



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,—We are all very pleased to hear that the Coronation is coming off on Saturday, August 9th. Our school has sent a challenge to the Waimamaku school for a game of football, and we are going to play in a fortnight's time, and I hope we will win. We are having very good weather here now. As there is no news to tell you I must close this short note. With love to all the cousins, I remain, yours truly, Cousin Newton.

[Dear Cousin Newton,—I hope you had a good match, and that you won. What other fun did you have on Coronation Day? Tell me all about it next time you write.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was very pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic" last week. It was my father's birthday yesterday, and he got no end of presents. Are you fond of cats, Cousin Kate? I have a bob-tailed cat called Muff, and two bob-tailed dogs. I have got a very bad cold. My youngest brother is very good at spinning yarns. There is going to be a social in Mangonui next week, given to the postmaster on his leaving Mangonui. In my last letter I sent a stamped and an addressed envelope for a badge, but not having received it yet, I thought it had gone astray. We had some very heavy rain here to-day. News is getting very scarce, so I will close with love from Cousin Beryl.

[Dear Cousin Beryl,—I am very fond of cats indeed. Have you ever seen a Manx cat, without any tail at all? I used to have two once. They are, I believe, much more rare now, but I don't know that one need regret that, for they were hideous. The nicest cat I ever had was an Angora. She was very handsomely marked, and had most lovely long fur, which had to be brushed and combed every two or three days. She was a most dignified cat, and would get furious if you tried to tease her or play with her. She just liked to lie on your lap and purr and look handsome.—Cousin Kate.]

[Dear Cousin Kate,—I suppose all the pictures in the "Graphic" will be referring to the Coronation of His

Majesty. The streets in London will be crowded, and there will be only room for the Royal carriage to pass. There will be a great display of fireworks on Monday night, will there not? That competition that you drew up for the cousins in Auckland was started before I commenced to write to you, and I thought that it was too late for me to start, but I will try next time. It was very good for four of the cousins coming so close to each other, was it not? The fawns are quite tame, but I don't think that they are particularly fond of bread, although they will eat anything else out of your hand. When anyone comes into the yard they come running up, and if they have nothing for them to eat Billy bunts at them and tries to fight. This will not be very nice for anyone when he has big horns, will it, Cousin Kate? I must now conclude.—I remain, yours truly, Cousin Ernest.

[Dear Cousin Ernest,—It must have been a grand sight in London, as you say. In Auckland things were very quiet, and only at Devonport were the decorations anything out of the way. I took some very little children into town in the afternoon to see the flags, but there were only a very few, and the streets were quite empty, as everyone had gone to football. Thank you for telling us about the fawns. I should think you always took something for Billy, don't you?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I don't remember seeing a picture called "The Last Chapter," but I thought most of them were beautiful. We were shown one at school called "The End of a Song," and we have to write a composition on it. I have borrowed "The Mill on the Floss" to read, and I am enjoying it. Somehow the books written by well-known old authors are so different to the new style of book—there is always a great deal more in them. What a dull day Coronation Day was! We went to Campbell's Point to see the illuminations, and they really were beautiful. North Shore was a mass of lights, and then we watched the searchlight until it flashed on the Point. It is a grand light, isn't it? I am afraid it would be too late if I did the puzzles, and sent them in now, but I will try next week. Poor cousins who suffer with chilblains! What a time they must have. I luckily never have any, and certainly do not wish to. I will stop now.—With love from Cousin Alison.

[Dear Cousin Alison,—Have you received your souvenir yet? You do not say so, so I fear I may have misdirected it. The North Shore decorations were certainly lovely, and completely cast anything in Auckland into the shade. "The Mill on the Floss" is a splendid story, but it always saddens me. Poor Maggie Tulliver. One feels so sorry for her.—Cousin Kate.]

"Johnny," asked the teacher of the new pupil, "do you know your alphabet?"

"Yes'm," answered Johnny, with promptitude.

"Well, then," continued the teacher, "what letter comes after 'a'?"

"All the rest of them!" was the triumphant reply.

Important Notice to "Graphic" Cousins:

THE SCHOOL FOR MAORI GIRLS.

A SPLENDID OBJECT.

WILL YOU HELP?

NUMEROUS GOOD PRIZES OFFERED BY THE "GRAPHIC."

