



To Our Young Readers.

Our young readers are cordially invited to enter our wide circle of Cousins, by writing to

COUSIN KATE,
"The Weekly Graphic,"
Shortland Street, Auckland.

Cousin Kate is particularly desirous that those boys and girls who write should tell her whatever it interests them to tell, about their games, their pets, their holidays, or their studies. Their letters and Cousin Kate's replies will appear in the "Weekly Graphic," on the Children's Page.

All Cousins under the age of fourteen were accounted Junior Cousins, all above that age Senior Cousins. Cousins may continue writing until quite grown up, and after, if they wish to do so; for we are proud to number among our Cousins some who have passed out of their teens.

A Badge will be sent to each new Cousin on the receipt of an addressed envelope.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Wattle Grove, Sale.

DEAR COUSIN KATE, Being in the "New Zealand Graphic" that you would be pleased to receive seniors as your cousins, I beg to be counted among them. Although I am far away from you I get the "Graphic" from a friend of mine whose auntie lives in New Zealand, and who is kind enough to send it over. I will be 15 on May 25th, and I hope I am not too old to be your cousin. She is 128 miles from Melbourne, and about 50 from Barmuda. If you like I will send you some post card views of Sale. I would be so pleased to receive one of your blue badges, and I can assure you I will always appreciate it. Could you send it by next Friday week, as I am going away, and it might get lost. There are ten in our family, five boys and five girls. I am the youngest, and my eldest brother is in America, school teacher in West Australia, the third in Tasmania, the fourth at Narromine, N.S.W., and the fifth at home. Whilst I am writing this one of my dear old cats is on my lap, and the other is asleep in the hammock. Do you play the piano, Cousin Kate? I do; I like all the girls in our family play the piano, and the boys play the cornet or some other instrument. My brother in America is the leading cornet soloist under Liberati, and a great friend of Sousa, who no doubt you have heard is coming to Australia. Well, dear cousin, as this is all the news this time, hoping I shall have the honour of writing to my New Zealand cousin, I will conclude with love to all my new relatives and yourself—Yours sincerely, Cousin WERA.

P.S.—A riddle: What is that which men often see, women seldom see, but God never sees.

[Dear Cousin Vera,—I am delighted to welcome an Australian cousin, and, judging by your very interesting letter, I am sure all the other cousins will be pleased. It should like a view of Sale. Though I know Australia pretty well, I only know that place by name. If by any chance you don't get the badge let me know, and I will send you another. How delightful you all being so musical. I am looking forward very much to hearing Sousa's band. Your brothers are scattered about the world. We will look for your letters with pleasure. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Waikanae.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was glad to see your letter had reached you. It seems to be all girls' letters this week. What has happened to all the boys? The word "Kac-Kac-he" that I asked you is backwards. It was rather a catch, was it not? I have not missed one day at school this year. I like very much, but I do not think I should like to go to another school, as I have had all my education at this one, and am in the sixth standard. We have sewing every Friday, and I am making a cooking apron. At the end of the year a prize is given for the

best sewing. We break up on Thursday for Easter and go back to school on Wednesday morning. By some of the cousin's letters this week, many of them seem to be busy hop-picking.—With love, Cousin MABION.

[Dear Cousin Marion,—Yes, I am afraid the boy cousins are very lazy, but when the weather is fine, I don't expect any of you to write so much because I know how hard it is, when one can be out in the sun, able to come in and write. That word was indeed a catch. I hope the apron will get a prize. In your next letter you will be telling me of your Easter holidays. I hope you have lots of fun.—With love, from Cousin Kate.]

Carterton.

Dear Cousin Kate.—Please enrol me as one of your cousins. I am fifteen years of age, so I suppose I will be a senior. Please will you send me a red badge. I read the "Graphic" and I find the "Children's Page" very interesting. Well, I will close now, lovely to come in and write.—With love, from NINA.

[Dear Cousin Nina,—I am very pleased to enrol you as a senior cousin, and I do hope you will be a good correspondent and set a good example.—With love, Cousin Kate.]

