A Journal for the Little Folks

The Planet Junior

A Page for the Boys and Girls

Supplement to The Saturday Planet

VOL. IV CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY NOVEMBER 24, 1906 No. 26

THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1906.

TO JUNIORS!

This week we are publishing the last three essays in the Prize Competition. We hope a great many children have read them and will fill in the coupons and return them to us.

It has been suggested that we put the twelve essays that have been published, in the window at The Planet Office. This will give the children who live in town an opportunity of judging the writing, and we are sorry we cannot let those who do not live in Chatham see them also.

The coupons will be published twice—this week and next week—so that you may have plenty of time to decide. Have them addressed—

Editor Planet Junior,
Chatham, Ontario.

and send them to us, or drop them in your school boxes.

COUPON.

I have read the essays that have appeared in The Planet Junior, entitled How I Spent My Vacation, and think that

No..... Aged.....

and

No..... Aged.....

should have the prizes.

Sign your name.

.....

Address.....

FOR JUNIORS

MY TEMPER.

I have a little temper,
'Tis like my pony gray;
Unless I watch it closely
It tries to get away.

And rear and kick and trample
On all who near it stand!
And so I try to curb it
And hold it well in hand.

No good to use a snaffle;
I keep a tight curb rein,
And speak to it quite gently,
Yet sometimes all in vain.

It is so much the stronger,
It gets away from me!
But I will be its master
Some day, as you shall see!

C. B.

RESIGN FROM THE WORRY CLUB.

Life is a rush, but we can't all get there together. In consequence, we worry—Can't help it because nerves are weak, vitality is burnt up and there's no staying power left. Cut out the worry part, and Build Up! Let Ferrozone help you. It's a most strengthening nutritive tonic. Fills the blood with iron, supplies building material for worn out organs, generates the sort of vitality that makes you want to do things. No medicine more helpful for men, women and children who need strength and staying power. Try Ferrozone, 50c. per box at all dealers.

DRESDEN JUNIORS

There is a little squirrel that lives in the woodshed. He was sauncing me to-day. He likes the walnuts that I gathered full before last. — Ian Laird.

There is a hole in the top of our barn where the sparrows come in and build their nests. I found four nests, but did not destroy them. — Anna Ribble.

Mrs. Bowsell and her son came to our place on Saturday night. Her son left here this morning and Mrs. Bowsell will leave to-night. — Wilfred Thornton.

Saturday afternoon Pearl Hart went down to Lettie Kenny's. She and Lettie went over to the sugar beet factory and got stuck in the mud. Pearl said she would not go there any more.

Last Saturday Morley McKay and Roy Hart went out shooting. Roy shot a sap-sucker.

Last Saturday afternoon I went out in Mr. Stevens' woods to run red squirrels. We saw one and ran after it, but it ran up a tree. I went up in the tree after it, but it hopped over to another tree.—Wando Kimmerly.

At noon to-day as I was crossing the road I slipped and fell down in a great big puddle of water.—Dorothy Wells.

Last Saturday Harold Sharp shot a hawhook up on the grain-house. It started to fly away, but it fell down, flapped its wings a time or two and was dead.

Last Friday I saw a pretty bird. It was gray with a little red spot on its side and was blue on top of its head. It looked very nice.— Sylvia Johnson.

My father asked Mr. Ellis if he would put tile in on our place to take the water off.—Vern Hart.

Last Saturday Harry Robinson, some other boys and myself were up in our barn. We made a house out of hay and played in it all afternoon.

We will try our examination in about twenty days, but we do not know what day.

Miss Alice McVean is going to entertain her Sunday School class at tea, Thursday from four to eight.

Mr. Graig, Vic. Dunn and some other men went on a duck hunt to Walpole Island on Mr. Gregory's boat.

On Sunday ,Nov. 18th, the river was up about a foot and a half. It went down about five inches Tuesday night.

My Sister, Alice McVean, is going to entertain her Sunday School class on Tuesday.

Mr .Eberlee put a new street light down by our place. It goes on when the house lights do.— Harold Forsheet.

The other day I saw a robin fly in our woodshed to get warm.—Vern Hart.

Miss Bateman spent Sunday with Miss Flora Ripley.

Mrs. Arthur Hoyles has got a daughter. It was born on Friday.

Miss Sadie Plumer spent a few days with Miss Ina Webster.

