

BAD CASE OF ECZEMA.

MANY TREATMENTS FAIL—ZAM-BUK BALM SPEEDILY CURES.

Wonderfully soothing and curative in the treatment of eczema with Zam-Buk, whether the case be acute or chronic, or the sufferer a babe or adult.

Miss M. A. Smith, care of Federal Coffee Palace, Ashburton, N.Z., says:—"Some two years ago I was cook in the Ashburton Hospital, and whilst there contracted that most disagreeable of skin complaints, eczema. My arms broke out in small red pimples, the irritation being something unbearable, to say nothing of the pain and inconvenience I was put to. Being employed in the hospital, I had plenty of medical advice. The doctors treated me with ointments and lotions for a considerable time, but all to no use—the complaint seemed to get worse instead of better, and I began to think I wouldn't ever get rid of the torturing eczema. Perusing one of your pamphlet books referring to Zam-Buk Balm one day I noticed where a case of severe eczema had been cured, so I thought I would give it a trial. I procured a pot of the balm and followed directions, and noticed a great improvement after the first few applications. Persevering with the treatment I am pleased to say the eczema was completely cured. I used only about a pot and a half of the Zam-Buk, and as it is two years since this cure was effected, and I have no signs of a return of the complaint, you will see that the cure is permanent. I thank Zam-Buk for my cure, and think it a most valuable healing balm."

Made from rare vegetable saps and juices, and always ready for immediate use, Zam-Buk is unequalled for all skin cuts, sores, burns, scalds, abrasions, piles, troubles, including sunburn, rash, bruises, eczema, pimples, blackheads, sore feet, ulcers, and, in fact, all diseased and injured conditions of the skin and tissue. 1/6 and 3/6 per pot, of all chemists and stores. The 3/6 size holds nearly four times the 1/6.

The two sons of Mr. Chas. A. Finch, Ph. C. M.P.S., "Kuranda," Boyce St., Glebe Point, Sydney, N.S.W., were both cured of a very severe cough and cold with one bottle of Dr. Sheldon's New Discovery.

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a Soap that is pure? It is an important matter when you consider how often in the day Soap is used, and how sensitive your skin is. Purity has always been a distinguishing feature of

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which is also delicately perfumed, emollient, and antiseptic.

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COMFORT AND
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SLICKER?
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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,—As I am one of your cousins, I will try and write to you often. I am eleven years old. Tai is thirteen, and Ellen is fifteen. Mr. Fowlds, the Minister of Education, came and visited our school. He gave us a half-holiday. I hope you are well. We are having a bit of rain now. Cousin Alison should write to our band once a year. I must stop now. With oceans of love to you and all our other cousins—
COUSIN JANE.

P.S.—Our new store is nearly finished.
—J.R.

[Dear Cousin Jane,—I am very pleased that you are going to take your "Graphic" cousin responsibilities seriously, and hope that you will stick to your resolution of writing often. I expect you wish Mr. Fowlds would come and visit your school often, don't you? I used to think an unexpected half-holiday was lovely. We are having quite a lot of rain in Auckland just now, and are having such dreadfully hot, muggy weather with it that I shall be glad when it is over. I wish Alison would write once a year, but I wish still more that she was coming over with her mother and sister, who are expected to arrive in Auckland this week.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Now having the opportunity for writing, I thought I would. Glad to see our letters in the "Graphic." I am thirteen, Ellen is fifteen, and Jane, who is younger, is eleven years of age. I never have the pleasure of reading Cousin Ellen's letters now. How's that? Doesn't Mr. Gallagher get the "Graphic"? Did you know that Mr. Fowlds, the Minister of Education, came to our school last Monday. He was accompanied by his wife and a few friends. He was very good. He gave us a half-holiday. Jane is writing to you to-night also. What do you think of Mr. Webb? Isn't it nice he won again. I just wonder how he will fare with Mr. Arnst. The Oruanui natives gave a dance here last Friday night. They had a brass band and also a poi dance. It lasted till half-past five in the morning. I must wind up now and write to a friend. Love to all the cousins, not forgetting yourself.—I remain, your loving cousin, TAI.

