

declared Mr. ... in Dublin, ... he said, ... or even ... to the ... the ... Mr. ... the coming ... party to the ... Rule."

D., a Toronto ... church of that ... last Sunday ... not have said ... of some of ... are fast becom.

rostrums. The ... "The safety ... The rev ... urious living ... England, that ... danger to any ... "he con- ... of wealth a ... rt, religion and ... cy which comes ... has ruined most ... for excessive ... ency." This ... generations ... and over again ... gospel that the ... nered in untold ... and nations and ... was the cause ... Catholic coun- ... coast of Eng- ... her country is ... v. Mr. Brown ... her to degen- ... brethren will ... below the surface ... depth of piety ... of God which ... is called prosper ... of their allegi- ... are sailing with- ... not knowing ...

United States ... Patrick's. The ... celebrant ... and there were ... Archbishop Fal- ... and Right Rev. ... of the Catholic ... A Washington ... is the first time ... United States ... attended services ... a holiday which ... presidential pro- ... and patriotic ... to the ceremony ... by the decorated ... President ... reserved for the ... of pan-American ... signified by tiny ... representative's ... the tall marbled ... flags of twenty ... side with the ... Blue, suspended ... were held in place ... This is pro- ... of the history of ... that decoration ... been permitted ... prelates." The ... by many of his ... Court, repre- ... South American ... distinguished

mission has made its ... conditions in Mon- ... most deplorable ... amongst those in ... placed civic ad- ... annual revenue of ... 0, and one quarter ... commission states, ... or, in other words ... been the habit to ... explain the char- ... We do not like ... be said at once ... a thief—simply a ... large sum of money ... from the post office ... guilty ones will, as ... a long term of im- ... and a quarter ... deal annually from ... by the grafters, ... he report that each ... pay an equal share ... inquiry. We beg to ... and we think there ... a second, that ... be sent to peni- ...

see our Canadian ... the business of a frog ... us strongly of the ... whose present abode ... this humming appears ... of fellow. Of course ... lity lucra does not ... lutions. He was ... into the world just ... but if one wishes he ... cents in Canadian

stamps. He will give advice on busi-
ness, marriage, friends, enemies, changes,
speculations, love affairs, journeys and
all events of life; and he can do all
this at a distance of three thousand
miles without the aid of wireless tele-
graphy, aeroplanes, or any other such
out of date nonsense. His advertise-
ment bears the unmistakable trade mark
of the fair. He publishes a letter of
commendation from an Evangelical
Lutheran minister, but we may take it
that this is like the testimonials given
to that other humbug in Ohio who puts
up a bottle consisting of bad whiskey
and a few harmless drugs and claims
that it will cure all the ills that flesh is
heir to. People who will have anything
to do with these charlatans are still in
the baby class.

A CORRESPONDENT writes approvingly
of an article we lately published deal-
ing with that obstacle to Canada's true
progress, the bar. We might add that
all Canadians worthy the name should
do their utmost to stem the tide of
evil following in the wake of the liquor
traffic. The conviction forces itself
every day upon our minds more and
more that a widespread temperance
movement amongst all classes in the
community would curtail in a very
appreciable degree the degradation
that meets our gaze at every turn as
the result of the bar business. We are
on the eve of a new year, no better
resolution could be made than that one
pledge and keep it because the
drinker will then begin to realize his
obligations to God and country. To
those who run the bar-rooms we would
say, "Give up the business." At the end
of next year you may not have a
good conscience and you will be
better regarded by your kind.

WE HEREBY give notice to the
Royal Orange Association of British
North America that our civil and re-
ligious liberties are about to become
like unto the leaning tower of Pisa unless
they don their regalia and get out their
file and drum bands. The Jesuits are
plotting again. The administrators of
twelve of their colleges in the United
States had a conference recently in
Washington and came to the conclusion
that the objections to the game of foot-
ball so greatly outweighed the advan-
tages that, unless necessary and hoped
for reforms are instituted, the colleges
will be obliged to discontinue the game.
Brothers, this is the thin end of the
wedge. Just watch the Jesuits. Why
should they interfere with
the Pope before us, or kick anything
else before us. Our dearly bought
liberties must be preserved. No sur-
render.

T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P., lately had
an interview with Speaker Cannon in
Washington during which he declared
that the highest hopes for Home Rule
would be realized when the British elec-
tions are finished. He also declared
that the Liberal Government will refuse
to take office unless the veto power of
the House of Lords is made merely sus-
pensive. This means that the final
judgment of the elected chamber must
be recognized as the law of the land.
If the peers do not agree to this the
Liberal Government will insist upon it
that enough new peers must be nomi-
nated to render the power of the present
House of Lords inoperative.