Mr. Wallace's old horse is dead. They buried it down at Mr. Stinson'.

The Elsie G. went out Tuesday afternoon at one o'clock. She had a lifeboat on behind.

We have got some Brownies in our room who look very funny.

Jennie Slater brought some pictures to school to put in the scrap book.

This morning a new scholar came to the second book. His name is Ettie Burnet. That makes 56 pupils now.

On Monday Marie Kenny found some mustard and some golden rod in flower.

Who are the sweetest things that painters paint, or poets sing, lovelier than anything? Girls who take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. J. McCall & Co.

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Double Acrostic.

My primals and finals spell the names of two Presidents of the United States.

(Crosswords.)

A mineral.
Pertaining to Arabia.
A statement.
An Italian scholar.
A hospital attendant.
The outer portion of a tooth.
One who takes a lease.
A character in Dickens.

2. Added Syllables.

Add the same syllable to the first, to form second blank in each stanza.

While hunting for his —— to-day,
Sam cut up many a ——.
He could no tsee the water ——,
And so he lit a ——.

The boy who used to spin a ——,
Alas! is now a ——.
The beast's good ears were not a ——,
He was an easy ——.

Of —— the —— never drank,
Mark showed the —— to ——.
But she was busy as a nurse,
Preparing —— for ——.

The grain dealers were scheming men,
On —— they had a ——.
The pompous man who played the ——,
Was always known as ——.

3. Beheadings.

Behead a rule or custom,
A poem comes to mind;
Behead an elevation,
A number you will find.

Behead dismay or terror
And leave that the which is fair;
A miner's tool beheaded
Will leave a streamlet there.

Behead what is amusing,
You may eat what remains;
He who beheads an insect
A friend and comrade gains.

Beheading strike or chasten
Will leave you something small;
Behead what makes things better,
And leave the last of all.

4. Riddles.

I.

I tower to a dizzy height;
I am the children's great delight;
In every building that you see
There's always one, at least, of me.
The small boy begs for "one, just one,"
And mama grants it to her son.
But oh! what sorrow she would feel,
Should that same son return the deal!

II.

The object of the cowboy's chase,
I lead him many a panting race.
I fill the great emporium's space
From lofty ceiling down to base.
Of ribbon or of dainty lace
I give an added charm and grace
Unto your lady's lovely face.
My victims, steeped in sad disgrace,
I've sent to death's secure embrace.
Now if my name you cannot trace,
"As dull as" I—must be your case.

III.

On the railroad you will find me often,
Where the laborer's dig and delve all day.
Every maiden says she's going to have me,
And till then she says all others nay.

5. Well-Known Cities.

Here is a city that's given to talk,
And here is a city of truth,
And here is a city that's greedy for food,
And that shows wisdom, forsooth.

The very next city seems old for its age,
The next is by fierceness possessed,
The next one we find is most clever and bold,
While the next one is by happiness blest.

And here is a city and country in one,
Here's one that persists in its course,
And here is a city combative and strong,
The next rules by deceit and not force.

And here is a city of power undefined,
The next unpretending and neat;
As none of these cities are found on the map,
For them in the lexicon seek.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST JUNIOR.

1—

Stare, tare, are.
Space, pace, ace.
Spare ,pare, are.
Spear ,pear, ear.

2—

I. Romance.
II. Concorporate.
III. Partisan.
IV. Independence.

3—

Field.
Hunt.
Longfellow.
Child.
Shelley
Payne.
White.
Black.
Gray.
Young.
Crabbe.
Holmes.
Pope.
Smiles.

4—

Buffalo, deer, (deer), sloth, h(e)art, quail, cow, hare, (hair), lion (lie on), cat, sable, dog, bear, seal.

5—

Bar, oh, net—baronet.
Mend, I, cant—mendicant.
Par, all, ax—parallax.
Pen, Nile, SS—peniless.
Palm, is, try—palmistry.
Man, I, kin—manikin.
Pro, men, ade—promenade.

6—

Sad, saddle.
Pad, paddle.
Mud, muddle.
Cud, cuddle.
Wad, waddle.
Tod, toddle.

