Boys and Girls

a Page for

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

ore the advent of another e Planet Junior the New Yo

announcement for the Janua competition will be made week's Junior. This is the ho sason and the girls and bo want to be bothered with an but pleasure these days. By a capital essay competitive a capital essay competitive or the first month the same of the same competitive or the first month the same competitive of the same competitive or the first month the same competitions.

,and you will be

## Supplement to The Saturday Planet

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1903.

the birds and making a fearful row. He understood scolding, and when I looked at hirr he would keep quiet. The instant I moved away he would dart like a bullet through the air straight at the Hartz finch, and unless the latter doaged him he would have a bunch of feathers in his sharp little kill. One day, after two or three talks, I caught him and cut some of his wing feathers, to impede his flight. He was quiet enough in my hand till I put him back, and the moment I opened my hand he stood up and weat like a rifle ball from my finger, and knocked the astomach of his wing feathers that he could not fly at all. Then I put him on the bottom of the aviary. He shook himself, tried his wings, and finding something wrong, jumped up on the porches one by one till he was well up. Here he paused for a moment, and then caught sight of the shook himself, tried his faulty wings and finch on a perch arout on his own level, and some tive feet or more away. He forgot his faulty wings and leaped for his enemy. The force of the spring took him more than half way, but there were no wings to help him, and he fell to the bottom with a thum. A more thoroughly abashed seamp never was seen. He picked himself up, looked at me, and then at the birds around him. He

THE WORLD'S IMPROVEMENT.

The world is getting better,
Who can doubt it for a minute?
Every day and every hour
We can find new comfort in it.

Now we ride along in sleepers, (Catching microbes as we go. Our fathers used to shiver Through the blinding drifts snow;

We need not carry water

From the distant well at present;
But we turn the faucet, getting
Squads of germs and looking pleas-

Little Willie doesn't huddle

By a red hot stove in school,

Getting toasted upon one check

While he lets the other cool.

Oh, the world improves, no matter What the sad-eyed croakers claim; But I'd like to spend the winter where it's warmer, just the same. For Thursday

THE JANUARY COMPETITION Your hapless old grandfather
Shivered while he built the fire;
Now you keep the furnace going,
Kick the quilts off and perspire.

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KNOWN TOO WELL

The bishop of London, whose work in the East End extended over many years, recently said that spice rather than sugar characterizes the speech of the children of the slums, while the reverse is true of the West End little ones. To make his point the bishop told this story.

"Some years ago," said he, "I preached one Sunday in a West End church. In the course of the sermon a small girl, who had her own ideas of entertainment, began to talk aloud.

"O mummu, she said, 'I'm awful tired. Can't the bishop go back to heaven now?"

"That was not all sugar, to be sure," the bishop continued. "It may have been a left-handed compliment. But no child in the East End ever thought I had come from heaven."

Then, after a pause, the bishop added, reflectively:

A LITTLE WHILE.

Clasped in its cold embrace the one we loved:
Took from our midst the friend whom we had proved.
Robbed of the home the mother love so sweet.
Hushed the glad sound of baby's pattering feet.
Turned joy to sorrow; wrung our hearts with pain; And caused the tears of bitterness to fall like rain.
Ah, well! Life's hour-glass shows the fleeting sand.
A little while and then—we'll undergland. A little while, and then we'll under-stand
Just why it was that grim Death's
jey hand its cold embrace the one

PAT'S REPLY

the shot fired?" the only heard it," was

magistrate sternly-

ed he laughed derisively.

The magistrate, indignant at this contempt of court, called him back, and asked him how he dared to laugh in court.

"Did you see my laugh, your honor?" queried the offender.

"No, sir, but I heard you," was the apt reply.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat, quietly, but with a twinkle in his eye.

And this time everybody laughed except the magistrate.

Short Stories

Leigh, five years old, had begun to read and spell. We were taking a trip on the train—Leigh's first. Has we the axe and the saw in their glass case, with the word "notice." Just under the word "notice," was the few attern by drant.

