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The New Dentistry

By F. O. D.

(In Toronto Saturday Night)

Old-fashioned philosophers who used to go about telling everybody that there was nothing new under the sun, cannot have had much to do with dentists, or they would have discovered that a dentist can think of something new every time you go in to see him. Dentists are the real discoverers and innovators. They are always blazing new trails—usually down someone's nerve canals. And "blazing" is right—that's the way it feels. Life for a modern dentist is just one brand-new theory after another, and the rest of us—well, the rest of us are the materials of experiment, the guinea-pigs of his scientific laboratory.

Personally, we are not a philosopher. For one thing, we still have our teeth—most of them—and no one can be a philosopher till he has got rid of the things Real wisdom is toothless. Serenity of soul is the keynote of the philosophic temperament, and if any man says that he can be serene in a dentist's chair—we hate to be rude, but that man lies in his throat, also in his molars and bicusps.

The reader may judge from a certain note of bitterness which seems to have crept into these opening paragraphs, that we have lately been calling on our dentist. And we have—more in sorrow than in friendship, though we had really intended our visit to be a formal and social one. You see, we happened to be passing his new office or studio or dental morgue or whatever they call it, and we suddenly remembered that he had given us a very kindly and pressing invitation to drop in and see it.

Besides, we had often heard people expatiate on the wisdom of calling on one's dentist every six months or so, and it occurred to us that it might be a good idea to flash our incisors and eye-teeth upon him—oh, purely as a matter of form. We hadn't the slightest notion that anything required attention, or we would probably have put off our visit for another year or so. All we wanted was a general survey of the ground, so to speak—a little light prospecting, but no sinking

of shafts or other heavy mining operations.

That was our idea, but the moment we sat in the chair and felt the patent head-rest grip us by the medulla oblongata we began to feel that we had made a mistake. To begin with, we were horribly impressed by the completeness and efficiency of our dentist's new outfit. Everything was so very clean and cold and shiny, and it was all run by electricity. Everywhere one turned, little motors met the eye, and they seemed to us in our nervousness to smile with a hideous complacency at the thought of the dreadful things they were going to do to us. Especially were we fascinated and horrified by the largest motor, which stood right beside the chair. Long arms stretched out from it, and at the end of these arms were cunning little places into which dentists fit the instruments of torture that they use for purposes of excavation. It looked like a fat and particularly malevolent spider, with a sting in every leg.

Our dentist explained it all to us with modest pride, and we tried to take a detached and scientific interest in the demonstration, but we had little joy of it. We felt too much like a heretic to whom Torquemada was displaying the smooth working of a nice new rack in one of the dungeons of the Spanish Inquisition. In fact, we told him so.

Our dentist smiled in a far-away fashion, and casually picked up a steel probe from the new patent tray which the electric monster held out to him. Then a cold professional look came into his eye, and we knew that there was nothing for it but to lean back and deliver our honest open countenance into his hands, keeping it more open than usual.

Lightly the steel hook played about our pearly graders, scraping and probing and occasionally slipping into unexpected and undesirable openings and getting a good firm hold on the nerve. Whenever this happened our dentist said, "Ah ha!" in a very knowing way, and we said—but naturally we couldn't say much with a thing like that in our mouth. We were limited to a very expressive grunt, but we thought rapidly and with some heat.

Nothing seemed sacred to that infernal probe. It insisted on prying into teeth which we have always regarded as peculiarly private possessions, never displaying them even in our moments of wildest hilarity—we make a practice of never laughing back of our bicusps. And we don't often laugh even that far back in these days of Prohibition.

"I see you have two or three gingival cavities," said our dentist after a pause, as though he had been figuring out whether or not we were strong enough to hear the dread tidings.

That word "gingival"—we made him spell it out for us—was horribly impressive. It sounded painful even to the uninformed ear.

"What causes that?" we asked in trepidation. "It hasn't anything to do with gin, has it?" If it had, we were going to prove a complete alibi, of course.

"Oh, no, nothing like that," he said reassuringly. "In fact, gin might act somewhat as a preservative."

But that does us no good—not with the price of preservative where it is now.

He explained that the "gingiva" was the gum, and that a "gingival" cavity was one right on the edge of the gum. The precise location of the cavity, however, was not our immediate concern. What we wanted to know, was how much it would hurt.

