A Journal for the Little Folks

The Planet Junior

A Page for the Boys and Girls

Supplement to The Saturday Planet

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THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1906.

We wish the Juniors a Merry, Merry Christmas, and hope they may all enjoy their holidays.

This week a Christmas poem appears in the Junior from the pen of Miss Sarah Singer, daughter of the late Mrs. Will Singer, whose death this year deprived Canada of one of her best known and most gifted writers. Sarah gives promise of having inherited her mother's talent.

This day week we will publish the names of those who have been successful in winning the prizes in the Essay Competition. No. 5 has the greatest number of votes, and No. 2 comes next, up to the present time. You have one more week in which to register your votes.

BE JOYFUL.

Don't be glum and gloomy,
Let your troubles spin,
Cultivate a roomy,
Wide, expansive grin.
I fyou lose your money
Through somebody's guile,
Laugh and call it funny,
And
Smile, smile, smile.

Be as bright and cheery
As a Cheshire cat.
You will make folks weary
Sure. Put what of that?
Take no heed of sorrow,
Swallow all your bile,
Whistle down the morrow,
And
Smile, smile, smile.

All the bards that scribble
Gayety adore,
They would give us dribble
Mirth for every pore.
Grins and chuckles mellow
Now are all the style;
Be a friendly fellow
And
Smile, smile, smile.

THE TURKEY'S DREAM.

Last night I had a fearful dream; I tremble even yet!
I saw a table long and wide, with many dishes set;
And at one end I seemed to lie, helpless, and fat, and hot,
And could not move a foot or wing to hasten from the spot!

My stomach was uncomfortable: I could not draw my breath,
Nor make a sound, howe'er I tried; I really felt like death!
I couldn't seem to find my head; my heart was out of place,
And somehow I had sadly lost my dignity and grace!

Then such a racketing arose, and scurrying through the hall,
And then a lot of people came,—master, and wife, and all
The children who have been so kind and given me loads to eat,—
They danced around my prostrate form: my downfall was complete!

Deceitful creatures! that they are; for in my dream they said,
"Ha, ha, Old Turkey! Where's your pride now you have lost your head?"
I quivered with my burning wrongs, but no one seemed to care.
For all sat down around the board and bowed their heads in prayer.

And then my master, that "good" man, took up a dreadful knife,
And held it slantwise over me; I trembled for my life!
But when a great fork pierced my breast, I gave a jump and scream,
And nearly tumbled off my perch in in waking from my dream!

—Emma A. Lente.

A string around an absent-minded man's finger generally reminds him of something he has forgotten.

Junior Personals

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

Verna Johnson is going to her grandmother's for Christmas.

We have many fine new books in our library.

Mr. Plewes brought a fine collection of color work from the St. Thomas schools.

We are sorry to hear of the death of one of our old pupils, Meldred Cook.

Our school has made over $30 for the Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto.

The small children of the Central School are patiently waiting for Santa Claus to come on Tuesday.

The pupils of the Eighth Grade wish all the readers of The Planet Junior a Merry Christmas.

The school closed yesterday for the Christmas holidays.

Lloyd Thompson is getting better, after being confined to his bed for several weeks by typhoid fever.

The Model students, exams. are they are anxious to know if they succeeded.

The Entrance Class has finished the December xeaminations.

The boys collected the most for the Sick Children's Hospital.

The creek was frozen over for the first time last Tuesday, and the boys and girls are looking for skating about Christmas.

We are going to have our Christmas holidays after this week.

Christmas is nearly here!

Louise McLachlan is sick this week and is not at school.

Eva Owens fell and hurt her forehead yesterday.

In Room 15 we have a Chinese lily with 12 blossoms out in bloom. It is pretty.

Lloyd Wanless is back again from St. Thomas.

The boys and girls from Room 15 have written a lot of letters to Doris Plewes, who is sick in a London hospital. We all hope she will soon be better.

We have a bunch of holly in Room 15.

The ice being fine at Jordan's, a great many boys and girls went to skate, but found it rather chilly on their feet.

