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The Planet Junior

A weekly newspaper published every voung people of the Maple City.

the Ediplourgh Scotsman.

The winter is the only season of the year when a professional rider may emjoy himself, and when he can increase his weight by twenty-five or the flat racing season all this siperthe flat racing season all this siperfluous flosh must come off aud what is more, must come off quickly.

The process by which this is accomplished is, in racing phraseology, termed "wasting." A man who understands his business can, by "wasting," is both an unpleasant ing" throw off thirty pounds of flesh in twenty days.

"Wasting," is both an unpleasant and dangerous ordeal, especially when earlied out too rapidly. In more than one case a jockey, anxious to ride a favour te horse for a particular race, has be a known to reduce his weight by one six of seven pounds in twenty-four Lours, "Such "wasting" is, of course, simply laying with death, and persist noc an it has consigned many a clever rider to a premature grave. The tradegy which term hated the far litant career of Fred. Archer, was dreetly tracable to a too severe system of "wasting."

of "wasting."

If r nt jo keys adopt various measiful r nt jo keys adopt various measiful pwh ch they r'd themselves this superabundant flesh. Fred. this superabundant flesh. Fred. the rused to spend entire days in pr vate Turkish buth, eating nong meanwhile but a little dry ng meanwhile but a little dry set, and dr'nking, every half-hour so, a steaming glass of hot water world with g'in, in order to increase

One of the most popular jockeys
One of the most popular jockeys
f to-day will walk about for hours
anvelored in heavy horge cloths—his
sual diet during the "wasting" perod consisting of a pint of champagne
and a slice of dry toust after each
walk. Another very clever rider has
related how in his earlier days he
was went to set out immediately after
use work to set out immediately after
use was to set, and as many pairs of
prousers, and after indulging in a
urisk six mile walk, spend the rest
of the morning in galloping at top
speed, changing his mount as often

as necessary.

Rigorous as these methods undoubtRigorous as these meroic measures
adly art, even more heroic measures
have often been resorted to. A Yorkshire jockey once clothed himself in
shire jockey once clothed himself in
close upon three-quarters of a hundredweight of horsecloths, and walked
as hard as he could go from the
grand stand at Newcastle to Gosford
Hall and back again, a distance of six
held and back again, a distance of six
riles. Thrice withing the twentyfour hours he did this, making eighteen in less in all, and during all that
time he never tasted a bite or sup.
On taking the scales he was found
to have lost no less than seventeen

Another favorite of the turf once chother favorite of seven pounds of each ma single walk, but the walk in useful covered forty miles, and sated nine hours. His only food on

VOL L

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1904

t, sk'n like velvet, muscles like it, sk'n like velvet, muscles like ind weighing scarcely more then sized doll, hardly ever pause to m what had to be gone through in this result, says a writer in

HIS BEGINNING

When the late Henry M. Stanley first arrived at New Orleans as a cabin boy on a sailing ship from Liverpool, and before he had made the acquaintance of the Stanley whose name he afterwards was to assume, he was forced to various shifts to earn his living.

"Can't you get some?"
"I don't know, sir, I'll try."
"I don't know, sir, I'll try."
"Come back at six with shoes and stockings, and it's all right. If you don't we can't take you," answered the man, turning away, while the future explorer went out with a harder problem before him than finding Living-

He sat down on the steps outside and after some minutes thought went back into the ante-room again and faced the boy who was in charge during the day, who had overheard the coinvelsation.

"See here" said the applicant, "have you got another pair of shoes and stockings."

this ocasion was a hard biscuit purchased at a readside public house, a poached egg in vinegar.

A famous jockey in order to reduce himself to ride a particular horse for the Prince of Wales, now Kang Edward VII. ate nothing but an ocasional apple for eight consecutive days CHATHAM, ONT,

sitting for days before an enormous open fire, eating practically nothing, and drinking huge quantities of senna tea, was the crue Ying ordeal to which a one-time famous jockey pinned his faith as a flesh-reducer. On the eve of a great race, such known to entirely abstain from food or sustenance of any kind for two whole days. How they must relish a good square meal after their season is over!

