

A truce to folly. Long ago for you
 Has rung the fatal hour of Osler's jest:
 Still young, the merry smile, the glowing mind,
 No least sad failure ever yet confessed.
 Life's summer overflow reserves for you
 The golden days of lingering life's September,
 October loitering waits for you, my friend,
 And summer-haunted glories of November.
 Perhaps Johns Hopkins has some secret charm
 That lets professors very neatly swindle
 The robber time and feel enfeebling days
 Toward youthful vigor quite reversely dwindle!
 Alas, a most appalling doom awaits!—
 A pediatric clinic at the end—
 Pertussis, measles, teeth to cut, and then
 The bottle—but which bottle? Ah! my friend.
 We'll ask of Kelly, he will surely know
 When comes at last your latest, earliest year,
 With all of physiology at fault
 How shall you ever gently disappear?
 Far be the day for you. One grief I own,
 What science won my art has something cost
 Since the clear mind and ever-ready smile
 Were to the bedside visit sadly lost.
 Ave et vale! O, magister, take
 Greeting and blessing from our greatest soul!
 The rippling sweetness of his echoing verse
 I seem to hear from that far century roll.
 Too poor my rhyme to fitly entertain
 The stately splendor of the Latin line;
 Ah! happy he to whom this greeting went—
 Thy spirit—kinsman, Harvey, makes it thine:
 Vir doctissime!
 Humanissime!
 Mihi Carissime!
 Vale mi' Amantissime!
 Tuus ex anima.

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DR. HAMILL'S EXCHANGE.

The Canadian Medical Exchange, Janes Building, this city, conducted by Dr. Hamill, Medical Broker, wishes us to announce that he