Mr. Plewes has come back from London, where he went to see his little daughter, Doris, who is ill.

Issy Geller collected $6.90 for the Central School Fund, that is being forwarded to the Sick Children's Hospital. He was anxious to have his list of subscribers published in The Planet Junior, but our columns were too crowded to give him space. We promised him, however, to publish the names of his two largest subscribers. Messrs. Granville and Day each gave him 50c. Issy must have worked hard to collect so large a sum.

RIDDLES BY JUNIORS.

Why is a chicken like a farmer? They like full crops.

When are 2 and 2 not equal to four? When it is 22.

What rose is born to blush unseen? Negroes.

What animals are always at funerals? Black kids.

DIDN'T HAVE TO.

Robbie, I hope you didn't tell your dear mother that you saw me kissing your sister last night.

Nope; I didn't have to. She waked us all up at midnight when you went home and told it herself.

FOR JUNIORS

A CHRISTMAS LONG AGO.

A man sat by his office desk,
He was weary and heart-sore;
He let his mind for a moment
Stray o'er the pleasant days of yore.

He did not hear the traffic's roar
Out on the busy street;
For his mind was peacefully gliding
O'er memories fond and sweet.

He sees naught but the little home,
Standing red against the snow;
He hears naught but the restless pines,
Sighing soft and low.

He sees himself a little boy beside his brothers stand,
The table decked with festive cheer,
The Christmas log merrily burning,
And sees the friends he loves so dear.

The dreamer opes his eyes again,
No more the little home he sees;
But the crowded streets of the bustling city
Replaces quiet country leas.

How he longs to be a boy again,
To see the long lost faces;
He longs to take of his mother's meals,
And roam in unforgotten places.

SARAH SINGER,
Age, 14 years.

THREE OF THEM.

Sing a song of Christmas,
Stockings in a row,
Jimmy, John and 'Lizabeth
On the tippy-toe,
Lollipops and playthings,
Horns with merry din,
Isn't that a jolly way
To welcome Christmas in?

Sing a song of Christmas,
Snowballs in the yard,
Jimmy, John and 'Lizabeth
Fighting very hard,
Floundering in the fortress,
Rushing to the shock,
Isn't that a pretty way
To treat a Christmas frock?

Sing a song of Christmas,
Turkey on a platter,
Jimmy, John and 'Lizabeth
Never saw a fatter.
Cranberry and apple-sauce,
Three kinds of pie at least,
Isn't that a pretty way
To keep our Christmas feast?

Sing a song of Christmas,
In three little beds
Jimmy, John and 'Lizabeth
Laying down their heads.
Golden gleams, happy dreams,
Slumber calm and deep,
Isn't that a pretty way
To take our Christmas sleep?

—Laura E. Richards.

SYSTEM REQUIRES FREQUENT CLEANSING.

Not only outside, but inside as well, your body must be frequently cleaned. Otherwise it becomes loaded with wastes that clog up the wheels of health. Much better to act in time. Use Mr. Hamilton's Pills; they strengthen and regulate the bowel, assist digestion, enrich the blood and thereby fortify the nerves and lay the foundation of lasting good health.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills bring vim and vitality so much sought for to-day; they infuse a feeling of freshness and spirit in those who have been ailing for years. Really no medicine so potent. Price 25c at all dealers.

NEEDN'T WORRY.

Parson—Mason, it worries me to see you go to sleep in church.

Mason—Don't let it worry you, sir. I'm always very careful to leave my purse at home.

NUTS TO CRACK

As the Junior will no doubt be very busy next week cracking nuts of a more toothsome kind, we shall to-day merely give them the answers to those which appeared last Saturday.

JUNIOR.

1—

Raw oysters.
Salted wafers.
Mock-turtle.
Crackers.
Cream cod.
Sandwiches.
Roast turkey (with Chestnut stuffing.)
Spareribs with apple-sauce.
Mashed potatoes.
Cabbage.
Peas.
Beets.
Onions.
Frozen sherbet.
Olives.
Pickles.
Bread and butter.
Quail.
Lettuce salad.
Pumpkin pie.
Cheese.
Suet pudding.
Hard sauce.
Neapolitan ice-cream.
Lady's-fingers.
Kisses.
Grapes.
Dates.
Nuts.
"Raisins."
Coffee.

