

P. Newcombe, Hugh Campbell, T. Mahoney, J. Marshall, Sir George Grey, Mrs. Esam, J. J. Holland, J. Jagger, James Stewart, J. H. Upton, W. H. Shakespere, W. Gardner, W. Coleman, A. A. Smith, Mrs. Richmond, and James Coates.

Mr David Christie Murray gave his second chatty, deeply interesting, and instructive lecture, entitled 'Notes from a Novelist's Notebook,' on Wednesday evening, and as upon the occasion of the previous lecture, the audience was a large and fashionable one. Evening dress, however, was not very general, the dreadful draught the audience has to endure in the dress circle of the City Hall making warm gowns and thick wraps a necessity. Mrs. Mack's Davis wore a handsome evening dress of black tulle embroidered with gold, ruby plush mantle, elbow light kid gloves, gold ornaments; Mrs Davis was accompanied by a lady whom I did not know, attired in a beautiful evening dress of black silk and tulle, gold ornaments; Miss Zeenie Davis wore a very pretty gown of bright crimson cashmere; Lady Chute, a dark gown and stylish little bonnet to match, thrown round her shoulders was a rich Indian crimson silk shawl; Miss White, stylish great-coloured costume, hat to match; Miss Kendelline, black costume, golden brown hat; Mrs Dr. Dawson, pretty goblin blue gown, seal plush jacket, stylish little close fitting hat; Mrs Owen, very pretty wine-coloured gown, trimmed with moire silk to match, tan gloves; Mrs Russell, rich navy blue silk gown, tan gloves, gold ornaments; Miss Morton, dark green costume, pretty green and biscuit-coloured bonnet; Mrs Rees, all black costume; Mrs Moss, black silk gown; Mrs Armitage, very handsome myrtle green merveillex gown, tan gloves, gold ornaments; Miss Weston, pretty wine bordered costume, seal plush jacket, ruby coloured hat; Mrs Macdonald, stylish black silk gown.

A most enjoyable evening was spent last week in Professor Carrillo's late Gymnasium Room, Queen-street. It is seldom one sees so many pretty faces and beautiful costumes at one time. The young hostess, Miss Scott, wore a costume of blue veiling and old gold plush. Mrs Lamb was very charming in a handsome dress of pink satin and black silk lace, the Medici collar suiting her exceedingly well; Mrs Crawford, black silk evening dress; Miss Knight looked very graceful in pale blue and crimson trimmings; Miss Laurie, a very pretty evening dress of autumnal colours; Miss Morgan, black evening dress; the Misses Cosser, very pretty cream costumes with coloured trimmings; Mrs Smart, black silk evening dress; Miss Buckland, a very pretty black lace evening dress; Miss Nicholas, wine-coloured silk; Miss A. Scott, cream satin and net. There were many others well worthy of notice, but space forbids our mentioning more.

SYDNEY GOSSIP.

MAY 22.

DEAR BEE.

A wedding is as essentially the grand coup in the brown paper parcel-like column of events making up the destiny of woman (our course through life is generally a waiting until called for)—as the delicate boxes of paint and powder in an actress's wardrobe. The very sourest of spinsters will do the 'Dead March' for a mile to see a marriage, maybe to offer up her *Neve d'inniti* that she has escaped from the wiles of man. Be her motive what it may, matrimony has charms for the great majority. After this little bit of introductory eloquence you will naturally expect something hymenially interesting to New Zealand, and your expectations, contrary to the preacher, will not be vain. Hearing that Auckland was to be represented in the Matrimonial Contest a few days back, I hied me to pretty St Paul's, Burwood, to witness the ceremony, and found myself one of the scraps of humanity filling the church to overflowing who were crushed together to see the nuptial knot tied between Mr Arthur Colbeck, of New Zealand, and Miss Kate Remington, one of our Society girls. The church was literally rained over internally with flowers; two lovely arches of chrysanthemums crossed the steps to the chancel and the altar talls, forming a beautiful canopy for the bridal party. The bride, who had eschewed the orthodox paraphernalia of white satin and orange blossoms (which expensively showy regalia and its attendant ponderous breakfast and speechifying often make men, even eligible ones, look twice before they leap into matrimony, that most erratic of all seas) looked charming in her stylish travelling dress of pale terra cotta cloth and velvet with a dainty hat to match. Her one bridesmaid, Miss Mary Remington, wore a velveteen frock of the new shade of violet. The bride was given away by her father, her brother, Mr J. C. Remington (General Manager of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, acting as best man. After the ceremony a reception was held at the bride's home, 'Killarney,' when the numerous and beautiful presents to the happy pair were inspected by way of dessert to the wedding breakfast. When the last adieu had been spoken, instead of trying to injure the drunks of the newly-married couple's ears by pelting them with rice, they left the paternal roof amid a shower of chrysanthemum blossoms, which made the lawn and path look as though old Father Snow had showered down his pure white flakes as a sign-manual of approval.

