THE COLLEGIAN.

BY SHELDON.

(Continued.)

And yet Edward himself, with all his growing horror of the drink evil, did not have any convictions deep enough on any Christian basis to plead with Willis from any other standpoint than one of moral expediency. After he had, as he thought, done his duty in urging the love of Willis' mother upon him as a motive, no other argument or motive appealed to him, and he let Willis go his way without having said a word to him on the side of spiritual life. Edward could not speak any such word because he had no personal Christian faith. He guided his life so far by his sense of moral uprightness. The still higher plain of Christian discipleship was unknown to him. If he had known it, it is possible—but that thought came afterward, long after Willis had gone with his regiment and was fighting in the swamps and jungles of Luzon.

It was very late when Willis came in, and Edward, who was wakened by his entrance, felt sure he was more or less under the influence of liquor. He slept it off, however, and the next morning appeared as bright and confident as ever.

"Hear me come in this morning?" he asked as he began packing up his things preparatory to his departure. He was going home that day to spend a few days and then going direct from there to join his regiment in San Francisco.

"Yes," replied Edward shortly.

"I didn't make much disturbance, did I?" asked Willis gayly. "Didn't put my shoes in the stove and my collar in the coal bin, did I?"

Edward did not answer, and Willis went on packing his things. After quite a silence he said, with the abruptness that sometimes marked his usual careless indifference:

"I've got the same little volume of poems with me. Going to take it to Manila for good luck."

Edward was silent again, and Willis put the volume into his grip, and after a moment he said, "Ned, if I never come back, think of me at my best instead of my worst, will you, and I'll do the same by you?"

It was the only serious word that Edward heard from Willis before the train started with him aboard that afternoon. It touched him in spite of the other things that annoyed and even angered him. When the familiar figure vanished from sight that afternoon down at the station, with the memory of a great crowd from the college present to see him off and shower ribbons and flowers on him, Edward carried back up the hill a kindly and even tearful remembrance of the handsome, smiling Willis. And as the distance between them daily widened and he pictured the dangers that awaited that regiment in those faroff islands Edward Blake, with thousands of others in America, wished godspeed to the ones who had gone, while still in his fast forming and developing mind he had his doubts concerning the righteousness of the struggle there and wondered if his increasing horror of bloodshed and his growing dislike for war were a morbid streak in him on account of the great majority of college opinions that were so different from his.

It was at this time in his college career, with all the excitement of these historical events adding to the interest he already felt in his life since leaving home, that Edward Blake began the practice of writing, which had so much to do with the shaping of his mind and the crystallizing of his thoughts.

The president suggested the idea to him, and Edward eagerly adopted it. The literary tone of the debating societies and the college journalism was at a low point. The editors of the monthly paper were elected every fall at a mass meeting of the students, and each class had a proportionate representation. Edward was elected with two others to represent the sophomore class. Talking over the matter with the president a day or two later, the president asked Edward if he had ever written very much.

"No, sir. I used to do a little scribbling at home on the farm winter evenings, but that's all."

"Ever had any of it printed in the papers or anywhere?"

"No, sir," replied Edward, smiling some to think of the impossibility of such a thing.

"Tell you what I would advise this new board of editors to do. Why don't you form a little circle among yourselves for the express purpose of raising the standard of composition in the college? Let each member of the board write at least one article a week for some well known paper or magazine and submit it for publication. After all, there is no test quite so severe for what you write as the test. 'Will any paper or magazine want it and pay for it?' I know that very often this is no test of the real worth of a piece of literary work, but, on the other hand, it is more or less of a severe test of good work. Then, if you have any articles accepted and printed by other papers, reprint them in the college paper, by permission, and invite criticism of the articles from other writers among the students."

Edward was so impressed with the president's advice that at the first meeting of the new board, where they talked over the interest of the college publication, he advocated the formation of such a circle as the president suggested.

To his great delight every member of the board favored the plan, and the circle was organized then and there. There were six seniors, four juniors, three sophomores and two freshmen. As it happened, they were nearly all above the average age for students in their respective classes. Some of the seniors had done considerable writing during the college course. All of the editors were ambitious for the success of the paper, as it was the college rule that all profits from it should be divided proportionately among the editors. This rule was afterward modified so as to leave a portion of all profits in a sinking fund, to be used for the development of the paper itself.