BISHOP-ELECT OF LONDON

KIND WORDS FROM THE PRESS

London Free Press.

Special despatches to The Free Press
state that when Rev. Father Fallon, of
Buffalo, was informed of his elevation to
the Bishopric of London he was taken
by surprise. We trust the surprise was
a pleasant one. Nor do we doubt that
it was so. The good priest will be wel-
comed whole-heartedly to this city.
He will find it a goody cathedral,
city. The support of the Catholics of
the diocese will be wholly sincere and
sympathetic. The exalted office of
Bishop of London will carry its serious
and important duties, but no less its
compensations in the devotion and love
of the people.

Hamilton Herald.

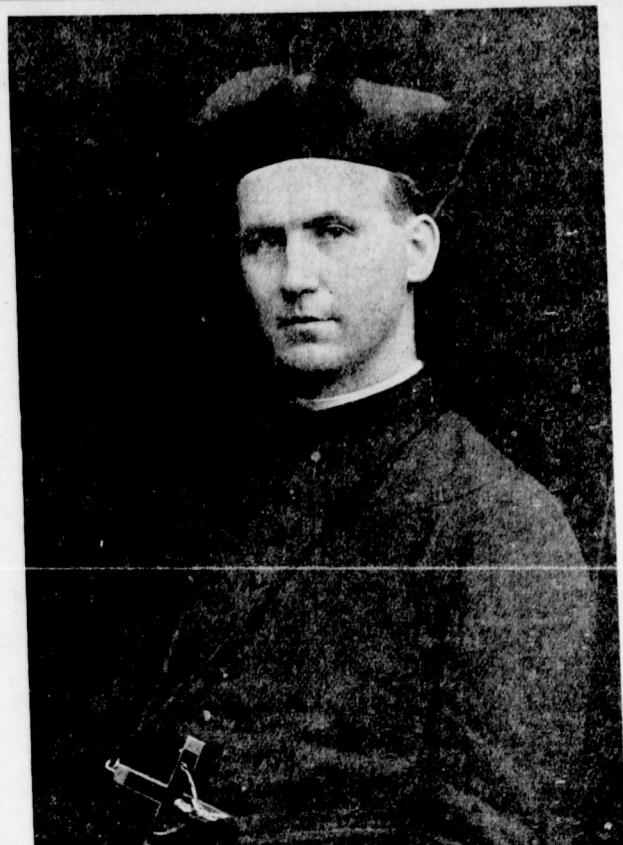
The new Catholic Bishop of London,
Rev. Dr. Fallon, of Buffalo, is a native
Canadian. He was transferred from
Ottawa to Buffalo some years ago. In
going to London it will be to him like
coming back home. Father Fallon was
exceedingly popular among all classes
in Ottawa, and his departure was deeply
regretted by Protestants as well as by
his own people.

Toronto Globe.

Father Fallon is one of the best-known
priests in Canada. He was born in
Kingston and in early-life joined the
Oblate Order at Ottawa. After taking
his vows in the order he spent many
years in the diocese of Ottawa, where
he was ultimately becoming superior of the
institution. He was head of the univer-
sity when its buildings were destroyed
by fire some years ago, and it was largely
due to his zeal and energy that the
college recovered so fully from the
blow. About five years ago Father
Fallon was removed to Buffalo, where
he has since been in charge of Holy
Angel parish. He is quite well-known
there as a man of learning and is con-
sidered a fluent speaker.

Kingston Whig.

The bishop-elect is a son of Dominick
Fallon, who, until this year, was a resi-



RIGHT REV. M. F. FALLON, D.D., BISHOP OF LONDON

dent of Kingston. Father Fallon was
born in Kingston and received his primary
education in St. Mary's School under the
Christian Fathers. Then he went
to Ottawa College, where he received
his academic education, graduating with
honors. For some years he was rector of
St. Joseph's Church, Ottawa,
and also became rector of Ottawa
College. Several years ago Father
Fallon was transferred to Buffalo,
N.Y., where he became pastor of the
Angels' College, and where he is at
present. Bishop-Elect Fallon is one of
the leading Roman Catholic clergymen
in America today. Being of Irish
parentage he possesses an eloquence
and fluency of speech that has given him
rank as an orator of ability. He has
frequently written articles on Church
matters that attracted wide notice. As
pastor of St. Joseph's he should do more
vigorous work than ever. His Kingston
Brethren are proud of his latest elevation.

Toronto News.

Dr. Fallon is considered one of the
most brilliant members of the Oblate
community.

Toronto Mail and Empire.

