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, JANUARY 26, 1907.

We know all the Juniors will regret to hear of the death of Douglas Bell. Many of you knew him, as he had been attending the Collegiate Institute, into which he had passed at midsummer, from McKeough School, where he had won the gold medal. He was both clever and persevering; and his courage and thoughtfulness for others were manifested in his last illness. His funeral, which took place yesterday, was largely attended by his little friends, six of his classmates being his pall-bearers.

So many of the Juniors have had birthdays this week and have had parties, but they forgot to tell us their names, so we could not say anything about them. If we should print "Yesterday was my birthday and I was ten years old"; "To-morrow will be my birthday and I am going to have a party"; you would think it was the editor's birthday, and you would wonder "How many birthdays does he have every year" and why didn't he ask me to his party." So tell us about your birthdays and the parties you have, but don't forget to say who it is that have them.

Junior Personals

McKEOUGH SCHOOL.

Mrs. Stone, of Grand Ave., left last Sunday for Edmonton.

I hope this cold spell will last, so that we may have good skating.

Wednesday morning the thermometer was down to thirteen below zero.

Mr. and Mrs. Sharp, of Van Allen Ave., are very ill.

On Jan. 22nd it was very cold, the thermometer going down to 9 below zero.

We are all sorry th hear of the death of Douglas Bell, who was a member of our school up to last midsummer. He got the gold medal l st year.

John Redner, late of Grant St., has moved to Forest St.

There is fine skating on the rubbish pond.

There were a great many present at Mr. Brackin's funeral on Sunday afternoon last.

Miss Annie Pritchard entertained a number of her friends Wednesday evening. A very enjoyable time was spent.

Douglas Bell died shortly after one o'clock Wednesday afternoon, at the General Hospital, of appendicitis.

Miss Ray Redner, of Grant St., entertained a number of her friends on Thursday afternoon in honor of her birthday.

We, the pupils of the McKeough School, thank the C. P. R. for the pictures presented to us by them.

Lorne Kenny has five bantams. One of them is twelve years old.

Grace Hall's little brother fell off a chair and split his tongue with his teeth.

Mr. Harry Cole has been visiting Chatham friends for a couple of weeks.

Miss Eva Stanton is in the hospital in Chatham.

J. Adams left for the Northwest on Wednesday evening.

J. Diamond left on Friday afternoon for London, Ont.

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

All the children in the schools who have not been vaccinated in the last seven years, will have to be before next Tuesday, or they cannot come to school.

All the promotions will be made on Monday morning.

The entrance class has just finished studying about ocean currents.

In Grade 8 we are drawing maps of Europe.

The skating at Jordan's pond is fine, but it is rather chilly.

Miss Florence Lee, who has been visiting her sister, on Kirk street, returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. David Martin, Wellington St., is rejoicing over the birth of a little son.

Amy Howe, King St., who has been very ill, is improving.

Lloyd Thompson has a baby brother.

Tuesday it snowed a good deal, and we are having fun snow-balling.

All the boys wish this snow would stay, as it makes good sleigh-riding.

There was a teacher in a school who one day gave a rule in grammar. It was, "Never use a prep. to end a sentence with."

A small boy was trying to reach the door bell on a house when a minister came along and said, "Sonny, I'll ring it for you." After he had done it, the boy said, "Now run like everything."

Edna Richards, Wellington St., had a "Cobweb Party" on Tuesday, which was enjoyed very much by her little friends. We had never heard of a Cobweb Party until we heard of Edna's, and probably many of you will wonder what kind of a party it is, so we are going to tell you. There are yards and yards and yards of string twisted in and out, round tables and chairs, behind pictures, through from one room to the other, and at the end of each string is a prize. Each child is given an end to begin on, and he has to be a busy little spider and wind up all his cord, and undo every knot before he gets his prize. It is great fun to see who is the quickest spider in getting his web unwound.

DISCOVERING HAPPINESS.

Here is a little screed of life, formulated by a wise man:

That power leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

That congenial labor is the secret of happiness.

That conventionality is the mother of all dreariness.

That the world is a very beautiful and interesting place.

That meanness, hardness and coldness are unforgivable sins.

That one's relations with others should be direct and not diplomatic.

That pleasure exists, not in virtue of material conditions, but in a joyful heart.

I have grown to believe that the one thing worth aiming at is simplicity of heart and life.

And many other things, which seem as I write them down, to be dull and trite commonplaces, but are for me the bright jewels which I have found beside the way.

