The Planet Junior

A weekly newspaper published every week young people of the Maple City.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13. NEXT WEEK'S JUN

being arranged for.

TIME YOU SHALL KNOW.

thought I heard you sigh,
thought I heard you sigh,
d to your little crib I crept
and watched a space thereby;
then I stooped and kissed your

there others come to weep, the sea shall look upon a face alm in eternal sleep; voicelss light, the wrinkled brow, he patient smile shall showare too young to know it now, at some day you shall know. too young to know it now, me day you shall know.

Look bekward, then, into the years,
And see me here to-night;
See, O, my darling, how my tears
Are falling as I write;
And feel once more upon your brow
The kiss of long ago—
You are too young to know it now,
But some day you shall know.

e time taken for thinking is not ye time wasted.
we that the jee harvest is almost it is hoped that the frost won,'t riere with it.

The Fisherman's CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1904

Written for The Plastet Junior by F. Scullard, Chathem, and A warded Honorable Mention by the Judges.

while earned enough to keep the family but he worked too hard and soon fell ill.
Johnnie soon had to stop school and his clothes were soon reduced to rage while his shoes were hardly worth wearing. His brother had been very kind to him and Johnnie wanted to give him a Christmas present

Johnnie had no money and he could not think how he was to manage it. He had been standing before a window longing for some of the oranges and good things insid. At last feeling cold he started for home but he met a woman who said, "my boy can you tell me where I kan get a boy to work at my store." Johnnie reglied that he was looking for work him to a store where he lwas kept busy. By Christmas Eve he had carned nearly a dollar. When the store closed he at once hurried to the store closed he at once dat iso often. Here he bought many good things, then he hurried home. He found his mother sewing. He gave her some presents and put the rest beside his brother who was asleep. He then went to bed very happy.

His mother kept on sewing for a long time. She was about to stop when a knock was heard on the door. She opened it and outside stood a man with a very large parcel. He came in and ast down without a word. Then in the light she recognized her husband. Her joy knew no bounds and she was soon in the statt ther's arms. A happier family could not be found that Ohristmas in all the country.

F. SOULLARD.

F. SCULLARD.

Common sense is the faculty that enables us to understand what line of conduct other people should pur-sue.

Taffeta coat suits may be smart, but they certainly look chilly for winter. Even in an automobile a poet car do without lines.

Christmas

rittes for The Planet Junion
by Myrtle R. Humphrey,
Highgate, and accorded
Honorable Mention by
the Judges.

Casic Parsons sat by the stove apparently she was thinking I At last she looked up to is we who was sitting beside her and

Auntic I have been thinking hard of what I shall do this 'Christmas to help someone who is not able to help himself. I teel that I can mot belp himself. I teel that I can mot help himself. I have been it his good in the early come to no good in the early come to no good in the early come to no good in the cond." Her Aunt replied with a smile "I have been thinking it would be nice to go down to poor old Mr. Dawson's and surprise her with a nice tricky and something good to not tricky and something good to not the day! Well," said her auntificial good. Do you suppose it would be possible to have her and old Mr. Dawson bring Susan and come here the day! Well," said her auntific the possible to have her and old Mr. Dawson when he used to come so often for things if or owner so often for the was a right when she was a nice girl considering her chance; but she was a right when she was a child. Susan was hurt, her aunt, after for been for the room by all particular when we would have died had it not been for Mr. Parsons and her affectionate firit made when she was a child. Susan was soily nine years old when Susan who was often drunk and unkind! Mr. Parsons sat at the order was a child stable, with a paper before him; but he hate, with a paper segain. Case's attention was thought, thought but little of her though, that who the first her whit a paper before him; but he hashe, with a tond the purchase for think that would be a fine plan!" "Oh! I don't care," was his answer, who was done what what if Marths comes here for her before him he hath of ma!"

The same of the room here before and what he case oun-tenance, "I don't are what he

Christmas Story

SPOOK HIGHWAYMAN

ed receipts.

Every night be walked to the Ponte Marie over the Seine wrapped in a sheek, his face covered with flour, when he saw a guiless-looking index which he would lend an ear to ghosts he approached and demanded his purse is sepulchral tones.