Lower Hutt.

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your cousins, or have you too many? I am eleven years old, and in the fourth standard. We had our school picnic last month, and it was very nice. I won a box of paints in the races. I cannot say any more to-night. I will close with a riddle: Why do maidens always blush? I remain your new Cousin LUCY.

[Dear Cousin Lucy,—Although we have such a lot of Cousins, there is always room for more, and we are very pleased to welcome you. I once lived in the Lower Hutt for a few months, and thought it a very lovely spot. Tell me just where you live next time. I can't guess the riddle. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Masterton.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Just a few lines to tell you how pleased I was to see my letter in print. That was a very pretty name you gave my doll. I hope all my flowers come out, and have sweet peas just coming out, and mother gives them away. I am writing this letter at Cousin Agnes' place. Cousin Agnes might come down to our place and sleep. Father and mother played April Fool on me this morning. I will have to close now.—Your loving Cousin DULCIE.

[Dear Cousin Dulcie,—Thank you for the nice little letter you sent me. I am glad you like the name. Surely it is very late for sweet peas to be flowering. Have you seen the special sweet pea number of the "Graphic"? It has some lovely pictures. Someone made an April Fool of me, and I was beautifully taken in, and had to laugh. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Masterton.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I wrote you a very short letter last time, but will try and write you a longer one this time. We have a white and black tabby kitten. What do you think would be the best name for it? Your birthday will soon be here. I have you had many new cousins lately? I had two girls come to play with me to-day. The Park is a beautiful sight to see. I will have to close, hoping this will find you in the best of health. With fondest love.—Your loving Cousin AGNES.

[Dear Cousin Agnes,—I am very pleased to hear from you at any time and at any length. I think "Fut" would be a good name for your kitten. Yes, we have lots of new Cousins. Last year we had nearly three hundred. I did not know there was a Park in Masterton. Tell me about it in your next letter.—With love, Cousin Kate.]

College-street West.

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your Cousins? I am fifteen years of age, and I like reading the Cousins' letters very much. I left school about two years ago. I have a pet cat, and it is very big, and its name is Kittie. I am now working in a factory, and can make the tents and other coats and caps. The weather is very rough up here to-day. I live in Palmerston, and I think it is a very nice place to live in. My little brother is very fond of the band, and he has run away up town to hear it. There is a buck-jumping show in Palmerston, and I am going to see it on Monday night. My brother went up last Friday night, and won 2/- for the best top rider on a donkey. Now I must close,

with love to all the Cousins and yourself.—From Cousin DAISY.

[Dear Cousin Daisy,—I am very pleased you want to join our circle of Cousins, and I hope you will be a good correspondent. You will be a senior Cousin. How long have you been in the factory? I suppose you do most of the work by machinery. How smart of your brother to stick on that donkey; they generally are so tricky.—With love, Cousin Kate.]

Humours of the Deep.

SEA MONSTERS, FUNNY AND USEFUL.

MOUTHFUL OF MILLIONS.

Highly amusing and of absorbing interest was an address delivered to children recently by Mr. Frank Bullen, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, on "Deep Sea People at Home," at the Imperial Institute, says the "Daily News."

By "deep sea people," he explained, he did not mean seamen. "No man," he added, "is ever at home upon the sea, and sometimes it does not forget to let us know that we are aliens." (Laughter.) Describing the jelly fish as being the lowest form of life, Mr. Bullen said it multiplied by dividing itself, and lived on fish far higher in the scale of life than itself. Yet, exposed to the sun, it would melt away in a few minutes. There were, he said a little later, no vegetarians at sea—fish lived to eat and to be eaten. It was an ideal state, where there was no need for old age pensions. (Laughter.)

Jelly fishes were practically at the basis of all life. Mr. Bullen caused a ripple of laughter by his reference to the cuttle fish as the fish with only one meal a day, but that lasting twenty-four hours. These creatures, ranging in length from a few inches to 70 feet, provided food for practically all the rest of the fishes in the sea except one.

