

work. Lastly he thought of a bent wire. And the woman in her anxiety threw the covering aside and told him not to stand on ceremony but give her relief. Pressing the bent end forward carefully, before he expected a gush of urine struck him in the face and trickled down his well-laundried summer wear, and the transition from extreme anxiety of the woman and her friends to a most ludicrous scene was the signal for a general laugh at the doctor's expense." *Haec fabula docet*, either always carry a catheter or be prepared to improvise something therefrom. While on this subject I am reminded of a suggestion made by a medical friend, which is to use a gum elastic catheter in drawing urine of women, as it can, by such a length of tube, better conduct the urine into a bed pan. I most heartily endorse the use of Nelaton's Catheter in male subjects where there is much difficulty in passing a silver one.—*Michigan Medical News*.

This story reminds us of an occurrence of similar nature on one of our river boats. An elderly woman, second-class passenger, was found during the night to be groaning and suffering much pain. The watchman, after searching the list of passengers, waked up Dr. W., who happened to be on board. He found a greatly distended bladder to be the cause of the trouble. He had no catheter; finally it occurred to him that his toothpick might be pressed into the service. He borrowed a second quill from a friend, and having fastened the two together, passed this novel catheter into the bladder and received the blessings of the sufferer. It is generally believed that the doctor bought a new toothpick on reaching Quebec.

VELUTI IN SPECULO.—“The Nineteenth Century seen through the Speculum” is said to be the title of the memoirs of his time which M. Ricord has prepared as his final literary legacy. These memoirs, like those of many other public men, are not to be published till thirty years after his death. “But,” says the chronicler of the *Union Médicale*, “when to a select and friendly audience he reads a few pages, it is Rabelais, Brantome, or one of the stories of the amiable Queen of Navarre, to which the hearer seems to be listening.”