



Children's Page

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,—May I be one of your cousins. We get the "Graphic," and I always like reading the cousins' page. I am twelve years of age, and I go to the State school. I am in the fifth standard. Did you go to Pollard's Opera Company; I did, and liked it very much. Do you read very much? I do, and I read every spare moment I can get. My brother, Fen, is going to write to you soon. He is in the fourth class. I do not suppose you have been to Lake Kaneri or Lake Mahinapua. I was going to Mahinapua to-day only it turned out wet. We have a fine view of Mt. Cook from Hokitika. We are going to have our school concert on the 19th of this month. Dear Cousin Kate, I must close now, with love to you and all the cousins from Cousin FRED.

P.S.—Excuse mistakes.

[Dear Cousin Fred,—I will be very glad to have you for a cousin, and would send you a badge, but you have not sent me your address. I am going to see the Pollard's Opera Company when they open here, and I think they start on Boxing Night. I am very fond of reading, too, and like you read every spare moment; but, do you know, I think it is rather bad to read so much, especially at night—it is too big a strain on the eyes. I am sorry to say I have never been up to the lakes, though I have always wanted to. However, it is a treat in store for me, and I have great hopes of seeing them some time next year. I hope the concert will be a great success. Are you taking part in it?—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sorry for not writing before. We break up school Thursday, and then we will have about eight weeks' holidays. If I get a prize I will tell you next time I write what I get it for. I was thirteen years old on November 18. I will tell you all the presents I got: Two bangles, four books, a scent bottle, a little pin tray, a little silver box, and an ornament. Wasn't that a nice lot? Have you seen Miss Winnie Topping yet? I went to see a play called "Red Riding Hood" the other night; it was so pretty. Are you going away for your holidays? I am going to stay with my aunt in Wellington. I am going by boat this time; we will leave here about a fortnight from to-day. Are you fond of silk worms? One of my little friends gave me some the other day. Please, Cousin Kate, will you excuse all these smudges? What kind of weather are you having in Auckland just now? It is very hot over here. Do you think that I am too old to write to the Cousins' Page? I think that the boat we are going in is the Monowai. Do you know if it is a nice boat? I have you ever been in it? I want to wish you a merry Christmas and a happy

New Year. I can't think of anything else to say, so I must stop; with lots of love for yourself and all the cousins from MARJORIE.

[Dear Cousin Marjorie,—You are not a bit too old to write to us. Some of the cousins only left off when they grew up and went out so much that they had not time to write. You certainly did have a lovely lot of presents. I have not seen Miss Topping yet. They open here on Boxing Night, and I hope to see her then. I have never travelled in the Monowai, but I have always heard she was very comfortable. I hope you will enjoy yourself in Wellington; let's hope that it is cooler there than it is here. The heat in Auckland is simply awful; everyone seems to be gasping for breath. I used to love silk-worms and had hundreds of them, but I gave it up after a while, it was so hard getting fresh leaves for them every day.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—I am writing you this as a Christmas letter, and I hope you will have a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Our day school picnic is to be held at Motutapu on Thursday next, and I am looking forward to a jolly time. Are you going away for your Christmas holidays? On Sunday it was Essie's birthday, and one day last week she had a croquet party and we had such fun. Did you go to the regatta on Saturday? It was a lovely day for it, don't you think? We could see all the yachts passing by from our verandah; it was such a pretty sight. We held an exhibition at our Sunday school last month, and Essie and I won many prizes. Essie got first prize for the most original pin-cushion, which she worked as a spider web, and she got six other first prizes and a second. She got two first prizes for cushions, one done in ribbon work and the other huck-a-buck work. Two pictures of chalk-drawing in black and white, which she drew, took first and second. The table decorating was great fun. Five entered for competition on Thursday evening, and Essie was among the competitors. They were all allowed one hour and a quarter for the decorating, and then the people who were in the exhibition room (the Sunday school) were let into the church, where the tables stood, to vote for the best. On entering the exhibition on Friday night, the first thing we saw was Essie's name top on the black-board with 96 votes against the second comer's 25 and the third one's 24. Cousin Lyn got several prizes, one was for winning the bun-eating competition. I got first for a hand-sewn minifore. Wishing all the cousins a happy Christmas, I will now conclude Yours sincerely, Cousin GWEN.

