

would be very proud. As becometh the season the CATHOLIC RECORD sends the mother a blizzard of good wishes and hopes that, if she ever dies, she will be happy.

ONE OF OUR subscribers, a much respected gentleman in Nova Scotia, sends us the following thoughts upon the whiskey business. To whom it may concern we would advise the reading of it every day during the month of January. It might lead victims of the whiskey habit to a new and better life during next year. It would be a good thing too, if the man who is in the habit of dropping in to have a drink would commit it to memory and recall it whenever the temptation to indulge comes to him:

A little tipping is a dangerous thing. When a man is drunk the devil does not worry about him.

Rum sellers fill their victims, and their victims fill the prisons.

If whiskey was detested as much as drunkards there would be fewer drunkards.

A rum seller's best customers are those that buy the least from him. Drunkenness blinds the eyes to sin, but it does not open them to the suffering side. At the present time to express my best wishes to the people of Nova Scotia is to express my best wishes to the people of the world.

When a drunken man quarrels with another man he has two enemies opposed to him.

Perhaps the only good quality about whiskey is that it will not harm a person if he leaves it alone.

Trying to drown a sorrow with whiskey is like trying to drown a fish with water.

THE FINDINGS of the United States Immigration Commission give us a startling revelation of the results of infidel and Masonic rule in unfortunate France.

The commission places France first among the nations as an exporter of white slaves. The Matin declares that this is a constitutional disgrace and appeals to the French government to commence immediately negotiations with Washington for the effective suppression of the traffic.

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He has been a Franciscan monk, a Jesuit, a Dominican, a Carmelite, a Capuchin, a Benedictine, a Cistercian, a Trinitarian, a Servite, a Discalced Carmelite, a Redemptorist, a Passionist, a Mercedarian, a Somascan, a Visitationist, a Poor Clares, a Poor Handmaids, a Poor Sisters, a Poor Nuns, a Poor Ladies, a Poor Women, a Poor Girls, a Poor Children, a Poor Infants, a Poor Souls, a Poor Spirits, a Poor Angels, a Poor Saints, a Poor Martyrs, a Poor Virgins, a Poor Widows, a Poor Orphans, a Poor Paupers, a Poor Lepers, a Poor Madmen, a Poor Fools, a Poor Idiots, a Poor Deaf, a Poor Blind, a Poor Lame, a Poor Mute, a Poor Crazy, a Poor Sick, a Poor Dying, a Poor Dead, a Poor Hell, a Poor Heaven, a Poor Everything.

There is a section of France of which this may be held as a true picture, but the country owes it to the priests and nuns. The priests and nuns, however, have been "suppressed," the name of God has been erased from the school books and the result is obvious. Official France is the reproach of the civilized world.

AT LONG last our American friends are about to take action in the matter of stock gambling. President Taft, we are told, promises that stock gambling in cotton and other products of the farm will be prohibited hereafter if a recommendation soon to be made to Congress is enacted into law. Mr. Taft is convinced that legitimate business suffers from gambling in futures and he believes a glib public should be protected from this form of speculation.

For long it has been a matter of wonderment to the public why the big gamblers should be permitted to prey on the innocents in commercial transactions while the little gamblers are relentlessly pursued by the criminal officers. One class in the community have full liberty to gamble to their hearts' content where millions are the stakes, but a Chinaman who plays a game of fan-tan, where ten cent pieces are the stakes, is fined five dollars and costs or thirty days in jail.

ONE OF THE brightest speakers in the English electoral campaign is Mr. Winston Churchill. He has a habit of saying things that cut very deeply and the Unionists in consequence entertain towards him a very bitter hatred.

Speaking recently at Liverpool in reference to the peers, he delivered this piece of sarcasm which was highly enjoyed by his hearers, as it touched off the selfishness of the millionaire class to a nicety:

"It was not the land taxes in the budget which hurt the feelings of the Lords. They could not bear to see the tobacco of the working-man taxed by a Liberal Government. And then they cannot bear to see the whiskey, which cheers the humble homes of the people—until there is often very little home left—this liquid food, so greatly reduced in consumption, with its marked and sensible difference in the habits of the people. That is what breaks Lord Lansdowne's honest heart."

