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THE DRAWING CONTEST

n by A. P. Mc-

## TO BLOW BUBBLES

more popular among the boys and girls than it is planty of amusement to be had by those skillful in the art. These spheres are too frail to long, it is true, but ithere is a way of making them far tougher than is common-so tough, indeed, that they will roll around the carpet of a room for some time before bursting. Into a pint of warm water shave a piece of brown laundry soap about an inch square, containing a goor proportion of tye. When this is thoroughly dissolved, add a table-spoonful of gum arabe and stir till melted. Then a teaspoonful of glycerian in meessary, and lastly a quart of cold water.

If the bubble makers are not very little people and know how to keep the water out of their mouths, wonderfully colored bubbles on be made by separating this mixture into cups and adding a pinch of different diamond dyes to each. But for little people attawherry or currant juice for 'pink bubbles and orange gues for yellow are perhaps safer. The lye in the soap, plus the glycerian, increases the brilliancy of the bubbles and the rum gives them elastiaity. Hot water is necessary to dissolve the various ingredients, but unless cold water is added they expand and break too rapidly in the blowing process. A curious pipe that will blow several 'bubbles at one thing can to obtained from any kindergareten supply house.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

An Irsh laborer boarded a street cur and handed the conductor a rather diaphlated-tooking coin in yvment of his fare. The conductor to ked at it critically, and handed it books.

# JUNIOR DRAWING CONTEST \*\*\*\*\*

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CHATHAM, ONT, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1904

his intention of offering through The valuable prizes for a drawing contest. A. P. McKishnie, Superintendent of the Scranton Cor-respondence School Agencies of this district, has communicated his intention of offering through The Plank Junior, two very

Mr. McKishnie is an artist of no mean ability himself and takes great interest in drawing of all kinds, especially that

The subject chosen for the drawing contest affords great deal of scope for some good drawings.

"A Fishing Scene in Spring" is the subject, the cene to represent a young lad or girl going toward the stream, with fishing pole and can of bait just as you see very often in

The contest is open to all public and separate schools Kent County, and the rules governing shall be as follows: -

The drawings are to be the original idea of the artist.

All drawings must be certified to by the teacher as being

The competition closes this e ening at 5 p. m. and all gs must be in by that time, addressed "Drawing Con-

# WONDER

With the sole exception of the shah of Persia, the czar owns a greater fortune in diamonds and precious stones than any m. in the world. The famous Orloff diamond is only the greatest star in an immense constelligation. It was given to the previous czar by a Count Orloff, one of whose descendants was the temous Count Orloff, who devoted hi life to improving the breed of Russian horses and created the "Orloff horse," now used almost exclusively by the Russian cavalry.

When Nicholas II. was crowned at few years ago the emir of Bokhara and the khan of Khiva, his two principal yassal princes, vied with one another in making him the richest gifts within their power. The khan gave him a priceless rope of pearls which is said to be the finest in the world, besides diamonds, emerades and rubies galore. His presents are estimated to have been worth, at the lowest computation, \$2,000,000, but they were unique and no price could really be put on them. His rival, the emir was not far behind him, and the hetman of the Don Cossacks, Prince Sviatopolsk Mireki II. came forward with some handsome contributions, as did all the leading notics and prince of the empire, to say nothing of foreign notentates.

Think that you are but human, and liable to error. Blobbs.-What a nuge paunch Wigwag is getting. He has completely lost his shape.

Slobbs.-Not lest, but gone before, i

My use of the fork, writes Homer B. Huburt, a traveler in Bussia and Siberia, was not the only thing that detinguished me while in the country of the white caar. Wherever I went, the Russians were highly amused at my use of the toothbrush, which they consider a peculiarly feminine utensial. I was everywhere embarrassed by the total absence of the washbowl. Such things seem to be unknown. A sort of can or ewer of water, with a valve in the bottom, lets out a little stream of water on the hands; or, of the such a glass and sputed over the hands—a much more sanitary method than the American, since the Russian does not wash in any vessel which has been used by others. The Russian objects to any bath excepting the elaborate Russians ould be the sating the bathroom was not edifying. Even on the steamer, where hot and cold baths could be had for the asking, the bathroom was not gatronized. The Russians say of the English and Americans that they bathe so much that they emit an offensive odor, which turns the tables on us somewhat surprisingly and casts some doubt upon the truth of the proverb that virtue is its own reward. As black, the most sombre of all colores, in truth a lack of any distinctive odor in the well-tubbed Englishman strikes the Russian as unpleasant.

The trouble with the egotist he seldom judges other people | self.

