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THE

PLANET JUNIOR, SATURDAY, DEC. 5, 1903

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, WALLACEBURG TRIP

## THE PRIZE ESSAY

The Planet Junior CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1903. CHATHAM, ONT., DECEMBER 4, 1903.

Dear Siz :—While we felt very considerably honored in being asked to pass judgment upon the essays written by the School Children of the County for your Journal, we must confess that we did not antidipate the difficulties of the tank. We have, however, given the matter the best attention we could within the time limited, and enclose to you herewith our award. The tank has not been an easy one, and yet we feel considerable confidence in awarding first place to Mac McAulley, of McKcough School, City, whose easy displays such originality in conception and treatment as to lead us to conclude it to be enperior to any others.

There are so many which are, in our opinion, practically of equal merit for according to the their names upon the list to be considered the order of merit. With this in view we have arranged them a phabetically. We would like, however, trush especial attention to the production of title Norma Wardell, teacher, and also to the three Senior Second pupils, Lilla M. Jordey, (eight years of age) Jerone B. Errers and Willier Slatzer, Miss Georgia Morrison, teacher.

We desire to express to you the sincere pleasure which we have taken in the work of revising these essays, and also to compliment you and your Journal upon the very great success which is attending this effect to cultivate the literary faculty of the children of our County.

Yours TRULY,

THE AWARD IS AS FOLLOWS:First (Prize)—MAG MCATEAU, Senior IV., McKeough School; Miss E.
The following are awarded honograble massisrder):-

LAURA AINSWORTH, Jr IV., Central School, Miss L. E. Thomson, teacher, WINKIPEED ARNOLD, Jr. IV., McKeough, Miss Minnie Samson, teacher, Groselle Balver, Sr. IV., McKeough, Miss E. Abram, teacher, Karue t Hartrens, Sr. IV., S. S. No. I., Chatham, Miss M. B. Abraham, teacher.

VIGIL UPER, St. IV., McKeough, Miss & Abram, teacher.

JERORIE R. ERERES, St. II., McKeough, Miss Georgia Morrison, teacher.

LENGE FULL, Jr. IV., McKeough, Miss Minnie Samson, teacher.

MARIL HANDVUNES. Jr. IV., McKeough, Miss Minnie Samson, teacher.

LENGE HARDER, St. IV., Centrel, Miss Ida M. H. Ilman. teacher.

LENGE HARDER, St. IV., McKeough; Miss Georgia Morrison, teacher.

HARDY KELLAR, St. IV., McKeough; Miss E. Abram, teacher.

MAY LAMPERD, Jr. IV., McKeough; Miss Minnie Samson, teacher.

OWHL LIVE, St. IV., McKeough; Miss Minnie Samson, teacher.

IVA McKarstra, Jr. IV., McKeough; Miss Minnie Samson, teacher.

CHRISTIVA PRI CHARD, Jr. IV., McKeough; Miss Minnie Samson, teacher.

VIVA ALTA ROBERTS, St. III., McKeough, Miss Martha L. Irring, teacher.

VIVA ALTA ROBERTS, St. III., McKeough, Miss Georgia Morrison, teacher.

VIVA ALTA ROBERTS, St. III., McKeough, Miss Georgia Morrison, teacher.

CORA L. E. STERNGER, St. IV., S. S. No. 8, Harwich, Grant H. Nablo.

ULINE STRINGER, Jr. IV., McKeough, Miss Minnie Samson, teacher, werence H. Thornton, Sr. IV. Central, Miss Ida Hillman, teacher, were Walker, Jr. IV., McKeough, Miss Minnie Samson, teacher, nama Wardell, Jr. III., S. S. No. 3, Raleigh, Miss Annie Kussell, teacher. ough, Miss Minnie Samson, teacher.
Central, Miss Ida Hilman, teacher.
ugh, Miss Minnie Samson, teacher.
No. 3, Raleigh, Miss Annie Russell,
ugh, Miss Minnie Samson, teacher.

CALIFORNIA-OREGON EXCUR-

MAC MCAULEY. Every day is the year single and round trip excursions via the Chicago, Union Pacific and North Western Line. Through first class Pallman and Tourist sheeping cars daily to points in California and Oregon. Personally conducted excursions from Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles and other Pacific Coast points, beaving Chicago on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridaya Lowest rates, Shortest time on the road. Finest excuenty. For many, ill histrated folders and rates, write B. H. Bennett, 2 Tasit King street, Torgo, Only.

Cotton is picked by negroes. When the cotton is gathered it is taken to a gin. Long ago they used to take all the seeds out by hand. But now-a-days they use a machine called the gin to take out the seeds.

