

next letter that I write. I am selling tickets for the school ball; I have nine to sell, and have only sold three so far. I hope I can sell the other six soon. A great string of motor cars passed through Bulls yesterday (11th July); there were about sixteen of them, but they did not all come from Bulls. They were going to Wanganui to see the British-Welsh team against the Wanganui team; the British team won, they got nine points, and the Wanganui only six. I went for a ride on a pony to-day, and two boys caught hold of its tail and were pulling at it like anything. As soon as we got down to the paddock that it was kept in, it would stop and would not go any further. Cousin Myrtle was on in front of me and it did kick up. Well, I cannot think of any more to tell you, so I think I must close with my best love to all the cousins and yourself.—Cousin MARY.

[Dear Cousin Mary.—It is a splendid plan to have quarterly examinations I think, because then one can form a very good idea of how one will come out at the end of the year; I hope all my cousins from Bulls will do very well. I haven't got the new badges yet, because I must use up all I have first, but they won't be very different to the old ones, only I will try to get stiffer ribbon for them and have the badges printed on them, lengthwise instead of across as they are now; they will make rather nice additions to a hat band, won't they? I wonder how you all enjoyed the school ball? I shall expect to have a regular budget of letters next week, telling me about it. It is a wonder you did not get a spill off that pony; it certainly had enough to make it restive, with two riding it and two more hanging on to its tail.—Cousin Kate.]

OLDER COUSINS' LETTERS.

Dear Cousin Kate,—This letter will conclude the account of my Southern trip. I think I left off at Wanganui last time. Well, our journey from Wanganui to Palmerston only occupied about four hours. The country we passed through was not quite as pretty nor as interesting as that we saw on our previous journeys. The mountainous nature of the land changed to a dead level, the monotony of which was occasionally broken by muddy looking rivers. At times we flew by stretch after stretch of flat paddocks, dotted here and there with gaunt upstanding tree trunks, looking weirdly sentinel-like against the grey-green of a heavy-looking sky. We arrived at Palmerston North a little before four o'clock, and, after getting settled at our hotel, went out to have a look at the town.—Its most noticeable feature is the square, which is situated in the middle of the town. It is laid out in the form of a small park, and a fine band rotunda stands in the centre. The train has to pass right through the square; it passes right through the town, in fact. It seemed so odd, when in the train, to look out and see streets on either side of the line. There is plenty of space between the rails and the streets, but it is not fenced off in some parts. I asked if accidents were not frequent, but no, the people are quite used to it, and the idea of danger only strikes visitors. The most notable building in Palmerston is the Grand Hotel, an imposing brick structure of three stories, recently erected. The Opera House is a fine building, also the Post Office, which is built on the same lines as those in Wanganui, Hawera, and New Plymouth. The shops are not as fine or as up-to-date as the Wanganui ones, but it is quite a bustling town, nevertheless. I don't know whether I mentioned previously that everywhere the fruit business is practically in the hands of the Celestial. In all the towns it was the same. At every fruit shop window one was confronted with some funny Chinese cognomen. It is a pity that the Europeans allow Chinamen to monopolise the trade in this line. The habits of the latter regarding cleanliness are anything but alluring. Unfortunately this race seems to be obtaining a strong footing in the Dominion, and, although they may be honest, industrious and law-abiding, they are not desirable immigrants. Well, to return to the subject of Palmerston; there is not much in the way of sight-seeing in the town. The domain is rather pretty. It is situated on the banks of the Manawatu River, and consists of a stretch of native

