Boys and Girls

BURNS AND

a Page for

The British navy cannot boast of a spectre warship, but in Gaspe Bay, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a phantom ship appears at times, supposed to be a troop ship, one of a fleet sent out by Queen Anne. She appears to be lift up, and on her bowsprit stands a scarlet-coated officer pointing to the shore, with soldiers. Suddenly the lights go out, a mournful the great ship sinks.

There are at least two stories of ghosts appearing on warships that have almost attained to the dignity of being regarded as naval history. Both are declared to be absolutely true. One tells of a ghost that took up its abode in a French prize, the Mcdee, captured in 174 by the Dreadnaught, which stuck to the ship until she was wrecked near St. Ives, on the coast of Cornwall. It made its first appearance among the prisoners in the hold when the Medee was on pits way to Engtand in sharge of an English prize crew. The Fronchmen were greatly excited, and declared it was the ghost of their boatswain, who had been hanged for murdering his wife, who had followed him to seathefore Spithead was reached the spectral boatswain showed himself to the English prize crew.

*soon after her arrival at Spithead the Medee was sold to a privateer copiain, no other than the famous "Fortupatus" Walker, but even he could not dispet the ill-luck brought by this ghost. While he was cruising in the channel on the lookout for French prizes, the steadiest and soberest man among his crew came to him and said he had seen a ghost on hoard, which told him that the ship was doomed. The captain made light of the whole ship then became panic stricken. A great storm arose, and the worst ho estize, and escape in the boats, and the men, panic-stricken, attempted their design.

their design.

At last the ship reached St. Ives, but she was doomed, for a heavy sea drove her bodily on a reef, and she broke up. All were saved except three men who had sworn to seeing and spoaking to the ghost of the murderous Freach boatswain.

All ghosts, however, do not bring misfortune to mariners. It was owing to supernatural guidance that Admiral Sir Henry Digby, the grandfather of the present Lord Digby, was enabled to find and capture a prize worth many thousands of pounds which gained for him the soubriguet of the "Silver Captain." The father of the present Lord Digby used to youch for the absolute truth of the story.

HORRIBLE DREAM.

Mrs. Nagget, said the doctor, your husband needs a rest. He must go to Europe for three months.

Oh, splendid she exchained, I'll be delighted to go there.

Very good. You can go for three months after he comes back. That will give him six months' rest.

I had a horrible dream last night, said Huddleson, when he came down to breakfast the other morning.

What was it? asked his wife.
I dreamed that I was in Purgatory and was made to do all the things I had told my friends I would do if I were in their places.

GHOSTS AND GHOSTS SHIPS

e Excellent Essays Written for The Planet Junior in the Gold Medal Competition, and Highly Commended by the Judges

As we go up a large stairs we have a large nall before us, and the first room. Near the door of the principal's room. Near the door of the principal's room where is a picture of a generous man who gave us all our beautiful works of art as a present.

Now we will go into one of the rooms and ssee a large, beautiful or room made bright by seven large windows, and we go around and see the children's work, and find they are very industrious and never fail in doing gheir dutty.

As we continue our course through the hall we see a beautiful plano that is played by a school student as the children march in order to their places. Now we can see that our school was built to secure every advantage possible and with our ambitious teachers who are so anxious for us to learn, if we do our quainted with our school we will have to have when we get older. It is then that we will think of our school days, and everybody who is grown to manhood surely desires his school days, and everybody who is grown to manhood surely desires his school days, and everybody who

It is then that we will think of our school days, and everybody who is grown to manhood surely desires his school days to come again.

ROSALIE CLOUTIER,

St. Joseph's Separate School.

Sr. M. Gertrude,

Teacher.

I believe I was never so interested in "our school" as I have been since I heard of the great competition among the pupils of Kent County. It is indeed encouraging to know of our kind Minister of Education's interest in us, and I only wish that the entrance examinations were not so near that we might have time to do the subject full justice. Whatever idea my description may convey, I may every sure that if the Hon. Dr. Pyne would visit our school he would find it the finest in Western Ontario, Our schol is located in a charaining spot. It is built of red brick and decorated with gray stone, and although simple in structure it is beautiful in appearance.

Knowing the cheering effect of bright, fragrant flowers, our teachers have surrounded us with nature's choicest blossoms, and the warm sunboams that peep in at us every day not only make the plants bloom but seem to tell us that we also must have or use in the world.

The beautiful pictures that adorn the of use in the world.

