Boys and Girls @ Fage for

Supplement to The Saturday Planet

CHATHAM, ONT.,

The Flanet Junior oung people of the Maple City. **Une Christmas** 

OHOOSE YOUR SUBJECT SATURDAY MARCH 19.

## CONGRATULATIONS

GOOD DEED

"Why, Donald!" she exclaimed.
Donald sturned round questly, a frightened fook in his big blue eyes. His face was smeared from ear to ear with belly. The quick start that he gave on seeing mother overturned the water-pail, and, in company with Donald; it came crasking to the floor. On the footh of the footh of the water will be fell, crying as the heart would break, and smearing everything with tears and elly. About this time Uncle Edward trove up. When he entered the litchen, where we were all around he stricken Donald, and saw the elly-smeared face, he dropped into a hair and broke into a hearty laugh, onald looked at him in astonishend, and, for once, forgot to cry. "If Donald is not a good boy he all not go to Aunt May's with nell-Edward," sad mother.
"Ill be a good boy, ma," whisperor bed.

"What's the matter with the lifting?" asked Aunt May, who was by this time in a state of nervous collapse and not over good-natured, for squawling babies were her greatest aversion.

"Is he trying to see how loud he can holler?" she continued, and gave a sharp box on poor Donald's ear. This had the desired effect, for it silvenced him instantly, though he was more frightened than hurt.

Encouraged by her success, Aunt May said to my mother:

"Sister Jennie, I'd give that child a good trouncing once in a while Nothing like a good trouncing to our them of that borhooing habit."

After Donald had been put back to bed again, mother and auntic came down stairs. All through dinner while she was washing up the dishes, her nervousness disappeared, and when she home was the same kind old aunt who had kiseed us so affectionately on our arrival.

I had wiped the dishes for her, and the undershed of the shess of the following Christmas, a beautify big doll. Oh! what a beauty it was, and her in bugged Aunt May for her kindness.

I have nover forgotten that da I don't believe auntic has. She with me now, Uncle Edward I been laid to rest long since. I have finished my story I shall ber good night and murmur oft-regeated words, "Merry C

Wigwag-We should try to do other people good.
Borrowell-Oh, yes! Try to do 'em good and hard.

The horizon of life is broadened chiefly by the enlargement of the heart.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* At Aunt May's SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1904

mas, Auntie," for it is Christmas Eve again, and to you, my readers, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

No. 27

Senior Fourth, Central School Miss Irwin, teacher.

THE PEACH

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Written for The Pl net Junior by Leda Clements, Chatham, and Accorded Third \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

ket filled with parcels. Annt May took the basket and went indoors, Setting it on the kitchen table she opened the parcels one by one. Dropping on the faded rea founge near by, she looked at the opened bundles, "Ge and caff the folks to dinner, Katie dear," Aunt May said to me. I ran away to the parlor and called them. All the aunis and uncles, with their husbands, "wives and children, had arrived long before this, and now they came trooping out to the dining room, all except Donald, who was askeep upstairs. Aunt May sait of one end of the long table, and Uncle Edward at the other.

"Auntie, I bought this present all myself for you," said John, my second brother, as he handed her a small white box tied with blue ribbon. My aunt smiled and thanked him, adjusting her glasses, she untied the ribbon and removed the cover. There upon a bed of snowy white outon was a floli, about as fong as my jittle finger. It was dressed in a gingham sunbonnet and apron, and a plaid dress and shawl. Aunt May lifted it up carefully as though it were a bombaball or something equality dangerous. She glanced at John, who had taken his seat at the other "Young man," she said, looking at him severely over the rim of her.

Written for The Pl net Junior by Leda Clements, Chatham, and Accorded Third Place by the Judges.

man," she said, looking ly over the rim of h ou must learn to be le +++++++++++

John grew very red, while Aunt May put the cover back on the box again and laid it on the floor beside her chair. At this moment something upstairs fell with such force that it jarred the dishes, and Donald's voice was heard in wild cries of distress. I "For the good land's sake, sister Jennie; Donald has fallen down stairs!" said Aunt May, addressing my mother, as she rushed out of the room and upstairs, where the squawling Donald was found seated on the floor, rubbing his eyes and head and crying dreadfully. He had fallen out of bed. Im a beautiful orange peach, way up in a high tree in the city. When my mother was very small they used to say she was a pit. It was shaped like an oval with dinges all over the sides. Mr. McRoose planted it deep down in the earth and very soon it began to spring up out of the ground, but it had changed its shape and color very much. Now the pit had broken into two parts, and inside was a very tiny tree.

It was only three inches high, and ohl how slender and tender it was always ready to keel over. By and by it began to grow very high and bushy until it was mineteen feet high and thirteen feet wide. When it was three years old, early one day in the spring it woke up from its sleep and found itself all covered with beautiful pink blossoms, and their perfume was even niver than their looks. Pretty soon these blossoms began to fall off, and in place of the blossoms stepped little green peaches, of which I was one. We kept growing and growing until we were the size of an egg, but round in shape.

