Bowyer, M. P. P., Mr. Mc[illegible] said he needed no introduction. "Everybody knows Mr. Bowyer," he said, "and everybody regards him highly."—Applause.

Mr. Bowyer said it was a great pleasure and privilege to be permitted to present the special medals suggested by the Minister of Education himself to the two young essayists, who had written so excellently that the Minister had great difficulty in determining which should be placed at the head of the county.

The Planet Junior and its essay competitions, said Mr. Bowyer, were the outcome of a most happy thought, and he felt Mr. Stephenson, the proprietor of The Planet, was deserving of great gratitude for his generosity and enterprise. And in the praise rightfully accorded Mr. Stephenson he wished to include Mr. Anderson, the editor of The Planet. Mr. Stephenson was the man behind the gun, and Mr. Anderson was the man who fired it. He desired to thank and congratulate them both.

Proceeding, Mr. Bowyer spoke of the splendid work done by Planet Junior essayists. He hoped they would not weary in well-doing, and that those who had not yet been successful would determine on better things in the future.

"It is indeed a pleasure to present these beautiful medals," concluded Mr. Bowyer, turning to the young essayists. "The first is to Kathleen Mannion, of St. Joseph's school, who was placed second highest in the whole county. Let me convey to this little lady, with the pretty Irish name, the heartiest congratulations of us all. May this success be the forerunner of many more and may her future be bright and useful — a credit to the good Sisters who have trained her and given up so much for a noble life-work."—Applause.

Little Miss Mannion was then presented with the medal amid cordial cheers, and gracefully bowed her acknowledgments. It may be stated that this little girl, who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mannion, of Park St., was one of the youngest essayists who entered the competition.

To Lawrence Thornton, the lad who stood third, Mr. Bowyer said: "We are proud of you, Laurence. I have known your father for several years and I believe you will prove a worthy chip off the old block, and I know that while you will always be a good, loyal Canadian, there will be a warm spot in your heart for the Little Green Isle."

THE GOLD MEDALIST.

When Jean McGregor, the gold medalist, whose essay the Ministers judged to be the best in the county, was asked to come forward, a hearty outburst of cheers followed. As the Minister of Education came forward bearing the beautiful gold medal the cheering was intensified.

"It is a privilege to present this handsome medal," said Hon. Dr. Pyne. "It takes me back to my own school days and brings back many happy recollections of the auld lang syne. I am wondering how many of my old teachers recollect the several occasions on which they licked the present Minister of Education.

"I had the pleasure of reading and examining many of The Planet school essays. I found them all so good that it was a difficult matter to determine the best. To those who did not succeed this time I would earnestly say, Do not be disheartened; remember that splendid word 'Stickatability' and never give up. Success is bound to crown your efforts.

"The Planet deserves much credit for inaugurating this splendid project, and I have little doubt that, seeing its success, journalists all over the Province will be tumbling over each other to offer beautiful works of art to deserving essayists.

"I have much pleasure in presenting to Jean McGregor — the lassie with the Scottish name—this beautiful medal. How wonderfully the world is indebted to the Scotch!" — Applause.

A JEALOUS GHOST

The Thrilling Tale of Old School Days and Adventures of Boy and Girldom.

By Jean McGregor, S. S. No: 4, Harwich

This story was awarded the Gold Medal by the Minister of Education in The Planet Junior Essay Competition.

Oh, how I long for the merry schoolgirl days to return, with their jolly sports which last from summer's sunshine till winter's snowy blast; and from then to joyful spring. What happy times we used to have down in the glen, where the throngs of merry children gathered together to learn their A. B. C's. or how Euclid propounded his ideas. All were equals there. No one was distinguished by city airs, or felt himself above his companions because his father had a larger house than his neighbors, or perhaps an extra yoke of oxen, while his fine team of bays took first prize at the county fair.

How dear that schoolhouse is! What memories cling around it; yes, tighter and closer than the staunch old ivy clings to the old forsaken walls of castles, where the fair lady of some ancient race bedecked her flowing hair with its rarest beauties. Ah, rightly do they beautify her, for without them her attractions would be small.

My palace of education is not fascinating for its beauty; nay, stronger ties do bind me to it. It is not for its spacious windows, nor its costly pictures, neither its mahogany desks, or hardwood floors, that I deem it so precious. Its windows are eight-paned; no famous Corots' painting follows your gaze as you enter the doorway; Queen Victoria, in all her statliness and queenliness, occupies the gracious throne; the desks are large, wide and plain; plenty of room for three, but generally accommodate two; no beautiful carving attracts the stranger's eye, unless the skeleton or unknown hieroglyphics (where some unlucky champ[illegible] tried the quality of his new kni[illegible] may be called so. Its white pine floors were, to us, more beautiful than the costliest rugs.