"Well, that is usually a very sensitive part of the tooth," said our dentist with philosophic calm, "but I will try to make it as pleasant as possible."

And with that he reached over for one of the tentacles of the electric octopus.

It was not very pleasant. We feel that we can say this with entire conviction and with the assurance of sympathy from any of our readers who have had a similar experience. If there is any place where a live tooth seems to be especially alive and angry, it is in the gingiva. In fact, we are sick of our gingiva altogether, and anyone that wants it can have the whole darn thing. A nice pink rubber one would suit us a lot better.

Merrily the electric motor purred like a cheerful tarantula, and when our squirming became too violent our dentist lifted its leg out of our mouth for a brief respite, during which he tried to distract our attention by discussing the exchange situation and the last violin recital at Massey Hall and other topics of the day. But we didn't distract worth a cent. We felt too much like a helpless merchantman waiting for a German submarine to hit us with another torpedo.

It may be that modern dental methods and machinery are a great improvement on the primitive system of other days, and that the new dentist is a skilled scientist compared to the burly mechanic who used to wrestle with our youthful molars. But still there was something to be said if the dentist could hold you down and keep his big foot going on the treadle of the drill—well, he won't! Usually he did, for dentists in those distant times were husky and able practitioners of catch-as-catch-can. Once they got a half-nelson on you, you were lost, but you were free to do your worst. Everything was fair—if you couldn't jab him in the stomach with your elbow, perhaps you could reach up a free foot and kick him back of the ear. These were regarded as ordinary professional risks.

Naturally such a procedure would be unthinkable nowadays. The modern dentist is too detached and impersonal. His work is all a matter of machines, like modern warfare. There would be no more use getting angry with him, than there would be for a soldier to swear at the artillery officer who, six miles away, makes a lot of complicated calculations and proceeds to blow him into the casualty report.

"Now that's all for the first tooth at present," said our dentist, "and we'll start in on the second. The cavity is not quite so deep"—our feelings brightened a little—"but teeth are always more sensitive nearer the surface."

That is the sort of bowless fellow the modern dentist is. Never is there any trace of the this-hurts-me-more-than-it-hurts-you attitude. He sympathizes with his patients about as much as an entomologist sympathizes with the bugs he sticks on pins.

Vainly we pleaded with that man. We tried to tell him we were in no hurry about that second tooth, and we would just as soon leave to nature the task of sinking the cavity down to the point where it wouldn't hurt so much. We even got our watch out and looked at it earnestly, and said we were afraid the Managing Editor was expecting us for an important editorial conference. But we could see we were making no progress.

"Oh, of course, just as you please," said our dentist with true scientific indifference, "but it would be too bad to lose that tooth by unnecessary delay. You see the dentine is soft and—"

Hopelessly we lay back in the chair once more. Again did the electric spider stretch out its horrid leg at us, and—just then the power went off! The lights went out, the motor stopped purring, and the whole electric arsenal of torture was as harmless as an old lady's work-basket. The good old Hydro-Electric had saved us! Of course, it was only a respite, a mere postponement of the dread hour, but it was wonderful how welcome these little interruptions can be. Jauntily we hopped out of the chair, and began to put on our overcoats. But your

modern dentist can always think of something else.

"By the way, you have a tooth there with a dead nerve," said ours "and you'd better have it X-rayed before you come back. It may have to be pulled."

Pulled!—after all the agony we had gone through getting that nerve killed, and all the money we had spent having the hole filled up with precious metal. It was the most comfortable tooth we had in our head, the only one we knew would never hurt us again. And here he was proposing that we should go to a strange man and let him take pictures right through our face—were we to have no privacy left at all?—and then come back and have that good old tooth removed with violence. Nothing doing. We said it with emphasis, but our dentist was unperturbed and persistent.

"Modern investigation has shown," he said, "that focal infection is the cause of rheumatism, heart-disease, arterio-sclerosis, and—"

We capitulated at once—the new dentistry is too much for us. What's more, we went and had ourself X-rayed. We held a silly little red plaque in our mouth while a cool devil made electric sparks a foot long and then showed a hideous blue tube with a swollen middle down within an inch or so of our cheek. It wasn't painful, but one felt so darn silly.

