A Journal for the Little Folks

The Planet Junior

Supplement to The Saturday Planet

A Page for the Boys and Girls

VOL. IV — CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY DECEMBER 15, 1906 — No. 28

THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1906.

CORRECTION.

We were in error last week in saying that Miss Rankin's composition was the Valedictory. It was an original composition which she read at the commencement exercises in the Central School, but was the Class Prophecy. The Valedictory was written and read by Ross Taylor, the clever gold medallist this year, who is a son of Mr. Wilson Taylor, Mathematical Master of the Chatham Collegiate Institute.

We have much pleasure in publishing the Valedictory this week.

THE ESSAY COMPETITION.

In the Prize Essay Competition numbers 3, 4, 10 and 12 have the greatest number of votes, and they have an equal number. We will publish the names of the successful competitors on Dec. 29th. In the meantime we will be glad to hear from some more children, for should three or four have an equal number of votes we will have to call on some adult to decide which two should have the prizes, and we want the children to do this.

A TRUE STORY.

Dear Juniors:—

We are going to tell you something that really happened in Chatham.

Three years ago a little boy of five, was asked what Santa Claus had brought him. He hesitated for a moment, then his lip quivered and he burst into tears, and, amid his sobs, he said:

"I hung up my stocking, but Santa Claus fordot to tum."

Now, just think how that poor little boy felt when he went to that empty stocking on Christmas morning!

His mother was dead, his father was an invalid and had been compelled to go south for his health, and the little fellow had been left with his grandmother, who was old, very poor and in bad health.

It is a sad little story, and the reason we tell it to you is, to ask the Juniors if they will all try and do something for some child who is not as well off as themselves. If the little boy whom we told you about had found a few candies and nuts, and an orange, or a rosy apple, in his stocking, he would have been as much pleased as you would have been had the contents of yours cost many dollars.

Just look through your toys and see if there isn't something you can spare; if it is broken, mend it; it will give as much pleasure to another child as it did to you when it was new.

You learn to make such pretty things at school. Can you think of any little invalid that any of those things would please?

Were any of you so ill on Christmas that you had to stay in bed all day? It is pretty hard to hear the other children running about, and listen to all the exclamations of surprise and delight, and just have to stay like a prisoner in bed. Of course they come in and show you everything—if you are not too ill—but it is very different to being up to see all the pretty ribbon-tied parcels undone. But perhaps a parcel is brought in for you, and when you open it you find something that one of your school friends has sent, and it makes you feel happy to know that that friend could spare a little time to think of you when you were shut up.

If each Junior will remember one poor or sick child there will not be one home where Santa Claus will forget to come.

NUTS TO CRACK

1.

We were at grandma's for our Thanksgiving dinner, and now you must guess what we had.

MENU.

Relish.

What Pistol claimed as his world, in native state.
One woman's punishment, very thin.

Soup.

Fraudulent reptile.
Noisy things.

Fish.

Milk's elevation, seen on expressage.
A seaside product and found in "Macbeth."

Piece de Resistance.

Heard during the Armenian persecutions, with a twice-told tale and expanding.
Adam's wife with her tempter's talk.
Beaten and a kind of terminals not found on man.
To appropriate.
In the alphabet.
What the American yacht does.
Marmion's cry pluralized.
Thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, to pucker and a wager.
Ancient salutes to royalty.
Predicament.
What fanciers have done, a funny term for a goat.

Game.

To shrink.
A suggestion to act together, youthful days.

Dessert.

What water is, the printer's bane.
One-half of a sneeze and doing nothing.
The lawyer's joy, a soft berth, with not easy to take good-naturedly.
A native of Europe, what do you do when hurt?
Her finishing touches.
Love's demonstration.
A kind of shot and a letter.
Found in history.
Necessary to wheels.
What Yankee farmers used to have.
A complaint and remuneration.

2. Added Letter Puzzle.

Add a letter and change—
Closed into a loud cry.
Evil conduct into a sound.
A tree into to think.
A mold into the shore.
A measure into the sharp end.
A recluse into a part of speech.
To enfold into to unclose.
To cut off into a noose.
A machine into to feel disgust.
A measure into a greater one.
An animal into a garment.
A globule into to pine away.
Look into a game.
A narrow piece of wood into reluctant.
To rove about into a pointed stick.
True into an encounter.
A small quadruped into a small vessel.
Watery vapor into wettish.
A poet into a table.
Short into woo.
Stock into to establish.
Firm into to store.
A Turkish ruler into to mind.
The closed hand into to pass off as genuine.
A malediction into a track.
A small nail into wide.
A stove into a fruit.
Track of a wheel into a rabble.
Level into to swim.
Soft hair into a number.
The end into a turn.
A trough into a head covering.
To place into to look sullen.
A portion into an address.
A list into a fowl.
An errand into a failure to do.
To decay into a cause.
To drive down into to wander.
Hurried into a kind of horse.
Part of the face into a knot.
Not into a time of day.
To think closely into a small animal.
A sudden push into to stroll.
Chance into to plunder.
A measure into to delay.
A pool into part of the body.
A stratagem into to awake.
To jump into a ring.
A boy into a burden.
An obstacle into an animal.