Do you see that lovely green foliage back yonder? That is the woods. Many a happy hour has been spent there, idling amongst the beautiful flowers, in the solitude of the feathered nymphs, or making royal garlands of the purple violets.

In that corner of the woods is Golden Heart Castle, where the ladies and gents did their courting all through the starry nights. How delicate they looked with their long, slender, tender stems, rising proudly far above the others, as if they were the lords and ladies of this grand palace, with the neat little anemones as their pages.

The laughing, gurgling, babbling brook supplies the music while they dine at their grand old oak tables, whilst the quartette of green-crested frogs make merry at their marriage feasts.

Ah, Sweet William, you were handsome, too, in your azure blue as you brought your timid little rose pink mate to join the happy festival.

But, we are remaining here too long; so let us take this yellow-breasted singer, whose voice never tires to make the world happy, or create pleasures for the fancy of mankind, back to the schoolhouse with us, and we will take another peep into this fascinating abode.

What pride we used to take in keeping the white muslin curtains starched and stiff, though I fear sometimes they were rudely misused. Over there is the corner where Buddy Billings had to stand five minutes every day in the week for winking at the new girl, who had just

JEAN McGREGOR.

made her debut in our school court, but she paid him up for his punishment by slipping in his hand half of her taffy, or an apple, when no one was looking. Sally (for that was her name) got quite sweet on him, yes, she did.

Why, one day about a week after she had started, she was sitting all alone in the schoolroom; for you know the rest of the children were playing in the basement. She sat on that very seat over there by the window leaning against the white curtain. Her dark brown hair hung in a loose coil over her shoulders; it was long, too, which made me envy her all the more. She was reading a book, or at least she was pretending to—"Adam Smith's History of the World," I think,—and I knew she wasn't interested in that. She had on her best white apron, and her cheeks were red as coals of fire; she looked just as if she expected something, and I guess she did, for pretty soon Buddy came in all alone. Beany Traddles was just passing the door leading to the basement, so I beckoned him to come over where I was. I told him to look through the crack in the door, and together we watched the whole proceedings.

When Buddy came in, Sally was just blind; she didn't see him at all! She was so innocent, you know.

"Hullo! Sally; what you doin'?" asked Buddy.

"Oh, Buddy, is that you? I didn't know any one was in the room. I didn't hear you come in."

Sally lied, so she did! I just know she did see him, for her face got redder as soon as the door was opened, and her book nearly fell off her lap.

"Why, Essie, Sally's book is upside down," whispered Beany with a subdued giggle.

"So is her head, I guess," answered I.

"Ain't this a snap?"

"You bet your life, better than a circus!"

I knew Beany appreciated it; just the way he looked told me so; but I didn't say any more, as the conversation in the room had re-commenced.

"What you readin' ?" ventured Buddy again.

"Oh, nothing; just history; I like to read all alone; don't you?"

Sally lied again.

"Naw, I'd rather talk," assented Buddy as he sat down close beside her. He made a grasp for her hand and met with very little opposition.

"Say, Sally, are you going to the party at Cheekbone Longshanks'? I mean Ralph Fairbanks'? You know we are so used to calling him that, that I forget. But I won't any more; 'specially not when you are near. Are you agoin' ?"

Buddy was getting excited now. His face was red as a beet, and I thought something exciting must be going to happen.

You know it was something very unusual for the boys to be talking to girls when no one was around; and besides this, Buddy always had a love of superiority, and it was quite a new thing for him to offer his services to any one.

"I don't know, Buddy; I haven't any way to go, and mamma won't let me walk over there unless someone is with me if I had a sister I could go with her."

"I'm glad you ain't got a sister. Do you s'pose your ma would let you ride over with me? Pa said I could have the horse and buggy if I would chop enough wood to last a week; and I did. Just for your sake, Sally, just for you. Will you go with me? I wouldn't take any other girl."

"Oh, Buddy! I'd be tickled to death if I could."

Sally was awful fond of saying, "Oh, Buddy," about every two minutes.

"Don't yer s'pose yer mar would let yer go?"

Buddy was getting reckless in his grammar now. He was nearly exhausted and wished she would hurry up; but Sally wasn't in any hurry at all; she just sat there grinning away as if she was realizing her dearest day dream. She cast her large dark eyes on the floor, and seemed to be lost in a perfect reverie.