Now we have for our dentist several little snapshots of our teeth which make them look like part of the German devastations in Belgium. So far as we can make out, every blamed one of them will have to be pulled—their expression is positively awful.

A "Demountable" Ship.

STRANGE VESSEL WILL BE BUILT OF ITS OWN CARGO.

The brain of the well-known Canadian financier, John Arbuthnot, of Victoria, B.C., has conceived a new type of ship for the transportation of vast quantities of lumber. He has labelled it the "demountable ship" and it will be about the most weird craft that ever sailed the Seven Seas. In reality it will be nothing more than a huge raft, built up in the shape of a boat with the cargo itself. Two gasoline engines will propel the craft, sailed by sails spread from four masts, stepped in the cargo.

The first ship of this novel type is now being constructed on the Pacific coast and is destined for Australia. Its voyage across the boisterous Pacific will be watched with great interest. If it proves a success other craft will follow, in which event the process of shipping lumber offshore will be revolutionized. The fact that Lloyd's has decided to take a risk and insure the craft seems to augur well for its success.

Mr. Arbuthnot designed the ship in order to overcome the shortage of tonnage and also the high freight rates, which are the bugbear of the lumber industry at the present time.

The first of Mr. Arbuthnot's demountable ships will be 350 feet long, with a beam of 60 feet, and a depth of 25 feet. It will contain 5,000,000 feet of lumber. It is the designer's ultimate hope that craft, 600 feet in length and containing 10,000,000 feet of lumber, will be constructed.

The vessel can be completely built in the water. With the first ship, however, Mr. Arbuthnot has decided to begin it on an improvised slip on a bench adjacent to a mill and after getting it shaped to launch it and carry on the construction. The ship will be flat-bottomed and will have three keels, the main keel running the entire length of the ship, and the other two keels about three quarters the length. On the keels large crosswise timbers will be bolted closely together. Then will follow eight layers of timbers running the entire length of the ship on top of which will come another layer of crosswise timbers. Iron rods will be run from the keels to this layer of cross timbers and other rods will be driven through the cargo from side to side. In this manner the rigidity of the craft will be obtained. By extending the perpendiculars the necessary overhang for the clipper bow and stern is obtained.

The two gasoline engines will develop about 1,500 horsepower, and it is expected that in favorable weather the ship will make about seven knots an hour.

As soon as the ship reaches her destination she will be taken to pieces. The lumber will be cut into marketable sizes. The engines, rigging, bolts, chains, rods and cabin fixtures will be sent back to the port where the ship was built for use in the construction of another craft.

Mr. Arbuthnot says that the loss of timber through the necessary dunnage made in the cargo will be only a fraction of one per cent. On the other hand, he says, that there will be an enormous saving in the cost of shipping lumber.

Hard on the Lieutenant.

The company marched so poorly and went through their drill so badly that the captain, who was of some-what an excitable nature, shouted indignantly at the soldiers:—"You knuck-kneed, big-footed idiots, you are not worthy of being drilled

Have Pretty Teeth

Remove That Dirty Film

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Free A 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent, to show you how to end film. See below.



Look in the Glass

Look at your teeth in the glass. Then brush them in this new way for ten days and look again.

There is a film on your teeth—a slimy film. It clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So it stays between the teeth and elsewhere and may do a ceaseless damage.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat it. Able authorities have proved it by many careful tests. Now the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent, and leading dentists everywhere are urging its daily use.

A 10-Day Tube is now supplied to everyone who asks. Test it and see what it means to you.

A Week Will Tell

The results of Pepsodent will be a revelation. A week will show you that there is a way to whiter and safer teeth. For your sake and your children's sake, make this test and see.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated. The usual method is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred. Science has now overcome this trouble by discovering a harmless activating method. It is that method which makes possible this efficient film combatant.

You can prove the effects, and quickly. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

Compare the results with your old methods. Learn what clean teeth mean. Then let your own mirror tell you what is best. This test is most important to you. Make it at once. Cut out the coupon now.

