

HEALTH

A HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN CANADA



PYORRHOEA

John Hunter, the famous English surgeon of the eighteenth century, was among the first, if not actually the first, to point out the damage which arose in other parts of the body as a result of infections in the mouth.

Of recent years, rather startling advertisements have directed public attention to pyorrhoea, which is one of the most common ills of mankind, even if it is an exaggeration to say that "four out of five have it." More teeth are lost because of pyorrhoea than from decay.

Pyorrhoea is a disease of the gums which surround and support the teeth. It is not new disease, as evidence of its ravages is found in skulls of prehistoric times. It occurs in all lands, among all races and in both sexes.

The normal healthy gums are pink in colour, firm in texture and cling closely to the necks of the teeth, forming little pink points of tissue which project between the teeth.

The first step to pyorrhoea is gingivitis or inflammation of the gums. This shows itself by the gums becoming tender and bleeding readily. After a time, the gums shrink, the necks of the teeth are exposed and it is at this stage, with the formation of pus, that we have real pyorrhoea.

The trouble apparently originates in any condition which, by irritating the gums, sets up an inflammation. Tartar which collects around the teeth will, unless removed periodically, act as an irritant. Tartar is most prevalent on the teeth close to the openings of the salivary glands, which means the inner surface of the lower front teeth and the outer surfaces of the upper back teeth.

Poor dental work leads to irritation. A poor bite due to irregular teeth or the loss of one or more teeth irritates the gums. There should be a law against the sale of tooth picks because the regular user of these gives his gums a great deal of punishment.

It would appear that the way to prevent pyorrhoea is to eat a balanced diet so as to provide good building materials for the teeth; to chew the food well, using all the teeth; to keep the teeth clean by regular and thorough brushing night and morning; to brush the gums at the same time as the teeth; to have the teeth cleaned regularly by the dentist, and to have such dental care as may be found necessary at the time of the regular dental cleaning.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

You can bear your troubles alone, but what fun is success if there is no one to help you gloat?

It doesn't seem fair. It is hard to make friends after forty, but you can make enemies as long as you can talk.

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THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

BRIEF FOR YOUTH

By Emily Calvin Blake

Jeff felt let-down, more even than when his job with the insurance company failed some weeks before. Something pressed down, was nagging for release; some decision trying to reach the surface of his mind. And if he did yield to the pressure this would mean long separation, if not a permanent break with Sally.

He opened the door of his mother's home and called greetings, trying to appear cheerful and confident. Alice, his little sister came flying to meet him.

"Oh, Jeff, Sally called up to say that supper on the beach would be at seven and you should get there a little earlier. Can I go too?"

"Wait a moment — wait a moment," Jeff begged. Mrs. Shephard came from the wide side of the porch. "Come in here, Jeff," she invited. "It's really cool."

"Coolest place I've struck to-day," he said, sinking into a chair. "Any success dear?" she asked after a silence.

"No, but I'm not discouraged yet."

"I should say not," vigorously. "It's only that a man doesn't want to wait too long before he finds his place in the world."

"At 24," his mother began again when Alice interrupted. "Oh Jeff, old Bill was in to-day from the farm."

"He was," Mrs. Shephard took up the story. "Said he'd like to talk to you, but couldn't wait. He was in to see a man about some special seed, I think. I'd like to tell him the farm is an incubus. I wish you could sell it, Jeff."

"Father loved it and left it to me. He held on to it through everything; he made real sacrifices to keep it in the family."

"I shared in those sacrifices, Jeff, don't forget that."

"I suppose so, Mother." Though he couldn't feel sympathetic. She might never have had luxuries but she had always had this pleasant home all her own, and sufficient income to live on in comfort.

"Old Bill feels great pride in being a tenant farmer who hasn't gone under," Jeff said. "I'd hate to see his pride weakened."

"Perhaps it would be unkind. He says they're surveying for roads half a mile away from the farm, and he thought this would make it easier to get produce marketed. He wants to make something of the orchard too. But then, I've heard that before."

Jeff's mind went back two summers ago when his father was still alive and they had visited the farm where in the cool of the evening they had walked through the fields. They had talked mostly of trees and their fruits, of black earth and its significance to all life, and for the first time Jeff understood what grief it meant to his father to give up this place when he married a city girl who could not endure life in the country.

Jeff felt stirring within him a love for this spot that had been his father's birthplace and his father before — Alice's voice brought him back. "Can I go with you, Jeff?"

"What's Alice teasing about?" Mrs. Shephard asked. "I want to go to the picnic with him."

"Jeff couldn't take you to a grownup picnic. Now be a good girl, Alice."

Alice at 12 was pretty well past that stage. "I'd keep out of your way, Jeff," she promised. "Honest I would."

"Nothing doing Alice," Jeff told her.

"Oh, very well," calmly she relinquished the whole idea. "But when I'm older; say 16, I'll do exactly as I please."

"You've looked well into the future," Jeff edged her on.

"Yes I have. I'll have a year or two at college, then I'll fall in love and, believe me, I'll do no waiting on circumstances."

"Where in the world..." Mrs. Shephard began.

"You've been listening around, Alice," Jeff charged, trying to appear shocked. "I'll leave you now to ponder on that future."