"Oh, my," laughed Sally, "wouldn't I love to pass that Katie Klinkum, in a buggy!" She'd likely be whistling for Beany Traddles to come tagging along behind. She wouldn't be so high and mighty then." And Sally gave a contemptuous toss of her head.

Some way or other Sally and I never could agree, and when she began holding me up before Buddy Billings, my temper had risen to a pretty high degree. I would have slammed the door open and done something desperate if Beany had not given me a pinch that nearly made me scream. But I knew what it meant; 'twas simply this: "Silence; we'll get even yet!"

"Sally, are yer goin' ter come?" Buddy gave more emphasis than before, but Sally still rambled on in her thoughtless mood.

"O, Buddy, wouldn't Katie just love to have you say that to her? I think she's just crazy after you."

I winced; with both eyes, too. Beany's back was towards me, and my! but I was glad!

"Say, Sally, will yer go?" reiterated Buddy, looking at her with a pitying glance.

Didn't she know every moment of suspense was a torture to him? Nay, Sally was still unmindful.

"Katie would tell every person in school; wouldn't she?"

"Say, be yer goin' ter sat 'yes' or 'no?'" bawled out Buddy, and with such force that Sally shook all over. She was taxing his patience too much; a little more and all would be gone. Oh, how I wished she would keep on unheedingly, so he would get mad.

"Get mad! Get mad! Get mad! I'm I hissed beneath my breath. Not a move. I stooped and touched her. She was motionless. Not

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

BE LOYAL TO YOUR TOWN.

Go back, ye knockers, and sit down;
Sit in the farthest, dimmest aisle;
Sit where they cannot see your frown,
Make way for some one who can smile;
Cease idly to revile the town
And let the boosters boost awhile.

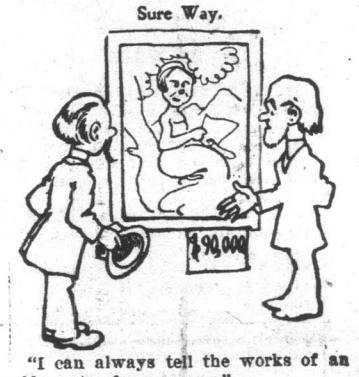
Speak not in anger of the smoke;
Don't say a word about the dirt,
Though with the former you should choke
And though the latter soil your skirt;
Keep back the jesting and the joke,
Or your fair city might get hurt.

If policy is being played,
Don't notice it, just close your eyes;
If gambling joints don't draw a raid
And poolrooms run without disguise,
Don't ever call a spade a spade,
But for your city spin white lies.

Don't knock, although a holdup thug
May confiscate your weekly pay,
Although a blind pig with a jug
May open in your alleyway,
But for your city always plug
And keep it going night and day.

So bolster everything in view
And don't on anything get sore;
To each official give his due,
Though he may be a two by four.
Yes, boost and boost, whate'er you do,
And, having boosted, boost some more.

Sure Way.



"I can always tell the works of an old master from a copy."

"By intuition?"

"No, by the price."

Some Resemblance.

"Eve," said Adam thoughtfully as she came in after a day's outing, "why are you like a fashionable lady?"

"Search me," replied Eve cheerfully. "What's the answer?"

"Because you have on a new suit of tan."

Just Its Way.

Round and round goes the merry-go-round
The moments to beguile,
And it may seem strange that at least for a change
It wouldn't go straight for awhile.

His Was Large.

"But the flat is entirely too small."

"Oh, well, you can imagine it's a mansion and then you'll be all right."

"But there isn't room for my imagination in the flat."

Bound to Come.

"Some men make fools of themselves so easily," said she.

"Yes, but some find it necessary to turn the job over to a woman," replied the man.

Sure.

Oh, when the meek inherit
The earth, as has been writ,
'Twill be when Rockefeller
Has no more use for it!

Best of Its Kind.

"Why, John, what made you buy this sort of coffee?"

"Because I didn't know any better," answered John.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP

Photograph by Topley, Ottawa.

LADY WILFRID LAURIER

The Wife of Canada's Prime Minister

Lady Laurier, wife of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister of the Dominion, is one of the best-known and most esteemed women in Canada. High social position does not create fineness of fibre, and nobility of character; it merely affords a broader field for their manifestation. The grace, ease, kindness of heart, simplicity and charm that distinguish Lady Laurier to-day are but the flowering of the natural characteristics that made her beloved, when, in 1868, she married Wilfrid Laurier, the "silver-tongued" young lawyer, struggling for recognition.