The purse was rendered in speeches fook to his heels took out mabbed him. The plumber this lookout mabbed him. The plumber this lookout mabbed him. The plumber he says, is a slow business ther getting rich. play so successfully that but for the police heartless interference of the police he might still be filling a star role, he might sole control of the box office with sole control of the box office with sole control of the box office with sole control of the sole to the Ponts plumber of Paris, France, above his trade, gave his

thinks. If they are any kind of people they will think none the less of us." Casie's cheeks were scarlet at the thought of those rich usople keeping her from doing good. "We will have to see what Arthur hand Edward say about it," said Mrs. Parsons. "How soon can we see them," Casie said with an anxious, but brightened face, for she knew that she could easily get the boys to think as she dd. "I expect them home at tea at five," was 'Mrs. Parsons' answer.

It was the twenty-second of December and a very cold winter day. Their home was about three miles from Galt; and that was where ithe boys had gone. Mrs. Parsons and Casie left the boys came home, the subject same up before the whole family. After a hong talk they decided that they would not care for the rich aunt, but have poor old 'Mrs. Dawson come with her husband and Susan. At this Casie was very glad. They sent word to the rich aunt not to come because her own monther wnted her there, and site would probably have a better time if she would go to her own home. Casie was just in her delight.

She asked the privilege to go for Dawson horself. Her uncle said she would probably have a better time if she would go to her own home. Casie was just in her delight.

She asked the privilege to go for might, and early on Christmas morning she came for them. Poor Suan was delighted at the thought of going hore. Parsons and Susan. The boys put their money together and boys put their money together and so gave them so many little things for Susan's bod, and a new dress and gave them so many little things that the outter would hardly hold them going home. Casie put in some cakes, turkey, and lock other good that night with a heart full of that night with a heart full of that night with a heart full of the of do something like this every Christmas.

MYRTLE H. HUMPHREY, Highgate

when I got home I told my father and brothers what I saw and they said that they would go back some day and saw the trees down hut they said the fire and I came in the fire and I came in they kept putting it off till they had forgotten all about it. On Christmas aftermount bey were all sitting around the fire and I came in and saked them if they would not hitch the borses to the sleigh and and balp him to get out the horses that they would go. If would go and get the hired man and hap him to get out the horses that they would go are string as one good, clear straw and putting it int he bottom of the sleigh box we got a sharpa xe and saw and drove up to the back door where the rest of the party were waithing to an and started off for the woods. It was only twenty miniutes drive and the sleighing was good, so it did not seem long till we was a very easy task, as the tree was not far from the road.

When we arrived at the tree the hired man and my father got the saw and began to work, but not very hard, for they thought I had made a minitake, as the tree did not look much like a coon's nest. However, they kept working and soon the tree was on the ground and when they looked in the hole they could see the large shiny eyes of the coon, which made them ansions to get at it.

We got and shoult when they looked in the hole they could see the large shiny eyes of the coon, which made them ansions to get at it.

James Bennett, who took a charge the from a shotgun fired point blank by Richard Boston in Washington, Sitturday, and just laughed, has a system of armor that makes an Indiana bullet-proof vest look like a gauze undershirt.

Boston deprecated something Bennett said and get him have one barrel of a shotgun at close range. Bennett want to the emergency hospital to because the police in sisted on it. He said he much preferred to go on shoveling snow.

At this hospital the surgeons discovered that Bennett was unbart. More a shot reached his skin.

When the surgeous succeeded in getting down to epidermis they find Bennett would be preferred to the opide a shot reached waist-coats, two undercoats, three waist-coats, two undercoats three shrits and several assort he demonst chest profector.

Bennett says there is no shotgun made that can get him when he is completely armored.

One day as I was strolling through the woods looking for something to shoot at, I glameed up in a tree, and to my surprise, I saw a coon sitting on a limb near the top and just below him was a hole.

I loaded the gun and then got down on my knees, laid the gun over a stump and began to take aim at the animal, which had never taken haves off me.

When I thought I was holding straight on him, I threet but as usual I did not kill him, although I knew I have bode Now. I thought my last chance for the coon had passed, so I started on to see what else I could frighten.

I had not gone far when I heard I had not gone far when I heard I abuzing noise above and looking up, a discovered a great many wild bees flying into and out of an old dead tree top and, after watching them for a white, I came to the conclusion, that I had found a bee tree. I now started home, resolving to pass by the tree in which I had seen the coon tree in which I had seen the coon after running through the woods about a quarter of an hour. I found the tree, and while I was marking the place by some other large trees. I heard a scratching in the tree. I ream out a short distance from the bottom of the tree, and, looking up at the hole, I saw the coon siting at the hole, I saw the conn siting there with his head out and at the same time watching to see what I intended to do. I wanted to fire at him, but I knew if I did kill him, he him, but I knew if I did kill him, he would all down inside the tree and I would all down inside the tree and I would all down inside the tree and I

Age 15 years, ass V., S. S. No. 3. Tilbury East.

