



CHILDREN'S PAGE.

COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send and addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

The following are the answers to the puzzles which appeared in last week's issue:

ANAGRAMS.

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| 1. Insanity. | 6. Thousands. |
| 2. Electricity. | 7. Eminent. |
| 3. Rheumatism. | 8. Antipathy. |
| 4. Parallelogram. | 9. Antimony. |
| 5. Supersede. | 10. Alacrity. |

BREHEADED WORDS.

1. Hcar, Lear, ear.
2. Trope, rope, ope.
3. Stall, tall, all.

Word Puzzle: H E A R T.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. Lowestoff.
2. Dncaester.
3. Droitwich.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Are you going to the circus? I think I might go on Wednesday afternoon. My mother and my sister are playing a beautiful duet called "The Moonlight on the Lake." Have you heard it? I simply love it. Our pony has been away nearly three weeks. It is being broken into a trap. I quite miss my rides in the evening. Dear Cousin Kate, do you collect stamps? I have my book almost filled, but I can't be bothered putting in the stamps. I have a number from Holland, America, Switzerland and other places. Are you going to the polo sports to-morrow afternoon? I think they will be nice. Nora, Amy and myself were playing tennis, but we had no hope with Nora. I do believe Amy has at last started to write to you. Dear Cousin Kate, are you going to Cuyler Hastings' Company? I would love to go; I think I might. I think I must now close. With love to your dear self and the other cousins.—From your loving Cousin Mary.

P.S.—In my last letter I meant to say that our school examination is to be in June.

[Dear Cousin Mary,—I went to the circus one night and enjoyed it immensely. I hope you went too. Those two dear little ponies with the long silver manes and tails were lovely. I would like to have taken them home, wouldn't you? I liked the dogs too—they were so well trained and so clever; but I always wish there could be a circus without clowns—they are so seldom funny, and nearly always vulgar. I expect you did miss your pony. Will you be able to drive him yourself when he comes back? No, I have never collected stamps. Don't you think it is a pity when you have so many not to put them nicely into your book. A lot of them

will get mislaid, I expect, if you leave them lying about. I went to the polo sports last week, but I thought they were rather slow. Didn't you think they were, too? I have been to the theatre three times—twice to see "The Light that Failed" and once to "The Admirable Crichton." I hope you have been able to go, because they are well worth seeing.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—It is two months since I wrote to you last. I hope you have not forgotten me quite. We are all laid up with influenza and mumps, and as I feel a little better to-day I thought I would write to you. It has been raining all this week. The Foresters' picnic was to come off yesterday, but it was so wet that it had to be postponed. They are going to have their ball on Friday night. Since I wrote to you last we have had a visit from His Excellency the Governor and party, also Mr. Seddon and Colonel Pitt. We had a holiday from school that day. Myself and some other girls went down to the beach in the morning to watch the Hinemoa coming in. We had such a lovely wade in the tide—it was such a beautiful day. The sea was so calm and smooth. We have a lovely beach here; you can go for miles when the tide is out, and there are such pretty shells to be found. With love to you and all the cousins, I remain.—Your Cousin Ada.

[Dear Cousin Ada,—I think if you have been laid up with mumps and influenza, you have every excuse for not writing for two months. I have never had mumps, but I have had influenza many times, and I don't know of anything which makes one more miserable thing which makes one more miserable. I am glad to hear that you are feeling better now. What a pity you had such bad weather for the Foresters' picnic. I hope they were more fortunate on the night of the ball. I should think it would be rather hot for dancing yet though, but, of course, it is much cooler in Collingwood than here. I expect you had a great day when the Governor visited you, didn't you? He is coming to Auckland before leaving New Zealand for good, I am glad to say. He is so popular everywhere that everyone will want to see him before he leaves. I wonder if our next Governor will be as popular.—Cousin Kate.]

My Dear Cousin Kate,—Last Saturday Auntie Bessie took me to see you, and I was so sorry that you were away. Are you a good sailor? Did you have a rough trip to Sydney? I hope not, for I think it is horrid to be sea-sick; it seems to knock you up so. I am going to Miss Hull's school, and I like it very much. I am very fond of my lessons. I like geography and spelling best, and all the rest of the things, except grammar and history, which I don't care for much. On Monday I got my letters from home. They are all very well, and spending three weeks at the sea-side; it is such a lovely little island they are at. I once told you about it, when we spent a week there; it is between Rewa and Suva; it has a lovely sandy white beach, with pretty shells. Father goes down once a week, and takes the children oranges and other fruit. The change is sure to do them a lot of good. I was looking at "jungle jinks" in the last "Graphic." Isn't it splendid, where Dr. Lion tumbles into the bath? I think the pictures make you laugh more than anything; they are

so good. Well, dear Cousin Kate, good-bye, with lots of love to you and all the cousins—Cousin Lorna.

