

HIS HEALTH IN A TERRIBLE STATE

"Fruit-a-tives" Healed His Kidneys and Cured Him

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., AUG. 26th, 1913.
"About two years ago, I found my health in a very bad state. My kidneys were not doing their work and I was all run down in condition. I felt the need of some good remedy, and having seen 'Fruit-a-tives' advertised, I decided to try them. Their effect, I found more than satisfactory."

Their action was mild and the result all that could be expected.

My kidneys resumed their normal action after I had taken upwards of a dozen boxes, and I regained my old-time vitality. Today, I am enjoying the best health I have ever had."

B. A. KELLY

"Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest Kidney Remedy in the world. It acts on the bowels and skin as well as on the kidneys, and thereby soothes and cures any kidney soreness.

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. or will be sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

SOLDIERS LIMITED TO EVENING BEER

Lindsay, May 10.—J. D. Flavell, chairman of the License Commission of Ontario, called a meeting of the local hotel-keepers and their bar-tenders in the office of License Commissioner W. E. Thornbury. The object of the meeting was the purpose of instructing the license-holders how to carry out the new law, which is the intention of the commission to enforce strictly.

The gist of the chairman's address was that no wines or liquors are in future to be served to any soldier, regardless of rank, at any time. Beer can be served out to them between the hours of six o'clock p.m. and nine o'clock, p.m.

Empty flasks are to be an unknown vessel around hotels in future, and as it has always been understood, no bottles of liquor are to be sold in hotels.

A first offence or violation of the law which governs the liquor license act may mean the cancellation of the hotel-keeper's license.

The commission wishes an observance of the law, not in a coercive way but a strict adherence to what the act sets forth.

It would appear that violators will not get a second chance, as in the past, and the hotel men all seem bent on carrying out the law as set forth by the chairman.

WEAR FLEET FOOT Shoes for every Sport and Recreation Sold by all Good Shoe Dealers



The provincial government is meeting here this week to deal with Valley Railway matters. In disposing of this troublesome question it is to be hoped that nothing will happen to disturb the cordial relation which are supposed to exist between Premier Clark and Attorney General Baxter.

New York Herald.—What a day Theodore Roosevelt is not President of the United States today!

READ THIS

Sufferers from Muscular Rheumatism, Sore Muscles, Sprains or Bruises, by first bathing affected parts with hot water, then rubbing thoroughly with

Johnson's Liniment
WILL GET PROMPT RELIEF.
This reliable remedy has been IN USE OVER 100 YEARS.
Taken internally on sugar or in sweetened water it can be relied upon in cases of coughs, colds, sore throats, bronchitis, 25 and 50 cents at dealers.
L. E. JOHNSON & CO., Inc., Boston, Mass.
PARSONS' PILLS relieve Constipation and Headache

Some Aspects of Modern Thought Ably Discussed

Rev. Ralph Sherman Former Rhodes Scholar Spoke on Behalf of the Alumni Society At the University of New Brunswick Encaenia—Synthesis the Keynote of the 20th Century

The following is the full text of the Alumni address delivered at the U.N.B. encaenia by Rev. L. Ralph Sherman, curate of Trinity church, St. John:

"The keynote of the last century was analysis; the keynote of this present century seems to be synthesis."

One wonders if that is true, and, if so, what is the fundamental principle underlying the truth of it. Because, on the face of it, it seems to be the map of an earliest, who having almost closed both eyes, and seeing everything in a blurred and misty light, has convinced himself that conditions bear out his idealism.

Yet surely that were a summary dismissal of words which passing on from the general to the particular may lead us very far indeed, and unworthy of us who as products and advocates of education are bound to be seekers after truth.

Therefore it is along those lines that I would try to speak to you today. I know that we are none of us infallible, not even the youngest of us; but remembering the fate of him who hesitates, I have tried to put aside my hesitation on that score and with the feelings of a swimmer who starts to swim five miles having never done more than once at a stretch before, I take my plunge, trusting not only to the impetus of the springboard but also to the buoyancy and gentleness of the waves and ask you to think with me—if the title be not too ambitious—of some aspects of modern thought.

In the way of an author's preface, generally very boring things, I would merely say this—where nothing is original it were idle to specify obligations.

