

The Planet Junior

Supplement to The Saturday Planet

Vol. IV.

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY MARCH 9, 1907

THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1907.

The Central School closing exercises at Easter are to be held in the First Presbyterian Church. The proceeds are to go towards the children's room which they are to furnish in the General Hospital.

We would like to hear more frequently from the children in the country. Remember, The Planet Junior is intended for children from all parts of the country.

Stewart McKeough, King Street West, is on the sick list.

DRAUGHTS

The following is the solution to

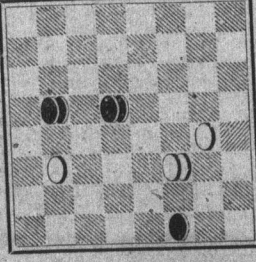
Problem No. 5:

White - 21-17, 10-15, 18-14, 14-16

Black - 9-10, 10-10, 13-22.

Problem No. 6 - Sturgis.

Black.



White to move and win.

RIDDLES

PLANET JUNIORS

As I was going over London bridge I saw on the bank a boy singing but yet was not singing, but yet was.

Answer in next Saturday's Planet.

What is one of the longest words in the English language?

Smiles, because there is a mile between the first and last letter.

What goes up when the rain comes down?

Umbrella.

If a man had one bag of flour and another had two, which would be the heavier with one, because the man with two bags did not have one.

What trade is the sun?

A tanner.

Why is a kiss over the telephone like a straw?

Because it isn't felt.

The medicine unit sets the whole world thinking.

The remedy on which all doctors agree is a good one.

The aggregation of all your friends are taking is a good one.

Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea.

A. I. McCall & Co.

There is no excellence without great labor.

NUTS TO CRACK

By the side of the road I unfold my arms and head.

What the water is stagnant I like to make my bed.

On many prove, my assistance no train would dare move.

When I make my appearance with in the hummer, my appearance with in the hummer.

My victim I wound and often leave him.

Of letters three, slight am I, yet with many forms I take; dart I fly through air and lake.

Yet move faithful servant, friend, though he may my devotion try, he never finds its end.

Man's very self I once was known, though now I've passed away.

But an insect dreadful am I shown, until this very sometimes wear a human form or ore.

And so, from blows and straw-mixed clay my kingdom in some way my dwelling-place I make.

Sometimes I am good, sometimes the reverse, but I rule the mightiest nations. Scholars often find it difficult to remember into bond have thrown great measure is felt for man and seldom seen when the sun shines. Although I am of great help to man I am not subject to his call.

By changing first letter change a forest animal into a sea-bird. A forest animal into a sea-bird.

A rodent into a domestic animal. A rodent into a domestic animal.

Put together words from each sentence to make a geographical name.

Maud took a car and because the gasometer you take a rag for a flag.

If it is a sin to get it in your eye, it is no sin to get it in your eye.

A low car painted buff went by. I met the string which should connect the two, did you know there was a green worm, a horrid pest, and my best bud.

A dry collar and a clean attic are the housekeeper's pride. The little dog was mad to rid the house of mice.

He chose the balls of the evening, and no one could see so fast. If you find it is not a matter of luck, and before we could mark the spot and run, a great lion came out of the den.

Answers to puzzles in last week's Junior.

1. Lemons, solemn, melons.

II. Edgar, ragged guide.

III. Darrest, stared.

I. Deck, oration-decoration.

II. Dub, Lin-Dublin.

III. Dab, Lin-Dublin.

IV. Dab, Lin-Dublin.

V. Dab, Lin-Dublin.

VI. Dab, Lin-Dublin.

VII. Dab, Lin-Dublin.

VIII. Dab, Lin-Dublin.

IX. Dab, Lin-Dublin.

X. Dab, Lin-Dublin.

XI. Dab, Lin-Dublin.

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XVIII. Dab, Lin-Dublin.

XIX. Dab, Lin-Dublin.

XX. Dab, Lin-Dublin.

XXI. Dab, Lin-Dublin.

Elsie's Little Miracle

By Anna Steele Richardson

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It was pretty generally understood that the Billy Daltons were drifting apart. There was no particular reason for this state of affairs, save the lack of something better to do.

You see, they had just enough money to get by, but not enough to do anything else. They had danced their way through several seasons into a large, good humored and comradely engagement. That thence into matrimony. After that Billy had continued to lead a life of ease and comfort, but generally with other partners.