2—

Shut, shoud.
Vice, voice.
Pine, opine.
Cast, coast.
Pint, point.
Nun, noun.
Pen, open.
Loop, loop.
Lathe, loathe.
Rod, rood.
Cat, coat.
Dro, droop.
Lo, loo.
Lath, loath.
Gad, goad.
Just, joust.
Bat, boat.
Mist, moist.
Bard board.
Mat, moat.
Curt, court.
Fund, found.
Hard, hoard.
Bey, obey.
Fist, foist.
Curse, course.
Brad, broad.
Range, orange.
Rut, rout.
Flat, float.
Fur, four.
But, bout.
Hod, hood.
Pap, pout.
Ration, oration.
Roster, rooster.
Mission, omission.
Rot, root.
Ram, roam.
Ran, roan.
Nose, noose.
Non, noon.
Muse, mouse.
Lunge, lounge.
Iot, loot.
Liter, loiter.
Lin, loin.
Lin, loin.
Ruse, rouse.
Hop, hoop.
Lad, load.
Bar boar.

3—

Globe, lobe, obe, be, e.

Good looks bring happiness. Friends care more for us when we meet them with a clean, smiling face, bright eyes, sparkling with health, which comes by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. J. McCall & Co.

KING EDWARD'S CHRISTMAS GIVING

You have often wondered, perhaps, how a king remembers his relatives and friends at Christmas — for a mighty ruler has his circle of personal and intimate friends just as anyone else has.

Naturally, however, gifts made by royalty are more expensive as a rule than those exchanged in humbler circles. It is said that King Edward and Queen Alexandra, of England, spend between $20,000 and $25,000 each year upon their Christmas purchases.

In order to remember their personal friends with a suitable souvenir of the season, each requires between 80 and 100 gifts. As these usually take the form of jewelry the cost is heavy.

It is nothing unusual, several days or a week before Christmas, to see the King and Queen plying quiet visits to the stores in Bond and Regent streets, London. They like to mingle with the holiday shoppers and to select their presents just as other persons do.

When time and pressing engagements do not permit this, the West End shopkeepers send samples of their goods to the royal palace, and from these the King and Queen make their selections.

In choosing Christmas gifts, their Majesties are always careful to make each one appropriate to its intended recipient. Jewelry is the King's most frequent choice, but he also gives away snuff-boxes, smokers' requisites and walking-sticks.

With each gift it is the King's usual custom to send a little note of greeting instead of a private Christmas card, and, needless to say, the former is more valued by the recipient than the latter would be.

This practice is also followed by Queen Alexandra.

In addition to jeweled trinkets, however, a common gift from the Queen to personal friends is a photograph of some favorite scene or pet, taken by the Queen herself, daintily mounted and framed, with the royal monogram "A," surmounted by a crown, on the frame.

Not only do the royal pair send tokens of remembrance to relatives and favorite friends at home and abroad, but they present a Yuletide gift to every member of their household, which is an extensive one.

Of course the gifts made to dependents are not as costly nor as handsome as those purchased for relatives and friends, but they are carefully chosen.

Queen Alexandra often follows the custom of Queen Victoria, whose habit it was to present dress goods, shawls, etc., to female members of the royal household. King Edward, too, sometimes includes pairs of good slippers among his Christmas gifts for male servants, but cigarette and cigar cases and pipes are his usual presents to these people.

And in addition to the members of the royal household, each employe on the Sandringham estate also receives a Christmas gift from the King. This consists of a huge joint of beef cut from one of His Majesty's own cattle.

Tables heavily laden with the meat are placed in the stables on Christmas eve, and after the meat has been personally inspected by the King, large joints are handed to each man in the several departments, from the highest to the lowest in rotation. Only the primest joints are given to the employes, the other parts—good meat for all that—being distributed among the cottagers on the estate who are not employed by His Majesty or who are past work.