My LORD ROTHSCHILD, the Rockefeller of the United Kingdom, rises to remark that he will personally guarantee the old age pensions in Buckinghamshire if the Unionists are elected. On this side of the ocean a candidate for Parliament would be unseated and disqualified were he to make such a promise to the electors, but Mr. Rothschild has no cause to fear anything of that kind. His gold bags forced him into the position of an irresponsible legislator and he is entirely independent of the votes of what is called the "common people." One would think that those so-called high-minded gentlemen of the House of Lords would be far above bringing into the electoral contest the methods of the ward heeler.

It is most gratifying to notice the chorus of approval on the part of the Catholic press of Rome's choice in the selection of a Bishop for London, Ont. The Syracuse Catholic Sun gives the following true-to-life sketch of London's Bishop-elect.

Rome's wisdom is once more demonstrated in the appointment of Very Rev. M. F. Fallon, O. M. L., of Buffalo, to be Bishop of London, Ont. Father Fallon is eminently fitted for the high place to which he has been called. He is young, forceful, eloquent, and bubbling with enthusiasm. But those who know him are wondering how he will retain the necessary episcopal dignity when he gets among the children of his see. However, perhaps a Bishop is to be expected for himself becoming like a little child.

A MEXICAN newspaper, one of the Masonic kind, some time since outraged the feelings of the Catholic people by caricaturing the Immaculate Conception. Seven thousand people, including merchants and professional men, entered a solemn protest and declared they would not countenance any journal guilty of such conduct. The circulation and advertising patronage of the paper suffered immensely in consequence and now the editor is in the penitential mood. Nothing will bring the Mexican Masonic infidels so quickly to their knees as a depleted pocket-book. It is the same everywhere.

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE says that the only safe ground for a Catholic student is a Catholic college. There may be a few worldly minded Catholics who will not agree with this statement, but it is a well founded truism nevertheless. The Catholic father who sends his boys to a non-Catholic college—unless with the recommendation and under the guardianship of the Church—where certain higher studies are to be undertaken, is a very poor kind of Catholic. Only too often have they come out of these institutions prattling about noted infidels of the past and present. They have lost the faith and the father is to blame.

WE EXTEND sincere thanks to our contemporary the Catholic Union and Times, of Buffalo, for the following complimentary editorial reference to the Catholic Record:

When Bishop Fallon is settled in London he will find in the CATHOLIC RECORD of that city a sturdy defender of the faith—a Catholic paper up-to-date and with zeal for the holy cause it so ably represents. The RECORD has just added a column to each of its eight pages, making it one of the best papers that reaches our desk.

THE READER'S CORNER  
CONDUCTED BY "COLUMBA"

"Nothing is so firmly believed as what we least know."

ABRIDGED LITERATURE  
It was Addison who wrote "were all books reduced to their quintessence many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny pamphlet." Acting on this principle an English publishing house is bringing out an abridgment of the world's great books in fortnightly parts. The publishers claim such a work is a necessity of the age. Life is too short to read even a small fraction of the world's masterpieces, therefore it is better to read them in miniature than not at all. However, people may be allowed to challenge this conclusion. There are those of us to whom every word of a great author is sacred, to whom this gospel of abridgment is little short of sacrilegious. No doubt there are books that would be all the better for a little condensation, but you can no more retain the beauty and force of a masterpiece in a miserable abridgment than you can by dissecting the human body to discover the all-pervading soul. Imagine a gem of Grecian sculpture broken into pieces. How would it compare with the original?