## **Favorite Story** My.

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No. 34

Widow Townsend was sitting one storing evening in her cosy little house thinking of her husband, who was dead, when suddenly she heard two quick knocks at the door. It at first startled her, but as her dog named Rose was lying on a mat near the hearth she took courage and answered the door. She found answered the door. She found answered the heast to do. She asked not knowing what to do. She asked not knowing what to do. She asked him in and gave him a lunch. He told Mrs. Townsend that he had been knocking around Oalifornia for the last six years and had come to this part to seek a wife.

Mrs. Townsend then asked him if he knew anything of the where abouts of Sam. Payson, a young geantlement them that she knew very well.

"Why, Sam. Payson, a young knew him was his wife with him," Mrs. Townsend asked.

Townsend asked.

Townsend asked.

Townsend asked him shen you kee will not wed till he finds out whether the girl, he knew by the mame of Mara, who jilted him when young will renew friendships and be his wife."

Widow Townsend is overjoyed to know that Sam. Payson is still alive and finally gives in she was the girl whom he loved and had filted him. The stranger now took her hand and she exclasmed, "Oh, don't, I'm Sam's Maria," and then the stranger answered with a smile, "Well, I am Maria's Sam."

Mrs. Townsend now recognizes her first lover. In a very short time there was a wedding in the village and that greatly astonished the neighbors. Widow Townsend having married her first lover, Sam. Payson, who was now a millionaire.

SOME OF EACH.

Robby was visiting at his Aunt Martha's, and when he was asked at the dinner table, which kind of pie he liged best, apple, mine or pumpk'h, he replied, after thinking it over a few monarts:

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Written for The Planet Junior by Cora See, of Chatham, and Accorded Fifth Place by the Judges.

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I have many favorite stories which there read. The one I amigoing to briefly tell you about is entitled 'Widow Townsend's First Love.' It is a fore story written by Mary h.

A long, long time ago this book was A long, long time ago this book was recharged and after being read and bout to be burned when it came aross it and picked it hip and read it. Of all things I dike to read about adventures, but it happens this adventures, but it happens this arranged in a mixture of love and advertise.

Modesty is the hest

my favorite book is named Glengarry School Days. It told all about animal bunts, how the schools were built long ago. It was written by Rev. C. Gordon. The first I beard of it was when going to school down in the country. The teacher got a new library and in it was the Sky Pilot and Glengarry School Days. I liked them both but Glengarry was my favorite one. It told the first colors the boys wore at that time. The school was a long dog school that slood in the woods to get to school and it was she very dangerous because of so much wild animals in the woods at that time. The boys wore pants down to their shool was which were made of many colors. The buy and the teacher often had quarrels, and one year the boys seved up a lot for their teacher. One little girl was to go up and the watch in his pocket and when they got from fleer they killed and the watch in his pocket and when they got to "We greent you with this watch" the boy was to give it to him. But the boy had forget about it and was fooling with some got to "We greent word she paused for a long time. But the hoy had forget about it and was fooling with some on top of the watch in the seats. He also had put a lot of binding twire on top of the watch in the seats. He saiso had put a lot of binding twire on top of the watch in the seats and forget about it.

When the girl sol to the word she paused for a long time. But still the boy diant take any notice to it. Then the fire place was not very good and the pupils all went home. The next dow was Seturday and that the honey that had been left son the table. Tom was the boy's name and his father got up and started of too the roots of the pupil's places a bear got in the house after some thoney that had been left son the table. Tom was the boy's name and his father got up and started after Tom Form got in a hurry and didn't take notice what had been left on the the bear and song after saw him and shot went the order to his neighbour and the word him all about what had been and told him all about what him and shot

I also like this book because of the yle of literature and the writer's anner of expressing himself.

His style is clear and simple, and all of truth on its subject. The heroire's character is like The heroire's character is She any another good person's. She as pious, unselfish and kind.

I have learned three lessons from its book. One is to be good, a second to be truthful, and a third is to not to the poor. many people.

many people.

re read it. I read it through with re read it. I read it through with at pleasure and have taken lessons mit. It is one of the "Ruby Serwitten by M. S. Cummings.

his story also treats of the brutal ple and the way in which they at the poor and needy ones as if y were cattle. In this story I I many incicants touching on old re times.

ing Ev Never give up hope, says the Cynical Bachelor. ven the married man has a fight-

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Written for The Planet Junior b
Kenneth Crow, Chatham,
and Awarded Special
Mention by the

+++++++++++++++ **Favorite Book** 

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Written for The Planet Junior
Liby Pearl Booth, Chatham,
and Awarded Special
Mention by the
Judges.

