honor to be,

GRANT H. NABLO, S. S. No. 8, Harwich

SCHOOL AS EDITOR

THE PRESENT COMPETITION

Your Favorite Book and Why in the subject for the assay competition or this month. The continued in the subject of the pupils of the McKeough that and Separate schools of the introducts of the pupils of the introducts of the County, would be the county would be the county with the county would be the county with the county would be the county would be the county with the county would be the county would

When Johnny was three years of the was taken to a circus parad and was much impressed by the loor roaring. Next day he said to he mother, "When God made the lio if he made the bad first and stroad ed, I should think be would habeen afraid to fraish him."

A Newsboy's Christmas

Written for The Planet Junior by Annie Watson, of Dres-den, and accorded Sec-oud Place by the Judges.

True Version of Santa Claus

and found that they have saw, and follars and seighty-nine cents. At though it was nearly midnight they lost no time in getting to the toy shop, "Say Ton, get him this here drum." "Won't this here horn be swell, Joe?" "Won't he holler when he sees this gun!" "This baseball but is awful cheap, Jack." "Let's take the change in eardy, nuts and fruit, Sam." The boysg athered up their parcels and made their way to the boarding house. Sam went up their parcels and and the other boys, to see if B.Il was asleep. Finding him asleep, Sam called to the other poys to see if B.Il was asleep. Finding him asleep, Sam called to the other presents on she floor baide the bed. Tom added the finishing touches by putting a yellow monkey-on-a-stick in the end of the stocking, "Where did you get that from, Tom!" said Joe. "Oh," said Tom, "I swiped it for B.Il." Their task being completed, the boys crawled into bed but not to sleep for they were so excited that they did not go to sleep for a long time.

In the morning they were startled by a lord whoop, loud emough to shake the whole house. Looking around they saw Bill standing at the foot of the bed with a baseball but and two drum sticks in one hand and the other hand full of eardy. After looking around for a few manutes Joe exclaimed, "Well, I declare, if Santa Claus hasm't been here and left his whole pack." B.Ily tried to force the other boys to share his toys, he was so overjoyed to have them. The boys at the lodging house never enjoyed Christmas as much as the time they seen their last cent to give B.Il a "Merry Christmas."

ANNIE WAJTSON.

Within the Antarctic circle there has never a flowering plant been found. In the Arctic region there are 762 kinds of flowers: 50 of these are confined to the Arctic region. They are really polar flowers.

The colors of these polar flowers are not as bright and varied as our own, most of them being white or yellow, as if borrowing these hardy hues from their snowy bergs and golden stars.

Written for The Planet Junior by Kate L. Taylor, Chatham, and Accorded Third Place by the 'Judges.

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Some people think that Santa Claus lives in the far north. But it is not see. He lives far, far away from this crowded world, in the bautiful Island Joy. This Island gets its light from the stars, and can be seen any clear night, between Venus and Jupiter, by anyone who believes what I say.

Santa Claus-does not live alone on this island; if he did he would be very lonely indeed. Besides Mrs. Santa Claus and her children, the island is occupied by a whole nation of his helpers that do his bidding.

All story books about Santa Claus say that during the year he is busy making articles to give to the children next Christmas as presents. But we know this is not true; for all these things are made in the world; and, even if they were not, he could not carry in one night presents for everyone in the world, neither could his sack hold one-millionth part of them.

He sets the work for his helpers, id sees that they perform it. Four his principal helpers, are, Violet,

of his principal helpers are, Violet's work is to go to the earth and find out who the good and bad children are, and bring the names of them to Santa Claus. Now, Santa Claus have two books. In one he keeps the name to Santa Claus how, Santa Claus have two books. In one he keeps the name to Santa Claus have been to be kind to sach other. We often see children in the other hat sare not kind to each other, but keep quarreling nearly all the time. Those children have been told over again by baisy that they would come to some bad end, but they never paid any attention to her; and the end of those children's lives are nearly always spent in prison.

Aster's work is to teach the children to love all living things. She takes great pleasure in teaching the people of Germany this; and to show that her work is not in vain, they place, every Christmas, a sheaf of wheat on a pole for the little brds. Rose's work is the most important. She helps the fathers and mothers in choosing suitable presents do not know what to get their children at Christmas. Rose helps them to decide. Others put off getting them at Christmas. Rose helps them to decide. Others put off getting them at Christmas. Rose helps them to decide. Others put off getting them at Christmas Rose helps them to decide. Others put off getting them until it is too late. Rose hurries them up. Then again, there are families that are too poor to buy presents. This time she, whispers in the ear of some kind person to send them something to eneer their hearts. If may be a turkey, a cord of wood, or a bog of flour.

Every. Christmas the merchants for hidren he is nothing but springs, wood and excelsior, and over all a suit of clothes. He does not object to us thinking he comes in a seigh drawn by eight tiny reindeer to distribute his presents. If he did he would send one of his helplers to the lus.

true story of Santa Claus

KATE L. TAYLOR.

A pupil in the Entrance Class, Central School, Chatham, Ont.

This certifies that this composition was written by Katie Taylor, without any assistance whatever from me. From the style I am assured it is entirely her own work, for it is most characteristic of her essay work.

S. Candace I rwin, Teacher.

LESSON IN PATIENCE

His income had stopped, and he was worn out physically. He had gone against the advice of friends, and his savings of years had been lost by unwise investments. Discouraged, he wandered idly out through the park to the lake front. He was in despair. The Philadelphia Telegraph tells how he was shaken out of the fears for the future by the courage of another non.

As he stood there, wondering how he could face the future, an old man came along and lifted a bundle of sticks from his back.

"What are you doing with those sticks?" the unhappy man asked.

"Carrying them home," responded the old man.

"What tor? To burn?"