Then gifts of game are also made to a huge number of persons who in any way have rendered some service to His Majesty. Railway employes, post office officials, police and tradesmen are often favored by the receipt of pheasants, partridges, hares or rabbits, bearing a big label, "From His Majesty the King," printed in bold red letters.

YOUR WISEST COURSE.

If you are caught in the wet, get sore throat, neuralgia or muscular pain, don't wait for worse troubles. Begin prompt treatment with Polson's Nerviline. It drives away all trace of cold, eases rheumatism, neuralgia and pain, saves you from a lay-up in bed. No 25c. purchase can bring more comfort than a bottle of Polson's Nerviline; it's the cleanest, strongest liniment made. Sold everywhere in large 25c. bottles.

CHRISTMAS WITH TWO MOLLIES.

Mollie Brown Speaks.

What did I have for Christmas?
Oh, some bonbonnieres and a doll,
A watch, an upright piano, and a
Point-lace parasol!
But I wanted a grand piano—I
Don't like the tone of this,
And I wanted a diamond necklace—
Wouldn't that have been bliss!
The bonbons are every one creamy,
They know I don't like that kind;
And the doll isn't anything extra—
They said it was the best they could find.
Oh, Christmas is always horrid!—
I never get what I expect,
And then I must wait a year longer,
And again have my hopes all wrecked!

Mollie Smith Speaks.

What did I have for Christmas?
Oh, a jew's-harp!—isn't it sweet?
And this beautiful new china dolly,
With dress and apron complete!
And I had two sticks of candy, lemon
And peppermint,
And a splendid long lead-pencil,
And a pretty new dress of print!
Oh, Christmas is always lovely!—
I never expect a thing,
And then I get presents and presents,
Till I feel as rich as a king!

—Youth's Companion.

SCHOOL REPORTS

The following are the Christmas promotion results in the McKeough school:

Room II. to Room III.—D. Bowers, H. Connor, G. Capman, I. Collop, R. French, B. Gipson, F. Hall, E. Howard, D. Hodgins, F. Longdon, R. Loree, C. McAuley, J. Mackness, F. Skinner, L. Sova, M. Stephenson, M. White.

Sr. Part I. to Jr. Part II.—A. Berkby, M. Berkby, L. Barton, G. Browning, W. Cottingham, G. Cameron, N. Eberts, E. Graves, H. Kniveton, H. Matthew, E. Morrison, R. Myers, A. McWilliams, J. Ross, M. Rumble, C. Terroll.

Room III. to Room IV.—E. Beckett, W. Collins, C. Dagnieu, C. French, R. Furcliff, G. Green, M. Horn, R. Harwood, P. Lemmon, H. Landon, J. Lane, B. Matthew, J. Moffatt, J. McNicol, N. Merritt, I. Mackness, H. Paul, H. Padbury, I. Paxton, M. Porter, C. Redner, M. Sager, L. Winter.

Room IV. to Room V.—E. Arnold, L. Beaton, G. Christner, G. Clininsmith, H. Depew, C. Dunlop, E. Fitzthomas, J. Gillies, C. Gibson, D. Harwood, S. Kime, J. Kniveton, G. Lang, B. Monk, C. Martin, R. Paps, S. Pickard, H. Paulucci, V. Shoemaker, L. Sheffeil, D. Winter, J. Wood.

Room V. to VI.—M. Bowers, D. Baritch, C. Collop, R. Cole, H. Clinansmith, F. Eberts, A. Fleming, A. Gammage, D. McLean, W. Massey, D. McMath, G. McDonald, E. Paul, G. Putnam, B. Sterling, C. Walker.

Room VI. to VII.—B. Bell, L. Crow, C. Crosier, H. Capman, A. Dagnieu, M. Fielder, W. Goodland, H. Gragg, M. Hogg, G. Hall, A. Hedrick, D. Moffatt, M. McCubbin, E. Matthews, R. McCorvie, F. Robinson, W. Scott, L. Trott.