When all the seeds are taken out it is packed up in large bales and sent by railway or steam hoat to the cotton mills in Massachusetts. There it is spun into thread and then woven into cloth. Then it is sold to the marchants and some of it comes to Chitham to Thos. Stone's drygoods store, JEROME B. EBERTS. Mr. Dunn owns a large cotton plantation in Tennessee. Mr. Dunn is a wealthy man and has servants to help him in his cotton fields. One day he told them to plant fifty acres of cotton and sow it in rows like corn. The seeds of the cotton look like small beans and are planted in rows like corn. The dotton plant looks like a small tree and grows from four to seven feet high. The flower of the cotton plant is a large pink blossom. The cotton is held in a pod. The pol when ripe opens and shows it's soft white down.

Cotton is a soft white down that grows in the pod of a plant, It is raised in the southern parts of the United States.

The seeds of the plant are the size of a small bean. They are covered with a white down. The cotton plants are like small trees. They grow from four to seven feet high and are in 1998 like corn. It is planted in the There will be an excursion to Detroit via Grand Trunk Railway on Monday, Dec, 14th, under the auspice, of Chatham Council, No. 852, Royal Arcanum, fare \$1.55; tickets good going on 8.15 morning train, returning any regular except Eastern Flyer, and by special leaving Detroit at twelve o'clock midnight, eastern time. This is a good chance to hear the divine and aing afternoon and evening. Dec, 14th,

Once upon a time there was a little girl, only five years old, who thought she would like to take a walk around the block in town.

Well, she left her mother in a store on Sixth Street and started out alone, She went as far as the Garner hotely and turned down King Street, looking at all, the pretty things in the windows as she went along.

When she came to Mrs. J. B. Kelly's store (them in the Garner block) her little head was in a whirl of excitement. Those dear little baby clothes were so handsome that they exemed to coax her inside, but of course she was alone and could not go in alone, so thought she would look store, corner of King and Fifth Stable of the course she was alone and could not go while, then go as far as the Northway store, sale saw the figures in the window, and was so interested that she coressed the street lo get a better look at them, wondering if there were any little doll figures which would fit the clothes in Mrs. Kelly's window.

This little girl looked long and adminingly at the bautiful clean window, so long that her far dropped from her shoulders without her noticing it just then. So on she trudged down she was lost, for she knew no one and no one knew her, and the the worst of it all she could not read. The homesickness brought tears to her eyes. How she wished for home or a face she knew, but no one came to her. So she thought she would in winter and the thought of who will not read. The there was a she would to trade on a little fariher. It was cold in winter and the thought of who men one and no she knew, but no one came to her. So she thought of who will not read. The homesickness brought tears to her eyes. How she wished for home or a face she knew, but no one came to her. So she thought she would in winter and the thought of who will not read. The forested as far as Mr. T. Edmundson's ment market and ventured in, but could not speak for sobs.

Poor child, she was lost and so was mother.

Well, just as they were all trying to get her to speak, some one passed who knew the little girl and, guessing the trouble, came in and inquired who kindly took her to her mother, on looking up she saw Minnie—Oh how glad she was to see her friend who kindly took her to her mother, waiting anxiously for her little girl on Sixth Street, thinking how long it took her to walk around the block was beginning to feel alarmed too.

The story of the pretty windows was beginning to feel alarmed too.

The story of the pretty windows was beginning to feel alarmed too.

The story of the pretty windows was told with delight and the little girl forgiven for going over to look at them, and some days after, going by the store again, spied her lost fur in the beautifully clean handsone with a card "Found" on it.

Going in she claimed the property whom the kind people had cared for and will never forget the experience as long as she lives.

This is a true" based the Thornton and Douglast.

their religion with their business, but their religion with their business, but the forget to stir it up well. As a result the business invariably rises to the top, and becomes the all-absorbing I thought from the beginning to the close of the year.

"Did you put your sixpence in the plate, Mary?" asked mamma of her bright-tyed girl of seven summers, who had stayed at church with her during the Holy Communion. "No, mamma," was the artless reply, "they never gave me anything to eat, so I didn't give them any money" Children and grown-up people expect to be fed when they come to God's house, and naturally say, "No bread, no money." God help preachers to hand out the Bread of Life. R MERRY MOMENTS, A gentleman travelling in the sources of children, and stopped to listen voices of children, and stopped to listen. Finding the sound came from a small building used as a school-house he drew near; as the door was open the went in and listened to the words the boys were spelling.

One little fellow stood spart, looking very sad. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman. "Oh, he is good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There's nothing of him de the teacher. "There's nothing of him de the teacher. "There's nothing of him de the teacher. There's nothing of him de the teacher was surprised at his answer. He saw the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were nearly crushed. After a few words to them, placing his hand on the head of the little fellow these days you may be a fine scholar, these days you may be a fine scholar, Don't give up; try, my boy, try."

The boy's soul was aroused, his sleeping mind awoke. A new purpose was forund. From that hour he became anxious to excel, and he did became anxious to excel and he did became anxious to excel anx

New York Commercial.