THE OTHER SIDE  
To those who are interested in the Irish question—and to be so one need not necessarily hail from the Green Isle—I cordially recommend "Home Life in Ireland" just published. It is a masterpiece in a miserable abridgment of the world's great books in fortnightly parts. The publishers claim such a work is a necessity of the age. Life is too short to read even a small fraction of the world's masterpieces, therefore it is better to read them in miniature than not at all. However, people may be allowed to challenge this conclusion. There are those of us to whom every word of a great author is sacred, to whom this gospel of abridgment is little short of sacrilegious. No doubt there are books that would be all the better for a little condensation, but you can no more retain the beauty and force of a masterpiece in a miserable abridgment than you can by dissecting the human body to discover the all-pervading soul. Imagine a gem of Grecian sculpture broken into pieces. How would it compare with the original?

WORTH QUOTING  
A dainty little volume of collected aphorisms, by "Marmaduke," of Truth, makes its appearance with Methuen. A caustic cynic is "Marmaduke" as witness these:—

"Conversion is listening to yourself in the presence of others."

"Superior knowledge is a mistake; that which rules the world is superior ignorance."

"We hate less those we see through than those that see through us."

CHEER UP INTELLIGENT  
Halley's Comet, after an absence of seventy-five years, is paying us another flying visit. It is travelling towards us at the rate of 1,000,000 miles an hour. The "Lusitania" at a similar speed crosses the Atlantic in ten seconds. Since it was last with us it has done a bit of globe trotting (a matter of a mere 6,000,000 miles). It can surely boast of the size of its head. It would take an express train eight and a half months to cross it. Should Monsieur Halley ever come into close quarters with our earth, puff, puff, puff, it will be blown to bits. Calixtus III, did not excommunicate it.

Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity and truth accomplishes no victories without it.—Bulwer Lytton.

# FATHER DAUS

For The Catholic Record.

Father Daus is a real priest, one that exists and works faithfully, his fellow priests assure me, in a difficult part of the Lord's vineyard. I am going to tell young men who think they have a vocation to the priesthood some things about his early work and the signs by which everyone who knew him thought he was called by God to minister unto souls. It is customary to tell where one was born. But suffice it to say that Daus was born in an isolated part of the country, two miles from the nearest Catholic Church and ten miles from a small country village.

As a young child those who knew him well say that he was very good natured, that he knew every word of a small catechism when he was seven years of age, that he was anxious to know all the prayers that his parents could teach him, as soon as he knew what prayers were. When he was eight years old he went to church for the first time to be prepared for confirmation, and the priest who examined him declared to his father that he knew every word of the catechism by heart, but he did not seem to understand it. In those days, the children were trained to go to confession and receive the sacraments of confirmation and the Holy Eucharist during a week, and the father, he remained at the place under his command. At Mass the next day, he was much impressed with the beauty of the altar, the appearance of the young priests lately ordained, one of whom said Mass, the other serving at it. He said, coming home, "I should like to be a priest."

The other boys laughed at him, but he did not mind them, and he now declares that the impression made on him that day was permanent, and the resolution which he made when a few years afterwards his father called him to the altar, he would keep it. Although he did not think it would be much, he was always determined to carry it out. Did he look like ordinary boys? Some boys may standard life of the national apostle of Ireland. Dr. Healy is also a distinguished public speaker. His addresses at the London Eucharistic Congress were a feature of that historic gathering.

A LITTLE PICTURE  
Those who criticised "Lisheen" will find fault with the Blindness of Dr. Gray, and for the same reason. For Canon Sheehan's latest novel is a picture of the seamy side of Irish life—too highly colored, some will say, and I'm inclined to agree with them. Of course there are a few sinners even in the Island of Saints, but "Dr. Gray" gives one the idea that the sinners are by far the major part of Ireland's population. Dr. Healy says "it is the most common of sins to be a sinner, and the most difficult to be a saint."

Well if Canon Sheehan's picture is true to life, the picture of the Irish people is a very good one. It is a "congested district" for 99 per cent of the Irish are looked for there. Can it be that, like Dr. Gray, the picture is a picture of the seamy side of Irish life—too highly colored, some will say, and I'm inclined to agree with them. Of course there are a few sinners even in the Island of Saints, but "Dr. Gray" gives one the idea that the sinners are by far the major part of Ireland's population. Dr. Healy says "it is the most common of sins to be a sinner, and the most difficult to be a saint."

