

her "one day in the country." There seems to be such a number of roads in New Zealand which one drives along with one's heart in one's mouth. I used not to mind it once, but now I always want to get out and walk. I feel ever so much safer, and, consequently, happier, on my own feet, don't you? I expect your journey and "perilous" drive had made you very tired, and that was why you could not keep awake for your long talk. No doubt you made up for it afterwards, though. You were lucky to have good weather for your trip, it is so uncertain at Easter time, usually. You must be more careful, dear Winnie, when you are mountain climbing again, you might have been seriously injured if you had not been lucky enough to catch that tussock. I don't wonder you were more careful afterwards. I have had sleigh rides such as you describe; it is a wonderful sensation isn't it—a nice one, too. I think, after one has got past the stage of wildly clutching at anything within reach. I hope your shrubs will all grow—do you think they will? Thank you very much for the postcard, and it didn't matter in the least only putting a 1d stamp on it.—Cousin Kate.]

\*\*\*

Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope you will excuse me for not writing to you before now, as I have been busy preparing for an examination. Are there any cousins residing in Dunedin? I think Dunedin is really the prettiest town in New Zealand, Cumberland-street is the longest street in Dunedin, but George and Pines streets are the busiest. There are six streets from Pelichet Bay, namely: North-street, Clyde-street, Castle-street, Leith-street, Cumberland-street, and King-street. If you were sailing up the Otago Harbour the first thing your eyes would fall upon is a town with hills at one side of it and at the back. As you come farther inland you would see a good many churches, hotels, and public buildings. The principal churches are the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Knox Church, First Church, St. Paul's Cathedral, and St. Stephen's. The Grand Hotel is the largest hotel in Dunedin. You would probably visit the Botanical Gardens, which enjoy the reputation of being the prettiest in New Zealand. The Roman Catholic Cathedral is not finished yet. In the Gardens you will find two musk deer, one guinea fowl, five Maori hens, six black swans, two emus, and a good many more whose names are unknown to me. There is also a museum, which is very nice, considering what a short time it has been up. After you had visited these you would visit the Ocean Beach, with its beautiful white sandy stretches. I heard my uncle telling father that in Christ-church you would get 10/ for every ton. Of course you would not walk from Normandy to Ocean Beach, but you would take the electric car to the Post Office, and then get on the horse cars, which seem to go so slowly after you have been in the electric cars. There are six suburbs round about Dunedin—N.E. Valley, Glenavon, Glenroy, Normanby, Kalkorai, and Woodhaugh. There is a lovely view from Northern Cemetery, and another lovely view from the Southern Cemetery. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must conclude. With love to all the cousins and yourself.—I remain, Cousin Clemece.

P.S.—I hope my letter will be interesting. Thanks ever so much for the badges.

[Dear Cousin Clemece,—Of course I would have liked to have received a letter from you before this, but I would rather not hear from you for months than that you should neglect your studies for the sake of writing to the Cousins' Page. Dunedin certainly is a very pretty town, but I don't know whether I should call it the prettiest in New Zealand. Have you visited all the large centres? It is some years now since I was in Dunedin, and, of course, the Botanical Gardens may have improved very much of late, but when I saw them I wouldn't have dreamt of comparing them with the Recreation Grounds in New Plymouth, which are lovely. I suppose, now, the Gardens at Rotorna are really the best laid out and the finest in New Zealand, though even they must yield the palm for picturesqueness to the New Plymouth "Rec." as it is called. I used to love going out to Ocean Beach and St. Clair when I was in Dunedin. Another trip I was very fond of making was to go down the Mornington extension in the cars. It is so steep, and

must be something like tobogganing, I think. We haven't any horse-cars in Auckland now, but I expect we should find them dreadfully slow after the electric service. Don't you call Mornington, Caversham, and Roslyn suburbs of Dunedin, too? There are some perfect views to be had, aren't there? My favourite one was from the top of Sentry Hill, I think. I am glad you received the badges safely.—Cousin Kate.]

**LOTA.**

(By Josie Scrivenor.)

Captain Winter impatiently paced the bridge of the Sea Foam, a well-known and favourite Island trader.

He was very angry, and with very good reason.

Wharf labourers had ceased work in obedience to the decree of their union. So the Sea Foam awaited events, as idle as any "painted ship upon a painted ocean," and her cargo lumbered the wharf instead of being safely stowed.