More than one rider has related that at night he has dreamed constantly of hig banquets ready laid out to be consumed, that he has positively smiffed the sweet perfume of roast beef, and has felt himself just about to eat something tempting, then waking only to realize the bitter truth.

his living.

Among other positions for which he Among other positions for which he applied was that of office boy in one of the morring newspaper offices. His bright appearance impressed the man told him he could begin his duties in a half hour, it then being nearly six o'clock in the evening, and that his o'clock in the boy started out the man noticed that he was barefooted.

"Ban home and get your shoes and stockings," said the man.

"I haven't got any, answered the boy

"When do you go off duty?"

"Same time I go. on. Now. Fil tell you what I'll do-I'll give you half a dollar for the use of your shoes and stockings each night for a week. I'll leave 'em under the desk for you every morn no when I go away so you can wear them during the day."

"Well," answered the boy slowly, "Fil do it if you'll write me an order on the cashier for the half."

The order was duly written and the feture Sir Henry put on the shoes and stockings and entered upon his first journalistic duties, - New York Tribuge.

DROP IN VALUES.

An old story of Emerson was told the other day by a Cambridge man.

"A New York woman," he said, "called on Emerson one morning. The philosopher was reading in his study, and near him on a plate there lay a little heap of cherry stones. The visitor slipped one of these stones into her glove.

"Some months later she met Emerson at a reception in Boston. She recalled her visit to him, and then she pointed to the brooch she wore—a a brooch of gold and brilliarts, with the cherry stone set in the centre.

"I took this stone from the plate at your elbow on the morning of my call," she said.

"Ah! said Emerson. I'll tell my amanuensis of that. He will be pleased. The young man loves cherries, but I never touch them my-self."

A BETTER SEAT.

"The Rhode Island farm hand," says reginald Vanderbilt, "is an independent young man of keen wit. There is a lack of servility about him that I like.

"He disapproves of innovations. It is unwise to flash anything povel upon him. A friend of mine, for instance, while on a visit to my farm, went riding with me one morning and sat his horse in the English way.

"You know the English way seat? Up forward, almost on the horse's neck? Well, the farm hands that we passed disliked this seat, and they shouted to us loud, frank criticism on it. The meatest criticism, to my mind, came term a lame yough, who called:

"Hi, stranger, sit farther back, and you'll have a longer ride,"

WEASEL'S STRATEGY

"A weasel is a wizard as well as a fighter, and often was his battles by strategy," said Emmet Wolfe of Misstrategy," said Emmet Wolfe of Missispip to The Louisville Courier-sissipp to The Louisville Courier-journal. "I was recently in a fishing comp that was near a large stack of lumber, It seemed that a large rumber of rats inhabited the cool crevices under the luadrer pile, and one day a weasel put in its appearance. We had the pleusure of seeing a battle royal every day for several a battle was nearly as large as a out.

out.

"They fought several times a day and the weasel always got the worst and the weasel always got the worst and the weasel always got the worst of it. One day we noticed it industriously digging a hole under the woodpile, and thought little of it. A little, and as soon as the fight began to warm up the weasel suddenly turned tail and sneaked to the hole like all possessed. The rat followed in hot pursuit, and both disappeared in hot pursuit, and both disappeared in the mouth of the weasel's hole. It was only a twinkling until the weasel re-appeared, and flashed, and flashed, and the watched a long time, and meither animal appeared. Finally we moved the wood and dug out the weasel's hole. We found the rat deadsale is hole being too small at one end for the rat to escape, which the weasel knew all the which the weasel

Boys and Girls

"If you ask me if the Italian is a good farmer, I can only reply that he goes to work at break of dawn, quits with the dankened shades of evening, and, if the moon shines, he works a few hours at night, and his children work with him, says a correspondent of the Southern Manufacturers' Record. "The German is ready and frugal, the Frenchman, impulsive and active, the Irishman everything that goes to human credit, the Soctehman stock and solid, yet the honest and conservative; but from a land-tilling standpoint, from the point of desire of the love of a home and a willingness to make it by the sweat of the brow, I can see no reason why the Italian now in the south does not compare favorably with any one of them."

