CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY APRIL 21, 1906

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1906 THE PLANET JUNIOR

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Junior Personals

Dick Bounsall is visiting relatives in Blenheim.

Wallace Logan is spending the holidays with his grandparents in Wallaceburg.

FOR JUNIORS

TWO SEEKERS.

e other one looked round him.
Since happiness is found,
other people's gardens,
Why not within my ground?"
dug and plowed and planted,
And with a careful toil
here it was rough and stony,
2niched each inch of soil.
til with crowded blossoms
the little plot o'erran—
ow simple 'tis," the owner cried,
ow simple 'tis," the owner cried,

But Nature only smiled and said,
"Here is a dress of green.
It is your best, though, so take care
And keep it nice and clean."
"Come out!" oried marry, strong
"I bring a playmate bright."
And so she peeped above the ground
And saw the fair sunlight! The north wind and the sweet south wind,
And all the winds in town,
Came once to see a little seed,
Clad in a garment brown.
The north wind brought a fleece of
snow.
It felt so soft and warm
The little seed would not get up,
And face the cold and storm. "Ho!" cried the east wind. "Lazy folks

Must try the water-qure,"

And then he dashed upon her bed Some rain-drops bright and pure. Such conduct vexed the little seed, She tried so hard to frown.

That in her indignation great

She tore her russet gown! THE SEED AND THE FLOWER Size had thirty pupils, and there was grew steaky, quiet reigned, for when her face set and her steady eyes grew steaky, quiet reigned. She walked to and from the school-house five days in the week, although many of the young fellows would have been glad to give her a wull have been glad to give her a will fell me that I am pretty" she offered in explanation, "and mind from the fractions, per fractions I need all of my mind."

The bitter winter had worn to school that morning heavy gray the bitter winter had worn to school that morning heavy gray hidden in her sall lowed impatient through held in a freezing grio, nature scenned robellions. The eattle were uneasy in the barns. A cow hidden in her sall lowed impatiently, and the house note coming from the tool we structure was dismal, old sandy McDongall called from the tool we structure was dismal, old sandy McDongall called from the tool of his haystack;

"Hech, bonny, but 'tis sair the weather mool" said Sindy, waving a red hand at the low-hanging clouds, 'it's snaw and a bitter, wind by hame, lassic, and stap by the fire to sandys. It's snaw and a bitter, wind by hame, lassic, and stap by the fire to sandys. It's snaw and a bitter, wind by high the laster still, arrying a spanking pace, his two bays tightly held, his buffalo greateout well up to his crimson ears. He inquired up to his crimson ears. He inquired up to his crimson ears. He inquired up to his crimson ears, and she old factor still, arrying a memory of the brown, smiling face. Not a tree grew near the square from the sunsorbled weather-boarding and the sunsorbled weather-boarding and the sunsorbled weather-boarding and the sunsorbled weather-boarding and the roat in summer. It squatted on the prairie like a duok on a pond.

As Nanoy entered the door, com-

The south wind gave obeisance mild.

"Would you not like to dance?

My Zephyrs play a sprightly waitz

They learned in pleasant france."

And then, ask not the way and how,
I know not to this hour,
By all these gifts and changes

strange,
The seed became—a flower!

Might BE BRUSHED AWAY.

Papa, asked a four-year-old boy,
are little boys made of dust?

Yes, my son, was the reply.

Well, then, continued the little fellow, I wish you would make the murse stop using the brush on me.
I'm afraid she'll brush me all away,
I POST CARD EXCHANGE.

1-Mrss Verna Duncan, Dafrell.
2-Miss Beatrice Sissons, Box
Chatham.
uld like to exchange.

The 1 . 1 . 1 White The North -:-:-By H. S. Canfield Tiger 0

The site had belonged to a publicprirted speculator, who failed with
a year. He had built the schoolcouse from his own pocket. The
copple were glad to have it on those
soms, and permitted him to place
where he would.

