The Planet Dunior

Boys and Birls a gage for the

WHERE CORAL

HE PLANET JUNIOK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13,

COMES FROM

An Essay Written in The Rece Competition By Blanche Burke : orable Mention by The Judgee-C Winners.

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high and low positions in life, that my thoughts are seldom away from it. I could tell you of many noble deeds rendered by the scholars, of many kind acts performed for the spoor, of many wanderers who were won over the way of the pupils. In fact I could relate to you stories, noble, heroic, kind and true, of things that co-curred there, I will not take time to do so as I do not think it is balled for in a description of "Our School" You know what the subjects of other schools are, so I will not tell you, as ours is the same. I feel sure your brain is becoming weary so I will make a brief end

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Supplement to The Saturday Planet

CHATHAM, ONT, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1906

OUR CARRIER

BOYS

THE PLANET JUNIOR

No

Where do your coral necklas come from, girls? Those pretty rebads come from the sea, which pe haps you know. Perhaps you do no know that the little architects when you beautifully fashioned the coral a polyps, and for many years the work was thought to be a wonderf wonderf work was the wonderf work was the wonderf wonderf wonder

LETTER BOX-

TO MY MOTHER.

The Greeks who had pretty names for everything, called the coral branches the daughters of the sea but it remained for a French student named Pysonnel to find out that the coral was not a plant at all, but the work of countless living creatures—the polyps. They are found in many places, but the best known reefs are those of the Mediteranean sea. Divers go down and fetch up the coral for trade. At Leghorn in Italy, there are great factories and workshops where the coral is cut and polished and afterward made into toys and ornaments. What gives the coral its read coloring matter which, mixed with the chalk of the cells, gives the brilliant color. The reddest are known as blood form coral.—Junior Fort Express.

I will briefly describe to you "Our rechool," or "The Children's Eairy-and," as it was commonly called by some of its happy attendants.

I will not hestitate to say that I will not have visited. Its trees he many I have visited. Its trees that flowers are magnificent. It tands in a picturesque valley, and the surroundings are to be envied by their schools. I would not intensionally lead you to believe it is a arge brick building, as it is only a mall frame one, but painted a dazmall frame one, but painted a dazmall frame one, but painted a dazmall frame one, but painted a dazwing white trimmed with green, which adds much to its beauty white frosting make it look as pure s the lily.

dial and generous res-sir New Year greeting... sivery grateful for the mi-ses they received and the in voting The Planet i-both ladies and generous fell silly, good, generous fell

THE LETTER BOXES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1906

THEIR THANKS.

The Planet Junior

Clifford Auvache. Clif-years old and is in the class at the McKeough route is over the west-Bounsall, aged 12, the Entrance class at pol. He travels on

the left of the And canst thou, mother, for a moment think when old age shall shed its blanching honors on thy weary head, Could from our best of duties ever shrink? Soner the sun from his bright sphere shall sink? Than we, ungrateful, feave thee in that day To pine in solitude thy life away: Or shaul thee tottering on the grave's cold brink.

WHAT THE SCHOOL BELL SAYS.

Banish the thought l-where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home:
While duty "ids us all thy griefs assures." smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

Planet Junior letter boxes have been placed in the Central. McKeough and C. C. I. schools, where all the students having personals or items of interest for the Junior may drop them in. Send along all newsgitems; it will please your friends and help the Junior.

There is only one condition—the same condition that applies to the older folks who write for the Senior Planet. Sign your name to the item. Your name won't be published, but we want it for ourselves as an evitage of the senior ourselves as an evitage of the senior ourselves.

Centra' School, Junior Third B. Chatham, Jan. 13th, 1906. 'A BOY'S FIRST ROOM.

Twe got a room, now, by myself,
A room my very own,
It has a door that I can shut,
And be there all alone;
It has a shelf, a cfeset, too,
A window just for me. where I can keep

oom before. wall;

NOTHING BUT PLAY.

whenever, shirk, shirk, is shirk, shi The thing to do on a busy day Is simply to play that your work play.

Whenever you fret or grumble er you fret or grumble

It was a happy thought that suggested the publication of their piecetures, and in order that they may be still better known to the thousands who benefit from their work a short sketch of each has been securated. sitting row, No. 8 is Clayton Hamil, god 14, Form 3B, C. C. I. He covers by K. Ave. and adjoining district. No. 9 is Roy Marshall, aged 11, of he Senior Third, Central School. He le looks after the eastern part of he city. No. 10 is Laurence Reid, aged 13, a the Central School Entrance class, onche after the eastern part of the cooks after the eastern part of the

homes

Phyllis Coate, of the Central School Kindergarien, has been ill for the past week.

