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SECOND SECTION

THE DREAMER WHO SAVED THE WORLD.

By William T. Ellis.

*The International Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 1st is "Joseph Sold by His Brothers."—Gen. 37:13-28.

There is a choke in our throats, a mist before our eyes, a thrill in every fibre of our being, as we realize, in ways and surges of feeling, that the war is over and that the world has been saved. Even the thoughtless and the irreverent (if there be any such left) cry "Thank God!" Now we have come to a point where we can look back and see the Providence which has ruled in all the strange and tragic events of these dark years. Already there emerge above the darkness and the ruin dim foregleams of the purposes of the Supreme Ruler who makes the wrath of man to praise him, and who has declared "My ways are not your ways, nor my thoughts your thoughts." None is so infidel as not to believe that throughout the war the Almighty has been doing business with mankind.

As if to re-inforce this great truth of an overruling Providence which lies like the light of sunrise behind the darkness of the world's night, millions are this week called to consider the same theme as it is set forth in the romantic story of Joseph, the dreamer whose dreams came true. The closing chapters of the book of Genesis, which began with the story of Creation, are devoted to the affairs of this one man. Does that seem like an incongruous descent from the great and sublime to the small and the unimportant? Far from it. The providence of God is as truly concerned in the affairs of one life as in the establishment of the universe. Reverently it may be said, that the Creator himself reveals his height in ordering the life of mortal, into whose frame he has breathed a free and sovereign spirit. All the final aims of God have to do with man's life, it is for the sake of humanity, in whose estate God himself has chosen to find his highest glory, that the worlds were brought into being; and it is for the sake of humanity that he has overturned nations and systems and the ancient order in a world cataclysm. As we follow the course of Joseph, we find ourselves in a plain path of divine leading.

By a Way We Know Not, Bad men and good men are both

tools in the hands of God. The mad and ruthless ambitions of a German kaiser, and the lofty, altruistic purposes of an American president, alike serve the Providence. Joseph, the idealist, the dreamer, is an instrument of heaven, as are also the bloody brothers who consign him to a cruel and unnatural fate. As we now look back upon history, and try to see things in the large, it is clear that a vast Purpose was at work in Canaan and Egypt long ago; and in the whole world before our eyes.

Joseph had to go into bondage in order that his race might come into their heritage of Canaan. He was carried out of Canaan to make it possible that his father's remoter children should continue in Canaan. He became a slave in order that they, ultimately, might become free. Our sons have died in France in order that never again will blacks in African forests; Nestorians in far Kurdistan; Armenians in Turkey; and Christians in the Balkans die victims of tyranny and bigotry and autocracy. We see something of the sweep of the new peace and safety that have come to earth through the sacrifice of all who have suffered in the war. It is only in the light of the world's long to-morrow that we may be reconciled to the world's awful yesterday. Without a grip upon the truth that, seen as God sees it, life is a whole unity of good, such tragedies as the war would be intolerable.

Still behind the dim unknown Standeth God within the shadow, Keeping watch above his own. The Lord is still ruler of his world, even as in the days of Joseph. He holds our times in his hand. He may be leading by a way we know not, but he is still leading. One simple truth that was visualized for me in a wonderful airplane ride I had in France, early this year, is that the heavenward side of all clouds are beautiful beyond telling.

Remembering the Josephs. Somewhere there is always a Joseph. Most of the world ignores that fact. It is more interested in the rich and powerful Jacobs—about to die. By the time a man has spent his force and originality, and become the mere possessor of a fortune or a position, his neighbors dub him a "leading citizen" and elect him upon boards and committees and to public office; although really his days of leadership

and initiative are done. We forget that it has ever been the young men who have created the new nations, the new eras, the new methods.

Now is the time to take thought of the Josephs, the saviors of to-morrow. If ever there was a day for looking well to our youth, protecting it, inspiring it, and making sure that it dreams the right dreams, this is that day. A plastic world awaits shaping hands. Feeble and nerveless fingers, surviving from yesterday, are trying to crowd it back into the old moulds. In vain. Youth will have its way with the emancipated world; ours it is to see that youth's way is a way of wisdom and brotherliness and reverence. At the present time, it is more worth while to teach a class of boys or girls the clear and simple integrities which God has stamped as eternal than it is to sit on committees of "eminent citizens" or to be a director of the largest bank on the continent. Vital forces are human forces. What counts most to-day for to-morrow is boys and girls. If the reconstruction era does not witness a world-wide stressing of the importance of child-training it will have missed its greatest opportunity. This is the hour to concern ourselves with springs.

It is quite possible that somebody who reads these lines has in his, or more likely her, keeping the Joseph who will again save the world. Nobody in that Southern Christian home, a generation ago, imagined that the boy, Thomas W. Wilson, who was trained at a family altar, in a Sunday school and church, and in a Christian school, and saturated with the impulses and ideals of simple and sincere Anglo-Saxon Christian faith, would one day become the whole world's voice and leader. Suppose there had been a failure back in those forgotten beginnings? Every parent, every teacher, every editor, every wise who assumes that the impressionable youth whom he is influencing, may be the world's Joseph to-morrow.