Edward was very busy now, what with his paper route, his special work for the president, some of which continued even after the return of his secretary, and his regular studies. The football team was "after him again," and matters had taken a turn in such a way that Edward was seriously considering the possibility that he might play again. Pearsons had not come back, and, under President Royce's management, it was exceedingly unlikely that the custom of hiring nominal students would be continued. But the fascination of attempting something for publication attracted Edward especially at this time, and for several weeks he wrote one article a week and submitted it to the other editors for criticism. According to the simple rules of the circle, these articles became the property of the college paper only if they were accepted and paid for by some other paper, and before being sent out they were subjected to the severest criticism and discussion.

It would be almost a separate story by itself to relate all the experiences of that little circle of inexperienced but persevering literary aspirants for publication. The history of it would reveal a great quantity of brain effort apparently expended for nothing. It was an event when one of the junior editors proudly displayed a check for $5 that he had actually received for an article on college athletics he had sent to a magazine devoted to outdoor sports. The circle learned, several months afterward, that he was so elated by his success that he wrote half a dozen more articles for the same paper, all of which were promptly rejected. But at the time of receiving his check he was the most envied and admired member of the circle, although one of the sophomores, who boarded at the same table with this selfsame junior, said the junior's head was so turned by his success that the girl who waited on the table had to turn his chair around in front of his plate because his mouth was in the back of his head.

A man's first money earned with his pen is an event, however, that brings with it a thrill that is distinct and separate from every other he has ever experienced. And one morning when Edward found in his letter box a letter from the editor of a well known periodical in the east, inclosing a little yellow slip of paper good for $10, it almost took his breath away. The little note that accompanied the check was a complete surprise also. A personal note from the president of the United States inviting him to dinner would hardly have pleased or astonished him more. This editor was perhaps a rare exception among editors, but he had a kindly feeling toward young writers and encouraged Edward in a few words of discriminating praise to work hard and develop the best that was in him.

"Your article was accepted by two of the three readers in the office on account of its practical value to farmers' boys, many of whom are among our subscribers. You did not try to tell about something in Africa or Manila that you never saw, but you described actual experiences that were of interest and value to you at the time, and you evidently wrote for the purpose of helping others who might try the same thing that you tried and accomplished. For these reasons we can use the article, for which we beg you to accept the inclosed check," etc.

So the editor wrote, cautioning the young writer against being too much puffed up over his success.

Edward's first impulse was to show the letter to Freeda. So that evening he went over to the hall, where Freeda was now living again, and showed her the letter and the check.

She was much pleased and proud of him.

"What was the article about?"

"You remember that winter that I had more than usual spare time on the farm and I trapped the coyotes, skinned them and made the skins into carriage robes, mittens and caps? I simply told it just as it happened and drew a diagram of the new trap I made and sent it with the article. You remember, Freeda, how you helped dress the skins and how we studied up the taxidermy a little and mounted one or two of the best specimens?"

(To be Continued.)

Tears

Many a woman has periodic crying spells. She meets her husband with eyes red and swollen and he cries out: "What has happened?" "Nothing" his wife replies. "I don't know what is the matter with me, but I just had to have a good cry." Men don't have crying spells. It would seem therefore that an affection confined to women must have its cause in the womanly nature. There is no doubt that a diseased condition of the delicate womanly organs, is in general responsible for feminine nervousness and hysteria.

The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes women happy by making them healthy. There are no more crying spells. "Favorite Prescription" cures inflammation, ulceration and female weakness. It makes weak women strong, sick women well.

There is no medicine "just as good." Accept no substitute.

"For three years," writes Mrs. Mary A. Sasser, of High, Lamar Co., Texas, "I suffered with falling of the womb, also ulceration of the womb. After using three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription,' four of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two vials of 'Pleasant Pellets,' I found relief. I am able to do my work with ease. I recommend your wonderful medicine to all my friends, for I truly believe it saved my life."

Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay cost of customs and mailing *only*. Cloth binding 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Good For Him.

"I believe in the next world we shall follow the same pursuits as in this."

"If that is true, old Jim Kusser will be in great luck."

"What about Jim?"

"He is inside watchman in a cold storage warehouse."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Very Striking.

Miss Sparks—Mistah White say he hab a awful strikin position down at de beach

Miss Green—Yaas, it wuz one of dese jobs where you put your head fru a red canvas en let people throw balls at three fob a nickel at you.—Chicago News.

CONSTIPATION

Permanently Cured and all its Ill Effects Removed by

Burdock Blood Bitters.