3. Decapitations.

Start, if you please, with a sphere,
Behead, there's a part of the ear
The ear by the loss of a letter
A fetish will be—nothing better.
A vowel drop and have to live.
Drop again, and a vowel give.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST JUNIOR.

1—
Middle, muddle, meddle.
Sally, sully, silly.
Fallow, fellow, follow.
Bill, ball, bull, bell, boll.

2—
Rifle, gopher, thistle, Finland, Gotham. The landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

3—
Harms, hams.
Deans, dens.
Freed, Fred.
Holly, holy.
Haste, hate.
Lived, lied.
Fists, fits.
Unfit, unit.
Halts, hats.
Aches, aces.

4—
C-ave-at.
R-oar-ing.
S-heet.
Pr-act-ice.
P-rim-ate.
B-road-en.
Lo-Como-tion.
T-reason-able.
S-cream-ing.
Fl-aunt-ing.

5—
1. Arrogant.
2. Mendicant.
3. Lubricant.
4. Refrigerant.
5. Tolerant.
6. Complaisant.
7. Defendant.
8. Fabricant.
9. Applicant.
10. Commandant.
11. Restaurant.
12. Descendant.
13. Contestant.
14. Disputant.
15. Occupant.
16. Inhabitant.
17. Militant.
18. Lieutenant.
19. Attendant.
20. Pliant.
21. Complainant.
22. Protestant.
23. Couchant.
24. Vibrant.
25. Resonant.

A SMART GOWN.

Did you see the dress that Miss Locut is wearing?
Yes.
I call that a smart gown.
So do I. If it wasn't it would be apt to drop off entirely.

DO YOUR EARS RING?

When they buzz and seem slightly deaf, beware of catarrhal inflammation. This grows steadily worse, but can be cured by Catarrhozone. J. A. Hammill, of Greenmount, P. E. I., proved the merit of Catarrhozone and writes: "No one could have worse Catarrh than I had for years. It caused partial deafness, bad taste, upset my stomach, made me sick all over. Catarrhozone cleared my nostrils, stopped the cough and gave me a clear feeling in my breathing organs. I am absolutely cured." Doctors say nothing is better than Catarrhozone. Try it and you'll say so, too. Two sizes, 25c. and $1.00 at all dealers.

Many a man feels like consigning the automobile to the place that is paved with good intentions.

Junior Personals

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

We are getting a lot of money for the sick children, and the girls are ahead of the boys.

Louisa McLachlan is back at school. She was sick last week with tonsilitis.

Marjory Kingsmill is back to school, after being away last week.

Christmas holidays will soon be here. Then we will have some fun.

Lottie Bunning broke her arm last Saturday.

We have some money for the Sick Children's Hospital.

We have some nice drawings in the hall from the St. Thomas schools.

Miss Reycraft bought a Chinese lily and it is out in bloom.

Room 15 has a Chinese lily and it is out in bloom.

McKEOUGH SCHOOL.

The boys and girls are enjoying the pond over back of Mr. Smith's field. It is a fine one and lovely skating is going on all the time. I hope you will be over to have a skate with us.

Willie Jorrey is going to Dresden on Saturday, Dec. 15th.

We are studying Nova Scotia in Room 7.

There is fine skating on Brunkel's pond.

Ivan Pritchard's birthday comes on Dec. 15th.

In Room 8 we are taking up complex sentences.

Room 8 is trying to raise a dollar to go towards the Sick Children's Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Blonde and family have removed to their new residence on Head St.

Margaret Cameron had a birthday party on Saturday.

We are going to make some things for Christmas in Room 8. We may have our choice of a match scratcher or a candy box.

Dora Graham, of Selkirk St., gave a party on Tuesday night. All who were present had a very pleasant time.

Mrs. Barnhart has returned to her home in Wheatley.

Miss Eula Burgess, of Wallaceburg, spent Tuesday night with Dora Graham.