"Mamma, that's not very cold water, is it f" said Leigh.

"Yes, dear, that is ice water."

"Well," replied Leigh, "it says not ice."—Little Chronicle.

eyes.

"Doctor," he said, 'I'm glad to see you, and awfully glad that you woke me, for I have been tortured by a most distressing dream that must have lasted for several hours, I dreamt that I was sick, as I am, and that my boy came into the room with a string of most horrible sounding bells and rang them in my ears, while I hadn't the power to move or speak to him. I suffered tortures for what appeared to be an interminable time, and I'm so glad you awoke me.'

"The ringing of these bels for one second had caused all of that dream, and just at the waking moment."

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No.

Something to interest the Boys and Girls.

FAITHFUL TO DEATH.

james B. was out sailing a boat one summer day with a playmate a good deal larger than he was. The boat had sailed a good way out in the pond, and the big boy said: "Go in, Jim, and get her. It isn't over your ankles, and I've been in after her every time."
"I daren't," said Jim. "fill carry her all the way home for you, but I can't go in there; mother told me I musin't dare to."
"Your mother! Why, I thought she was dead," said the big boy. ("That was before she died. Eddie and I used to come here and sail our boats, and she never let us come unless we had string enough to haul it in with. I sin't afraid, you know I'm not; only she didn't want me to, and I can't do it."—Washington Star.

"How long does a dream last?" asks London Answers, and in keeping with its title goes on to reply to its own question.

To the dreamer it sometimes seems to endure for hours, and the general impression is that dreams continue for minutes at least, while the fact is that the longest dream appears to be confined within a solitary second, even though the events of it may impress the dreamer for days.

"Yesterday afternoon," said a doctor, "I called to see a patient, and, much to my satisfaction, I found him sleeping soundly. I sat by his bed, felt his pulse without disturbing him, and waited for him to awaken. After a few minutes a dealer's eart with discordant ringing bells turned into the street, and, as their first tones rached me, my patient opened his "eyes."

I was once a little grain of wheat and the farmer planted me in a field to grow in the hall. I sprang up into little green blades and I looked beautiful. The show came and covered me up and kept me warm all through the warm rains came and covered me up and kept me warm. All through the warm rains came and melted the cold show. I grew into tall, green stalks and I ripened into nice golden wheat. Next, the farmer came and reaped me with a machine drawn by a team of horses, and made me into little bundles or sheaves of wheat. He left me in a field for a time.

One day they came and drew me to the barn. There they threshed me out. Next they put me into bags and gave me a long ride to this beautiful Maple City. We drove down William St. and across the creek to the T. H. Taylor Co.

When I saw so much machinery I felt dreadfully frightened and began to wonder what next would happen.

They carried me into the mill and put me through scourers and smutters. When I was perfectly clean they sent me to the breakers, which are corrugated relis. Then they which are corrugated relis. Then they ultime through the whole five breaks. When the inside of me was all out of the bran I went on smooth rollers to be reduced to flour. Then I went through the whole five breaks. When the inside of me was all out of the bran I went on smooth rollers to be reduced to flour. Then I was made into fine was called shorts, which was put into a bin by itself. So you see a little grain of wheat has to go through rourteen stands of rolls before it becomes flour. The T. H. Taylor Co. has one of the finest flour mills in Canada. They also have a large woollen mill, where they employ a great many hands. People come from far and near to buy from the T. H. Taylor Co. has one of the finest flour mills in Canada. They also have a large woollen mill, where they employ a great many hands.

were in the store only a short hea a lady came in and said so wnted some choice raisins. Ohristmas cake, Mr. Malshowed us to her and she would buy us because we finest in town.

Malcolmson then took us, put a bag, gave us to another no brought us here. I support us will now make us into cakes and so end our lives."

INA McARTHUR,

OLD COATS.

FOLDING MIRROR.

"Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool,"—that was what I heard as I, with a whole flock of my brother lands, ran avay as fagt as we could go, from the farmer and his son; but it was of no use. They got us all up in a corner of the field, and clip, clip, went the shears over our backs; then we were let go shown of our pretty wool.