bush, with a paved walk two miles long winding in and out. Some of the native trees are very fine, and through the foliage one gets an occasional glimpse of the river. I took a sketch of the Manawatu River from this domain, with a large traffic bridge in the foreground. I sketched the beauty spots of all the various places I had visited, and also sketched some of the people at the different hotels. My drawing-book is quite an interesting souvenir. The only other place of interest I visited while in Palmerston was the museum. It was really a small room off the public library, and many of the exhibits were cramped for want of room. The curator was a courteous old gentleman, who seemed to take the greatest pleasure in showing me round and explaining everything. Some of the exhibits were both rare and interesting, and I hope Palmerston will soon get a fitting building for them. On Friday morning we left Palmerston after a short stay of two and a-half days. It was my intention to go on to Napier with father, and from thence perhaps to Wellington, but on account of having to take part in a wedding in Auckland the following Tuesday, I had to make a start for home. Father and I had to part company here. At the station his train, the Napier express, was on one side of the platform, and mine, the Wellington express bound for New Plymouth, waited on the other. The trains started within a few minutes of each other, mine going first. I had to settle down to a long, tedious journey, lasting from 12 o'clock to 8.30 p.m. At two or three of the stations friends came down to have a few minutes' talk as the train passed through. These little chats were oases of pleasure during the lonely journey. At half-past eight we reached the Breakwater, where the lights of the Rarawa gleamed brilliantly in the darkness. The trip up to Onehunga was splendid. I rose at about seven the next morning and went up on deck. Nearly all the other passengers were up. The morning was glorious—scarcely a ripple on the bar, and after we passed it the water lay calm and still, its limpid depths clearly reflecting the rugged hills on either side. The sun, rising warm and bright on a cloudless sky, cast a pathway of golden light across the water. A seagull, with snowy breast and black-tipped wings, skimmed gracefully by and joined a floating companion on the water. With reluctance I left the deck to go down for breakfast, and, after that necessity, returned again to drink in the glory of the morning. Soon Onehunga came into view. It did not take long to land and take the train back to dear, familiar Auckland, where I was met by members of the family. Glad I was to see them, Cousin Kate, and glad, too, to see our dear old city, which seemed to become all the more endearing after an absence. Thus ends the most delightful holiday I have ever spent. I am now living in hopes of another. With much love from Cousin VIOLET.

[Dear Cousin Violet,—I am quite sorry that you have come to the end of your travels, and I am looking forward almost as much as you are to your next trip, so that I may have the pleasure of reading your descriptions thereof. I am holding your "Suffragette" letter over till next week.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was so pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic," and to know that you had accepted me as one of your older cousins. I read your reply with great interest, and I think, perhaps, I am the sister whom you say you knew, for my name is Nancye really, Bill only being a nickname, but one which has belonged to me for many years, though it was not everyone who knew it. I expect you are looking forward to a most delightful time during next week. I hope to go to town then. Fancy your never having heard of the "king" fern; but perhaps you know it as a "para" fern. It is a very rare fern, and only grows in Waitakauri and somewhere near Coromandel, I think. The seedsmen in Auckland offer 7/6 for a small root, I believe; they are considered such a prize. I will bring you a few roots when I come down, and I will try to get them growing first. We had a dance here a week or two ago, and I enjoyed it immensely. The old hall was transformed into a veritable fernery, and the walls were relieved here and there with the club's colours. It is surprising what nice dances the people in the country have. Cousin Hilda's letter is really beautiful, and her opinion of women's suffrage is grand. She has at-

most the same ideas as I have, but she can express herself so well that I feel afraid to venture. I, too, think that it would be more becoming for a woman to be in her home, instead of trying to unsex herself, as some of them do. When a woman thinks that she can become an equal with a man, as regards the ruling of a nation, she is almost to be pitied, I think. As Cousin Hilda says, a woman's greatest charms are purity and refinement, and when she unsexes herself, as these suffragettes do, she loses these qualities, and consequently lowers herself in the minds of good and noble men. A woman rules really through love, though she may not be aware of the fact, for what would a man not do for the woman he loves? I myself never intend to vote (though I have not had a chance yet), for I think it most revolting to see, as is often the case, women fighting like wild beasts to work their way in to the polling booth, and then more often than not they are either bribed for their vote, or influenced by their husbands. I think I have said all there is to say on the subject, and as I agree with Cousin Hilda in everything, it is no use my repeating it. Thank you, Hilda, for that little part of your letter to me. I am very fond of writing letters, but one must have brains to write a letter such as you write; and as I am anything but a brainy creature, I am afraid I will never rise to the occasion. Cousin Diana's letter is very good, and I enjoyed reading it. I don't think we can have much of a discussion as

"Woman Suffrage," as we all seem to think alike about it. I wonder what Cousin Alison will say about it. Now, good-bye, dear Cousin Kate, with love to you and both the older and younger cousins.—I remain, your loving BILL.

P.S.—Many thanks for the badge. I will always treasure it.

[Dear Cousin Bill,—It is more than good of you to take so much trouble with the King ferns for me, and I'm sure there is no need for me to tell you how much I shall prize them. I hope I shall be able to make them grow.—Cousin Kate.]

"For of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Around my neck two little arms so slight,
Pressed close to mine two little lips each night;
Coos in my ear a little voice so sweet;
Beats close to mine a little heart to greet,
The love that thrills me for this babe of mine,
And makes me bless the power that is enshrined
In human hearts, that can command such love!
The sacred fount must surely be Above.

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