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# Children's Page

**"Troubled for 8 years  
Now entirely cured."**

THOS. ROSKILLEY, Avon St.,  
Oamaru, New Zealand, writes:—

I have been troubled with Itching Piles for about eight years; they have troubled me during the day, but mostly at night. The irritation at night is particularly bad, and disturbs my rest. I have tried ointments of different kinds during the past eight years, but until securing **Peters' Pile Cure**, nothing gave me permanent relief. From the first application of your Remedy I felt much better, as the itching entirely stopped, and after a few applications felt that I was entirely free from my old enemy. **Peters' Pile Cure** is a valuable Remedy, and I can faithfully recommend it to all sufferers.

It cannot become too generally known that  
**PETERS' Pile Cure.**  
(EASY TO APPLY)  
Quickly and Permanently Cures  
**BLIND, ITCHING, BLEEDING or PROTRUDING PILES,**  
and is obtainable from  
**ALL CHEMISTS and STOREKEEPERS.**  
PRICE, 1/6.  
Large Box (Five times the quantity) 5/- or will be sent Post Free on receipt of price by  
**F. A. PETERS, Sole Proprietor,**  
19 LORNE ST., AUCKLAND.  
Write for Booklet, FREE.  
The Name **PETERS**, Don't Forget it.

**SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS**

revive the grass and flowers, giving them beauty, vigor and freshness.

In precisely the same way  
**DR. SHELDON'S DIGESTIVE TABLETS**  
revive the weak stomach by supplying those natural digestive elements which every weak stomach lacks. They will positively cure Indigestion, Dyspepsia and all stomach troubles.

Price, 2/6. Guaranteed.

**DAWSON'S Perfection SCOTCH WHISKY**  
SOLE AGENTS:  
**HIPKINS & COUTTS, AUCKLAND**

**COUSINS' BADGES.**

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

**COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.**

Dear Cousin Kate,—I thank you very much for the nice badge you sent me; I liked it very much. We went to the circus last Saturday afternoon, and it was very nice. Do you collect post-cards?—I do, and I have got 225. My mother is spending a short holiday in Taupo, and she likes it very much. She sent me some very pretty post-cards, they were views of Taupo. I have a very pretty pussy cat; his name is Winkie. I have a little garden. I enjoyed my holiday up at Pohui very much, and I hope you enjoyed your holiday. It is raining very hard just now. I have a nice little library of 32 books, and I like reading very much; do you? The lady in next door has a dear little baby boy. Well, there is no more news, so I must say good-bye. From **MARJORIE**.

[Dear Cousin Marjorie,—I am very pleased to hear that you liked your badge so much, and it was good of you to write so soon to thank me for it. No, I don't collect postcards for myself, but I have several little nieces who have very good collections, so I keep all mine for them. How long did you stay at Pohui? I only enjoyed my holidays fairly well, because we had such bad weather most of the time, but still it was nice to be away from dust, hot Auckland for a little while. Write again soon.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—We have just come back from Christchurch, but I shall not give you my account of the Exhibition, as the Christchurch cousins are sending such interesting ones of it. I did not enjoy myself very much. I was not very well all the time we were away; I was horribly sick on both trips, and I hated Christchurch. It is so flat and dusty and hot, and one cannot get up anywhere, except on a church tower or something like that. I enjoyed seeing the Exhibition, and especially the gallery. Mary liked Wonderland very much, but I do not like chutes and things of that sort, and I would not ride on a camel for anything. I am sorry Alison has decided to leave off writing. She was one of the most interesting writers to the page, but I think Cousin Winnie is a little rash in declaring a favourite for "the majority of the cousins." I expect we all have different favourites, and I expect Cousin Winnie herself would have some of the votes. I always look most eagerly for Cousin Hero's letters; she is my favourite, a long way. I wonder what has become of Cousin Essie. It is a long time since she wrote, isn't it? I hope she has not grown up too, like Cousin Alison. Isn't it a nuisance having to grow up! At any rate, Cousin Hero will not be growing up for a good while yet, as she has just turned

fifteen. So I am still in hopes of my Scottish lake letter and others as well. I got "Phroso" and "Irish Idylls" and enjoyed them very much, though the Idylls are very miserable, and yet funny too. I laughed and cried over them. I lately read an American story by George Madden Martin—the story of "Emmy Lou," such a delightful little girl. Did you have a good holiday? Yours sincerely, Cousin **CONSTANCE**.

