

TO JUNIOR READERS

Mr. Harry Collins, Commercial Master at the Collegiate Institute, has *The Junior* entirely in his charge this week. We wish to thank him for so kindly and capably acquiescing with the request to conduct an issue for our hundreds of young readers. — EDWIN PLAMET, JUNIOR.

The Planet Junior

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

The Editor of The Planet Junior a short time ago made two requests of me, which have given me much pleasure in fulfilling. The first was, that, in connection with Dr. Duncan, I should examine the essays in The Planet Junior competition for January, and the second, that I should edit the paper for him at the time that we should announce our award.

I am indeed glad to have had an opportunity of reading the bright life descriptions of nature from the pens of fifty-seven of the readers of *The Junior*, and on this occasion also to meet those and many more through the columns of their paper.

The task imposed by the editor on the contestants in the January Competition was, perhaps, the most difficult yet. The subject, "A Study from Nature," is one requiring no mean ability. Bearing this fact in mind Dr. Duncan and I were much pleased with the work shown.

Some of the girls and boys may like to know what in their essays was most pleasing to the judges. Both the Doctor and I were agreed in giving most credit to the writers who went outside their textbooks. Look, for instance, six or seven writers took the same subject under different titles—that dealing with the digestion of food. Now, these essays were, in most cases, very well composed; but one could not help feeling in reading them that the text-book in Physiology was not far away. What was liked best, and what our instructions from The Planet told us to look for, were original ideas.

I should like to offer a word of advice to the essay writers, and that is Write your essays at home, and on some topic which has suggested itself to you out of school. If you take a topic which the teacher has discussed

THE AWARD...

DEAR SIR—After a careful examination of the essays submitted to us we beg to give our decision as per the following list. The decision was not arrived at without some difficulty, but it was nevertheless unanimous on our part. The originality of the story, and the simplicity of the language were the main factors in guiding us in our decision.

THE WINNER--

Everlyn Doyle, Doyle's Post Office, Junior Fourth Class, Aged 11 Years, Miss Annie Begley, Teacher.

HONORABLE MENTION--

NAME	SCHOOL	CLASS	TEACHER
MAGNIE WALKER,	McKeough	St. IV.	Mrs. Abram
LEWIS CLEVERLEY,	McKeough	St. IV.	Mrs. Abram
ORVILLE LANK	No 3	St. IV.	Mrs. Abram
BRUCE WELLS	No 3	St. IV.	Mrs. Newkirk
RHODA CORTWELL	McKeough	St. IV.	Mrs. Abram
SAVIER R. BURNETT	McKeough	St. IV.	Mrs. Samson
JOHN R. BURNETT	McKeough	St. IV.	Mrs. Irving
JIMMIE R. FERNES	McKeough	St. III.	Mrs. Garrett
KATH CARRUTHERS	Chatham Township	St. IV.	M. R. Abraham
JESSE STICKLEY	Chatham Township	St. IV.	M. R. Abraham
VIOLE DYER	McKeough	St. IV.	Mrs. Abram
JOHN MCCOWANE	McKeough	St. IV.	Mrs. Abram
HARVEY C. KELLER	McKeough	St. IV.	Mrs. Abram
VIOLET BEAVERLY	McKeough	St. III.	Mrs. Irving
GEORGE KELLER	Chatham Township	St. IV.	M. R. Abraham
LEWIS FIELD	Chatham Township	St. IV.	M. R. Abraham
LEWIS CORNBRAE	McKeough	St. IV.	Mrs. Samson

DID GOOD WORK--

Signed { JAMES H. DUNCAN.
HARRY COLLINS.

THE
BEAUTIFUL
ICEBERG

The Prize Winning Essay
Evelyn Doyle, Raleigh

There was once a beautiful girl, a moonbeam, who hung from a cottage roof. A moonbeam fell in love with her and hovered around her; but though she smiled and glistened and looked more beautiful every night, her heart was hard and cold, and she only laughed at the poor, sad moonbeam. After a time he grew paler and sadder, till at length he disappeared altogether.

AN OPTIMIST.

My response is: certainly. I would answer you, if you know, Now answer me the truth—Which of the gifts that the Gods bestow
Is the greatest gift of youth?
“O aged man, I have far to fare
By the divers paths of earth,
Say which of the gifts that with me
I bear
Is the gift of the greatest worth?”

'Tis it the gift of the greatest worth
 'Tis it the might of the good right
 Wherewith I shall make my way
 Where dangers threaten and
 harm,

'Tis it the strength wherewith I shall
 climb
 Where few have trod?
 To the mountain tops, the peaks sub-
 lime.