Ross Paldwin, of Hilliard St., cele-brated his tenth birthday on Tuesday by entertaining some of his boy friends.

Jessie Hendershott is visiting is in Quebec.
t Sheffiel will spend Saturday mday with friends in Wal-

Ferguson Duncan, a pupil of the Chatham Collegiate Institute, is spending the winter in New Mexico with his mother.

The funeral of Harry Newkirk, of Morrison School, Yaleigh Township, who was drowned while skating home on Tuesday, took place on Tursday and was very largely attended.

By referring to the picture the reader will identify each boy. They are numbered from the left to the right, the upper, or standing, row including numbers one to seven; the lower, or sitting, row including numbers eight to thirteen, still reading from the left.

No. 1, at the left of the standing over the creek.
Watt. aged 12, Junt the Central School.
Ig St. West.
Planet has a fine
date. Sustling caryou think so? aged 14, A. He is in class

Life may be one grand sweet song, but the average man's voice isn't cultivated up to it.

Jean Duncan is spending the win-ter in Thomesville with her grand-mother, Mrs. Ferguson; and Ross is visiting relatives in Hidgetown, where he is attending the Coll-giato Institute, during their mother; a ab-sence in New Mexico.

es Winnifred Gray, Maud Ban-nd Geraldine Stephenson, (of seg), who have been spending bolidays in the city, returned inksome Hall, Toronto, this

Vo. 1, at the left of the standing v. is Edward O'Flynn, of the sentourth class in St. Joseph's Septete School. He is 13 years of ago dearries. The Planets in Norll than between Victoria Avc. and

at the C. C. I. He is is in the Central part

The glutton who lares his storned

JUNIOR PERSONALS

skating is being enjoye

owe, aged 13, in f the Separate From Thames

who is always took-

And hooks where I can elothes
As neat as neat can be.
A lovely paper's on the wa
A rug is on the floor—
If I had known how fine
I'd had a room before.

Way off from every one:
I felt—well—sort of seared at first
But now I think it's fun.
The voices of the folks downstairs
Seem faint and far away.

Young Goodwin tried to kiss me ist night and I told him to behave, And did he kiss you!

Then the boy who loves to be faithand true,
Who does what his parents think
Who does what his parents think
best he should do,
Comes bravely along with satchel and
books,
The breeze in his whistle, the sun
in his looks.
And these are the thoughts that
well up like a song,
As he hears the old bell with its
faithful ding-dong!
I'm so glad I could sing!
Heaven so blue,
Duty to do it.
Everything fair.
Even a boy a joy!
When my work's done
I'm ready for fun.
Keener my play
For the tasks of the day,
Cling, clang, cling—
I'm so glad, I could sing.

These are the songs which the two boys heard,
When the school bell was ringing,
word for word. water.

If you four comprehensions to tell of the beauties of "Sun rise on the water." How often in the bright water." How often in the bright summer mornings have I stood out the bank and watched it. Oh, what lovely sights I have witnessed there, I have never before or since had the privilege of enjoying such magnificent scent scenes. No poet could do justice to the sun in all his splendor as he displayed on the clear waters his glorious colors. The clear, calm waters, radiant with untold beauty, lay beneath, elothed in the various colors of our brilliant rainbow.

The river not only afforded us much pleasure in summer but in the gigantic trees, the clouds glide through the atmosphere, the golden heaves drop from the trees, and all the world looked wild and savage. Then, as the dashing wave splashed with full force on the mighty iron clad, as she slowly made her way up the river, it would remind you of the events leading up to the "landing of the Pilgrims."

At the rear of the building, just one field distant, tands a large forest with its tree-tops gently sway-

Which do you think was the truer song!
Which do you hear, as you're trudging along?
Don't be a laggard!—far better, I

To work when you work, and pla when you play? when you play?

BEHAVED TOO WELL.

It is wonderful what unlike things The school bell says to the boys when it rings!

For instance, the laggard who drags along
On his way to school hears this sort of thing:
Of h-saz-hum!
Why did I come!
Study till fourBooks are a bore!
O, how I wish
I could run off and fish!
See! there's the brook,
Here's line and hook.
What's that you say?
Hurry up-eh?
Oh-hum-ho!
Syose I must go,
Study till four,
Books are a bore!

which adds much to its beauty. Large Roman windows with snowy white frowling make it look as pure as the illy.

At the extreme peak, directly has over its large bell, that so often has caused a frown to cloud the face of the pupils as they think of the difficult grammar lesson that of the Union Jack, which waves its brilliant colors directly in front of him.

To the left planted in a large circle are tall maple trees, neatly trimmed. In the centre rises a clear fountain, which sends its refreshing spray for many feet around. It has a quenched the thirst of many a weary traveller as he has been passing by raveller as he has been passing by traveller as he has been passing by the delightful times, spent there, when, amid the melodious singing of the birds we would sit beneath its grand shade and merrily pass the time away.

