Vol. III.

GOLDEN-ROD

TEMPLE OF 7

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THE FAIRIES

CHATHAM, ONT, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18 1905

THE CHALLENGER

HAD ADVA

NTAGE

As November days grow duller Golden-rod then changes color: Suits itself to time and season With a tact akin to reason, And flings a faded banner out.

The reptile is a relative of the shark, and for a name the scientists have dubbed it chlamydoselachus anguineus, which translated into plain English means a shark-like snake. It is not very long, covering a few inches over six feet, but the snake-like appearence is at once striking. The head is long and flat on top, and the neck is scarcely noticeable, enlarging slightly into what might be called the body. The body then tapers into a sharp, finny tail. The structure of the whole body is built on a plan to resist enormous water pressure, as Dr. Wilder points out. He says that it is a true sea serpent and that without the slightest doubt it has relatives of far greater dimensions.—Chicago Chronicle.

Rags is a four-year-old dog, unkempt and ill-looking, but a heroic
heart beats in his shaggy breast.
Rags has saved more than fory
lives. His field of service is the
Klondike, where he and his master
have wintered for several years. The
Philadelphia North American tells of
two of the dog's exploits.

In the winter of 1991 a number
of men belonging to the Pittsburg
mining company were prospecting in
Alaska. They lived in a little wooden hut, from which they went out
in pairs to explore. They were away
beyond any sign of civilization, and
the weather was so severe that they
endured a good deal of suffering.
One day two of the men, out on an
expedition, were caught in a sudden
and terrific storm. They started
back for camp, but the trail was
rapidly covered by the drifting snow.
On and on the men plodded, each
falling now and again, only to be
roused from the death-dealing sleep
and hustled on by his companion.
At last both sank, and the snow
of the mon-appearance of their comrades, started out to resone them
Rags went along, too. Straight as
an arrow he followed the trail, and
before long a sharp yell told the
party that their friends had been
found. The two men were completeby buried in the snow, and help had
before long a sharp yell told the
party of snow-bound miners. As
the leader of sixteen dogs which were
dragging a rescue team to relieve
a party of snow-bound miners. As
the team was plodding steadily slong,
Hags suddenly gave a cry, broke
a party of snow-bound miners. As
the team was plodding steadily slong,
Hags and prove to orawl out.

At another time he went out as
the leader of sixteen dogs which were
dragging a rescue team to relieve
a party of snow-bound miners. As
the team was plodding steadily slong,
Hags suddenly gave a cry, broke
a party and reached him, Rags had
dug away enough snow to allow an
enfounded miner to orawl out.

Rags has saved forty-six lives and
made several record-breaking rescue
trips. His bedge of honor is a gold
of the deds-Our Dumb Animgls

H AMOUS

And of what there is that's left us, When sands sinking have bereft us, Gether what we may of sweetness Till our days have reached completeness, And our hands shall fold o'er work well done.

Charlotte Le Baron.

So may age touch us with lightness,
Though youth's gold must turn to
whiteness,
If we early, with persistence,
Prize the good things of existence,
And turn our faces toward the
sun.

And gracefully grows old and older, Though the storms are overbearing, And the wintry chill unsparing, Without a sign of fear or doubt.

Then flaunts it as the winds grow colder.

A GOOD DOG

WHICH SAVES LIVES

Continued from Last Week.

The Baron looked up and beheld in the midst of the bright light the figure of the midst of the bright light the figure of the Pairy Benna. Her form was most exquisitely graceful, and her face though masked with strong expressions of anger was all of beauty: the robe she wore was of a dazzling whiteness, and seemed like the filmy web of a thousand spiders studded with spangles of morning dew: around her head was a wreath of roses and myrite, and in her right hand she held a delicate live yeard.

The Baron summoned courage to answer the fairy: "Most powerful will restore us to liberty and life." "Oh save us or we heasen foot our transgression and by your powerful will restore us to liberty and life." "Oh save us or we are lost," exclaimed the Baroness eaggerly, "op preserve our lives no sacrifice will be too great." "Fromise then," returned Fairy Bening, "o give us your came fair, "Name it, oh, name it," exclaimed Fairy Bening, "o give us your came and the waters subdided into their original channel, and millons of fire life," "of give us your came; be grateful for your promise."

The Baron sighed deeply and bowned the waters subdided into their original channel, and millons of fire fire your promise."

The Baron sighed deeply and bowned the way to the entrance of the way to the entrance of the cavern, here they sat down and restreed to a silence, and taking the same set of the romance of the romance of the romance of the same had therefore trusted that when the performance of the rain promise to the sairy and a silence, and the restored the way to the entrance of the fair of subdided here thing the would be able to appease the Fairy Benina by supplications and entreaties. Some time and they were both as beautiful assistance which the Knights of the kind assistance which the kind the performance of her promise to the sairy an She was convinced that for the present at 4-sast, all search would be fruitless.