That glow in the smile of the gods is
 'Tis it the never-failing will.
 'Tis it the never-failing will.
 Invariable in might,
 Which stands against oppression still.
 Shall vanquish for the right?
 'Tis it the heart, thou aged man
 The heart, impassioned, strong:

The old man smiled; the glistening breeze
Grew whist on the sunlit slope;
The old man sighed: "Ah, none of
these!
Youth's greatest gift is its hope."
—Laphrooht.

The

Little Dandelion

Written for The Planet Junior
by Maggie Walker, Chat-
ham, and accorded Sec-
ond Place by
the Judges.

It was an early-summer morning in June. The sun was just peeping over the tree-tops, and the songs of the birds filled the air with melody.

"To-morrow will be Nelly's birthday," said the gardener as he was "working" in the garden. "She must have a nice bouquet!"

Then the flowers began whispering to each other. "The 'homebent'" said a

"I should like very much to be put in Nelly's bouquet," said the migration meekly.

"Never mind," said a gentle white

A little dandelion, just outside the garden hedge, sighed, and wondered what they were all talking about. A four-o'clocks heard the sigh and leaped through the hedge and spied upon the dandelion; but she just held up her head very high, and pretended she did not see her. The dandelion felt a little hurt and, when suddenly a giant bush and a tree came between them, she said, "As the notes cannot get all about the flowers in the gar-

Nelly was well pleased with her bouquet, and did not know what she liked best, the sweet-peas, the lilacs—of the valley, the roses, or the little golden dandelion.

HAD TEM ON.

The Greenstock battle, says London Answering, had just commenced from a visit to London with the object of installing the electric apparatus, and of opposing the local council as to the wisdom of its adoption in his native town.

"Dear me, Jamie," exclaimed his wife, "hant' thee ha done ye a power o' guid! Ho! stool ye ha gotten on! An' what may ye think o' the fine folk in London? An' dat ye do as I tell ye, an put on one o' the dizenner clean shirts I gied ye every day?"

"Oh, ay, Elizabeth," replied the good body, "I did just as ye tellt me. I put on a clean an every day. An' I hae them a on the floor!"

HOW ILLUSTRATIONS ARE MADE



MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

Childhood's days now pass before me ;
Forms and scenes of long ago,
Like a dream they hover o'er me,
Calm and bright as evening's glow.

The Planetarium in Toronto has been doing a good work in encouraging composition, I should offer, if at all possible, a prize some time for the best drawing. Composition and illustrating are companion arts in newspaper work, and I should like to see drawing encouraged. Mr. Plevens and Miss Abbot have done good work in Chicago in sending up pupils each year for the examinations. In art. Both have sent up several to the magazine who do *agrippina* work in the drawing department.

And is drawn with a pen, India ink being used. This picture was sent to a place where I made a visit from the first set of drawings of a photograph to a camera, through a lens, and a couple of strong electric lights turned on it. This a proper focus was made and it was projected to the stage, you see. An exposure was made on wet plate, resulting in one of the pictures. The picture was mounted on a plate was a glass screen, on which are marked from sixty-five to one hundred and fifty lines to the inch; and when it is displayed the effect of the screen is to divide the face of the negative into dots—very small dots, and the effect is very similar to

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When the Halliday twins were born, their mother always referred to them collectively. That was natural enough, for they shared everything, even their baby carriage to the disappointment.

As they grew a little older, however, there were slight differences between Elmore and Eudora, but Mrs. Halliday took no account of them.

When they had reached the age of six still referred to them in a way which struck casual listeners as amusing.

Where are Elmore and Eudora now? asked a friend and came to spend the afternoon.

"The twins have gone with their father to have one of their teeth out," said Mrs. Halliday, calmly.

Even the tallcoated man objects being called hard upping.

HOW HE
ASTONISHED
—AN OLD—
ADMIRAL

Written Especially for This Edition of The Junior.

The old admiral, whose long service had given his legs a decided outward curve, once had a ship's pet.

The crew of the ship owned a large black spaniel, and took great pleasure in teaching him to jump. A man standing up would put one foot in a hole for the dog, thus making a jump through. The dog always jumped through the aperture read through if his trainer's legs happened to be in the way.

Here he was spying by the dog. I understood a moment earlier the dog's intentions. He was about to jump on the dog's back. Suddenly the dog leaped through the tempting gap. In accomplishment, at the black corner, the Admiral whistled quickly about to that he had passed beneath him, and he jumped again. The dog was not afraid for a moment. Once the Admiral turned, and he saw the dog jumped. The bewilderment of the dog jumped and the serious attitude of Nop to what the Admiral had done. The Admiral, however, returned the respect due to rank, to the by-standers, and a moment later, he returned with laughter.

GRAPHIC PENCIL HEAD SM.
NATHAN.

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