Miss Narcy Triggs taught the
shool. She was now yet in her twonces, but was fending for herself i her
arents, back in Ohio, were poor,
ith enough to do to care for themdres. Nancy was dark, with stady
own eyes and white tosh, a short,
tong figure, and a hearty, quiet
ugh, modest, alert und indepennt.

wind and the sweet

window, he saw it very water to soon.

y water poor speller a Dakotan and wisse so the blast of win the building the me did not startle-him. Hater a white powder by the panes, and turned inward, he spendenly. Blissard

Nancy looked at him quickly, smiled, and suid, "Missed again, Billy,
but you can't go any farther down."

Fife children snickered and Billy
or blushed furiously. Nancy walked to
the door and threw it open. The
hand of the stem thrust in and
drove her pack, and she called to two
of the larger boys to close the door.
It took the weight of the three to
force it to its cutch.

In the brief glimpse she obtained,
Nancy noted that there was no pruinie, no sky, not even a front step to
the door—only a mass of swirling
white. She had never seen a bilzzard, but the residents of New London had told her many tales, and
she understood its terrors.

"I would dismiss schoolify on onld
find your way to your homes, but
you could not. We will go on with
the lessons."
Aleek Kaunders, who hated stady,
way; I could find my way are
offt town on the only way are
efft town on the one of the or way;

one when it

spoke up eagetly: "I could find my way, I could find my way any-wheet. Once when it was dark I left town and——"

'Could you?' she interrupted kindly. "Then, Alcok, we'll see if you can find your way through France in the geography lesson."

Alcok, who had been standing with his right arm raised as high as it wo'lld go, subsided, and again the children snickered. Again the wind smote the frail structure as with a hammer.

It grew no darker, which is to say that there was just light enough to study by. Outside was the roaring gale and the snow; inside, at least, was reasonable warmth. The leasons went dully on.

At the moon recess the children sat about and ate their luncheons from force of habit, not because they had appetites. Nancy sat by the store, with her little heavily shod feet thrust out, and read.

One o'clock came, then two, then three, and the work of the day was ended. The pupils rose, still from force of habit, and began to don their wraps. Nancy stopped them.

'It is of no use,' she said. "You cannot go now. Perhaps the storm will break in a little while. Sit down."

not find your homes, your must find you. You must

of them heard her unmoved, hat one little girl began cry-tly at first, then more loud-toy took the child into her to the child int

"What is it?" she asked. Each of them was larger than she-big boys with roughersed hands and freekled faces, mutinous now, and she looked very small as she faced them.

"We're going home."

"Go back to your seats! Do you hear? Go 'oack to your seats! In your seats!

Her face was white, her round chin was thrust forward, her steady brown eyes blazed. They glanced at her in a half-sheepish, half-admiring way and fumbled their caps. Then they slouched to their seats. In the gloom one of the oil-lamps was lighted: luckly both were full. "School is dismissed." Nancy said chearily, "but you are all kept in it's the first time I've ever kept a whole school in, though you've needed the stove."

That gave them something to do, and they dragged the banches formard heavy dragged the banches forward noisily. There was some souffling and hughter over this. The children felt ittle sense of responsibility so long as the teacher was there; on her devolved the task of keeping them compied.

Then began a battle against time. Many hours were before Nany, and when she tilought of them she felt deanted, but she went on. The desks were shoved back against the wall, leaving a cleared space for games. She led; they played.

Old-time games they were—games that many of us played thirty, forty, fifty years ago. "King William was King James' son, and a royal race he run"; "Chick-a-my, chick-a-my orangures!"

games!

Then they had a spelling-bee, in which she gave the very easiest words to the very dullest scholars; so they stood up a long time, and were proud of themselves.

Then they sang. These children of the West knew no songs except some hymns, old-fashioned hymns—"Amazing Grace," In the Cross," "Dare to be a Daniel," "Hold the Fort." They were especially strong on "Hold the Fort," and the voices rang out confidently and joyously, although the wind howled against them.

Nancy pitched the tunes for them

Through most of the day it had fallen slantingly, but still had reached the ground and covered it to a depth of a foot; in places it had drifted to a much greater depth.

