A Page for the Boys and Girls

1905

FROM JUNIORS

A few weeks ago we published a letter from Wille Auvache from British Columbia. To-day we have a letter from Merle Johnston, Logan-ton, Saskathewan, which will be read with much interest not only by her friends in Newbury, but by all the boys and girls.

We will always be glad to hear from you fiderle. Write again and trom you have spent the first Christmas in your new home.

Loganton, Sask. Nov. 26, '05.

Daar Editor, We received The Chatham Planet last night and were glad to get it. And so seeing in it that you would like boys and girls to write essays to you for which they would receive prizes, I decided to write a little letter on 'Our Great Northwest' II not you should see our great Northwest' but come and see our great Northwest which is to be.

Oritario from Newbury on January
Sth and arrived in Saskatoon on the
18th of January.

We stayed in Saskatoon till the
last day of February and then we
moved out to our place on the farm.

The first day of March was a
lovely day with but little snow on
the prairie, but it snowed several
times after that.

My father owns a Northwest
threshing outfit, also steam ploughs.
So when the frost came out of
the ground a little they started to
plough. We five about thirty-five miles we five about thirty-five miles from cognation, which is our post office; or miles from school and o every day. Our school's name is pion knopp and is quite large, abnough there are but eighteen holders.

prairie.

I guess I won't tell about the inhabitants of the prairie, such as gophers, badgers, prairie wolves, prairie hiokeas, wild ducks, wild geese, sand hill cranes, and auch like, as anybody that hears about the prairie generally hear lots of feats of the little gophers.

So J will close and leave those for you to see for yourselves when you visit the Northwest.

MERLE JOHNSTON. I must now turn back to the country and tell more about it.

In June and July the prairie looks very pretty with the prairie flowers, which are of many different colors. In the Tall the prairie is not as nice on account of mostly all the flowers gone and the countless numbers of meelle grasses that grow out of the prairie grass and stick into your skirts when walking across the prairie.

Chatham, Ont., Dec. 11, '05.

My Dear Santa Claus,—I want some things for Christmas, Santa Claus.

I want a box of water color paints for I have not got any. I want a jaok knife and a story book and a box of candy and an orange.

I remain, your loving friend, ROBRIE.

Stories multiply of Pope Pius' democracy. Visitors are received with great simplicity. As soon as one enters he causes him to be seated in an armchair by his side, chats, laughs and relates aneedortes and stories. The other day the Pope, while? receiving some women, remarked that they had trains to their skirts. This is not hygienic, said he, "one gathers thus in the streets a quantity of microbes and other things. As to myself, when they compel me to add a train to my cascock it bothers me much, although there are four prelates to uphold it." But, Holy Father," said one of the women, "we hold up our trains when guing in the streets." "That must be very inconvenient," replied Pius X. and passing from word to action the Pope made several tours in the room holding up his role, Auture study, painting, paper cutting, etc., have lately been introduced, as well as a model farm, where the scholars are taught the arts of farming and gardening.

This is certainly in great contrast to the old log school of fifty years old wooden benches around the walls after many of them had done a quarter of a day's work before leaving home, and then walked barclooted over rough and muddy roads at through the woods, frightening the wild birds and beasts from their hidden ing places and causing the half wild Indian to scowl deeper because he was afraid to take the coveted scalps from the rod haired boy or the curls from the rod haired boy or the curls from the little girl.

All the classes were taught by one teacher and they had no music except that which was made by the hungry emosquitoes, the frogs in the mudd puddles, the crickets between the birds in the tall forest trees.

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The present schools are built so close together that long walks are putte unprecisary and besides we have good roads to walk or ride on as well as for then many a girl in after without their advantages, for then many a by showed how brave he was by coming in contact with wild animals and indians, and many a girl in after years by her devotion showed how she appreciated the deeds of daring on the part of her trustic schoolmate that rescued her from some unpleasant position on account of swollan streams, wild or domestic animals or other enuses.

Sam Brown—as we will call him for the present, because he still lives in contact with the same pood natured by such a defend the was to part of her rose of this school and the produced b

all moved here to Saskatoon, chewan, in January. We left of from Newbury on January of arrived in Saskatoon on the bre than a thousand pupils, inning one hundred and forty inkindergarten, are skilfully
ht and managed by an able prinand a staff of about twenty
lent teachers.

PE PIUS DEMOCRACY.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* **CURSCHOO** 

An Essay Written in The Recent Gold Medal Competition By Vera Wellman and Civen Honorable Mention by The Judges - Une of The Prize Winners.