[Dear Cousin Tai,—I haven't heard from Cousin Eileen for a long time, and I don't even know where they are living now. I think it is very likely they are not taking the "Graphic" at present, and, if that is the case, of course Eileen would not care to write when she would not see her letters in print, nor the answers to them. I was very pleased that our New Zealand man won the race, and is still champion, and I hope he will manage to win just as easily when he meets Arnst. I should very much have liked to see the race; the river must have looked lovely with the crowds of people lining the banks and the numbers of

small boats here, there, and everywhere. I don't think I should care to go to a dance which lasted until half-past five in the morning; I am afraid I should have fallen asleep before it was over.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Do you like the weather any better now that we have had such heavy rain? I don't. I think it is hotter than ever and so dreadfully muggy. Well, Cousin Kate, I told you in my last letter that I was too excited to tell you very much about our trip to town, but I have got over all that now, so will tell you of all our doings. You know we only had a day to get ready, as mother decided quite unexpectedly that some business needed personal attention, so it was decided on Saturday night that we should go to Auckland by Monday's express. It is a very long trip from Taumarunui, and on this occasion it was a very hot and dusty one, so that we were not sorry to get to the Auckland station. I do wish the railway officials could run an express right through from Taumarunui; it is such a nuisance changing trains and looking after one's luggage at Frankton Junction, and very often, I am told, people have the same difficulty as we had in finding seats in the Rotorua express. Of course it was an unusually packed train, but still that did not make it any better for us. Mother got a rather uncomfortable seat with her back to the engine, and, as I could not get a seat in the same carriage, I spent most of my time on the platform. We went to stay with some old friends of mothers, who live on Cheltenham Beach; of course you know it Cousin Kate, and luckily all the time we were there the tide suited for a morning dip, and I did enjoy them so much. I can only swim a very little, but I really think I improved during the week. We always bathed before breakfast, and afterwards, of course, there was heaps to do. One day our friends took me to the Museum and the Art Gallery in the morning, and after lunch we took a cab and drove to the top of Mount Eden. The view is lovely Cousin Kate, isn't it? and then round to the Onehunga Kiosk for tea, and then home, driving through Sir John Campbell's splendid gift to the city of Auckland, "Cornwall Park." Another day we went out to Lake Takapuna in a motor car, and in the evening went to see "Peter's Mother" at His Majesty's, but I told you all about that before. Do you wonder I was excited, Cousin Kate? Fancy a country, girl, who had never been in a motor car nor been inside a theatre, suddenly introduced to all these pleasures. On Saturday night we went all round Auckland in the electric cars, and though at first I was a wee bit nervous of those top-deckers, I was so interested in everything that I very soon forgot about it. Well, dear Cousin Kate, I'm afraid I must stop or there will not be room enough in your page for my voluminous letter, so I will save the rest until next time.—Cousin ELSIE.

[Dear Cousin Elsie,—I thank you so much for fulfilling your promise of telling me more of your visit to Auckland. I was very interested in it, more especially as everything was so new to you.

I have often wondered how living in even a small town like Auckland would strike a real country-bred girl. I expect you thought it lovely for just the short time you were here, but I have no doubt that if you had been staying some months, you would have been pining for home again. Do you know I think an unexpected trip like yours is nearly always far more enjoyable than one which one has been preparing for and looking forward to for weeks, another instance of expectation being better than realisation? You seem to have had a very busy week, and had a great many pleasures crammed into a short space of time. Did you feel that you needed a rest when you got home? A chum of mine, who recently went Home on a nine months' visit to the Old Country, and the continent told me that when she arrived home again, she wanted to go to bed for a whole week just to feel thoroughly rested. In her case the whole nine months had been spent in a ceaseless rush of sightseeing so it was no wonder she was tired out was it? Write again soon.—Cousin Kate.]

When You Believe in Fairies.

By MYRA HAMILTON.

If you believe in fairies the fairies believe in you and show their trust by coming to your aid if you are in a mud-die over something and cannot make up your mind, or, perhaps, you have had an unfortunate day at home and are in disgrace. Then they are most useful. At any rate Lionel and Iris found them so one hot summer afternoon when they were in the wood together. I had better tell you all about it so you can judge for yourselves how good the fairies can be when they know they are liked. Lionel had got into trouble at home in fact, he had been rude—very rude indeed—to his nurse, and what was even more dreadful, rude to his own dear mother. I shall not say what it was about not what he said, for it would not be quite fair, as it all happened last year, and is now forgotten, but the unfortunate part of it was that Lionel's father came downstairs in time to hear how horrid and nasty his little boy could be, and he just took Lionel by the shoulders and pushed him out of the garden door.

"You shall not come into this house again, young man," his father said, "until you have decided whether you will remain at home and be good for the rest of the holidays or whether I am to pack you off to school at once. I am ashamed of you."

And Lionel ran out into the garden as fast as he could. His fate was doubted up, and he was frowning and biting his lips, for he felt so mad in his heart, and he was wishing that his father was a small boy in sailor clothes so that he could fight him and make him cry. And Iris trotted after him as fast as her fat legs would carry her, for Lionel was her own dear brother and she knew something was the matter. She had seen her mother's sad face and