

# NEW ZEALAND STORIES.

## The Rossiter Twins.

### V.—A Question of Finance,

By V. AUGUSTA ROCHE.

THE twins were worried; their coffers were empty and Mrs. Rossiter's birthday was approaching. Usually they began saving their pocket money some weeks before this important day, so as to be able to buy for their mother, a present worthy of their love. This year however, the Rotorua trip had absorbed all their cash. Although Mrs. Rossiter's brother had stood all their expenses, both travelling and hotel, and had supplied the twins with pocket money, they had spent their own allowance besides, which is not to wondered at in a place like Rotorua, where money flies as quickly as the moments of pleasure spent there.

After Duncan Grey's generous treatment, the twins felt that they could not possibly apply to him for a loan. They puzzled their brains and furrowed their youthful brows in anxious thought—money must be raised somehow. Mrs. Rossiter had happened to admire a beautiful, grey suede handbag in one of the shop windows, and her children decided that she must have it for her birthday. The price of the bag however, was a pound, and in their low financial condition, it seemed almost unattainable.

"I'll be frightfully disappointed if we can't give her the bag," Poppy said dolefully. "In other years it was not difficult for us to save a decent sum between us, if we commenced early enough, but this time, we're hardly a bean to bless ourselves with."

Teddy was equally gloomy. "The mater's birthday is only ten days off," he said, "and it looks as if we can only scrape up a paltry four or five shillings between us by that time."

The more they thought over the matter, the more hopeless it seemed to become.

"Well," said Poppy at last, "we can only hope for something to turn up. Let's go for a spin to shake off the dumps."

Teddy readily acquiesced and they went to get their bicycles.

"Where shall we go?" he asked.

"Along the Lake Road," answered Poppy promptly, "and I'll race you up the hill," which by the way was so steep, that only people with light heads and strong hearts ever attempted to cycle up it.

Peddalling along the smooth, sand-covered roads soon revived their drooping spirits. Just as they entered the Lake Road, they overtook Mr. Everett, the parish curate, who was also cycling. Now Teddy and Poppy were not particularly drawn to Mr. Everett—they had not quite decided whether they liked him or not. With his polished manners, cultured voice, and Oxford accent, he was quite different to the average colonial, and the twins, unaccustomed to meeting Englishmen of his type, were not quite sure whether the young curate was putting on "side" or not. On the other hand, Mr. Everett had taken a great fancy to the twins. He called very frequently on the Rossiters, and Teddy and Poppy had to admit that he was jolly enough and not at all "goody-goody." Mrs. Rossiter liked him immensely and always gave him the warmest of welcomes.

As the twins came up, Mr. Everett increased his pace to keep up with them.

"We're going to race up the hill Mr. Everett," said Poppy. "Would you like to join us?" she added sweetly, with a sly wink at Teddy as much as to say "I bet you be won't."

"Don't you think it rather unwise to race up such a hill?" asked the curate. "Oh, we're not afraid," said Poppy with a contemptuous toss of her head.

"Very well, then," returned their companion with a laugh, "we will all try it, and I'll give you twenty yards start."

"You needn't bother to give us a start," said Poppy with a superior smile. She and Terry had often raced up the hill in question, and she had noticed besides, that the gear of the curate's bicycle was considerably higher than that of their machines, which would make it much harder for him to negotiate the steep incline, so she felt she could afford to waive the offer of a start. Presently they came to a level stretch, just before the road ascended the hill. The three cyclists were travelling side by side.

"Now then," said the curate, "get ready—one, two, three, off." The twins pedalled forward; Mr. Everett slackened his pace slightly, so as to give his companions the start he mentioned, and then bounded forward. The run along the level piece of road gave the cyclists a good impetus up the steep incline, but

ere they were half way up, the twins were panting pretty hard. At that point, Mr. Everett, who was not panting at all, at least not audibly, passed them with a cheery word of encouragement, which made the twins grit their teeth. On he went, increasing the distance between himself and his toiling competitors. When the latter reached the top, the curate, a fine specimen of glowing manhood, stood beside his machine waiting for them. Their respect for him had increased considerably.

"Well, you can take hills," said Teddy admiringly.

"You must have had a lot of practice," remarked Poppy, a trifle grudgingly.

"Oh a little," was the modest reply of the man who had been one of the crack athletes of his college.

"You two did awfully well," he went on. "It's quite evident you have had some practice too."

A little further on he left them to visit a sick parishoner, and the twins turned round for home.

"I think Everett is rather a decent chap," remarked Teddy. "He didn't skite about what he did, and he gave us a start too—did you notice that?"

"Yes," answered Poppy shortly. She felt angry with herself and with the curate also, and she was not inclined to discuss him favourably.

The next day Teddy came to his sister with an air of mysterious importance. "I've got an idea about raising some dits," he said.

"Let's have it then," demanded Poppy.

"There's a race meeting at Takapuna next week. What do you say to trying our luck there?"

Poppy looked dubious.

"It would be awful if mother found out; you know how she hates races ever since Uncle Harry lost all his money on the turf, as they call it, and died so tragically."

"Yes, I know," answered Teddy, "but if we are smart, she needn't know. I was talking to one of the trainers on the beach this morning—you remember a lot of them exercise their horses there between five and six, when the tide's low. Simpson, the fellow I was talking to, is really a decent sort, and he said if I wanted to back a horse at the Takapuna meeting on Wednesday next, that Cordite was a pretty safe win. You see in a thing like this, by spending a few shillings we might get pounds in return."

The idea appealed strongly to Poppy's commercial sense, and she waived her scruples.

"All right," she said, "we'll try our luck; we want the money for a good purpose any way. Find out what we have got to do and we'll sneak along on Wednesday next. What a good thing it is that we are having our term holidays."

**The best and safest Half a Century for over**

Thousands of New Zealanders will confirm the statement—and many have already done so by grateful letters forwarded to the proprietors of Bonnington's Irish Moss.

The distressing cough that attacks so many people during Winter time; the violent cold in the head; the tickling rawness of the chest that is Nature's danger signal of coming disease, all vanish under the wonderful curative influence of

**Bonnington's Carrageen Irish Moss**

Parents and children alike soon lose that "chesty" tendency when a bottle of Bonnington's is kept in the house—'tis a wonderful safeguard against chills and colds, influenza, and pneumonia. Do not be put off with an imitation. Ask for and get Bonnington's—refuse the substitute of inferior quality.

Read these grateful testimonials they are a few picked at random from the many received from all parts of New Zealand:—

**4252**

**SAVED A SEVERE ILLNESS**  
Mrs. E. Woodhouse, of Northcote, writes:—  
"I have tried a bottle of Bonnington's Irish Moss and found it very good. I had a sudden attack of influenza, and it saved me from a severe illness."

**USED BONNINGTON'S FOR 30 YEARS**  
Mr. E. Huirill, Hamilton, writes:—  
"It gives me pleasure to state that Bonnington's Irish Moss has been used in my family for upwards of 30 years. I myself, though 70 years of age, still find great relief by taking Bonnington's Irish Moss and can recommend it to young and old."

**BONNINGTON'S FOR LUNG COMPLAINTS**  
Mr. Wm. Neighbour, Wainmaringa, writes:—  
"It gives me much pleasure to recommend Bonnington's Irish Moss for Coughs, Colds or any Lung Complaint having used it in my family for 20 years."