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CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1904

## The Planet Junior

A weekly newspaper published every week young people of the Maple City.

MEXT WEEK'S JUNIOR

ols for editorship, is to be carried Planet Junior ver to the teac

will be, we believe, a most inter-ng and profitable experiment for

the paper in its entirety and all of it readers who know him can estitate that there will be a genuine eat in store for them in this issue, in addition, Mr. Collins — along

We earnestly advise all our re-to look out for and keep next S ay's Junior. It will be the fi

### SEEDY STORY

an action whose the consumer ther than the reverse. Consequentthere are periods when milk flows consumity through the household enu. Again it is hot water, and at ther times nuts, fruits and grains one are relied upon to nourish gens to its finest flower.

Once, in the grain age, the wife was they to last well into the afternoon to told her husband that he would are to get his own luncheon, and he cold her meal on your new cesal," he said, when she returned.
"What do you mean?" she inquired.
"baven't any new cereal in the

"Why, that nutty sort of stuff you left on the dining room table."

The wife sat down suddenly. "You have eatten up my window garden," she wailed. "All my pctunia, nasturtium and pansy seeds."

Tess-Miss Ann Teck says she has just reached the marriageable age.
Jess-Oh, indeed! Well, I wonder what delayed her?

# PRESENTATION

Crown-Attorney Smith Awards
the Gold Watch to Little Maggie Braddon, of the McKeough
School-Addresses by Inspector and Trustees.

graved, which was won by Maggie Braddon, of the Junior Third Book McKeough School, in the Christ-

The presentation of the watch has been somewhat delayed, since the announcement of the result, for reasons not controlled by The Planet. clat at the school on Wednesday ternoon by Crown Attorney H.

Definite arrangements, however, were made for Wednesday afternoon. His Honor Judge Bell was called to Wallaceburg and Sheriff Gemmill was detained at the Assizes. It was hoped that both Judge Bell and Sheriff Gemmill, as judges of the competition, would be able to be present. The Planet Junior owes a debt of gratitude to the Crown Attorney, Mr. Herbert D. Smith, who very kindly stepped in to fill the breech in the harrangements, and made the presentation in such excellent manner upon such short notice.

On the approach of the visitors to the school, about 2.45, the schoolars of all the rooms were assembled in the large auditorium on the second floor, the children marching up in splendid order, showing fine training.

ing.

A very enjoyable program in connection with the presentation was arranged by the principal, Miss Abram, and the teachers of the school.

Among those present were, the managers of the school, Trustees Geo. S. Heyward, Dr. George T. McGough and W. N. Morley, and InspectorRobt. Park. The Chairman of the School Board, John McGorvie, was also present and acted as chairman for the program.

A chorus by the entire school opened the program.

A chorus by the entire school opened the proceedings, Miss Aylesworth conducting with much grace and effectiveness.

The chairman, at the conclusion of the chorus, called upon Mr. Smith to make the presentation of the gold watch.

Mr. Smith, who was received with a hearty round of applause, said he was indeed pleased to be present on such an occasion.

Continuing, he said: When twenty-live weeks ago that enterprising newspaper, The Chatham Planet, launched The Planet Junior and started the monthly essay competition, but also by many of the older preople, to see if it would be a failure or success.

tions considerable interest was evinced, not only by the younger generation, but also by many of the older people, to see if it would be a failure or success.

Some thought that no interest would be taken. To our surprise and gratification, however, the interest has been on the increase since the beginning, and at the Christmas Story competition almost every school section in the county was represented.

237 Christmas stories being sent in. The Planet's object is a very laudable one. The pupils know a great deal, but, in most cases, don't know how to say it, much less write it.

The compositions and stories which the boys and girls write now are far in advance of what we could co at that age or even now. — Laughter and applause.