Reading matter was very scarce in that country, there being only two papers among thirty or forty families. Daus' grandfather was a subscriber to the "The Witness." The father of our boy read every day parts of Scripture, for he could not write. He spoke about the Bible narratives every day, and the boys would listen to him with great interest. Having good horses, some members of the family were in church every Sunday when the roads permitted. Little Daus, who was then a boy of five, would go with them. He would sit on the back of the horse and read the Bible to the parents doing some work. The children also had to work after coming home from school. These stories read in the evening, when the parents were at home, were very interesting to the boys. They would listen to them with great interest. Having good horses, some members of the family were in church every Sunday when the roads permitted. Little Daus, who was then a boy of five, would go with them. He would sit on the back of the horse and read the Bible to the parents doing some work. The children also had to work after coming home from school. These stories read in the evening, when the parents were at home, were very interesting to the boys. They would listen to them with great interest.

Father Brennan had the distinction of living under four Bishops: Dr. Walsh, Dr. O'Connor, Dr. McFay, and the newly appointed ruler of the See, Dr. Fallon, O. M. L., whom, however, he did not live to see. He was the last in a long line of zealous and successful Irish priests who came to this diocese when it was still almost a primeval forest, and who did the spade work in the building of churches and schools throughout the diocese, and so have made the labors of the priests of to-day comparatively easy.

Father Brennan had left behind him one brother, William, of Oshana, Not with his wife and family of five children. One of these, Miss Emma Brennan, has lived with Father Brennan for the last four years and tendered her services to the diocese. The funeral which took place on Tuesday last was one of the largest seen in many a day in St. Mary's. The spacious church was filled to the doors with a congregation which contained many non-Catholics, for among all classes and creeds Father Brennan was looked upon as one of the most respected and useful citizens.

The celebrant of the Mass was Very Rev. Dean McGee, dean, Father Egan, sub-deacon, Father Nagle, the last two named children of the parish. Father Downey acted as master of ceremonies. The Very Rev. Mgr. Meunier gave the absolution and addressed a few, very few, words to the people, explaining that no priest would be preached as he was the dying wish of the good priest. But the very absence of the usual sermon was in itself a most excellent sermon, a forcible exhortation to humility.

The choir rendered the solemn Mass for the dead in good style and were ably assisted by Rev. Fathers Beaudoin, L'Heureux, Emery, Ford and Martin. The pall bearers were Fathers Walsh, McMenamin, McCabe, Arnold, McKee, Tobin.

At the door of the church the remains were taken in charge by the lay pall-bearers, Messrs. Moir, Walsh, Duggan, Fleming, Whelan and Terlin.

Rev. Jas. Walsh of St. Helen's Church, Toronto, an old and dear friend of the departed priest read the last prayers at the grave.

Besides the priests mentioned above there were in the sanctuary, Rev. Fathers Weston, Langlois, Meliea, Hodgkinson, P. Foster, C. S. B., J. T. Atwood, J. J. Grant, Stanley, McCormick, Corcoran, Noonan, Dunn, Quinlan, J. Brennan, S. Parn, Dantzer, Kelly, D. Foster, Hanlon.

# FATHER FALLON SPEAKS

REGRET

HE GOES TO A STRANGE FIELD AMONG STRANGERS—KNOWN ONLY ONE PRIEST

Buffalo Catholic Union and Times, Dec. 23.

At Holy Angels' Church last Sunday Father Fallon announced that he had been appointed Bishop of London, Ont., and that he had accepted. His people were deeply affected, for they had been hoping against hope that something might intervene whereby he would remain their pastor. He will close up his affairs here as quickly as possible and then undertake his new duties.

It is anticipated that when Father Fallon goes to his new See he will be accompanied by such delegation of his people as will amply demonstrate the esteem in which he is held here.