If you've suffered from constipation for years, tried all the remedies you ever heard or read of, without getting more than the relief the one dose of the medicine afforded—if you've been subject to all the miseries associated with constipation, such as sick headache, nausea, biliousness, pimples, eruptions, blood humors, blotches, piles, etc., wouldn't you consider it a blessing to be cured of your constipation so that it would stay cured?

Burdock Blood Bitters can cure you—cure so that the cure will be permanent. It has done so in thousands of cases during the past twenty years.

Just one statement to prove what we say is right.

Mrs. G. Gasby, Portage La Prairie, Man., writes: "For over two years I was troubled with sick headache and constipation. I tried many different pills and patent medicines, but they only gave me slight, temporary relief.

"A lady friend of mine induced me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and sent me half a bottle of it to start with. I derived so much benefit from that that I continued to use it, and took in all three bottles, which completely cured me.

"That was ten months ago, and as my health has been splendid ever since I have only my kind friend to thank who advised me to take B.B.B."

BILL WAS TOO SMART.

Farmer's Son Who Thought He'd Have Fun With an Elephant.

"My son Bill," said the old farmer, "was just too smart fur anything. I had a big red bull who used to git loose once in awhile and lick everything in the state, and Bill was ready to bet his last cent on that critter. One day when a circus procession was comin up the road Bill come runnin from the barnyard and says:

"'Dad, I'm goin to let that bull out.'

"'Fur why?' says I.

"'Fur to see him hev fun with the elephant.'

"'Don't you do nuthin of the kind. The elephant would break his back in a holy minit.'

"'Never, dad—never! Our bull will roar one roar, dive one dive, and he'll tumble that behemoth into the ditch and then upset the band wagon. Dad, it's the chance of our life to see a heap of fun.'

"Waal, now," drawled the old man, "Bill said so much that I told him to go ahead. Mebbe that bull smelt them three elephants a mile away, fur when he was let out he was ready fur a row. He pawed and bellered and worked his mad up, and when the elephants finally come along he selected the biggest of the three and made fur him. One of the circus men called out fur us to take our critter away, but we was lettin him take keer of bisself jest then. With a beller and a rush he was upon the elephant, but things didn't happen as Bill had planned 'em. Say, now, but that big beast met our bull head on and knocked him flat, and then he got his trunk under him and flung him into a swamp and never even looked back at him. We went down to see our bull, and he had tears in his eyes, a broken leg and one horn gone. I looks at Bill, and Bill looks at me, and bimeby I says:

"'Bill, this critter cost me $40 in cash.'

"'Don't say a word, dad,' he says as he sits down, with a big sigh. 'I thought I was the smartest feller in this county, but I was foolin myself. I'll work three months fur $15 a month and pay fur the bull, and if I'm ever fool 'nuff to buck up ag'in another elephant may somebody kill me with a crowbar!'"

Old Age.

Old age as it comes in the orderly process of Nature is a beautiful and majestic thing. The very shadow of eclipse which threatens it, makes it the more prized. It stands for experience, knowledge, wisdom and counsel. That is old age as it should be. But old age as it so often is means nothing but a second childhood of mind and body. What makes the difference? Very largly the care of the stomach. In youth and the full strength of manhood it doesn't seem to matter how we trert the stomach. We abuse it, overwork it, injure it. We don't suffer from it much. But when age comes the stomach is worn out. It can't prepare and distribute the needed nourishment to the body, and the body, unnourished, falls into senile decay. Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a wonderful medicine for old people whose stomachs are "weak" and whose digestions are "poor." Its invigorating effects are felt by mind as well as body. It takes the sting from old age, and makes old people strong.

MADE HIM PAY IN FULL.

A Fee Which Senator Davis Considered the Best He Ever Earned.

"I had a case," said Senator Cushman K. Davis once, "in which I secured judgment for a million dollars against a man, and he was good for it. There did not seem to be anything for him to do but to pay. But it chanced that I was released from the plaintiff's service, and I was brought in on the side of the defendant. I carried his case—my own case, as it were—to the appellate court, knocked $750,000 off that judgment which I had been at so much trouble to secure against him and fixed it so that $750,000 could never get into court again. This was pretty sharp work, and naturally my client was delighted. He came around to see me with his face wreathed in smiles.

"'Splendid, splendid!' he exclaimed. 'And what is your fee? I'll give you a check for it right now.'

"'Fifty thousand dollars,' said I.

"'Fif-ty t-h—what!' he exclaimed, nearly jumping from his chair.

"'Fifty thousand dollars,' said I, 'and you may consider yourself lucky I did not make it a hundred thousand.'

