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the Nonna all alone? Ah, Gesu! ah,

Maria! by the love with which you loved each other, help poor Todo."

He crawled on his hands and knees for a little while, and at last fell forward on his face, utterly powerless to go on. His breath seemed to fail him, his eyes closed, a chill faintness came

ing that this was death.

"Thy will be done," he tried to say.
"Lord Gesu, receive my spirit."
Gentle arms raised him tenderly, a He was able to open his eyes and look at his deliverer.
"Ah, dear Gesu," he sighed, "Thou

hast heard my prayer. Dear angel, I thank thee with all my heart." For he was in the arms of a beautiful angel with robes of dazzling white-

passion which comforted the sick boy. Swiftly and noiselessly the angel last time. passed on through the streets of the through the windows of every church, the faithful were hurrying to celebrate with joy and thanksgiving the birth of the Saviour of the world. The angel passed on with his burden to night."

the sake of those who could ill spare which we passed—but oh! the fertility of the land, the beautiful fields of wits did not desert him. Looking grain waving on all sides—the warm sadly into the priest's face, he said to night."

which we passed—but oh! the fertility of the land, the beautiful fields of wits did not desert him. Looking grain waving on all sides—the warm coloring of the red red ground, and the vellow corp, and then the belief. great city. The bells were ringing for midnight Mass, lights shone passed on with his burden to the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, and, entering, he laid the sick child there

heard his prayer, and he begged to be made quite well for his grandmother's

Oh, marvel of marvels! A new strength was infused into the weak, aching little body and feeble limbs. Todo stood up — yes, he was quite strong; he could no longer hear the cracklings in his chest when he breathed, his poor, tired head ceased to ache, the fever no longer burned in

Then as he knelt and poured forth his ardent prayer of thanksgiving to our compassionate Lord, the angel took his hand, led him to a priest, to whom the little boy told the wonderful deliverance, while the holy angel stood by as a witness of the truth of his tale. And the priest bade him draw near the holy table, at the solemn midnight Mass, and as he knelt before the high altar and the priest approached with the most holy Communion, it seemed to the little boy as if he saw his Lord sur rounded by throngs of holy angels, and his heart almost broke with gratitude

And when he had received his Lord into his soul he was wrapped with di-vine love, and he knelt for hours heart to heart with Jesus in an ecstasy of love

homeward. He was so strong, his held. heart so light and buoyant, that he reached home as his grandmother came out of the six o'clock Mass. She had not missed him; seeing the clothes in a heap in the centre of the little bed, she had fancied that he was asleep, and the doctor had told her that a long, refreshing sleep was most need-ful for the sick boy. When she saw him come dancing along the village street, she cried out, and almost fell to the ground.

"Ah, Todo," she cried, "dost thou want to kill thyself? and how canst thou dance, thou who wast dying yes-

ter even? "Nonna mia," he cried, his voice singing for very joy, "I have been to the Santo Bambino, and see I am cured—I am cured, Nonna carissima."

The neighbors flocked around, and Todo told them of the holy angel who had borne him in his arms to the city and laid him at the feet of the Santo Bambino in Santa Marla Maggiore.

"Ah, Gesu!" sobbed the grandmother—she was weeping for joy—"it is the little children who trust in Thee that Thou dost love so dearly.

Amid cries and tears and exclamations Todo was borne off to the church to tell the Fra Antonio, the kind Do minican monk, who taught the little boys of the village to read and write.

"And," said Todo, with deep earnestness, clasping his little wooden crucifix in his hand, "I have made my First Communion, and I promised— yes, I promised our dear Lord—that when I grow up I shall be a priest and teach other little boys to love Him and trust in Him, the dear Gesu."

Todo kept his promise. From that Christmas Day he spent all the time he was not working for his grandmother in study or prayer. With a noble neighbor. He was duly ordained priest, and obtained leave from his at his heart since his First Communion He took a house in the city and established a retreat for the poorest, most ignorant boys of the city. they spent three months preparing for their First Communion, learning at the same time some useful trade. When make room for more little waifs, he sought among the pious tradespeople never lost sight of any boy who had little boys who had never known a word of kindness before. In spite of old age and was revered almost as a saint by all who knew him. Many himself, where he passed Lent leading and many a holy priest owed his voca- a life of great austerity. Poveri, *as he was called. Many and dians gradually migrated westward, Scotch; and these nationalities were of the humble log hut, the family were

mas eyes closses, a clim faintness tailed over him. He had a dim sense of feeling that this was death.

"Thy will be done," he tried to say.

"Lord Gesu, receive my spirit."

Gentle arms raised him tenderly, a sweet fragrance revived the fainting Christmas Eve he was on earth he was clearly and pressure the responsibility. The respective to the say of the respec Christmas Eve he was on earth he was very weak, but he gathered his boys together and spoke to them with burning words of the love of Jesus. At last he fell back in the pulpit quite exhausted, and the young priest who assisted him begged him to take a little rest and not to tire himself by singing Market and rest midnight.

