



CHILDREN'S PAGE.

COUSINS' BADGES.

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

LETTER - WRITING COMPETITION.

In order to still further encourage the cousins to write regularly, it has been decided to give a prize for the best series of letters between November 1st and the second week in January. It will not be necessary to write every week, and the letters need not be too long. Two prizes will be awarded, one for cousins over twelve, and another for those under that age. Included in the series must be one on "How I Should Like to Spend My Xmas Holidays," and this letter must be posted to reach the "Graphic" Office on or before January 1st. It must be clearly marked "Xmas Holiday Letter" on the outside of the envelope. The writer's full name, address and age must be sent with this letter by all cousins, old or new, and new cousins writing for the first time for this competition must be sure to send their full names and addresses and ages with their first letter. This is very important, and must not be forgotten. I hope all the old cousins will try, and that quite a number of new ones will also join our band for the occasion. The answers to letters during the time the competition is in progress will be much shorter than usual, and if there are too many letters, some weeks there may possibly be no answers at all to some of them.—Cousin Kate.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

NAMES OF CELEBRITIES DISGUISED.

1. Still existing, and fourteen pounds. A missionary and explorer.
2. A large boat, and one who works. An inventor.
3. To agitate, and something to wound. A great poet.
4. A Christian martyr, and a male child. An engineer.
5. A long way off, the indefinite article, and the time to work. A man of science.
6. A stout little horse and a miserable cave. A politician.
7. A kind of light cake, and a proposition. A writer on art.
8. Sounds with meaning, and good value. A poet.
9. To join in matrimony, and a small proposition. A popular novelist.

ENIGMA.

C.J.B.

Physicians watch me oft with curious eye;
Perhaps you'll think I am about to die,
And that I nearly have run out my race;
For Time has marked his hand upon my face.
Yet I am sure my charms do not decline,
Few have a face so gazed upon as mine!
They say that for the hour men look on me;
'Tis very singular—but let that be;
The wisest they who most with me confer;
I am, in truth, a striking character.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I want to write per week if I can now until Christmas at least. I don't think I will be able to write during the holidays. This afternoon we have been practising for our concert. I am playing a solo called "Scherzo Brilliant," by Hollenbaupt. Do you know it, Cousin Kate? We first of all played our solos at the Choral Hall, and then we went up to our music master's to practise our symphony. Last night I went to an operetta at St. Paul's Schoolroom; it was acted by 45 little children, and they all sang very well. To-morrow night I am going to "Sweet Lavender," and am looking forward to it very much. Have you been, or are you going, Cousin Kate? I have just finished reading such a lovely book, called "Rupert of Hentzau"; it is unnecessary to ask if you have read it, as I am sure nearly everyone has. Mother is still away, but she returns next Monday, so you can imagine how excited we are. We are not having a holiday to-morrow, but we are going out for a little while to see the procession. What a lovely number the Christmas one of the "Graphic" is this year; we got it to-day. The Salvation Army band was playing in the Park this afternoon; we also notice when any band is going to play there it always rains. Now, dear Cousin Kate, my budget of news is all exhausted, so I am afraid I must close, with heaps of love, from Cousin Gwen, Auckland. C.Y.K.

Dear Cousin Gwen,—It is so nice to hear that you are going to write regularly once a week now; it will be quite like old times to have your letters every Thursday morning. Have you decided yet where you are going to spend your Christmas holidays? Last year you went to Rotorua, didn't you? Your concert must be coming very close now; no, I do not know "Scherzo Brilliant"; at least, I may have heard it without knowing what it was. I have heard ever so many people say that the operetta by the children at St. Paul's was very good indeed. I wish I had seen it. I didn't go to "Sweet Lavender" after all. We were going on Wednesday night, but it was so wet and horrid that we thought we should enjoy ourselves more at home, with a book and a big fire. I suppose you went? What did you think of it? "Rupert of Hentzau" is a charming book I think, but I like "The Prisoner of Zenda" even better. "Rupert of Hentzau" is the sequel to it, you know. If your mother has been having weather like we have the last few days I'm afraid she will have a very disagreeable trip over. Wasn't it a pity that Labour Day should have turned out such a wretched day? I felt so sorry for the people who went to the Domain and to Motutapu. I didn't hear the Austral Band, and I was very sorry, as people said it was splendid.—Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I did not mean to be so long writing to you and thanking you for my badge, but whenever I think of writing nobody has time to guide my hand, and as I told you before, I am only four, and can't write by myself. My badge is very nice, and has a lovely strong pin. We had a beautiful concert at our Sunday-school, and Dorothy and Tui were fairies in lovely white frocks. We are going to have it over again next Monday. I got a nice prize for being a good boy. It is all about dogs. I go in the boys' class at Sunday-school now because I have real sailor suits. I went to the museum one day lately with a little boy called

Charlie, and the man sent us out because we were too small. My hand is tired now, so good-bye, with love from Cousin Jack (Auckland).

