the imaginary picture of my brains being scattered around upon the street. After examining the material that had fallen, we went to work to discuss icicles, etc., upon the house tops; there we drifted into some abuse of the city council; this naturally led to the municipal elections and consequently the Mayoralty.

I learned that my new acquaintance had some political influence of a local nature, and that he was anxious about the result of the Mayoralty contest. I also discovered, incidentally, that he was an Irish-Catholic. To make a long story short; he plainly told me that he intended to vote for Prefontaine—not that he had any faith in him, or believed that he had a right to a second term; but because he did not think that Mr. Doran had any chance. I asked him if he knew of many other Irish-Catholics who agreed with him. He said that he knew of none. I then let fall the words "Thank God."

This accidental acquaintanceship seemed to have added new zest to my enjoyment of the occasion, and I launched forth upon him. You would have smiled, had you seen the kaleidoscopic changes that his face underwent, while I was having my say. If the falling of the ice, and my narrow escape had the effect of a physical shock, this gentleman's senseless reasoning produced a more lasting mental shock. Amongst other things I said:

"Do you imagine that you are doing your duty as an Irish-Catholic, or even as a citizen of Montreal, when you openly avow your intention of voting against the carrying out of a long-lived tacit agreement between the different elements of our community? Do you feel justified in voting against the success of a principle that is vital, as far as our people are concerned, merely because you have a suspicion that our candidate may not win? Can you not see that if he should fail, it will be on account of such men as yourself? By what system of reasoning do you come to the conclusion that it is better to vote against your conscience, in favor of one whom you claim unfairly attempting to usurp the rights of others, and against the only Irish-Catholic who had the self-sacrificing spirit sufficient to stand in the breach and assert loud and effectively a principle of paramount importance to every minority? If you have any doubts as to Mr. Doran's success, you can have no uncertainty as to your own action; consequently you should be able to say at the close of this contest, 'if he is in, it is in part due to me,' or 'if he is out, I am one of those who should strike his breast and cry out 'through my fault.'"

"I fear," he said, "that the ice there has frightened your wits and common sense away." "Has it?" I replied. "Then I'll take this incident to which I owe the opportunity of meeting an Irish-Catholic who would stick to his country in the hour of certain success, but would side with her opponents the moment the issue was doubtful, and use it as an illustration. That ice and snow mass is very like Mr. Prefontaine—my situation line that of Mr. Doran." "What do you mean?" he asked. "I'll soon tell you," was my reply of the moment.

I said: "Like Mayor Prefontaine, that mass of ice had rested tranquilly on the roof above; finally it came down to the eve; there it gathered all its strength; and it toppled over with a crash. So it is with the present Mayor, who has rested for two years on the summit of popularity; but he had gradually reached the eve, or the edge of that elevation. For a moment he menaces to fall upon Mr. Doran, and, consequently upon the rights of a powerful minority, but the activity displayed by Mr. Doran removes him from the fatal spot. The fall has to come; down comes the ice—even as Mr. Prefontaine must come down; but instead of destroying me the huge weight shattered itself on the pavement—so (thanks to the watchfulness and liveliness of himself and his friends) Mr. Doran can safely calculate upon his chances of success, for instead of the present Mayor's ponderous political and civic weight pulverizing the Irish-Catholic candidate, it is that very weight (v. g. Mr. Prefontaine) that shall smash itself to atoms upon the cold stones—they got cold with the chilly policy that has swept over more than one section of the country. And all will be due to ambition on the one side and untiring activity on the other side."

My suddenly made acquaintance had to leave abruptly; and so had I; but before going he manfully acknowledged the justice of my remarks. Whom will he vote for now? Possibly no man will ever know.

and his early education was received there. Two weeks previous to his death he was assisted into the church and celebrated Mass. His last words were addressed to friends at his bedside, and were: "I want to return thanks to you all for your kindness to me. I forgive every one for the slightest act of unkindness and wish all to forgive me, too, as I hope and pray the Heavenly Father will forgive them and me."

**RADEMACHER.**—The Right Rev. Joseph Rademacher, Catholic Bishop of the diocese of Fort Wayne, Ind., died in that city, January 12. He was 59 years old. He was born in Westphalia, Mich., and was educated for the priesthood at St. Michael's Seminary, in Pittsburg, being ordained August 2, 1862. His first see was at Nashville, where he remained until July 14, 1893, when he was transferred to Fort Wayne. Bishop Rademacher was among the first American pilgrims to the Holy Land in 1889, at which time the party was received in special audience by the Holy Father, at Rome, before setting out for Palestine.