Mr. D. W. Crow, who was 76 years old, had a dinner last Saturday for his relatives.

Mr. Ross gave a great lecture in the William St. Baptist Church last Tuesday evening.

My cat caught three mice the other night.—Grace Hall.

In Room 6 we are going to write a composition on Longfellow.

The boys and girls of Room 6 have made their last drawing before Christmas. Their drawing books are to be marked the last of this week.

McKeough School is collecting money for the Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto.

Miss Maud Shaw is staying at Mr. Harwood's. She will be there until after Christmas.

The pupils of Room 6 are painting the map of North America, and are also studying it.

Head Street is now changed to Grand Avenue.

Misses Mary and Mildred Western, recently of Harwich Township, are working now in the city and are staying on Queen St.

Eleanor Baxter and Tom Stone celebrated their fourth and fifth birthdays on Tuesday, Dec. 11th, by giving a party.

Jean Duncan stands first for November in the Entrance Class.

Gertrude Earks is on the sick list this week.

We had a spelling match on Dec. 12th.

Ada Dagnieu's birthday was on Friday, Dec. 7th. She was ten years old.

Miss Verna Blonde is confined to her home, Cornhill street, with the measles.

VALEDICTORY

BY ROSS TAYLOR

Dear Friends and Teachers:

Since I have been studying Latin, I have found out that valedico means "to say farewell." So a valedictory address must be a farewell address. Therefore, I must say farewell to the Central School, to my old teachers, and to my old studies.

What fond recollections this old school brings back to us. Here we learned that two and two make four, o-x spells ox, and that the flat world was round and oh, so big. Here we learned to read, so that we can enter the doors to all knowledge. Here we learned to write, so that we can send our thoughts to friends who are far away. Here we learned to do sums, so that we can make the right change on the market. Time would fail me, my dear friends, to tell all we have learned here, for the amount of knowledge we acquired here could not be equalled in any other like period in our lives.

But, of course, although we did study hard here, we had much fun. How straight we sat in our seats; how intent was every eye on the page; how busy was every brain, while the teacher was watching. Not the least sound escaped from the lips that wanted, oh so bad, to whisper to the boy in the next seat that he sold a rabbit to Billy Brown for a jack-knife and 48 marbles; not the least twitch from eyes that wanted, oh so hard, to wink at the boy in the farthest corner of the room; not the slightest motion from hands which wanted, oh so hard, to wallop the boy in front over the back with a book-bag, or to shoot a paper sailor right in the face of the boy who would not for the world do anything wrong; not a guilty face which felt so sorry that his pocket was not large enough to hold the solitary marble that rolled down the smooth and slippery floor right to the feet of the teacher.

When the teacher was called out of the room every bag thwacked against the back of every boy; innumerable paper sailors shot through the dusty air in graceful curves, and twenty rabbits, ten knives and whole pockets full of marbles changed their owners. In some mysterious way word is telegraphed, "Pack comes the teacher!" Instantly the book-bags return to their places, the sailors are captured, bargains are ended, and every eye is intent on the book as before, while the teacher wonders "what makes the room so dusty."

But there was one question which caused us much trouble nearly every day. The teachers did not ask the question, but we had to answer it, nevertheless, and sometimes we had to answer it very quickly. This was the question, "How can I get the teacher to think I know my lesson when I do not."

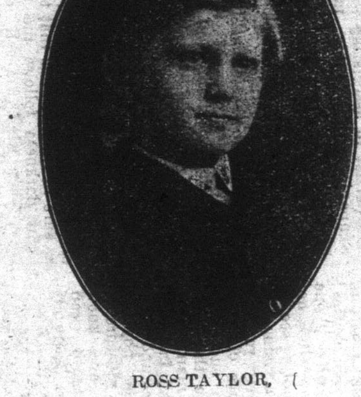
I think the teachers do not sympathize with us enough when we have to answer this question. They usually ask us some other question and do not realize we have two questions to answer at once. Some who cannot answer these two questions at once are treated in a very cruel way. Some others escape this cruel treatment by looking slyly in a book or getting some one to tell them the answer, which the teacher does not hear. As I said before, the teachers do not sympathize with us in these cases. So the best plan is to learn the lesson at the right time, so that the two questions will not be a trouble to us. For if even one escape the punishment by unfair means, he is still in danger of being found out.