At first for about two or three weeks we were cold, particularly at night, but the weather began to get warmer, as it was Juae, and anyway our fleece began to grow on again.

We were very curious to know what the farmer had done with our old coats. One day some men came out from Chatham to our farm to buy wool. We saw them opening the bags which our coats had been packed in. They were good wool, and that they were good wool, and that they would like them. They must have been very good coats, as Mr. Taylor only buys the best.

They were then done up into large bundles, and taken into Chatham to Mr. Taylor's woolen mill. They west through many processes, being washed, combed, bleached and dyed; then

I am a large, beautiful mirror, in the grand new Urban Store, with its beautiful plate glass in front, and windows draped with lovely coats and furs. The interior of this building is elegant. Not only are coats and furs sold, but rubbers, shoes, and shirt-waists also. There are only about three of these mirrors in the city of Chatham. We are very beautiful, useful and admired by everyone.

One fine morning two young ladies entered and asked to see the coats and furs. They spent about half an hour trying on coats and furs, but were not satisfied and left the store without buying anything.

About an hour afterwards a lady, with a little girl, entered. The liftle girl did not have a coat on, and a certain color. Her mother, as I supposed it was, did not like the price or the quality of the goods; so the liftle girl jeft the gtore down.

The following essays received honorable mention in the November competition. they were spun into yarn and woven into cloth. One day a merchant, Mr. Stone, came to the mill and asked to see some of their finest and newest woolens. Mr. Taylor came out where we were and told his men to show us Mr. Stone, as he wanted the Yery best in stock. Our roll of cloth was that first brought out, it was black with little grey and green specks, and a little white that here and there on it, just like snow-flakes. It must have been extra beautiful, as Mr. Stone only boys the very best, and he bought every bit of the cloth that had been made out of our old coats. The cloth was soon sold to a lady and made into a beautiful stylish said. What my six little brothers and I called our old coats the lady called her new suit.

LIVES OF RAISINS.

c One dreary winter afternoon I was atting in the house reading when the groceries came. Among them were some raissas. I began putting the groceries away, and as I was emptying the raisins into their box I heard one little one crying. I saked if what was the matter and it replied, "I was just thinking about my early life at home, and it makes he weep to think of it." I then asked it to dell me about its life and it told me the following story:

"In the days of my youth I lived on a vine in the Sacramento V. bey, of California, with aif my brothers and sisters.

"We lived very happily until one day our master came and told us that we had lived in our vine home long enough, and that we must be taken away and made into something useful. Then he tore us away from our mother, the vine, and put us in long pans to dry in the sun. We were then pressed tightly into large boxes, taken to San Francisco and shipped to Chatham.

"I knew nothing more until the cover of our box was opened and we were sitting in Mr. Hugh Malcolmson's window, where we could heep people passing. A few days passed and I was not used much, yet I was very, very proud of mysel. At last, about 10 o'clock in the morning, a lady entered, and, after warming her hands by the coal stove a few minutes, asked to see the coats. She tried about a dozen on at least and turned me around in different directions to admire herself.

She asked the price of a certain tweed coat. It was \$25. She said she did not wish to go any higher than \$15. After looking over a number of coats she found one that suited her. It was a dark brown and exactly \$15.

While the clerk was busy folding up her coat she tried to take a small fur unnoticed by anyone; but through me she was caught, for the manager was standing mear, looking at me, and could see exactly what she was doing.

The next day a very funny thing happened. An old lady, named Mrs. Smith, entered to try on a coat. She took off her own and it got mixed with other coats on the counter. After picking out the coat she wandered where her own had gone. She thought perhaps someone had entered and had taken her coat by mistake. But at that moment a clerk entered and had taken her coat by mistake. But at that moment a clerk entered and acknowledged that he had hung a lot of toats in the ward-robe, for sale. Sure enough, there was Mrs. Smith's coat, with a tieket on it, "worth \$100." After some conversation she received her own for and returned home.