The birds we would sit beneath its grand shade and merrily pass the time away about in the respense of light in his dazzling brightness. In the evening the silver footed Queen appears to pass slowly over it, and smiles down on the little water.

Various flags wave above the pictures, thus adding more to their beauty. An elevated stage is at one side of the room, where many suvecessful recitations and songs have been meekly carried out by the pupils. Three rows of seats are in the room. They are old fashioned but in excellent order and beautifully varnished. In the aisle are strips of beautifully examised for green and red, forming a striking contrast to the walls. In harmony with these are the rugs beneath the store, which glistens with its first class polish. They are woven in various hues, but green and white being the leading colors.

Many other pretty things add to the furnishing of this quaint little room, but as my time is limited I shall not undertake to describe these only on think you would like to attend this school I have described? Parhaps in your times does not seem so to me, but I am bound to it by such strong ties am bound to it by such strong ties am bound to it by such strong ties

Entering, you would be amazed at the pretty, simple things arranged there. The two entries are composed of a labradory, hooks, shelves, petures, etc., all arranged with execulent taste. Passing through the old fashioned archway into the study room many dainty things meet your graze. The windows are druped with snowy white curtains, slightly pulled back, thus leaving in view the rich green blinds.

At the front sitting on a luxuriant rug is the school library. Deeping from behind its clear glass doors are the choicest books suitable for school studies.

studies.

Our faithful teacher's desk, highOur faithful teacher's desk, and
ly varnished, sits at one side, and
a little to the front of the library.
In one corner on a low stand is the
mensuration box. On the neat blackboards are beautiful drawings and
paintings done by our beloved teach-

The walls are papered in green and gilt, and "to put on the finishing touches" are pictures of the heroes and heroines of Canada, also some of the latter kings and queens of England in all their royal stateliness, wave above the pictures.

Nothing is more common in child-hood than indigestron. Nothing is more dangerous to proper growth, more dangerous to the constitution, or more likely to pave the way te-dangerous disease. Nothing is more easy to keep under control, for proper food and Baby's Own Tableta will cover the whole ground. Here is strong proof. Mrs. 5. C. Irving, Trout Brook, Que., says: "My baby by was troubled with chronic indigestion and was a constant sufferer. Nothing belied him until I tried Baby's Own Tableta, but these promptly cured him and he is now as to always keep the Tableta on healthy alltitle lad as you would bare to see. I slaways keep the Tableta on hand. They cure all the minor all the troubles of childhood." Every mother should keep these Tableta on hand. They cure all the minor allments of children, and their prompt administration when trouble comes may save a precious little life. They are garanteed to contain no opate or harmful drug. You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box bywritting the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A fellow may lead a girl to the altar, but after that she generally takes the reins.

There always can be found an out-let for the exercise of a generous inpulse.

Wishes nover fill a sank-

The haight of realism is to sing coon songs until you are black in the face.

rI love to think of bygone days Spent in my ideal school, Spent in any ideal school, Of all the quaint and pretty ways, We learned the golden rule."

BLANCHE BURKE,
Blenheim P. O., Ont.

As my thoughts linger over the happy days of my girlhood, spent in our quaint little country school, I sannot help thinking, with rapture, of the many incidents that occurred there.

GOOD THINGS TO

KNOW

Beneath the shapely limbs of the trees are moss covered seats, all fixed by nature. Running to and fro around them are squirrels, chipmunks and rabbits, but none of the terrible reptiles so draded by girls. In the corner of the wood rises an old tower, namely, Falkenstein The Freater portion of its grand shape is still visible. There ivy creeps to the extreme peak, thus giving it a beautiful green appearance, Forming an artistic covering for this is the deep blue sky.

We must now return to the interior of "Our School." I will not endeavor to give you as full a description of it as I did of the extentior, you would be amazed at the terrior, you would be amazed at the terrior, you would be amazed at the terrior. That "it is less pain to learn in youth than to go ignorant in old onge."

That to make long lived friendships one must be slow in making than to go ignorant in old

ships one must be slow in making them.
That the man or woman who gains a tritle meanly is meaner than the fille.

That it takes two to prolong a family quarrel; one can therefore always terminate it.
That if we thought all we said we'd be wise, but if we said all we thought we'd be foolish.

That if she cannot throw brightness over her home it is best not to throw a wet blanket over it.

That filling a house with bargains keeps a gouple from owning the house in which they place them.

That proud people very seidom have friends. In prosperity they know nobody, and in adversity nobody knows them.—Woman's Life.

CHILDHOOD INDIGESTION