20TH CENTURY IS OURS

The present age is asking questions. We are very conscious of ourselves. We are very cognizant of the fact that we are living in the twentieth century; we are very mindful of the promise (I forget who promised it!) that "the twentieth century is ours"; and we are very willing to accept the gift. Renan said that "one task which lay before the twentieth century was to fish out of the waste-paper basket the various valuable articles which the nineteenth century had thrown into it; but we've moved into a new house and have discarded waste-paper baskets for automatically destroying depositaries. We are like a boy in his teens who has just left the strict discipline of school for the wider freedom of college life. We seem to ourselves to have sprung into existence full grown like Athena, only this time not from an Olympic but from a Victorian brain. And if it be true that it takes a wise father to know his own child, it was never more so than when applied to the nineteenth century as the parent of the twentieth. The old anchorages simply don't hold us; not only because feeling the lure of the sky-line we are straining to get away, but also because the stakes themselves no longer hold; they are forced out from their previously solid foundations. What our fathers assumed, we question; what they accepted, we question. But more than that, where they were content to stop, we consider we have only just begun. We have forgotten our manners entirely, despite the fact that we had so strict an education; we insist on being heard as well as seen, and though the feast before us be a bounteous one we do not hesitate to ask for anything we want whether it be on the table or not. We are no respecter of persons we hesitate at nothing, are afraid of nothing; we will have none of the motto "Safety First"; we are modern; the spirits of the age have got into our blood for good or for ill.

TALKING IS EASY.

But enough of such generalizations, which are very often fallacious and nearly always inexact. It is high time to begin to prove some of these things. I've been saying, because talking is easy even though, as Mr. Tullier said to his wife, it's "puzzling work." So we will try to see if these general comments I have ventured to make are at all borne out by the facts in any special departments of thought or action in the age in which we live.

Nietzsche's maxim "To live dangerously" has won many an ardent follower these days on the principle that it is only the impossible that is worth attempting; and perhaps the most modern thing in all departments is the common sense of freedom which these words presuppose and represent.

In the realm of thought, a prominent writer not long ago was bold enough to style the situation "Armageddon or the Intellectual Chaos," and the title still holds good.

The Athenians were not unique either in their assemblies in the market place or in their search after "some newer thing." Many a "school" has waxed and waned since the days when the Alexandrian coterie claimed Clement as its celebrated head. There have been "isms" in abundance, each reaping where the other sowed, each partly vanquished, until of late, though in another special branch of knowledge, their numerical strength would seem to be equalled and their popularity challenged by the fertile members of the "itis" group. But now there has swept across the sky a new philosopher, the prophet of the new mysticism, Henri Bergson, to whom Henry James, at the height of his own fame, gave the title "Master." But not only swept, but come to stay. "His appearance in the field of philosophy" writes a critic of high standing, "promises to be a turning point in the history of human thought" or as another phrases it, "In future we may be pro-Bergsonians or anti-Bergsonians, but we shall all be post-Bergsonians."

His works, which have all been translated into English and many other languages during the past few years, number but four, of which his last, "Creative Evolution," is probably the best known. In this he stands forth as the new and greater Darwin—of which more later. One of his books, of outstanding eminence, on which he spent nearly twenty years of thought and study, has for its title "Laughter." He deals with laughter as a social function and says that function "is to punish and to repress actions that appear as defects to the social consciousness." How unintellectually have you and I laughed until now!

I plead earnestly at this point not to be misunderstood. I will say some thing later of what I deem to be the inestimable service M. Bergson has done and is doing to help us gather up the strands; but at present I am only trying, by glancing at their idols to prove from the different departments the common tendency of the age.

Or, to come back, in the same sphere another name challenges attention, that of Rudolph Eucken, the philosopher of Jena, the exponent of the new "actualism." In a volume which takes one's powers of concentration to the utmost, he would have the modern disciple find justification for its title, viz: "Life's Basis and Life's Ideals." No dissertation today with any pretensions to scholarship is complete without at least one reference to him!

LITERATURE.

Yes, we are asking questions about ultimate things.

Or take the department of Literature. Masterlinck is the poet of that same new mysticism of which Bergson is the philosopher. There is the same audacious spirit of adventure, the same fearless quest. And there are many others. To come within the confines of our own race, whether it be Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Bernard Shaw or Mr. G. K. Chesterton, their work will leave you in no doubt as to the eager emancipated liberal spirit they represent. Or in the closely related sphere of the modern drama, it is Mr. Galsworthy vs Shakespeare, Mr. Arnold Bennett vs Oliver Goldsmith, the Problem Plays vs Melodrama, Peter Pan vs Charlie's Aunt, or with apologies to the drama, the Revue vs the Local Talent Concert, the Cinematograph vs the Magic Lantern.

