

The beds all had canopies to keep off the moonlight, which the Objector said made the fairies want to get up and dance, and the coverings had funny little openings for wings to go through. They visited the rooms of state, the reception-hall, the dining-hall, and the back-hall. As they came out into the grounds, Gretchen heard a feeble bark, and



"The king was peacefully sleeping, with his crown tipped over one eye."

saw Snip wearily dragging himself towards her. His air of gaiety was gone, and he was a tired and woe-begone-looking little dog. The Objector called Snip to him, and patted his head; but the pup was too discouraged even to wag his tail. "Poor little chap," said the Objector, who was very fond of animals. "I know what the matter is. This is fairyland, you know, and nothing that he sniffs at has a scent to him."

(To be Continued.)

When Godfrey Grows.

I wonder when it is I grow!
It's in the night, I guess.
My clothes go on so very hard
Each morning when I dress.

Nurse says they're plenty big enough;
It's cause I am so slow.
But then she never stops to think
That children grow and grow.

I wonder when! I can't find out.
Why, I watch Tommy Pitt
In school for hours and I can't see
Him grow the smallest bit!

I guess that days we stay the same.
There's so much else to do
In school and play, so I must grow
At night, I think—don't you?

LILLA THOMAS ELDER.

Ronald's Visiting Day.

"The carriage at 3 please, Martin," said a voice at the doorway; and Ronald crept softly from the room and down the flight of stone steps which lead to the servants' hall. "Where are you going, Master Ronald?" said the housemaid, just as Ronald was trying to make an escape by the back door. "Oh, nowhere," said Ronald, crossly. "Can't I go into the garden?"

"But you know this is visiting day," went on Mary; "and your ma doesn't like to be kept waiting."

It was all up. Ronald, who had hoped to have made an escape before the carriage came round, looked up at Mary and sighed despairingly.

"Oh, dear!" he said. "I do hate visiting—it's beastly. And I've got to put on that horrid velvet suit, and wear gloves, and sit like a mouse in a drawing-room, and eat a tiny bit of cake, when I want a good tea."

About ten minutes later Ronald appeared in the hall, twisting and shuffling about in a most uncomfortable fashion, and making a great many wry faces over the tight kid gloves which he begged very hard not to wear.

"But why must I wear gloves, mamma?" he grumbled. "Because all gentlemen wear them," said his mother. "Come, Ronald, make haste, or we shall be late."

"Late! Oh, how Ronald hoped they would be. But up came the carriage, as punctual as possible, and there was no help for it; off they went at a fine rate down the drive.

"Don't sit looking like that, Ronald," said his mother after a time. "And don't fidget about so. What's the matter with your glove?"

"I split it trying to get it on," said Ronald.

"Oh, dear! What a tiresome boy you are. And Mrs Grey is so particular, too."

"Are we going to the Greys?" "Yes; and Gwennie—such a dear mite. You must speak nicely to her, Ronald, and not tease her."

At this Ronald bit his lip in disgust, and leant back in the cushions. A girl, too; if it had only been a boy they might have had some fun; but a girl. Ugh!

However, when they came to the Greys' house, and went up to the smart drawing-room, Ronald was surprised that any little girl could be so jolly and friendly. She was such a pretty little girl, too, with long golden ringlets, and such blue eyes, and she wore a beautiful white silk frock which came right down to the very toes of her little white shoes.

"Hallo, little boy," she said, coming up without a bit of shyness. "What's your name?"

"Ronald. What's yours?" "Gwendoline Marjorie Grey. Isn't it a long silly name? But they call me Gwennie for short. You can call me Gwennie if you like. Have you finished your tea?"

"Yes," said Ronald, swallowing the last morsel of cake.

"Well, you don't want to stay up in the drawing-room, do you?" she said, lowering her voice.

"No," said Ronald, eagerly. "Where shall we go?"

"Come along into the garden," she cried. "I say, isn't it fun? I do hate visiting days, don't you?"

"Rather," said Ronald. "But I thought girls liked them."

"Not till they get old, like mamma," said Gwennie. "But I don't think I shall ever like it."

They ran out into the garden and had a good game at ball on the lawn. Then they got tired of the garden, and Gwennie said she would show him a robin's nest if he liked to come into the orchard. And the time went ever so quickly.

"Where's Ronald?" said his mother, about an hour later. "We must be going."

And just then Ronald and Gwennie appeared at the door; but, oh, how different they looked! Their faces and hands were black, and their

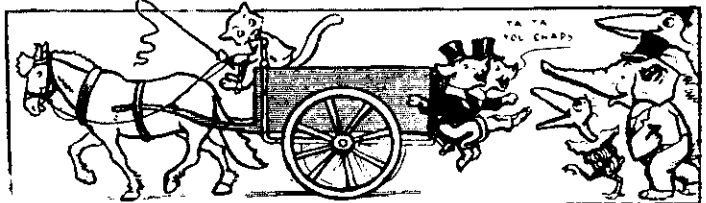
clothes all torn. Ronald's collar was half off, and Gwennie's ringlets had escaped from her smart pink bow, and were hanging all over her face.

Then what a scolding they got. Visiting was over for that day, and Ronald was driven straight home, while his mother was almost in tears over his sad behaviour.

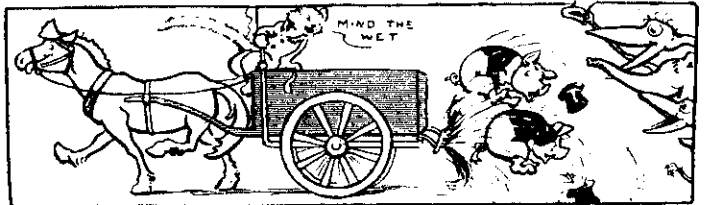
"I did enjoy it," he said to himself a little later. "She was a jolly girl; I shan't mind going visiting there again."

JUNGLE JINKS.

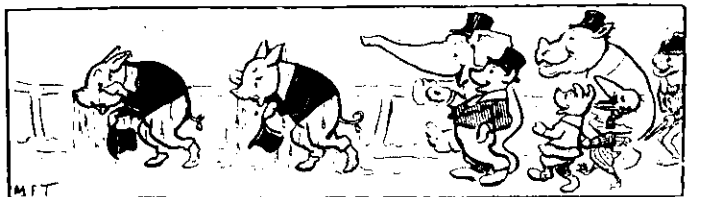
Mr Tom Cat Has Some Fun With the Jungle School Boys.



1. I have just had a letter from Mr Tom Cat, a Jungle friend of mine, and he says he has had some fine fun with those funny Jungle School boys. The boys were all out for a quiet afternoon walk, dressed in their best clothes, and when Mr Cat passed by on a cart he heard the Boars call out: "We are not going to walk all the way back to school while there is a chance of a ride. Ta-ta, you chap: there's no more room for you!" And then the cheeky young porkers climbed on to the back of his cart without asking any permission.



2. "Oh, oh," said Mr Tom to himself. "I've heard about you two young gentlemen, and you are not at all the sort of boys I like." Then he quietly turned on the water tap, and Well, you can see in the picture how surprised those Boars were when they suddenly found themselves soaked through to their skin. "Hip, hip, hooray!" cried Jumbo and all the others. "Serves you right! We knew it was a water cart, and we were waiting to see you have a bath!"



3. "Boo-hoo!" blubbered the Boars: "we're going home to tell Doctor Lion all about that horrid Mr Cat. We'll make him buy us some new silk hats. Ours are quite ruined. Boo-hoo! Oo-oo!" But if those porkers think that Mr Cat is going to buy them new hats, they are very much mistaken. They had no business to climb on his cart at all, had they?

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