

Then you are told that I call the medical journals of Ontario "School Journals;" and yet, in common with the whole body of your readers, he knows that he is deliberately misrepresenting me; that throughout my whole correspondence, I have never failed to clearly discriminate between independent medical journals like the REVIEW, and the three medical journals published in the special interests of the three leading medical schools, and that it is only the latter that I call, or ever have called, school journals. Perhaps the plausible doctor will now tell the profession what he calls these.

How great a bounty and a blessing it is that the Medical Council has, among its members, a real live Turveydrop of its own, ever condescendingly ready to pose as a Model of Deportment, and to do his best to "polish, polish, polish" the rude material that comes unshaped into his hands. Why, sir, it is a liberal education to come in casual contact with such a fountain of Courtesy and Gentility! Observe how euphemistically he converts the vulgar expression "shaking a red rag in a bull's face" into "a red rag shaken before some of the bovine species." "Red rag shaken" is, however, clearly and indubitably the clumsy blunder of some plebian and unpolished type-setter. It is offensive to that good taste and Deportment of which the doctor is the distinguished exponent. To attach the truly elegant euphemism "some of the bovine species" to so low an expression as "a red rag," violates one's sense of the eternal fitness of things, and is just as absurdly ridiculous as it would be to attach the state coach of the Lord Mayor of London—with all its armorial bearings and heraldic blazonry and gilded body and silk lining and bullion fringe, to the tail of an ungroomed and half-starved costermonger's donkey, clad only in his ample ears and a rope bridle. I have, therefore, no doubt, if you consult the printer's copy, you will find that the entire phrase, as it flowed from the polished pen of your brilliant correspondent, reads like this: "When a lacerated fragment of ensanguined drapery is rapidly oscillated to and fro with a vibratory movement in the countenance of some of the bovine species." It is, I think, clear that the compositor, after setting it up thus, dropped his "stick in amazement, knocking all but the last few words into "pi," and in despair of ever being able to do it again, substituted "red rag shaken before" for the part destroyed. How overwhelmed with a humiliating sense of Boestian want of polish, one becomes in the presence of such Deportment, of such Refinement! Talk of calling a bull, a *bull* in the Medical Council chamber, "where alone," to use the words of the doctor's immortal prototype, "what is left among us of DEPORTMENT still lingers," and where, since the late elections, "there are not many