Boys and Girls

A Page for

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from long mail and sale M F G Spiling value sale

## The Planet Junior

Vol. I.

oung prople of the Maple City.

CHOOSE YOUR SUBJECT SATURDAY, MARCH 26.

## RODE A BEAR

Christmas Story ritten for The Planet Juni
by Madeline Woodward, of
Murrkirk, and Highly
Recommended by MADELINE WOODWARD.

13 years old.

5th Class, Muirkirk P. S., Edth M.,
Reycraft, Teacher.

## TERRIBLE GORILLA

In his "Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa," the late Paul du Challin tells of his first encounter with a gerilla.

"We saw an immense one coming straight towards out of the woods," he wrote. "As he came, he gave rent to terrible howls of rage, as much as to say, "I am threst of hedge pursued and will face you."

"It was a long male—the kind which is always the most forculous. This fellow made the woods resound with his roor, which is can awful sound resembling the muttering of distant thunder. He was about 20 yards off when we first saw him. I was about to take aim and bring him down where he stood when my most trusted man Malaomen, stopped me, saying in a whisper, 'Not time yet.'

"We stood in sience, gun in hand. The gorilla looked at us for a minute or so, then beat his breast with his

"We stood in silence, gun in hand. The gorilla looked at us for a minute or so, then beat his breast with his granife arms—and what arms he had!—then gave another how! of defance and advanced upon us. How horrible he looked!

"Not yet," whispered Malaonen. "Again the gorilla made an advance upon us. Now he was not 12 yards of!. His face was distorted with rage; his huge theth were ground against each other, and his hair moved up and down giving a fitendish expression to his hideous countenance. Malaonen only said, 'Steady!' as the gorilla came up. When he stopped Malaonen said:

"Papa," asked little Harold, earnestly, "is it true that the sun never
rises in the west?"
"Yes, child."
"Yes, child."
"Yes, child."
"Yes aways dark."—Little Chronicle.
The man with a good opinion of
himself is always willing to share if
with the rest of the world.

THE FEAST

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The night before Christmas Mr. Wilson went out to kill the turkey, and Tound it dead. He returned to the house to tell his wife about it. They soon came to the conclusion that they hadn't enough money to buy another turkey, and said it had died of being too fat, and that they would clean it for Christmas and no one would be the wiser. After their plan was arranged they looked up, only to see that Orval had taken in the whole conversation. They both gave him a warning that he wan't (to tell. Of course, he said he wouldn't. The company arrived, and at dinner Orval's father gave everybody alot of Turkey, while to Orval he gave a little slice. That was soon eaten and he asked for more. His father said, "No, it will make you sick." But he soon got more by saying, "More or I'll tell." Mr. Wilson became nerved that, and nessed on having more, as before. He kept his up until he was real full. Then, as he could not eat any more, he said, "I will tell anyway." So he told, and was hurired to the kitchen by his mamma, received a severe whipping and was never allowed to eat with company again.

ALICE G. ARNOLD, Louisville, Ont.

Touch us gently, Time!

Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently as we cometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.

Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife and children three(One is lost, an angel, fled
To the azure overhead.)

During the summer holidays a little boy named Orval Wilson, was staying at his friends in the country. Orval always lived in the city and as he was not used to feeding turkeys and obletens he always made it his enore to feed them. There was one turkey that Orval liked better than the rest, as it would eat out of his hand and follow him about the yard.

When it was time for Orval to go home he did not like to leave his little turkey, so his friends gave it to him. He took it home and fed it well, and at Christmas time it was a fine large turkey; so they invited their country friends for Christmas dinner.

AN OLD FAVORITE.

Touch us gently, Time!

We're not proud on soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.

Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some caim clime—
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

Touch us gently, gentle Time!

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A new case of mistaken identity is reported by the Philadelphia Public Ledger. One hot afternoon a young man in shirt sleeves and straw hat was wheeling a baby carriage back and forth before a small house near fairmount Park. He looked hot, but contented.

"My dear!" came a voice from an upper window of the house.

"Now let me alban!" he talled back. "We're all right."

An hour later the same voice came awain in earnest, pleading tones:
"George, dear!"

ll, what do you want?" he ded. "Have the water pipes

burst?"
"No. George, dear, but you have been wheeling Arma's doll all the afternoon. Isn't it time for the baby to have a turn?"

Written for The Pl.net Junio by Alice G. Arnold, Louis-ville, and Highly Recom-mended by the Judges.

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\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* STICKS TO THE MULE

The more Missouri sees of the automobile the better it likes the mule. This at least is the wordet (of Postmastier Wilson, of Macon, whose advice about the horseless carriages on rural delivery rourse had been solicited by an Hilinois man. The reply was, "Stick to the mule."

The Missouri bard of paradise, he wrote, will go where no auto would dare to thead. He will and you over those 55 clay bills ou time for kick holes through them and go under. Nothing will discourage him. You mover have to stop to fix him. You don't have th take a monkey-wrench and a kit of burgilar's fools along. A good stout olub is the only instrument he has any respect for.

There's no danger of his blowing up. Difficult reads only inspire him to greater efforts. After colliding with a tree or a brick house the auto is sent to the junk shop, but the mule is only brighter and gayer and stronger after each collision. It's the thing he runs against that goes to the serap pile.

GOT MIXED IN REGARD TO THE BABIES.

S SIGNS OF HIS PAR-ENTIAGE.

bbs Mansfield, the little son of aird Mansfield, was lately a guest, a forthday party. Another guest, in years old, found fault with the ris small son. The boy was pourhis grievances into his mother's pathetic ear, when she, thinking ireart him, said:
ulian, do you know that Gibbs' ear is a great actor and his mo-

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There he stopped to make a note in a memorandum book. He left the unbrella leaning against the wall while he wrote, and when he finished the writing he started out without a thought of the umbrella. Within a minute he rushed into the other door of the same shop. He wanted to duy an umbrella. "I thought I had one with me when I lefthome," he said, in a semi-apologetic way, "but I guess I must have forgotten to take it."

A second salesman sold him another umbrella. As he started to carry it from the shop, the first salesman bonfronted him.

"You left your umbrella, sir," the clerk said, as he held up the original purchase.

"Bless me, so I did," cried the lawger, "and I suppose I was going off with some other man's.

He pushed the second purchase into the hands of the surprised eferk, seized the first one and dashed into the storm again with his umbrella—unider his arm.

BINATION ANIMAL FROM NEW ZEALAND.

A BUDDING HUMORIST.

\*LIGHT LITERATURE.

WAS ABSENT MINDED INISHED A WOLF

ference between caution and cowardtoe?
Bright boy-Yes, ma'am. When
you are afruid yourself, that's caution; when the other fellow's afraid,
that's cowardice. Teacher—Can you tell me the dif-

"Good-bye, mamma, called a Detroit, boy as he started for school.
"Good-bye, son," she answered.
The boy stopped and asked in an injured tone:
"Mamma, why do you call me a buffelor".

"Mamma, "What do you mean, child?"
"What do you said 'Good bison,"
"Just now you said 'Good bison,"
And then he "scotted."—C. W. H.

Short Stories

The de little feet wander often, s, from the pathway of little hands find new mis-

you from morning till night;
ik of the desolate mothers
give all the world for your

PATIENCE WITH THE LIVING. |
Sweet friend, when thou and I are

Boone Boyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of
grace
From comrade or from neighbor;
Passed all the strife, the toll, the
care,
And done with all the sighing—
What tender ruth shall we have
gained
Alasi by simply dying?

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KIND TREATMENT

MANY MIRACLES

OF HIS HIRED

stones were thick to cumber p hill path will scatter flow-