[Dear Cousin Lorna,—I am sorry to have missed you last Saturday, when you came in, but I think you must be making a mistake, for I have not been away at all. Did you ask to see Cousin Kate, or whom? I am a very bad sailor, and I quite agree with you that it is horrid to be sea-sick, only I think it is more than horrid. Miss Hull's is a very nice school, isn't it? There are so many girls there. I wonder why you don't like history. I used to like it better than anything else when I was at school. I expect you watch for the postman very anxiously; the day the Fiji mail comes in, don't you? Do you ever feel at all home-sick? I hope the change will do your people a great deal of good. Your description makes me feel as if I should like to go and spend a long holiday there. I am so glad you like "Jungle Jinks." Most of the cousins find them amusing. I think poor old Dr. Lion gets a very bad time of it though generally doesn't he?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I told you in my last letter that I was going to the Shore for a few days. Well, I had a lovely time, went on Friday evening and returned on Monday morning. I had a lovely bath on Saturday morning, the sun being hot made the water warm; I am afraid I am not a lover of cold water, but I certainly enjoyed the bath. I hear there is going to be a photo. in this week's "Graphic" of me, but I have not seen it yet, as the "Graphic" has not come. Margot is going home on Monday week; our house will seem quite lost without her. I think a baby makes such a difference in one's house. I have been reading such a pretty story in a "Girls' Own Annual" called "About Peggy Saville." Have you ever read it, Cousin Kate? Do you speak French, Cousin Kate? I am reading such a pretty book in French called "L'Abbe Daniel." It is a sort of diary written by the Abbe and tells all about what he does. Father has gone down to Wellington for a few days. Now, dear cousin, I am afraid I must end this note, as I have to do my French. With a large bunch of love to you and all the cousins.—I remain, Cousin Gwen.

P.S.—Baby has just cut her first tooth at the age of seven months.

[Dear Cousin Gwen,—I am so glad you enjoyed your visit to the North Shore so much. It is a lovely place to spend a few days in, especially if you are close to the beach. I shouldn't like to live there, though, because one would be always rushing to catch a boat, and that is such a nuisance, don't you think so? I am very fond of a cold bath every morning, but I don't like bathing a scrap—at least not in salt water. I did not see your photograph in the last week's "Graphic" though I looked for it after you said it was going to be in. Your house will be dreadfully quiet when Margot and her mother go back to Sydney; but they have paid you a long visit, haven't they? Did you find Margot's first tooth? If you did, you know you have to have a new frock to make the baby lucky with the rest of her teeth. I don't think I have ever read about "Peggy Saville." I can speak French a very little, but I am sorry to say I have forgotten most of it. I shouldn't like to try and talk to a Frenchman nowadays. Well, Gwen, I must close now, as I have half a dozen other letters to answer yet.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was so pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic" last week, and wish to thank you very much for the nice long answer you so kindly wrote to such a short note. Have you been to the theatre lately? I went last Saturday night to see Cuyler Hastings in the "Admirable Crichton." It was very amusing, and I enjoyed it immensely. I had never seen Hastings before. Fancy, dear Cousin Kate, the two little love-birds I told you about met their fate last week, one by dying and the other by flying away, and, although the latter has not yet returned (which I am afraid he will not do) I am living in hopes of finding it. I don't think it could fly very far, so perhaps he may come back for good. Is it not too bad? Dear Cousin Kate, would it be troubling you very much to send me another badge, as I have mislaid the one you sent me before? If you have one to spare and you have time to send it, will you please put it in the stamped and addressed envelope enclosed? To-morrow (St. Patrick's Day) I am going to see the procession with my governess. Are you going to see it? I always enjoy looking at processions, especially those with little children in; they look so happy and seem quite to enjoy the fun. I have not told you any riddles lately, so here are two rather good ones. (1) "What is the only thing that can live in the midst of fire?" Answer: "A piece of coal." (2) "Why is a promising cricketer like flour and eggs?" Answer: "Because he is calculated to make a good batter." Dearest Cousin Kate, no doubt you know the following two puzzles, but perhaps some of the cousins do not:—(1) Bed. Answer: A little dark e (darbie) in bed with nothing over it. (2) Y u r y u b. I e n u r y u for me. Answer: Too wise you are, too wise you be; I see you are too wise for me. Now dear Cousin Kate, I think I have exhausted my small budget of news, and therefore must close, and remain your most affectionate Cousin Ruby.

P.S.—I have just come across my badge, and must apologise for having asked you to send another.—Ruby C.

[Dear Cousin Ruby,—I am glad you were pleased with my answer to your letter, especially as it has induced you to write again so soon. I am afraid this won't be so long, though, as I have quite a number of cousins' letters to answer this morning. I have been to the theatre several times lately—twice to "The Light that Failed" and once to "The Admirable Crichton." They are both splendid, but I think I liked "The Light that Failed" best, though it was dreadfully sad. Did you not go to that? I am looking forward to seeing "Sherlock Holmes" again. I enjoyed it so much last time they were here. I am sorry to hear you have lost your little love-birds, and I am afraid you won't hear of the one that flew away again. No, I didn't go to see the procession yesterday. It was a holiday for me, and I enjoyed myself very much in bed with some new books. I had rather a bad headache, and I thought that would do me more good than anything else. Did you have a good view of the procession? Thank you very much for the riddles; some of them I have seen before, but the cousins may not have.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Will you kindly excuse me for not having written sooner? but the holidays always make one so unsettled, and so letter-writing gets neglected. I had such a nice holiday at Whitford, and your friend was so surprised when I told her I had paid you a visit. This term I am riding to school each day, as father bought me such a lovely little pony, but in the winter the roads would be so muddy. We have now some dear littleстриch chicks out, and when you can take a trip up here I shall show you all there is to be seen of any interest. Do you like ferns? Because if you do I shall bring you a few some day when I come to town. With love to yourself and cousins. I must say good-bye.—From Cousin Gladys.

[Dear Cousin Gladys,—I was so pleased to get your letter this morning, for I was beginning to think that you had forgotten me and your visit to the office. I know it is very difficult to settle down to letter-writing in the holidays—there always seems so many things one wants to do and there is not nearly enough time to do them in. I am glad you enjoyed your holiday at Whitford. I am looking forward to seeing her one day,