As we drove through Miscouche on the control of the con

ness, on whose countenance played a smile of celestial sweetness and com-

He came down to the little chapel at midnight, sang the Mass, gave Com-munion to his dearly loved children, in the place of heavenly benediction, and then knelt in the choir to make right before the Divine Child.

With the deepest gratitude little
Todo thanked the dear Lord, who had

spent all the night in prayer very frequently, took no heed until 6 o'cleck, when the Father was used to say morning prayers with his boys. But when they went to call him, they found it was even as he had said. His dearly loved Lord had called His faithful servant to receive his everlasting re ward.

AT A COUNTRY TEA PARTY IN

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD. A broad winding ribbon of dull In dian red, edged on each side with soft green sward, such is the appearance of the road leading westward from the little town of Summerside, and which, taking a few miles further up coun-try, the name of the Great West ern Road, leads to the North Cape, the extreme western limit of Prince Ed-

During a boliday visit to the little sea-girt Province last August, it was suggested that we should "take in" one of the country "Tea Parties," which have become quite an estab-lished institution in the Maritime Pro vinces. And it was on a very lovely summer morning, in the most comfort-But as the day began to break, and the voice of the joyous bells rose up to heaven, calling an all the city to celebrate the birth of Jesus, Todo between the country thing of his grandmather, and the country to the c brate the birth of Jesus, Todo be-thought him of his grandmother, and Carmel in the settlement of "Fifteen he left the church and wended his way | Point," where a Tea Party was being

The read along the shore of Bedeque Bay, famed for its oysters at one time, as is Malpeque Bay, which, although on the north side of the Island, is but four miles distant, this being the narrowest part of the Province. The oysters, alas! have, through carelessness and waste on the part of the fishers, be-come scarce, and are now both rare and expensive.

After skirting the dancing waters of Bedeque Bay for a short distance, the road turns north passing through the almost deserted village of St.

model Acadian village of Miscouche.

All this part of the country of Prince Edward Island is of interest to the student of the early history of the Catholic Church in the Maritime Provinces for it was in olden days, the cradle of the Faith in Prince county. Sturdy Acadian farmers here abode in log huts, protected and encouraged in their faith by the Lord of the Manor,

one Colonel Compton, who resided in St. Eleanors, and who, though, not himself a Catholic, was the head of a Catholic household, and whose frequent and honored guest was the celebrated Abbe de Calonne, brother to the Finance Minister of France, whose career reads like a long romance, and who lies now at rest under a sanctuary in dancers. the old French Canadian city of Three Rivers, where he breathed out his

holy soul in 1823. The Abbe de Calonne came out to Prince Edward Island towards the close of the last century to see about some property there of which his brother was the proprietor. This pro-perty, now known as "the Warren Farm" lies across the river from Charlottetown-but the devoted Abbe de Calonne, when he saw the spiritual generosity, he gave up everything needs of the colony to which he had that pleased him to serve God and his come, applied for and received the necessary faculties from the Bishop of priest, and obtained leave from his superiors to begin work that had lain Charlottetown, to look after his property, started on a missionary tour throughout the whole Island. He had come from England in the same ship with Colonel Compton, and so well im proved his time that the son and daughter of the gallant Colonel embraced the Catholic religion. Colonel he was obliged to send them away to Compton himself, though admitting himself "almost persuaded," refrained from taking the final step on account of the to apprentice them or place them He political extinction which his so doing would entail upon him, and remained once been under his care ; he was the an adherent of "Church and State, father and the friend to thousands of the while extending a liberal and gen

erous protection to Catholics. The Abbe de Calonne was frequently the cares and hard work with which he a guest at the Manor of the Comptons was overburdened, he lived to a good and then, tradition says, that he had a little log but built on the estate for

From the Compton estate the Aca-

these were all very fair to see.

We had a good many stoppages on our way, for the Mayor is fond of mushrooms, and those fungi abound in this locality, so that every few moments a tempting patch of them would be espied, and a rapid descent

and gathering would follow.

The tea, that had in the local-papers been advertized to be "On the Tables at 10 o'clock," must have been several times replenished when we finally drew rein at Fifteen Point, and the tea grounds presented an animated scene. The entire parish was present, together with the greater number of Miscouche people, and a fair sprinkling

from other parishes in the vicinity.

These Tea Parties began their existence as gatherings held with the view of raising money for parochial wants. As such they were patronized by so large portion of the country population that politicians conceived the idea of utilizing them in carrying on their campaign. So, of course, the rival can didates for the coming Dominion election were at Fifteen Point, and s were the various senators and chief dignitaries of the county, and, of course, a goodly contingent of the diocesan clergy.