"Rev." Jane Dowie, accompanied by her offspring, "Glad, the Unkissed," is presenting her religious vaudeville to crowded houses on the English circuit. Her specialty, according to the example set by her husband to ward the close of his melancholy New York engagement, is a recital of Dowie family history. That the chosen household has had its troubles is shown by the charge that

It is the disappointed genius who

The following are the three clever essays by little tots in the second book, who received very special mention from the judges. The little folks had been studying a lesson on cotton in their Reader and availed themselves of the advertisement of Thomas Stone & Son to enter The Planet Junior competition. Their work was considered particularly commendable:—

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DECEMBER SPECIAL CONTEST

Cotton is a soft white down that grows in a pod of a plant. It is raised in the Southern United States, in Egypt and in India and in other

COTTON:

Every girl and boy has had a Christmas experience which can be made the basis of a splendid story—and a special prize will be provided for the girl or boy who tells its bast.

The same rules will govern the preparation and forwa rding of Essays, all of which must reach The Planer Junion by 5 o'clock on Saturday, December the 19th, as it is the intention to publish the prize story in the Christmas number of the Junion.

With this end in view it has been decided to make the subject of the essay competition this month an original Christmas story.

The number of essayists has grown with each month and THE PLANER JUNIOR would like to see the Christmas Story Competition the largest and best of them all.

For the December Essay Competition The Planer Junion intends to scoure a special prize—for the competition will be of a special character. The approach of the Chrismas Sesson will be monopolizing the thoughts and plane of the girls and boys from now on and The Planer Junion wants to foster and develop this Christmas spirit in so far as it is able.

The seeds are about the size of a small bean and they are covered with the white down.

The plants are like a small tree They grow from four to seven feet high and are planted in rows like corn. The flower is white and after a while it turns a pinkish color. Then a pod comes after the flower is dead. Inside the pod there is the white down and in the white down there are the seeds.

The negroes pick the cotton in auturn and send it vo a gin to have the seeds taken out. Then it is done up in large bales and sent to the cotton mills in Massablusetts. At the cotton mills it is first spun into thread and then woren into cloth, then sold to the merchants all around the world. Some of it comes to Thos. Stone and set the form of the content of the content of the content of the merchants all around the world.

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JLLA M. JORREY.

spring.

The flowers of the plant are white, After awhile the flowers turn, a pinkish color. Then they drop off and a green pod is left. In the autumn the pods get ripe, then they burst open and show their white down.

In the fall it is picked by negroes. Then it is sent to a gin to have the seeds taken out. A gin is a machine to take the seeds out.

Then it is put away in large bales and is sent down to the seaports and sent away to the cotton mills in Massechusetts. There it is spun into fine thread, then woren into cloth.

Then it is sold to merchants and put up in webs, then it is shipped to all the cities and towns in the world. Some came to Thos. Stone and I sent down control.

willie SLATER.

DEER HUNTING

Mr. J. W. Swan, official photographer of the Grand Trunk Railway System, has returned 'to Montreal from a ten days' sojourn in the hunting regious situated on the Company's kness in "The Highlands of Ontario" Mr. Swan made the trip with a view of securing an additional collection of negatives of deer hunting pictures to add to the already large series which the Company have now, and which are being utilized to expluit the great attractions which are found in Ontario for the sportsman.

He was most successful in his quest, and has been able to obtain a number of excellent fiews, not only depicting the hunter in the act of association is quarry, but several scenes of the game being shauled to camp, camping scenes and views of large numbers of deer at the everal stations being got ready for transportation.

The Grand Trunk Railway System have made a specialty in the last few years of adpertising the many attractions that Grands holds forth for the tourist, angler and sports man, especially disseminating the information for the delectation of the increasing brotherhood of travellers from the United States. Thousands of dollars have been expended in this direction, with the result that the traffic has increased phenomenally. It is safe to say that the Grand Trunk are doing more than any other factor to advertise Ganads as the Mecca for the Summer visitor and

Short Stories

Something to interest the Boys and Girls.

"What would our wives say if they knew where we were?" said the captain of a schooner, when they were beating about in a fog fearful of going on shore. "Humph! I shouldn't mind that," reglied the mate, "If we only knew where we were ourselves."

Mr. Flatpurse (who is paying his dresses to Tommy's sister): "Well, , Tommy, I'm no expert; but why you ask ?"

A correspondent tells of a neighbor, one Farmer Brown, who is not well educated. His daughter has attended tended a boarding school, and lately they resolved to have a party of the neighboring farmers and their wives. Previous to the party she instructed her father that when speaking of anything, for fear of offending, he should add, "The present company slways excepted." He was late for dinner, so Jane invited the guests to begin operations. They had not long commenced when in rushed Mr. Brown, covered with perspiration.

"Why are you so late, papa?" ask-

"The fact is, Jane, I have been via-itin' neighbor Smith's pigs, and they are the finest lot of pigs I ever seed, the present company allus excepted."

PHOTOGRAPHS

Rashness is the faithful but happy parent of misfortune,