Nor is the new spirit lacking in the department of the arts. The "Post Impressionist School" is becoming a household word and its products household ornaments. We are training ourselves to expect to find a painting as much as is possible unlike the name that our catalogue gives it; to accept the fact that our ideas have always been hopelessly third and unread, our color scheme entirely fantastic and bizarre; and to go through the necessary mental process of readjustment, unless we would remain "outside the pale." Or we listen to a "futurist" symphony and we come away wondering in our old-fashioned ignorance whether by some chance the musicians have not read their scores upside down; but convinced at least, that there is in our blood no Chinese strain, remembering the story of the representative of that race who, when asked after a Wagner recital, how he enjoyed it, replied that he liked the tuning-up part best.

No, the arts are not lagging behind the letters.

RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

Then again, for no survey with any claim to comprehensiveness could leave it out, there is the department

of religious belief and practice; if indeed, it is not too much a narrowing down even to call it a department. Here it would be both idle and futile to say that the modern spirit has not penetrated to a very large extent. The voices of Loisy and Tyrell are still echoing too loudly for that. But I do not draw my proof from them. "Modernism," says a prominent writer "though it is a name for a movement only in the Roman communion, is part of a wide tendency among all thinking men in the Church of God." Its reception, however, has differed, and where one authoritative voice frightened at the spirits of the age, says "Shut the door!" another, confident in the spirit of the ages, says, "Leave it open!"

But its mark will remain. Too much water has flowed beneath the bridges in this connection during the past decade and a half for things ever to be quite the same again. For long now, if we have done any reading at all along scientific or biological lines, or indeed even if we haven't, the marginal note "Creation of the World, 4001," has somehow failed to convince us. And especially of late there have been many and varied attempts to reinterpret, restate and recommend the Faith in terms of modern thought. "The man in the Street," a favorite even though a hazy figure to the modern mind, has suddenly come into his own. It is he who is made to preside in wig and gown over the bar before which the modern spirit arranges the old beliefs. Needless to say, the court is crowded, for it is a popular case. But that is only one side. Hand in hand with it has gone the development of mysticism in religion. Started to some extent by the translation of Von Hugel's great work on this subject a few years ago, volumes on the lives of the mystic have been poured through the press of late, and the raptures of a St. Francis or a St. Teresa do not lack their ardent emulators. Nor should one forget in this connection, though they are as wide apart as the poles, the growth of belief in psychological research.

Whether it be freedom to believe or to disbelieve, it is still freedom.

THE UNIVERSAL PROBLEM.

But look one place more for proof. Look at the fabric of social and industrial life we know it today. And here I too think of that same man in the street. For though the ebb and flow of thought in the special departments of which we have been thinking may leave many untouched, it is a different matter when we come to questions of bread and butter and of dollars and cents. The problem then becomes universal at once. And you will scarcely need me to conjure up the picture before your eyes. For indeed could I, adequately, so baffling is it in its complexity. The same spirit has caused a great upheaval here this time in terms of flesh and blood. To borrow a phrase, there is a "cosmic nervousness" abroad. There has been the same great revolt against authority, the same quest for freedom. Modern industry both counts heads and cuts throats; and apparently fails to realize that the multiplication table will never be produced by an equal balancing of addition and subtraction. Socialism—so often and so sadly caricatured—is preached as the panacea for all ills, yet competition wages unabated. The Labour Party may dictate its terms, the trade unions may issue their decrees, the agitators may agitate, yet here and there the black log makes a scanty living at the risk of life and limb. Social unrest is too real to be scoffed at. The "sunken tenth" is in process of emerging into the light of day, encouraged and helped by those whose tardy consciences have at last convinced them that every man should have his chance. Oh yes,—the poor man whom we have been willing to let knock at our gates for so long, has at last dared to step inside and with lifted head and steadfast gaze to ask questions as well as we. The modern spirit has reached him too, and he has risen in his might.

FACTS MUST BE FACED

I hope this partial survey does not sound unduly pessimistic. It is not meant to be. Far from it. But no solution can come until facts are faced, and I believe the fact is there. The firm footing of the "old school" both in thought and practice has slipped, whether we like it or not. A modern writer then puts it with convincing frankness:—"The revolt of a greater realism has proved its bed-rock of assumptions to be false bottom. Discussion has gone further and invaded its sanctuaries. It seems as though

its representatives sat in a circle in an increasingly hot room and took off their clothes one by one the assumption that a point would be reached when they could sit both in comfort and decency. Their sons have passed any such minimum point. Some have tried to do with nothing on; others are trying to get out of their skins or out of the room."