**RORKE.**—Edward Rorke, founder of the wholesale and importing crockery house of Edward Rorke & Co., at 20 Barclay street, and one of the most prominent Catholic laymen in Brooklyn, died January 11, at the mansion house in his 83rd year. He was born in the County Tyrone, Ireland, on St. Patrick's Day, 1817, and coming to this country in 1847, settled in Brooklyn. He soon started in the crockery business, and on his retirement in 1882 his nephew, James Rorke, succeeded

him as head of the concern. Mr Rorke has long been prominent in the affairs of the Catholic diocese of Brooklyn, and was a close personal friend of the late Bishop Loughlin and Bishop McDonnell, his successor. He was the last surviving member of the committee which welcomed Bishop Loughlin to the diocese in 1853. He was a member of St. James' parish for fifty-three years, and always occupied the front pew in the pro-Cathedral in Jay street. He served as president of the St. Patrick Society for several terms, and was long the treasurer of the Brooklyn Roman Catholic Cerebral Asylum Society. He was a member of the Society of Old Brooklynites, the Columbian Club and the Emerald Society.

**MULCAHY.**—The Rev. John A. Mulcahy, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, of Hartford, Conn., and Vicar-General of the diocese, died at the parochial residence Jan. 13. His death was due to oedema of the lungs, with which he had been a long sufferer. Father Mulcahy was one of the best known priests of the diocese. He was born in County Cork, Ireland, in 1845, and when a boy came to Hartford. He leaves two brothers—Thomas, in Minneapolis, and Michael, who lives in Ireland with his mother. Two sisters are in the Sisterhood of Mercy—Sister Euphemia and Sister Madeline.

At Munich there is a hospital which is entirely supported by the sale of old steel pens and nibs collected from all parts of Germany. They are made into watch-springs, knives and razors.

## THE DIXON VEGETABLE CURE.

Incontestable Proof That it Can Reclaim Heavy Drinkers—Letters of an Exceptionally Sensible and Intelligent Woman Who Saved Her Husband Through Its Agency.

THE DIXON CURE CO.,  
Gentlemen,—  
Enclosed find postal note, for which please send me one full treatment of your cure for the liquor habit. Please send me full instructions, and let me know everything about it that is necessary for me to know. I want it next week for sure. I do hope and trust it will be all that is claimed for it.  
Yours truly,  
June 23rd, 1899.

Gentlemen,—  
My husband began to take the medicine one week ago today. July the 5th. We thought you expected rather too much of the medicine, and that it would do very well if it took the desire for liquor away at the end of twenty-five days. Well, on Sunday evening, after tea, he says to me: "That is queer stuff," I said why, and he said he had not the slightest desire for any kind of liquor; he said that if there was beer and tea on the table he would prefer the tea. He has never changed his mind since, and we think it very wonderful. He has taken the medicine exactly as directed every day. If this only lasts we will consider the cure worth several times its price. His health is good, and he says he feels as he did when he was a boy. He had never gone to the lengths some have drunking, but I could not bear to think he would, as I know he surely would have. All it needed to complete his destruction was time, and I thought it such a pity that a comparatively young man, he is thirty-seven, should be destroyed, and did not see the use of waiting till he was worse and older. I thought I would like to give the medicine a chance now, and I believe it is all right, and just as you said it was; that is, if it is lasting. Have those who were cured first, remained cured, and how long is it since they were cured? I will write again next week.  
Yours truly,  
July 15th, 1899.

Gentlemen,—  
It is two weeks ago to-day since my husband began to take the medicine. He has never had any desire to taste liquor since the second day after taking it. I am very thankful, and I think Mr. Dixon may be proud to have been the means of restoring so many of his fellow-creatures to their right state. It will do more for humanity than anything else I know of. Why do not those who profess to labor for the good of mankind spend their money in helping those who cannot help themselves to get this remedy? Why waste time and money on prohibition, which will not prohibit, when we can be independent and defy the hotel-keepers and Satan, too?  
I thank you for your many painstaking answers, and will write again next week. My husband has never been at all sick.  
Yours gratefully,  
July 22, 1899.