"'I'll never pay it; I'll never pay it,' said my client. 'It's an outrageous bill. Fifty thousand dollars for three or four months' work, and heaven only knows how many other fees you have had in the same time, not saying anything about the $25,000 you got for getting the judgment against me in the first place.'

"'See here, my friend,' I exclaimed, getting a bit warmed up, 'let me tell you something. For 30 years I have been working and studying and sitting up nights learning how and getting myself into shape for doing just such things as this. I've saved you $750,000 of a judgment which you ought to pay and which you are able to pay, and my fee of $50,000 is a most reasonable one. If you say another word, I'll make it a hundred thousand, and if you kick on that I'll make it a hundred and fifty thousand. And you'll pay it, too—you'll pay it. I'll make you pay it.'

"He did pay it," concluded the senator, with a chuckle, "for he gave me a check for $50,000 before leaving the room. That was the best fee I ever earned."

Called to Prayers.

One hot night the khoja slept on the veranda to be cool. He awoke, however, in a fright and saw what he took to be a robber dressed in white climbing over the garden wall. He seized his bow and immediately sent an arrow straight through the imaginary burglar. On calm examination, however, he found that the white object was one of his own nightshirts which his wife had washed and hung on the wall to dry. The khoja accordingly began to call out, "Praise be to God," and other religious exclamations, which awoke the neighbors, who mistook them for the morning call to prayer. Finding it still wanted several hours to sunrise, they surrounded the khoja and indignantly inquired what he meant by his untimely piety. "I was thanking God," he replied, "that I was not inside my shirt when I shot an arrow through it."—"Turkey in Europe," by Odysseus.

WEAK, NERVOUS WOMEN.

Could we read the hearts of women what a vast amount of suffering would be exposed. Female weakness has produced more invalids among women than any other cause. Have you any of the following symptoms? Nervousness Weakness, Backache, Headache, "All-Gone" Feeling, Hot Flushes, Variable Appetite, Restlessness, No Ambition, Easily Excited, Painful Periods, Bearing-down Pains, Leuchorrhœa, Pimples on the Face, Pains in the Loins, Eyes Sunken, No Vital Energy, etc. We Can Cure You. It matters not who has treated and and failed in curing you. Consultation by Mail is Absolutely Free, and if curable we will tell you so. Don't let surgeons operate on you. We can cure you without cutting. Our New Method treatment is mild and pleasant. Family doctors have treated you for years, yet you are not cured—they only help you from time to time. Let us cure you at your own home by our New Method Treatment. Hundreds are being cured. Why not you? We will mail you our Symptom Blank simply for the asking, and we will tell you free of charge what we think of your case. Remember, your letters are kept strictly private and confidential and are answered in plain sealed envelope. Write at once, enclosing stamp for reply. Address Dr. W. H. Saunders & Co., Sta. C., Chicago, Ill Mention this paper.

Dec 21, 1900, d&w1yr.

"The Twentieth Century."

There is a great deal of talk and fuss about the twentieth century. This may be all very well, but Lucy & Co. have still very warm feelings for the nineteenth century, and they are not going to express an opinion on the twentieth until they have seen more of it, and learn what it is going to do for them. Their watches are all gone, and now they are engaged in cutting prices to cash buyers. They have a special line of boys' nap reefers, the best value ever offered in this city.

Catarrh Assurance.

"There is no remedy equal to Catarrhozone for Catarrh and Colds." W. J. Runnit, Morrisburg.

"Catarrhozone for Bronchitis and Catarrh of the Head and Throat has given me a perfect cure." Miss Dinsmore, Schubenacadie, N S.

"Catarrhozone has worked marvels in curing my little girl of Catarrh." Mrs. Lorenzo Orchard, Toronto.

"It has done more good for me in one week than other remedies did in years," E. P. Taylor, Smiths Falls, Ont.

Catarrhozone alone can permanently cure Catarrh; it will pay you to give it a trial. Complete outfit, $1.00. Small size, 25c., at druggists or by mail. A trial sent for 10c. by N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Canada, or Hartford, Conn., U. S.

The Orange Season.

This is the season for every one to buy oranges, G. T. Whelpley is offering oranges at 15cts per dozen. They have a large supply of Florida, Valencia, and California navels or seedless.

Satisfaction

If you get your wedding stationery At Home invitations, dance program, and calling cards and other fancy printing done at The Herald office, you will have the satisfaction of knowing you have the very best.

A DAUGHTER'S DANGER.