BLAME HIM BOYS ?

Bub is almost as long as a yardstick, but he has only two-thirds as many feet. This is fortunate, as you would aggree if you had seen him kick with his meager supply of them when his mother pounced upon him in the parlor the other verping. There were several aunts and uncles present.

"Now, sweetle, we'll say our little prayers and go to bed."

Bub was in anything but a prayerful mood. He was tired, sleepy, if grumpy. He just wanted to crawl off under the sofa and be let alone. I know how he felt. I feel that way myself sometimes, and I am glad to say I am big enough and strong enough not to be thwarted of my wishes at such times. But Bub, you see, is a tiny fellow and has to submit to a lot of disagreeable—not to say unnecessary—bossing. So, after some coaxing and a good deal of mild mannered—threatten.ng—that sort which, though delivered in gentle which, though delivered in gentle when its import—the list tere "rible in its import—the little boy dawdled unwillingly to his mother's knee and grudg.ngly went through the formula.

asancu.

e were six of us in that cateall sitting there like "Inquisiorturing the poor little fellowsilent acquisescence,
on!" his mother urged. "God
Uncle Willis and Aunt Allie

"Go on!" his mother unged. "God bless Uncle Willis and Aunt Allie and."

Bub was out of patience. With all the malice that his little heart could hold, he interrupted with:

"Dod bless Untle Willis an' Aunt Allie an' the whole d-n push."

Then he was snatched up and carried from the room, kicking with his two little legs and all his outraged soul.

Honor bright, can you blame him?

-Brooklyn Eagle,

ENDLESS ENERGY OF ITALIAN

the formula, page an' mama," he long bless papa an' mama," he closed the long, memorized invocation, and was rising from his knees when his mother mildly, but firmly, forced him down again.
"What else f" she asked, expectant-

"Who else?"

"An' Ellen." (She was the nurse.)

"Who else?"

"An' Bridget." (The cook).

Bub made another attempt to rise,
but was pressed down again.

"Aren't you going to ask God to
bless your uncles and aunties?" his
mother asked.

There were six of ""

SATURDAY, AUGUST, 13 1904

"And baby sister," vearily.
"Who else?"

GOOD MANNERS.

The following are considered contrary to good manners, and which all little boys and girls should take to heart. To make remarks about the food at dinner; to talk about things which interest only yourself; to contrad to your friends when they are speaking; to grumble about your home and relations to outsiders; to say smart things which may 'hurt some one's feelings; to be rude to those who serve you either in shop or at home; to refuse ungraciously when somebody wishes to do you a favor; to behave in omnibus or train as if mo one else had a right to be there; to speak disrespetifully to any one older than your self.

A small door

Irishmen stand bigh in the regard of Admired Sonley. He likes to tell stories of the indomitable, reckless pluck of the Irish. Thus, at a dimer that Colonel McClure, of Philadelphia, gave in his honor he said: delphia, gave in his honor he said: "An American merchantman once lay in a Dutch port, and a number of Dutch sailors came aboard to have a chat with our men.

By-and-bye a spirit of rivalry arose. The sailors tried to outdo one another in athletic tricks. The honors for a long while lay with the Americans, but finally a Dutch man climbed to the very top of the man mansat and there stood on his

"The Americans' spirits fell at once. It was plain that the Dutch had outdone them. They had looked at one another sheep shly. They were silent and ashamed.
Suddenly a young Irishman leaped to his foot

to his feet.

"Bogobs,' he said, I won't let the fat Dutch beat me.'
And the recekless fellow ran like a monkey up the mast and got ready to stand on his head. He put his head down and gave a push with his legs. The first push wasn't hard enough, and he dropped back. Up went his legs again. But the second push was and he fell over head. His back struck the heels over head. His back struck the heels over head. His back struck the mext, and so on, somersault after somersault, till eventually he landed on his feet on the deek.