7—

KATYDID
ILLEGAL
PERJURY
LEOPARD
IMMERSE
NOSTRUM
GLUTTON

BABY'S HEALTH

Every mother who uses Baby's Own Tablets for her little ones has a solemn guarantee that this medicine does not contain any of the poisonous opiates found in so-called "soothing" medicines and liquid preparations. These Tablets always do good — they cannot possibly do harm. They cure indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea and simple fevers, break up colds, prevent croup, expel worms and make teething easy. Baby's Own Tablets have done more to bring health, happiness and contentment to little ones than any other medicine known. You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 25 cents Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Satisfaction with conditions make a firm foundation upon which to build contentment.

"How I Spent My Vacation"

Some of the Best Essays Received in the Recent Competition, Which the Juniors are Asked to Judge.

HOW I SPENT MY HOLIDAYS.

"Ding ding ding" rang the bell on the big black engine, as it came puffing up to the station.

Oh Joy! the time had come when I could go to see grandpa and grandma who lived in the country.

"All aboard," called the cunductor and I was obliged to get on the car.

I took one more look and said one last good-bye to that great busy world, as the big puffing giant pulled away from the station.

Oh, how beautiful the country was! How refreshing! The little birds were singing as though their little throats would burst. The great green meadows looked like a beautiful velvet carpet to those dull gray walks in the city. As I sat thus dreaming the car door opened and the Breakman entered calling out "Brockville! Brockville!" and I hurried to get my satchel and to get off the train.

"Miss Brown I believe" said a voice at my side, and looking up I saw the happy smiling face of my grandfather.

"Welcome little girl! Welcome to the country!" said the old man. "Now for a little ride along the country to sharpen up your appetite, for I do believe you are looking pale, your grandmother has been cooking all sorts of good things for you and you will not want to offend her by not eating."

All of this was said while he was leading me up to a democrat drawn by a team of beautiful horses. "Get up Dan get up Dick" and we were soon spinning along the road to my grandfathers farm. I felt like the little midshipman as I sat on that high seat and although there was no darkman watching me I felt that same desire to be chasing the squirrels and take a run through the woods.

Presently we drove up to a long lane lined with trees on either side of it, and among a little tuft of trees stood a quaint old fashioned house. It seemed to be leaning over the fence and the broad veranda with its large posts and quaint old fashioned chairs seemed also to give it the appearance of looking over the fence to see the passersby.

"Oh! she has come has she" said a voice at the gate and there stood dear old grandmother.

"How glad I am to see you and my! How you have grown! Come right in where I am working dear"; she said as she ushered me into the kitchen where all along the table all sorts of good things to eat.

"I suppose you mus tbe hungry as a result of your journey so I have supper all ready for you.

After supper was over we were all sitting out on the veranda when Edith Smith a friend of mine came over. She was very glad to see me as we always had such good times together. When we had talked a few minutes she asked me if I would not like to go to a teameeting with her the next night. I readily consented so it was arranged that we should go.

Next day grandmother and I were very busy, but it seemed an endless time until evening. At last it came, and we started off for the village. We thought we should go through the woods, as it was considerably shorter that way. Not suspecting any danger we went along quite happily. The moon was late getting up that night and the woods were quite lonely. But of course we were not frightened and were just telling each other how brave we were when suddenly "G-r-r-r!" went a peculiar noise and looking ahead we saw two large fiery eyes looking at us.

"Oh" cried Edith "What can that be?"

"G-r-r-r" went that awful noise again, We were terrified "what can we do?" I whispered.

Every kind of a wild animal flashed into our minds Wolves, Bears, Wild Cats, Tigers, and everything. it seemed to be coming towards us.

"Come cried Edith we must climb a tree" so we ran for the nearest one. Up we went like squirrels. This terrible animal seemed to be trying climb the tree. Once it got half way stood looking at us, then went down, walked around the tree then sat down.

Everything was so still we could hear the thump, thump of our hearts like a drum, the lonely hoot of the owl seemed to thrill us with terror and the wind sobbing through the trees seemed like some one in great distress and far away the solitary bark of the fox seemed so lonely. We thought we must do something to get out of this great trouble so we screamed and screamed until our throats were sore but the only thing we heard was the bark of a dog far away. Oh would morning never come? had some thing happened to the sun that it had not risen? We dare not moove nor speak a word those eyes glared as us as if to devour us. I just happened to look at my friend when she swooned in the tree; her face became ghastly; she was about to fall when I grabbed her. With one arm around the tree and the other about her waist I waited in horror. After a while she seemed to moove I shook her but there seemed to be no life in her yet but in a short time her eyes opened. "Stand up," I said. "Can you not stand it as well as I?" She grabbed hold of the tree and leaned her head up against it. Finally she opened her mouth to say something, but I shook my head at her, so she put her head up against the tree and did not moove again. Soon another growl was heard. Edith swayed as if to faint again but did not. There we waited until morning, weeks it seemed but after a while the dull gray morning began to break; the little birds began to sing but we had no ears for that this morning. The trees had been kissed by the dew and the morning glory held a beautiful sparkeling diamond in her lap. But now we could see our enemy and all that it was was a couple of glow-worms, and the growls I guess were Immaginary.

