

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN COULDN'T SLEEP NIGHTS

To those on the verge of a nervous breakdown the following symptoms present themselves: nervous headaches, a feeling of depression, listless, disturbed, restless and unrefreshing sleep, often troubled with frightful dreams, avoidance of crowded places, dread of being alone, horror of society, etc.

When the nerves become affected in this way the heart generally becomes affected, too, and on the first signs of any weakness of the heart or nerves, flagging energy or physical breakdown do not wait until your case becomes hopeless, but get a remedy that will at once quieten the nerves, strengthen the heart and build up the entire system.

This you will find in
**MILBURN'S
HEART AND NERVE PILLS.**
Mrs. M. Damgaard, Young's Cove road, N. B., writes: "I was bothered very much with my heart and nerves; had nervous headaches and dizziness, could not sleep at nights, and my appetite was all gone. I was on a nervous breakdown when a neighbor told me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. This I did, and before I had the second box used I was better and would advise anyone who has nerve trouble to take them."
Price, 50c a box, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont.
—Adv.

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Tells How She Did It With a Home-Made Remedy.

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"Any lady or gentleman can darken their gray or faded hair, and make it soft and glossy with this simple remedy, which they can mix at home. To half a pint of water, add 1 ounce of bay rum, 1 small box of Orlex Compound and 14 ounce of glycerine. These ingredients can be purchased at any drug store for very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the gray hair is darkened sufficiently. It does not color the scalp, is not greasy and does not rub off. It will make a gray-haired person look twenty years younger."—Adv.

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"Diamond Dyes" add years of wear to worn, faded, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, hangings, draperies, everything. Every package contains directions so simple any woman can put new, rich, fadeless colors into her worn garments or draperies even if she has never dyed before. Just buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then your material will come out right, because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to streak, spot, fade, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.
—Adv.

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DOWNFALL OF CIVILIZATION BEFORE TWO HUNDRED YEARS PROCLAIMED BY A GERMAN

"Yes," He Says, "The End Is At Hand—Germany Has Fallen, But the Course of Our Enemies Is Nearly Run, For In Becoming Sophisticated the World Has Lost Its Faith in Religion."

Word has come out of Germany from time to time during the past eighteen months of an extraordinary book that has swept the reading public off its feet. It is entitled "The Downfall of the Occident" (Der Untergang des Abendlandes), and its author is Oswald Spengler, a quiet, unknown private scholar. He proclaims the end of our civilization in less than two centuries.

It is a ponderous and difficult volume. Its more than 600 pages are written in a highly metaphysical style and a wide range of information is necessary in order to follow the tortuous windings of its logic. And still, in spite of its heavy demands on the reader, it became in a short time a best seller.

The explanation of the sensation that the book has produced lies in the theme. It appeared at a time when Germany, after four years of fighting and sustained by the almost universal conviction of her military superiority, was suddenly awakened to the knowledge of defeat. Then came the revolution and the overturn of imperialism. Councils of soldiers and workmen took charge of the affairs of the government. The moorings with the empire's glittering past were broken. Hope was at its lowest ebb.

At this moment Spengler comes forward and says, "Yes, the end is at hand. Germany has fallen, but the course of our enemies is nearly run. The downfall of the Occident is approaching. Western Europe has passed its zenith and it must now look forward to a rapid decline, and its civilization must soon range itself with the extinct civilizations of Greece, Egypt, India. Our over-optimistic pride of intellect is the pride that comes before a fall."

This doctrine of resignation was the starting point for the career of the book. Its fundamental concept of the world as a series of cycles, each with its own life and death, was the result of the author's study of the history of the world. But when the volume was studied and analyzed it was seen to be a prodigy of industry and erudition. Every field of human endeavor had been ransacked—art, literature, architecture, politics, landscape gardening, ornamental, political economy, philology—to establish the author's thesis.

Spengler became the man of the hour. Appreciations of his book and controversial answers to his theories have flooded the newspapers. A very considerable Spengler "literature" has grown up.

What is the explanation of the breaking down of our civilization? To answer with a word, it is exhaustion. We are nearly at the end of our spiritual resources.

The artist, whether he be a poet or a painter or a musician, has lost his inspiration. What he accomplishes now is the result of cold intellectual processes, whereas the great works of art of previous generations were the result of a spontaneous inner conviction. The philosopher has become a practical man. Even the scientist is confused and is beginning to doubt the possibility of arriving at truths that are final and absolute.

