

THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1906.

We would be much pleased to hear from children in other sections as frequently as we do from Dresden and our Chatham schools. Some time ago we get letters from children in other places, but these are few and far between. We feel as if we were missing something if we were not in touch with our little friends. If you want to become regular Planet Junior contributors, write to us and we will tell you how. The more the merrier, you know.

TO OUR LITTLE JUNIORS

The Coupons are commencing to come in, which are to decide who are entitled to the prizes for the essays on "How I Spent My Vacation." We hope to hear from a great many children, and are publishing the Coupons again this week. You can tell us which you think the best without using the Coupon if you wish; it is only for your convenience we have printed it; possibly our little friends in Dresden send their opinions in together. Only one thing is necessary—to tell the number, so that we may know to whom to give credit.

COUPON.

I have read the essays that have appeared in The Planet Junior, entitled How I Spent My Vacation, and think that

No. Aged.
and
No. Aged.
should have the prizes.
Sign your name.

Address.....

BETTER THAN THAT.

I understand that your boy is getting Yasashu, unswayed Uncle Rabbaher. An' maybe he's doin' better'n dat. I honestly b'lieves he's gittin' sense

LITTLE LIVES SAVED

Many a little life is lost because the mother does not know the means of saving her child. In home where Baby's Own Tablets are kept the mother always feels a sense of security. These Tablets cure colic, fever, diarrhoea, indigestion, simple and other minor ailments of babies and children. Baby's Own Tablets always do good—they can not possibly do harm. Thousands of mothers and fathers have saved their children. Mrs. W. P. Dear Park, Toronto, says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets of the greatest help to my little ones and would not be without them." Sold by 25¢ a box from the Dr. J. C. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The one thing that stands by you, keeps you interested in life and in always the same is your regular work.

FOR JUNIORS

THE LULLABY SHIP.

A ship is sailing for Lullaby Land. And what may this cargo be? A woolly dog and a china cat, A trumpet of tin and an old horn. Are ready to go to sea.

For Lullaby Land her sails are set— (O may ye the winds be true!) She will gently glide across the sea 'Mid the light blue gleams. 'Neath the skies of asphodel blue. Now "All aboard for Lullaby Land!" The woody dog and the trumpet of tin, Two chubby hands have folded within. While a golden head droops low. Fair Lullaby Land is reached at last. The captain's duty is done— Ey her sweet low voice, and her face so fair, She has lulled the ship—the rocking Sun. To the land of the Seelie Sun. —Margaret Brooks

THE GIRL I LIKE.

I don't care for the "quaint" girl, Who thinks it smart to copy slang, And swears a game with girdle. I like the girl that's womanly, Whose gentle, true and kind, Whose jewel is sweet modesty. The girl I like does not disdain To lend a helping hand, To mother, with the kitchen work, But smiles at the demand, "Sit down, abrad, at school." You'll find her always just the same, Living—Præli Janet Sherman.

A WINTER GAME.

When the north wind, blust'ry and bleak, Playing hide-and-seek, With the squirrels and the flowers Through the leafless woodland bow-ers.

Playing hide-and-seek, The little forest folk, When they are away from play, Each one in a cozy nook.

Where he never thinks to look, He may call and he may whoop, But not one will cry out, "Coop!" So when you are in your room, Just where they are hid so well, But, of course, you may not tell.

"Neath a mat of oak leaves huddled, Little violet is crouched, Close to bonny buttercups there, In the bee's pantry lies, Nibbling, O the greedy elf!

Heaps of nuts all by himself, Little chipmunk may be found, The woodchuck underground, moles, And the little owl, they say, Have their owl wee hiding-holes.

And the little owls, they say, Now are snugly stowed away, In the closets of the oak, In the hollows of the bark, Have you counted all these, Let him pry and peer about, Are they all not hidden out?

One you must never tell! If you do, you'll find them all, —E. H. T. in Youth Companion.

LESS FATAL.

If, said the chemist, you will give you will never use any other, Excuse me, rejoined the customer, but I prefer something a little less fatal.

Junior Personals

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

I don't think I will have much more to say. I have been very busy lately. I have been very busy lately. I have been very busy lately.

The Entrance Class of the Central School is studying Australia, in geography. A great sorrow is felt over the death of Judge Woods. The boys and girls of the Central School are being charged to the Advisory Board of Education.

CHATHAM, ONT.

Dear Children, I am going to tell you a few words of a little bird. The bird is called a "chickadee". It is a very small bird, but it is very brave. It is very brave.

MAKESOUGH SCHOOL.

In Room VI we are studying the rivers of North America. Mrs. A. Atkins is spending a week in Toronto.

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Horace Gregg had four pairs of guinea pigs. One died, and he sold the other three for \$1.00.

Mr. Maitland, the owner of the Victoria Avenue Church, is organizing a boys' club. Those wishing to join come to the church on Wednesday evening at seven o'clock.

Named Nellie. She has a dog is named Nellie. She has a dog is named Nellie. She has a dog is named Nellie.