Now it was picked up in masses and harled horizontally. It raced by the windows, a white river, apparently solid; it seemed as it it would drown one. Mixed with it strangely were needles of ice, which struck the glass like little bullets, and bounded off in tangents. Nancy knew that those ice needles would wear the skin like a file, sting the into blindness, bring blood in tiny drops, which would freeze as it came. But solid as was the airy avalanche, woolly, smothering and pitiless, it could not still the swooping boom of that mighty storm. There was a continuous tremor of the slove glowed bravely, but trembled, too, and the tense wires which held the pipe rung now and again like the pipe rung now and again like the strummed strings of a guitar. The little community was isolated, too, and the tense wires which held the pipe rung now and again like the pipe that the north was abroad for his prey.

Proremost in Nanty's mind was the kept safe. She held them quietly as long as she could, but when the kept safe. She held them quietly as long as she could, but when the skept safe. She held them quietly as long as she could, but when the score colock they grew restless. Then of the

and saugustil her throat sabed. She took then stories—all the stories she took then could remember of the fairy-lope of hard shifted her hildred with the stories and fair shifted her hildred the stories and fair shifted her hildred hildred her hildred her hildred her hildred her hildred her hildred her hildred hildred her hildred hildred her hildred her hildred her hildred hildred her hildred hildred her hildred hildre

buried.

Down the road from the town, came a team of eight hourses, drag, ging a wagon-bed, mounted upon runners. They were big horses, and the plunged patiently into the snow. Sometimes it came almost to their backs, but they beat their way into it, and stopped and panted hard and beat forward again. Another when the first could do no more they were shunted to the side in some You say that from your wife? Absolutely not And why do y It is very evid know my wife.

There is no to trouble when to that direction.

It was autumn whe You and I; Birds were slient, a In the sky; And our hearts had At the ending of the As we parted in the You and I; For the music all h All the dreams we did And good-bye was at You and I!

Twill be springtime when I meet you,
By and bye;
There'll be singing birds and sunshine
In the sky;
You will come to me again,
We shall not have known in vain,
You and I;
Love will wake and sing anew,
Twice as tender, twice as true,
Desper far than that we knew, ng birds and sun-

CHILDHOOD'S PERILS

The so-called soothing medicines contain poisonous opiates that deaden and stupely, but never cure the little ailments of childhood. Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate, they act in the stomach and bowels and thus remove the cause of nearly all the ills that affilict little ones. In this way they bring natural, healthy sleep, and the cause of searly all the search well. Mrs. A. Weeks, Vernon, E.C., says: 'I have used Baby's Own Tablets and can cheerfully say that I have found them all you claim for them.' These Tablets are good for children of all ages, from birth onward. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25c. a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, ont. My first may be your sister, your cousin, or your aunt;
We'd like to do without my next, but in these days we can't;
My third an exclamation is, of joy, or grief or pain;
My fourth are seen on printed pages, over and over again;
If one should go around the world, ere long he'd reach my whole, And an interesting spot it is, a very worthy goal.

He would be a great soul in the future must be a great soul now.

at you conceal nothing life?
nothing,
nothing,
you not?
wident that you do not That waiter, said the first patron, is either a dunce or a humorist.
What's the matterf asked the other.
I ordered extract of beef and he brought me milk.

SIMPLY COULDN'T.

o trouble in borrowing the inclination is in When a rise to importance comes suddenly it is apt to take its departure quite as rapidly,

Now is the time to take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It cleans your system of all impurities. A wonderful spring tonic. A family benefactor. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

It was springtime when we met first.
You and I;
And the happy birds were singing.
Far and nigh;
And our hearts were singing, too,
All the songs love ever knew;
We were sweethearts, young and
true,
You and I;
And the music of the spherss
Had no trace or touch of tears
As it rang upon our ears—
You and I!

when we parted, t, and a sorrow

had naught to of the day, a the gray, l had fled, e dreamt were dead, all we said,

I am often in a great quandary, but never am known in perplexity/ I usually stand before you, but you never see me in awe over that. I am at the start of anything that is quick, but no one ever connects me with rapidity. You will always find me in large quantities, but you may look for me in the house and in the garden without seeing me. I am often on a printed page, yet never look in books for me. I always appear in all questions, and you find me inquisitive, and yet no answer knows me.

