

The Planet Junior

Supplement to The Saturday Planet

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY JUNE 1, 1907

No. 51

Junior Personals

THE PLANET JUNIOR, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1907

FOR JUNIORS

VOL. IV.

THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1907.

Perhaps what you may like best to read in the Junior will be, that a circus is coming to town on June 18th. Everybody just loves a circus; and we hope all The Planet Juniors may have a chance of seeing this one.

DRAUGHTS

The following is the solution to our last problem No. 15, local series: Black, 26-22; White, 18-25; Black, 25-22; White, 20-11; Black 22-18, and Wins.

Problem No. 16—Local Series.

Black.

Black may ring upon our ears.

Never a word is said

But it trebles in the air,

And the truant voice has sped,

And perhaps far off in eternal years

The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never a day is given,

And it tenses the after years;

Its sunshine or its tears;

While the to-morrows stand and wait.

The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,

And the stars are everywhere,

And time is eternity;

For the common deeds of the common day.

Are the ringing bells in the far-away?

Discussing these types the other day, he said:

The most naive are the Germans from the smaller and remoter States. They have the charmingly simple and also quaint minds of children.

A beautiful German girl disembarked here the other day. She was tall and very strong, blue-eyed and yellow-haired. She wanted to know at once if there were any letters for her.

The postmaster at the pier, after getting her name, said, by way of a joke:

Is it a business or a love letter that you expect?

The girl faltered.

A business letter.

Well, there's nothing here, said the man, after looking over the assort-

ment.

The girl hesitated. Then, blushing as red as roses, she said:

Would you mind telling me what the love letters are?

No one need complain about the narrowness of the way so long as

you sink down into a hole,

To Phillips into prison,

With the love letters in.

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you sink down into a hole,

To Phillips into prison,

With the love letters in.

LONGFELLOW AND THE CHILDREN

By Rev. Samuel Longfellow.

Junior Personals

MCKEEOUGH SCHOOL.

Floyd Burne was visiting in Dresden for a few days. Miss Winnie Colville, of Wallaceburg, was visiting in Chatham. Miss Iva Raymond spent the 24th of May in London. Mr. Riley moved into his new house on Park Ave., Monday.

Mrs. Ralph McCallum and child are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Horrie in Cambridge. He overtakes two poets, Longfellow and Lowell, as he was walking down Britton street. A gentlewoman relates that one day

she came to see him in Cambridge, and he had a meeting with him. He was walking down Britton street, and he was walking down Britton street. A gentlewoman relates that one day

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RIDDLES

BY PLANET JUNIORS

How do you spell candy in two letters?

C and Y.

A MINUTE SERMON.

A little leaf fell on the moving stream.

And twisted and turned its way,

Like the feather that floated before the wind.

On a little leaf saw the change of scene,

The trees both great and small,

And gazed at the ships and the little boats,

And passed o'er the foam that spattered free.

Tossed by the foam, who was lost,

And slept upon a quiet shore,

And slept and slept.

Like the leaf, our lives are on the stream.

So swiftly it turned on the rushing wave,

'Twas dizzy as a drunken man.

And after it went so many miles

That you couldn't count them, true,

It floated upon a quiet shore,

And slept upon a sandy shore,

Through, through,

Like the leaf, our lives are on the stream.

This coward shots with shut eyes,

No Indian ever sold his daughter for a name.

Think of the spring and then you'll find my first come quickly to your mind.

And in my children small you'll view

My third, a sort of song, is meant

To tell of physical contact,

My whole an insect known to Es-

my second thought my first is able,

My second though that floated before the wind.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST SATURDAY'S JUNIOR.

PLANET JUNIORS

1—Seaman, sea man, seam an.

2—God is the perfect poet, Who in His person acts His own creations.

3—Browning.

4—Trotting, ton-Washington.

5—Nobility.

6—INDIAN PROVERBS.

7—Charade.

8—A MINUTE SERMON.

9—A. MINUTE SERMON.

10—A. MINUTE SERMON.

11—A. MINUTE SERMON.

12—A. MINUTE SERMON.

13—A. MINUTE SERMON.

14—A. MINUTE SERMON.

15—A. MINUTE SERMON.

16—A. MINUTE SERMON.

17—A. MINUTE SERMON.

18—A. MINUTE SERMON.

19—A. MINUTE SERMON.

20—A. MINUTE SERMON.

SAFETY FOR CHILDREN

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

NUTS TO CRACK

A measure into to relate.

Mature into part of an animal.

A cave into mark of a blow.

Harsh into a long tray.

Hill into a small piece of wood.

—4—

1. Astronomical Puzzle.

Letters from a professor of astronomy, who visited India to study the occultation of planets.

"The sun moon blows constantly, phasing the earth, usually so clear. How it blew the day I visited the lovely Taj. Up I terribly struggled through the blinding sand to reach it to find hot, uneducated tourists still smoking on those marble balustrades where sat urns of exquisite work! Wrought metals and earthenware! Of course, accidents occur (an usher or a guide is present, but seems helpless). They may several and soil, each our followed by a slimy disgust, and start for home tomorrow."

2. Anagram Rime.

From the commentaries of —— Can you —— what an —— may do? Or find out from the wisdom of —— Each —— your body all through!

3. Word Puzzle.

Words whose two syllables are the same.

A large bird, now extinct.

A gentle sound.

Tolerably well.

4. Riddles.

I.

There is nothing so kindly as kind-jumps.

And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mate as we measure.

Some little good not in dreaming.

Or great pleasure to see by.

For whatever we do, we do not

feel.

In spite of their fancies of youth.

There is nothing so sweet than

the wind.

True worth is in being, not seeming.

Or doing, not in doing.

For whatever we do, we do not

feel.

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