CHILDHOOD AILMENTS

As a remedy for all the ills of childhood arising from derangements of the stomach or bowels Baby's Own Tablets have no equal. You do not have to coax or threaten your little ones to take them — children like them. The ease with which they can be given as compared with liquid medicines will appeal to every mother. None is spilled or wasted—you know just how big a dose has reached the little stomach. And above all, mothers have an absolute guarantee that the Tablets contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. They always do good; they cannot possibly do harm. Mrs. Edward Donovan, St. Agatha, Que., says:— "I am delighted with Baby's Own Tablets. I know of no medicine that can equal them in curing the ills of young children." You can get the Tablets from any druggist, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DRESDEN JUNIORS

Mrs. James McVean entertained the Whist Club on January 21st.

Last Thursday week my father slipped and fell on the ice, and hurt his hip badly.—Beulah Harris.

On Tuesday night there was a party down at Mrs. Campbell's.

Last week I saw a robin in Mr. Courtney's evergreen tree.

I have an electric engine. I got it a week after New Year's. I am going to make an upright electric engine, and then my father and myself are going to make a large electric engine. My bantam laid an egg on Tuesday.—Howard Brubacker.

The day after Christmas I went to Galt. I was riding around the town and I went to the skating rink to have a skate, but it was not open.—Ian Laird.

Some boys in school saw a couple of stray robins flying around last week.

Miss Gladys Reid, of Dawn Mills, spent Saturday with Miss Leon Craig.

Miss Anna Ribble had a few of her friends in on Saturday, Jan. 19th.

In our school we have six blackboards. On one of the blackboards there is a book and an inkbottle with a feather in it. On half of the blackboard there is a hockeystick and two skates. We have a lot of nice pictures on the wall. We have a large one of Lord Lockinvar and his sweetheart.

In our room there is a picture of a big feast. There was a man having a feast in honor of his daughter Ellen's wedding. In the picture you can see where Lord Lockinvar and Ellen are dancing. Lord Lockinvar came in and asked Ellen if she would dance with him, and she said yes. So they danced one set and went off to another room, and you can see in the picture where he whispered a word which I suppose said come. You can see outside the door the moonlight, and Lord Lockinvar's horse anxious to get away.

I passed up in the second book at Christmas. I think the work in the second book is very hard.—Gordon.

On Wednesday after four I caught on a bob-sleigh and went out to the cheese factory. I had to walk back home.—Byron Watson.

Last Sunday and Saturday night it was so windy that it shook the house so hard that I thought it was going to tip over. It shook the clock so that my sister thought it fell off the stand. After that we had a large snowstorm. It is not very cold now. The river has not been safe enough to skate on.

Last Tuesday was my birthday and I got four presents—three milk pitchers, a dress with pearls set in it, a new dress and a cup and saucer.—Evelyn Fox.

This week I started to put down all the people's names that are late. I put the names on a board that is right by me. It makes the people hurry, for they have to stay in the time they are late and five minutes for being late. They don't like to stay in.

To-day is George Eberlee's birthday and he is ten years old. Yesterday was Morley McKay's.

I am going to tell you that we have not had very much skating here. We have had a little ice on Mr. McKay's pasture field.

In the Second Book Room they have got some beautiful roses drawn on the board.

My cousin, Matthew Burns, who died last week, was buried on Monday at nine o'clock.

Alice Gregory went to see Moving Pictures on January 22nd.

Last Sunday Fred Forshee, my brother, had a birthday party.

After four o'clock I go skating on the pond in the orchard. My friend goes with me and we have lots of run. She and I play until about five o'clock and after tea we do our home work and sometimes go up town.—Eva Bedell.

Jack Frost is here and the boys and girls hope he will stay here until we have enough fun.

Miss Brown died recently in the Northwest. She had gone there for the benefit of her health.

Yesterday it was three below zero and it was twelve above zero last Sunday, but owing to the high wind we felt the cold more on Sunday.

We have some pretty pictures on our board. I saw a robin that came back this year.

We are having cold weather in Dresden.

I saw five cutters to-day.

Every night after four my brother and I make rings in our yard, and have more fun than I could tell you.—Leon Bresett.

To-night I am going down to Mr. Jackson's to skate and play hockey. I expect we will have to clean the ice.—Ian Laird.

After four o'clock, when I get out of school, my friend, Beulah Harris, and I go on the pond.