The result of the Christmas Story competition shows that McKeough school is head and shoulders over all other schools in the county. It appeaks volumes for the ability of the teachers, and the pupils cannot be too thankful and good to their teachers. It was said at first that a lady could not be a successful principal of McKeough school. This has proved entirely false, because McKeough school has now the best principal of McKeough school. This has proved entirely false, because McKeough school has now the best principal it ever had, and under her regime has advanced more and is now on a higher level than ever before.

In conclusion, Mr. Smith gave the boys and girls some good advice on books to read. He told those present that, in his estimation, McKeough school had the best kindergarten which delighted all hearers.

The presented the gold watch to little Miss Braddon, amid enthusiastic applause.

The winner then read her story which delighted all hearers are the two special mention essayists in The Planet Junior Christmas Story contest, Pauline Stringer and Clara Wright, was then made by Dr. Geo. In McKeough.

The Winner those who had not won prizes were dorthed hear the interesting remarks of the former speaker. "The Planet Junior," he said, "was the most commendable enterprise to the more of that Great Home Journal. Even those who had not won prizes were better for the competitions. I am delighted that little Maggie won the prize. The essay was the most commendable enterprise to he school and teachers with mer to the school and told the winners of the books they were a credit to Jack Morrison. Wir. Park said the long career of that Great Home Journal. Even those who had not won prizes were better for the competition of the proper price of the books they were a credit to Jack Morrison. Wir. Park said the long better that addresses, the afternoon's proceeding

-COULD SEE FOR HIMSELF.

One day, as Pat halted at the top of the river bank, says the Oristian Advocate, a man, famous for his inquisitive mind, stopped and asked: "How long have you hauled water for the vilage, my good man!"
"Ah! How many loads do you take in a day?"
"From tin to fifteen, sor."
"Ah, yes! Now I have a problem for you. How much water at this gate have you hauled in all, sir!"
The driver of the wateral coard the river and replied, "All the wather yes don't see there now, sor,"

An old man wandered into one of the hospitals of the city. His eyesight was rather bad, and he had come in the hope of securing relief. He was turned over to a young doctor, who adjusted a large trame in front of the patient's eyes and placed in it a couple of strong magnifying glasses. He then held a printed card some distance away. "Can you read that?" he asked. "No, sir," replied the man. The doctor then put in stronger glasses and brought the card nearer. "Well," he inquired, "can you read it now ?"
The old fellow shook his head, saying, "Yo, not a word."

old fellow shook his head, say-

### QUEER VILLAGES

The people of Tupuselei have no meed to travel far when they want to take a salt water bath. The town is built on piles which have been driven into a submerged coral reef situated far out in the Torres strait to the south of New Guinea. Opposite this extraordinary settlement on the maintand is another village that is perched high in the air among the gigantic palm trees with which the coast is fringed. The object of both communities in choosing these curious sites for their dwellings is identical. They desire to assure themselves against being surprised by their numerous ensemiles, and especially themselves against being surprised by their numerous enemies, and especial-ly they seek safety from the prowling Dyak head hunters,

Why do we wait till hands are laid Close-folded, pulseless, ere we place Within them roses sweet and rare, Whithin their flawless grace? Why do we wait till ears are deaf Before we speak our kindly word, And only utter loving praise When not a whisper can be heard?

Why do we wait till eyes are sealed
To light and love in death's deep.
Lirance—
Dear, wistful eyes—before we bend
Above them with impassioned

[gfance]

Why do we wait till hearts are still To tell them all the love in ours, And give them such late meed of praise,
And lay above them fragrant flowers?

How oft we, careless, wait till life's Sweet opportunities are past, And break our "alabaster box Of ointment" at the very last!