Room VII. to VIII.—D. Arnold, F. Burnie, G. Horn, E. Horn, R. McNichol, F. McLean, G. McKeough, R. Ripley, A. Riley, P. Wood, A. Watt, I. Way, F. Weaver, M. Wilson.

Room VIII. to IX.—S. Baxter, I. Black, B. Crow, G. Conibear, L. Conibear, L. Couzens, M. Goodland, O. Graham, M. Hedrick, E. Hazzard, M. Lorriman, G. McKnight, J. Matthews, M. Martin, C. Morrison, E. Moore, H. Paxton.

Room IX. to X.—H. Crombie, D. Crow, I. Johnstone, V. Padbury, J. Pearce, M. Studevant.

S. S. NO. 4, RALEIGH.

Entrance class—390 required for to pass—H. Armstrong 444, M. Armstrong 499, M. Hawkins 408, F. Coutts 512, L. Roszell 497, C. Shadd 452, I. Vince 4[illegible].

Class IV., J[illegible] 560 required for to pass—J. Riche[illegible]01, C. Shadd 801, C. Roszell 665.

Class III. to IV.—W. Young 696, M. Kearns 681, A. Moorehouse 638, P. Shadd 666, W. Laidlaw 689.

Class II. to III.—660 required for to pass—J. Coutts 703, M. Richie 768, C. Laidlaw 523, E. Moorehouse 175, M. Shadd 701, J. Rice 252.

Part I. to Part II.—B. Armstrong, M. Hawkins.

P. McCallum, Teacher.

The Christmas Doll

By Eva Earll Furlong

It was the day before Christmas, and all the afternoon Marjory and her mother had been sorting out Christmas things and stringing popcorn and cranberries. Doctor Papa was preparing the tree.

"Now," said Marjory, "if Cousin Donald were only here!"

Marjory loved her little Cousin Donald better than any other child in the world, but he lived so far away that she could not see him very often. By and by she went up-stairs with Doctor Papa, and he set up the tree in the library. After supper she hung up her stocking in front of the nursery fireplace, and went to bed and to sleep. In the middle of the night something wakened her. She heard a sleigh stop in front of the house, the vestibule door slam, then a shout and a great deal of laughing and whispering. Could it be possible? She sat up straight in bed. Yes, it was Baby Donald's voice, crying as if he were very sleepy and cross. Then aunty's and uncle's voices, and more laughing and whispering before they all went into their rooms.

A moment Marjory was glad. Then she remembered it was Christmas; Santa Claus would have come and gone without knowing there ought to be two stockings to fill instead of one. What should she do? In a moment her mind was made up.

She slid out of bed, seized one of her own stockings, and slipped softly down the stairs and into the library. As she opened the door she stopped short. Surely Santa Claus would forgive her. She wasn't trying to look, only to make things right for little Donald.

There was her own beautiful tree, standing large and dark in the moonlight, glittering and sparkling with its load of tinsel ornaments and gifts. There in the centre was discovered the most beautiful doll Marjory had ever seen, with a pink dress, a white coat and a white bonnet with rosebuds on it just like her own. How she loved it right away as it smiled and held out its hands to her!

She quickly hung the stocking up beside her own. She unfastened a big candy cane and a woolly bear and tucked them in the stocking for Donald. Then she walked slowly to the door. She was thinking very hard. She looked back. How the great silver star glistened at the top of her tree! She thought of the star that had shone so brightly that night hundreds of years ago over the little Child of love and unselfishness whose birthday is our Christmas.

Her cheeks were very hot, her eyes sparkled, but her lips were set firmly. She hurried back, unfastened the doll and laid it above Donald's stocking. Then she went upstairs to bed, and slept soundly. Marjory was wakened early next morning, and rubbed her eyes hard to see Doctor Papa standing by the bed with little Donald in his arms.

"I see you helped out Santa Claus, little girl," he said; and when she went down-stairs she looked at the fireplace, and there hung two jolly, bulging stockings, her own long one and the baby's tiny one, filled to the brim, but on the top of her tree was the beautiful doll.

"For you see," said Doctor Papa, "boys don't care much for dolls."