RIDDLES

—BY—

PLANET JUNIORS

If a turkey comes to $1.50, what will a pig come to?

The pig would come to the trough to drink.

◆

What goes up when the rain comes down?

Umbrella.

◆

What does a man always set in his garden first?

His foot.

◆

What gets longer when you crop it off at each end?

A ditch.

◆

Why is a bad singer like a poor clock?

He does not keep good time.

◆

Why is a room full of married women like an empty one?

Because there is not a single one in it.

◆

When is a clock dangerous?

When it strikes one.

◆

Why is a newly born baby like a gale of wind?

It begins with a squall.

◆

When a girl was asked why she married a one-armed man, what do you think she said?

Two-armed men are so common, and I did not want a common man.

◆

What smells the most in a drug store?

The nose.

◆

How can you change a pumpkin into a squash?

Throw it up and it will come down a squash.

◆

What is higher without the head than with the head?

A pillow.

ARE YOU SUBJECT TO STIFFNESS

Perhaps it is in the neck or shoulders. First thing is a good rub with Nerviline. No more speedy remedy can be adopted. When applied to the muscles Nerviline gives them flexibility and vigor; inflammation, soreness and stiffness disappear. Whether in the chest or throat nothing can surpass Nerviline," writes O. B. Denton, Lumber Merchant at Oak Bay, N. B. "Rubbed on at night, the trouble is gone by morning. I have proved Nerviline a great medicine." Everyone says the same, and Nerviline always makes good. 25c. bottles sold everywhere.

Many a good resolution is wabbly because it hasn't sufficient backbone.

NUTS TO CRACK

FRUIT PUZZLE.

To reveal a secret?

◆

What heads a letter?

◆

A swift water passage?

◆

Lovers unable to run away?

◆

The name of an island?

◆

A cap and the outside of cheese?

◆

A foolish person and a berry?

◆

The name of a thin dress material, joined to a berry?

◆

A fruit mentioned in mythology?

◆

To grieve and the name of a fruit?

◆

An interdiction and a girl's name?

◆

Name of a game and a fruit?

◆

To file or to irritate and a berry?

◆

To Peel?

◆

A male and a command?

◆

Name given to small shot?

◆

A senior and a berry?

◆

A fruit bearing the name of the staff of life?

◆

An herb signifying bitterness and a sharp instrument?

◆

An article? A term meaning "before," and a small house?

◆◆◆

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST WEEK'S JUNIOR.

1—

I. Nap, kin—napkin.
II. Co, nun, drum—conundrum.
III. Tomton—momot.
IV. In, Jean, new, I, tea—ingenuity.

2—

Ajar, jar.
Abase, base.
Abet, bet.
Abode, bode.
Abound, bound.
About, bout.
Abridge, bridge.
Again, gain.
Ahead, head.
Alight, light.
Alike, like.
Arid, rid.
Award, ward.

3—

Dane, dine, dune, done.
Tan, tan, tin, ton, ten.

4—

I. None.
II. Yew—you.

5—

Frances Hodgson Burnett—
I. That Lass o' Lowrie's.
II. Fair Barbarian.
III. Little Lord Fauntleroy.
Alfred Tennyson—
I. In Memoriam.
II. The Princess.
III. The Queen of the May.
IV. The Idyls of the King.
Henry W. Longfellow—
I. Voices of the Night.
II. Footsteps of Angels.
III. Reaper of the Flowers.
IV. Wreck of the Hesperus.
Friedrich von Schiller—
I. The Song of the Bell.
II. William Tell.
III. Wallenstein.
IV. The Maid of Orleans.

THE ORIGIN OF GALL STONES.

They are simply dried bile, made up of crystalline constituents of that fluid. Very common is this disease among merchants, clergymen, shop-girls and those of sedentary habits. Prevention consists in maintaining correct action of the liver and bowels, which is best accomplished by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. No person using this medicine need fear gall-stones, nor will they ever be bilious. Sound digestion, good appetite, a clear color will evidence the health-giving properties of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which are the safest and best for general family use. Insist on having only Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. 25c. per box at all dealers.

The mind makes the man.

FOR JUNIORS

THE WIND AND THE DOOR.

The Wind was lost on the moors: it
came to my door and cried,
"Let me in!" and tugged at the
latch. "Let me in! I have
missed the path."
Whined like a starveling hound in
the rain and the dark outside,
And shook with its long, lean
hands the bolted shutters in
wrath.