In making the announcement, Father Fallon spoke as follows:

"Last week there came to me, with as great, possibly with greater surprise than that at the university could be called, the announcement of my appointment to be Bishop of London, Canada. It was totally unexpected for me and it came as a great shock, for I had just begun to hope that after being here so long I was at last becoming settled down where I was to remain for the rest of my life. I have been congratulating me do not know what they say. You will better understand this when I tell you that I never have been in London, in the See to which I am ordered, nor until last Friday, was I acquainted with a Catholic priest in the diocese of London. So, you may understand, I am going into a field and among people entirely new to me. I have been to do, where there are so many good friends. It is not an easy thing, I assure you, to remove to another field of labor, especially when one is acquainted with that field or its people. When I came to Buffalo eight and a half years ago, I came as a stranger, and I did not like coming into a strange field, among strange people. I felt then, as I feel now, that I would have preferred entering a field with which I was somewhat acquainted. Perhaps some of you may have noticed that for some time after I came here I seemed to show that I did not like coming. If you did, I hope you since have fully understood that feeling on my part, and have forgiven me. I am older now, and I have learned many things since I came to Buffalo.

"I am going to London. I scarcely need state my regret in going. It is not a matter of personal desire or convenience. The priest is as a soldier in the army, he must go where his general orders him, and must do that for which his superior believes him to be most needed. At this time I need say only that I deeply, sincerely regret that I must leave this parish and its people. I shall be here for a time, that I may adjust affairs, and then I shall leave. I am departing with pleasant recollections, and I trust, with that friendship and feeling which have meant so much to me as a priest, which have done so much for me as a man, and which, I sincerely trust, may remain as they now are, even though I am compelled to leave this city. I ask you, my people, to look at this matter as I am looking at it, to accept it as the will of God and to believe with me that it is for the best.

"I know that it is hard to break ties of friendship and to sever relations which have been pleasant, and I trust profitable to all, but let us believe it to be for the best, to be God's will, and let us make the best of it. I ask that when I go to my new field of labor, I take with me your prayers that I may meet with demands, that I may serve there my Church and my God as earnestly and as faithfully as I have endeavored to serve them in the parish of the Holy Angels."

LLOYD GEORGE ON IRISH AFFAIRS

EXTRACT FROM A BRILLIANT SPEECH LATELY DELIVERED

Ireland, from a legislative point of view may be said by comparison to be once in a way fortunate, largely because the measures set up did not come violently against the prejudices and special interests which prevail in the Upper House. The university question which has baffled British statesmen for the lifetime of a generation has been settled by my right honorable

# Recommended As An Ideal Remedy

W. E. BLAKE & SON

Lloyd George, Ont., March 19th, 1909.

"For some years I have been greatly troubled with headaches and indigestion, brought on by stomach disorders, constipation and biliousness. I had tried many remedies with only indifferent success, until 'Fruit-a-tives' came to my notice. Being a general storekeeper, I was selling a good many 'Fruit-a-tives' to my customers and, remarking how pleased they were with the results obtained from using 'Fruit-a-tives,' I decided to try them and, I might say, the effects were almost magical. Headaches and biliousness disappeared and to-day I recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' to my customers as 'An ideal remedy.'

"I might also add that about three years ago I was laid up with LUMBAGO AND SCIATICA—couldn't get out of bed or lift one foot over the other. A good treatment of 'Fruit-a-tives' cured me of these pains and banished the Sciatica and Lumbago so that to-day I am as well as ever and can lift anything necessary."

(Signed) W. E. BLAKE.

friend, Mr. Birrell on national lines. The improvident finance of the land act of 1903 has been corrected and supplemented, and a real effort has been made to do, where there are so many good friends. It is not an easy thing, I assure you, to remove to another field of labor, especially when one is acquainted with that field or its people. When I came to Buffalo eight and a half years ago, I came as a stranger, and I did not like coming into a strange field, among strange people. I felt then, as I feel now, that I would have preferred entering a field with which I was somewhat acquainted. Perhaps some of you may have noticed that for some time after I came here I seemed to show that I did not like coming. If you did, I hope you since have fully understood that feeling on my part, and have forgiven me. I am older now, and I have learned many things since I came to Buffalo.

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W. E. BLAKE & SON

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