

Owen who writes to the "Graphic," but there are duplicates of most of the others. Are you only going to have three days' holiday at Easter because you had a few days extra at Christmas? I want the Japanese to beat the Russians badly. I think most colonials sympathise with the Japs.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have just come home from school, and I am going to write to you before doing anything else. We have lived in Auckland four years now, and I like it very much. I used to like Wellington when I lived there. I was only six when I came up here, so I do not know a great deal about the place. My sister would far rather live in Wellington—she likes it far better than Auckland. You don't see half so many nice gardens in Wellington as you do here. I don't think that they have anything so lovely as Albert Park. I do like going to see all the flowers there, the beds are made so many different shapes. I have another Christian name. It is Lyndal, but I do not like it, Cousin Kate, and I would like you to invent a name for me. We had a letter from my grandma in Invercargill a while ago, and she said that she likes reading the "Graphic." We send ours down to her every week. I must close now, with heaps of love to you and all the cousins. Cousin Muriel.

[Dear Cousin Muriel,—It is very good of you, indeed, to write to me before you do anything, especially as I know you would much rather be playing out in the fresh air with your school-fellows. I have never lived in Wellington, but I have stayed there once or twice, and I did not like it nearly so well as Auckland. It was always blowing, and I hate wind. I would sooner have rain, I think. Is your sister much older than you? I expect all her friends are in Wellington, and that makes a great difference. Albert Park is very pretty, but several of the towns in the South have much prettier parks than we have. The Recreation Grounds in New Plymouth and the Botanical Gardens in Dunedin are lovely. What an uncommon name you have. Do you know, I have never heard it before. It is a pity you don't like it. I was wondering what we could call you instead of Muriel. What names do you particularly like? I think we will ask all the other cousins to send us one or two of their favourite names, and then you could choose the one you liked best. I am glad your granny in Invercargill likes reading the "Graphic," and it is very good of you to send it to her every week. Have you been out to see your cousins since you wrote last?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Would you accept me as a cousin. I take great interest in the "Cousins' Page," as I am very fond of reading. I am 13 years of age, and am in the sixth standard. We are all looking forward to the Easter holidays. We are having very wet weather. It is raining nearly all the time, but I hope it will be fine for Easter time. What sort of weather are you having in Auckland, Cousin Kate? The Industrial Exhibition is over, and it has been a great success. I suppose you have heard of it. I have a very nice little pony, but at present it has a foal, so I do not ride. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must conclude, with love to all the cousins.—I remain, yours truly, Cousin Kathleen.

P.S.—I enclose an addressed envelope. Please would you kindly send me a badge.

[Dear Cousin Kathleen.—Of course I shall be delighted to welcome you as one of my cousins, and I am posting you a badge to-day, which I hope you will like. I am glad you like the "Cousins' Page," and I expect you will take more interest in it now that you have begun to write yourself. Some of the other cousins tell me that they are twice as anxious to see the "Graphic" now than they used to be. The Easter holidays seems to have come so early this year, and I hope we shall have fine weather for them too. We are having glorious weather just now, but it was dreadful last week. Yes, I heard about the Hawera Industrial Exhibition, and I am glad it was such a success. Did you go to it very often? I expect you miss your rides, don't you, now that you cannot use your pony?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sorry I could not write to you from Mullet Point very well, but the mails did not suit, so I had to let last week go. Had I wanted very badly to have had a letter in last week's "Graphic" I could have given it to the captain of the Orewa to post in town, but I did not care to do that. We used to get such lovely oysters, and sometimes we made a fire on the beach and roasted them. I had a lovely time and enjoyed myself very much. We had as much fruit as we could eat—apples, and pears chiefly—and they were lovely. The weather was beautiful nearly all the time we were down there, so of course that made our holiday all the nicer. The beach at Mullet Point is no nice and a mile in length, and every evening after tea four of us used to go for a walk right to the end and back; it was lovely in the cool of the evening, and often we would sit down on a broad plank at the end for a little while before coming back. Not many people were staying there, only fourteen, four of which were children. We did not go out fishing much because fish were very scarce; but the Monday before we left four gentlemen went out in the afternoon and caught 60 between them. That was a good haul, wasn't it? I wanted to bring home a little kohai tree for mother, but the day before we left was so dreadfully wet that we could not go out of the house, so we played cards all the morning and most of the afternoon. It was the first time I had played for a long time, and I can tell you the time did fly. I don't think I have ever known it to go so quickly before. Although it rained so heavily during the day it was not too wet for our walk after tea. We had a frightfully rough day to come home, and had to leave at eight in the morning. Owing to the rough sea, and having to call in at Waiwera, we were an hour late in arriving at Auckland wharf, so you can just imagine what it was like. Going down it was as smooth as glass and simply lovely. We were nearly an hour and a half late going down, as we had to call at the lake and Tiri; it was the first time I had ever been so close to Tiri. Cousin Kate, does Cousin Dora live in Auckland? I am not collecting stamps, but I would like to see hers, all the same. Father gave me such a nice Tongan one on Friday. What a long time it must be since Cousin Fenton wrote last. I never remember having seen a letter in the "Graphic" before. Perhaps it was before Desmond and Valerie wrote. I used not to read the cousins' letters until they wrote, but now I have started writing I can't get the "Graphic" quickly enough. I hope, like you, Cousin Kate, that Wilma will be a "Graphic" cousin some day, but I think it will be a long time yet; don't you? Never mind, we will wait and see. I wonder when we will hear from Cousin Roie and Alison again? I think it is so nice hearing from them when they are such a long way away, especially England and South Africa. I would love to wonder when we will hear from Cousins Kate? Perhaps I may if I have patience and wait long enough; but am afraid I have very little patience. What do you think? Last Saturday week was our school picnic, which was held at Motutapu, and Desmond, Valerie and Olga went and had a lovely time. They had a beautiful day, didn't they? Have you ever read "John Halifax, Gentleman"? I have just started it. Did you go up to the Domain to-day to hear the band? I sat on the verandah and could hear it quite plainly. I am anxiously waiting for my piece of music to come out from Home called "Bells at Sunset," as I am sure it must be very pretty. I used to think "Angels' Harp" lovely at one time, but I have played it so often that now I am quite sick of it. Won't it be a sell if the rest of "Bells at Sunset" is not pretty? Of course I only have a scrap of it on the back of another piece of music, and you know that is not much, but I am judging from it all the same. I will be so mopsy if it is not nice—wouldn't you be? Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must conclude, as I have no more news. With love to all the other cousins and yourself.—From Cousin Muriel.