[Dear Cousin Constance,—I am so very sorry you did not enjoy your visit to Christchurch. I thought you were going to have a perfectly lovely time and enjoy every minute of it; in fact, I was inclined to be a wee bit envious of your holiday trip. Of course one cannot really enjoy anything if one is feeling seedy all the time. I expect being so sea-sick made you feel miserable, didn't it? I can sympathise with you, for it is weeks before I really feel myself again after a sea-trip. What a queer child you are not to like chutes and things. Old as I am, I thoroughly enjoy them, and I'm looking forward to shooting the chute, riding the camel, etc., when "Wonderland" opens here, as it is going to do shortly. I certainly hope Hero won't grow up too soon, for I want to hear ever so much more from her about her travellings to and fro, and perhaps we shall be able to persuade her to write to us even after she is grown up if we ask her very nicely, and if she has not forgotten us in the meantime.—Cousin **KATE**.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—  
My name is Cousin Cousin Kate. And these few lines must meet their fate. Sent by the mail to your address. Remaining for you to burn or bless.

I wish I could your cousin be, Cousin Kate, and cousin me Cousin Cousin, I should say. It's confusing in a way.

Letters coming in in dozens, All from Cousin Cousin's cousins! How glad dear Cousin Kate must be To get them all so constantly!

Well, I think poor Cousin Kate Better send this to its fate; Better burn this wee refrain Lest it settles on her brain.

Your affectionate **WILLIE COUSIN**.

Dear Cousin Cousin.—I can assure you that I, in conjunction with all the other "dozens of cousins," will gladly welcome you as a member of our band, and we shall all hope to hear from you as often as you can find time to write, though I am afraid, if your letters are all in the style of your first effusion, we shall get slightly confused, and you, I fear, will find it a severe tax upon your mental powers. You must please excuse the brevity of my answer to you this week, as I have rather more writing to do than I can find time for. I will endeavour to write more next time.—Cousin **KATE**.

Small Bobby was taking dinner at the home of a neighbour.

"Well, Bobby," said the hostess, as the little fellow laid down his knife and fork, "have you had all you want?"

"I've had all I can eat," answered Bobby.

**Oddities of Genius.**

Eccentricity seems always attendant upon genius. Racine, the French writer, composed his work while walking rapidly about, shouting out the lines in a loud voice. One day while he was thus composing part of his play of "Mithridates" in the Tuileries gardens in Paris, he was surrounded by a group of workmen, who took him to be a maniac. On his return home from these walks he would write down scene after scene in prose, and, when they were finished he would exclaim, "My tragedy is done!" considering the transposition of the lines into verse only a trivial thing.

Magliabechi, on the contrary, rarely left his room. He lived amid an array of books, and wrote his works at a table upon which were littered great piles of papers and long-forgotten volumes, which he took a special pride in collecting.

Luther would take his seat at his desk and write for days without leaving his chair. On these occasions he had his food brought to him, but often forgot to eat it. When his brain became fatigued, he would take up his guitar, and the soft chords of the music acted as a never failing refreshment. He was passionately fond of music, and did not hesitate to say that after the cloggy music was the first of arts.

Calvin, like Mark Twain, did a great part of his studying and writing in bed. Every morning at five o'clock sharp he had his servant bring his work for the day, which was always carefully mapped out to him, and then for hours he would toil steadily. If he was obliged to go out upon some errand, he would come back, and, undressing again, take to his bed before continuing his labours.

Byron did his best work in the dead of night, as did Poe. Rousseau wrote early in the morning, and Le Sage at mid-day. Villehardouin rose before daybreak and wrote till late at night, and Demosthenes passed three months in a lonely cavern by the sea, studying and trying to overcome the defects in his voice.

The favourite writing place of La Fontaine was under the shade of a tree. Amid such pastoral surroundings he composed most of his fables. The idea of universal freedom of person and trade was first evolved by De Quincy in the boudoir of Madame de Pompadour, and Pope could never compose well without first declaiming at the top of his voice to rouse his nervous system to the proper pitch.

**HOW TO WASH SILK BLOUSES.**

Make a strong lather of **SAPON** and warm water; put the article through, giving a good pressing with the hands, but avoid rubbing unless very marked; wring out and put through another lather in the same way; and, lastly, through clean, warm water, to which a tablespoonful of paraffin oil has been added; fold in clean towels, and pass through wringer; let lie one to two hours, and wash with wet, keeping plenty of hot iron, so that no water is needed.

For particulars of Sapon Weekly Gunca Competition see elsewhere. If your grocer does not stock Sapon, send us his name and address. **RAFDN, Limited, P.O. Box 635, Wellington.**