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The Story of a Quack.

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An illustration of the change that has come over dentists and dentistry as to ethics, fell into my hands recently, and I thought it would point a moral for our younger men, who think that we are rather hard upon the advertising practitioner. Everybody knows that dentistry, like surgery, has nothing much to boast of in its origin, and it is no reproach to some in our ranks to-day, that in their early career they did those things which they would never do to-day, and which they honestly condemn others for doing.

A Mr. Howard, of George Street, Hanover Square, London, England, who obtained "the approbation and recommendation of Sir James Clark, Physician to the Queen; Dr. Locock, Physician to the Queen; Sir B. C. Brodie, Sergeant Surgeon to the Queen; Dr. Merriam, Physician to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent; Sir D. Davies, Physician to Her Majesty the Queen Dowager," etc., etc., issued a small paper on "the loss of the teeth and the best means of restoring them." It was a fulsome puff for himself personally and his pretences, and sounded much like the quacks of New York and Chicago—I am almost afraid, being an Ontario man, to say certain places in Ontario. It was in the days of carved teeth, for which he charged five guineas a set, "the same as usually charged