Our Central School, surrounded by its beautiful lawns, shade trees and pavements, with its massive walls of brick slate covered roof and its architectural plans after the most upproved Greek and Roman style, is situated in the heart of the thrifty of Chatham.

The halls are spacious, the large rooms fight and cheerful, and the seats very comfortable. The stairs are covered with rubber; the walls of each room with pictures of different artiss. An electric grong—the only one of its kind in any Ontario school—is used to give signals for fire drills, dismissuls, etc., while several fine pianos furnish inspiring music. Sam was offten seen to linger at his own home after his chores were done until Mary came along, for he said "the road always seemed shorter with company and he didn't like to see a little girl go so far alone." Sam often admitted that there were other girls as pretty as Mary, but none had such beautiful hair. Many were the tunes that Mary would scarcely have reached home had it not been for the assistance rendered by Sam. "Mary" was the modest name which the schoolmaster had written and by which the heroine of this little incl-dent is known.

On one oceasion when a bridge had been torn away during the day by high water, Sam had to wade the stream twice to courince Mary that he was able to stand against the strength of the current before Mary would permit him to carry her on his book sately to the other side.

Years rolled on and Sam became a strong yobast young man and Mary became stronger and her hair now nearly reached the ground and was the enry of many. She bestowed special care on it now because Sam had so often passed pleasing remarks regarding it.

It was winter and many young men and maideans had gathered from the country and from the few houses then in Chatham to enjoy an evening skating on the river.

The skating was specially good from the lighthouse to Thamesville, and Mary was a swift and graceful skater. Sam had bought a farm and needed a wife, and his schoolmate Mary, who by this time was much more than a schoolmate him, must on this beautiful moonlight night hear sam's plea for her hund as well as her heart. Her skate strap broke and as Sam drew as new one from his pocket he made his plea in a few broken sentences which Mary fully understood, yet it was so sudden and unexpected that he last second of that fifth minute there on a few broken sentences in the river and out of his sight. Oh, how enxiously he wited—one minute, two, three, four. Oh, would the last second of that fifth minute beyond where the price he wished he crewed of skaters and half a mile beyond where the river and seen he mile the river and seen he was soon by ond the crowd of skaters, but on his return he found that no one had seen he must have cluded him amongst the crowd of skaters, but on his return he found that no one had seen he must have leaded him and seen he was still farther the men saw other tracks begin the river. A bount a mile beyond where the Fere Marquette out of his sam as he with the season by one had seen he made

ohange.

It was morning and O too chee had gone early to his traps while Mrs. O too chee was cooking the venison for breakfast and explaining to a squaw friend how O too chee would never carry home a deer but always leave it where he shot it and make her go after it and carry it home. But when he found this pale faced woman with long pretty hair he had swung her on his back and carried her home. Now she had out the hair off close to her head so O too chee would not see so much in her to admire. Had it not been for Mary's knowledge of the Indian language sha never could have guessed the jealous squaw's reason for outting off her hair.

Now she had out the hair of close to her head so could turn her too the too could have guessed the jealous squaw's reason for outting off her hair.

Mary thought she heard voices outside and before she could turn her face toward the entrance to the wigwam Sam was kneeling at her side. The terrible strain of the race is of her beautiful hair had so changed her in one night that had so changed her in one night that sam would have scarcely recognized her himself had he not followed O too chee's tracks to the wigwam from where Mary had fallen exhausted on the ice.

As Sam and his companion prepared to convey Mary away Mrs. O too chee gave a grunt of satisfaction as she threw down the two long heads to tracks to the she two long as before it was severed by the jealous squaw. Sam has he they wowen the two long heads to the object of her jealous squaw. Sam has never wavered in his devotions to Mary yet he likes to tease her by saying, "catch me and you can have me."

Sam has never wavered in his welface and on his lessons in the old log school of fifty years ago.

Often causes a good deal of trouble. The best cure is a prompt application of Nerviline, which instantly stops the pain, prevents swelling, removes all blackness and discoloration. Nerviline is antiseptic — prevents blood poisoning. No iniment so strong, so penetrating, so swift to destroy pain you miss a lot of comfort by not using Poison's Nervilie. Her nearly fifty years it has been the standard family liaiment of Canada.

Involuntarily she raised her hand to her head only to meet additional surprise at finding her beautiful hair cut off close to her scalp. What would Sam think of her now? Would her loss cause his mind to change

await daylight to continue the search.