The world, in becoming sophisticated, has lost its faith, its religion, and in doing so has sacrificed its power to create. We are in the midst of a slowing-up process that will continue until our civilization is completely paralyzed.

It is an exceedingly disturbing book, though much of its logic is specious. Its author is a philosophical clairvoyant, and as a teller of the fortunes of future generations might be classed as a charlatan if he were not so learned and so much in earnest.

All our feelings revolt at his idea of predestination, although we know that other races and other cultures have had their day. We are inclined to hoot at such theories as the world-weary German enunciates, but we may recall that Rousseau's doctrines of the failure of civilization were not much less disturbing than these extravagant presumptions. The French reformer, however, suggested methods of amelioration. The present writer says we are in the grasp of an inevitable destiny.

Does Not Prove Case.

With regard to his main contention we can say this: he has not proved his case; but he has shown a vast number of doubts which we may expect to see reappear, and in many places—in his writings on philosophy, history, art and politics, even in the practice of the arts themselves.

The author undertakes to make an analysis of the downfall of the culture of Western Europe, but he wishes to be considered as the first philosopher who has perceived the true relations of all the manifest conditions of human effort and thought and sentiment.

He reaches his conclusion largely by comparison. He has charted the courses of the development of the people of other ages. He finds that they have their several stages—their birth, their youth, their maturity, their decay and their death. There are special characteristics that mark each one of these periods, which are common to all the higher races. Of completed cultures the Chinese, Babylonian, Egyptian, India, Classical, Arabic, Oriental and that of the Mayas are enumerated.

A culture becomes extinct when it has realized the full sum of its possibilities in the form of peoples, languages, dogmas, arts, political states and sciences. When the goal is reached the culture is suddenly paralyzed. It dies, its blood ceases to flow, its powers decay. It can, like a dead giant of the forest, continue to hold up for centuries its decaying branches. We see this condition in Egypt, in China, in the world of Islam.

Our own downfall will be an event similar to that of the Greeks and the Romans, and will occur in the first centuries of the next thousand years. Traces of this coming disaster are already evident in us and about us. There exists, he says, a boundlessly trivial optimism concerning the history of higher humanity with respect to the future. The future of the Occident is not a limitless one; it is a strictly determined phenomenon of history which can endure only a few centuries and which can be computed in its essential features. It will be our duty in the future to learn what is coming, what can happen, and what will happen with the absolute necessity of fate.

This is not necessarily a ground for pessimism. We must face what is possible and what is impossible. There has been a great waste of mind and strength in false ways. We must now recognize our position and determine what we can and what we cannot do. "If, under the influence of this book men of the new generation turn their attention to the technical instead of the lyrical, to the building and the sailing of ships instead of painting, to politics instead of the philosophy of perception, if, and one could desire nothing better for them."

Future Development. When we think of a political state, or even in our conceptions of nature, there is always the idea of future development. Force, will, has a goal, and where there is a goal there is an end. We cannot escape the thought of the end of the world. Antiquity felt, but it knew nothing of it. It believed in an eternal continuation of existence. It lived through its last days each for itself with unreserved happiness and as a gift of the gods. We know our history. We shall die consciously and follow all the stages of our own disintegration with the keen eye of the experienced physician. The clearest expression of the coming exhaustion is the cult of the exact sciences, of dialectics, or proof of experience, of casuistry.

There commences finally a battle against scientific methods. One doubts their claims. One begins to feel a kind of disgust at their domination. While the minds of mediocre calibre are still making a mighty noise with their scientific achievements, we need only to open the books of our most profound physicists in order to see how resignation, how modesty, with respect to aims, results, possibilities is growing from day to day.

A sharp distinction is made between culture and civilization. A period of civilization is a sequel to a period of culture, and is already a time of decay. The two terms bear the relation one to the other that a living body bears to a mummy. In the history of Western Europe, Napoleon marks the end of culture and the beginning of civilization. Up to the nineteenth century the creations of the human mind and spirit had come about through a sort of inner necessity. They were spontaneous, and were the natural results of spiritual needs.

