



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,—I am thinking that this will be the last letter I will have to write for the competition. I would like to make it as interesting as I could. I wonder, dear Cousin Kate, if you have ever heard of the Boyd, a large ship that was burnt in Whangaroa Harbour by the Maoris. It happened not out ninety-three years ago. There is a good deal about it in "Brett's History of New Zealand." The Boyd was a large ship that had been to Australia to load spars, but not getting a sufficient load she came on to New Zealand, and happened to come into Whangaroa. She dropped her anchor about the middle of the harbour, but drifted up to the head, where she lies still. The crew offended the Maoris in some way, so they went on board and enticed them ashore, and told them they would show them where they could get some good spars. When they got them ashore they killed them all, and then went on board and robbed the ship of everything they wanted. This happened to be a woman and her little girl on board, but these they did not kill, but when they saw the Maoris coming they got so frightened that they jumped into the sea and swam ashore. At last they set fire to the ship, she burnt, and sank. It is near the mouth of the Kaeo (Ki-o) River, and the silt from the river covered up the wreck, but a few years ago it was found that it could be seen at low water, with about six feet of water covering it. I have seen it myself, and it looked like a sunken raft, with the logs lying side by side. My father got a cannon ball from it. Some of the sawmillers got some timber, and made it into walking sticks. The different woods in them looked very pretty. Some of the logs were perfectly sound, and others were quite rotten. The other day two gentlemen visited the wreck, and fastened on to a piece of copper that went round the rudder, and pulled it up. My father photographed the piece with one man and a boy on each side. When they are printed, if they are any good at all, I will send you one of them, to let you see what it is like. I could tell you a great deal more about it, but I am afraid my letter is already too long. Please tell me who won the prize. Good-bye, dear Cousin Kate. Your loving cousin, Ma.

[Dear Cousin Ma,—I will announce the result of the competition next week. I think there will be three at least quite equal, and I shall have a very hard task to decide whose letters are the most interesting. I expect there will be one or two disappointed, but I shall try and have a couple of consolation prizes besides the first prize. I enjoyed your account of the Boyd very much.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have now an opportunity of writing to you, as I have just finished my lessons. Postcard collecting is something like stamp collecting, but I think it is more interesting to collect postcards, as everyone has such a beautiful design on it. The album I have for putting them in is something like a photo album, with a pretty coloured scroll round each place, to represent bows and scrolls. I have now 162, and they are all different. Some that have flowers on them still retain the sweet scent that is put on them, I suppose, when printed. Others have little beads sprinkled over them like hundreds and thousands lollies. It was my brother's birthday on July 7, and father gave him a set of hockey, and we have had such fun playing on our lawn ever since, but I have managed to get away from bruises so far. I must conclude now with love. I remain, Cousin Mary.

[Dear Cousin Mary,—I never imagined there were so many different kinds of postcards. I should think it must be a valuable collection now. I used to play hockey when I was at school, and liked it very much. A good many girls used to play last year in Auckland, but I have not heard so much about it this season. Ping-pong seems to have taken the place of everything. It is rather a pity, I think.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I went to the dentist yesterday to get some of my teeth seen to. I had two stopped, and some stuff put in to kill the nerve. I have to go to-morrow and next Saturday to get them finished. I am so glad that King Edward VII. is getting better again. I will send an envelope inside with this letter, stamped and addressed. Have you had frosts in Auckland? There is a man-of-war here in Picton now. My brother Tennyson and I are trying for the attendance prize, as we are the only ones who have had full attendance marks this year. All the others have missed or been late. We go to Miss Allen's school. It is called Collegiate School; it is the same as college. I must close this short letter with love to you and all the other cousins.—From Cousin Rosie.

[Dear Cousin Rosie,—I hope you will like the badge which I have just posted in your envelope. It is very horrid going to the dentist, but it is better than toothache. I have been sitting up with a little girl of five who suffered so badly. She is such a lovely little thing, and it is awful to see her suffer so.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope you are quite well. There are not many stories in the "Graphic" now, and not many "Jungle Jinks," and my little brother is very displeased because there is not any, and not many puzzles, either. That story is a very

long one, is it not? I am getting quite tired of it now because it is such a very long one. I did not read the last bit of it. I am learning to play ping-pong, and like it very much. I got a very nice present from my grandmother. It was a box of handkerchiefs. They came as such a surprise to me. She is very kind to me. She was not very well, but she is much better now. I got such a nice letter from her, and I must tell what she told me about a little canary of my auntie's. It is a little bird, and a big cat came and sprang at it, and its poor little leg was hanging out of the cage, and when auntie saw it she felt sorry for it. I am going to school to-morrow, and I take sixpence every Monday to pay for my ride in the coach. You will be very sorry to hear that a lot of gold fish died in the fountain. We think it is the cold weather; but it is a very fine day to-day. I have a very bad cold. I think everyone has. It is quite a pleasure to get out into the fresh air for the people who are in bed. I have not kept on writing, have I? But I must write every week. I went to see a dear little baby this morning. It is only a week old. It is such a dear little thing. I have to write another letter after this one. You must excuse me writing down here, because there is no line up top. You must excuse all the mistakes. Now I must close. From your loving cousin, Hannah.