Our school days in the Central are passed and gone, and we have to take our places with those who are studying for higher things. Our lessons here have all been learned, our games have all been played, our examination is over, and we have entered on a new and unknown way. Still we look back to our old teachers with kind feelings and thankful hearts for all they have done for us. If we were punished we always felt we deserved it. If we were praised, we know that others deserved it more than we. We do not know how many anxious thoughts our actions have caused our old teachers, and we ask them now to forgive us for our thoughtlessness.

To those who remain behind and who are following the way we have gone, we sincerely wish they may have more fun than we had, will work harder than we did, and will be more obedient than we were, and I am sure there will not be many times when they will have to answer two questions at once.

And now, in conclusion, we wish the Central School greater success than it has had in the past, that the boys and girls will be proud of their teachers, and their teachers proud of the pupils.

They tell us we will have to work harder as we grow older, but if that is so we will always remember that we first learned to work in the Old Central School, and wish "Long may it live to teach boys and girls to work!"



ROSS TAYLOR,

Who Wrote and Read the Valedictory Address at the Central School.

FOR JUNIORS

MOLLY'S PHILOSOPHY.

"I'm glad that things are fixed just right,"
Said Molly in her play.
"Before of one thing I am tired
Another's on the way.
First New-year's day leads all the rest,
Then Valentine's for fun,

"Next, skating, sliding on the snow,
And then the winter's done.
It's just the dearest thing to watch
The growing things in spring,
With maple-sugar first, then flowers,
And every pretty thing.

"I dearly love the summer-time,
To play the whole day through,
And never have to stop and warm,
Put on my rubbers, too.
I'm sure I'm every bit as glad
When school-time's really here

"As I was on the day it closed,
I love the whole long year.
For always there are happy times
All coming right away.
Thanksgiving, Easter and the First,
Or dear old Christmas day."
—L. E. Chittenden.

THE WAY SHE TOOK IT.

Mr. Bacon—I see by this paper that ice one and one-half inches thick will support a man.

Mrs. Bacon—I always said there was an enormous profit in ice.

LOSS OF APPETITE AND ENERGY.

Singly they are a worry—combined they become a burden, telling that waste has been immensely greater than the body's power to rebuild. The first need is to reconstruct the blood, make good the deficiency of red cells. Ferrozone improves digestion, makes blood, the kind that nourishes and rebuilds. Quickly the nervous system responds to the new power supplied by Nerviline. Strength returns, ambition revives, energy and endurance give the system just what it needs to maintain the balance of health. No tonic better than Ferrozone, 50c. per box at all dealers.

Patience may assist a man to overcome trouble, but it must be backed by something like energy to be effective.

DRESDEN JUNIORS

There is going to be a tea-meeting in the Baptist Church. After eight there is going to be a concert.

Mr. Brandon's room are going to have a concert at Christmas. They are going to have their mothers at it. They have some pretty drawings on the boards. On one board they have a Santa Claus; on another board they have Santa Claus and his six reindeer and sled; and on other boards they have holly and other things. The room looks very pretty.

The Senior Second scholars are going to have their examination on the 19th, 20th and 21st of December. We are going to try for the third book. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. — Your friend, Hugh Pollock.

Monday morning when we got up there was a lot of ice on the sidewalk.

The sidewalks have got a lot of ice on them, and by the Clifford House Mr. Jackson, the janitor, fell down and broke his arm.

I am going to spend my Christmas at my grandmother's. I will have lots of fun.

Dear Editor—I hope Santa Claus comes to you and gives you a lot of things for letting us put a slip in your paper every week. — Your friend, Carl Brewett.

There is skating on some of the sugar beet fields. A number of boys enjoyed it on Saturday.

We are not to have examinations until Easter in the lowest form.

Miss Cuthbert is inviting her Sunday school to tea on Saturday evening.

The farmers have started to draw beets now, as the roads are better.

Myrtle Brown spent Saturday with Beatrice Burns.

Mr. and Mrs. Barr spent Sunday with Mrs. Chas. Shaw.

The teacher is putting holly around the room. She has some brownies and a Christmas tree on the board. She is going to draw toys on it.

To the Editor of The Planet Junior:

Dear Editor,—The following girls and boys of the Second Book thank you for your kindness during the year, and wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year:

GIRLS.

Theresa Wicks.
Gertrude Heyland.
Anna Ribble.
Velma Webster.
Jeanie Slater.
Verna Kerby.
Lillie MacDonald.
Beatrice Burns.
Louisa Corner.
Jessie Stinson.
Annie Greene.
Bella Traxler.
Verna Traxler.
Irene Gibson.
Grace Rykman.
Hazel Vandyke.
Pearl Hart.
Lettie Kenny.
Marie Kenny.
Kazel Hicks.
Dorothy Wells.
Sylvia Johnston.
Beulah Harris.
Evelyn Fox.
Cora Badgely.