I walk, yet in the water I am found:
I oft am dragged across the ground.
I am hot great nor wise nor strong, the kings and queens belong.
I have upheld a monarch bold, Yet for a shilling I am sold.
In water deep I'm old I'm set at nanght.
Oh, strangest fact of all the rest, of you and all I am the best.

YOU AND I.

A. Hannes,
McGuigan,
II.—J. Lancaster, M. Broadwood,
M. Lowes, M. Burk, Mabel Lowes,
A. Claus,
r. Pt. II.—H. Scott, F. Claus, G.
Burk,
Jr. Pt. II.—M. Campbell, J. Claus,
G. Claus, E. Jeffrey, V. Bunning,
Pt. I.—Loy Lowes, R. Woods, S.
Huckle, B. Lancaster,
Jessie Ferguson,
Jessie Ferguson, Take Hollister's Hocky Mountain Tea this month. Drives away spring tiredness, gives appetite and sleep, makes you well and keeps you well. Great family tonic. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. MoCall & Co.

Following is the standing of the pupils in No. 11, Chatham Tp., the pupils in No. 11, Chatham Tp., the names being in order of merit:

V.-C. Masterson, E. Montgomery, Sr. IV.-G. Coulter, B. Brown, M. Dumming, C. Montgomery, I. Hendricks, H. Cumming, W. Simmons, E. Countryman, Y. Fewster, R. Hendricks, H. Cumming, W. Simmons, I.-M. Montgomery, L. Masterson, I.-M. Montgomery, L. Masterson, J. Fewster, K. Siddal, I. Smith, W. Cummings, M. Wemp, R. Rodgers, C. McDonald, M. Wemp, H. O'Connor, J. Coulter, C. McDonald, F. Wilmore, J. Siddal, F. Wilmore, Sr. I.-J. Browning, P. Browning, C. Melbourne, C. M

E. E. Doyle, Teacher.

Success has crowned our efforts of untiring endeavor and we present to the public with a confidence never before held by any other medicine, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co. (

S. S. NO. 7, RALEIGH.

The following is the report of the Easter examinations in S. S. No. 7, Raleigh, in entrance, leaving and continuation classes. Names in order of menit.

Part II., Junior Leaving—F. Morris, S. Ellis.

Part I., Junior Leaving—M. Middleton, G./Broadbent, L. Broadbent, E. Pratt, B. Mason.

Class IV., Sr.—L. Broadbent, L. Roe, R./Burk, E. Brady, F. Tompkins, T. Bennett, R. Pepper.

Roe, R./Burk, E. Brady, F. Tompkins, T. Bennett, R. Pepper.

THE PLAN ET JUNIOR, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1906.

Q

NUTS TO CRACK

WERS TO PLANT A GARDEN.

1. Pussywillow.

22. Dusty Miller.

3. Morning Glory.

4. Bleeding Heart.

5. Marshmallows, Buttercaps.

Following is the standing of the pupils in S. S. No. 3. Raleigh and Barwich, for Easter examinations; names in order of merit:

V.-G. Broadwood, E. McDherson, R. Claus.

IV.-G. Huokle, L. Scott, R. McDowell, A. Bark, S. Ramson, D. McLaughlin, F. Broadwood,

III.-O. Fowke, J. Smith, G. Doeg, A. Ranson, L. Doey, R. Horbes, V. McGuigan, CEDAR SPRINGS. Robert E. Park, Teacher.

The following is a statement of the standing of the pupils at the Easter examinations. Names in order of merit.

Class V.—R. Wannock, J. Stewart, C. Wright, A. Rice, M. Wright, C. Haviland, E. Rice, P. Newkirk, G. Duff, S. Wardell, O., Waight, G. Haviland, E. Rice, P. Newkirk, G. Duff, S. Wardell, O., Waight, G. Haviland, E. Rice, P. Newkirk, G. Duff, S. Wardell, O., Waight, G. Barkby, W. Shaw, J. Skinner, Z. Colby, G. Duff, D. Colby, A. Stewart, G. Marshall, J. Steen, V. Wright, C. Marshall, J. Marshall, Marshall, J. Marshall, Marshall, Marshal

SCHOOL REPORTS