Dear Cousins,—Some of you have no doubt heard that some ladies and gentlemen, including the Governor of the colony and the Countess of Ranfurly, are much interested in getting up a bazaar in aid of the School for Maori Girls. Now, I want very much to assist, but cannot do it without your help. They want a whole host of things made, and they offer prizes for doll-dressing. Now, there will not be a "Graphic" doll-dressing competition this year, as I do not wish to clash in any way with the proposed bazaar and these competitions, so I think some of you might try and dress dolls for the bazaar. In order to help you with some ideas, I give pictures of some more fancy dresses. I am sure if you ask your parents or guardians they will like you to help. There will be stalls of every description, so you need not stick to doll-dressing, but send sewing or embroidery, or make photo frames, or any novelty whatever. If you live in the country you could make collections of ferns, in boxes and pots, getting them thoroughly strong and well grown before the time of the bazaar.

In order to encourage "Graphic" cousins to assist, I am pleased to announce that the proprietors of the "Graphic" have decided to give a number of handsome prizes in addition to those offered by the bazaar committee. These will be for "Graphic" cousins only. They will be given not only for doll-dressing, but for sewing and several other objects. Full details will follow in a later issue of the paper.

Auntie's Mistake.

HOW TWO PEOPLE GOT PRESENTS WITH WHICH THEY WERE VERY DISAPPOINTED.

"Let me see, it's your birthday on Monday, isn't it, Jack?" Auntie Nell said, as she was starting, after spending the afternoon with them. "I'm going to send you a present that I'm sure you'll be delighted with—something that you've wanted ever so long."

"Oh! I wonder what it is," Jack said. "There are so many things I want. I do hope Monday'll soon come."

On her way home Auntie Nell stopped to look in on old Betty Jacobs. Betty lived in one room, and was always grumbling.

"Well, and how are you to-day, Betty?"

"Law, there, miss, I be 'bout's bad's I can be. What w' th' rheumatism th' coals bein' a' dear, an' one thing an' another, things is pretty bad. An' th' Lord only knows how long it'll be that I can keep out o' th' work'us."

help with your housekeeping," auntie said, after chatting to Betty, and cheering her up; for everything was always going wrong with Betty, as auntie knew.

Next day was Saturday, so in the morning she carefully wrote out two labels—one with Jack's address and the other with Betty's—put them in her pocket, and went off to do her shopping.

First she went to a shop outside which were cages, some containing cats, others dogs, and various other pets.

And there she chose the dearest little Irish terrier as her birthday present to Jack; and, handing the man one of the addressed labels, told him to be sure to send the dog to the address written thereon the first thing Monday morning.

Then she went on and ordered a good parcel of groceries to be sent to old Betty the same day.

Monday morning came, and Jack was up and watching for the postman long before he arrived, and he was a little disappointed when amongst his various parcels there was nothing from auntie. However, there was a postcard telling him her present would arrive some time during the morning, so he knew he would not have to wait very much longer.

About twelve o'clock a big van drew up at the door, and Jack waited in great excitement while Barker opened the door, and the man brought a parcel in.

"Yes, it's for you, Master Jack," Barker said, when she had signed the book and shut the door.

So the parcel was carried up to the dining-room, and Jack cut the string, mother looking on.

But, to his amazement, when the wrappings were opened, there was nothing to be seen but a lot of neatly-tied packages, and on opening one it proved to contain tea, while another was sugar, and another butter.

"It must be a mistake," mother said; but when they looked at the label it was addressed to Jack plainly enough, in auntie's writing, and they all felt very puzzled.

"Auntie is sure to be round some time this afternoon. We must ask her about it," mother said.

And almost the first question auntie asked when she did arrive was: "Well, Jack, did you like your present?"

Jack looked for a moment as though he didn't know what to say, then he burst out:

"No, auntie, I didn't like it at all. An' I think it's very unkind to send me things for mother's store cupboard."

Then it was auntie's turn to look puzzled. "But I didn't; I sent you an Irish terrier because mother told me you'd wanted one for ever so long! Why, I believe I know what I've done. I must have changed the labels, and I expect Betty's got your present, and is as dissatisfied as you are."

She was, only more so; for Betty was feeling decidedly injured at the idea of auntie sending her a dog to eat her "out of house and home," as she said, and when they explained to her the mistake that had been made she was delighted to hand over the terrier to Jack.

So the groceries were sent to Betty, and Tim the terrier went home with Jack; and he is learning all sorts of tricks now, and growing into a very clever doggie.

Miss Pussy's Porridge.

Miss Pussy-cat did not like porridge. She never could eat it, she said. She cried and she grumbled and was a mouse for her breakfast instead.

No, no! said her mother, the porridge will make you grow fat and so strong. A mouse you shall have when you're fished. Now,umble it up, don't be long.

But spoonful by spoonful with patience, Each one is one less to the last; No duty is better for waiting, Begin, and the worst will be past.

Miss Pussy-cat ate up her porridge. It was not so bad as she thought, And now she will eat with a relish The mouse that her mother has caught.