The walls give us a taste for art and seem to teach us that if others have recomplished so much with perhaps fewer advantages than we have.

"We, too, can make our lives subland departing leave behind us four library contains over four

OUR SCHOOL

Pete and Billy, two little pickaninnies, were heard quarreling in the
street. The number and variety of
epithets in Pete's vocabulary were remarkable, also the rapidity with
which he hurled them at Billy. The
latter turned a lively bacon color
with rage, but words failed him. Finally he gathered himself up for a
grand coup, and exploded with:
"You fool nigger, you I All dem
tings what you say I is, you is I"—
Harper's Weekly. REPARTEE.

CHATHAM, ONT, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1905 Supplement to The Saturday Planet ************ OUR SCHOOL"

We children, while young, are enjoying the best part of life, especially in our school days. Now let us for one day reflect upon our advantages and good times. Let us go this beautiful morning and visit our school.

The first thing that attracts our attention is a large and beautiful lawn covered with green grass, and the centre of it is that large building, our school. The interior of it is very charming. It is built of brick the windows being decorated in stone and large green boxes filled with many flowers of various kinds. As we stand in front of our school the play ground on the right is the girls and to the left is the boys? Now let us stop a minute and look at the pupils and we see bright little sunny faces all anxious for work school. hundred volumes of the choicest literature. We spend many a pleasant half-hour in reading, and find that we derive great profit from it. Our librarian seems to know just what kind of books will suit us, and, when giving us our books, always takes the opportunity of warning us against bad, trashy novels.

St. Joseph's Separate M. Gertrude, teacher. OUR SCHOOL.

On Forest street, in North Chatham, is situated our McKcough school, surrounded by beautiful maple trees, for which Chatham is noted, On all its windows are pretty white curtains which make it look very bright and cheery.

Over our school floats the flag of which we are very proud. This was purchased many years ago being the first school flag in Western Ontario.

Our school was built in 1882, and named after the late William McKeough, who was a trustee for many years. The day it was ready all the girls and boys marched over from Head street, and they were very years. The day it was ready all the girls and boys marched over from pleased with the new school. For a year or more there was no place for them to play in in we tweather, so they had a shed built it was called the "Jubilee Shed," because it was built during the year of Queen Victoria's jubilee.

Eighteen years ago our school purchased a piano, which was the first piano in any school in Western Ontorease in it. We have a museum which condains curios from all parts of the world,

Our art room is of interest to all. In it are exhibited the paintings, drawings, etc., from the pupils. For many years McKeough school has been noted for its excellent work.

Our lawn in front is beautiful, and has a splendid tennis court. To the back kof the school are our spacious play grounds where the boys and girls have mostly interested in lances of the world, and has a splendid tennis court. To the back of the school are our spacious play grounds where the boys and been noted for its excellent work.

Our lawn in front is beautiful, and has a splendid tennis court. To the back kof the school are our spacious play grounds where the boys and been noted for its excellent work.

Our ard hour fire o'clock we have our tea. After tea we play around till six o'clock, and then the parchis and friends come, and we have our

races.

We have mnay interesting races, the most important being "The Race of the Nations." Many other races are very amusing, such as the dog dog race, boot and shoe race, jumping race, tug of war, and many more.

After the races the band plays and we have beautiful fireworks.

Our school is always decorated on this occasion, and when it is dark the building is illuminated, which makes it look like one of the lovely castles in Fairyland.

KATHLEEN BRUNKER,

Martha, L. Irving,

Teacher.

ohn Ruskin's writing-desk b of chalcedony lay, it, cut in careful script, word "To-day."

of all, a wondrous man, d a prophet in his way, o-morrow" bide its time, d "To-day."

Upon the tablet of the will
How good to write the self-same
way,
Putting to-morrow's uses by,
The word "To-day."
-H. P. Spofford.

The fellow who likes a corned beef and cabbage diet often marries a pate de foie gras girl.

preserve his dignity than

IN RUSSIA

People here are so acoustomed to regard Rausia as an illiterate land, says the London Tolegraph that they will probably be surprised to learn that a popular book at a low price has been known to reach a sale of 2,000,000 copies within a few months of its appearance. Such is the avidity with which the Slav reader seizes upon what appeals to him. In no other country moreover, have writers been called upon to suffer for their literary opinions as in Russia. The story of many of them is a veritable martyrdom. Novikoff, the first modern writer, whom the Metropolitan of Moscow termed "the best Christian he ever knew," was immured for fifteen years in the Schlüesselburg, and came out a broken man. Labzin was imprisoned and exiled. Radischeff in exile ended his own life by suicide. Ryleef was hanged with five other lesser writers by Nicholas I. Pushkin would have died in exile but for being killed in a duel, and Lermontoff was also killed when in exile, at the age of 27. Odovskiy was broken by his twelve years, hard abor in a Siberian convict prison. Polezhaeff was condemned to 1,000 strokes with the basinado and twenty-five years' service in a penal regiment, and a similar fate was reserved for Shevehenko. The list could be extended to cover a page

The ups and downs of life bring out the best in men and umbrellas.