Gentlemen,—  
My husband finished taking the cure last night. There has been no change since the second day, when the desire for liquor left him. So far everything is all right. He says he will not touch it and that if the desire for it comes back ever he will resist and let you know of it. Only time to test things is needed now. I feel pretty confident, and so does he, for we think if the cure was not as represented you could not continue in business; frauds are soon exposed nowadays, and the public warned against them. If I can write you this time next year and tell you all is well, how happy I will be, and I think I will be able to send you a good many patients. I will do my best anyway to show my gratitude. I have a dread of the "Gold Cure," because it hurts the constitution, I think. My husband says every one he knows who has ever taken it is "batty," if you understand what that is. I did not till he explained that it means "not all there." He always said he would never take that, and I never wished him to; but your medicine never caused him an hour's sickness. He is subject to quinsy, and was threatened with it the day after he started to take the medicine. He says the stuff did his throat good. At any rate it got better, and that was all he took for it. Wishing you every possible success in your good and great work.  
I am yours gratefully,  
August 1st, 1899.

FIVE MONTHS LATER.  
December 27, 1899.

Dear Sir,—  
I was pleased to get your letter, and, strange to say, was about writing you. Yes, thank God, and the Dixon Cure, my husband is a free man again. Since the second day after taking the cure he has had no desire for liquor of any kind. It is a perfect cure, I believe and should bring wealth to its owners. Have you noticed that twice lately "Kitt" of the Toronto Mail and Empire, has strongly recommended the "Dixon Cure" as the best remedy for the drink habit? I was so pleased that she did so, as her influence is far-reaching. Have you changed your address from No. 40 to No. 572 St. Denis street? I asked, because I am trying to do a little missionary work for the Cure here. I have been speaking to two ladies, and if their husbands can be got to consent to take the medicine they will send for it. I would like very much if you would send me some more of those pamphlets for distribution among those I know who are in need of the Cure. Be assured that I will do all in my power to help people to the "Dixon Cure." How I wish the Government would take up this cure. I presume you know that they are thinking of treating prisoners with some cure. I am afraid it will be the "Gold Cure," as it has been the longest in use in Canada; but it is not to be compared with the Dixon Cure, which is harmless to the system. My husband has passed through a great many temptations, which bring a bandsman, he is subject to, especially at this season of the year, without having any inclination to drink. I asked him what I would tell you, and he said, "Tell him I have no use for liquor any more."  
With sincere gratitude,  
I am yours very truly,

We do not mention this lady's name, because all correspondence is kept strictly confidential, but we are prepared to prove its authenticity if any one should doubt it.  
For particulars, call on or write to the Dixon Cure Co., or privately to the Manager, J. B. Lalime, No. 572 St. Denis Street, Montreal, or to Dr. J. M. Mackay, Belmont, Montreal, Quebec.

## PRETTY ODD CHAIRS.

Some odd in numbers, others odd in design and covering, but all of them odd. This is a great chance for those who want one or two extra chairs for their parlor or sitting room. To clear all these out before the end of the month, we have fastened red tickets on some and pink tickets on others. That means you get a discount of

30 p.c. and 40 p.c. of the regular price.

**RENAUD KING & PATTERSON,**  
652 Craig Street, 2442 St. Catherine Street.

## BOYS' Knee Pants

Over 500 Pairs to Select From.

Sizes 22 to 31, for ages from 3 to 13 years.

We have cleared out a large manufacturer's stock, and we are able to offer our customers splendid value, they are not cheap goods, all good goods at reasonable prices, properly made, and well trimmed. The kind you will be pleased to see on your boys.


75c to \$1.25 pair.

It pays to buy good Knee Pants for the boys, because they'll wear well, the boys are proud of them and they take care of them.

## Come in and See Them.

Perhaps your Boys want a few pairs of odd Pants, and this is the place to get them right.

We have also a fine stock of Boys' Suits and Reefer Coats.



Corner of Craig and Bleury Streets, and 2299 St. Catherine Street.

## JANUARY SALE.

Made up Carpets at Discounts from 20 to 40 percent, and 5 extra for cash. January discounts on the entire stock of newly opened Carpets, Curtains and Rugs, and 5 extra for cash at all of our three warehouses.

