

## OH, MY HEAD!

HOW IT ACHES!



NERVOUS  
BILIOUS  
SICK  
PERIODICAL  
SPASMODIC

## HEADACHES.

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May 26th, 1902.

## FARM FOR SALE.

150 acres in Middle Simonds, Carleton County; 75 acres cleared, the rest is heavily wooded; can peel 100 cords of bark and cut 100,000 of hardwood logs; new house one and a half stories; with finished barn and out buildings. Part of purchase money can go on mortgage. **MARVIN W. SHAW,** Middle Simonds. Union Telephone in house. Sept. 1st, 1902.

## MODERN FABLES, - BY GEORGE ADE.

A Domestic Team had a Boy named Buchanan, who refused to Work, so his Parents decided that he needed a College Education. After he got that, he could enter a Learned Profession, in which Work is a mere Side Issue.

The Father and Mother of Buchanan sent to the College for a Bunk Catalog. The Come-On Book had a Green Cover and it was full of Information. It said that the Necessary Expenses counted up about \$180 a Year. All Students were under helpful and moral Influences from the Moment they arrived. They were expected to hit the Mattress at 10 p. m., while Smoking was forbidden and no one could go to Town except on a Special Permit.

"This is just the Place for Buchanan," said his Mother. "It will be such a Comfort to know that Son is in his Room every Evening."

Accordingly, Buchanan was supplied with six Shirts, two Suits of everything, a Laundry Bag, a Pin Cushion, a Ready Repair Kit and a Flesh Brush, and away he rode to the Halls of Learning. He wrote back that he was Home Sick, but determined to stick out because he realized the Advantages of a College Education. He said his Eyes hurt him a little from Reading at Night, and he had to buy a great many Extra Books, but otherwise he was fine and fancy. Love to all and start a little Currency by the first Mail.

After Buchanan had been toiling up the Hill of Knowledge for nearly two Months, and sending hot Bulletins back to the Old Folks, his Father decided to visit him and give him some Encouragement.

"The Poor Boy must be lonesome down there amongst all the Strangers," said Father. "I'll drop in on him and brighten him up."

So Father landed in the College Town and enquired for Buchanan, but no one had heard of such a Person.

"Perhaps you mean 'Old Buck,'" said a Pale Youth, with an ingrowing Hat. "If he's the Indian you want to see, I'll show you where he hangs out."

The Proud Parent was steered to a faded Boarding House and found himself in a Chamber of Horrors that seemed to be a Cross between a Junk Shop and a Turkish Corner. Here he found the College Desperado known as "Old Buck," attired in a Bath Robe, plunking a stinky little Mandolin and smoking a Cigaret that smelled as if somebody was standing too close to the Stove.

"Hello, Guy," said the Seeker after Truth. "Wait until I do a Quick Change and we'll go out and get a few lines of Breakfast."

"Breakfast at 2 p. m.?" enquired Father.

"We had a very busy Night," explained Buchanan. "The Sophomores have disputed our Right to wear Red Neckties, so last night we captured the President of the Soph Class, tied him to a Tree and beat him to a Whisper with a Ball Bat. Then we started over to set fire to the Main Building and we were attacked by a Gang of Sophs. This is how I happened to get this Bum Lamp. Just as he gave me the Knee, I butted him in the Solar Plexus. He's had two Doctors working on him ever since. And now the Freshies are going to give me a Supper at the Dutch Restaurant tomorrow Night and there is some Talk of electing me Class Poet. So you see, I am getting along fine."

"You are doing Great Work for a Mere Child," said the Parent. "If you keep on, you may be U. S. Senator some day. But tell me, where did you get all these Sign-Borders, Placards, Head-Stones and other articles of Virtue?"

"I swiped those," replied the Collegian. "In order to be a real 'Varsity Devil, one must bring home a few Souvenirs every Night he goes out. If the Missionaries did it, it would be called Petit Larceny. But with us it is merely a Student Prank."

"I understand," said Father. "Nothing can be more playful than to nail a Tombstone and use it for a Paper-Weight."

"Would you like to look around the Institution?" asked Buchanan.

"Indeed, I should," was the Reply.

"Although I have been denied the blessed Privileges of Higher Education, I love to get into an Atmosphere of four ply Intellectual-ity and meet those souls who are above the sordid Consideration of workaday Commercialism."

