

interest in a cheese factory, is fattening hogs, in fact is engaged in several such vocations, and that his office, his clothes and medical chest are dirty, we know full well that his late two patients did not die *secundem artem*—they were sacrifices. *Quis inter nos dubitas?*

JUNIUS.

July 11th, 1895.

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*To the Editor of the CANADIAN MEDICAL REVIEW.*

SIR.—From the proceedings in the new Medical Council, it appears that the allies of the old Council have again introduced the old tyranny, which has so long disturbed the harmony of the profession. Anybody can see that the Defence men were met at the opening of the Council in a bitter spirit of preconcerted hostility.

The allies of the old Council, we venture to say, did not meet to work in the best interests of the profession. They met as the Indian meets at the "sun dance," with war-paint and tomahawk, ready for the fray. In looking over the proceedings of the new Council, no one can fail to see that the Defence men had the brains and the debating power, as well as equity on their side; their opponents had simply brute force—the voting power—which they used without stint to accomplish their purpose.

The *Ontario Medical Journal* is out once more on its usual mission of calumny and slander against the Defence Association. The editorial in the June number of that journal speaks for itself. And here, I think, one might venture to assert that every decent man in the profession will regret the descent in that editorial to gross personalities, and the necessity to reply to such coarse and untimely defamation of character. Bad indeed and hopeless must be the cause that has to be sustained by retailing vile garbage from the charnel house of the heartless gossip-monger, and by vilifying the character of men who, in honor, in learning and in social position, occupy a well-deserved eminence in the medical profession.

It will be remembered that previous to the election last fall, when it seemed probable that the Defence men might be in the majority, the versatile editor hastened to make his peace with the new Council. And with that laudable object in view, his tone was moderate, conciliatory, and almost gentlemanly. But as soon as the danger was past the mask fell off, the black flag was hoisted, and once more the editor repaired to the charnel house for his favorite weapons. No matter how impartially that assault upon private character may be viewed, we think it is hardly too severe to say that many a man who could lay