WAS BULLET PROOF

Mrs. Brock tried to earn enough to keep them, by going out washing and scrubbing, but not being strong could earn very little.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth of becember, Mrs. Brock gave George 25 cents, half of what she had earned the day before, and told him, with tears in her eyes, to go to Putanan's on Queen sireet and get two pounds and a half of that choice steak he had advertised in The Planet for twenty-five cents. She was very sorry she could not afford a turkey like they used to have on Christmas, but as they had had no meat a tall for a long time they would enjoy this steak.

George asked his mother if Mary could go down with him, and he would show her the store windows on King street. His mother said she might go if she would take care not to get rum over. Mary, but her mother's old shawl round her shoulders, as she had no cent and kissing her fither and grother started off with her brother.

They walked down the north side of King street, admiring all the pretity things they saw, until they came to the Ark. When Mary saw the dolls and the other heautiful things in that window, it was almost immossible for George to get her any further. They went down to the C. P. R. corner longing for the fruit in the grocary store windows, as they massed, and wishing they had just a liftile of it to take home to near ittile Frank who was not very strong yet. Crossing to the south side, stopping a long time at Kenny's bookstore, and the Be Hive, and having a hard time to get through the crowd.

When they reached the Garner House, the bus was backing up to the sidewalk, and a boy oassing with his mother hollered "Hello, George, answered him and the boy turned to his mother and said, "That is George answered him and the boy turned to his unother and said, "That is George answered him and the boy turned for Christmas." A gentleman who had just stepped out of the bous, overheard the remark, and steoping up to the boy, asked him whom he was seeaking about. He said that boy with the little girl, cointing to George who was walking on. The gentleman followed George, and asked if he krew what his mother's name was before she was married. George said if was Mary Jones, He

HE PLANET JUNIOR, SATURDAY FEB.

George Bruck's

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1904-

Christmas

Written for The Planet Junior
by Jack Morrison, Chatham,
and Awarded Honorable
Mention by the
Judges.

Christmas Story

A =

by Bert Smith, Tilbut y
and Awarded Honorab
Mention by the

After putting the coon in the sleigh we started for the bec tree, and by good luck we found it with very liktle trouble and the men set to work to saw it down.

When the tree hit the ground it who he see into about a tozen different pieces, because it was very old and rotten. This helped us out a great deal for all we had to do was to put the sleigh and take it home.

We arrived home about four o'clock we arrived home about four o'clock we arrived the log into the stable where it was warm, and after getting some pails we started to cut it up as carchully as possible as we knew as a rachully as possible as we knew when a date outling a little more were had a hole large enough to get the comb, and after outling a little more we had a hole large enough to get the home yout. But our fun did not last long. It was so warm in the stable that the boses got warmed up and began flying around.

After a while they settled down and we got a rope, and after fastering it out in the sanow. Here it was so cold that the bees could do us no harm. Still some of the bees had harm. Still some of the bees had saufficent life in them to romind us that they must be honded carefully. Some of us ware stung, but we were so excited that we did not feel the sing until all the honey had been taken out when we got all the honey out we had after it was strained we had about a quart—not enough to repay us for the stings we received the com skin with me. When I got home I told, the rest of the boys I was going to keep the money for my trouble, and nothing more was said about a parti- we boys I took about it.

There once lived on the corner of Selkirk and St. Clair streets a family mamed Brock. It consisted of the father, Frank Brock, his wife, a delicate little woman, and their three children, George, a manly boy aged twelve years, Mirry aged nine years, and little Frank, aged six years.

Mr. Brock had come to Chatham from Owen Sound when the Dowsley Spring and Arle works started, and worked in the spring department of that factory.

In the early fall of their first year in Chatham, little-Frank took sick with diphther, a, and as they were not able to gay the awill charges our hospitals ask for such cases, they had to keep hirr at home. The Board of the the want of his wages and buying of, medicine, left them very poor. Just as Frank was getting better Mr. Brock fell while bringing in an armful of wood, and broke one of his armful of wood, and broke one of his

HISTORICAL KEYS