

found how the queen would receive her.

"I suppose you will want the human-being room?" asked the landlord. "It happens to be empty."

"Oh, yes; but where is the roof?" she cried, looking up at the sky.

"Out in the side yard. Where else should it be?"

"On top of the house, of course, to keep the rain out."

The landlord smiled pityingly. "It never rains in this country," he said, "and we have the roof in the yard so that we can prop it up on edge and keep the afternoon sun from the south windows."

"May I have something to eat?" asked Gretchen.

"Certainly," said the landlord. "You are fortunate in coming now,

"Our humming-bird croquettes are very fine," said the lamb, bowing and rubbing his hoofs together.

"No, no," said Gretchen; "I don't care for them, either. I think you may bring me some honey and sardines." She was very tired of these, but could think of nothing else. The lamb hurried away, but soon returned and put the honey and sardines before Gretchen.

As she finished her meal the giant said he should be glad if the captain would suggest how he had better go about watch-making, as he was anxious to begin. The captain thought for a while, and suggested that Willie put an advertisement in the newspaper. The giant roared with glee—so loudly that he frightened the little lamb nearly into hysterics:

who is with me demands an audience with her Majesty!"

"Gracious! Don't put it that way, or they'll never let us in," said Gretchen.

"That's the way to put it," said the captain. "If you just ask for an audience they think you're no right; but if you demand one it impresses them. Besides, we can't let these sovereigns get too haughty."

The soldiers held a whispered consultation. "All right!" cried a voice; and Gretchen was helped down and led indoors by the gnome captain and Leonardo.

Prince Roland and the Giant.

Once a young prince called Roland set out to seek his fortune.

After travelling for a long time Roland came to a beautiful city. It was surrounded by very high walls. He went in at the gates with a crowd of other people, and as he was very tired he found the best inn, and stayed all night. The next morning the innkeeper asked him what business he was in.

"I have no business. I am only seeking my fortune," replied Roland. "Do you know of any fortune that can be found without too much trouble?"

"Why, yes," said the innkeeper. "I know of a fine one. Why don't you go and kill the giant?"

"What giant?" asked Roland.

"Why, the giant that lives on the mountain over there," said the innkeeper.

"Why should I kill him?" asked Roland. "He never did anything to me."

"But the giant has the fortune," explained the innkeeper. "Anyone who kills him can have it. He is a very fierce giant, too. He used to come here to this city and behave shamefully. He used to pick up our houses and turn them upside down. Then he would shake them, and all the gold and silver that fell out of them he would carry off. If people said anything to him he would just step on them and squash them flat. But now that we have built these walls he can't get in." Roland declared that he would go and kill the giant.

As soon as Roland said that the innkeeper ran out in the street, and began to wave his arms and jump up and down and shout. A great crowd of people gathered at once, and the innkeeper told them that Roland was going to kill the giant. Then all the people cheered, and the mayor of the city came up and shook hands with Roland, and patted him on the head.

Then all the people cheered some more, and they put him on a fiery steed, and gave him a spear. The city gates were opened, and an immense procession formed. There were six dozen brass bands in front of Roland, and six dozen behind him, and they all played with all the people joining in the chorus. The people and the bands left him at the city gates, and he rode on alone.

Roland rode for a long time without seeming to get much nearer to the mountain on which stood the giant's castle. The spear he carried was so heavy that it made his arms ache, and he threw it away. He seemed to get on much better after this, and it was just about noon when he rode up to the giant's castle.

The giant was painting the front porch, and he stopped and frowned fearfully when he saw Roland.

"Here's another one of them," he growled.

He was so large and Roland was so frightened that he just sat still on his horse without saying a word.

"Well, what do you want?" said the giant. "You came up here to kill me, and get my fortune, I suppose, didn't you?"

"No, sir," said Roland. "The people down there in that city did say something about it, and they gave me a spear to kill you with, but I told them I would not hurt you for the world, and I threw the spear away. I came up here to get away from their bands of music more than anything else."