Then he caught up Marjory in his arms and gave her a great hug, and said, as he carried her away to find Donald, "We must run and wish them all the Merriest Christmas yet."

GREATEST FEMALE STRENGTHENER ON EARTH.

Thousands of women are wan, pallid, run down and dispirited. What they need is that nourishing tonic Ferrozone. Soon they regain their laughing eyes, bright spirits and rosy cheeks. Ferrozone does this and more, as Mrs. L. F. Anderson, Whitney Pier, C. B., testifies. "My daughter was very much run down and had considerable trouble at times. Often I was at a loss to know what to do. I was advised to give her Ferrozone, and I did so. Ferrozone cleared up all the trouble, made my daughter healthy and well. I consider it a medicine every woman should use regularly if she wants to feel her best." Rebuild with Ferrozone, it is the King of all cures. Price 50c. per box at all dealers.

The more creed a man has the the less charity he is apt to have with it.

TROUBLESOME CHILDREN.

Everything is relative, after all, even age; yet one might suspect that the "children" of one Mr. Muzzey of "Men of the Revolution" might have arrived at years of discretion and proper regard for behavior.

When I saw the old soldier, says Mr. Muzzey, he was the sole survivor of those who witnessed the Battle of Bunker Hill. At the age of 95 years he was attending a Whig celebration held at Boston in 1850, and there I met him. He was a good-looking old man with a large, well-shaped head, blue eyes and mild expression. His whole countenance

I asked him if he had any children.

Oh, yes, I have two sons, he replied.

Why died you not bring them with you?

The old man's smooth brow wrinkled into a semblance of a frown as he said:

I didn't want to be plagued with those boys on an occasion of this sort.

Why, how old are they? I asked, wondering if he could mean his grandchildren.

Oh, one is seventy and the other is seventy-three. But I couldn't be bothered with them.

A HAPPY TREE.

"Oh, look at me!"
Sang the Christmas tree,—
A jolly young evergreen,—
"I'm dressed up here
For a show, that's clear,
And I'm anxious to be seen.
To grow in a wood
Is very good,—
Of air you've a trifle more,—
But I declare
It cannot compare
To a block on the parlor floor!
You may stand in the cold
Till a century old,
Not a blossom to speak of comes;
But here in an hour
I'm all in flower
With mittens and dolls and drums.
I know so well—
And daren't to tell—
So much that I'm like to burst;
There's a mystery hung
Or a secret swung
On each branch from last to first.
How I'd love to shout
All my feelings out!
But I daren't to even cough;
And just the half
Of a great big laugh
Would shake all my candles off.
So I have to hide
All the fun inside,
Till I'm full as I can be.
Whatever folks say,
I'm King of the Day!"
Sang the jolly Christmas tree.

—Cara W. Bronson.

MANNA IN THE NIGHT.

Silently it fell,
Whence, no man might tell,
Like good dreams from heaven
Unto mortals given;
Like a snowy flock
Of strange sea birds alighting on a shore of rock;
Silent thus and bright,
Silent thus and bright,
In our starless night,
God's sweet mercy comes
All about her homes;
Whence no man can see,
Till the morning light,
In a softer shower drifting, drifting ceaselessly,
Falls the manna in the night.

Thus His mercy's crown,
"Bread of Life" came down
At our doors it fell,
Whence no man can tell,
Snowy, pure and white,
Softly shining thus through the darkness all around,
Fell the manna in the night.

—Anon.

CHRISTMAS, MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Christmas, Merry Christmas,
Bells exultant ring.
Christmas, Merry Christmas,
Children rollicking.
Holly at the window,
Holly in the hall,
Mistletoe is swaying
Where the sunbeams fall.

Christmas, Merry Christmas,
Hang the stockings there.
Christmas, Merry Christmas,
Deck the trees with care.
Gifts for little children,
Gifts for older grown,
For the rich and noble,
For the poor and lone.

Christmas, Merry Christmas,
Birthday of our King.
Christmas, Merry Christmas,
Angels welcoming.
Peace the earth shall gladden,
Love shall hold its sway,
While we thus are keeping
Merry Christmas Day.