

## Daisy.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Where the little purple crown  
Six foot out of the turf,  
And the harebell shakes on the wind  
O the bluest of the bluest turf!

The hills look over on the South,  
And southward dreams the sea,  
And, with the sea breeze and in hand,  
Came in the sun and the

Where, 'mid the noise the tangle cry  
Red for the gatherer springs,  
Two children did or stray and talk  
Wise, idle, childish things.

She listened with big lips surprise,  
Breathe deep and downer and spine,  
If rain was like a grape, whose veins  
Run now instead of wine.

She knew not then sweet words she spoke,  
Nor knew her own sweet way,  
But there a sweet heart - sweet song  
Through in whose throat that day!

Oh, there were flowers in St. Margaret  
On the turf and on the spray,  
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills  
Was the Daisy flower that day.

Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face  
She gave me tokens three -  
A look, a word of her smile and mouth,  
And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a gill has look  
A still word - strings of sand -  
And yet they made my wild heart  
Fly down to her little hand.

For standing artless as the air,  
And candid as the skies,  
She took the berries with her hand,  
And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest thing that ever flowered  
Their scent survives their close,  
But the rose's scent is bitterness  
To him that loved the rose!

She looked a little wistfully,  
Then went her sunshiny way -  
The sea's eye had a mist on it,  
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembered way  
She went and left in me  
The pang of all the partings gone,  
And partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul  
Was sad that she was glad;  
At all the sweetness in the sweet,  
The sweetness in the sad.

Still, still I seemed to see her, still  
Look up with soft replies,  
And take the berries with her hand,  
And the love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,  
That is not paid with moan;  
For we are born in other's pain,  
And perish in our own.

## Nansen, the Explorer.

Though Baron Nordenskiöld has aged very much during the last few years his enthusiasm for polar exploration is as great as ever. He is also large-souled enough not to envy Nansen any polar laurels he may earn in his present expedition. At the mention of Nansen's name the other day his face was brightened by a broad and sympathetic smile. "Aye, the Norwegian fellow is a dare-devil," he said, "but a deucedly able chap." Then, after a pause, "But, of course, he'll never reach the north pole; that I can never believe, no never!" "But you think he may come back?" "Yes, I do believe that. Why should he not, and with a sound skin. He is a Norwegian, accustomed from a child to manago boats, and he knows what ice is. If his ship should be upset he will take to his boats, and will, I am sure, manage in the ice so that he does not sink. Of course, there is always great danger in such a journey, but I rely greatly on Nansen; yes, I rely fully on that boy." Some seconds of reflection were followed by the baron's declaration: "And even allowing, now, that he returns without having reached the pole? What then? I am sure his journey is not wasted to science. Nansen is an able fellow and a distinguished scientist."

## A State Run by Women.

Among the colonial possessions or dependences of Holland there is a remarkable little state which in its constitution and the customs of its inhabitants surpasses the boldest flights of the advocates of woman's rights.

In the island of Java, between the cities of Batavia and Samarang, is the kingdom of Bantam, which, although tributary to Holland, is in other respects an independent state, politically without importance, yet happy, rich, and since time immemorial governed and defended by women. The sovereign is indeed a man, but all the rest of the government belongs to women. The king is entirely dependent upon the state council, composed of three women. The highest authorities, all state officers, court functionaries, military commanders, and soldiers are without exception women. The men are agriculturists and merchants. The king's body guard is formed of amazons, who ride in the masculine style. The throne is inherited by the eldest son, and in case the king dies without issue 100 amazons assemble and choose a successor from among their own sons, the chosen one being then proclaimed lawful king.

## School Closing in St. Mary's Parish.

Last Thursday, school-closing exercises were held in the Catholic schools of St. Mary's parish. It was of course a day of general rejoicing for the youthful population, all of whom were pleased that dull books were now laid aside for the joyousness of summer vacation. As a matter of fact, both teacher and pupils regard these closing exercises with feelings of the most pleasing satisfaction. The heart of the ubiquitous small boy and the soul of his youthful sister rejoice with exceeding great joy on less trivial occasions than these, and no amount of parental apprehension will decrease their troubles or augment their joys. These tiny mortals wrenched from the mass of our humanity are living concrete examples of caustic individualism. "What conquests brings she home?" is the thought of the fond father as he awaits the return of his daughter from the convent school. "What tribulations will follow in his footsteps?" saith the watchful mother as Johnny comes marching home with no prize but the lame excuse that it was the other fellow who got all the books.