O too cee, an Indian trapper of the Chippewa tribe, who with his jealous minded squaw lived in their wigwam about a mile up the ravine opposite where the brickyard now stands beyond Kent Bridge, while out late trapping had seen Mary's race for life and shot the old grey wolf just as Mary's strength had given out.

As she saw her enemy, the wolf fall dead, pierced with a bullet from the gun of 0 too eee, she fell unconscious on the ice, and on regaining consciousness found herself lying on a bed of skins in an Indian wigner.

Arkwood station now stands and wondered if the terrible chase would ever end. About a mile beyond Kent Bridge they saw the ice streaked with blood and in the distance a dark object stretched on the ice. Was it poor Mary torn and dead it has emotions almost overcame him, but both men were soon on the spot where they found the lifeless body still warm and bleeding, not Mary's, but that of the grey wolf, and just a few rods beyond the skate tracks onded. Mary had evidently fellen schausted on the ice, as the marks of her form in the snow indicated, but Mary was not there.

By the light of the moon the tracks of an indian's mocasis were traced from the shore to the spot where she had fallen and then back again to the shore. But that was as far as the footprints could be traced. Sam and his companion must await daylight to continue the search.

"An Englishwoman," of Ottawa, writes:—
Your parts of speech in verse are good and useful. I am getting my boys to commit them to memory. The molose you some smilar lines enumerating consecutively the English sovereigns:—
First, William the Norman, them William his son:
Henry, Stephen, and Henry, them Hichard and John:
Next Henry the Third, Edward one, two and three-Again after Hichard, Edward, the rightly I guess:
Two Henries, sixth Edward, Queeus Mary and Bess:
Two Henries, sixth Edward, Queeus Mary and Ess:
Then Jamis the Scot, and Charles whom they slew:
They then had Cromwell, another Charles, too.
Then James, called the Scond, ascended the throne,
Then William all past, for and fourth William all past, who we dward the VII, the peacemakory last!
Stod sent us Victoria, may her memory last!
Whose honor true Britons forever shall sing:
That his reign saw the banner of Britain unfurled, and cer the world.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

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-Youth's Compar

Look around you, first in your own family, then among your friends and neighbors, and see whether there he not some one whose little burden you can lighten, whose little cares you may lessen, whose little cares you may lessen, whose little pleasures you can promote, whose little wants and wishes you can gratify. Giving up cheerfuly our occupations to attend to others, is one of the little kindnesses and self-denials. Doing little things is one of the little kindnesses and self-denials. Doing little things that nobody likes to do, but which must be done by some one, is another. It may seem to many, that if they avoid little unkindnesses, they must necessarily be doing all that is right to their family and friends; but it is not enough to abstain from sharp words, sneering tones, petty contradictions, or daily little selfish cores; we must be active and earnest in kindness, not merely passive thand inoffensive.

Oraghs, Colds, mearsoness, and other threat ailments are quickly relieved by Cresolene tablets, ten cents per box. All druggists.

TIME TO INVESTIGATE.

Among a lot of Fresh Air Fund children sent to the sesside last summer was one poor little waif who did not join in the other children's games, but was found alone down on the rocks surveying the ocean, "Wouldn't you like to come and play some games with the other little girls?" she was asked. "Oh, no, sir," said the wait. "Id rather look at the water." "And what do you find to interest you in the water?" "Oh, there's such lots of it," said the wait, enthusiastically: "and it's the only time in my life I ever seed enough of anything." LORD KITCHNER

The girl passed the man, as did the rest of the hurrying crowd. When she had walked half a block away she fumbled in her pocket, and turned and walked back.

For a moment she looked intently at the vendor of pencils, and when she saw that he gave no signs she quietly dropped a ten-cent piece into his fingers and walked on.

But she was evidently troubled, for her steps grew slower.

Then she stopped, turned, and walked rapidly back to the dark aley, and the man half hiding in it. Bending over him she said softly. "Are you really blind?"

The man lifted his head and showed her his sightless eyes. Then with an indeactibable gesture he pointed to his breast. There hung the dull badge of the Grand Army of the Republic.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said humbly. "Pleass give me back my ten centra."

She took out her purse. It was a very thin one. It contained but two filver dollars, one-third of her week's hard earnings—all she had. She put those words:

"Take this instead, for the dear Lord's sake, and go home now. You ought not to at here in this bittey wind and sleet." Then she turned her steps homeward, pitying the wretched man, and thinking that no one had seen her:

Thinking no one had seen her to do his dying day will never forget the act.