Father Fallon is known as a genial,
broad-minded and scholarly cleric, and
was much beloved in Ottawa and Buffalo.

Buffalo Courier.

According to an Associated Press
despatch from Rome, Rev. M. F. Fallon,
who has been pastor of the Holy Angels'
Church in this city for the past eight
years, has been raised to the Bishopric
of London, Canada. The appointment
follows the recommendation of his name
to the consistorial congregation at the
Vatican.

The despatch from Rome came as wel-
come news to the many friends of this
beloved priest, who, since his advent to
this city, has worked indefatigably for the
cause of religion. He was born in
Kingston, Ont., in 1867, and received his
early education at the University of
Ottawa. After being graduated from
this institution he pursued his studies
at the University of Rome, where he
furthered his theological studies. It was
in that city that he was ordained to the
priesthood.

He returned to Canada shortly after
ordination, and accepted a professor-
ship at the University of Ottawa. He
taught at this university for about four
years and then became the pastor of St.
Joseph's Church, Ottawa. After re-
maining in charge of this church for
three years he came to Buffalo as rector
of the Holy Angels'. During the eight
more years that Father Fallon has
acted as pastor of this church, he has
endeavored himself to his parishioners by
his religious zeal, his whole-heartedness
and the active interest which he
always took in the spiritual and
temporal welfare of the parish.

The erection of an imposing school
building, the improvements in church
buildings and the formation of a number
of social and religious societies will
survive as part of the work accom-
plished, while the church has been un-
der his jurisdiction. His broadminded-
ness, his liberal culture, which was
easily recognizable, won for him a host
of friends in this city, who will rejoice
at the receipt of the good tidings an-
nouncing his advancement.

The diocese which will be under
Father Fallon's charge is very large.
The territory covers about nine coun-
ties. There are ninety thousand Roman
Catholics in the diocese, whose spiritual
wants are attended to by eighty-five
priests.

Ottawa Journal.

Ottawa, irrespective of creed, will
have the heartiest congratulations for
Rev. Father Fallon, O. M. I., now Bishop
Fallon, of London, Ont. Few men more
endeared themselves generally to
Ottawa people, than did Bishop Fallon,
but during his student days at Ottawa
College, and later as parish priest of St.
Joseph's, and his elevation is a tribute
not only to his personal worth, but to
his abilities, which, as has now been
recognized, are of a very high order.

Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

From Rome came word on Tuesday
that Very Rev. Michael F. Fallon,
O. M. I., D. D., Provincial of the East-
ern Province of the Oblate Fathers and
rector of Holy Angels' Church, this city,
has been appointed Bishop of the vacant
see of London, Ont.

The despatch has the earmarks of
an authentic, though at this writing no
official confirmation has been received.
Buffalo in general will be surely
grieved to lose Father Fallon. For
eight years he has been a constant
figure in the life of the city. He is
broadly built on enthusiastic lines, and
he must, perforce, enter into the endeavors
of any community wherein he abides,
for he at once becomes a vital part of it.
In this city he has accomplished won-
ders. The magnificent parish school
which he was instrumental in erecting
will stand as a monument to his labors.
The "Good Shepherd" school, which he
will perform miracles. He is a
preacher of force and eloquence; he
has a heart that takes in all humanity;
he is young, vigorous, of splendid phys-
ique.

The Union and Times gives in the
columns of felicitation being showered on
this great man and prays that God will
least him, will give him continued
strength of body and mind, and will
long spare him to carry on the work to
which he has been called and for which
he is so eminently fitted.

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the air."

—TARRANT.

There are many beautiful old legends
connected with Christmas. The tradi-
tion that Jesus was permitted to visit the
earth on Christmas night doubtless in-
spired Kipling's lines:

"This is the month, and this the happy moon
When the mad and mad Virgin Mother born;
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born;
For so the holy sages once did say:
That He who our dear Father would release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace."

—MITCHELL.

In Ireland they say he who looks into
a mirror on Christmas Eve will see
the face of Jesus or Judas leaping
over his shoulder. A Breton legend
says that on Christmas Eve the cattle
receive the gift of speech, doubtless in
memory of the shepherds who were
warned the Christ-child was born in
their breath in the manger at Bethle-
hem. In Cornwall they believe that the
midnight on Christmas Eve the oxen
in their stalls are to utter their
thoughts freely, and to think of people
below them as if they were really fel-
low passengers to the grave, and not another
race of creatures on another planet.

He for whom Christmas has no
fascination is sadly out of time indeed.

—TARRANT.