"Come in and have lunch," said the giant. "I am glad to see you. You look like quite a sensible young fellow. At first I thought that you were one of those chaps that come up here and sing serenades under the window of the beautiful princess, that I keep shut up. I can't stand that, and I generally go out and eat them alive, just to put them out of misery."

"Have you a really and truly beautiful princess shut up in your castle?" asked Roland.

"Of course, I have," said the giant.

They got quite well acquainted, and the giant took a great liking to Roland.

"Now, see here," he said, as they finished lunch, "you are out seeking a fortune. I have dozens of fortunes in my treasure vaults, and you can take your pick. Now you stay here and be company for me and the princess."

Roland said that would be fine, and the princess said so too, and as she had not seen a single prince near for ever so long she thought that Roland was the finest prince that ever was; so they were married, and lived happily for ever.

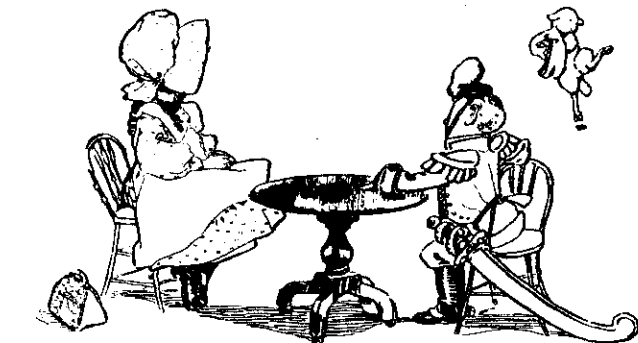
Jim, aged five, is devoted to his sister Nancy, aged three. The other night it was decreed that Nancy should take a dose of Gregory's Powder, but not even the bribe of chocolate afterwards could induce her to swallow it. Jim was watching the battle.

"You'll be ill, darling, if you don't take it," exclaimed mother; "and then you'll have to stay in bed and have lots of nasty medicine."

This awful probability was too much for Jim, and, taking the glass from the table—where his mother had put it in despair—he smiled at Nancy, and said:

"Look, I'll drink this up, and then you can have some."

And he drank it. He evidently thought he would encourage Nancy. But it didn't.



"Oh, dear, is that the waiter?" cried Gretchen."

as our feast is approaching, and we have plenty of provisions. Had you come at any other time in the last fifty years you would have found no food in the house. Front," he cried, "show these people to the dining-room."

"What will you have?" said the captain, as they seated themselves at a small table. "Waiter!" he called in a loud voice.

A door at the other end of the room opened, and a little lamb frisked in on his hind legs.

"Oh, dear, is that the waiter?" cried Gretchen, looking rather uncomfortable.

The Captain said that it was. "And I was just about to order lamb chops," she said.

"I wouldn't do that: it might hurt his feelings," the captain said in a low voice. "What have you to-day?" he asked, turning to the lamb, who stood behind Gretchen's chair with a napkin over one of his fore legs.

"We have some eagles' eggs that are nice and fresh."

"I don't think I care for any of them," said Gretchen.

"How would you like a mountain-goat steak or a kangaroo tenderloin?" inquired the lamb.

"They both sound tough," said the captain.

then he hurried away to find the newspaper office.

"You'd better be blindfolded now," said the captain, as they left the dining-room; "and I would leave the satchel here if I were you."

"Oh, but I do not wish to do that!" cried Gretchen.

"It will be perfectly secure," said the landlord, "for I will put it in the safe." He went back of the desk, and, unlocking a huge oyster-shell, which was fastened with a padlock, put Snip inside and locked it again. "Here is your check," he said, handing her a large pearl with 71 written on it in small figures.

"But this is worth more than the satchel," said Gretchen, who knew that no matter how much she herself valued Snip, no one else would give the worth of the pearl for him.

"Well, that makes your bag all the safer, doesn't it?" asked the landlord.

"Call a hansom-cab," ordered the captain, binding his handkerchief over Gretchen's eyes.

They entered the cab and were rattled off. After some jolting and jarring they stopped, and Gretchen heard the captain shout to someone:

"Hello, there, captain of the queen's left guard! This little girl

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