- Youth's Companion.

The following is the report of A.
S. No. 8, Tilbuty East, for the month
of November:

Pt. II., Sr.—N. Tasker, A. Howe.
Pt. II., Jr.—N. Tasker, A. Howe.
Pt. II., Jr.—N. Taskell, V. Blake,
E. Fish, O. Scott, L. Lott, S. Blue,
S. Fish, O. Scott, L. Horton, G. Howe.
J. Chester, L. Horton, G. Howe.
J. Chester, Violet A. Lowry,
Tracher

For Christmas and New Year's Holidays, W. E. Rispin, City Peasengew and Ticket Agent, Grand Trunk and Wabash Ry. 115 King St. will sell return tickets on Dec. 33rd, 24th and 25th, good to return until Dec. 25th, and on Dec. 30th and 31st and Jan. 1st, good to return Jan. 27rd, 24th and 25th, 25th, 29th, 30th, 31st and Jan. 1st, return tickets at fare and one-third, good to return until Jan. 37rd, to all points in Canada, and will also sell tickets at special rates to a number of points in the United States, which can be had on application. He is also issuing special holiday tickets to sfudents going home for the holidays.

I think we had better investigate the eachier's accounts, said the bank president.
Why sof asked the vice-president.
My wife tells me she saw his wife buying things at a bargain sale yesseterday. Szecisior Paint will give you what you deside—a nice, glossy finish. Try, it. Prov & Macallum,

For quality, workmanship and every detail. Sugar Reet Ogars lead-59

YOUNG PEOPLE YOUNG PEOPLE

There are a few noteworthy actions in life that are not heralded in the morning papers, and there are a good many people who do not tell a good many people who do not tell ephone for the reporters when they do noble deeds. We give an instance, it was a cold, dark evening, and the city lights only intensified by their sharp contrast the gloom of the storm. It was the time when wealthy adoppers are eating their hot dinners, when the stores are clossing, and who poor to ride, lired with the long day's standing and work.

One of the shop-girls we have allowed to was hurrying through the slude after a hard day's work. She was a delicate girl, poorly dressed, and wholly unable, to keep out the wither's cold with a thin fall closk. One person noticed her as she hurried along. She was evidently very timid and self-absorbed.

A blind man wis sitting in an alley by the pavenient, silently offering pencils for sale to the heedless crowd. The wind and sleet-covered pencils, thin hands clasped with purple fingers the wet, silent-covered pencils. He looked as if the cold had congeniled him.

Neely 106, K. Liova.,

112.
Glass II., Sr.—R. Hawkins 88, F.
Class II., Sr.—R. Hannon 78, H. Hawkins absent, C. Taylor 40.
Class II., Jr.—W. McKerracher 91,
M. Parey 79, M. Hannon 114, Wylie
Marsh 107, S. Babook 70.
Marsh 107, S. Babook 70.
Marsh 107, S. Babook 70.

gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with the recent

Following is the school report for the month of November:

P. S. L.—M. Monteith, T. Lowes, E. Unaworth, M. Dowswell, E. Herbert.
Entrance—K. Ruchanan, R. Miller, F. Brocks, M. Rutlege, N. Hare, N. Lowes, E. Lowes, E. Lowes, E. Lowes, E. Turner.
Class IV.—S. Case, K. Turner.
Class IV.—S. Case, M. Farrell, J. Farrell, N. Herbert, M. Campbell, L. Hoylan, M. Beattie,
Class II.—L. Turner, L. Monteith, C. Sinolair, R. Beattie,

Beattie.

Pt. II.—F. Penwardon,
Miller, F. Herbert.

Pt. I., Class I.—L. Lowes, W. Farrell, E. Case, B. Corlett.
Class II.—J. Burr, V. Avery.
Attendance—35.

A. B. Devlin,
Teacher.

S. & TILBURY EAST.

OR ILL. troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her and whispered low:
"I'll help you across if you wish to ed, and so without hurt or

His young heart happy and well con-tent.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand To help my mother, you understand, if ever she's poor, and old and gray. When her own dear boy is far away." to his frien

-Mary D. Bune.
Smoke Quall on Toast Cigars, for
Clear Havana filled.

NHT JUNIOR, SATURDAY, BECEMBER 16,

THE PLA SCHOOL REPORTS

SELF-SACRIFICING GENEROSITY S. NO.