Walking across the sand he thought how Sally would enjoy Alice's precocity. He hurried a little when he saw the crowd gathered at the south end near the clubhouse. Sally stood a little apart. She was a colorful figure in her green suit and white rubber cap. Her eyes were fixed on the farther horizon and Jeff knew she was waiting for him.

The crowd gave a shout when he came near running at him mauling him, calling him hard names, making him feel for the first time today completely happy. He laxed in his own world "Hello there," said

Sally casually but their eyes met in a flame. He went to her and throwing aside his sweater ran with her into the water. Together they plunged and swam out vigorously to the end of the big pier. They climbed up. "Hello Sally," Jeff said, deeply. "I've said it once," she returned. Then she put her head against his cheek. After a minute she began to speak brightly.

"You weren't home when I called. Alice spoke patronizingly to me. I take it she thinks I'm a bit of a back number. All of 21, you know."

"Yes, I know. She's lifted a phrase from somewhere or other and she flung it full tilt at me... believe her when she's in love she will do no waiting on circumstances."

"I think Alice is right. When you are young and have courage and if your love is strong enough why not wade right out into life as we did in this water."

"There's such a thing though as seeing clearly," Jeff answered, "not asking too much of another."

"Oh, let's not get serious," she said after a pause. "Besides I have a hard day ahead of me tomorrow, and I mustn't wear myself out mentally tonight."

"What's doing?" "My boss Mr. MacFarland is going away for a few days and I'm taking charge in a way."

"He depends on you a lot, doesn't he?"

"I guess he knows I thrive on responsibility."

"Being secretary to an important buyer of a department store must be interesting work," he said.

"There's thrills and surprises, yes." Then she caught herself. "Anything new for you, Jeff?"

"Nothing."

She moved very close to him. "Jeff," she said, "there's something bothering you; something you're not quite sure about... But no matter what you're hiding, I love you. And that takes in all the world, yours, mine, even little Alice's untried world."

Jeff was deeply moved.

"On Sunday, Jeff worked in the suburban garden for his mother. She trailed after him, her pretty plaintive voice lifted. "Today's a good time to fix that trellis Jeff, with Alice away—she bothers you so."

"I'll get at it."

Sally, too was away, gone visiting with the aunt with whom she lived, a martinet to whom others usually bowed. "Just to keep the peace," Sally told Jeff. "But I'll see you again."

Mrs. Shephard went on talking. "Jeff, I want you to know that I'm trying to help you. I've written to Mr. Bradley of your father's old firm to see if he could possibly take you on."

"Jeff swallowed hard. Then "Thoughtful of you, Mother."

"And Mr. Bradley has made an appointment to see you on Friday at 11."

"I'll go in and see him."

So on Friday at 11 Jeff sat opposite Mr. Bradley and answered questions. At last Mr. Bradley came directly to the point. "Jeff," he said, "the chances are slim for taking you on just now; but I want to do what I can for you, if only for your father's sake, though I know you have a good background of college and hard work. Your father was a valuable man here."

Jeff did not answer. His father was still a living figure to him.

"And so," Mr. Bradley concluded, "come in and see me again within a month or so."

Outside the familiar feeling of weight despite the successful interview settled on him. He would do what he longed to do, what would mean more to him than any other job in the world. Work the farm.

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with old Bill. He was like his father, belonging to the earth, but unlike him in that his desire could not be quenched. Not for a woman, not even for Sally could he ever become a prisoner at a desk.

He would ask no sacrifice... his mother's word — of Sally. He knew her loyalty. He had a luncheon engagement with her, and as he went he tried to formulate words with which to tell her what he had decided, but the words would not come.

Sally said: "Let's go upstairs to the balcony Jeff."

So they went, having eaten their simple meal. They were alone here and looking at her so slim and dear and for so long his girl he thought he could never give her up.

But then he knew he couldn't fail himself, either and so he plunged in: "It's the farm," he told her. "I want to live on it, work it. It isn't only that eventually I'll make it pay; it's what I most want..."

"I know," Sally said in a low voice.

"What I most want as my place," he said; "But because it will be hard work, drudgery and little money for a time, it would be unjust to a woman... Sally I'm giving you back your promise."

She looked into his young sensitive face, twisted now in the passion of his renunciation. And she knew that to let him go to his loneliness would be the hardest grief she had ever known. But he was going on: "I couldn't ask you to even wait... give up all your chances of success in your work. I know how hard you've striven to get where you are..."

"Jeff, on the 11th of this month I'll be out of my job!"

"But I thought you were invaluable..."

"I've thought so too. But that's the way it goes sometimes. Store politics, I suppose."

"It's unjust!" He was indignant for her. Then: "What will you do, Sally?"

She spoke directly, her hand on his: "I might have a try at being your wife Jeff and pioneering with you. Not simply 'waiting on circumstances'."

"You're willing to take all the chances with me? But I could never accept the sacrifice if you had not lost your job and maybe find it hard going ahead of you."

"I know," Sally said again.

They walked close together down the avenue back to the store. Jeff watched her as she entered the great door his heart still beating high. And he had no way of knowing that she went straight to a much surprised Mr. McFarland and tendered her resignation.

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