Words cannot tell the sorrow that both the Baron and Baropess felt, though both bore their grief quietly, as each felt they would increase the other's pain if they should give vant to their feelings.

Before many weeks had passed they had fresh cause for anxiety and sorrow. Beron de Granville was suddenly subted from home to attend and assist the King in quelling those disturbances by which the reign of William the Conqueror was off the troubled. The soft honor in those days, were looked upon as more binding than any other, and the Baron troubled. The Baroness became more and more low spirited. She sunned society and spent a great part of her time wandering through the wild seenery that surrounded the castle, frequently tempted to try and sarch again for the fairy grotto, but abe was withhold by the fear that should she find it she might bring some penalty upon he ofildren. In this state of uncertainty nearly five years passed away, during which the Baron the was almost always on the battle seenery that surrounded the castle, frequently tempted to try and sarch again for the Baroness was on the battle field. The Baroness was on the battle select of the search and she might bring some penalty upon he ofildren. In this state of uncertainty nearly five years posted his beturn and spent many hours on the battlements of the sound of a harp being beautifully played, and leaning over the parapoted of the sound of a harp being beautifully played, and leaning over the parapoted her to lose her sad experience to lavite the Baroness was. The minater he bean given some refreshments he was brought to the room, "free should be a group of the servants, be sand a beautifully played, and the mind of the astee orders to lavite the Baroness was from the battlength of the many two lovely; which the Baroness was free person, if it is not try the base of any princes who tried to not of a private nature, suffer me to know the part of the promast her, sh

Seek not thy infants; time, matured, will shew
The fate which now thou art deny'd to know,
But only this; a fairy power benign
Protects them with a care not less than thine Willie Auvache's letter was much enjoyed last week. Will some of the other Juniors write for us?
School Section No. 2 1-2 Harwich and Raleigh are preparing to hold a school fair. Which school will be next?

a smooth tongue.

BOYS

A woman fell off the dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of the orowd of men dared to jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until strong-set arms got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reekles, for he might have been drown-ed. The boy was Garibaldi, and if you will read his life you will find these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him. Boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineer gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian. An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me some day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much the book out into the river. He was Fiehte, the great German phifosoph-era

AUTHENTIC FACTS

When the year is growing sober,
When September nears October,
Till the summer sunshine lingers,
Theasured up by unseen fingers
In cheerful sprays of golden-red.

When October leaves September, Pressing onward toward November, When the chilling blasts grow stronger,

s a little longer sprays of golden-rod.

ABOUT SEA SERPENTS

Along the seaside many jokes are cracked about sea serpents. On the whole, most people think that the serpents exist only in the imagination of people just for their entertainment. It is a surprise to them when you tell them that soientificmen with a knowledge of the subject say that the sea serpent is not a myth, but a living truth. Dr. Burt G. Wilder, a former worker with the famous Agassiz, and now the well known zoologist at Cornell university, says that not only do sea serpents inhabit the ocean, but that the Cornell museum exhibits one of the only two that have ever been captured. The other one is valued at something like \$1,500. Both of them were captured in the deep waters of the Indian ocean. Dr. Wilder exhibited Cornell's specimen last spring at a meeting of zoologists at Philadelphia.

The "Woman's Home Companion" for October is now on sale. Fesides the usual pages of foction, there are sever. I which are given up to amuse, ments for whiter evenings. There are good artiles on fancy work that will be articularly acceptable to Indies at this season. These are only a few of the good things which it contains. The tree is only 10 cents. The tree is only 10 cents.

It was in the commercial rethe conversation had turne topic of the powers of each shown by men of the past a car. During a lull in the car young commercial said:
"Any man, if he has the wice an endure pain or fatigue;"

room, and ned on the endurance and pres-conversa-

vill power,

can."

Silence for a moment, and an "old man of the road" replied:

"I'll bet you a dinner you can't hold your foot—boots on—in a bucket of hot water as long as I can!"

The bet was taken, and two buckets of hot water were brought in, and a kettle of pwoiling water to raise the temperature to the point of endurance. In went a foot of each better. The young one's face began to pale but the other called for more boiling water.

"What the deuce is your leg made of, sir" yelled the former, suddenly taking his foot from the bucket.

"Cork, sir—cork!" was the cool answer, and the other gentleman felt that he had indeed lost.

MAKES A MAN VERY NERVOUS

woman rigged up in a yie nowadays, said a man

Well, because she has such a halfput-together, msecurely fastened
look in these openwork things she
wears, hooked together with gaping
little buttons and flimsy loops. You
can't make out for sure whether she
has forgotten something or whether
she is coming apart, and it makes
you feel embarrassed to sit around
in the vicinity. Now, see that woman shead.

