



## THE IMPORTANCE OF MOUTH HYGIENE

**Unsanitary Mouth Conditions Causes More Physical Deterioration Than is Produced by Alcohol**

THE influence of dental diseases upon the general health, because of the unsanitary conditions which dental diseases produce in the mouth, is much more disastrous than has been generally understood, though their effects are becoming more clear with increasing knowledge. There has long been a disposition to regard the mouth and its condition as of no consequence in its relation to health, instead of looking upon it as the gateway of nutrition; the avenue through which must pass all food upon which the nourishment of the body and the maintenance of health depends. Pure food laws are right and should be enforced, but a clean mouth is an equally important factor in the conservation of the national health.

Regarding the importance of mouth hygiene, Dr. Wm. Osler says:

"There is not any one single thing more important in the whole range of hygiene, than the hygiene of the mouth. If I were asked to say whether more physical deterioration was produced by alcohol or by defective teeth, I should unhesitatingly say defective teeth."

Dr. Wm. Hunter, of London, makes this statement regarding the effects of unsanitary mouths:

"I desire to point out how common a cause of disease it is, how grave are its effects, how constantly it is overlooked and what remarkably beneficial effects can be got from its removal."

CONCERNING the influence of such conditions upon the nose, throat and lungs, Dr. Wadsworth says:

"From the hygienic standpoint the secretions of the mouth constitute the chief, if not the only source of respiratory infections, and the infectious material is transferred from one person to another, in some cases through the air, as from sneezing or coughing, and to an even more serious extent by personal contact, or by the use in common of the various accessories of life."

As it is the child who is most susceptible to decay of the teeth, with consequent unclean mouth, so it is the child who is the greatest sufferer, especially as it affects his growth and development.

Concerning its effect in relation to infectious disease, Dr. Henry C. Langworthy says:

"A foul mouth and decaying teeth, particularly in children, decidedly increase the chances of catching such contagious diseases as scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles and tuberculosis. A clean mouth will do much to prevent tubercle bacilli from gaining a foothold in the body."

In brief, dental diseases of whatever nature, always mean an unclean and unhealthy mouth. But they mean more than this, and this is the important thing to be remembered; they are the cause of other and more serious conditions, such as digestive disorders, anaemia, malnutrition, septic poisoning, neuralgia, etc., and predisposition to such other diseases as diphtheria, tuberculosis, and pneumonia, as well as the infectious diseases of childhood, of which there are several.

## The Magpie's Nest

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

to stay and see the babies? Maddie will absolutely howl the roof down if she finds you've been and gone."

"All right, if you can stand me a little longer." She smiled at that; he put his hat down. "They ought to be back soon," Madeline was an imp and a darling, and he was more than fond of her. That she reciprocated with enthusiasm was evident when a moment later her nurse brought her in, bright-eyed and strong, with flying curls, fresh from a walk.

"O, Nicky," she screamed in a delighted treble, hurling herself at his legs, "tackling low," as he put it "Here is me. What've you dot for me."

"Little pig," he said, tossing her to his shoulder. "Got a kiss—tied with a pin-ribbon. Hello, sonny; how's tricks? Grace's boy, who was two years older than Madeline, came forward more gravely, but even so rather boisterous. They swarmed over him, ruffling his bright hair, going through his pockets—and getting their hands gently slapped for it, whereat Madeline pouted and looked at him with a roguish side-glance. Mrs. Sturtevant, watching him carry Madeline on one strong arm to a sofa, was silent, her face singularly immobile. She had always been a trifle afraid to classify her emotions when she saw him with her children—another man's children—in his arms.

"You spoil them, Nick," she said at last, still a little sharply.

"Get out—I spank them more than you do," he retorted, with some truth. "You spoil 'em; you simply send them out of your sight when they misbehave—and then they go on misbehaving where you can't see them. Maddie, isn't your mummy a naughty girl?"

"I love my mummy," said Madeline, with sudden grave loyalty. "I am a naughty girl. Yesterday—I stole a little cake." She looked so pensively proud of her own wickedness that even Mrs. Sturtevant laughed.

"Then," said Carter, "I shall have to bring you a little cake, so you won't need to steal one. Now I must go." Madeline threatened tears, but was pacified with promises of an early return.

"You won't stay to dinner?" said Mrs. Sturtevant.

"I've an engagement for dinner," answered Carter, and hoped later that it might happen to be true.

Mrs. Sturtevant shrugged her slim shoulders. "Very well. Au 'voir."

He was gone. Maddie came and climbed up on her lap, unnoticed, and presently put her arms about her mother's neck. "Mummy sick?" she asked sorrowfully. Mrs. Sturtevant started.

"Yes, dear," she said, as if with an effort. "Mummy's head aches. Run away to nurse."

So, left quite alone, she sat very straight and still, trying to question herself closely, looking at her own heart, out of a certain natural pride in her honesty with herself. How long had she cared for Nick like this? But she could not positively remember; not even when she had been aware of it first, for it seemed to her now that she must have cared for him longer than she had known. Only, having always had herself schooled to exquisite restraint, she kept her emotions far below the surface—it was a family tradition with her people, the Camberwells, to be "sensible"—and aided by her sense of possession of him, which another family tradition, that of loyalty, insensibly translated by her into a secure personal ownership, ignorance had not been difficult. Jealousy had been needed to shock the truth to the surface. Once he had been reported engaged to another woman—a false report, but before she knew it false she had hated that other woman utterly. And then she knew, though very slowly had she acknowledged it.

But he would never know. Unless he sought the knowledge. She set her teeth on that; pretty, rather sharp-looking, small teeth.

There was something hopeless about not even being able to remember when it had begun. It made the end look equally uncertain.

She went to the old, dim, gilt-framed mirror at the far end of the drawing-room, and studied herself for a long time, and turned away with a bitter pride in the fact that nothing in her face betrayed her. And a wistful wonder—was that face not fair? Other men had thought so. There is no woman who is not beautiful to her own eye in the light of the one man's praise; nor one who is not despoiled of all the usufruct of beauty if he prove blind.

In the meantime, her cousin was ringing Hope's doorbell—or at least, her landlady's doorbell—in a pitiable state of incertitude as to what he should say if he found Hope at home. By the time the door opened he quite hoped she would not be at home.



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