"Let you in! Nay, that will I not!
Think you I forget the day
When you sighted our good, brave
ship, on a smooth sea homeward bound:
How you summoned your demon
crew, how you gloated like
beasts of prey
O'er the pitiful faces white, on the
reef where we ran aground?"

"I am not the Wind of the Main—
his piracy I deplore!"
Supplicant, soft the voice, without
on the storm-bare sill:
"I rock the birds in the boughs, I
sway the flowers at the door,
I croon in the forest aisles—oh, let
me in and you will!"

I had my hand on the latch, the
night without was so drear!
Poor little truant breeze, astray
on the lonely wold!
A moment I paused and asked, "How
came you wandering here,
Miles from the summer isles, in
the region of dark and cold?"

The Wind gave a fierce, low laugh,
and then a curse more dread!
Exulting in retrospect, forgotten
the outcast's plea!
"I saw in the midnight heaven a
meteor ship, blood-red,
I drove it leagues and leagues—aye
drove it into the sea!"

I bolted the quaking door: "Begone,
thou art self-betrayed!
Wind of the wild sea-crests! Pirate Wind of the Main!"
Wisely he waits whose hand is for a
moment stayed,
Lest in a zephyr's stead he harbor
the hurricane!

—Emma Herrick Weed.

LETTY'S BUSY DAY.

When mother takes the sifter down
To make up Sunday's bread,
Then Betty puts her apron on
And a cap upon her head.
For though she does not go to
school,
Nor her music lesson take,
'Tis Betty's very busy day—
When she must sweep and bake.

She rolls her dough out smoothly
With her long rolling-pin,
And with a thimble then cuts out
The biscuits round and thin!
She puts them in a corner
Of mother's pan to bake,
And helps to stir the batter up
For Sunday's angel-cake,

And when the bread is nicely baked,
Though tired as tired can be,
She sets big dolly's table out,
And asks her in to tea.
Tea, over, plates and dishes
She washes every one,
Then tucks big dolly safe in bed,
For Betty's work is done!

MEMORIES.

Yes, I have left the golden shore,
Where childhood midst the roses
played:
Those sunny dreams will come no
more,
That youth a long bright Sabbath made.

Yet while those dreams of memory's eye
Arise in many a glittering train,
My soul goes back to infancy,
And hears my mother's song
again!

And while my soul retains the power
To think upon each faded year,
In every bright or shadowed hour,
My heart shall hold my mother
dear!

The hills may tower, the waves may
rise,
And roll between my home and
me;
Yet shall my quenchless memories
Turn with undying love to thee.

—W. G. Clark.

THE LITTLE PRINCE'S KINDNESS

I heard a story the other day of one of the little sons of the Prince of Wales, which I think may interest you, as well as be an example to you. He was rather ill, not so very ill, but just bad enough to be miserable, as we usually are when we are not well. One day the nurse said to the little Prince that he was not nearly so patient as a girl she had been nursing somewhere else, and she was very ill indeed.

The little Prince asked the nurse a great many questions about her other patient, and then he became very quiet and thoughtful. At last he said to her, "Do you think she would like me to send her something?"

"Oh, I am quite sure," said the nurse, "that she would prize anything that you sent her very much indeed."

"Well, then, I have made up my mind what I will send," said the little Prince. "You may take her that statue of Lord Roberts with my love, because she is so patient."

"Oh, but can you really spare that little statue?" asked the nurse, for she knew that the Prince prized it more than almost anything which he had. It was a statuette of the famous soldier Lord Roberts, whom he regarded as the greatest hero who had ever lived.

"Oh, yes," said the Prince. "I have made up my mind to spare it because she is so patient, and I am so disagreeable and impatient."

The nurse asked the Prince's parents if she might do what he wished, and they "Yes." So she took the statuette to the girl, who was now so weak that she could hardly take any interest in things. When she heard the story of why it had been sent to her, and who had sent it, it touched her heart very much, and often when she was in great pain she would look at the statuette on a bracket near her bed, and it would help to make her brave and patient.

Not very long afterwards she passed away, and now one of the things most treasured in her home is that little statuette of Lord Roberts, which reminds her mother every time she looks at it of the sympathy of the little Prince.

Now, don't you think that is a pretty story? It is better than pretty, for it is quite true. When you are ill you will be very much tempted to be cross and impatient, and then it may help you to bear any suffering that comes to you with courage and quietness. — The Quiver.