The prizes in the various classes were numerous and well selected. A healthy choice in prize books is, we are told by a great educator, a matter of paramount importance. We congratulate the children who have succeeded in carrying off their well-merited laurels, and we even extend our felicitations to the unsuccessful candidates. They will do better the next time. *Lo Speriamo.* The more distribution of prizes is very monotonous except to those personally concerned therein, and to relieve that monotony, music and song were called into requisition for the benefit of "our visitors." We listened with rapture to the sweet young voices as they chanted in unison the beautiful "O Carita" by Rossini. The musical programme was at the same time and in the schools was very extensive, ranging from the sonatas of Beethoven to the simple "Papa, what would you take for me?"

The Sisters of the schools are complimented on the work accomplished during the past year, and the marked success of the pupils under their charge is a sufficient recompense for those pious ladies, whose reward is not of this world. To the Sisters in charge of the musical repertoire let special praise be awarded. Their energy has not been spent in vain. Though no judge in musical matters, we should have no fear for our girls even in presence of a more critical audience. As long as our schools are presided over by such conscientious teachers we have good reason to hope for the intellectual and moral training of our Catholic children.

The Rev. Fathers Cruise and Coyle addressed words of encouragement to both teachers and pupils at the various closing exercises. Nemo.

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Charles Murray, the Earl of Dunmore, is making plans for a journey by land from New York to Paris, by way of Alaska and Siberia. He has just gone to Montreal to make arrangements with the Hudson Bay Company for equipment of his expedition. It may be impossible to go from New York to Paris by land, but the Earl of Dunmore says he will come pretty near accomplishing the feat. He will cross from Alaska to Siberia at a season of the year when the strait is frozen over. The Earl of Dunmore is a noted traveller and sportsman.

## AFTER DOCTORS FAILED.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. FRANK A. FERGUSON, OF MERRICKVILLE.

Attacked By Malarial Fever, Followed by  
Dysentery—Two Physicians Failed to Help  
Him—The Means of Cure Discovered  
by Taking the Advice of a Friend.

From Smith's Pills Record.

Mr. Frank A. Ferguson, partner of Mr. Richard Smith in the marble business at Merrickville, is well known to most residents of that locality. He went through an illness that nearly brought him to death's door, and in an interesting chat with a reporter of the *Acropolis* told of the means by which his remarkable recovery was brought about. "While engaged in my business as marble cutter at Kingston," said Mr. Ferguson, "I was taken ill in May, 1903, with malarial fever. After the fever was broken I continued to have a bad cough, followed by vomiting and excruciating pain in the stomach. I was under the treatment of two different physicians but their medicines did me no good, and I continued to grow weaker and weaker, and it seemed as if I had gone into a decline. About the middle of September I was strongly urged by a friend to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. I had not much hope that they would help me but from the time I commenced the Pink Pills I found myself beginning to improve, the vomiting ceased and finally left me altogether. I grew stronger each day, until now I weigh 180 pounds. At the time I was taken ill I weighed 107 pounds, and when I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I weighed me to 123 pounds, so that you will see how much the Pink Pills have done for me. I never felt better in my life than I do now, although I occasionally take a pill yet, and I am never without a part of a box in my pocket. I believe that had I not been induced to take Pink Pills I would be in my grave to-day, and I am equally convinced that there is no other medicine can equal them as a blood builder and restorer of shattered systems. Five boxes cured me when the skill of two of the ablest doctors in Ontario failed, and when I look back to the middle of last September and remember that I was not able to stand on my feet, I consider the change brought about by Pink Pills simply miraculous."

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G. T. R. West	7.30 12.25 12.40	8.00
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C. V. R.	7.00 3.00 12.15	8.50
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G. W. R.	2.00	9.00 2.00
	6.30 4.00	10.40 8.20
	10.00	
U. S. N. Y.	6.30 12.00	9.00 5.45
	4.00	10.30 11.00
U. S. West'n States	6.30 12.00	9.00 8.20
	10.30	

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 p.m.; on Wednesdays at noon, and on Saturdays at 7.15 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for July: 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 24, 26, 27, 28, 30.

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