What is the difference between a cat and a match? A cat lights on its feet and a match on its head.

The girls and boys of Room VII. received a letter from Alexander Macdonald, a well-known Canadian politician, Texas. He says the weather is like June.

DRESDEN JUNIORS

Mrs. J. Baker is recovering from her long illness.

There were two boats sunk at Leamington last week. Next Monday there will be a concert in Mr. Hicks' Opera House. The other day I saw two white butterflies flying around our veranda. I tried to catch one, but I couldn't succeed.

Revelyn Fox, of Dresden, is very sick. Mrs. Lindsay entertained a number of young people on Thursday evening. Mrs. Gonyea took a man away to the Chatham Jail on Saturday morning.

George Gregg went to the bush on Sunday and saw a snake one foot long and half an inch wide.

There is a boy named Dr. Clapp's cat. It is a very small cat, but it is very brave. It is very brave.

ANNE WALTON.

What do you want, birdie? It said, "C-b-y-e."

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THE JOURNEY OF THE WATER DROPS.

By Margaret Watson

Once upon a time there was a little spring that lived away up on the top of a mountain. The water in the spring bubbled up, and some of it ran over the side and went better- skelter down the mountain side and back to the sea. But it found it could not do so, and it had to keep right on its way.

A little girl who lived upon the mountain saw the water running along the side of the mountain. She said, "O mother, see that little spring! Let us step over it!"

The drops of water heard her, and one little drop said to the others, "Did you hear that little girl talking about us? She called us a 'spring'! Wait for me! I will go and see what she says!"

"Did you hear those little boys calling us a 'brook'?" The little girls called as a team. I wonder why they charged our name! I wonder why they charged our name! I wonder why they charged our name!

After a while a man came along, and said, "Oh, what a splendid river that is! It flows so fast and strong that I think it would help me to grind my wheel. So he built a mill on the banks of the river. The wheels made the scores that go round the wheel was changed to flour.

The drops of water heard the mill- er talking, and one said to the others, "O mother, see that little spring! Let us step over it!"

Then Nellie went over to visit Jessie, and had a lovely time. They picked some pretty flowers that were growing when this river was rushing along. It heard a big noise. It turned its head to see, and lo! there was another river rushing along, and calling, "River, river, wait for me!"

The first said, "Oh, I am going to the sea. You'll find me on my way to the sea. Then the other river said, 'That's the very place I am going.' Then the first river said, 'Hurrah! Let's all go together! The mother! So they took hold of hands and made such a big river! Then off they went. Ever so many other rivers joined them, and for a little

NUTS TO CRACK

By Margaret Watson

while big boats called "ocean steam- ers" and "ships" and "men-of-war" began to sail on the water. The ships and the men-of-war were called "ships" and "men-of-war".

The drops of water heard them, and one said to the others, "They've changed our name again. Did you hear that sailor call us the 'ocean'?"

"Hurrah! Hurrah! We're here at last, and a long journey we've had. This is the old ocean we started out to find!"

S. S. NO. 14, CHATHAM TOWNSHIP. Following is the report of S. S. No. 14, Chatham Township, for the month of November. Names in order of merit and attendance. Those marked * were absent during part of the month.

Class V, Jr.-L. Teeter, H. Teeter, *E. Shaw, *Jr.-S. Whitmarsh, *Jr.-L. De Wolfe, *Jr.-L. Lacia, S. Sunda, *H. Simpson.

Class II, Jr.-S. Whitmarsh, *Jr.-L. De Wolfe, *Jr.-L. Lacia, S. Sunda, *H. Simpson.

Class III, Jr.-L. De Wolfe, *Jr.-L. Lacia, S. Sunda, *H. Simpson.

Class IV, Jr.-L. De Wolfe, *Jr.-L. Lacia, S. Sunda, *H. Simpson.

TRANSLATED BIRDS.

By Margaret Watson

Hucks and three barleymen. A first lieutenant. A planet and hethel. A pasture food.

A very fat policeman. An ocean impletion. A writing-desk. A bright-colored tool.

Part of a fireplace. A swamp bound. A boy's name. A girl's name.

Transpositions. Transpose an animal common to the farm and make a stream of water.

Reverse the last, and find an animal mentioned in Roman history. Transpose a Latin poet and make a word.

Transposed and make a book of Scandinavian mythology. The moon and make a bone of the arm.

A novel used by rhymers and make the most necessary article used in cooking.

One imp comes along with beer. One holds the other's hat. One floats with the atmosphere. One is a boy's name.

One imp it plays he has skill. One is a boy's name. One is a boy's name. One is a boy's name.



Photo by Norman, Montreal.

ROBERT GILLESPIE REID.

The Unconquered Earl of Newfoundland. The largest landowner in the world, a short time ago, was Robert G. Reid, the Earl of Newfoundland. He held the title of the colony with its two hundred thousand people in the hollow of his hand.

In 1890 came the dawn of his greatest success. He was elected to the House of Commons. He was elected to the House of Commons. He was elected to the House of Commons.

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