

Whether a tooth that has been deprived of the nerve and lost most of its vitality otherwise, can again be restored so as to become a useful and comfortable organ, is no longer a myth but a reality; and we furthermore hold that a dentist would be wanting in common honesty, and truant to the noble calling termed a dental surgeon, were he not to make himself fully competent to treat cases that are of such common occurrence. When consulted by a patient who is willing to submit to the treatment, and able to pay the fee, no tooth should be considered past saving, unless so far gone that nature is endeavouring to rid itself, and exclaims "Lord deliver me from the body of this death."

A case of the kind fell into my hands in the person of a young barrister. The right lower superior molar being in a diseased condition, from which he at times suffered considerably. I found a cavity on the approximate surface and the nerve quite gone, there was active inflammation in the lining membrane, and a large fistulous opening near the apex of the fang, from which escaped daily a quantity of offensive purulent matter. The case was not new to me as I had repeatedly urged him to let me treat it, but it was always deferred. The treatment consisted in a complete removal of all carious matter from the pulp cavity, and temporarily filled. I washed out the opening at the side with lunar caustic, and treated with carbolic acid for about ten days, at which time the discharge had ceased and the gum nearly closed. A healthy tone had evidently been established and I discontinued treatment, leaving nature to complete the cure. After a reasonable time had elapsed I filled the cavity with gold, which operation lasted one hour exclusive of excavating. Nine leaves of gold were used. My patient left, but unfortunately it was one of those inauspicious days termed in England "cut-throat days." I made up my mind that I had not seen the last of my patient, as from the effects of the operation and weather combined I feared an attack of periostitis. Going out on the evening of the same day, I met him promenading the street through water and snow, smoking his pipe for dear life and swearing vociferously at "that tooth." I gave him a sound lecture for his presumption in coming out in such weather, as he had assuredly taken cold, (a great scape-goat) advised him to go home immediately, promising to send a remedy that would be sure to relieve him, and accordingly put up three powders of mercurious vivus with directions to take one every two hours. He left next morning by train for neighbouring town to attend court, and I