A Journal for the Little Folks

The Planet Junior

A Page for the Boys and Girls

Supplement to The Saturday Planet

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THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1906.

DRESDEN JUNIORS

The Presbyterian Mission Band will hold their thank offering concert two weeks from Friday night. There will be songs, recitations readings, etc. Free to all.

Our examination is coming in three weeks. We are pressing a number of wild flowers to hand to Mr. Miller.

On Wednesday night my mother and father went to Detroit. My mother was there till Friday night. When she came home she brought Harry, my brother, a whistle, a new hat and a ball, and she brought me a new parasol.—Freda Rudd.

Mr. Park was here on Friday to see how the school was getting on. The pupils of the entrance class were quite anxious to have him, but the second book had him a short time.

Monday we had a new scholar. His name is Leland Burns, of Tupperville.

One day last week a little girl brought a lovely green moth to the school. It is called a luna moth, and has a white body and pale green wings with brown spots on them.

The night before the 24th, Alex. Cuthbert went down and hired Mr. McDonald's boat and at nine o'clock we went down to the house and got paddles and rowed up and down the river all 24th.—Charlie Cuthbert.

On Friday night I was in Tupperville. I saw a bill-fish. Its body was speckled and it had a long bill, and it had a lot of teeth. — Cora Badgley.

Mrs. J. Hendershott, of Chatham, spent Sunday in Dresden with her sister, Mrs. J. Slater.

Roy Shaw was drowned on Friday, the 25th.

The examinations will soon be held in Dresden.

Harold Ford is going to Kent Bridge to spend the summer holidays.

Phyllis Watson is visiting at Lake St. Clair.

This summer I am going to work in the canning factory when they start on tomatoes.—Barry Ashwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Gibson and daughter Margaret spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Gibson.

Mrs. Harry Winters and son Hugh spent the 24th of May in Detroit.

Miss Eva Bateman spent Sunday in Rutherford.

On the 24th of May Mr. Gregory took an excursion to Mitchell's Bay in his new steam launch. He went out very early in the morning about seven o'clock and came in about ten o'clock at night.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Bobby Short, at a party—"I say, I can't find my partner! Have you seen her?"

Tommy Long—"Don't know her by sight, even, Bobby! But, if you like, I'll life you up and you can hunt for yourself."

An essay on "The Fair of Nations," written by Jean McLachlan, of the Central school, has been crowded out, but will appear in The Planet Junior next week.

BOTH ALIKE.

But how does it happen that you worked for so many different families during the year?

Well, ma'am, I was always a great girly for wantin' a change—an' I suppose all them families was a good deal like me.

When chasing the butterfly of loveliness there is one thing to keep in mind and that is, chase the right kind—beautifulness that comes by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.

Rays are no proof of righteousness.

FOR JUNIORS

McKEOUGH SCHOOL.

Willie Milner entertained twelve of his boy friends Tuesday evening.

Margaret Goodland entertained a few of her friends Friday in honor of Miss Muriel Jamieson.

Martha Hoig is going to have a party Friday afternoon.

Robbie Brunker has three young guinea pigs.

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

Mr. Stacey had a horse killed on King street.

Arthur Fishwick stood second for three months in Grade IV. A.

Mrs. Brown and her daughter, of Chatham, will leave for the Northwest Saturday morning.

Hazel, the daughter of Mrs. Marshall, has returned from the hospital.

When boys go down after cows they should be careful, for two girls nearly got killed by a cow.

We have five window boxes in Room VIII.

Nellie Flory stood first in Grade IV. for May.

Harry Turtle is ill to-day.

We have nine pictures that Landseer painted in Room VIII.

Miss L. Rattley has gone to Detroit and we are expecting her home on Monday.

In Room VIII. we have some crawfish.

The school garden is growing nicely. We were down weeding it on Wednesday.

Room VIII. has a large plot of asters in the school garden.

We are studying about Robert Louis Stevenson in Room VIII.

Norman Keller has not been late or absent for four months.

Mrs. E. W. Thompson and niece are visiting at Mrs. A. R. Woolworths.

Edna Richards spent the 24th at Erieau.

Mrs. J. Ellis, of Detroit, returned home after a few days visit in this city.