This delay was maddening to the captain, who in the ordinary course of events should have been half way to New Guinea. Occasionally he relieved his feelings by shaking his clenched fist at the mass meeting of the strikers; just without the gates.

"To be kept dangling here," he cried, with a loud voice, "waiting the pleasure of a parcel of fools who don't know when they're well off."

The sympathetic mate nodded assent. Then after another trying interval, he eyed the piled up cargo that mocked him from the wharf.

"If they don't begin loading to-morrow, we'll do it ourselves," he exclaimed with the utmost determination.

The mate looked resigned, though by no means cheerful.

"That tall chap is trying to make peace," the mate said, nodding at the leader, who, mounted on high, in the midst of the crowd, harangued his followers, and looked from a little distance like a spasmodic Jack-in-the-box.

"Is he, indeed," jeered the captain, ironically, "I'd like to drop him and a few others outside the Heads," with savage relish.

Lotia, the captain's 12-year-old daughter, hardly knew her father these days, so unlike himself, though to Lotia he was always kind.

She was his constant companion from the sad day her mother fell a victim to malarial fever.

Lotia was only a tiny child then, and had no memories of any life or home other than that of the Sea Foam.

How keenly she had anticipated the delights of Sydney—her disappointment was sore, indeed.

The happy-faced New Guinea boys alone took matters calmly, and laughed and frisked like children.

"Now, who on earth is this?" ejaculated the mate, directing general attention to a young clergyman who threaded a way along the cargo-bestrewn wharf.

The mate scanned the visitor with a keen discretion.

"Well, who do you think he is?" he cried at last.

"I'm in no mood for visitors!" snapped the captain, sourly.

"It's the sick missionary you picked up at New Guinea two years ago," continued the mate, with satisfied conviction. The captain in his turn made a hasty scrutiny.

"Well, now, you're right," he agreed, hastening to the gangway to meet his visitor with the heartiest of welcomes.

"Who'd have thought to see you, sir, so strong and set up, and not the life of a rabbit in you when we parted," he cried.

"True, indeed," returned Mr. Holmes, delighted with the warmth of the captain's greeting. Indeed, the kind-hearted captain could hardly make enough of him.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," laughed the clergyman.

"But for the strike, I'd have missed you," as I only returned to Sydney yesterday. Lotia will be delighted to see you again," Captain Winter said, leading the way to his cabin.

Lotia was delighted. It was no effort to her to remember Mr. Holmes, for he had been an event in her young life. She had a vivid recollection of the Sea Foam's visit to Bartle Bay, and of the burden the native bearers brought on board, the fever-racked, almost-speechless wreck of a missionary, this same young clergyman, so desperately ill that his

only hope of life lay in that voyage from the inhospitable shores of New Guinea.

And the missionary's remembered—could he ever forget—the slow hours of a lingering convalescence when this gentle dark-eyed little maiden was ministering angel indeed; the cool delicious fruit drinks she made him, the gentle little hands that soothed when all else was unavailing.

"Yes, thank God, I am now better," he said in answer to their inquiries, "the last bout of ague is quite a year old." Two dark, smiling faces peered round the door. "Two of your boys, Bumbala and Peter," the captain explained, permitting them to enter.

The boys literally fell upon their old teacher, kissed and fondled him rather more than he cared for, until the captain ordered them off.

Lotia showed him a varied collection of treasures, spoils of the sea and many a native tribe, and a few photographs. "My little nephew," he exclaimed, taking up the photo, of a bonny small boy with fair curls, dressed in a sailor suit of white.

"Your sister sent that to Lotia," the captain explained. "We found it awaiting us on our next visit to the mission station. It created a sensation among the boys and girls; they wanted to rub their noses on him. The old man, too, could not comprehend such a sweet little fellow. But Lotia remembers what they said." The captain took a fond pride in his little girl's proficiency in the native tongue. Lotia shyly continued the narrative. "They held up their hands," she told them, "and made a sound like 'ah me.' The missionary told them it was a picture of your tavera (nephew), and they said, 'Dim dim abarua aiai ma,' the little foreign sailor boys is very good man times. But we had to hide the photo, from them, they kept wanting to see it," concluded Lotia.

