

immediately. I don't think you can improve on your character for the fancy dress ball either. Who's ball was it, and is there going to be one this year!—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Will you let me join your band and become one of your cousins? I like reading the cousins' letters, and would like to see mine among them. How many cousins have you got now? There always seem to be such a lot of different names in the "Graphic." I am sending you an addressed envelope for a badge if you will be so kind as to send me one. Did you go to see the unveiling of the statue of Sir John Logan Campbell on Empire Day? Were not there a large crowd there? Do you collect post cards, they seem to be the rage now? I have some such pretty ones. We live quite close to the beach, and in summer time we go down for a bathe in the morning before school. I can swim now, and I miss the bathes so much, as it is too cold to bathe now. Good-bye.—From GWEN.

[Dear Cousin Gwen,—I shall be very pleased indeed to have you join the cousins' band, and shall hope to often see your name amongst the others in the cousins' page. Is Cousin Essie your sister, if so, I wish you would ask her to write again soon. It is quite a long time since I heard from her. No, I didn't go out to the unveiling of Sir John Campbell's Statue, but I heard there was a pretty big crowd out there. I haven't time to collect post cards, though I should like to. They make such a pretty collection, I think. One or two of my little nieces have very good ones. I expect you do miss your bathes in the winter time, but it is much too cold for you to get any enjoyment out of them at present. I will post a badge to you to-day, and hope you will like it.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your cousins? I am eight years old. I go to the Ladies' College, Remuera, but we have three weeks' holidays now. I learn music, but I do not like to practise. Will you please send me a badge?—Cousin WINNIE.

[Dear Cousin Winnie,—I shall be very glad indeed for you to become one of the "Graphic" cousins, and shall hope to hear from you often. When you write will you sign your letters "Cousin Winnie N." because we have another Cousin Winnie, and it wouldn't do for us to be answering the wrong cousins' letters, would it? Your three weeks' holidays are very nearly over now. Are you sorry? What a long way you have to go to school—all the way from Karangahape-road to Remuera. But I suppose you take cars all the way out!—Cousin Kate.]


Dear Cousin Kate,—I suppose you are thinking I have deserted the cousins' page? We have been having very bad weather here lately; it has been snowing to-day. The roads are very bad, so that I have to stay away from school. The flowers are all gone. The shooting season is on now. I was very interested in Cousin Hilda's letter in the "Graphic." I think she has a gift of writing. I don't think I could write such long letters. There is not much news to tell you, so I will tell you more next time I write. I remain, your loving cousin, ADA.

[Dear Cousin Ada,—What dreadfully cold weather you must be having to have snow already. Is there enough for you to snowball one another with? If so, it makes up for the cold, I think, for one can have such fun. I suppose you are not sorry that the roads are too bad for you to go to school? I know when I was your age I was delighted if anything happened to keep me at home. I think most people's gardens look very bare just now, but there are plenty of violets, I am glad to say. I love them, don't you!—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Many thanks for your kind appreciation of the tale of the King. I ought to have written last week, but social events and other matters of interest have simply tumbled over one another since I last wrote, and the difficulty with me is not what to write about, but to choose the things that might most interest yourself and the cousins. First I had a very long and interesting letter from Cousin Ethyll Jamieson, and amongst other items of news she tells me she has seen Tittel Bruce in the title role of "Dorothy Ver-

non of Haddon," and asks if I have read the book from which the play is adopted. Have you read it? I have, and knowing Haddon so well am literally steeped in its history, and the romantic sentiment attached to Haddon. I have a fine set of Haddon pictures, and intend to send Cousin Ethyll one. Her description of the play, as performed in Melbourne, is so good that I have ventured to send you an extract from her letter. "The play is full of the dash and bravery surrounding the picturesque period of Queen Elizabeth. Through pathways hedged with laughter the audience is led to the brink of situations of gravest peril, to hazardous achievements fronting stern disasters only to revert to moments of tender love-making, or scenes of delightful comedy, while from beginning to end the interest holds the spectator spell-bound." I am bound to confess that Major's "Dorothy Vernon" upsets every preconceived idea I ever had of Dorothy, but all the same the book is interesting, and one can easily see how good a play could be made from it, as it abounds in dramatic situations. I suppose we shall have the play here in good time? With Cousin Ethyll's letter came a lovely pictorial post card of Coniston Church, and in the foreground is to be seen the beautiful Runic Cross erected to the memory of John Ruskin, of whose works Cousin Ethyll is a loving student. A subscriber in Tasmania sent me what I may term p.p.c. post-cards from there as her family are leaving to spend the winter in Melbourne. She has, however, promised to send me some post-cards of Melbourne, of which place curiously enough I hadn't a single pictorial post-card until yesterday, when I received from a girl friend there two exquisite ones. All the cousins seem so interested in post-cards that I have been wondering whether we could not have some sort of systematic exchange. What do you think? I went last week to a "coming out" dance, and enjoyed myself much. Awful this last word is it not? but it expresses my meaning exactly. Some of the dresses were lovely, the music and floor were everything to be desired. I had a new frock, and the ices were my favourite ones. I went home with my hosts after the dance to spend the night, and the next day we all went to the unveiling of the Logan Campbell Statue, which, though a fine one, did not seem to me to bear the slightest resemblance to the Sir John Campbell of to-day. I like the base of the statue very much. It would almost seem typical of Sir John's life, since he came here as a pioneer so many years ago. The Governor was present and made a very felicitous speech, and indeed all the speechifying was very good. As we left the Governor's mounted escort was waiting outside the gate. Both escort and mounts were the sorriest-looking specimens I have ever seen. What has become of the fine fellows who did so well in South Africa? I have begun to take lessons in wood-carving, and am getting on fairly well. Mother is an associate of the G.F.S., and in the branch she belongs to wood-carving is one of the things the girls may learn at the small cost of fourpence a night. Wood, tools and designs are paid for out of the general fund. A very good concert was given a little while back to raise funds for this object, which was a great success. It is, I assure you, a very animated sight to see the girls all at work with knife and mallet, and discover beautiful designs gradually growing on the plain square of wood before them, first in pencil, and then in chip or relief carving. I have been cycling a great deal lately with my brothers, who have got new bicycles, and have seen more of the suburbs of Auckland during the last few weeks than I have ever seen before. The "Frisco" line brought me an item of news that may interest some of the cousins. I had sent the "Graphic" containing my account of the Pigmies to a relative at Home. In reply my relative says: "How strange that you should send us your letter about the Pigmies. I say strange because only two days before I had driven over to N— to see two of them. They are the funniest little fellows imaginable, but perfectly proportioned, as your letter says. And you should see their feats of marksmanship. They are truly marvellous." Mother and I went last Friday night to the monthly reunion of teachers and parents at the Chapel-street School. To use the genial headmaster's own words, the programme consisted of music, speeches and supper. The musical part of it was tendered by Dr. Keith and friends, and was superlatively good, as the music at these

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