"Do that!" he shouted, immediately, and he looked triumphantly at the Dutchmen.
"All the sailors crowded round him and praised his pluok and agility warmly, he said, 'say mothin' about it. Sure, it's an ould, ould thriok wid me. Sure, it's a thriok the little childer do in my country."—Cleveland Leader.

of half the poor of New Orleans, says the Youth's Comparion, sat at her desk writing when an elderly woman who had made many previous demands upon her was ushered in.

"Oh, Miss Sophie," she said, breathlessly, "I went to borrow a dollar, please, right away."

"What do you need the money for, "Well now you see I'm going to get married and I need it for the license,"

"But if the man you are to marry 'But if the man you are to marry cannot pay for the license, how is he going to support you?

"That's just what I want to explain to your, Miss Sophie. You see, to-morrow is Thankegiving, and we are coming to your free dimer. Then you ing to your free dimer. Then you always give us something to take home, and in the evening the King's Daughters are going to have a basket distribution, and we shall each get one. That will keep us a week, easily, and by that time we'll be on our feet."

LOVE STORY

Not many girds are born beautiful, put every gird living can make herful attractive. Unsightly teeth may be improved by the dentist's art. A swide, irregular mouth with thick lips may be cultured into such an expression of sweetness and refinement with the lips with the lips were the such as the really beautiful. An ingraceful walk and figure may be marriely made over by persevering in mirrely made over by persevering in mirrely made over by persevering in mirrely made in the figure of the marriely frequent appropriate the such as the frequent applications of a soft sorubbing brush, i. healthful skin lotion and hygienic beervances like taking plenty of reesh air and sunshine. Of mere physical beauty health is the foundation, and if you want to be lovely intracte first of all robust health, which will enable you to be always theerful and in high spirits. No good ooks can long exist with bad facilth.

A BABY ADMIRAL.

A London firm recently received from a gold miner in Alaska the following curious letter: "Gentlemen, enclosed you will find an envelope which you will tear up in small pieces and place in a glass of water; the soak for an hour or so, then stir and drain off slowly; add more water and drain, and you will find 30 grains of gold, for which you will send me a stylographic pen wrapped up in a late newspaper." These instructions were duly carried out, and the gold, were duly carried out, and the gold, which the ingenious miner was sent a stylographic pen and two newspapers.—Tit Bits, MONEY LETTER FROM FAR ALASKA.

To the child members of the Peer age is now added the little Marquis of Donegal, whose father died on. May 13th, at the age of eighty-three, His 13th, at the age of eighty-three, His 13th, at the age of eighty-three, His 13th, at the marriage of this beautiful and the marriage of this beautiful and the marriage of this beautiful Canadam grl in her early twenties, which took place in 1902, caused a nine days' womder. The birth of her little son, on October 7th last, prevented the octogenarian peer's title from going to his brother, lord Henry Fitzwarrine Chichester, for so many years his heir-apparent.

The distinction of being the youngest admiral in the kingdom belongs to the baby Marquis of Donegal, who is heredizary Lord High-Admiral of Lough Neagh, an obsolete office, dating from the time of Elizabeth.

A GREAT FEAT

OLD-TIME

FLOWERS

mother's graden are the fashion now, says the New York Sun. Polks who says the New York Sun. Polks who are staying in town, either f. om clooks, larkspur, phlox, thr.ft, marigolds and the 1.ke for decorations, and the gardens about the bg country places are filled with blossoms that bring back childhood's days. Howers have many things in their favor. First of all, they are cheap, for they are easily cultivated. Then they are thoroughly things, almost without exception, possess a pugent, telling odor that speaks of the earth.

"Another thing in their favor," as a flor stargued, "is their lasting quality. By adding fresh water and a flor stargued, "is their lasting don't decommer flowers will hold their ed summer flowers will hold their ed summer flowers will hold their the summer flowers will hold their them.