People might write about the antediluvian monsters, but they were, to use a colloquialism, "not in it" compared with the sperm whale, which weighed as much as 250 tons. Then there was another whale which could easily swallow half-a-dozen recalcitrant Jonahs at once. (Laughter.) From the head of one of these monsters in the Behring Sea, enough whalebone (1½ tons) had been taken to pay the whole cost of the voyage. Yet this monster was helpless, and only had to be chased long enough for it to die like an old man who had run to catch a train after a heavy meal. Some whales, although huge in size, had very small "swallows," and lived by sucking tiny creatures into their mouths—four million of these went to make not a mouthful, but one satisfying swallow. The codfish multiplied so rapidly that if no toll was taken of them in two years the Mauretania would be unable to cross the Atlantic for them. (Laughter.)

The shark was one of the most slandered of creatures, and yet it was one of the most amiable of living things. It was created to be a scavenger of the sea. Its business was to clear up the mess, and if a man happened to constitute the mess, it ate him. (Laughter.) He had known a shark to eat cinders, not because he liked them, but simply because they happened to be there. The pilot fish, which was credited with guiding the shark to its food, had such an affection for its master that when a shark was dragged on board it would jump up after it, and only when the ship outpaced it did it leave the side of the vessel. The shark must have some amiable qualities to so attract the pilot fish. (Laughter.)

The question, "How to live without doing anything," had been solved by a small fish which found an ideal home in the mouth of the whale, where some

Incidents of Former Coronations.

The approach of the Coronation prompts a paragraph writer in the "Pall Mall Gazette" to recall that the Stuarts were not fortunate in their Coronations and processions. A pestilence was raging at the time of the Coronation of James the First, and the only procession was between the Hall and the Abbey. It is recorded by an eye-witness that the Queen went to the Coronation with her seemingly hair down-hanging on her princely shoulders, and on her head a crown of gold. She so wildly saluted her new subjects that the women, weeping, cried out with one voice, "God bless the Royal Queen. Welcome to England. Long to live and continue." This Queen was Anne of Denmark, and the warmth of her welcome recalls that given to another Danish Princess two hundred and seventy years later. Charles the First's Coronation was marred by the refusal of the Queen to join the procession, to be crowned, or to take any part in the ceremony at the Abbey, "even from a latticed box." She watched the procession from a window in Whitehall. Of the Coronation of Charles the Second Pepys records that Glynn, once Recorder of London, was injured by his horse falling upon him. It was the custom at that time for the "King's Sergeants" to ride in the procession. Pepys adds that Glynn is "like to die, and people do please themselves to see how just God is to punish the rogue at such a time as this." At the same time a woman had her eye put out "by a boy's flinging a firebrand into her coach in King-street." James the Second frugally dispensed with the cavalcade from the Tower, thus saving £60,000; on the other hand, he loaded the Queen with jewels of the value of £111,900. It was ominous that when the crown was placed on James' head, it tottered. It had been made for Charles the Second, and had not been altered. Henry Sydney put out his hand to steady it, saying: "This is not the first time, your Majesty, that my family has supported the crown." A ludicrous incident at the Coronation of William and Mary was the dreadful pause which occurred when the bason was presented for the Royal offering. Neither King nor Queen had any money, but the situation was saved by Danby, who produced the necessary gold. One historian remarks that he had taken sufficient of the public money to be able to afford this payment.

portion of the food swallowed by the monster found its way into its own mouth. Referring to the great age to which turtles live, the lecturer said rumours had come to his ears of one which, when turned over in the West Indies, was found to have inscribed upon it, "The Ark, Captain Noah." Turtles lived, apparently, as long as they liked, and eventually died of disgust.

Said a man with a delicate chest: "My child's bad again, well, I'm blast, But I'll swallow for sure Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. And trust in good luck for the rest." To the chemist's he went with a Nep, What he saw there just made his heart stop; He introduced the girl with the pretty Kiss-cut, And now he is keeping the shop.

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