Fred. Schram has some little chickens.

Miss Ethel Clements, King street east, is visiting her aunt, Mrs Turner, of Detroit.

The Central school defeated the Separate school in football this week 2 to 0.

Mrs. Ed. Ellis and daughter May, of Northwood, have returned home after visiting friends in this city.

Grace Kelley was invited to a party but could not go because she was ill.

ALL WELCOME THERE.

All his life in a union shop
He'd daily earned his bread;
They buried him in a union grave
When the union man was dead.

He had a union doctor,
And he had a union nurse;
He had a union coffin,
And he got a union hearse.

And then he went to heaven,
But to stay he didn't care,
He kicked because he said that some
Non-union men were there.

He went down to the Other Place,
And there produced his card;
Then Satan threw an earnest face
And studied good and hard.

And then he laughed, his hands did rub
Till he thought he'd never stop,
"Lord bless your soul," said Beelzebub,
"Why this is an open shop."

—Montreal Star.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way. Buy Sunlight Soap and follow directions.

WHERE SHE LIVED.

I found her on the corner,
A maid of three short years,
Her head a mass of tangled curls,
Her blue eyes filled with tears.
"Where do you live, my little maid?
I fear you've wandered far—"
She looked at me and sobbing said,
"I live with my Mama."

I took her in my arms and tried
To soothe her childish woe.
"But where does Mama live?" I asked,
"Perhaps the street you know?"
She gazed at me—no sorrow now
The childish face did mar—
"Why, don't you know?" she wondering said,
"She lives with my Papa!"

"Oh, little maid! Oh, little maid!"
I cried in my despair,
"Your Mama lives with your Papa,
And they both live—pray, where?"
She tossed the mass of tangled curls
And laughed aloud with glee—
"My Mama lives with my Papa,
And they both live with me!"

—Little Folks.

THE ROSE QUILT.

My mother made a patchwork quilt
When she was seventeen,
With roses of red calico,
And leaves and stems of green.

A thing of beauty it was deemed,
And still it is to see,
For when her quilts were portioned round,
This one came down to me.

I keep it as she used to keep,
In rose-leaves laid away;
And only bring it forth to grace
A favored festal day.

But sometimes, in the rainy spell,
When orchards are in flower,
I spread it on my chamber bed
To while a lonesome hour.

And as I trace her handiwork,
In stitches fine and true,
And think how patiently she toiled
Those maiden moments through,

That flower and leaf might stay beyond
The span of her own days,
I think that in her self-set task
She won a meed of praise.

For who of us, in song or book,
Dream to outlast the hour
When twenty springs have swept our graves
As lives her patchwork flower?

TO LIVE.

Most of the things that worry us
Don't matter much,
Too many of us fret and fuss
At every touch;
There's nothing that's of great concern,
Except to live, and love, and learn.

Suppose the world don't go our way,
What of it, then?
We have the better chance to-day
To act like men.
And still insist at every turn
We're here to live, and love, and learn.

It isn't doing what we would
That counts for most;
It's being brave, and kind, and good,
Amid the host:
For better than to crave and yearn,
Is just to live, and love, and learn.

We make too much of ease and joy,
And sordid gain;
The things that vex and annoy,
The toil and pain,
And every malady we spurn
May help us live, and love, and learn.

And there is nothing else to fear
Of good or ill,
Than just the failure of good cheer
And honest will;
No loss need fright us if we earn
More power to live, to love, and learn.

—San Francisco Star.

A complexion fair men like to see,
So, girls, take this advice:
Don't hesitate to think it o'er,
Drink Rocky Mountain Tea.

A. I. McCall & Co.

There is a best way to do everything if you are fortunate enough to find it.

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Sound Changes.

Retain the vowel sounds, and change the consonants. Words have two syllables.

Melody, useless, freshly, pleasing, fairness, a jewel, gazing, feeble, Judea, one of Scott's heroines, properly, a measure, hose.

2. Charades.

I.

My tasks I first and third my work
Not worth my second now.
For though I am not called a shirk,
To whole I could not do, I vow.

II.

My first is crooked as can be,
My second round and fat.
Now yours is yours until it's third,
It's doubtful after that.
My whole is good to eat, no matter
If served in pan or bowl or platter.