[Dear Cousin Gwen,—Have you ever been to Motutapu before? It is such a very pretty place. Seven or eight of us camped down there once, and one of the girls was frightened of the ostriches, and she ran so fast that she never looked where she was going so she fell into the sheep dip. You never saw such a sight in your life; we laughed till we were quite ill. I am not going away for my holiday till after Christmas. I am glad Essie's party was such a success; did she have nice birthday pre-

sents? What a clever girl she is to be able to win all those prizes. Weren't you proud of her? I am glad you got one, too. Last Saturday was just a perfect day for the regatta. I did not go to see it, but I saw most of the boats from the ferry boat going to North Shore. We went there to see if we could get cool.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—Wasn't it a shame it was wet for the Floral Fete? I was so disappointed, because I had made all preparations to go. Are you fond of reading? I have just finished a nice book called "Infelice." You seem to be getting a lot of new cousins lately, don't you? Are you fond of chickens? We have just got some out. I don't think there is any more news. Love to yourself and all the Cousins.—EILEEN.

[Dear Cousin Eileen.—It was a great disappointment to see so many people; the Floral Fete was spoilt, of course, and so many had worked so hard. I went, and got wet through, and did not see very much either; most of the exhibits had left for home before we arrived. Isn't it rather too late for chickens to come out now? Won't the heat be too much for them? Last year one lot of ours came out the week before Xmas, and they all died. I love reading, and get through a lot of books. I read "Infelice" years and years ago; so long ago that I have almost forgotten what it is about.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your little cousins. I enjoy reading the letters in the "Graphic," and would like to see mine in the paper. I am ten years old, and I have one brother, who is eight. There are just the two of us. I am very fond of animals. I have several of my own; a pony called Babs, a dog Spot, a black lamb, and a cat. The other night I got a young kingfisher. It is not very pretty now, but it will be as it gets older. Would you please give me a name for it. I think I must close now, wishing you a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year, with love from Cousin BERYL. P.S.—Would you please send me a badge?

[Dear Cousin Beryl,—We are always very glad to have new Cousins. I think I am fond of animals too—at least some animals. I must say I am not very fond of cats, but I love horses better than anything. Young kingfishers are funny looking things—aren't they?—so beaky and clumsy looking. I think Rex would be a very good name for it, don't you? But I did not think you could tame them. I have only seen it tried twice, and both times the birds died. I hope you will be more fortunate. Thanks for the good wishes. The same to you, and very many of them.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—May I be one of your little Cousins. I go to the Convent school. I like school very much. I like looking at Buster Brown. He's not very naughty. It will be Christmas very soon, and I am not sorry. Dear Cousin Kate, will you send me a pale blue badge? It is my brother Fred's and my favourite colour. It is nearly ten o'clock in the night, and it is raining and blow-

ing outside, so I am glad to be indoors. Good-bye, with love to all the Cousins and yourself.—From cousin FEN.

[Dear Cousin Fen,—Of course you may become a Cousin, and I have sent you a blue badge. Blue is my favourite colour too. I don't think Buster is quite as naughty as he used to be. He is improving. All those spankings are doing him good. I used to think Christmas time was the loveliest part of the year, but I am not quite so sure about it now. The weather is so dreadfully hot. I feel just as if I were melting. What a funny time to write letters at 10 p.m., and what were you doing up at such an hour? You ought to have been in bed and asleep hours before. You will never grow big if you don't go to bed early. Want of sleep stunts the growth.—Cousin Kate.]

Doctor Sun and Doctor Rain.

Within a Country meadow a Blossom hung its head,
'Twas plain that it was very sick, and soon would droop and fade.
Its stalk was limp and bending, its leaves no more were bright,
And its face, once, O, so bonny, was now a sorry sight.

There were two clever Doctors. The one was Doctor Sun,
And the other Doctor Rain—he was a most illustrious one.
They held a consultation, and they were soon agreed
That the little drooping Blossom of their skill was sore in need.

Said Doctor Sun, "I much regret I have so busy been
That I fear I have neglected this little plot of green.
'Tis very plain this little Flower needs some warm beams of mine,
And then 'twill brighten up quite soon, and cease to droop and pine!

"I'll send some down to-morrow, so warm and bright and sweet;
'Tis a medicine never known to fail—all flowers are fond of it.
It acts on them like magic, they soon lift up the head,
And toss themselves quite saucily though they were like to fade.

"Then, Doctor Rain, I think that you have got some little drops,
So sweet and cool and pleasant—at once the fever stops.
So when she's had my medicine I'll give her to your care,
And between us both the mischief I am sure we'll soon repair."

So Doctor Sun sent down his beams, and ere had passed an hour
There was a marked improvement in the little drooping flower;
The face began to brighten, its head it lifted up,
And there was quite a saucy dimple ja its little cup.

Then Doctor Rain sent down a shower to freshen its sweet face,
And very soon that flower became a thing of light and grace.
And all the other flowers said there was no doubt whatever
That Doctor Sun and Doctor Rain were both exceeding clever.

—Frank Ellis.

Father: Here is a plate of cherries. Hold out your hand, Charlotte, and I will give you one.

Charlotte: Only one? Give me a handful.

Father: What's the use of eating more than one? They're all the same flavour.

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