A CORNISH

SUPERSTITION

The Yollowing is the standing of pupils in Classes 3, 4 and 5. Prizes were awarded to the following: Class V.—M. Wright. Class V.—Z. Walker 1, G. Hunter and B. Harris 2. Class VI.—Q. McEachran. Following is the standing: Following is the standing: Olass V.—M. Wright 89, E. Corlett 84, T. Young 54. A. Robinson 89, M. McEachran 76, L. Meloche 75, C. Walker 199, B. Harris 92, G. Hunter 92, A. Robinson 89, M. McEachran 76, L. McGoche 76, G. Hunter 92, A. Robinson 89, M. McEachran 70, B. Henderson 62, J. Young 81.

Class III. Q. McEachran 96, R. Jockson 95, M. Wright 89, E. Knott 85, T. Henderson 72, E. Walker 67, C. Willey 50, M. Young 81.

R. Walker 65, C. Willey 50, M. Young 45, E. Munn 35, N. Handerson 80, R. Bobinson 38.

Handerson 80, R. Bobinson 38.

Glasses V., IV. and IA.—Fair, Low-marks; good, 120 marks; good, 105 marks; good, 105 marks; excellent, 120 marks.

Class II.—Fair, 85 marks; good, 105 marks; excellent, 120 marks.

Class V.—L. Mason 125, B. Kelly 156.

Class IV., Sr.—G. Neely 200, Wm. Phillips 173, Q. Mason 185, J. Anderson 161.

Class IV., Jr.—G. Marsh 148.

Class III., Jr.—M. Anderson 107, M. Neely 106, R. Liberty 59, R. Traxler 112. Following is the report of S. S. 1. Camden, for November:—
Classes V., IV. and IM.—Fair, 100
arks: good, 120 marks; excellent,
0 marks. S. NO. 7, CAMDEN.

hing else more than the ourals."

tie. Being urged, hower
and that such
listened to attack the survey of the surve

On last Christmas Eve, just as we rere dropping off to sleep, we were oused by the sound of singing that ame up from the street in front off he parsonage. We listened with he light to the music that at that our and at that distance reached our ears as most perfect harmony it was a company of Cornish miners in the street, according to their old home

S. S. NO. 3, ZONE.

She stood at the ero sing and waited long.

Alone, uneared for, amid the throng, of human beings who passed her by, Nor beeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Past the woman so old and gray Hastened the children on their way, Nor offered a helping hand to her. So meek, so timid, afraid to stir, Lest the carriage wheels, or horses'

uid crowd her down in the slip-pery street.

Down the street with laughter and shout, Glad in the freedom of school let out, Came the bays, like a flock of sheep, Halling the snow piled white and deen.

The man of to-morrow in eastern affairs, Lord Kitchener, the man in whose way Lord Curron had the temority to stand (there is another vicerpoy new) was tillingly silhouted in a word picture by the famous war correspondent, G.W. Stevens, immedately after the successful Egyptian campaign in 1898.

Maj.r General Horatio Herbert Kitchener is 48 years old by the book, but that is inrevelant, He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; his motionary deliberate and strong; slender, but firmly knit, he seems built for tircless, steel-wire endurance rather shall firmly knit, he seems built for tircless, steel-wire endurance rather than for power or egility; that also is Irrevelant, Steady, passionless eyes, shaded by decisive brows, brick-red rather full cheeks, a long moustable beneath which you divine any immovable mouth; his face is harsh, and neither appeals for affection nor, stirs dislike. All this is irrevelant, too; not age, or figure, or grace, or any accident of person, has any bearing on the essential Sirdar. You could imagine the character just the same if all the externals were different. He has no age but the prime of life, no body but the one to keep his brain behind. The brain and the whole of the man—a brain and will so perfect in their workings that in the face of extremest difficulty they asever seem to know what struggle is. You cannot imagine the Sirdar otherwise than as seeing the right thing and doing it. His precision is so inhuman by unearing he is more like a machine, horse concurs, the Soutan machine. I, horse concurs, the Soutan machine, I, horse concurs, the Soutan machine.

And "somebody's mother' bowed low her head.
In her home that night, and thapprayer she said Was, "God be kind to the noble boy Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

Stulight tony is wetter than other soaps, but is best when used in the Smalight way. Buy Smalight long and follow directions.

In her search for the ideal man a girl often overlooks a let of real ones.

of interest of the control of the co