The daughter of G. N. R. Lafontaine, Lady Laurier, was born in Montreal, and educated at the school of the Bon Pasteur and the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and there became proficient in music. Her love of music has made her a patron under whose kindly sympathy and substantial support a number of her protégés are winning laurels in the world of music to-day. Losing her mother at an early age, Lady Laurier was thrown into the society of her future husband under romantic circumstances, which led to their marriage. Then followed days of discouragement, watching and waiting, and of hope deferred in their home at Arthabaskaville, where the future Premier, then in delicate health, was working hard for recognition with the untiring sympathy, companionship and inspiration of his wife.

Lady Laurier has always accompanied her husband to Ottawa during the Parliamentary sessions, as she does now in all his travels, for, "life is too short," she says, "to be separated long." Her acquaintance with the great public men of the world is large, for in the hospitable home of the Prime Minister the leaders in all lines of activity are always welcome. Her days are busy ones, filled to the brim with social duties and her charitable and philanthropic work. She is one of the Vice-Presidents of the National Council of Women of Canada, and Honorary Vice-President of the Victorian Order of Nurses, besides being active in personal charities.

In her home, at Ottawa, Lady Laurier has a superb collection of gifts and souvenirs presented by royalty and others—the coronation medal from Queen Victoria, a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, a medal from Pope Pius X., a curious cup from the Chinese Prince-Regent, a golden key from Liverpool, autograph letters and portraits and a host of other treasures—but she cherishes most the magnificent tiara of one hundred and seventy-five diamonds presented by members of the Senate of Canada.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1905, by W. C. Mack, at the Department of Agriculture.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

It takes an imaginative temperament to think a twenty dollar hat looks well above a ten dollar dress.

The joy of working is wonderfully enhanced by a raise in salary and cut in the number of working hours.

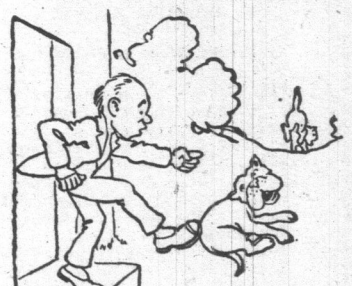
Many a good woman has been spoiled by being turned over to the tender mercies of an instructor in the art of piano pounding.

Ability to sidestep quickly and gracefully is one of the requisites of a successful politician.

Some people entertain a grouch with all the solicitude that they would exhibit in entertaining a rich uncle.

It is hard to tell the jokers from the knockers these days.

The foundation of true joy is in the conscience.



Even if the country does go to the dogs the dogs may never find it.

In order to get rich quick get yourself elected upon the board of directors of some big insurance company.

If you wish to cultivate promptness fall in love with a pretty coquette.

Make hay while the sun shines.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

ENGLAND IS COMING TO IT.

So that his education may
Be more or less complete,
That he may save two hours a day,
Old Father Time to beat,
We're going to show John Bull the way
Between short jumps to eat.

Our quick lunch system while you wait
For boat or bus or train
Has been sent on by wireless freight,
And John may thereby gain
Enough of time, at any rate,
To raise a little Cain.

When he comes leisurely to eat,
We'll fill him to the neck
With bread, potatoes, pie and meat,
And as he pays his check
And gets shoved gently to the street
He'll think he's struck a wreck.

We'll have him jostling for a place
To stand and get a bite
With which to satisfy his face,
If not his appetite.
We'll show him eating's a foot race,
A ball game and a fight.

He'll have to learn with western men
To train his hand and eye,
To deftly throw a curved ball when
He feeds himself on pie,
To make one minute do for ten,
Field grounder, liner, fly.

Oh, Cousin John, you are our game!
Those fat sides will grow thin;
Dyspepsia will rack your frame,
Your plodding brain will swim,
When we have taught you to take aim
And fire your dinner in.

Doubtful Testimonial.

"There isn't a dishonest hair in his head."

"I was just noticing that he wore a wig."

Wasted Effort.

"Who was that woman I was so polite to we just passed?" asked the short sighted man.

"Why, that was your wife."

"My wife! Great Scott, to think I was so polite to her!"

He Is So Shy.

We live in hopes that, oh, somewhere
We'll meet up with a millionaire,
Who'll take us by the hand and say,
"Who was your mother's father, pray?"
And when he hears will cry with joy,
"I am your long lost uncle, boy!"

We live in rosy hope, 'tis true,
To meet him, but we never do.

He Knew.

"What is more delightful than a house with a baby in it?" chirruped the gushing woman.

"A house without a baby in it, of course," growled the ungushing bachelor.

Looked Dark.

"Going to be a storm, old chap, isn't there?"

"You are dead right. Just got a telegram from my wife that she's coming home tonight."

Easy.

"How does he keep her so sweet tempered?"

"Brings her a box of candy every night."