Oh, let us heed the living friend
Who walks with us life's common
ways
Watching our eyes for look of love,
And hungering for a word of
grage;

NOT QUITE HOPELESS

mamma, I maver to any present or give teacher?"
What's the use of giving her a present?" the mother answered.
"But," said he, "all the children are going to give her one."
'Jamie, I am very sorry, but we cannot spend money so wastefully.'
They both sat in silence for a few minutes, when suddenly his father's step was heard on the threshold.
Again it was Scurday, and next day was Christmas. His father came in and mother arose and accepted her Christmas present—a kiss—and the father added that it was a Christmas present for ladies. The little had sat in silence all the time, watching his mother and father, but presently he broke the silence by saying, "Where is my Kismas present, papa?" The father's eyes filled with tears, for he had forgotten his son, but he said, "Come here, Jamie." His son obeyed his command. His father kissed him and said, "That is for ladies and little bovs."

Sunday came. It was Christmas. Jamie went to his Sunday school, not forgetting the last week's turn-out. This time he was not so timid; he

WHY DO WE WAIT?

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recue.

In a few minutes a warm, soft hand was laid on his shoulder. He raised his aching little head, and there stood a graceful, brave-looking young lady. "What is the matter probe said. He answered nothing, for his sobs were too great. The teachhad taken him into her arms and Jamie's soft little arms were soon embracing her neck. He had such a mournful look on his face. Jamie had by this time heard the little chillidren talking about giving their Sunday school teacher a Christmas present and they lived in a tumbled down old log house.

After he had his little shoes brushed he was dragged through the aisles of the gloomy little school room to one of the front seats by a big fellow, who lived next door to Jamie. The boys had been pointing fun at him all the time while he was waiting for his teacher. This they often do at a poor, forlorn little fellow.

Soon his little eyes filled with tears and he laid his head down on the desk cried.

After Sunday school had been dismissed, Jamie went home looking very forlorn. When he reached his little cottage he found his mother sitting in the chair near the window waiting for her son to come home. He went to his mother and laying his head upon her shoulder, said, "O, mamma, I haven't any present to give teacher."

THE LIGHT OF FRIENDSHIP.

idle mem'ty backward strays ig the winding lane of years, ght of friendship round us

pheers light of friendship round us glays.

But soon or late we tread the maze Whose futile paths are wet with tears
When ide mem'ry backward strays.
Thanks be—though doubt and sorvew's haze
With kindly warmth on hopes and When we arrived home we found our parents watching for us and wondering what had happened, as the horses had come home with the harness all broken. We soon had our supper and were ready to start home. When we got home we found the house was all warmed up and a crowd of young people waiting for us. It was about four o'clock before we went to bed, but never in my life did I spend a more excited or happy. Christmas, and I hope you all will have as happy a one this year,

DOROTHY CHINNICK,
Aged 11,
Sr. Fourth Class, S. S. No. 12, Raleigh, Berta Robinson, teacher.

-Mark Evensley, I want to give my fiancee a sur-prise on his birthday. Can you give me a suggestion.
You might tell him your age,

No.

It was the Sunday before Christmas, and many bright-faced children had assembled in the small room that served as a Sunday school room and school. The bright-faced little boy that appeared the Sunday before was there also. It was Jamie Polson. He was a stout lad of seven, with a decided little mouth, bright blue eyes and brown hair.

Jamie's love for his teacher was very great, but nobody realized how much he did love her. The teacher really loved Jamie but she did nat express her love. She loved many of her her pupils, such as Queenie Campbell, Dorotha Dodds and Shella Marvel, but the one she loved dearly was Jamie Polson.

His parents were very poor, for his father worked out to get their living and they lived in a tumbled down old low house.

Adjib. a scr.be of Smyrna, once Adjib. a speak to me on the highaway. Adjib's robe was as white as 
ow, but there was a hole in it.
"There is a little hole in your robe, 
hib." I said.
"I know it," Adjib replied.
"If know it," Adjib replied.
"If wow know it why don't you dayn 
p" I asked.
"For the sake of appearances," Ad"For the sake of appearances," Adanswered. "A hole," he went on, 
any be an accident of the most rehappening. A hole will pass 
on a king, a noble, or the most a 
th and powerful person. But a 
rn is the sign of poverty. There is 
getting around it, no misunderanding it. I cannot afford to wear 
darned robe."