The picturesque national dress of the Acadian women was well represented on the grounds. In former times all the "Acadiennes" wore this dress Now it is only seen on the old women - and very quaint and pretty it is. Many of these old ladies were smoking, to the great amazement of my little daughter, who struck up an acquaintance with one of

The old woman, delighted to meet with a stranger who spoke her own tongue, grew confidential, and told us

The tea party was held in a large field upon a cliff of red sand stone overlooking the Straits of Northumberland. There was, near the edge of the cliff, a goodly tent in which were tables provided with well-cooked viands calculated to tempt the hungry.

Table number one was the dinner table: it was generously garnished Eleanors, and then west through the others were "twenty five cent tables," cakes and candies.

On the grounds were many boothsone, a dancing booth, wherein the country lads and lasses faced each country reel with the saddest cast of

the county. Another booth was for the sale of ginger beer, fruit syrups, soda water and the like. Here it was that the rival candidates were oftenest to be seen, thoughtfully ministering to the thirst of bevies of exhausted

These poor candidates were themselves somewhat in danger of starva tion, as neither could make up his mind to leave the field clear to his rival while he went to refresh the inner man. They would have gone dinnerless had it not occurred to the fertile mind of one of them to invite his rival to dine with him, which was a happy and peaceable adjustment of the

difficulty.

The "Merry-go-round" attracted many. So favorite a diversion is this in this part of the world that the proprietor of a flourishing grocery in Summerside recently sold his business and purchased a Merry-go round, he being pretty certain of finding the latter more profitable.

In the centre of the grounds was a band stand, where the Miscouche brass band discoursed sweet music.

Here, early in the afternoon, mount ed two young men with a black board, one of whom announced that an election would take place to ascertain which was the more popular—the leader of the Government at Ottawa, or the leader of the Opposition. The price of a vote was five cents, and at this election the women had the privilege of the franchise. One of the rival candidates naturally the returns showed a majority for the leader under whose banner the bachelor member fought.

Island are divided into three pretty equal portions of French, Irish and just as the huge house halted in front

many of the most neglected, placed by settling Miscouche, Fifteen Point, all fairly represented on the tea the Padre in an honest calling, rose to be prosperous and respectable.

Egmont Bay, and the various French grounds, together with a small parishes which culminate in Tignish, sprinkling of the Indians from their And at last, weighed down by the cares of so many souls and bodies, the Padre del Poveri fell ill himself. Still the worked to the very last. On Christmas Eve all his boys met in the little chapel attached to bis house. All those

> to obtain the salvation of Frank Snake, more especially to cure him of his love for intoxicating liquors. On one occasion the priest met Frank in a semi-intoxicated condition, and

stopped to remonstrate with him. Frank promised amendment and even Mass at midnight.

"But," said the Padre, "I must the morning in question, it presented bottle that he carried in his pocket, give my children Communion for the last time."

The young priest begged him with tears in his eyes to take his advice for the sake of those who could ill spare their Padre.

"It is finished." said the Fether of grain waying on all sides—the warm of the said on the patrice.

"It is finished." said the Fether of grain waying on all sides—the warm of the patrice. "Same old drunk, Father, same old drunk!" Needless to say that His Needless to say that His Grace does not enumerate Frank Saake among his Temperance converts. At the tea Frank was in low spirits. A few days previously Miss Pauline Johnson had visited Summer side, giving one of her beautiful entertainments. Society had made much of Miss Johnson, and one of the eading families of the place had shown the talented young Indian lady much attention. Frank became jealous, as the family in question were his benefactors in the matter of tea and warm clothing. Being asked why he sulked he replied: 'Oh! Frank of no more count now—Mohawk woman come. Mr. — take her for a drive-no more give tea and flannel to Frank-Mohawk all the go now-

Mic-Mac nowhere." During the course of the afternoon we took a walk on the sands, and visited the lobster factories then closed or the season, greatly to the disap ointment of my little daughter wh en promised the sight of a rea live lobster. The beach here is hard the parish was disporting himself on his bicycle, which skimmed over the another until they succeeded in mal shining sands without difficulty. The shore rises in high cliffs of red sandtone in which antiquarians discover marks from the motes of the sea-cow or walrus, for those extinct animals were at one time quite common in these bravely in the sunny waters of the straits of Northumberland.

Some years since there was some talk of a discovery of gold dust in the vicinity, but the rumer died out, and so did the gold dust, and as far as I know the value of land in the neighborhood has not gone up.

The history of the little parish of Mount Carmel is in itself rather interfor how many years that identical pipe esting, as told to me by some of the had been her solace! esting as told to me by some of the oldest inhabitants and by those silent witnesses, the parish registers.