Another item of news, this time of a Thespian character, should be acceptable to Auckland, the gist of which is the successful reappearance of Miss Maribel Greenwood as 'Marianne' in 'The Two Orphans' at Her Majesty's. The *Morning Herald* speaks very favourably of the young New Zealand actress. The *Telegraph*, too, smiles benignly in critique, giving as its opinion that the fair Maribel showed touches of real dramatic power in the performance.

Pondering on matters theatrical reminds me of another clevant North Island resident, Mr Monte Severn, who was pointed out to me at the Royal among the large audience collected to applaud Mrs Brown-Potter in 'Camillo.' Mrs Severn, who was with her husband—one of the handsomest men I have seen in Sydney—wore a delicious pale blue silk frock surrounded with lace round the square-cut corsage. Mrs Brown Potter's gowns in the *Lady of Lyons*, as Pauline, at which I was present two nights before, are too bewildering to pass over. Her dresses in the *Lady of Camellias* you have enjoyed descriptively in a previous poetic effusion. Her first triumph is a long train of foam green velvet, the delicate tone of which is forcibly enhanced by tongue-shaped embroideries of silver. The ivory satin skirt is veiled with soft lace striped

with silver. Diamonds encircle the Society actress's pretty head, one of her greatest charms, and the same gems seem to be rained over the bodice, sleeves, and even on the train. The second frock gracing the professional beauty—and she is beautiful beyond description—has a train of black broadened velvet lined with shell pink silk, and opening back from a satin petticoat of the same lovely shade clouded over with black and silver tulle, while from the throat hang long strings of silver beads. Splendid, too, are the jewels shown with this gown; the pretty fragile figure is fairly ablaze with diamonds. As an actress Mrs Brown-Potter is certainly not a 'star of magnitude,' but she is lovely enough to make even a woman content to feast her eyes on the fair face and overlook want of dramatic talent.

Society has been caught napping again—only one lone, lorn ball to record, namely, the 'charity hop' at the Exhibition Buildings in aid of the Carrington Centennial Hospital. Strange to say, though Lord and Lady Carrington were present, the affair was a dismal failure. The *club* did not 'bob up as serenely' as might have been expected. In the question of enjoyment this was a decided advantage, those who were there being able to dance without being partially transformed into pancakes, as the custom is on these occasions, though financially the result must have been next door neighbour to nil. Lady Carrington was in dawn grey tulle with tiara and necklet of superb diamonds. The tint paradoxically called dawn grey, now so fashionable, is a beautiful silvery hue, not, as its name would suggest, something resembling a London fog in November. Lady Scott was in buttercup silk, a plain rich gown with soft clinging folds quite guiltless of murdering artistic outline with puffs and furbelows. Mrs Burdekin wore maize merveillex mixed with dark brown velvet. The very prettiest as well as most striking gown was a faint aqua green silk broadened with silver ferns. The panels falling over the skirt, composed entirely of water lilies, were a mass of pearl embroidery.

Corn-talkers are jealous politician-worshippers if they are anything. We one and all acle to do homage on every possible occasion to our illustrious R's P, most delightfully patriotic creatures, who accept the honorarium in the interest of the people, and merge all self feeling and petty spite peculiar to other men in one huge effort for their country's good. Taking this trait, for which we are peculiar, you will not be surprised to hear that we rushed the opening of Parliament. As the event is not the latest on record, I will give the cream lest I be accused of holding a *post mortem*. The cream, as the lightest substance, is, of course, the frocks. Lady Carrington looked charming, as is her wont, in fawn silk, broadened with gold-coloured blossoms, a delightfully unique finish given to the whole by full sleeves and bodice front of azure blue silk net. A spray of faint pink flowers peeped out from beneath her bonnet strings, the latter being a tiny basket straw with electric ribbon drawn down the back. Mrs Sydney Burdekin wore fawn silk with brown velvet sleeves and collar. N.B. No one who wants to be thought fashionable dreams of any sleeves but velvet, and most contrasting with the rest of the costume, a rest of brown velvet darker in shade, and a bewitching little bonnet with a wee wreath of autumnal leaves perched on the brim. The most striking toilette coming within my range of vision—I often think what chances 'Argus' would have had as a writer of chit-chat—was a broadened silk with a black scroll-like device on a dark red ground, made almost as severely plain as though carved by a carpenter. The sole adornments were black velvet buttons fastening the perfectly-fitting bodice. The 'sensation' was a white silk, with vest and epaulettes of gold embroidery, the bonnet a spray of gold leaves. A broad band of velvet with a spray of flowers is the most patronised head-gear just now. Many of the hon. members looked as though they had donned their Sunday clothes for the occasion, and did not feel very comfortable in their gorgeous settings. I never remember to have seen such a cavalcade of carriages, some with liveried servants and prancing chargers, others less pretentious; wagnettes, and a third-class hansom, some drawn by a horse that looked like its own skeleton.