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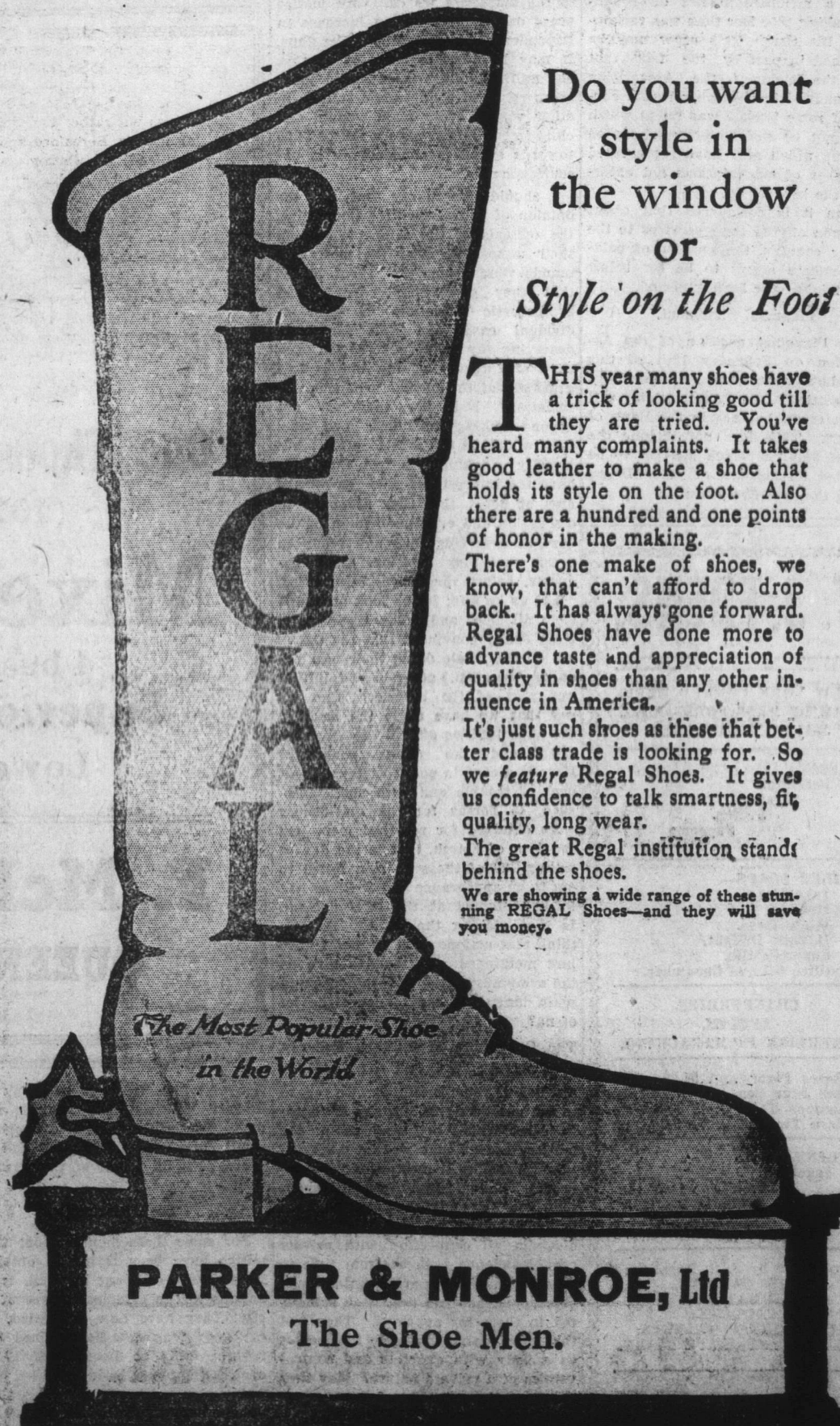
Style on the Foot

THIS year many shoes have a trick of looking good till they are tried. You've heard many complaints. It takes good leather to make a shoe that holds its style on the foot. Also there are a hundred and one points of honor in the making.

There's one make of shoes, we know, that can't afford to drop back. It has always gone forward. Regal Shoes have done more to advance taste and appreciation of quality in shoes than any other influence in America.

It's just such shoes as these that better class trade is looking for. So we feature Regal Shoes. It gives us confidence to talk smartness, fit, quality, long wear. The great Regal institution stands behind the shoes.

We are showing a wide range of these stunning REGAL Shoes—and they will save you money.



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