

TER DIE.—It is not always good to be too curious, especially if you happen to be a hospital patient. One such was greatly concerned about what the physician wrote on the card which hung at the top of his bed. While the nurse was not watching he took down the card, and immediately set up a great hullabaloo, groaning and sobbing in a dreadful manner. The nurse came to him asking what was the matter. "Oh dear, oh dear!" was the response, "I've got to die?" "What is it? Do you feel worse?" asked the nurse, in tender tones. "Not particularly, mum, but I've got to die. The doctor has wrote it on my ticket." The poor fellow had so interpreted "ter die," and it was difficult to calm his fears.—*North American Medical Review*.

---

THE BICYCLE AND MEDICAL PRACTICE.—The use of the bicycle has expanded and developed from a salutary athletic exercise into a great social obsession. It has seized upon every class of society, both sexes, all ages, and every condition of life. It is taken up by the well because it makes them feel better, by the invalid because it makes them feel well, by tired people because it rests them, and by the rested because it makes them feel tired. The fat ride to get thin and the thin to get fat. It has displaced the horse, and in women has, in a measure, replaced the uterus. It has made the simple and ancient custom of walking most unpopular; it has cut down the function of the steam-car, and competes successfully with the suburban trolley. The doctors have taken it up and expressed their approval of it, and we are far from saying a word in opposition. The bicycle has come to stay, though not with quite the omnipresent activity which it now enjoys. Already we notice grave and reverend seigniors in our profession riding along the cobble-stones in their golf suits instead of lying comfortably back in their victorias. Time that used to be spent in serious scientific pursuits at the hospital, in the laboratory, and at the desk is now shortened in order to enjoy a ride up the Boulevard. The bicycle has cut down the scientific activity of the New York profession at least 50 per cent. already.—*The Post-Graduate*.

---

WHERE'S THE "TUPPENCE."—Dr. B. Jones (Leigh) writes: "Many years ago a certain man went from Jerusalem to Jericho, and happened with disasters that are, I hope, well known to all of us, and certain religious professors who found him half dead on the road passed by on the other side. But one good Samaritan took him to an inn and paid the charges of the landlord for looking after him—in advance. Nowadays the priest and the Levite would have run, if convenient, to the nearest doctor and requested him to be the Good Samaritan, and would