The woman in question was very beautiful and very exquisitely gownhed in open-work linen, the bodice of which was embroidered and battonholed and drawn snogly together in the brok with little loops and but tons that wouldn't stay looped, so that between the open work and the prefractory partons that wouldn't stay boped, so that between the open work and the prefractory partons the open work and the stay but quite unappreciated, in all likelihood, so he refrained.

More courageous was a man on a train the other day, who sat for a long time, thinking hard, after a casual glance at the pretty young woman in the seat ahead. Finally he removed his hat, bent forward and said something that caused her to blush to the roots of her hair. Then he sait back and gazed steadfastly and presistently out of the window, while the scartlet young woman also sat still staring straight ahead. Presently, however, her hands stole up and around to the beack of her frock, which was unhooked from the neck down as far as the eye could see, and of which fact the gentleman had apprised her. But she was so nervous and wrought up over the situation that she douldn't get the hooks together somehow, and after repeated efforts she gave it up and she answered, without turning straight ahead.

Then the gentleman—for he was a gentleman—took off his hat, bent forward and spice to her again, and she answered, without turning around, and in a second he was deftly hooking her frock, with an ease which proclaimed him the spouse of a man and a gentleman with an ease which proclaimed him the spouse of a man and a gentleman stopped, when he rose and left the ear by the front. So neither of them even saw the other'y face, though neither would be likely to happen right along with those button-up-the-back bodices. As one some forwards fill into the hands of a man and a gentleman like the ona good idea to have the blouse swed tight down the back by some earful handy before venturing forth into the pub-

Mildred was a good little girl when everything pleased her, but she often sulked and pouted when the teacher did not let her do as she wished.

So this beautiful cheerful day had no charms for Mildred pouted and no charms for Mildred pouted and no charms for Mildred pouted and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed sulked and would not answer when her teacher would not answer when her teacher would not answer when her teacher spoke to her. She went to he window and looked out.

The bright day cheered her a little. She looked across the fields towards the creek and there she saw severall of her playmates disporting them she were skating and sliding. Mildred flought that her teacher was yearly unjust to keep her in at recess just because she had been talking a little in the morning. She watched the large and were skating and sliding. Mildred flought that her teacher was yearly unjust to keep her in at recess on taking a little in the morning. She watched the large of a smooth sheet of the sheap yones on taking a little in the morning. She watched till she saw ber teacher go in the woodshed after a skick of wood. Woiselessly she glided out, snatching her coat and cap on the way, then darting into the clear on the rest in the others goal" and "tag," darting to and fro like so many Mayfiles over the playmates.

She soon arrived at the ice, and her little frieads were glad to see her join them. Her skates were soon fastened and strapped on, and she went long until they discovered a strip of "India rubber ice" as they called it. The ice would give or bend down when any one skated over it. All took turns in skating over it had gone only about half way across the strip the ice gave way, and with a splach and one loud shriek, Mildred young would risk it. One after the others Mildred was not to be outdone. She said that the surface of the dark iey water of the oreak was not to be outdone. She said that she would are went of the oreak was not the bottom. She had open she went in the playmates.

Down, down she went struggling from th

The morning of the 20th of December, 1902, broke beautiful, clear and bright. The golden rays of the rising sun shope on the pure white frosty snow so that it resembled a sea of tiny glittering sparkling stars. The trees and shraubery were dressed in roces of the clearest white and were adorned with the most appropriate apparel for this the grandest day of all the year.

On the outskirts of a neighboring wood stood an old log school house from a single chimney in the middle of its snow-covered roof wreaths of blue smoke curled their way up above the tree tops. Along the edges of the roof hung a grand array of monster spear like icicles glittering purple, red and golden in the yellow rays of the smilling sun. This was the school that Mildred was a good little cital when

CANAUA-

OUR

COUNTRY

This is the subject for the new PLANET JUNIOR ESSAY Compettion which closes December 15th All of the Juniors in the County. Students in any rubic or Separate School, are invited to take part in this competition, and send their essays to us.

Andress all essays to "Hditor PLANET JUNIOR," enclosing the name of the writer and his or her address.

A suitable prize will be presented to the Junior who writes the best essay. He says should reach this office early. "100 IT NOW!"

chariot, girl, and I will take you to a place where there are thousands of other disobedient girls just like yourself." "O, no!" she cried, "but you must," said he. "O, teacher, forgive me, and I shall never disobey you again," cried Mildred. She had hardly said these words when she opened her eyes, and saw her own teacher feaning over her. Mildred was lying in her own school house. She had been rescued from the water, and carried to the school house. She had been saved. She soon became well, and was ever after careful to obey her teacher.

LITTLE BOY'S POCKET.