III.

My first the early morning greets,
The early riser thus he meets;
My second gives an added zest
To make the rider do his best;
My whole within the garden found,
So look you for it on the ground.

IV.

I ask you to join me in my first,
And then my suit my second.
My third is ruined should it burst;
My whole, on silence reckoned.

3. Additions.

Add a syllable and change—
Relatives into take fire.
A fish into to make much of.
Earth and water into confuse.
A tin receptacle into a light.
A sweet bread into a loose package.
To protract into part of a machine.
A miner's truck into to dance.
Depressed into a seat.
To set free into a puzzle.
To stuff into propel.
A fish into red earth.
A ball of paper into to move from side to side.
A bush into to walk feebly.
To bend down into the head.

4. Transpositions.

Put on your ——, little maid,
To feed the chickens. Take a ——
—— dish of some kind. Then you can
—— —— the dish. They're not afraid
And will come running for their food.
They all seem of one size, so far.
As one may say, they're now at ——
——every count, they're all so good.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST JUNIOR.

1—
TRAPS
RURAL
AROSE
PASTE
SLEET

2—
LION
ISLE
OLGA
NEAR

3—
I. Doll, la—dollar.
II. Sauce, age—sausage.
III. Sleep, walk—sleepwalker.

There is one thing that you can bank on. The present day young women are keener, brighter, and better looking and more self-reliant and less dependent. They all take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.

Stinginess is not true economy, nor is extravagance wise liberality.

Good habits must be nurtured under glass, but bad ones grow wild.

Down the Incline.

BY CHAS. NEWTON HOOD

"All that I had to do to earn my one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week salary was, four times each week-day, to climb to the top of a high tower, mount a bicycle, ride it down a long, narrow incline, pitched at an angle of about forty-five degrees, then up a few feet and out through the air, across a gap of thirty feet to another platform, and so to the ground."

It was John Manger who was speaking, formerly one of the most daring performers in what is called the carnival business.

"No, I am not doing that sort of an act now.

"My mother had been writing to me, begging me to stop, but I was looking forward to getting married, and that one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week was making the nest-egg grow.

"I was one of the 'feature' acts furnished by the Ferari Brothers to street fairs, carnivals and the like, and had stepped from construction boss to performer one day by taking the place of an indisposed athlete at an hour's notice, and leaping the gap successfully on his bicycle without any previous rehearsal. I was at once put on as a regular performer with the company.

"My work did not seem so very terrible to me. With the bands playing and with the thousands of happy spectators looking on, it was rather pleasant than otherwise to climb to the top of the high platform, dressed in my gay costume, and at the word, come hurtling down the steep run, and then up and out through the air like a bird.

"All that seemed to be required was to be absolutely sure that the apparatus was put up strong and perfectly true, and that the gap was of exactly the correct width. Mine was precisely twenty-eight feet and four inches. I always superintended the erection of everything myself, and tried every part up with the utmost care.

"In the act itself it required only strong hands and arms to keep the bicycle steady and straight down the run, and to lean back a little and give a strong up pull on the handle-bars when we 'took off' for the jump, so that the machine would be sure to strike fairly on the rear wheel on the other side, to prevent the shock which would throw me headlong if the front wheel should strike first, or even at the same instant.

"All summer long I had enjoyed the work, and I often wondered that they should pay me so much for such a simple thing. Even when the performer who 'looped-the-loop' on a bicycle in another part of the grounds fell and was crippled for life, I ascribed it to the fact that his health was not very good, and that he sometimes resorted to stimulants to help him through his act; and his misfortune did not render me at all nervous regarding my own work.

"It was the last day of the carnival at Grand Creek. We had had a most successful week, and on the closing night it was estimated that not less than fifteen thousand people crowded the grounds. The last of my four rides for the day was scheduled for eleven o'clock at night, and was to be the closing feature.

"Promptly at five minutes of eleven I climbed to the platform, and my bicycle was sent up to me by rope and pulley. It was a heavy, dark night, but the thousands of electric lights made the grounds almost as light as day. Little lamps were strung thickly all down the run, and the skeleton framework of my tower and trestles was outlined with them.