[Dear Cousin Muriel,—I was sorry you had to miss a week while you were at Mullet Point, but you have written such a long letter this week that you have more than made up for it. I am very glad you enjoyed yourself so much, and hope you feel better for your trip. Doesn't fruit taste different when you

pick it straight off the trees like that? Pears are a most delicious fruit I think, but I don't care so much for apples. Didn't you tell me once that Valerie and Desmond were very fond of playing cards, but that you did not care for them much? What day did you come home? Friday and Saturday of last week were terribly rough. We went down to see the mail steamer off, and were very glad that we were not going out when it was blowing so hard. We could hardly keep our hats on, and when we got to the end of the wharf we were so dreadfully untidy we were not fit to be seen. No, Cousin Dora doesn't live in Auckland; she is a New Plymouth cousin, so I am afraid you won't be able to see her stamps unless she comes to Auckland for a holiday. Cousin Fenton writes from Christchurch, and is a sister of Wilma and Olive; I think she has only written one letter before this last one, so I expect you missed it. It is very nice hearing from Roie and Alison, but, of course, we cannot expect them to write very often. I don't care about going to South Africa at all, and I would much rather go to India or America, and I think that sometimes Cousin Alison would like to be back in pretty little Auckland again. I haven't been to the Domain for ages; there always seem so many other places to go to somehow. I hope you won't be disappointed in your new piece of music. It was rather risky getting it when you had only seen such a little of it, wasn't it? Perhaps you will have forgotten all about it by the time it arrives. It takes such a long time to get here.—Cousin Kate.]

Animals With Human Ways.

An old circus proprietor thus discourses concerning the human traits shown by wild animals. Nearly all animals (he said) are vain, and all are of a jealous disposition. Even the best tempered creatures are annoyed at the attention paid to other animals. I have known elephants to grow quite sulky as the result of watching people displaying an interest in other creatures to the neglect of the great animals in the elephant house. Tigers are very fond of being taken in parade through the streets, and get quite impatient when preparations are being made for this purpose. When the procession starts they show every sign of pleasure, for they love the crowds, the music, and the excitement. A noticeable trait about wild animals is their love of children. They seem instinctively to recognise the hopelessness and innocence of childhood, and it is a very rare thing to hear of them attacking young people. The story of the savage elephant which was quieted when the keeper's wife whom it was about to attack threw her baby in front of it, is a case in point. Elephants, in fact, by reason of their intelligence, show affection, grief, remorse, and other emotions in a marked degree. A female elephant which had been bad-

ly treated by her keeper, at dusk one evening attacked another keeper, mistaking him for the offender. Fortunately she discovered her mistake, and turning the unconscious man over with her trunk, she tried her best to revive him. When at last he came to himself, she was overwhelmed with delight, which she showed by every means in her power. But she had not forgotten her grudge against the other attendant, for within a few days she caught him unaware and nearly killed him. Another elephant died of a broken heart. She was the doting mother of a baby elephant, on which she lavished all her care and affection. One day the little elephant was removed to another part of the menagerie, and the mother, taking it for granted that the separation was permanent, became greatly depressed. Hearing her young one call to her from a distance, the old elephant trumpeted loudly in response and then fell dead.

A Money-Loving Rat.

A rat has recently caused considerable consternation in a French family. A gentleman on leaving his office in Paris locked up in his cupboard for temporary safety, a canvas bag containing about fifty gold coins. Next morning, when he went to fetch the money to put in the bank, the cupboard was as bare as that of Mother Hubbard. The police were called in, and set to watch certain suspected persons, but in the meanwhile someone noticed a small hole in the cupboard, suggesting a four-legged thief. So small parcels of meat were locked up in the cupboard for two nights. These also disappearing, some of the woodwork was taken up, and the remnants of the meal, showed the way to a rat hole four feet away, where the remains of a canvas bag and the missing coins were duly discovered.

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