She is childish. She hath missed
Baby-rings, passion-kisses;
And the rapture of surprise
Mirrored in the baby's eyes.
And the velvet touch so soft
On the mother's cheek as
Baby's earnest, loving art
Spells the love of mother's heart.
So my Lady jealous is
Of that grimy old, weary feet
There beneath her in the street,
Which that graceless never bring
Hours of her imagining.

It was evening, and the bell
Sweetly tolled o'er wood and dell.
And adown the village street,
With low forehead, weary feet,
Came a pilgrim, sad and sore,
Begging bread from door to door,
Scalloped hat and whitened staff,
Checked by the mother's child's laugh,
Till he looked so sad and mild
That the frightened children smiled.
Gathered round him, as he passed,
Their pretty questions, thick and fast,
Was he new? and whence he came?
And 'bove all would he resign
What beneath his gabardine
Held he there so fast, so tight,
That the prying children's sight
Not a glimpse could catch of it,
Spite their cunning counterfeits.

Lady Ida, looking down
On the many-streets town,
Saw the pilgrim pass below,
Where the night-gate swung low,
Ordered food and water for him,
Said: "Christ in Christ's pilgrim."
When he'd eaten as he chose,
Then my Lady rose,
Came to where the weary guest
Found in sleep the weary rest.
Waked him gently, did him greet,
Washed the rough and soiled feet,
Wiped them with her towels fine,
Kissed the fringed gabardine,
Said: "For Christ, my Lord, I greet
Thee—the wanderer of the street."

Morning came; with glad surprise
Touched the sleeping pilgrim's eyes.
He arose, and took the bread
Laid o'er his head by his head:
Blessed it, but before he went
Bygones, as lowliest complaint,
That my Lady desire to make,
Not for his, but for Christ's sake,
Something he would fain resign
Neath his pilgrim's gabardine.
Lady Ida smiled, and said:
Tell for me your boy's bed;
Be my guardian at the last,
When my weary life is past,
Once I see His gentle Face—
Christ's, Whose feet I oft embrace,
Once to hear His gentle voice
"Child and pilgrim, here rejoice!"
"Nay," he said, "that's a far boon,
Come your guardian, swift and soon,
Let me ask your Lady's grace,
By your sweet and gentle face,
This my treasure, here to leave,
With the blessing I give."

Here he opened wide his cloak,
And their pity to evoke,
Held aloft his barren frail,
Reverent as the Holy Grail,
"Twas a little child, but, oh!
Wrecked by every human woe,
Blind and writhed, scorched by fire,
Leprous was the writhed skin,
And the pursed lips between,

—(D. A. C.)

Letter From a Non-Catholic
TO THE BISHOP OF LONDON

Ottawa, Dec. 15, 1909.

Dear Senator,—This morning's Chi-

renn announces the promotion of Father
Fallon to the episcopate. The reverend
gentleman does not know me—probably
has never heard of me, but I have known
and admired him for many a day. I was
among those who were grieved when he
was removed from Ottawa and expan-

I am among those who rejoice that
he is coming home to Canada with fresh
honors. Please extend him my con-
gratulations with Christmas greetings
and best wishes for his future success,
usefulness and prosperity.

Geo. C. HOLLAND,
Official Reporter of the Senate.

Destines Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the
diseased portion of the ear. There is only one
cure, and that is by constitutional remedies,
such as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When this
cure is taken, the diseased portion of the ear
is healed, and the hearing is restored. When
the hearing is restored, the patient is cured.
The cure is simple, and the patient is cured.
The cure is simple, and the patient is cured.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

—(D. A. C.)

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THE LADY IDA'S NOON-DAY DREAM.

BY VERY REV. CANON SHEEHAN, D. D.

Round the grey and lonely hall
Shadows darkened, sunbeams fall,
Shattered windows stare aghast
At the phantoms fleeing past.
Hour by hour the dull bells
Where the elms stand sentinel,
And the noisy water fall
Cannot drown the woodpecker's call.
Dreary is the double note
Heard from out the window-mat.
Dreary, the hall bell's chime
At the darkened vesper time,
Like the disembodied soul
Of the merry matron-folk,
When the laborers in a throng
Passed o'er work with jest and song,
Work and workers now, alas!
Vanished as the shadows pass.

Like a hermit in his cell,
In a cornered oriel,
Sits and stares the whole day long,
Aidless of the world's throng,
Lady Ida, young and sweet,
Gazing on the village street,
Where the arches cluster round,
And the fountains bubble sound,
And the grimy children crawl
Neath the applewoman's stall.
'Tis a mean and abject sight,
Yet from dreary morn to night
Lady Ida sits and dreams,
I wonder how it seems
Pictured in the sad surmise
Of her dreamy, velvet eyes.

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