

by this Act, shall recover in any court of law any fees of money for any professional services, or operation performed by him, nor for any materials provided by him in the practice of dentistry, or dental surgery.

8. That nothing in this Act shall be construed to prevent surgeons or physicans from temporarily filling teeth or otherwise attending to them, for the prevention or cure of toothache.

Selections.

"Save Your Teeth."

AN EXPERIENCE IN A DENTIST'S CHAIR.—"A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN," ETC.

When a dentist says to you that he can "save your teeth," tell him that you would rather die toothless than be ground to atoms, stabbed to the nerve centres, prodded with a buzz-saw and gagged with large sections of India rubber sheets, merely to save a few bits of undesirable bone. The first thing the dentist did to me when he undertook to "save" my teeth, was to tip me back in a chair and prop open my mouth with a stick. Then he lined my mouth with rubber and attached weights to that portion of the lining which hung outside. Then he put a bib under my chin and stood off a little way and gloated over me. I tried to tell him what I thought of him, but was past articulate speech. "Pleasant afternoon," he said, taking up a battle-axe and stepping on a high stool where he could overlook the field of operation. After he had quarried the cavity, and blasted it out, he called an assistant and bade him turn a treadle. A big bumble bee immediately flew out of the revolving spokes and charged at the newly made cavity as though it was a flower cup full of honey. I saw stars. I heard a million slate pencils squeaking over a gritty surface. I felt cold hands toying with each particular vertebra of my spine, and a Waterbury watch seemed merrily winding in each ear. I tried again to speak, but my efforts were in vain. I would have given uncounted gold just to swallow. How little we appreciate our blessings until deprived of them! How unmindful of my opportunities had I been all through those vanished years when I could swallow or not swallow, as the mood overtook me. What countless