THE RUSSIAN

ENVOY'S KISS

employe when anxious either to secure lavors from him or to reward him for having granted them. But it has remained for M. Witte, President of the Courel of Ministers in Augista, and the Carl's principal plenipotentiary at the peace congress of the Courel of Ministers in Augista, and the Carl's principal plenipotentiary at the peace congress of the transpending a chaste kiss upon his foreign of the transpending at the process of the engine driver and from the fireman. They had to remain content with a mere handshake. No information is vouchsafed as to the manner in which the conductor received the envoy's kiss. In order to understand this kiss of M. Witte, which has aroused widespread attention, it must be remainled that the President of the Carl's Council of Ministers in the process of M. Witte, which has a roused widespread attention, it must be remained that he too, has earned his living, not only as a conductor, but the envoy's kiss. In order to understand this kiss of M. Witte, which has a roused widespread attention, it has a roused the envoy's kiss. In order to understand the sations of Continental has a roused widespread attention, it has a roused the envoy's kiss. In order to understand the probability of the envoy's kiss. In order to understand the probability of the probability of the probability of the probability of the nations of Continental his living, not only a back of pat on the Probability of the down of the day of the down of the day of the probability of the pr

Read Stevenson's essay and judge for yourself whether or not if Burns had eventually married the right wo-man he would have died at the early age of thirty-seven, worn out in mind and body. The episode of his connection with Jean Armour is dealt with mostfully and to this mistaken marriage Stevenson a sacribes Burns' ultimate downfall. Whether his libertinism and his tendency to drink could have been suppressed if he had married a woman of strong character is doubtful. On the one hand it is true that the love of a real helpmate will work wonders, on the other it is equally true that the habits of years are not easily evadachle.

Read Stevenson's essay and judge Great women poets may be few and far between, but sweep away all poems inspired by women and we should have but a sorry handful left. Where would be the Hidd Where would be the choicest poems of Shakespeare, and all the flock of amorous Elizabethans? Where would be the gems of our modern poets. Tennyson, Swinborne, and Stephen Phoilips? Of all poetry this applies with special force to the verses of Burns. We may bewall his many love affairs, if so they can be called, but laoking them we should have done without many of his most beautiful poems. We know Highland Mary to have been a poor serving-lass, but is there any more exquisite poem in the language than that beginning, "Ye banks and braes and streams around the castle o' Montgomery?"

Anyone interested in Burns, the man cannot do better than read the castle o' Montgomery?

Anyone interested in Studies of Men and Books." In this Stevenson, entitled "Familiar Studies of Men and Books." In this stevenson on him in a little volume of Stevenson, entitled "Burns, his faults and failings, his strength and his weak-ness.

A BOOK'S IMPORTANCE

Birds can eat and digest from ten to thirty times as much food in proportion to their size as men can. If a man could eat as much in proportion to his size as a sparrow is able to consume, he would need a whole sheep for dinner, a couple of dozen ohickens for breakfast, and six turkeys for his evening meal. A tree sparrow has been known to eat 700 grass seeds in a day. Relative to the birds size, these seeds were as big as an ordinary lunch basket would be to a full-grown man.

A birds strength is equally amazing. A white-tailed eagle, weighing twelve pounds, with a wing-spread of six feet, has been known to pounds on a pig weighing forty-two pounds, raise it to a height of a hundred feet, and fly off with it. The bird had covered a tlistance of half a mile before the pig's owner succeeded in shooting the thief.

Birds can and do work far harderr martins, when nesting, will feed their young ones in twenty seconds—that is, each bird, male and female, make pounds the wren has been counted to make 110 trips to and from its nest the wren has been counted to make 110 trips to and from its nest within 430 minutes; and the prey havier, and harder-to-find insects than were caught by the sparrows. A mong them were twenty good-sized caterpillars, ten grasshoppers, seven one fat chrysalls.