will wait," replied Mrs. she took a seat that gave st possible view of the open

of more, way, Americanas are at last leading and the learning political years of the special control bearing in What could be more hidser and there has been and there in a properly known house. If was a most provoking view, for learning by the could be more hidser and there in a house it gave Mrs. Papes sold a girthese of the solitide in the louse. It has not have been the same of the solitide in great the types. Then the distance we teach the maintip learly to the represente the beauty of the solitide in the louse. It will never the forget the expression on a high Japan and so it will never the forget the expression on a high Japan and so it will never the forget the expression on a high Japan and so it will never the forget the expression on a high Japan and so it will never the forget the expression on a high Japan and so it will never the forget the expression on a high Japan on the sounders of the same view and that he was entirely out of the single poon, a scale of animal or another by and down its spiral green he sees it was a most provoking the property that she had delighted because the forget had the same view. The old-time garden flowers, as a low of the trips to the property in the same view and then disappear as he stopped by polished yeeks the payly to this error the door as she sat and so I say they are a good fashire and the rage now do not lead them—"In have had my veaction," but every girl living can make her the two transdards with the same view and the two transdards and so I say they are a good fashire we had the properly to the error the door as the standard and so I say they are a good fashire with the properly to the error the door as the standard and so I say they are a good fashire with the properly to the error the door as the standard and now you must have yours. I have had my veaction, to be improved by the dentist's art. A properly to the error the door and the well believed to be a standard the way and they went took our vection to the force of the transpart to the force of the tr

ADDENING CHORUS PRODUCED BY FISH.

PLANET JUNIOR, SATURDAY AUGUST 13, 1904.

THE

A MISTAKE *******

The mext morn ng at a quarter past 10 o'clock Mrs. Arthur Tapes entered the off.ce of Mr. Arthur Tapes and approached a build-headed clerk.

"Is Mr. Tapes ing:
"Yee, ma'am. He is busy with his typist in the next room," he answered as he pointed with his left elbow to a partially open door. "Shall I call him?" Mr. Arthur Tapes was showing Mrs. Arthur Tapes the wonders of the stock exchange at the close of business on the day following the end of their wedding tour.

"Who are all those young lades I see in the street?" asked Mrs. Tapes.
"They arr typists from the hundreds of offices around here," answered the hundred. she asked. "I want me finger cottonized," said a drty-faced urchar in the receiving ward of Hahnemann Hospital.

"What's the matter w.th it?" asked the young doctor, scrutinizing a small, red spot on the otherwise griny tinger.

"It's b.t. I want it cottonized," said the boy.

"Cauter zed, eh?" said the doctor.

"Yes, that's it," said the young-

lave you a typist ?"
les," he answered.

"What bit it?" asked the doctor.
"A crab," said the boy.
"A crab," said the boy.
The doctor laughed. "I guess we won't have to cauterize that," he said. "I can assure you that there is no danger from the bite of a crab." The boy looked disappointed. Then, after a moment's silence, he was seized with a sudden inspiration. "Say, doc," he exclaimed, "suppose it was a deviled crab?" The suggestion was convincing, and the doctor good-naturedly applied the acid.—Philadelphia Record.

Short Stories

Something to interest the Boys and Girls.

WHEN MOTHER WENT AWAY

Oh, very many weeks ago,
There was a Treadful day;
The very worst I ever knew,
For mother went away.
And we all promised to be good,
And mind Aunt Jane as child
should. good, children

But baby chewed the Noah's ark
Which made him very ill;
And Kenneth opened father's ink—
And Ted fell down and bumped his
head hard, he went to

Then nobody at all was left
To play, but only me.
And so I thought I'd live awhile
Up in the apple tree.
But then I tore my sailor dress
In fourteen places, more or less.

And all of us just cried a peck
Of tears, or maybe more,
Until the silk of mother's skirts
Came swishing in the door,
I think she'll never go again—
At least she said she wouldn't—then.
—Carolyn S. Bailey, in Good Housekeeping.

A writer in the current issue of Public Opinion makes mention of Some curious musical features possessed by certain members of the finny tribe. It cites one instance where a traveller in Borneo while passing along the Pontinaic river heard a distinct collection of musical sounds. Sometimes high and at others low. The sounds came from the water, and varied from the reconance of an orivaried from the sounds were produced by fish. The pogoniss or tambours which inhabit the Atlantic coast water, are known to make similar sounds, which may be heard at a great distance. These fish sometimes congregate about a ressel and produce a maddening chorus. These conditions have also been noticed in several other instances by travellers.