"A fitful, eddying wind had come up, which roared dismally through the timbers. It swayed the big framework somewhat, but not enough to trouble me.

"The people had come crowding to my portion of the grounds, and as I gazed down at their upturned faces, massed so thickly together below me, the sight was a weird one under the electric lights.

"Straight ahead of me lay the narrow run, with its broad stripe of white down the centre, to aid me in steering, then the 'saucer,' as it was called, at the bottom, where the run run turned up toward the 'take-off,' then the wide gap and the farther platform, with its even wider guiding stripe of white.

"I gave the bicycle a quick examination, stood up straight and made the little posing flourish which is expected of all athletes, fixed my bicycle on the run, and seated myself firmly. The official announcer below raised his hand. The band stopped playing, and there was that breathless hush of apprehension and expectation which is so carefully worked up for sensational acts.

"'All ready?' shouted the announcer.

"'Right!' I responded.

"'Go!'

"The snare-drummer of the band struck into the long roll with which he always accompanied my flights. Instantly I removed the restraining foot which I had kept upon the platform, placed it upon the locked pedal, and shot rapidly down the incline.

"At that instant every electric light in the city of Grand Creek went out!

"It was darkness doubly dense and awful after the brilliancy of the moment before. Perfectly helpless, I was plunging down a steep, narrow incline toward probable death. If the wheel swerved but a little to the right or left, I should sweep over the edge and be dashed to pieces on the ground below.

"My bicycle, rushing down the incline, travelled at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Sometimes now I awake at night with a gasp of horror from having lived over those awful moments, but at the time my thoughts were cool and collected.

"'It all depends on you, Jack, my boy,' I told myself. 'You can't be smashed any harder for keeping your head.'

"I knew that the wheel was absolutely straight for the jump when I started, and grasping the handles, I bent every effort toward keeping the wheel perfectly rigid. Down I rushed through the darkness, and so strange was the sensation that it almost seemed as if the wheel had left the run and was sailing through the air. The speed seemed doubly terrific. Even if I kept the run, could I hold the wheel for the jump—and what then?

"The saucer came almost before I expected it. In spite of myself I must have given a spasmodic twist to the handles, for the wheel twisted in my hands and swerved. I threw myself frantically to one side and lost consciousness!

"Yes, I'm alive yet. Entirely uninjured except for the thump which put me to sleep when I struck the platform.

"The great momentum swept both the wheel and myself from the edge of the take-off and hurled us against the yielding bodies of those in the front row of the crowd, backed by the thousands of other spectators, as against a carefully prepared and cushioned buffer. It was learned that not less than eighteen persons received the impact of the wheel and myself at the same instant, and so scattered was the blow that nobody was injured in the slightest.

"One very fat man, who had been standing with his handsome top-hat held behind him, told me that he sat down with fearful suddenness after receiving my head in his stomach, and he showed me his hat; and he wasn't hurt.

"The next day the Ferari Brothers' Carnival went to Battle Rapids, but my ticket read East Putney, Vermont."

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP

Copyright, 1904, Purdy, Boston.

DR. WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

The Famous Poet of French-Canadian Life.

It was eight years ago that Dr. Drummond's delightful book of verse "The Habitant and Other French-Canadian Poems" made its début. Their quaintness, pathos, humor and realness, blended with the rare, sympathetic touch that makes smiles chase away tears and tears follow smiles, won instant response in the hearts of Canadians and of all lovers of good literature throughout the world. The simple-minded, pure-hearted French-Canadian characters told their stories in a new dialect—handled with such loving, sympathetic interpretation that no slightest cloud of exaggeration or burlesque marred the spell of the charm.

They were originally scribbled on a block of paper held on the author's knee, often by a camp-fire; later, begged, borrowed or purloined by friends, many of them drifted into print and became popular without the author's name and with no trace of their parentage. It was the poet's wife who carefully collected all these earlier poems and made copies of the later ones, and so made possible one of the best selling books of poetry in recent years.