HER METHOD AND HIS.

I watched my good wife pack her
trunk,
Since then, I must confess,
I've grown a very great respect
For woman's cleverness.
The trunk was tall, but twice as
high
Beside it on the floor
Rose piles of fluffy lingerie
And feminine togs galore.

About a dozen shirt-waist suits
Of modish cut and hue,
Complete with all accessories
From picture hat to shoe.
Embroidered linens, muslins fine,
She folded with despatch,
Gowns for all times and functions
meet,
With parasols to match.

Shoes, driving coat and bathing suit,
Kimonas, negligees—
Each found a niche; belts, gloves
and stocks
Filled up the various trays!
An hour rolled by. Her work was
done
And everything in place,
While I had not quite made an end
To filling one suit case.

There's method in my laggard ways;
I'm lazy through design;
For, now Matilda's trunk is packed,
She'll set to work on mine!

OLD OFFENDER CAUGHT.

Impossible to escape being cured if you apply Putnam's Corn Extractor to the worst corn on record. Painless, safe and costs only a quarter in any drug store.

When times seem the hardest the heart and will should be the strongest.

A GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK

—BY—

CLARA L. JOHNSON.

"Where is LeRoy?" asked Mrs. Hunter. "I want him to run over to his grandfather's a minute."

"I don't know where he is," answered little James.

"Why, hasn't he been playing out there with you all?"

"He is not here, Mrs. Hunter."

"Where is he, then? Frank, do you know where LeRoy is?"

"I haven't seen him."

"Haven't seen him! Why, he was out in the yard after dinner."

"He was, but he went to hide, and we couldn't find him."

"Couldn't find him!"

"We couldn't find him, and so we stopped playing hide-and-seek, and went to playing base."

"Sammy, have you seen anything of LeRoy?"

"Not since he went to hide, Mrs. Hunter."

"Where can he be? He never goes off without asking me. LeRoy! LeRoy!" called his mother; but there was no answer. "Jamie, run down to your grandpa's and see if he is there. Sammy, please go down to the mill, and, Frank, run over to your Uncle Daniel's. Where can the boy be?" Mrs. Hunter, as the three boys ran away, called again, "LeRoy! LeRoy!" There was no answer. She ran from room to room. When she had looked twice in each closet, under every bed and under the house, her messengers had returned.

"Grandma says he hasn't been there."

"He hasn't been to Uncle Daniel's."

"He isn't at the mill."

Mrs. Hunter was thoroughly alarmed. She hastened to look in the well for the fifth time, calling as she went, "Frank, go tell your father LeRoy can't be found."

Mr. Hunter stopped the mill and put the hands to searching for the lost boy. Neighbors who happened to be hauling lumber or cotton joined in the search. The news spread that LeRoy Hunter could not be found. Men, women and children were running in every direction and shouting the name of the lost boy. He was not in the barn, nor the stables, nor the buggy-house. There was no trace of him in the fields nor woods. The water was all drawn out of the well, but LeRoy was not at the bottom. His mother had stopped hunting him, and stood in the door, wringing her hands. The sun had almost set, and Mr. Hunter had raised the gates to run down the mill-pond.

"I believe I will ring the bell," said little James. "Maybe somebody who knows where LeRoy is will come." He grasped the bell-rope, and the big farm bell slowly turned from side to side, sending forth its summons for news of the lost boy.

"Stop ringing and let me get down!" called a voice.

Little James trembled at the sound of the voice up the bell-pole, and slackened his hold upon the rope. And then who should come crawling out on the platform under the bell but LeRoy. He had snuggled up on the little platform right under the bell, and while waiting to be found had fallen asleep.

"It was a good safe hiding-place," he said.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

"My furs are like those!" exclaimed little Louise, while walking through the store.

"Why," exclaimed her mother, "you have no furs of any kind!"

"Yes, I have," protested the child, "and they are lined with kittens, too."

◆

We were trying to teach our little lad, aged five years, to speak well of the absent. At dinner he began to relate a personal encounter between himself and another little boy, and seeing reproof on our faces, he halted for a minute, and then resumed, with a deep sigh, "Well, mama, Roy is a real strong boy,"—another sigh,—"and—he's got a good education!"

◆

A very little boy was once in the room where a young lady was practising on the piano. She was counting aloud, "One, two, three, four." The little fellow seemed quite surprised, and after a while he went to her and said, quite earnestly, "Ee next is five!"