Dear Cousin Jack,—I was very pleased indeed to get your letter this morning, and I am so glad you liked your badge. I know you won't be able to write very often until you are older and able to write for yourself, because grown-up people have so much to do that they cannot always find time to help little boys, can they? I heard about the concert that Tui and Dorothy were taking part in, and people said it was very good indeed. Were you taking part in it, too? I suppose you were as you got a prize. You must be feeling quite a big boy now that you are in the boys' class at Sunday-school, and your new sailor suit is very nice indeed. I saw you in it in Queen-street one day last week.—Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate, We are having fine weather down this part of the world just now. Our peach and cherry trees are in blossom. Our school examination will be next week. Mother has promised my brother a book and me a football if we pass. You wanted to know which is which in the photo. Desmond is sitting down and I am standing. Buster Brown is very funny in the "Graphic" this week. Love to all the cousins.—Willie (Murchison).

Dear Cousin Willie,—I expect you have been wondering why your photographs have not been in the "Graphic," but we have been so busy lately that we haven't had time to see about it; but they are ready to go in now, so you will perhaps see them this week or next. The peach and cherry trees look lovely when they are all in blossom. Don't you hope you will have a lot of fruit this year? Your examination will be over before you see this—I wonder if you have passed. You must tell me next time. The football season is over now, so if you get your football you will have to put it away until next year, won't you?—Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was quite surprised to see another of my letters in the "Graphic" to-day. I did not think it would be in until next week. How strange you guessed exactly at Neville's age. He is just 13 months. I always thought Marget Cousin Gwen's sister. Thank you for telling me who she is. I suppose you thought when you saw my letter that it was from a new cousin. I do not often write them, do I? Yes, I hope to visit Tasmania some day. It is a very interesting country, I think, and judging by pictures and photos I have seen of parts of it, and also from my Auntie's letters, a very beautiful one, too. How lovely it must be for you to report for the "Graphic." It has always been my greatest wish to be a reporter, but I suppose one needs to be very clever, which I am not. Is it not sad to think of Mel. B. Spurr's death? I did like him so very much when he was in Christchurch, and he was so awfully clever, don't you think? The great Paderewski has come and gone. You may be sure I was very glad when papa said I could go. I did not think there was the remote chance of hearing him, and I need not tell you how I enjoyed myself. It was simply lovely. I love music. I suppose you play, don't you, Cousin Kate? I have not heard from Dora for some weeks. I hope she is not ill. I am writing to her again to-night. Really, Cousin Kate, Buster Brown gets worse and

worse every week. I should not care to be one of his family, should you? As you say he will come to a bad end one of these days. We always laugh so when we read about him. What nice letters Doreen writes. She lives in Christchurch I think; does she not? I often wonder if I know her by sight, and I think I do. Dear Cousin Kate, I will have to end this letter as I cannot think of anything else to tell you, and with love to yourself and the other cousins. I remain your affectionate Cousin Winnie (Christchurch).

Dear Cousin Winnie,—Your letter arrived just in time to go into last week's "Graphic," because I was a little later than usual in sending them to press. I didn't exactly guess at Neville's age. You know you told me in one of your letters last year that you had a little baby brother, and I remembered it, so you see it wasn't very clever of me after all, was it? I have never been to Tasmania, but I think it must be beautiful from all I have heard of it. All the same I don't think I should care to go there if one had to have adventures with strange animals like your aunt did; but then I am a dreadful coward. I was very, very play my own accompaniments. I don't think I heard him several times when he was in Auckland, and liked him immensely. He was very clever, and had such a wonderful memory; and when one thinks that he must have been suffering all the time it makes one wonder how he could go on. I am very fond of music too, especially singing. I play just a very little, only enough to play my own accompaniments. I don't think Dora has been ill. I had a letter from her last week, and she was taking great interest in a hockey dance, so perhaps she has had no time for writing. Yes, Doreen does live in Christchurch, and she certainly does write charming letters for a child of her age.—Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate,—It was so jolly to see my letter in the "Graphic." My friend Harold thinks Suda is a very suitable name for his little white dog, Gawkey, the parrot, is learning fresh sentences every day. Two new sayings of his are: "You bundle of rubbish," and "That's all right." The Marlborough Exhibition has been a great success, and has caused great amusement. I thought it grand fun, and spent most of my evenings there. A friend and myself used to sit for hours gazing at the trout in the fish pond that was made for the occasion. Among the numerous fish was a freak of nature in the shape of a double-headed trout. The side show which seemed to be the most popular was the Punch and Judy show. I liked this so much that I went



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