

y Terrific Sea—She is a Fin Through in Good Shape.

EXPECTED CIPAL HOME Cared For There Now and Others-Management Re-

RINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAN DEAD IN WES

atrick O'Brien, father of Rev. J. I n, pastor of the Church of Ou Good Help, Seattie, died at St



willingness to acquiesce. iam J. Calhoun, the American min-instruction of their heavers

in's Hospital today following an illresulting from an accident aboard a. coming West after the burial of his at Charlottetown (P. E. I.), a few Father O'Brien, his children

Mrs. James Cunningham, of this city; s. Ernest Dore, of Sumas; L. J. vien, a traveling salesman, and P. J. rien, living at the old homestead, at nee Edward Island.

"The functal will be held at the rch of the Assumption at 9 o'clock to-row morning, Father O'Brien officiat-

In Avalon,

By Madison Cawein in Smart Set). too, have been in Avalon, l walked its shadowy groves among, l talked with Beauty, dead and gone, d Love that lies in ancient song. a, I have been in Avalonfore it is my brow is wan.

pering still the look of those re wounded ones who loved in vain, hose lives are wrapped now in repose, eed from the vassalage of pain, look of peace my forehead wears, ardful of that look of theirs.

le violet were the belting seas, d'violet, too, both peak and vale; d unremembering over these e heaven like a violet pale; d'cliff and mountain o'er the deep t down their streams as if asleep.

here and there the an ead mighty and majestic robes, erein were woven attitudes marble—castles, temples, globes— ite shapes of loveliness; it seemed island into being dreamed.

sun I saw; I saw no moon; twilight seemed forever there, glimmering starlight all a-swoon, the blue and quiet air, ile all around, from east to' west, secration lay of rest.

saw I queens of old romance, ad shadowy kings of legend pass; and on their brows and in their glance read their dreams as in a glass, id, of my soul remembered yet, the dreams have taught me to forget.

memories of what had been. old regret for thought or deed, that they once were king and queen: had forgotten all thereofate of earth as well as love.

time I spake them, dim, apart: time I talked with queen and king, e through the heaven of my heart vion trailed a twilight wing, on my spirit's lifted brow

I have been in Avalon. faery isle mid faery seas; ore it is my face is wan; heart at peace remembering these; hay not be, and yet I seem ver waking from a dream.

he best fluid to use in washing m



AT CAMPBELLTON

TO ST. LAWRENCE





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