"You talk like a Bucket of Ashes," said the Undergraduate. "I'm not going to put you up against any Profs. Follow me and I'll fix it so that you can shake hands with the Guy that eats 'em alive. I'll take you over to the Corral and show you the Wild-Cats. They've been drinking Blood all Morning and are feeling good and Cagey. About 3 o'clock we turn them out into the Arena and let them play up the Turf."

"Is this a College or a Zoo?" asked the Parent.

"I refer to the squad," said Buchanan. "We keep about 40 at the Training Table all the time, so that no matter how many are killed off, we will always have eleven left. We have a Centre Rush who weighs 238 and you couldn't dent him with a Hatchet. We

caught him in the Woods north of Town and brought him down here. He is taking a Special Course in Piano Music Two hours a Week and the Rest of the Time he is Throwing Substitutes down and biting them on the Arm."

Buchanan and his trembling Parent sat at the edge of the Gridiron and watched the Carnage for a while. Buchanan explained that it was merely Friendly Practice. That Evening the Son said, "Father, you can stay only a Little While and I want to give you a Good Time while you are here. Come with us. We are going down to the Opera House to put a Show on the Bum. One of the first things we learn at College is to kid the Troupers. It is considered Great Sport in these Parts. Then, if anyone gets Pinched, we tear down the Jail, thereby preserving the traditions of dear old Alma Mater."

"Does the Faculty permit you to be guilty of Disorderly Conduct?" asked the Parent.

"Anyone who goes against the Faculty single-handed is a Fink," replied Buchanan. "We travel 800 in a Bunch, so that when the Inquest is held there is no way of finding out just who it was that landed the Punch. Anything that happens in a College Town is an Act of Providence. Now come along and see the American Youth at Play."

They found their way to the Temple of Art. When the Chemical Soubret started in to sing Hello Central, Give me Heaven, they gave her just the Opposite of what she was demanding. A few Opera Chairs were pulled up by the Roots and tossed on the Stage, merely to disconcert the Artiste. When the House Policeman came he was hurled 30 feet into the Air and soon after that the Show broke up. The Student Body flocked out and upset a Trolley Car and then they went homeward in the Moonlight singing, Sweet Memories of College Days, La! La! La!

Father's hat was caved in and he was a trified Bewildered, but he managed to observe that the Boys were a trifle Boisterous when they got a Fair Start.

"Oh, yes, but they don't Mean anything by it," explained Buchanan.

"I hope they will explain that to the House Policeman as soon as they get him to the Hospital," said the Parent, "Otherwise he might misconstrue their Motives."

Next Day, when he went back, he told Mother not to worry about Buchanan, as he seemed to have a full and sympathetic Grasp on the true inwardness of Modern Educational Methods.

MORAL: Attend to the Remittances and Son will do the Rest.

## A WORD TO FARM TOILERS.

PAINE'S CELERY  
COMPOUND

The Home Friend of the Farmer and His Family in the Autumn Season.

After the labors and toils of the summer time, and harvesting of crops in the early autumn, many of our farmers, their wives, daughters and sons, find themselves in a condition of health demanding careful attention if suffering is to be avoided later on. Many experience kidney trouble of some form; with some the liver is torpid; there is biliousness, nausea and vomiting, with loss of appetite and depression of spirits. Thousands who have been exposed to cold, damp winds and rains, now feel the twinges of terrible rheumatism; others rundown by worry, overwork and irregular dieting, are tormented with the pangs of dyspepsia.

To the thousands of rundown, sickly and half dead men and women in farm homes we recommend with all honesty and confidence the worker's friend, Paine's Celery Compound, the only medicine that can quickly and fully restore strength to the weak body and vigor to the muscles. Paine's Celery Compound tones the stomach; it removes poisonous acids from the blood which cause rheumatism; it feeds the weak and diseased nerves and banishes neuralgic tortures; it purifies the blood and gives true vitality and life. The use of Paine's Celery Compound in autumn means the establishing of a perfect physical vigor to withstand the rigors of a severe winter.

The Government of British Columbia has established "travelling libraries" for the benefit of the numerous lumber and mining camps and townships in that province. After an extensive tour, the secretary of the "Canadian Reading Camp Movement" reports that these libraries are doing excellent work. Asked what class of books was most in demand, he replied that fiction undoubtedly was most acceptable. He thought that 85 per cent. of the books read in the camps came under that head. These men worked hard and needed mental recreation. They would read only a little biography, and less science and history. It was no use sending them books they would not read. "Even a good detective story is better than nothing."

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