BOYS.

Charlie Cuthbert.
Barry Ashwell.
Leland Burns.
Hugh Pollock.
Ernest Eberlee.
Harold Forshee.
Ian Laird.
Wando Kimmerly.
Douglas McWha.
Carl Brewett.
Walter Jackson.
Garth Tassie.
Basil Hubbard.
Charlie Stott.
Howard Brubacker.
Vern Hart.
George Cragg.
Roy Hart.
Morley McKay.
Irwin Baker.
Charlie Boyle.
Hugh Winter.
Lee Drennan.
Wilfred Thornton.
Irvine Hooper.
Laurie Wells.
James McVean.
Clarence Talbot.
Herman Talbot.
Clifford Benjamin.
George Eberlee.

THE LABRADOR MAIL-CARRIER

The mail-carrier of the Labrador coast is a man of endurance, who does not fear the worst of weather. There is no road at all. There are no bridges and no ferries. In some parts of the country the houses are as much as twenty miles apart. There are mountains to climb and rivers to cross, bogs to pass, impenetrable barren uplands and large lakes. In "Off the Rocks" Doctor Grenfell tells of one mail-carrier whose route is about one hundred miles long, and who receives as compensation ten dollars a trip.

We were pitying ourselves one night as we turned into our comfortable sleeping-bags on the floor of our host's tilt—pitying ourselves because it had been a heavy day on our dogs, and it was nearly ten o'clock before we reached shelter. When I woke in the morning, as the gray dawn was stealing in through the little window, I thought I heard a movement by the stove. There seemed something almost uncanny about lot until I made out what it was, and could distinguish a tiny, erect figure sitting bolt upright where none had been overnight.

It proved to be Peter Wright. He had arrived about two in the morning, noiselessly stationed himself by the stove, and gone straight off to sleep on the settle, without a word to any one, as satisfied as if he were in a feather bed.

Now this place was where three carriers meet. The one from the westward was late, and Pete did not get his mails handed over until nine in the evening. He had thirty miles to his next station, and the temperature was twenty below zero. At tea he rose to go.

"What, Pete, never going to leave at this time of the night, are you?"

"Why, sure," he replied. "With a moon like this 'tis better in the woods than when skeeters are about. So long, doctor!" and with he went out absolutely alone.

Pete is always ready to oblige, and never happier than when the space by his official bundle, permits him on his back, ordinarily monopolized to carry a ten-pound tub of butterine or a couple of jars of molasses, just to oblige. It isn't for the money alone that Pete works.

It is lucky he does not have to pay hotel bills on his journeys from place to place. There would be little left of the salary beyond enough for "skin boots" if he were charged for meals. But there are no hotel bills on the coast, and we are incapable of an idea so original as to ask Pete to pay for anything.

DOVER CENTRE.

The following is the report of S. S. No. 11, Dover, during the month of November; names in order of merit:

Class V.—M. Jackson, G. Jackson. Absent—H. Brown.

Class IV.—J. Martin, I. Jackson, F. Asher, O. Dunlop, B. Lucas. Absent—B. McKnight.

Class III.—J. Porter, W. Stokes, I. Heath.

Class II. Sr.—E. Tiffin, R. Stevens, E. Jackson, B. Fewster, O. Brown, B. Asher, E. Stevens, P. Mills, C. Martin, G. Heath, C. Jackson.

Class II. Jr.—E. Stokes, G. Stokes, A. Fox, J. Jackson, W. Piggott, I. Heath.

Class II. Pt.—M. Neilly, A. Martin, A. Winter, E. Brown, L. Stevens. Absent—H. Coron.

Class I. Sr.—E. Montgomery, S. Stevens, B. Kennedy.

Class I. Jr.—A. Martin, E. Highgate, C. Heath, B. Montgomery, F. Dunlop, H. Jackson. Absent—B. and A. Jackson.

Average attendance—37.

Dora McKerrall,
Teacher.

YOUTH'S VITALITY SAPPED AWAY.

Your child looks poorly, is tired and fretful. You would like this boy, or girl to be more robust, more energetic and vivacious. The "something" that is wrong is simply this. Stomach and bowels need attention. Constipation and indigestion must be relieved, new life and vigor are required in the blood, slight assistance is needed for the kidneys and liver. Nothing is so effective as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They put new life into young folks as well as the old ones. Every child should use this medicine regularly because its benefits are not to be had in any other way. 25c. at all dealers.