Dr. Drummond was born in County Leitrim, Ireland, in 1854, and when a boy of nine was brought with his three brothers to Canada by his father who settled in Montreal. He loved out-door life, camping, fishing, boating—anything with open air and companionship. He was happy at Bord à Plouffe, meeting the river drivers and shanty men on their way down to Quebec, absorbing their stories and quaint talk with all the intensity of an impressionable boy, unconsciously storing them away in silent preparation until the day when he was to add a new character to the literature of Canada and a new name to her roll of real poets.

While in the High School at Montreal and later at Bishop's College at Lennoxville in his medical course from which he graduated in 1884, he wrote some verse; but it was his splendid physique and great strength that distinguished him—his wonderful records in hammer-throwing and shot-putting winning more attention than his throwing of words or putting of phrases.

When he came to Montreal to practice, he became identified with the fishing clubs, and on the rivers and in tramping through the woods came again into close companionship with the guides, the half-breeds and the habitants whose confidence he won and whose esteem was given to him as naturally as echo responds to sound. In recognition of his splendid contributions to literature, Dr. Drummond was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, England, and of the Royal Society of Canada, a D.C.L. of Bishop's College, and honored with an LL.D. from Toronto University. His latest book is "The Voyageur."

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1905, by W. C. Mack, at the Department of Agriculture

LETTERS FROM JUNIORS

A THUNDER STORM.

The following essay was written by Meldrum Cooke, of the Central School:—

The sky was overcast by dark clouds, and it seemed as if night was drawing nigh. It was not night that made the sky so dark, but a terrible thunder storm that was brewing.

A low, rumbling sound now breaks upon the stillness and is followed by a crash, as if an explosion had occurred. A blinding flash of lightning is the immediate result. Again that low, rumbling noise is heard, and becomes louder, more distinct, until it seemed as if some giant was in an awful fury—we close our eyes involuntarily, for the sky was illuminated as if by thousands of electric lights.

It is only for an instant that our eyes are closed, and on opening them we behold a sight that makes us shiver with fear. Balls of fire, called meteors, are in action, and it seemed as if the very firmament of Heaven was opened and was expending its wrath against the earth. It vanishes, leaving us in breathless silence. The clouds roll away letting the sun shine upon the earth in all its glory.

When we go outside we see destruction on every side, caused by the lightning. Here is an old barn in ruins, and there lies the monarch of the forest preserved from the woodman's axe. It has braved a hundred storms, but at last lies in the dust, conquered by the hand of God.

FIRST LESSONS.

Priscilla went to school this week,
She's only five you know,
And for a very little girl,
She has not much to show.

The teacher gave her picture-books,
With cats and mice and birds;
She thought she knew them off by heart,
But oh, those horrid words!

She saw a big red cube
Along with yellow blocks;
She spelled out cube, but said it was
"A little baby box."

A frisky lamb was a speckled calf,
The hammer was a hatchet;
Whenever she was in much doubt,
She took a word to match it.

The spade she knew was a little hoe,
The brook looked like a sea,
And every colored picture there
Was as queer as queer could be.

Next day she would not go at all,
And I heard Priscilla say,
"School may be nice for grown-up folks,
But I'd much rather play."

THE WORST OF A COLD

Is how suddenly it comes. No time to hurry to the drug store, croup develops, the lungs are effected with pneumonia or tuberculosis, and it's too late. Keep Catarrhozone on hand—it kills colds instantly. Something magical about the way it cures Catarrh and Bronchitis. Catarrhozone is the best remedy, because it cures in nature's way; it heals, soothes and restores permanently. Carry a Catarrhozone inhaler in your pocket, use it occasionally and you'll never catch cold—that's worth remembering.

Why is the oyster one of the wonders of the world?

Because it has got a beard without a chin, and has to be taken out of bed in order to be tucked in.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Yarmouth, N. S.

Gentlemen,—In January last, Francis Leclare, one of the men employed by me, working in the lumber woods, had a tree fall on him, crushing him fearfully. He was, when found, placed on a sled and taken home, where grave fears were entertained for his recovery, his hips being badly bruised and his body turned black from his ribs to his feet. We used MINARD'S LINIMENT on him freely to deaden the pain and with the use of three bottles he was completely cured and able to return to his work.

SAUVEUR DUVAL.

Elgin Road, L'Islet Co., Que.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to make a living.