Recently I talked with a friend about his college. He recited a list of its graduates who had grown rich and become figures in the commercial and political world—and some of them, admittedly, by methods which the founders of the institution would never have condoned. But among them all there is only one man who has become a moral force of magnitude, and he is such because of his integrity in public life. There has come forth no great prophet or idealist. A few faddists, blind to the sublime spiritual integrities, are the college's only contribution to public life on the non-material side. It has sent forth no dreamers, no men or women of vision, to inspire their time. And that is the supreme arraignment to be made of many American schools and homes. We teach our sons and daughters how to grow prosperous and "successful," but

Unexcelled as a Christmas Gift

THE influence of music in the home cannot be overestimated. Think! Wouldn't every member of the family insist on being home if Alice Neilson was going to sing in your parlor next Wednesday? The most important event you can think of wouldn't keep them away.



Alice Neilson will visit your home—not once, but every evening on your Columbia. She, or some other famous singer, will sing your favorite songs, but that isn't all. Charlie may be fond of Creator's Band, Mary may have a friend in France and long for military music, little Billie would just love "Little Red Riding Hood." You can please them all. The long winter evenings have no dread for the family which owns

A COLUMBIA GRAFONOLA

In the past possibly the lack of entertainment at home has been a source of worry to you. The Columbia has solved many a father's problem, as it will for you. Tomorrow you will be passing our store—drop in and ask for Mr. Johnston, who will show you the different styles and give a thorough demonstration of the Columbia Grafonola. Come in any time.

THE J. M. GREENE MUSIC CO., LIMITED The Home of Good Music

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Saving Lives in France and Belgium

THOUSANDS of tins of Klim, pasteurized separated milk in powder form, have been sent by the "Friends of France" and other organizations to the starving French and Belgian people. A nurse writes: "Please send us more Klim. It is the greatest benefit to the refugees, the old men and women and the children."



Get Klim for use in your own home from your Grocer. It has the natural milk flavor. It is genuine. Use Klim from the tin as you need it. Mix dry with flour, sugar, eggs, etc. in cooking. Make into liquid for table use by whipping into water according to directions.



Order a tin to-day and reduce your milk bills. A pound makes four quarts. Canada Food Board License No. 14-322.

we are not burdened in our spirits with desire that they should be interpreters of God to their time, dreamers and prophets. Out of the soul-agony of the war, will a race of men and women spring whose supreme quest is for God, and for whom the human service.

unless it is impelled and guided by the great convictions. War has been a schoolmaster to show the church how to lift the generalities of mankind up to new and nobler levels. In this day of democracy, the leaven belongs in the lump.

Joseph's story bristles with truth for our times. But its main message is one with the war's great lesson, which is that God rules, and, in spite of all, gets his will done among men. When he needs a man in Egypt, he may have to send him by the slave route; but that road led to the highest place in the world. We know that we are in God's hands, and on the way to somewhere and something good, we know not what! but God is in control. His purposes are better than our plans. Our path, as during the past four years, may run down through the Dark Valley; but it leads to God's good goal.

The Infant Prodigy. Little Algernon Charles Swellhead, the brainiest of brainy infants, had just been strapped by his irate father.

Yet he was not weeping. His mother said: "Algernon Charles, I believe that was a mere pretense at a whipping that your father gave you."

"Begging your pardon, my dear female progenitress," said Algernon Charles gently, "that was no camouflage, I can tell you!"

The deaths in Alberta as a result of the epidemic are 1,550.

WAR PUZZLES



CANADIAN GOVERNMENT COMMANDEERED

All high-grade wheat three years ago today, November 28, 1915. Find another farmer. YESTERDAY'S ANSWER Upside down nose at right hand.

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GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In Use For Over 30 Years The Kind You Have Always Bought THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



"Why I have these headaches is more than I can understand"

"I THINK it is a touch of indigestion," perhaps you say, not realizing that headaches and indigestion are among the first indications of an exhausted nervous system.

Women are the greatest sufferers from headaches, because their nervous systems are more highly strung and their conditions of life are more conducive to exhaustion of the nervous system.

Worry, anxiety, shock from accident or bad news, extreme grief—such are frequent sources of nervous trouble—as are also too little exercise and too much indoor life.

When the nerves are exhausted almost any unusual exertion brings on nervous headache. There is such a shortage of nervous energy in the system that any unusual demand starves the brain and produces pain.

The most natural and rational way to overcome this condition is by increasing the amount of nervous energy in the system by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The use of powerful drugs to stop headaches is a most harmful and dangerous practice, because the temporary relief is

obtained at enormous expense to the nerves, and the evil day of nervous collapse is brought nearer.

The object of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is to remove the cause of trouble by building up the system and increasing the nervous energy in the body.

Mrs. R. Hicks, Napanee, Ont., writes:

"About five years ago I suffered continually from nervous headache, and was almost a complete wreck, weighing only ninety-nine pounds. I could neither sleep nor eat, and could gain no relief in any way. A friend told me she thought Dr. Chase's Nerve Food would help me, so I dubiously began a treatment of this medicine. To my surprise I very soon found that it was helping me, so I continued using it until I was quite recovered and felt like my former self. In two months my weight increased ten pounds, my headaches were relieved, my appetite improved, and I could rest well at night. I think Dr. Chase's Nerve Food an excellent medicine, as are also any of his other medicines that I have used."

The persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food enriches the blood, builds up the nervous system and increases the vigor and vitality of the human body. 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., are on every box.

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