

In this play she has scored, so far, her greatest triumph, her conception of the character in its artistic verity and fitness being exceptionally good. Next week she appears as "Leah Kleschna." After reading Borner's account of this play I feel quite anxious to see it staged. My sister returned from a vacation in the city about a week ago, and I have been asking innumerable questions about everything. My post card collection is still on the increase. Last week I received a Japanese one. It is a picture of one of their idols, "Daibutsu." I value it very much as it is the first I have received from the Far East. I have had several foreign ones sent to me, so I am rather proud of my collection, which is a very varied one. Do you like history? Cousin Kate? It has a fascination for me, and I have just finished a book entitled "Scottish Chiefs." The hero is William Wallace, so well-known in Scottish history. Into the book very few persons wholly imaginary have been introduced, and the places written about are all said to have been visited by Wallace. The melancholy circumstances which first excited him to draw his sword for Scotland are something like modern romance, but they are recorded as facts in the old poem of "Blind Harrie." All through the book is very interesting, and is worth anyone's perusal. I wrote to Cousin Muriel a long time ago, but as yet have received no answer to my letter. I have been wondering if it reached her safely, as she answered my other one so promptly. Yesterday I was out playing tennis. We played three sets, and had altogether an enjoyable time. We never commenced playing till after sundown, as it is too hot till that time. Since I last wrote I have been away for a fortnight's holiday, but, as is usually the case, wished I could have prolonged my vacation. Whilst away I tried bike riding, and after impenetrable falls managed to become fairly proficient. I have not had a ride since I returned home, so will be out of practice. This place is very dull at present, the next excitement being the races. They only hold one meeting during the year, so it is quite a fest day. A friend of mine told me she had written to you, so I am quite anxious to see her letter appear. Have you seen any copies of the "New Idea"? It is an Australian magazine. Besides being a high-toned periodical, it is thoroughly interesting, and up-to-date in every department. Blackberries are ripe now, and my sisters and I are going out gathering some. Yesterday we had some sent to us, and they were so nice; they made us long for more. Everything about here is dried up with the dry weather. We have experienced. The only place one can see any nice green is in the fern gullies. Here the vegetation is so fresh looking that one finds a practical inadequacy of language as a means of describing it. Needless to say, we frequently visit these beautiful spots, and on several occasions have taken our lunches, and remained out for the greater part of the day. My camera is having a rest now. I have given it to my sisters. I found I could not devote enough time to this interesting art. I have given all the photos I had printed away, but intend printing some again. I want some to send Cousin Hilda. She sent me three copies of some she had taken. They are very creditable for amateur's work. About a month ago there was quite a sensation here. The residence of a old age pensioner was burnt to the ground. The crowd quickly gathered, as this is such an unusual occurrence. As I think I have written enough for this time, I shall keep the rest of the news till next. With kindest regards, From Cousin Ethel.

intensely sorry for all the sufferers, I'm glad people are giving so liberally to the "Relief Fund," for I'm sure every penny will be needed. Not many of the cousins have given their opinions re Cousin Alison's discussion as yet—I wish they would; they would be very interesting. I think, don't you? When you have all finished giving your opinions, I would like to give mine. No, I have never visited Melbourne yet, but hope to some day soon. I have heard a great deal about it. I have seen quite a number of Japanese postcards lately. In many of them the colouring is exquisite. Yes, I very often see "The New Idea." One of my sisters is a subscriber. It is a very good one, and there is such a variety of reading in it. Don't you think it is a pity to give up your photography? It is a delightful hobby for girls, I think.—Cousin Kate.]

**A Little Wonder.**

BY MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

As though the meadows meek and mild  
I casually strolled  
I came upon a little child  
Exactly five years old.

But so sagacious was his mien,  
So wise the look he wore,  
He might conceivably have been  
Considerably more.

And as his golden locks he shook  
With preternatural grace,  
A sort of far-off angel look  
Sat shyly on his face.

Intent on fathoming his dreams,  
His side I swiftly sought,  
And asked him what absorbing themes  
Monopolized his thought.

He fixed a pair of earnest eyes  
On Heaven's azure span,  
And with an air of sweet surprise  
He wistfully began:

"I wonder, if the pow'r of sight  
Were given to the mole,  
Would he be frantic with delight,  
Or show some self-control.

"I wonder, if the gift of speech  
Were sent to ducks and herds,  
Would they at once begin to preach,  
Or use offensive words.

"I also wonder if a man  
Who drank no drink but ink  
Would turn as black as astrakhan,  
Or still continue pink.

"And if a tadpole who was sent  
Each week to Sunday school  
Would grow up more intelligent,  
Or grow a greater fool.

"Again I wonder why, like eggs,  
The oyster has no feet,  
And, if one morning he grew legs,  
Would they be good to eat.

"I wonder whether, if the trees  
Were planted upside down,  
Their roots would turn as green as cheese,  
And all their leaves go brown.

"I wonder, should the roof and floor  
Exchange their places now,  
If we should walk for evermore  
Upon our heads—or how.

"I wonder what two things are worth  
Just twice as much as one;  
I also wonder when on earth  
This meeting will be done."

He said he thought upon the whole  
He had no more to say,  
And so, with wonder in my soul,  
I went upon my way.

And now when storms shriek hoarse and  
wail,  
Or zephyrs kiss the bog,  
I wonder if that thinking child  
Was making game of me.

**Handy Weights and Measures.**

A quart jug filled will hold one pound of flour.  
One tablespoonful of liquid weighs half an ounce.  
One dessert-spoonful of liquid weighs a-quarter of an ounce.  
One teaspoonful of liquid weighs one-eighth of an ounce.  
One halfpenny and three-penny piece together weigh a-quarter of an ounce.  
One florin and one sixpenny piece together weigh half an ounce.  
Three pennies weigh one ounce.  
Twelve pennies weigh a-quarter of a pound.

**GEOGRAPHICAL.**

"Are you Hungary?"  
"Yes, Slam."  
"Well, come along; I'll Fiji."

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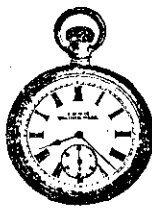
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