A chafing at all conventional restrictions, the desire for untrammelled freedom in thought and action, and the courage that does not hesitate to act upon its beliefs,—these things I think we see in full measure today. They are spirits of the age.

Quo usque tandem? Let us come back to our opening quotation:—"The keynote of this present century seems to be synthesis." I asked was that true. In the face of the investigation we have tried to carry on what shall our answer be? To me, in spite of all we have said and because of all we have said, it seems that the only true answer is an unhesitating "Yes!" But I also asked, if it were true, what was the fundamental principle underlying the truth of it. That too demands an answer; and in it the strong affirmation just made will find both its content and its justification.

ASKING QUESTIONS.

We are asking questions undoubtedly. So much our survey has proved. But questions need not of necessity be analytic; they may be very truly synthetic. They may be constructive, not destructive; and it is this that I believe a closer examination will show the present day questions to be. Why do I say that? Because in every department the seeming upheaval is in reality a search for an ultimate basis, for a final standard. If the movements be reduced to their lowest common denominator, that in essence is the result. The spirit that is abroad will not build on shifting foundations; it will have nothing to do with compromise, it brooks no restrictions. It is a fearless search for the real. That is its constructive basis; that is its synthetic ideal.

And,—and here is its commendation, its justification, the proof of its sincerity, and the guarantee within limits of its ultimate success—it seeks to find the real in the immaterial. It is from the vantage ground of that firm belief that the modern spirit starts.

She says to all her would-be advocates, "Believe this first, all ye who am with me!" And that is the undeniable conviction it compels; that amid all the changing phenomena of life it seeks for a reality that is not measured by the bounds of space and time, a reality that may be judged by standards yet unknown, but which will be essential, basal, spiritual and above all ultimately real. In search of such, confident, fearless, believing, does the modern spirit fare forth upon its quest. So, too, by that very act, does it rid itself at one blow of the taunts of those who would identify its spirit with the "Carpe diem" philosophy of Horace, or of Omar, or of many another. Its watchword is not the freedom which says:

"Free minds must bargain with each greedy moment
And seize the most that lies to hand at once."

Freedom from conventional restrictions—yes; but one which not losing itself in the present, points the way inexorably toward the ultimate goal. Therefore, with a faith so deep, a purpose so unswerving and a horizon so wide, its keynote cannot be other than a final synthesis.

Think for a moment again of the several departments and see how beneath the persistency of the questions and the ruthlessness of the methods, this "increasing purpose runs."

To come back to Bergson, we find him working toward just such an ideal. "Let us try to see" he says, "no longer with the eyes of the intellect alone, which grasps only the already made and which looks from the outside, but with the spirit." That is the conclusion to which his whole argument in "Creative Evolution" works up, viz.—that he would place instinct or intuition on a higher level in regard to our insight into reality than pure intelligence. Or, to quote him again, "The vision we have of the material world is that of a weight which falls but all our analyses show us, in life, an effort to remount the incline that matter descends." And back of all creative change his search leads him to posit a common impetus, the "elan vital," which is the essence of his teaching. A biographer thus sums up his contribution: "To him more than to anybody else has it been given to restate the truths of being in such manner that they become not a religion in themselves, but the firm basis on which a new and more reverent (Continued on page six.)



What's In the Cup?

The flavour may be agreeable, but appetite isn't the only thing to be considered.

The average cup of tea or coffee contains from 1-2 to 3 grains of caffeine, a powerful drug which is a frequent cause of indigestion, constipation, nervousness, heart trouble and other ills.

Some persons are strong enough to use tea or coffee for a time without apparent harm, but repeated doses of its subtle, cumulative drug, caffeine, sooner or later affects even the strongest man or woman.

Any tea or coffee drinker will benefit from a change to

INSTANT POSTUM

This pure food-drink has a delicious snappy tang, and it contains no caffeine, nor any other harmful ingredient. It is made of selected wheat, a little wholesome molasses and is pure, invigorating and delicious.

And Instant Postum is so easy to make. Put a level teaspoonful in a cup, add hot water, and sugar and cream to taste.

The convenience of Instant Postum is seen at a glance. Sold in 30c and 50c tins. Some prefer Postum Cereal—the original form—which must be well boiled, 15c and 25c pkgs.

Grocers sell both kinds, the flavour is equally delicious and the cost per cup is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ontario.