WHAT BIRDS CAN DO IN PROPORTION TO SIZE ***** 0 WARD OFF H

of the must ourlous habits of the human race. Many people will stouch man race. Many people will stouch wood" when talking of past immunity from trouble. But even more obscure is the individual habit—a nervous and morbid one, no doubt— of performing apparently unnecessary devotions to inanimate objects. Sir Walter Scott, as a boy, cut the button from the coat of his rival in class — the button that was always finger—the back in Fleet street if he had missed touching one of the posts.

A buyer for a large firm of London engineers was recently interviewed by the traveller of another company. Before 'placing an order with the man the buyer asked if his people were capable of carrying out the our sort in England," replied the representative, who at once stopped, grasped the bac kof a chair, and configurative with certain representatives of German houses, who, whenever they find themselves boasting, go through a like proceeding to prevent the fall many people have found themselves without a sort of conscious command to step without touching the joining mark between the blocks of stone. All sane and scientific man has confessed that he will never place his boots, after taking them off, parallel to each other, nor will he leave a train without touching, three times, the aint."

He let the whip fall again but with much less violence than before. The woman drew a step nearer.

"If you strike that horse again," she said, "Fill have you arrested."

He did not strike.

"I knew he wouldn't," said a man on the outskirts of the crowd. "Every one of those brutes is sacred to death of a woman. A whole bunch of men, six feet tall, might argue with him for half a day on the evils of horse beating, and he'd only jeer at us. Even a policeman sometimes has difficulty in enforcing his commands, but just let a woman come along and threaten to report him, and he gets good on the instant. I guess it is because he knows she means business."—N. Y. Evening

HE PLANET JUNIOR, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2,

A FIGHTING

BARONET

¥





To them Nelson is chiefly noteworny on account of being the lover of
ny of affair with the beautiful Pole
of more interest than his many veries, Johnson's friendship for Mrs.
hrale arouses more curiosity than
ns writings, and so on, ad infinitum,
here is, almost without exception,
me woman's name inseparably conceted with all the great ones of the
orld, be it in the region of art, muorlessman

Sir Claude de Crespigny atthough considerably over sixty, has started out one more in the search of adventures, and is at the present insurgents in the Beast African Hinterland, having joined as a volunteer the punitive expedition sent out by the British authorities in East Africa against the Bottle, whose army is estimated at about ten thousand strong. Sin Claude is one of the list of the field of the fi

The Story of the Man and His Books
In the Highland settlement of Chengarry, in the heart of a Canadian forest, Rev. Charles W. Gordon, better known to the reading world as Ralph Connor, was born in 1860. In his career, the markings of heredity and environment are more manifest than in most men, as some hands show the veins more strongly than others.

To the virility, intenseness, individuality and friend-making genius of his father, Rev. Daniel Gordon, a Scotch preacher and teller of stories in the primitive pioneer days of Canada's backwoods forty years ago, was united in him the sympathy, mental keenness, literary temperament, spiring in the woods through which he went to school, and where his early childhood days were spent, he grew into that close reverent love and communion with Nature that has become part of his very life, and pulsates though all his pages. At eleven, the removal of his termily to another section gave him better school advantages, and prepared him for his course at Toronto University. He earned money in the fields to pay for his education; he was not a hard student, but passed his examinations seemingly instinct. After a three years' course at Knox College, where prizes and year in Edinburgh and on the Continent to gain back his fleeting health.

On his return he-went to Banff, the National Park of Canada, inhaling the pure, clear air of the mountains and the spiritual atmosphere that seemed nearer to 6nd because nearer to unspoiled Nature. On Sundays he pure and sundays he pure will be supported in made for the work among the miners. His friend, the editor of "The Westminster" of Toronto, invited accepting, Mr. Gordon decided that a strongly human story might win its way to the hearts and purses of the people.

The story was "Black Rook," that virile, crisp series of pictures of life in the miners, that made their author famous. Then came "The Prospector," all tingling with vitality—tories tender, humorous, picturesque, and the part of the miners and country and the part of the man story

VIL SCARED OF

A WOMAN

The driver had been beating his horse unmercifully for about three minutes. Several men had remonstrated against such cruelty, but the driver had coolly consigned them to the most unconfortable spot he could think of, and had gone on with his lashing. Presently a woman hove into wiew. She was a little woman, but she had a mighty effect on the driver. Straight through the crowd of men she pushed, right up under the very nose of the injured beast.

you wicked man," t you ashamed of " said the driver, do yourself?"
loggedly, "I