



CHILDREN'S PAGE.

COUSINS' BADGES.

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

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

A beautiful watering place on the English coast: at the beginning of the nineteenth century it was only a small fishing village, but now it contains a considerable number of inhabitants, and is annually visited by crowds of health-seekers.

1. One of the United States of America; it has extensive prairie sections, and very large cotton plantations.
2. A little town in Buckinghamshire, once the home of a well-known poet.
3. An ancient city in Normandy, which has a remarkably fine Gothic cathedral.
4. A city in Canada.
5. One of the "Forest Cantons" of Switzerland.
6. A river in Central Italy.
7. The largest river in China.

CHARADE.

1. My first was once exalted as a sign in Heaven, and is reckoned bold and fierce, but is often found amongst the simple and meek. It was formerly a means of destruction, employed with great force.

2. My second was once thought to possess magic powers. In one form it gives pleasure to many persons; in another it is an object of dread.

3. My whole is of use to the sportsman and soldier.

FLORAL ARITHMOGRAPH.

A word of ten letters: a spring blossom.

1. My 5, 9, 6, 7 are a female relation.
2. My 10, 9, 6 are a great light.
3. My 10, 2, 5, 1 are a cleansing substance.
4. My 8, 9, 7 are a poor little house.
5. My 10, 6, 3, 7 are a common and useful mineral.
6. My 8, 5, 7 are an article of attire.
7. My 7, 2, 3, 5 are an Indian weight.
8. My 10, 3, 5, 4 are to kill with violence.
9. My 10, 8, 9, 7 are to close.
10. My 10, 5, 1, are the juice of plants. (Answers next week).

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I join your band? I am twelve years old, and am in the fifth standard. We are having our winter holidays just now. All last week the winter show was held, and was a great success. On Wednesday a hockey and football tournament was held at the school, and some of the old boys from our school (College street) won the football. This is the second tournament they have won this year. They also have won the championship for 1904. How many cousins have you writing to you? We have just finished our quarterly examination, and I am glad to say I came out top. As it is getting late I will close with some riddles. Why is a miser like a man short of memory? Because he is always forgetting. Why is the Prince of Wales like an inhabitant from the rain (reign)? Why is a room full of married people like an empty one? Because there is not a single one in it? Why is a person who never loses a wager as bad as a gambler? Because he is no better. What part of speech are shopkeepers most anxious to sell? Articles. Why is a tradesman who is al-

ways adding to his stock like a venomous reptile? Because he's an adder. Particularly speaking, how many days are there in a year? 325; because 40 are lent.—I remain, Cousin Porree.

[Dear Cousin Porree,—Of course I am only too pleased to welcome you to our band of cousins, for the more we get the better. I am glad you have been so successful at school. I expect you have been working very hard, and are not sorry the examination is a thing of the past. Do you get nervous when you go up for examinations? I used to get quite sick when I was young, and never did myself justice, whereas my brother, who was often lazy during the term, could study up and get on capitally at "exam" time. Are you fond of football yourself? My brothers were awfully keen players when they were young, and of course I used to love going out to see them play. I still like looking on at a good game, and am going to see the match against the British footballers when they reach here. I wonder if they will beat us. I do hope not, but know they will try their utmost, as they have heard so much of New Zealand footballers, and how much better they are than the Australians, whom, as you know, they are beating easily. Thank you for the riddles, which are very amusing. Hoping to hear from you regularly.—Cousin Kate.]

[Dear Cousin Kate,—I have just got a little while to myself, so I am taking the opportunity to write you another letter. I was pleased to see by last week's "Graphic" that you thought my story an improvement on last one, and now my only hope is that the editor will think it up to publication form, as he did the last. The Taylor-Carrington Company played here last Monday and Tuesday nights, but I did not go to see them, as on the Monday I was at night school, and on the Tuesday I had a very bad cold. A man got severely hurt here the other night, and as he had such a wonderful escape from death I think it is worth mentioning how it occurred. He was coming down to town by train from Sergeant's Hill the other night, and was standing in the front part of the carriage when suddenly he fell off. Not on either side of the carriage, but between the rails, and here he managed to lie stiff till the guard's van passed over him. He was taken to the hospital, and I am glad to state that he is on the road to recovery. To show how near to being killed he was I may also state that his coat pocket, which contained his tobacco and other sundry things, was cut clean off by the wheels of the van. The ladies' hockey, which was promoted here last year, is getting very strong, and there is some talk of them sending a team away, but I think they ought to wait a while before they go away, as I am sure there are stronger clubs away than ever they would be able to beat. They played a match with the men, who I may say do not go in for much practice, and they got beaten by five to three. The Poultry Club's show is to take place here soon, and there are great preparations going on for it. A man wrote to the paper here the other morning, and in a letter stated he wanted to know if anybody could solve the following riddle: If a hen and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs would six hens lay in seven days? Well, I worked it out by proportion, and made the answer come to 28; so I waited to see if any answer was sent to the question. There were three. One man made it come to 42, and the other two the same as I did; 28, which the editor in a P.N. note said was right. Those were good riddles of Cousin Morrie's in last week's "Graphic," don't you think, Cousin Kate? Here are a couple

more, which I hope will amuse the readers: Your initials begin with an A, you've an A at the end of your name, the whole of your name is an A, and 'tis backwards and forwards the same. What did the engine whistle say to the stoker? Don't touch me or I'll scream. What letters are the best for recommendation? L.A.D. Why is your nose in the middle of your face? Because it is the scenter (centre). When was B the first letter in the alphabet? In the days of no A (Noah). What word with ten letters can you speak with five? Expediency (X P D N C). If a little girl was enjoying herself and doing no harm, what letter in the alphabet would you name? Letter B (let her be). What county in England, if you take away a small part, no persons will remain? Take R from Norfolk and you have Norfolk. With love to you and all the cousins, Dear Cousin Kate, I must now close.—Yours truly, Carle.