When we reached home all tired out all the sympathy we got was a good laughing at and one friend said he would like to have our photo while up in the tree.

Many a play did we have under those beautiful trees of my grandfathers. And what a good time we had picking flowers in the woods.

Long will my summer holiday be remembered by both of us and I will watch the calendar very closely for the time when I can go again to visit grandpa and grandma, and perhaps I will tell you about that visit. But until then I will say good-by.

GIRL,
Age 12.

Number 10.

HOW I SPENT MY HOLIDAYS.

About the thirtieth of June all the school children are full of happy thoughts thinking what they will do when school stops.

Last summer I was not thinking much about what I would do in holidays. I was thinking more about the coming examinations which I was going to try.

The first two weeks in holidays I was very anxious until the report came out and when I saw it I was filled with happy thoughts. The next two weeks in holidays I worked quite hard for I was going away on a week's visit and I had to prepare for it.

the time came for me to go I was ready and off in time to catch the 10 o'clock train to go to Whitebread. When I got there, my friend, Miss Lela Stewart was there to meet me. I went home with her and as she lived along the river ,we went out for a row and returned about 5 o'clock.

The next day we drove to Port Lambbton and stayed there all day. A few days after I went to another of my friend's and stayed there a few days. The time sped so quickly that when my week was up, I had not half finished my visits so I sent a letter home and said that I was going to stay another week. I put in a great week. I went to a threshing every day of that week but one, and that day three of my chums and myself went to Walpole Island.

The next Saturday I went as far as Wallaceburg. I met my cousin there and she came home with me and stayed all that week. We went on an excursion to Erieau but did not enjoy our trip very much on account of the accident that occurred about 2 o'clock in the afternoon and spoiled all of our fun the rest of that day.

When 5 o'clock came we were all glad to go home and the next week I started to school to begin another term.

GIRL,
Age 13.

Number 11.

HOW I SPENT MY HOLIDAYS.

A Trip to Ungava.

With a party of young friends we left Ontario enroute for Montreal where we remained a few days to see the sights of the city. We then chartered a steamer to take us to Ungave. Besides ourselves our party consisted of the guide, a cook, Esquimaux and Indian interpreters and Bryan an Irish machinist who kept us all in continual good humor with his funny sayings.

Our landing at Ungava seemed very unhomelike as the country was barren with no towns or settlements in sight. The country is inhabited by Esquimaux and Indians. The Indians make their home in the interior but the Esquimaux live near the shore so that when the Indians attack them they can use their canoes to get away. They live in tents made of skins of wild animals such as the walrus, seal, deer, bear and wolf. But in winter they live in huts made of blocks of ice and snow, called izloes. They dress mostly in the skins of seal and deer with the hair on the outside. Their dresses or frocks having hoods and a tail dragging on the ground. Their boots are also made of skins. They are accustomed to eating the raw flesh of the animals they kill.

The gentlemen of the party amused themselves by hunting as there was plenty of reindeer and moose. One day some of the party went out shooting moose, and took Bryan with them. Bryan had a very peculiar gun, he said he had to aim three yards to the left ever since he and the gun fell over the hill together. The party teased him because he never shot anything, and his answer was "Faix and ye edsarve to be hanged for murther. Shure I was just waiting till the poor creature got into the bushes to give it a chance of its life afore I fired. Thats the way the gintlemen from th ould country does when they're out sporting." So after that poor Bryan was left at home. When the Indians hunted a deer they used only the choicest parts and left the rest to wild animals.

Some of us enjoyed ourselves very much fishing. The fish were mostly salmon and easily caught. Some of them weighed as much as sixty pounds. One day when we were out fishing one of the men hooked a large fish. Bryan was delighted and called out, "By the mortal be's hooked a whale! Out with it boy afore it pulls you in. When the fish was landed it was found to weigh twenty pounds.