A Chatham Mother Tells how Her Daughter, who was Troubled with Weak Heart Action and run Down System was Restored to Health.

Every mother who has a daughter drooping and fading—pale, weak and listless—whose health is not what it ought to be, should read the following statement made by Mrs. J. S. Heath, 39 Richmond Street, Chatham, Ont:

"Some time ago I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at the Central Drug Store for my daughter, who is now 13 years of age, and had been afflicted with weak action of the heart for a considerable length of time.

"These pills have done her a world of good, restoring strong, healthy action of her heart, improving her general health and giving her physical strength beyond our expectations.

"They are a splendid remedy, and to any one suffering from weakness, or heart and nerve trouble I cordially recommend them."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for $1.25, at all druggists.

MEN!

"A WARNING VOICE"

Is the title of an interesting little book that shows how

SEXUAL STRENGTH

Is LOST and how it can be

REGAINED

It is securely sealed in plain envelope Free on receipt of 2c stamp for postage. We are the leading specialists in curing all cases of Kidney and Bladder trouble, Sexual Weakness and Impotency, Syphillis, Gonorrhoea Night Losses, Gleet and Stricture, quickly and permanently. We have cured thousands at their own homes. All letters kept strictly private and answered in plain sealed envelope. Consultation by mail free. Write today. Address

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Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, *Lowell, Mass.*

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
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The Empress Tree.

Probably the largest specimen empress tree—Paulownia imperialis—in America is in Independence square, Philadelphia. It is one of the first lot introduced into America half a century ago and was a gift to the city by the late Robert Buist, one of America's famous nurserymen. It is now 11 feet in circumference equaling in girth some of the old American elms that were in the plot before the Revolution. The wood is in great demand in Japan. It is light and strong. When American forests disappear and the planting for timber becomes a flourishing branch of agriculture, the empress tree will give a very good account of herself.

Cinnamon-Coated Pills.—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are coated like a cinnamon drop, very small and delightful to take. One pill a dose, 40 in a vial for 10 cents. Their popularity is a whirlwind, sweeping competitors before it like chaff. No pain, no griping, no inconvenience.—109

We have at The Herald office some new, neat and tasty dance programme cards. Have a look at them.

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED!

Is your husband, brother, father, or any of your relatives afflicted with Drunkeness? We have a sure cure which can be given with or without the knowledge of the patient. Send for particulars, enclosing a 2c stamp for reply. Address

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in your house, it will be to your interest to consult us, as we do it cheaper and better than anyone in the city.

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Barrels and half barrels

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Sincerely thanks his customers for their patronage, and wishes them one and all many happy and prosperous years.

Having still on hand a large quantity of seasonable goods, is bound to clear them out if low prices will do it.

Dress Goods in endless variety.
Fur Collars, Muffs and Capes at cost.
Corsets 25c. up.
Ladies' Wrappers, 90c., $1 and $1.25.
" Under Skirts, 65c, $1.25 and up.
Grey Flannels, 12c, 15c, 17c and 20c.
Fur Coats, $10 and $16.
Men's Ulsters, $3.55 to $7.50.
" Overcoats, $3.25 to $9.00.
" Pants, 75c 85c to $1.10.
" Vests, 75c, 90c to $1 and up.
Sleigh Robes, $6 to $8.50.
Men's Fur Caps from $1.75 up.
All Mitts, Gloves and Mufflers at cost.
10 per cent discount on all Trunks and Valises during January.

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ROBERT B. ADAMS

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Or anything in the Undertaking Line. As I import all my goods, they are far superior to those made by hand.

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Scotch Fire Brick and Clay
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WISH YOU ALL A

Prosperous
And a
Happy New Year.

And also to return thanks to their many friends who have so liberally patronized them year by year for the past twenty years they have been in business and especially the one about closing, which excels all former ones. And they hope by strict attention to business in the future, as in the past, to receive the same generous patronage. With kind regards, we remain, as ever, yours.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

On and after Monday, November 26, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Halifax and Campbellton	7.20
Express for Point du Chene, Halifax, and Pictou	12.15
Express for Sussex	16.40
Express for Quebec, and Montreal	17.05
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney	22.10

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex	8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec	12.40
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene	16.00
Express from Halifax and Campbellton	19.15
*Accommodation from Halifax and Sydney	24.45

*Daily, except Monday

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. Twenty-four hour notation.

D POTTINGER,
General Manager

Moncton, N B, November 25, 1900.
City Ticket Office, 51 King street, St John, N B