

A Loving Tribute

TO A DECEASED SCOTTISH POET,
THOMAS C. LATTO, NEW YORK.

THE poet lay in solemn state,
His life-work nobly done,
Dear friends around him sadly wait
Till clay and earth are one;
Ere yet the coffin-lid had sealed
His form from earthly view,
A last fond look he needs must yield
To loved ones leal and true.

Two kindred sou's in poet-lore
Bent o'er their brother's bier,
Kinsmen were they from Scotia's shore
That held her memories dear;
No childish tears were those they wept
O'er one they loved so long;
There, still in death, a brother slept,
Whose soul went forth in song!

Crerar cares'd the poet's brow,
Invoking peaceful rest,
And, with a reverent bow,
Placed on his comrade's breast
A sprig of Highland heather green,
Meet symbol of that heart,
While tears from many eyes were seen
In sympathy to start.

Deep down in foreign soil now lies
His loyal Scottish dust,
His soul—transplanted to the skies—
Blooms fair among the just;
A Highland welcome greets him there,
To Heaven's eternal rest:—
They see his country's emblem fair
STILL IMAGED ON HIS BREAST!

And sings he yet to all our hearts—
A poet never dies!—
From his reward he never parts,
Glad echoes clear the skies!
Brave songs of hope, and love, and truth,
From human hearts die never!
And Latto, in eternal youth,
Sings on and on for ever.

Toronto, Canada. JOHN IMRIE.

* Duncan MacGregor Crerar and John D. Ross.

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Girls of the Right Sort.

"My daughter, unless you can work the ship off the coast, she will soon strike the rocks, and we shall all be lost."

So said the captain of a fine merchant vessel to his daughter. He was right: it was their only chance. The bark *Asina*, 700 tons, was bound from Cuxhaven to Rio with a general cargo. She had scarcely left port when the captain was disabled by a broken leg. A mutiny followed. Under threat of bad weather the *Asina* anchored in a bight of a bay on the dangerous coast of Cornwall. Here the officers and all of the crew deserted. A furious cyclonic south-west gale arose. The anchors dragged, and the girl burned a flare on deck. The lifeboat responded, but was staved against the ship's side by a sea. All the boat's crew were lost except the coxswain who gained the deck. He was not a sailor, yet, with him alone under her orders, this girl, who was a sailor, cut both cables, set some headsail, and got out into the open. It was touch and go, but true grit won. Three weeks longer the girl commanded before help came. Yet it did come finally, and so did the wedding of the handsome young coxswain and the captain's beautiful and heroic daughter.

And yet: there are some fools left who say we must look to men chiefly for courage and intelligence. Stuff and nonsense! Any woman will scream when she sees a mouse (that's more nerves), and ten minutes later she will meet disaster or death with a quiet smile. Then, too, women have a genius for throwing in a suggestion exactly when it is wanted.

A man writes this way:—"I came home

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dejected," so he goes on, "and didn't know what to do; but my daughter said—"

But wait a minute. Before we hear what his daughter said, let's have his story from the start, shipshape and Bristol fashion. He says: "In December, 1890, I was suddenly taken one day with an excruciating pain in the pit of the stomach and in the right side. For over twelve hours I could neither sit nor lie down. The medical man who examined me gave me some medicine, but on the second day jaundice set in, and from that time I suffered from a similar attack about once every three weeks. Every remedy was tried without avail; nothing did the slightest good. The kidney secretion was something frightful, being a mass of matter, blood, and bile.

"This continued five months, and I grew weaker and thinner every day. My friends thought nothing could save me. Many urged me to have further advice, as at this time the secretions were much worse, and the motions resembled white clay. Another attack came on, and as I was daily getting worse, I said, 'I will see the doctor first, and if he can do me no good, I will seek further medical help.'

"Accordingly I went to see him, but he was from home, and would not return until late at night. I came home dejected and did not know what to do, but my daughter said, 'Why don't you try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup?' We hear it has cured so many. If it does you no good, it will do no harm. 'Well,' I said to her, 'I will try a bottle.'

"I then began to take it, and oh! how thankful I afterwards was, for on the third day I could see such a change. The secretion, instead of being nothing but corruption, became clear, and the motions a healthy colour. From that time I daily gained health and strength, and in a short time I was as well as ever in my life, and have had no return of the disease.

"I can, therefore, speak of this medicine in the highest terms for, under God's blessing, it cured me when nothing else had the slightest effect."

The above communication is from a business man of high character in the county of Brecon. For especial reasons he desires his name to be withheld for the present, but we freely pledge our own reputation for the truth of his statement. The date is February 12, 1892.

The attacks which would probably have soon ended his life were of severe kidney and liver congestion growing out of profound indigestion and dyspepsia. His system was flooded with bile acid poisons, and he may thank Heaven for having a daughter who made the right suggestion at a critical moment. In courage and good sense she is like the other noble girl who saved her father's ship from wreck while he lay helpless in his cabin. Success attend them in their own life voyages, say we.

The ups and downs of life are better than being down all the time.

A little knowledge wisely used is better than all knowledge disused.

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SESSION 1894-5.

The calendar for the Session 1894-5 contains information respecting conditions of entrance, course of study, degrees, etc., in the Several Faculties and Departments of the University as follows:

FACULTY OF LAW. (Opening Sept 3rd.)
FACULTY OF MEDICINE (Sept. 20th)
FACULTY OF ARTS, OR ACADEMIC FACULTY.—Including the *Douglas Special Course for Women*. (Sept 17)
FACULTY OF APPLIED SCIENCE. Including Departments of Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Mining Engineering, Electrical Engineering and Practical Chemistry. (Sept. 18.)
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