Mr. Holmes laughed and sighed. How easy to conjure up the scene, and those happy affectionate coast natives. "Ah, well! Now Captain, I want you and Lotia to make my tavera's acquaintance. Half an hour's journey will take us to my sister's house. The little ones are having a grand party, so Lotia will have some fun, and my people are most anxious to meet my kind, good friends."

Lotia's eyes flashed with joy—a party was something unknown, but it sounded nice.

"Well, I can do him no good here, that is certain," the Captain agreed. "So put on your prettiest frock, Lotia, and I'll go."

Lotia donned her best, and soft creamy silk and glowing red sash, with just a little misgiving. Mr. Holmes assured her that other little girls of her own age were to be at the party.

Her eventful young life had not included girl friends.

Here on the Sea Foam she was quite at home; the five merry Papuan boys her devoted slaves.

She had brightened their lives, and taught them to read and sing their tables to nine times and several pretty hymns.

The little girls were foreigners indeed. The happy band of children at the Cedars regarded her curiously.

Lotia's bright sun-browned complexion and dusky hair, well set off by her dress and vivid coral ornaments, her serious staid little manners claimed their earnest attention.

Indeed, rather more so than was

quite polite, for poor Lotia began to feel not only nervous and ill at ease, but a little to unknown shyness. She liked Mary, Mrs. Holmes' niece, and felt at ease with her. Most everybody did. Mary was taller, and perhaps a year older than Lotia. She gave herself no airs, and her sweet winsome face beamed kindly upon all.

To Lotia she was a haven of refuge from all those strange, unfriendly-looking girls, who stared her out of countenance, and made audible remarks about her dress and appearance.

But Mary was the little hostess; and being so she took Lotia around to each of her friends. Poor scarlet-faced Lotia would have found it easier to follow Bumbala up the rigging.

These young ladies, some younger than herself, were perfectly self-possessed, made little courtesies, and murmured greetings exactly as their mamma would have done.

But Lotia, alas, was quite at sea! "What a little heathen!" one young lady said. "One of the mission converts, I suppose." Unfortunately Lotia heard, and thereafter she was miserable. For there was no escape for her. The captain, after kissing all the little girls, and joking with the bigger ones, had gone into another room with the elders; and Mr. Holmes, satisfied that children were best left to themselves, speedily followed him.

So, humbled and quivering with pain, Lotia snuggled into an out-of-the-way corner, determined there to remain until her father came for her.

Here she was joined by the "tavera," no longer quite the baby boy of the photo. He was a friendly little lad, and Lotia and he had a most interesting conversation. One game followed another, but despite their entreaties to join in, Lotia stayed in her corner, an interested observer. The girls sang and played and recited.

"Will you sing for us, Lotia?"

"No!" Lotia said she could not sing.

"Emile said you knew the Bob-bads off by heart, Lotia." Mary plonked; "so you will recite just a little for us?"

But Lotia had just listened to a pretty little girl recite "Barbara Freidlie" with such dramatic effect that she felt more than ever insignificant. "How clever she is," her thoughts ran; "and I can do nothing!"

The returned missionary could have told a different tale.

So they left her alone, and many thought her stupid and ill-bred. Just when the merriment and fun were highest Mary had two chosen friends disappeared behind the great curtains that shut off one end of the room. "Tavera" whispered to Lotia that those curtains held the surprise of the evening. They were hastily improvised drop scenes.

Continued on page 57.

**WE SEND ON APPROVAL**  
and guarantee safe delivery  
Highest grade cycles fully warranted  
Latest Models **£2.10 to £5.50**  
Dunlop Tyres, Westwood Steel Rims,  
Free Whisks, Mud Guards, Brakes.  
**CARRIAGE PAID to any port in Australia.**  
Motor Cars and Motorcycles  
Tires, Accessories, Sporting Goods &  
Sewing Machines, Half Usual Prices.  
Write for Catalogue and Specimen List.  
For mailing subject to foreign postage.  
**MEAD CYCLE CO.** Dept. 34-46  
CHICAGO, U.S.A. and LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.



**BENS DORP'S**  
is pure delicious  
and strengthening COCOA.  
½ teaspoonful sufficient for a  
breakfast cup.




**BENS DORP'S**  
ROYAL DUTCH  
COCOA  
AMSTERDAM-HOLLAND  
This Cocoa for Cocoa  
is made of GAAZ COCOA