[Dear Cousin Carle,—Thanks for your nice long letter, which is, as usual, most interesting. That was indeed, a marvelous escape from death, and I should think the man must be dreadfully shaken in his nerves. We have had another tram accident here, but luckily this time no one was killed, though several were really badly hurt. I suppose a certain number of casualties are unavoidable, and they say that in proportion to other places Auckland has been very lucky. In Sydney they killed about 300 people in the first eighteen months the trains ran, but they travel faster there. A great number of girls in Auckland play hockey, but the Wapiti Club is easily the best, probably because it was the first established. Your riddles are very smart. I am incurably stupid at them myself, and can never answer even the simplest one set me. Your story will go in very shortly, perhaps in next week's issue. I expect we shall have some photos of the poultry show in the "Graphic." Mind you write again soon.—Cousin Kate.]

[Dear Cousin Kate,—I must thank you for sending my badge, but I am sorry to say the postman spoilt the pin. My cat's name is Tui. I am very fond of animals. Our ducks were having great fun in the rain—I wished I was a duck.

I have a dear little nephew, his name is Howard, and he is eight months old. I have a bad cold. With love to you from Cousin Ethna.

[Dear Cousin Ethna,—I am sorry the pin of your badge got spoilt going through the post. Shall I send you another?—I make up for it! What an unkind name Tui is for a cat, I don't think I have ever heard of one being called that before, it is a very pretty name though. Ducks always do seem to enjoy being out in the rain, but I expect if you went out and played in it like they do you would have a very much worse cold than you have already, and that would be a pity, wouldn't it? I hope it will be better again soon.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have not much to tell you this week. I only have the one brother and sister. My brother is studying to be a chemist. Last Saturday afternoon my sister took me out to Mount Eden to see some friends, and we had a very nice time. We did not come home until late. My uncle out at Epsom has bought a gig, and now they will be able to go for some nice drives. I see that my cousins have arrived in Christchurch. I may go down some time. My little cousin Connie goes to school now, and she thinks it is so nice. She is not quite six yet. Have not these last three days been awful? I was so disappointed when I did not see my letter in the "Graphic" this week, but I suppose you were too busy to answer it. I suppose you went to see the Governor on Friday? My sister took me down to the bottom of Wellesley-street, and I saw him pass. Then we walked down to the foot of Queen-street and caught the Onehunga tram and went out to Epsom, and I stayed till Saturday. When I do not go out to Epsom I am ring them up and talk to my cousins, as they have a telephone. I rather like talking through it, though I suppose I would get tired of it if I had to use it very often. We are going to have our examination to-morrow, and I will be able to tell you next week if I pass. Well, I must close now with love to you and all the cousins.—Cousin Lyndal (Auckland).

[Dear Cousin Lyndal,—I am so sorry your letter was not in last week's "Graphic," but it came in a little late, and I had not time to answer it. I am answering both letters at once this week, and putting them both in. How pleased your cousins must be now that they have a gig of their own to drive about in. It will be lovely for them in the summer time, won't it? Connie is very young to go to school, it is a good thing she likes it. Yes, I went to see the Governor arriving. It was such a beautiful day, and there were such crowds of people in Queen-street. It is very nice for you to be able to talk to your cousins through the telephone. They are such lovely things to have. I think, because they save one so many steps. I expect you would get tired of a telephone if you had to be answering one all day long. I hope you will pass your examination and come out top of

SELECTIONS FROM VERSES

WHICH IS THE BEST?

IN LAST YEAR'S COMPETITIONS

The mother sang to the babe at her breast,
And sought to lull her child to rest,
And she called to God in her wild despair,
To save her babe, and hear her prayer.
As she gazed on his little cough-racked frame,
And saw the drops of world-wide pain,
She prayed that a blessing strong and sure,
Should rest on Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Saved one day by the friends,
I was weary and ill at ease,
For my eyes were filled with tears,
And I could do naught but weep;
My feet were in mud and water,
I thought I should die for sure,
Till a friend came and brought me,
Some Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

A store we will never value:—A happy wedding year,
Bo, boushous, bous, of noble birth, adorned
With gifts most rare;
She, beautiful as the young dream, of every
Grace possessed,
A match was set each other vied to make her truly
blest.
Ten years had flown, one gift they lacked, no olive
branch appeared.
A failure in succession thus, was greatly to be
loured.
One day the lady took a chaff revealing a weak
chest,
For which "Woods' Great Peppermint Cure"
was sought for as the best.

In calm repose the baby slept,
No more the anxious mother wept;
In that Australian home, way back,
Where uncles rarely they sometimes lack,
The mother, too, the times were hard,
And kept the "Cure" brace her reward.
No more she wept in anxious dread,
Woods' Peppermint Cure has saved her child.

My head was aching badly,
But I took a little "Cure,"
And now I can tell you gladly,
What relief it gave to me.
For soon my cold was ended,
And now though I'm old and poor,
I'll always find money enough to buy
Some Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

The sickness passed when twelve months hence,
No matter to a day,
A city surgeon had a wire to "come without
delay."
The anxious husband stood without recounting
all his sins,
When suddenly a nurse screamed out, "O Ian Ka
day, there's twiwh!"
One day the lady in her bower was pressed by
dear friend
To tell her the secret how to reach a certain end;
She opened wide her dreamy eyes, looked awfully
concentrated,
The answer came—"Don't fail to use 'Woods'
Great Peppermint Cure."

"WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE" FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.
SOLD EVERYWHERE. PRISM-116