Civilization Artificial. Civilization is artificial. Everything that is produced is dominated by the understanding. Civilization is the unavoidable fate of a culture. It is a conclusion, just as life is followed by death; as spiritual childhood represented by the Gothic is followed by intellectual old age; as the provincial is followed by the uninspiring cosmopolitan city. The extinction of vital religion presents the turning point from culture to civilization, when the spiritual fruitfulness of man is exhausted for all time, when construction takes the place of creation. We can take this word also in its literal sense in that the death of the civilized race is coming about through the absence of children.

One of the chief elements in our civilization, and therefore an element of decay, is the metropolitan city. Culture has something provincial in it. It springs from the soil. The end of the influence of the provincial is the end of culture. We have today the newspaper record of the prodigious effect of a leveling city training. He is the man of the theatres and places of amusement, of sport and the literature of the day. Quantity has taken the place of quality, extent of depth. Journalism Dominant.

The most characteristic feature of our life is journalism. It is directed to the masses and not to the best. It values its means according to the number of successes. It replaces the thoughtfulness of the old times by intellectual prostitution in speech and in the written word. Most modern writing, from Schopenhauer's essays to Shaw's essays, not excepting Nietzsche, is according to a form and intent. Journalism. Likewise, the whole social drama. The poet is becoming a journalist, the priest a journalist, the scholar a journalist. Poets and historians of the civilized type do not get beyond the point of being politicians. They are lacking in spiritual superiority, in depth, in intensity. He and Shaw feel the necessity of being agitators. In the great cities there is no longer any spiritual life. There are only psychological processes.

The author finds manifestations of art to be more expressive of the state of a race than what we call historical events. He reminds us that in wars and political catastrophes, which have been the chief elements in our historical writing, victory is not always an essential thing, and peace is not the end of a revolution. Such occurrences are only the outer garments of history. There are deeper expressions of the human spirit.

Music and Architecture. Consequently a large part of his book has to do with music, painting and architecture. To return then to his main thesis, he says "in a few

centuries there will be no more west European culture, no Germans, no English, no French, just as at the time of Justinian there were no more Romans. All art is transitory, not the individual works, but the arts themselves. One day the last portrait of Rembrandt and the last measure of the music of Mozart will have ceased to be, although a painted canvas and a sheet of music will perhaps survive, because the last eye and ear will have disappeared to which this form of expression was comprehensible. Mankind is every thought, every dogma, every science."

Art Dying of Old Age.

Our art is dying like the classical, the Egyptian, like every other after the weakness of old age, after it has realized its destiny. "What is pursued as art today is impudence and falsehood, the music after Wagner, as well as the painting after Manet," he continues. "If we go through the exhibitions, if we visit the concerts and theatres, we find only assiduous content to produce tools and means for the market which is felt as being long since superfluous. What we have today under the name of art! A false music full of artificial noise of massive instruments; false paintings, full of the taste of the past; a false architecture which founds a new style every ten years on the treasures of the past thousand years. Every form of modernism considers change as development. It is a reaction against the old styles of civilization and the place of real creation. The massive must replace depth, gigantic dimensions, the significance of form. Finally the power to wish something different ceases. This is one of the last symptoms in the fall of the Occident."

The old-style philosopher thinks that the great questions are always answered some day. There are no eternal verities. Every philosophy is an expression of its time and only of its time. Great philosophy comes out of the soul of its period. Modern thinking is also a phase of degeneration. He classifies Bergson, Spencer, Eucken, Dühring as being of the intellectual grade of the professor or middle-class journalist. We reason with false philosophy with popular journalism, propaganda, with the professional scientist.

All metaphysics on a grand scale is disappearing before the conception of a practical system of morality which shall regulate life. Instead of the idea of every-day which has absorbed the philosophy of the other fields, there is now lacking the other fields. There is now lacking what we might call the grand style of thinking. Metaphysics, mistress of yesterday, becomes the servant of today. Practical life comes into the center of consideration. The philosophy of today is the critique of society.

Socialism Is Will For Power.

Socialism is, in spite of its superficial illusions, not a system of pity, of humanity, of peace, of charity, but the will for power. The aim is thoroughly imperialistic warfare, but the expansive sense, not of the sick, but of the energetic, to whom one wishes to give freedom of activity untrammelled by the hindrances of possessions, birth, tradition. The socialist wishes to change its form and reorganize its contents. The Socialist commands; the state adapts itself. The Socialist, the dying Faust, is the man full of anxiety as to the future, which he feels presents to him his task and aim.