When we first started to grow we were green and most exceedingly sour, but as we became older we got larger and sweeter. May but I was grand, I was so soft and sweet and juicy. On one side I was very red, on the other side, yellow. But, unfortunately for me, some ugly old man pulled me off the tree, but did not take any of the others. Yes, you see he took me away from my mother, and sisters and brothers; and took me in his pocket, and took me in his hand. When he got to another tree he sat down in the shade, bit me with his tech, and threw my bones down on the ground. This until not very long afterwards I was a piece "Ethik his tech, and threw my into his stomach, where I was churned and mined with the gastrio juice, until not very long afterwards I was a piece "Ethik his tech, and threw my into his stomach, where I was churned and mined with the gastrio juice, until not very long afterwards I was a piece "Ethik his tech, and three my long afterwards I was a piece "Ethik his tech, and took of the with his tech, and three my long afterwards I was a piece "Ethik his tech, and three my long afterwards I was a piece "Ethik his tech, and three my long afterwards I was a piece "Ethik his tech, and three my long afterwards I was a piece "Ethik his tech, and three my long afterwards I was a piece "Ethik his tech, and the long and body.

SPOILED HER BABY

He returned to his chair by the fire and his thoughts wandered far away to the little seam on the hill-side, where he had spend his child-hood days. The seam of the pine trees and the wild flowers was wafted to him. He saw the little knowy lambs frisking on the green hillside and he heard his mother's yece, calling to him. He wondered what she was doing at this moment—was she thinking of him? Seized with asadded in the train, he said as he hurried from the house to the station. He was soon on the train and supprise mother. It's not too late to called the train, he felt kinself a boy again as the word cabo of in his heart.

On the little cabin on the hillside night had fallen. The moon and the bright stars came out and shone down on that lovely spot, and lonely cabin, needling in the grove of pine threes. Inside it, a cheerful fire glowed in the fireplace and the mandle was heaped with holy and affects, which allowed out. There was arranging some holly on the wall. She stopped presently aga surveyed her work, then she steeped to the door and llocked out. There was not a sound the break the stillness. She latened in the real back with a sigh, "I hope he'll come, but the train may be late," she's sid as she glanced at the old fashioned clock on the wall. She stopped presently aga surveyed her work, then she there so had salled in to wish for a merry Christmas She returned to her seat by the fire and waited. Then came the sound of bells. Could it be him? A moment later she saw had salled in to wish for a merry Christmas She returned to a familiar voice and starting up, she saw had sone and starting up, she saw had sone and starting up, she saw had sone and starting up, she saw had salled in the leaf of the said. The leaf of the leaf of the leaf of the leaf of the said when she heard a same the said heart at last was at the leaf of the leaf of the leaf. The said when she heard a same the said heart at last, he said.

Frank Hector's

Written for The Planet Jusior by Rhea V. Scott, Highgrite, and Highly Recommend-ed by the Judges. Christmas

Some time ago a large monkey escaped from an amusement resort on the Broadwalk at Atlantic City, and has since successfully cluded a small army of would-be captors. On his escape he took to the roof of the Hotel Strand and perched on the ridgepole, making grimaces at the men and boys who tried to surround him.

He slid down the lightning rod, scampering across to the Hotel Witshire and reached the roof by means of a rain spout. When pressed by his pursuers he leaped across to the roof of the chase.

He next made his appearance on the roofs of several Maryland avenue hortels, and for the past week has been seen daily along the eaves of the various hotels. The monkey, a tew days ago, struck up a friendship with the office cat of the Hotel Wittshire, and they have been inseparable companions, running together across the roofs and clambering up and down the rainspouts and lightning rods.

One afternoon they were seen together on the Wittshire, and when some men and boys shoulded to them the monkey turned averal Hip Haps, and, turning to the eat, seemed to invite her to imitate him. But the cat only lashed her tall and glared at the people helow.

With the advent of cold weather it was feared that the scoret was revealed recently.

From a light-brown monkey with white spots he has turned to an inky black monkey without spots, and when he turns tilp-flaps he is enveloped in cloud of black dist. A nowle pear the top of a large stack at the green up trying to earn it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

To

MANAGE HIS OWN

FOOLISH FOWL

Sometimes booby birds will fly on the deck of aship and is there with their legs sprawling under them, making no attempt to rise, as if their bewilderment had quite numbed their weak intellect.

The books

was Saturday night, and owing to temporary absence of his wife, it to Mr. Brown to uttend to the process of giving his 6-year-old the and putting him to bed. He left his evening paper with a s relucturee, and had hurried ers along with more speed than lattle chap was accustomed to ver, he endured it all without a set until it came to the prayer, as his habit, after "Now I lay to ask the divine blessing upon a list of relatives and friends, callist of relatives and friends, callist of relatives and grandma, amanma, grandpa and grandma, Aunt Edith and Uncle George ease God," he began, "bless paperamma, grandpa father, thanking to it he list of bancfeiaries, softly lated an "Amen." Not heeding nterruption, the little supplicant a long breath and continued, Aunt Alice and Cousin Annie, and"—Again his father said was more than flesh and blood stand, and, lifting his little head laimed, with tears of indigna-'Papa, who's running this pray-a or me?" STERLING EXAMPLE

CAUSED BY WATER

PLANET JUNIOR, SATURDAY MARCH 19,

RUNAWAY MONKEY

Ohiloren' Youths' Full Size Full Size Fall Size

Hund Open follow