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was sitting in the dining room e cold bleak November night, thinkg how to amuse myself. I found thing to attract my attention, but I looked at the coal fire I hapmed to think of books, but at first add anything I liked. Predidn't find anything I liked. Predidn't fought of a book that had an given to me by my aunt. I at 
ce ran and got it and settled down 
read it. It was named "The Lampther." I like it. It tells of the 
any wants and sufferings of the 
any wants and sufferings of the

The next day he visited Signor Popan'ls house again, while the daughters related the story. Great praise
was given Francis even Venice gave
him three hundred pounds.
Polani then sent word to the magjetrates and told them fie had five
prisoners on hand, one being Ruggierra and the rest his followers.
Council now began. The magistrates
council now began. The magistrates
council now began. The magistrates
council now began and found out
that he was the one who carried
away Polani's daughters. Ruggiero
was then bound and put in prison.
Francis, the next day, sailed on the
Lido for Genoa, where they had a
battle, in which the Venetians were
victorious. Francis then returned to
England and lived for a while with
his father. About two years later
the removed to Venice, where he spent

Henry Seton Merriman, whose real name was Hugh Scott, was a rapid writter. Mr. Scott wrote only at long intervals; but when he once had a story in mind he would write several chapters in an evening. The following is reported as a conversation between Mr. Scott and Walter Pater, the scruppuplous and scholarly critic—"Nothing," Mr. Pater asserted, "nothing can be done well that is done in a hurry," asked Mr. Scott, with a suggestion of doubt.
"Yothing," said Mr. Pater.
"Yothing," said Mr. Pater.
"How about catching a train," asked the movelist.

Favorite Book

en birds had no feathers and no hoaks as now, serve their pure? According to naturalists and nitsts, birds were only bat-like atures thousands of years ago, with les like fishes or lizards and webwings. As these wings, however, to be more and more depended as as a means of escape from the reasing horde of their ground enes, and the air surrounding the he gradually grew cooler, the es, generation after generation, ely turned to feathers, with light, filled quills to aid in flying, and fluffy ends to keep the bodies ath them warm. Liftle by liftle, the great, savage looking, big thed mouths that birds of thouse of years ago used to have have aged to the small, pretty beaks most of the feathered folk of ay find sufficient for all their is.

to reason for this is similar to for the exchange of soales for the exchange of soales for the product the product of the product of the world of air was the sort that needed precotions, and so the muscles of their gas and claws grew stronger as so of their mouths grew smaller their teeth disappeared altogeth-

daughters. Hearing this, francis immediately made ready for the chase, and set off with other gondolas following. They had not gone far when they saw a gondola beading for the island of San Nielo. They thought sure this must be the right one, and told Guistiniani and Matteo to row full speed and head for the boat. They soon got up with it and found it was the right one. Francis instantly jumped into the boat, but was knocked down by Ruggiero. He then took his oar and hit Ruggiero such a blow that it knocked him off the boat into the earnal. Francis then seized one of the sisters while his friend seized the other, and put them into their gondola and took them home, when Signor Polani heard of their ecovery he at once sent the news all wer Venice. He asked Francis if he vould stay with him for the night, ut he replied "no," and returned to is home.

MUCH INCENSED WAS MR. BANKS

Mr. Banks had acquired a distatorfal manner in his youth, and it had
grown with his years. When he gradunly became near-sighted he refused
to wear glasses and held other people
responsible for the difficulties into
which his failing sight led him.
One day he clutched by the coatsleeve a man who was hurrying past
him on the street.

"I want a wind with you, Mr.
Griggs," he said sharply. "I will detain you only a moment."
"Your name is not Griggs. You have
made a mistake," said the man.
"Your name is with Griggs." said Mr.
Hanks, still detaining the stranger
and peering into his face. "I should
a "like to know why not?"

HE PLANET JUNIOR, SATURDAY MAY 7, 1904.

FEATHERLESS BIRDS The Lion of St.

LITTLE BUTTER BOYS

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Mark

Written for The Planet Junior by Harry Keller, Chatham, and Awarded Special Mention by the Judges

Bach little merchant carries a plate on his head, balancing it expertly like a juggler, and never bothering to steady it with his hand whether he is running or making change.

The plate confains about 50 or 60 "pats" of the stuff. It isn't very good, although it seems delicious to the Porto Ricans, because their climate is not adapted for keeping butter well; so they are accustomed to an article that would seem ranied and strong to the luckier persons in the north.

The "pats" are very small, weighing less than an ounce each, and they sell for about one cent. The customers of the butter boys usually buy just enough to serve for one meal. Every morning the people of the large towns of Porto Rico are awakened by little merchants orying "Butter! Butter of the country!"

These are the butter boys, who go trotting in each morning as soon as the tropical dawn begins, to sell the native butter which has been made by their mothers the day before.

**Short Stories** 

BALLAD ON A BAD BABY.

A COSSACK METHOD OF CATCHING

If you would have your business properly done, go; if not, send,