The emigration of Acadians from the chattels in pirogues (2) and, paddling off to sea, made for the point of land jutting into the Straits of Northumberto work clearing the land. erected temporary shelters which they afterwards replaced by good, warm, other, and went through the steps of a log houses. For the first few years the dwellers in the settlement of Fifteen cream; it was presided over by two pretty girls, the daughters of the newly appointed Acadian Sanator that year he arrived at Fifteen Point and took up his abode at Firmin Gallanis house, where the missionaries were in the habit of lodging until such time as a presbytery was built for their accommodation.

On the 23rd June two worthy parishioners, Thomas Richard and Suzanne Ancoin, his wife, signed an agreement in which they bestowed upon the Mission of Fifteen Point, otherwise called "The Village of Our Lady of Mount Carmel," a piece of land "thirty yards square," to be used as a site for a church and cemetery. The first church was built of logs, and was pulled down after a few years to give place to one of superior workmanship, which was built by the Rev. Bernard D. Macdonald, afterwards the second | mushrooms. to wear the mitre of the diocese of

Charlottetown Father Macdonald was replaced by Father Perry (Poirier), who added to the church a sacristy, which served both as a vestry and a residence for the priest. Father Perry, who was for many years in charge of this mission, was a representative old Acadian priest, the first of his nation to be ordained for

Quevillion, erected a large building, in which he hoped to establish a Christian Brothers' school. This project not being feasible, the building was given to the people of Summerside, and was was a bachelor, and a wealthy one; and hauled there (a distance of about sixteen miles) on the ice. Parochial tradi-tion says that the first resting-place on the road was the abode of one Sam The Catholics of Prince Edward Gallant. Some member of Sam's family had been married that morning, and Old Gold **CIGARETTES**

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sitting down to a wedding breakfast. The tired teamsters were welcomed with true Acadian hospitality, and in-vited to the banquet, of which, so say the oldest inhabitants, they are every crumb.

Another story of olden days here, is that of some men from an adjacent parish, who, about seventy years ago, crossed over the Straits of Northumberland to New Brunswick in an open boat. Returning late in the fall the were caught in the floating ice and could not make the shore. was not strong enough to bear them and they were in danger of drifting out to sea. Their friends at Fifte Point saw them, and after devoutly praying Our Lady of Mount Carmel, they laid their boards upon the ice another until they succeeded in making a platform by which the sufferers succeeded in landing. An old man still living tells of walking home from New Brunswick on the ice, when he was a boy-but then, he says, the winter was very cold and I was very

The Father Queviller above referred erected a beautiful shrine to Our Lady of Mount Carmel. This was a pillar about forty feet in height, sur-mounted by a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin.

The statue was a very fine one per

fect in outline and with a face of ex-ceeding beauty, the head crowned with a golden crown. The column stood within an enclosure beside the church and could be seen far out to sea. Many a storm-tossed fisherman in the strait owes his safety to the statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and many a Eleanor's fisher farmers left the banks of the little river Platte, crossed to Bedeque Bay, shipped their goods and chattels in pirogues (2) and possible. Unfortunately during a great storm which raged on this coast in the autumn of 1882 the statue was torn from its pedestal, and fell to the ground condiments, and here one could get an excellent dinner for fifty cents. The others were "twenty-five cent tables," and the fare thereon was limited to cakes and capillar. Here they discrebe release and a resident priest may have in the strains of Northumber-limits peacestal, and tent to the ground in fragments. It is now in one of the couldings awaiting either repairs name from the township in which it is or annihilation whichever the Fates situated and is called Fifteen Point.

Here they discrebe release to Northumber-limits peacestal, and tent to the ground in fragments. It is now in one of the couldings awaiting either repairs or annihilation whichever the Fates situated and is called Fifteen Point.

The parish of Notre Dame de Mon Carmel is now served from Miscouche. The parish priest is a Scotchman—a near relative of the Bishop. A large proportion of the clergy of the diocese are Macdonalds; in fact they are so numerous that it is the custom to speak of them by their baptismal names, and we hear of "Father Ronald" "Father Gregory," "Father John," etc. Father John of Miscouche preaches

in French as well as in English, and devotes himself to the interests of his Acadian flock. He certainly showed a good deal of administrative ability in the management of his tea party, which was a very successful affair and realized nearly one thousand dollars.

The shadows were beginning to lengthen when we drove away from Fifteen Point, and as we passed through Miscouche the Angelus rang out : while just in the sunset rays two figures repeating their evening prayer, in a field near the church, suggested Millet's great picture. Our attention, however, was distracted by familiar white objects along the road side, and the day of the Fifteen Point Tea closed for us with moonlight and

A. M. P. Berlinguet.

1. Mic-mac for priest 2. A sort of boat made of a log hollowed out so as to allow of its floating, called in some places a "dug out."

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