And once again by leafy ways
Each turning of our life appears,
When idle mem'ry round us strays.

careless youth to manned days an every cheek was faced with

fears, {
 ight of friendship round us
 plays.

Oh, may we find in later days,
Though surely life's last milestone
| nears,
When idle mem'ry backward strays,
The light of friendship round us,
| plays, Work Francisco

Last

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\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* **But Not Least** 

Written for The Planet Junior by Ila Challis, Howard, and Awarded Honorable Mention by the +++++++++++++++ Judges,

The children were all talking and laughing, but Jamie did not join the loonwarshion. They were deciding who would go first. At last Sheila Marvel went and gave her a beautiful napkin ring, with which she was much pleased. Then came a rush and presents of every kind, from a kerchief box down to a gerfume bottle, were piled on her desk at once. The thildren soon had given her their beautiful presents. Last of all came ittle Jamie and said, "Pleas, ma'am, I have a present, too." She did not answer, but smiling, looked into his little face as much as to say, "Well, learest, what is it?"
"It's for ladies and not for big looks and men. We're not very rich but I se give you the bestest I can." After a pause of a few moments he gave her his hand and, drawing her sace down to his, he gave her his hand and present. It was for ladies and he did not put it on the table. Although famie's present cost the least, yet it heased the teacher the most.

That night when the teacher was soking over her numerous presents the did not forget the present that famie had given her.

I hereby certify that this is the rk of a fifth class pupil, aged 14, S. S. No. 14, Howard; E. Kyle Simpt, teacher.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\* FOR A LAZY GIRL

Justice David Brewer of the United rates supreme court, who lived in sate supreme to the first sate supreme to the court, says the New York Tribune, to of philosophy that he heard when boy. This is one fable that he has peated:

INGENIOUS TOY

we ware going over. The reads were fine for sleighing. It was the first sleigh ride we had last water. We were ready to start at half past eight and got there at nine.

The little ones played out in the snow. The notes in the case in the case in the case in the store. The little ones played games in the house and the log boys and girls played games in the house and the store and talked. At noon we were soon seated at the table, which was leaded down with good things, There was turkey, goose, chicken, cranberry sauce, minor-meat pie, plum pudding, Christmas cake, auts, oranges and candies, all of which I liked. Never in my life did I enjoy such a Christmas d'uner as that one.

After dinner we all planned to go for a sleigh-ride, but my father and mother and aunts and uncles did not care to go as it was too cold, so we left them at home. My cousins soon had the horses ready, and to keep us warm they put clean straw in the bottom of the sleigh, and buffallo robes to cover us with. We wore soon off and we yelled "Merry Christmas," to every one we met. When we were about half way to cousin was contained the second straw in the horse ready and the keep us warm they put clean straw in the bottom of the sleigh, and buffallo robes to cover us with. We wore soon off and we yelled "Merry Christmas," to every one we met. When

to Chatham our cousin was going to turn back, but we all coaxed him to take us as far as Dunlop's grocery, so he said ne would.

When we were coming home the horses got frightened and started to run and would not have stopped then if they had not upset into a ditch. While my counsin was getting straightened up the horses broke the harness and ran home. None of us were hur except one, my cousin Myrtle, who sprained her wrist. The sleigh was broken to pieces How we could get home we did not know, but as there was nothing to do but walk, we started. My brother and cousin each took one of Mrytle's arms and helped her along, for she was rather weak.

When we were about half way home a sleigh came along and as there was no one in it but a man, he offered us a ride. Our ride home was not a very pleasant one, because the horses walked all the way, and we were nearly frozen when we got home. There was no straw or robes to keep us warm, either,

little trouble, my boy, ble to taste your joy."

THE PLANET JUNIOR, SATURDAY FEB. 27, 1904.

face, for esent for CHRISTMAS

Written for The Planet Junior by Berta Robinson, Raleigh, and Awarded Honorable Mention by The Judges.

hing to interest the Boys and Girls.

**Short Stories** 

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