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Flesherton, Ont.

M. S. CHRISTOL.

DR. SANGSTER AND THAT TWO DOLLARS.

To the Editor of ONTARIO MEDICAL JOURNAL.

SIR, "Warped nature never sees its faults," but, unfortunately, men are seldom blind to the faults of others. Men are prone to condemn without knowledge, and to pass judgment without the light of facts, or under a transmitted light of fact and falsehood combined.

So far this medical fight has developed little of commanding interest to the profession, except a duel between the ins and the outs.

No important reforms have been asked for and obtained from the Legislature, and the side issues of the scene have been a roaring farce of denied muendo, sarcasm, invective and "You're another."

Of course, this wordy tilt has had its amusing side to disinterested onlookers, more especially that prelude of farce, by Dr. Sangster, that is the (that is, intended to be) high way to office, with little of law or change of regime to restrict the new tyrants now seeking on the legislative ashes of the past for that power their wanton hunger neither evades nor denies.

Dr. Sangster, like his counterpart in the far east, may well be denominated the Ontario Pasha of many words. For a year or more they have been a torrent, rushing from one literary precipice to another, without coherence, without mind; perhaps forcible even in their chaos, but rather from profundity than intelligence, perspicuity and reason.

It would seem the possibilities of the future have possessed the Doctor's soul to the exclusion of all other considerations; he has brooded over them (pardon the simile) like a setting hen; he has endeavoured not to be personal, abusive or sarcastic; he has tried to refrain from the inuendo, the unsaid meaning of the coward; but alas and alack! as in the past, so now, the Doctor has once more proved himself exceedingly human. Nobody than Dr. Sangster knows better human weaknesses, and no-

body should be more generous in the breach; but in this, as before, the Doctor is super-heated, loaded with virus, and its character is too phlegmonous even for experimental purposes.

Petty malice and small-souled venom have driven into obscurity greater men than our worthy friend. The Doctor's genius does not always sparkle like the dew on the flowers of Herman. His statecraft and diplomacy are not as yet household words, and it is safe to assert that legitimate debate is not born in a biased mind and a soul warped by failure, that it cannot thrive and develop where common sense fails in discerning those nice distinctions in debate that are the crown, the insignia of nature's gentleman.

The principal questions before the medical fraternity now seem to be: What are we debating about? What, if any, are the arguments being advanced by the verbose Doctor? Or, Is all this fuss and feathers a desire to hear the violence of an incoherent echo, solely made and demanded to please the egotism, if not the vanity, of one man?

Voluble generalities are not argument, and reputation is too often the fortress of doubt and uncertainty. This brings one back to the main question. What has the Doctor said? A literary repast of adjectives: a meal of sarcastic compliments, with the Doctor ever in the position of mine host! An everlasting circle of the same dishes without menu—dessert; pepper and sauce in abundance is liable to produce mental dyspepsia: but attitudinizing and hyperbolic invective are apt to produce mental nausea, even in homœopathic doses, such as the heroic Doctor is a stranger to—denies.

Dull must be the mind that mistakes playful badinage for common assault; fevered the intellect that cannot discern what everyone knows, that Dr. Sangster is playing for place; is desperately trying to recover lost ground. Dr. Sangster wants rehabilitation rather than reform; his grievance is personal, and he hopes the dead past may not be resurrected, and that only one parcel of soiled linen will go to the public laundry to be deodorized—disinfected. Before sending Dr. Sangster to the Medical Council, it might well be asked, has he lost any of the tyrant that was one of his early attributes, has the little despot changed, and will he introduce into the Medical House—now swept and garnished—a better order of things than now