1884 Notre Dame Street, 2446 St. Catherine Street, MONTREAL. 175 to 179 Sparks St., OTTAWA.

## Thomas Ligget,

### SWINE BREEDING.

Mr. J. A. Macdonald, of King's County, P.E.I., writing on the subject of swine-breeding, in winter, gives the following very useful information:

"January is the month to breed gilts or maiden sows. The litters will then come in May, when the weather is warm, and succulent green grass in abundance—just what the young sow requires at the period of parturition.

"Gilts, after being bred, require much better feed and care than old sows. The responsibility of maintaining upon the gilt is much greater than upon the mature sow. The first burden upon the young mother is to nourish the foetus. This she does at the expense of her own growth, if sufficient nourishing food is not given to nourish the foetus and maintain continued growth in the young mother.

"The gilt must grow herself and still also grow her offspring—a double call upon nature; hence the necessity of feeding the gilt-breeders well. With ordinary feeding, the gilt mother will be no bigger and heavier in the spring than she was at the time of breeding, the food being assimilated by the young foetus. That is poor economy. The gilt-breeding sow should grow right along through the winter, while growing a strong, healthy foetus in the meantime. Corn is no food for a young breeding sow. Food rich in protein and mineral matter is absolutely indispensable to the young breeding sow. In the cold winter weather, corn of course can well form a portion of the feed; but the chief portion of the feed should be wheat, bran and oats. Mix corn and bran, equal parts, and feed whole oats separate. Gilt sows should get one good feed of whole oats at least once a day.

"The fall pigs, if they have been farrowed reasonably early in the fall, should now be well along in growth. Young pigs, three to five months old, do not generally do well on raw feed. If roots are fed largely, they should be steamed or boiled, if the cold weather of January, it will pay to give the feed, whatever it is composed of, warm."

### TO PREVENT CONSUMPTION.

Hard to cure; easy to prevent. Scott's Emulsion nourishes the body. Keeps all the organs and tissues healthy, and the consumption cannot get a foothold.

There are 118 schools for instruction in Berlin.

## IRISH-AMERICAN OBITUARY.

Frequently, subscribers have expressed the desire to see in our columns, notices of deaths in the Irish-Catholic ranks throughout the United States. Often readers of our paper are thus enabled to discover the whereabouts of relatives or friends of whom they had long lost sight. While we cannot pretend to go over the long lists that we find weekly in our exchanges, still we will give a few selections from that mournful bead-roll.

**RYAN.**—Mrs. Mary Ryan, mother of Thomas J. Ryan, of the vaudeville team Ryan and Richfield, died Jan. 10, at her home in Parkville, L. I., in her 83rd year. She was born in Ireland, and had lived in Brooklyn for eighteen years. She attained a reputation in the theatrical profession and in 1890 accompanied her son on a tour through England, Ireland and Scotland.

**O'SULLIVAN.**—Daniel O'Sullivan, the oldest Irishman in Minnesota, died January 8, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. James Byrnes, 24 Cedar Lake road, Minneapolis. At the time of his death Mr. O'Sullivan was 99 years and 11½ months old.

**BROTHER ALOYSIUS.**—The Rev. Brother Aloysius Schyns, aged 58, died at the Order of the Alexian Brothers in the United States, died January 9, of heart dis-

ease at the Alexian Hospital in Chicago. He was Provincial of the Order.

**KAYLOR.**—The Rev. Father Geo. W. Kaylor, pastor of the Catholic church at Ellwood City, Pa., died January 7th, at the Mercy Hospital, in Pittsburg. Father Kaylor suffered from consumption, and had been an invalid for some time, but did not give up his pastoral duties until some time ago. He was born in Ireland about 37 years ago, and when he became old enough he was sent to Rome to receive his education.

**DOUGHERTY.**—The death of Father Dougherty, of Cincinnati, which occurred on New Year's Day, was followed a week later by the demise of his venerable mother, which took place at the residence of her son Joseph, at No. 9, Foote avenue, Bellevue, Ky. Her death was due to acute pneumonia. The deceased was married twice, her first husband being the father of the late Fr. Dougherty. She was united the second time to James McCann, who survives her. A son by this marriage is Rev. Father McCann, who is the pastor of a large congregation at Barnesville, O.

**SMITH.**—The Rev. Thomas Smith the pastor for nineteen years of St. Mary's parish, at Greenwic, Conn., died there Jan. 9, of dropsy. He was in his sixtieth year. The funeral services were held Friday morning, and Bishop Tierney notified all the clergy in the State to attend. Father Smith was born in County Longford, Ire-