"This is dreadful," said the soap when its nistress was washing, "Your heavy embroidery and lace is quite rough on my skin, although I am very hard." "Never mind," said the handkerthief, "I am soaked through but can still laugh. Let us have a pleasant that while we may, for we will soon be separated." "Very well," the soap replied, "I will tell you the history of my life."
"In my younger days I was a brave tree standing boldly with my brothers Oh, how happy I was there. But one day we saw some men with cruel looking axes in their hands. One man gave me a heavy blow, but I stood so bravely that he had to give me a great many blows. Bat, alas! I fell to the ground. I then was chopped into smaller pieces and put into a wagom, then drawn to town and sold for wood.

for wood.

"One day I was put into a hot stove and burned to ashes. I was thrown in the back yard and there hay for a week or two. One day an old man asked my mistrees its he had any ashes. She showed him the pile in which I was concealed. He showeled me which I was concealed. He showeled me up, put me in a wagon, and took me away. Before we went away a little gri asked the old man for a har of seap the grave her one, and then we drove off.

"I was shipped away grey ashes, nade into a lye, mixed with other fatty matters, and when I awoke I was yery groud, for I was pure hard soap, called Surprise Soap. It was great fun to surprise people with my goodness. I was shipped to Mr. Dum's store, or the "Bon Marche." I was sold so quickly that I had no time to look around, and all I saw was that I was in a magnificent store."

"That is a very good story," said the handkerchief, "now I will tell you mine."

"I grew in a large field, with my brothers. We were called salks of flax. We grew in a place called Ireland. It was bautiful in those grand fields, with the sum's golden rays called surprise for a swe could see. But one day we were pulled up by sone.

THE

... BSSAYS WR TTTEN IN NOVEMBER COMPETITION....

were taken to town and put three were taken to town and put three many machines. We were bent, hurt and pulled until I almost wished I could die. But at last I saw I was a fine piece of linen. I was then stamped and made into this protty handkerchied.

"I was shipped to Messrs. Thibodeau & Jacques, for they never buy anything except the very best, and it is because I am a little rough that you ence grumbling, but I am new, you know. Good bye, here is mistress to hang me up now."

"Good bye," said the soay quietly, CHRJSTINA PRITCHARD,

"IV. Class,

McKeough School.

BECAME OF A LOCK OF

a wool which came eff farmer John's sheep, one day while sut in a lot of burrs and it all covered with hings. The mast day all his sheep down to d washed them, This

of me from then taken

AND HANDKERCHIEF.

a great big man came in and put me ou a spinning wheel. I went round so fast that I could hardly collect my thoughts together. When I got off this machine I was not sorry, because I was roey nearly tired to death. But soon this man picked me up and put me on another machine, and I was made into one of the most beautiful pieces of blue woolen cloth that anyone ever saw. I was now laid away on a shelf in the uxil for sale. How I wished some one segmed to want me.

While I was thus sad and desponddent, a merchant came in and asked the clerk if he had any blue woolen cloth. The elerk said yes, and he took one of my companions down off the shelf, but the crecant thought that this piece was too dark; so he took me down off the shelf and I was just right, so he carried me away to the shelf, but the window for sale, with bills pinned all over me stating that I was the best in the store. This made me proud to think that I was once an old black lock of wool, and now the best in the store. This made me into pieces, pracked me with meedles, and rubbed hot irons over me. This was great!

At least these skirts were worn out and thrown away, but a man picked me with meedles, and rubbed hot irons over me. This was puniful, but I was made into two nice skirts. I thought to myself, This was spingful, but I was made into two nice skirts were worn out took me home. His wife cut me into long thin strips and seved me toge ther until I was so long that she had to roll me up in balls. I wondered if she was soing to whire me on a weaving machine and made me into a earget. This was wonderful, Peeple walked upon me and got me all dirty until I was and got me all dirty until I was an one of the machine and fire.

ORVIL LINE

of g