Do you know what's in my pottet?
Such a lot of treasures in it!
Listen now while I bedin it:
Such a lot of sings it holds,
And all there is you sall be told:
Every sin that's in my pottet,
And when, and where, and how I dot

First of all, here's in my pottet
A beauty shell—I picked it up;
And here's the handle of a tup
That somebody has broke at tea;
The shell's a hole in it, you see;
Nobody knows dat I have dot it,
I keep it safe here in my pottet.
And here's my benlies, one, two, fred
That Aunt Mary gave to me;
That Aunt Mary gave to me;
Tho-merrow day I'll buy a spade,
When I'm oat walking with they
maid;
I can't put dat here in my pottet,
But I can use it when I've dot it.

An' how's yer wife, Pat?
Sure, she do be awful sick.
Is it dangerous she is?
No, she is too weak to be day
ous any more! read between the danger-

Here's some more sins in my pottet there's my lead, and here's my string, And once I had an iron ring, But through a hole it lest one day. And this is what I always say.—A hole's the worst sin in a pottet, Have it mended when you've dot it.

PLANET JUNIOR, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER

THE

THE STOLEN SKATE

Visions of a Disconsisted School Girl Disobedient

Little

Strange

en by Evelyn Awarded a P n McNaughton, S. S. No. 9, Harwich, Prize by the Minister of Education The Planet Junior Essay

and

long flowing hair, and a crown, bedecked with glittering jewels upon her head. She came nearer and stopped. Midred cried out "Save me, O save me!" I would like to help you," said the vision, "but I can fake none but good little girls who obey their teachers, and with a sad sad look the spirit urged her horses onward, and soon all had disappeared. She continued to call for help, and at Tast she saw a black chariot drawn by two horrid fiery dragons. In the chariot stood a black creature, which somewhat resembled aman, but he had horns on his head, and he breathed fire from his nostrils; altogether he was indescribably horrible. Midred shuddered when she saw him, and ceased crying for help. He drew near, however, and said, "Come, get in the

ENGLAND JUSTICE

Ebenezer Snell, the grandfather of the poet William Cullen Bryant, is described as a good type of the New England farmer, in whose nature puritanism, with its stern rigors of conduct and conscience, was overlaid with many of the amenities of Yankee humor. Bryant preserved severy at anecdotes of his grandfather, one of which, quoted by Mr. W. A. Bradley in his biography of the poet, may serve to indicate the way in which he exercised his humor, and also to show the parriarchal conception of justice that was held in a remove New England community at the end of the eighteenth century.

My grandfather, said Eryant, once found that certain pieces of lumber, intended by him for the runners of a sted, and called in that part of the country sled-crooks, had been taken without leave by a farmer who lived at no great distance. These timpers were valuable, being made fromy a tree the grain of which was curved so as to correspond with the curved so as the configuration of the wished to escape a prosecution homest carry a bushed of rye to each of three poor widows living in the brought it.

He was only too glad to comply with this condition.

TO MILLIONAIRE

18, 1905.

DAMAGING MAGING EVIDENCE
AGAINST THE JUDGE

To one his honor that you rikerchief a you?" A story is told of a police magis-trate in Cincinnati who, having an extraordinary amount of business one morning, was disposing of his cases at the rate of some two or three a minute, with great exactness and dig-nity, being, as is usual in police courts, judge, jury and lawyer all in one.

rather refractory witness read, "I am to understand readily recognize this hand-as the one stolen from

"Yes, your honor."

"How do you know it is yours?"
peremptorily demanded his honor.

"I recognized it at once because of its peculiar design."

"You must be aware, sir," declared the magistrate or entarly, as he drew a similar handkerchief from his own pocket, "that there are others like it."

"True enough," was the unexpected reply. "I had two stolen!"-New York Sun.

HE WAS A NEW

FROM OFFICE BOY

George Walbridge Perkins, "Morgan's outside man" in the nomenoiature of Wall street, the star witness in the New York State insurance investigation to-day, was an office boy at a salary of \$25 a month 28 years ago. To-day the income of the office boy, who became one of the greatest financiers of America, derived through his partnership in the Iirm of J. P. Morgan & Co, and from his salary as first vice-president of the New York Life, is from \$200,000 to \$1,000,000 a year. Mr. Perkins, who is now 39 years old, came out of the West about 13 years ago, bringing with him the indomitable energy and business training of his birth place—Chicago. He at the age of 15 left the Public schools to go to work, not because he wanted to work. It was he who went to Germany when that country had practically shut out the New York Life insurance companies and succeeded where all others had failed in having his company reinstated. He then was only 35 years old. In the same year he negotiated the Russian loan of \$10,000,000, and later the \$20,000,000 German loan. Mr. Perkins is a lover of fast horses, but is not a olub man. His tastes are domestic, and he spends most of his time out of office hours with his family in his beautiful Riverside home.