Matters between them had reached the point where the rumor had been spread that they were drifting apart. When Billy went to England and Scotland, where he had nothing in particular to do, Janet would probably take her home in Nevada or North Dakota. Stanley returned from Africa, where he was fighting ennui by hunting big game than another man's wife, and he was fighting ennui by hunting big game than another man's wife.

Billy Dalton had insinuated to Stanley that it was rather better taste to stalk a lion than to stalk a woman. He had been talking to Stanley about it for a long time, and he was fighting ennui by hunting big game than another man's wife.

Of course, this sounds a bit strong on paper, particularly to the old fashioned folk who still believe that marriage is a contract for life and not a mere episode. In the set to which the Billy Daltons belonged the situation was accepted as a matter of course, and when Janet asked a lot of people down to their Long Island place for the annual mobile races and the week end no one thought of refusing just because a Dalton might separate within a fortnight after the gathering.

Such was the situation when the Dalton car broke down on the Jericho turnpike, and its occupants—Janet, Mrs. Greenwalt, Joe, and the cut through the woods to the Dalton place and leave the car for a farmer to guard until the mechanic could be despatched to Dalton garage coadjutor.

Perhaps it was not entirely impetuous which led them to take the short cut through the woods, but the rustling leaves, rich, warm colorings of a forest, and the sight of squirrels laying up the stores. And thus it was that they suddenly stopped in their tracks and looked at a small white faced, plaintive wall of a child. Janet it was who found it—a bit of white faced, staring eyed humbug rolled up snugly in a great humbug of rolled wool.

While she held the baby in her arms and tried to silence its wails with uncertain and awkward little pottings the child held a conference. The child was too young to have walked into the woods, and the weather was too far over two months old. It was too far from the road to be heard by passing travelers. Ah—there was the answer, a wisp of paper tied to the end of the shawl.

"Please take care of little Elsie. It was not her fault that she came into the world, and I can't take her home. I've always said that the government ought to regulate the question of marriage among the poor," remarked Mrs. Greenwalt severely. "Here is a case in point. Jumping at conclusions, as Elsie is called, let's take it to Elsie and Humminton dilly. Let's take it to the town marshal."

"And what then?" asked Janet with out lifting her gaze from the child's face. The baby had clutched her finger with its tiny fist and settled down as if it had found anchorage. "Oh, there are asylums and homes for youngsters like this. You'd better hurry along home with it before it begins to howl. One of your men can take it to town before dark. Shall I carry the little beggar for you?"

"Oh, no. She's not a bit better yet, she is quiet now. She might cry if we changed her position."

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Humor in Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Opportunity knocks but once at the door, but the wolf is not so niggardly with his call.

A cat iron memory doesn't do good team work with an elastic conscience.

It will take a long time to get a good team work with an elastic conscience.

What an amazing way the good time coming has of missing its trail.

Harriman's methods make the efforts of other high priests of material finance look like 20 cents.

Somehow reformed spelling looks woefully like deformed English.

There are people who seem to have such a marked opinion of themselves that ordinary people feel like telling them to chase themselves.

Being a dog in the manger may be a fact, but that is the only thing that can be said for it.

The down and out club is always zealously working to acquire new members.

Rusky tongues are the press agents of idle brains.

Shy of charms.

When the snow is on the sidewalk, fully eighteen inches deep, and you are much prefer to sleep.

Of the white and snow poem. And you do not see the beauty of a large and chilly bluff.

"But the exercise is splendid!" Says the man who is not a poet. While you do the hero part, but you cannot quite observe it. As you walk the sport is equal to the old croquet.

And without a cent of wages And without a cent of wages. And it seems the snow keeps falling. Just to give you work to do. And you do not see the beauty of a large and chilly bluff.

When the first light snow of autumn hardly makes the landscape gray. You don't mind a little snow. But when it comes down to business, it's pretty safe to state that you do the heavy lifting. If your boy is over eight.

On Their Prerogative.

"What are you going to do with those skates?" "Go skating, of course."

"Will the ice trust let you?" "Trust let you?"

Not That Kind.

"These people advertise very freely. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. I don't see how they manage it."

"That's easy. Satisfaction is always guaranteed. Guaranty doesn't cost anything."

Softer Material.

Death leaves a mark they say. It's different with the mining share. He dearly loves an easy mark.

Quit Being Foolish.

"How is he getting along?" "Pretty fair."

"Holding his own, I suppose?" "No, not as much as he used to be. He is married to her now."

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