The classical mind, with its omens of birds, wishes only to know the future. The occidental wishes to create it. The will to power is represented more decisively by the two poles of public life—the working classes and the great men of money, of brains—than ever by a Borgias. It is harder to accept Spengler's idea that science, too, will fall than any of his other prophecies. He claims that this century will see the exhaustion of the desire or the will to the victory of science. History shows that science is a late and transitory phenomenon, belonging to the autumn and winter of great culture. In the classical as well as in the Indian and Chinese and Arabic, it lasts a few centuries, within which its possibilities are exhausted. It is approaching annihilation through the refinement of intellect.

Death of Science.

The death of a science consists in this: that it becomes no longer an inner spiritual matter to any one. No inner belief believes that our minds are growing weary, but 200 years of civilization and orgies of scientific methods, then we shall have enough. Not the individual, the soul of the culture, will have enough. It will express this in that it chooses its scholars, whom it sends out into the world of the day, as a factor, is destroyed and less fruitful. We are now experiencing the decrees of the camp followers who arrange and collect. This is a universal symptom. As oil painting and contrapuntal music have exhausted their possibilities of an organic development in a small number of centuries, so dynamics, whose reign begins about 1800, is a creation that today is in the process of dissolution. The doubt of things which yesterday formed the unquestioned foundation of physical theory has proved to be annihilating. The principle of relativity affects the very vitals of the previous theories of dynamics. If we cannot agree on any final and absolute method of measuring time, the constant value of all physical quantities, in whose definition time is a factor, is destroyed. There is no longer anything tangible or plastic that represents a condition of rest—no form, no quantity, no dimensions.

Future Culture Creators.

Spengler does not tell us in this volume what race will create the next culture. To me it seems that the whole earth will be "civilized" in the Spengler sense by the year 2000.

We have a new factor in the life of nations and races that did not exist when other civilizations were falling to pieces, namely, the means of rapid communication. It was possible a few hundred years ago for a people in one corner of the earth to work out its destiny undisturbed by what was taking place elsewhere. Today this is conceivable in Central Asia or Central Africa, but a century or two hence these islands of possible new inspiration will be submerged by the thoughts and the

fashions of the rest of the world. Where could we turn expecting to find a new spiritual power hitherto unknown? To Russia? Surely even Siberia cannot withstand long the inrush of Occidental influences. To Japan? This part of the Orient is taking on Occidental characteristics more rapidly than it develops its native culture. China and Africa have been relatively isolated, but they do not seem to have the elements within themselves to create a new order, nor can they hold out long against the levelling influences of a rapid interchange of thought. Provincialism is nearly at an end.

Spengler might as well speak of a universal downfall as the downfall of the Occident, for within a few generations there will be neither Orient nor Occident in so far as the products of human minds are concerned.

He has much to say about the man of understanding, the latter day "brain man," who weighs everything in mental balances and whose creations are the result of cerebral processes. He exaggerates the power of the mind in the present conduct of affairs. The world is ruled by sentiment and the growth of popular government increases the influence of the unthinking. Spengler is wrong when he assumes that the understanding is now paramount and that the Occident is going to decay because the mind is triumphant. The people of the 20th century may be sophisticated, but intellectualism is not one of their most obvious characteristics.

Spengler has very little to say about the Nietzschean Superman, but his spirit pervades parts of the book and the modern practical man arouses the only bit of enthusiasm for things as they are, of which the author is capable. He is the successor to the mighty German emperors surrounded by a body of gigantic men; of the Huguenot wars, the Spanish conquerors, the Prussian electors and kings, of Napoleon and Bismarck. The energy of the gigantic conceptions of Dante, Wolfram, Shakespeare, Bach, Beethoven, finds its only counterpart in the modern machines and organizers, engineers and statesmen.

The final condition of our dynamic development may be an extremely positive form of what he calls "Eurasianism." It will be a state where every individual constitutes a functional element. It will be something rigid, unfruitful, full of plan and go, but it will have nothing of the human or liberal in the present hopeful sense.

Spengler may have been thinking of the colossal Hugo Stinnes when he said Cecil Rhodes appears as the first type of an Occidental Caesar. Rhodes' deeds and accomplishments are the prelude and fix the key for the future with which the history of the West Europeans will finally end.

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