Dear Cousin Hannah,—I have put a "Jungle jinks" in this week. The cousins are a little hard to please, are they not? A little while ago they were all asking for a long story continued from week to week. Now, when I give you this, some say they do not care for it. What am I to do? But "jungle jinks" everyone likes, and you shall have them in future.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I never wrote last week, so I thought I would answer it this week. We are having unpleasant weather now, but I hope it will soon clear up. Was it not sad about the King, but it is to be hoped he will soon be better. I think some of the cousins write very nice letters, but I don't seem to have any news at all. Really, I will be glad when the summer is here again, as this weather is terrible. I have no news to tell you this week. I might have more to say next time. So good-bye, with best love to all the cousins, and accept the same yourself.—I remain, your affectionate cousin, Mabel.

[Dear Cousin Mabel,—I agree with you it will be nice to have some good weather again. The cold is bitter, is it not? Yet we are funny people, are we not? In summer we growl at the heat, and now in winter at the cold. There is no satisfying us.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I do hope you will forgive me for not writing for so long, but really there has not been very much to write about—a fortnight ago we had our examination, and I passed very successfully, and am in the fourth now. Out here in Onehunga we have had some very cold weather lately. One night I put out some water in a tin dish, and in the morning it was frozen hard. The ice was a quarter of an inch thick. How do you like the cold weather? I

like it far better than the hot. I am just reading "The Romance History of India," and I like it very much. The Council gave the children of Onehunga a feast in the old school on the 26th June. We all enjoyed it very much, but were very sorry the King was too ill to be crowned. One of our cousins in England sent my brothers and me some Coronation medals. They are very pretty, about the size of a sovereign. On one side are the heads of the King and Queen, and on the other is a herald blowing a trumpet, with Westminster Abbey in the distance. I suppose all we school children will have our cards given to us when the King is really crowned. Now, if I may so still be called, I remain, your affectionate cousin, Hastings.

[Dear Cousin Hastings,—I was very glad to get your letter, for I had begun to think you had quite forgotten me. How are the silkworms' eggs getting on? When do they come out into worms? I too have a Coronation medal, only it is much smaller. It was bought in Auckland. I do not know what is to be done about the cards. The cold weather is rather trying for me. The cold winds seem to chill one so dreadfully when it is impossible to run about and get warm.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am glad to learn that you intend to give the cousins some more puzzles to worry about. It is hard for a boy to fill in the long winter evenings unless he likes to read his school books. I myself see enough of them in the daytime. Girls can play the piano, sing, and do needlework. But boys feel themselves caged when they can't get outside to play football, ride a horse, or row a boat. I have plenty of fun in the daytime, but after dark I have to be satisfied with all sorts of pastimes. The time for going to bed I put off as long as possible. People say that's why I don't grow taller. With love to all the cousins, I remain, yours truly, Cousin Newton.

[Dear Cousin Newton,—I am giving you some puzzles this week—at least, I hope they will be ready in time, but if not you will know that they will be in next week's paper. We are having some alterations, and things are a little upset. I must try and think of some evening amusements for boys. I think you are rather silly to put off bed time. I never seem to be able to get to bed early enough. It is always ever so late before I reach the sheets, early as I may determine to turn in. But old people and young are different, are they not.—Cousin Kate.]

Real Fun.

A fond mother sent her small boy into the country for a holiday, and after a week of anxiety received the following reassuring letter:—

Dear Ma,—I got here all right, and I forgot to write before. It is a very nice place to have fun. A fellow and I went out in a boat, and the boat tipped over, and a man got me out, and I was so full of water that I didn't know nothing for a long time. The other boy is to be buried when they find him. His mother came down from her home, and she cried all the time. A horse kicked me over, and I've got to have some money to pay the doctor for mending my head. We are going to set an old barn on fire to-night, and I am not your son if we don't have some fun. I lost my watch, and I am sorry. I shall bring home some snakes and a tame cow, if I can get them in my trunk. I've got a box of frogs already.—Your son, Willie.

Caller: Wop't you walk with me as far as the car?
Tommy (aged seven): Can't.
Caller: Why not?
Tommy: 'Cos we're guin' to have lunch as soon as you go.

Tommy: Is that a he or a she lion, papa?
Pater: Which one, dear?
Tommy: That one with his face scratched and the hair off the top of his head.
Pater (with a sigh): That must be the male, my son.