"No."

"To make skewers."
"What are skewers?"
"Little sticks that butchers use to hold meat together."
"How many can you make out of that bundle of sticks?"
"Two or three thousand."
"And what do you get for them?"
"Forty cents."
"A thousand?"

"How many thousand can you whittle out in a day ?"

"If I had the wood home I could
do two thousand, maybe more."
"Is that your only means of livelihood ?"
"Oh, no. I have a pension of two
dollars a mouth."
"And with that and the skewers
you get enough to live on ?"
"Yon."

"You seem to be haopy."
"You seem to be haopy."
see, I usually have to walk five or six miles to get my sticks for the skewers, and that takes up all the day. Well, to-day I had the luck to find a mate who had been out, and he got more than he could bring home, so he gave me these. Which way do you go, sir f"
"I hope you have work, sir f" said the old man. with a little smile. "I'm going to try."
"Good luck to you!" said the old man, picking up his bundle, as the city man stepped out briskly toward home.

HARDY FLOWERS

Perhaps the most beautiful of all our everlasting, that longest dety the autumn frosts and most brighten our winter bouquets are white and yellow varieties.

. In the midst of life we are in debt.

Written for The Planet Junior by Pauline Stringer, Chatham, and Accorded Fourth Place by the Judges.

Once upon a time umed Greaville in

tamily of poor colored people named Jackson. The father and mother had once been slaves in New Orleans and had run away up north, because they were hadly treated. They had fourteen children, girls and boys.

About two weeks before Christmas their parents were talking about the good times they used to see their master's children having on Christmas day and the beautiful tree, pesides games and presents, to say nothing of all good things to sat. This set them to wondering if they could not find out some way to give their family some kind of a 'treat on Christmas day for a surprise.

Every day, old Mr. Jackson might be seen going away early in (the morning and coming home again at night in his old wagon and his old horse. His wife went out washing where ever she could get a job. The children could got think what had happened that their mother and father should go out so much 'every' day.

The time passed away very quickly and the second day before Christmas the mother told the children to go to bed as soon as they had eaten their supper. Whe they had eaten their supper. Whe they had eaten their supper. Whe they had earned had go and had gone asleep, the old people sat down by the fire and got fall the extra money that they had earned in the two weeks. The old (woman said, "well Dom what do 'you say we had better do with this sheap of money? I think we might have a Christmas tree and a dimer land let them hang up their stockings." Tom said that that would be fine and he would get a coon out in the would buy the toys for the children and make her a long table, out of boards and barrels, so that they could all sit down at dinner at done and again the fourteen children were and again the fourteen children were and again the fourteen children were the most day passed very quickly and again the fourteen children were went to bed too, to sleep soundly till they were wakened up by noises over their asked the mother if all was ready and she said "yes." so they went to bed too, to sleep soundly till they were wakened up by noises over head and steaps creeping quictly down the ladder to the room where (the stockings were hung.

It would be hard to describe how pleased the poor little children were with the funny things Santa had given them, no breakfast was eaten that day but no one remembered about it, such a busile was going on getting dimer ready. It was the coon was so well cooked and the best meal they ever tasted. The coon was so were polates were so good and the believes to chartes and he black molasses sauce so sweet.

ARNYARD WISDOM.

"For I cast my eye upon you
And observe which way it blows,
Then I rouse the farmer's family
With my most sagacious crows." ain a reputation,
o quaff of fortune's cup.
I find the plan a good one—
a friend that's higher up.
—Life.

FARMER'S REPLY WAS CONVINC-

Some years ago, before the bicycle was in such favor as it is now, a farmer went into an ironnonger's shop to buy a seythe. After saving him the shopman asked if the would buy a bicycle.

"What might the price of them be?" asked the customer.

"Fifteen pounds."

"I'd rather spend £15 on a 'cow."

"But what an idot you would look riding about the town on ithe back of a cow."

"Perhaps so," replied the farmer, "but not half such an idot as I'd look trying to milk a bicycle."

If ignor people would be supremely

Gowns made sm yard of gold lace. A mustard yellow gown straight from Paris, is the latest. fair trial. smart by less than

Jr. IV., McKeough School.

before.
Wishing The Planet Junior "A
Werry Christmas and a Happy New
Year."

Tom Jackson's Christmas

PLANT FORTIFIES

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INDEED UNFEELING

the entinent prelate suffered saking health he was accom-whether in his rural rambles, in, or even at formal dinner by his daughter, who was con-at his side. The story here at his side, The story here as originally told in Dublin

st course had been served at grand banquet when his grac me slight agitation: aughter?" that I am threatened with bad attacks."

ve been pinching my knee for five minutes, and I cannot feel htest sensation." your mind easy, your grace," the person on the other side,"

e rooster in the Barnyard e rooster on the vane; amighty knowing fellow edicting when 'twill rain." knee you were pinching."

fteen oppers.

Five of the coppers she spent in read and she kept the other ten mas thinking they would help her heaven.

PLANET JUNIOR, SATURDAY FEB. 20,

Nellie's

Christmas Eve

Written for The Planet Junior by Clara Wright, Chatham, and Accorded Fifth Place by The

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Q gent at least to also also also also are botton when the control of the control

It is a pity to spoil a good moral, but it is sometimes done when a story is excavated to its foundations. This story from the London Outlook is however, good anough to stand on its own feet.

"When I came to town, 20 years ago," said a prosperous man it ample waistoost, is in yearthly possessions were wrapped up in a red handama handkerchief."

"And now you own three hundred acres of land and that factory on the edge of the town?"

"Yea."

"May I ask you what you carried in the red bandama handkerchief?"

"Six thousand pounds in cash and hands." It's easier to tell a fib than it is recognize a lie, TOOK THIRIY YEARS