Before leaving for home we visited the Esquimaux tents. They were very sorry we were leaving as the winter was very long and it would be a long time before they would see any visitors again. We enjoyed our visit very much but we were glad when our boat faced homeward, for after all there is no place like home.

GIRL,
Age 13.

Number 12.

PROMINENT MANUFACTURER SPEAKS.

In Vanleek Hill, Ont., no one is better known than Geo. S. Watson. When he says "Catarrhozone is a real cure," depend on it being so. "My wife," he writes, "was subject to bad attacks of throat irritation and bronchitis. Many remedies were tried, but few proved at all useful. Catarrhozone was different. It seemed to get right at the sore spots and brought relief quickly. We have found Catarrhozone an absolute cure for bronchitis and catarrh." Nothing cures more quickly, so get it to-day, two sizes, 25c. and $1 at all dealers.

A HARD WORKER.

Willie, they tell me you have the reputation of being the worse boy in school.

Yes, father, and I can tell you I didn't get it without a struggle.

FATAL BLOOD POISONING.

Frequently follows the use of cheap corn salves and plasters. The safest is the best and that's "Putnam's," which has a record of fifty years' success. Refuse substitutes for "Putnam's," which costs 25c. in every drug store.

Junior Personals

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

Miss McCormick's room and Miss Reycraft's room have the finest collection of polished woods in the school.

Inez Roach won the McKeough medal for nature study.

On Wednesday night Graduation Exercises will take place at the Central School. The medallists will also receive their medals.

Ross Taylor will receive his medal on Wednesday, for passing ahead of all other pupils in the High School.

The art medal, given by Mr. W. Poile, was won by George Mann.

Mary Soane will be awarded the medal for being the head pupil of the Junior Fourth, next Wednesday.

The last year's Graduating Class are preparing for their exercises, to be held Wednesday, 28th.

Ross Taylor stands head of the school for 1906, and gets the von Gunten medal.

Grade 8 were painting figures this week.

Willie Gray has a Rollo Coaster in his back yard.

What do you think of a boy in 3C of the C. C. I. that would ask a boy smaller than himself to go into a book-store and ask for a square circle? I thinko the C. C. I. pupil ought to be back to the Central.

We wish the boys that borrowed the Central School soldier coats, about a year ago, for some entertainment, would kindly return them, if they have not done so already; or if the boys have got coats that do not belong to them would they kindly return them to the school. We like to lend anything, but we also like to have it returned.

McKEOUGH SCHOOL.

Mrs. A. McLeod left for the West Tuesday afternoon.

We are studying the slopes of North America, in Room 6.

Room 6 had a hard literature test on Friday, Nov. 18.

We have some nice paintings in Room 8.

Howard Capman has a fine big Scotch Collie dog at home. His name is Max.

Mrs. F. Chanter and her son Walter are visiting Mrs. Goodland, Victoria Ave.

We have two scrap books in Room 8—one for geography and one for history.

We wish Prof. Hicks would give us some nice weather.

We are playing jump-for-down and bombay at school now.

Mr. Norman Clements has started a tinsmith shop on St. Clair street.

Miss Irving remembers the pupils and staff of McKeough School, and sends them greeting and kind messages from her home on the western prairies.

Freddie Green, who has recently lived at Fletcher, has moved to town, and is going to reside with his mother on Lorne Ave. He will attend the Central School.

Miss Jackman is spending a few days in Thamesville.

Miss Kelly is spending a few days in Thamesville.

Miss Bertha French, of Chatham Township, spent Saturday with Violet Clements, Cornhill St.

Master Walter Chanter, of Flint, is visiting Walter Goodland.

The students are not in Miss Garrett's room this week.

The Modelites are teaching in our school this week.

Miss Ellie Donovan, of Harwich, is spending a few weeks in town.

The Methodist Church are going to have a very nice concert on Monday, Nov. 27.

Ethel and Sidney Kime—and the dog—caught a rabbit in the grapevines. It was a very large one.

Ethel Hazard stands first in Room 8.

Mr. Plewes visited our school on Thursday.

Stanley Gammage has a black squirrel.

Mrs. Barnhart is coming Saturday to visit Mrs. Black, of Bedford street.