Touching the different phases of life, Sydney is suffering from an epidemic of blue-blooded domestics. It is quite a common occurrence to have a bank manager's widow, presiding over the culinary department, vulgarly called kitchen, or a naval officer's orphan child as housemaid. A friend of mine boasts of a cook who in her early days was presented at Court, not the R.M., and on whom Her Majesty smiled benignly. This aristocratic individual is an authority on all matters relative to life among what Byron, of comedy fame, calls the 'upper crust.' I should not marvel any day to come across a retired Governor enacting the duties of groom. This is the age when things are at 'sixes and at sevens.'

Cupid has been as energetic as an Assurance canvasser of late. No less than a whole quartette of marriages took place during one afternoon last week—all smart affairs. Unfortunately, not being ubiquitous, I had to content myself with one of the three to which I received invites. This ceremony was performed at the fashionable, gloomy St. James', Darlinghurst. The frocks were so charming I am tempted to quote them. The bride, a winsome girl, wore a white silk Court train over a petticoat covered with a network of pearls; her bright hair was roped with pearls under the long lace veil. Three of the bridesmaids had white pongee Greek dresses with bows and coronets of dark red roses; the remaining two wore dark red silk with white bows and coronets.

The wails of Sydney vegetable vendors are like the heathen Chinese—peculiar. A pensive and child-like voice is ringing in my oral members as I write, and this is the burden of its lay, 'New potatoes, clean inside and out' like a Blue-ribbon lecturer.

MAR.

In Paris they have opened a large skating rink, and this affords a capital opportunity for the display of striking and pretty rinking toilettes. One of mustard coloured cloth, very plain but perfectly cut, was trimmed with a band of tartan velvet in shades of blue, green, and yellow, bordered at each side by a broad band of black fox fur. Another was of olive green corduroy velvet, also very plainly made, edged round the bottom of the short skirt with black astrachan. A short tight-fitting coat and a toque of the same material were also trimmed with astrachan. This dress looked very effective.

NEW ZEALAND CHAMPION ATHLETES.

(See illustrations, page 8.)



THE splendid success of the team of New Zealand amateur athletes in Sydney has been the theme of conversation during the past week, not only for athletes and those closely interested in athletics, but for the public generally. It is a matter of pride that in one branch of sport our young New Zealanders are able to excel their Australian brethren. Healthy rivalry is the life of sport. We must give way to Australia in cricket, rowing, and perhaps in horse-racing. But in football formerly, and now in amateur athletics, our men have shown themselves too good for the best Australia can produce. Both sides will find the advantage of these friendly contests. That they are friendly is shown by the splendid treatment accorded our men in Sydney, treatment which is not likely to be forgotten by the athletes of this colony.

We sent over to Sydney eight representatives, Messrs Cuff (manager), Hempton, Lusk, D. Wood, P. Morrison, H. M. Reeves, F. White, and E. J. McKelvey, and out of eleven championships they are now the holders of seven. Mr P. Morrison, of Timaru, won the One Mile and Three Mile Running Championships. Mr E. J. McKelvey is champion for the One Mile and Three Mile Walks, and made an Australian record of 6min. 59sec. for the mile. He is a Dunedin man. Mr H. J. Hempton, of Invercargill, who has been a resident of most of our New Zealand centres, holds the Hundred Yards Championship. Mr R. B. Lusk, of Auckland, is Champion for the Hundred and Twenty Yards Hurdles; another New Zealander, Mr Fred White, an Auckland boy, now of Napier, being second. Mr White was also second in the High Jump. Mr L. A. Cuff, of Christchurch, is Champion in Long Jumping, and tied Mr White for second place in the High Jump. Mr D. Wood, of Christchurch, was a close second in the Half-Mile Championship. Mr H. M. Reeves got third in Hundred Yards race. Thus two of our men won doubles, three others won single championships, two got seconds, and the other got a third. Only four championships were lost, two to Queensland, and two to New South Wales. Of such a record we may well feel proud.

Messrs Morrison and Hempton are the oldest members of the team, being 23 and 27 years of age, respectively. Mr White is 24, Messrs D. Wood and Lusk 23, Mr McKelvey 22 and Mr Reeves 21—the youngest. Mr Morrison is the shortest and lightest of all. He is 5ft. 8in. in height, and 8st. 2lb. in weight. Mr Lusk is the tallest, being 6ft. 1 1/2 in. in his stockings, while he is also the heaviest—about 12st. 2lb. Mr McKelvey is 5ft. 10 1/2 in. high, and weighs 10st. 10lb. Mr Hempton is 5ft. 10in. high, weighing 11st. 2lb. His running record is a remarkable one. He has now started about 51 times, has been first 32 times, second 11, third 2, and unplaced 6.

LOOK AT YOUR WATCH.

'MARK down the figures on the face of a watch,' said a jeweller to a reporter.

'1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,' began the reporter, as he put pencil to the paper.

'No, I mean Roman numerals.'

'Then was produced—'

'I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII.'

'You are wrong,' said the jeweller.

'I guess not,' said the reporter.

'T'ry again,' said the jeweller.

'Perhaps I don't know how to count in Roman figures,' said the reporter.

'You know that well enough, but watchmakers use different ones. Look at your watch.'

'Haven't got one.'

'Well, look at mine. See the figures which stand for four o'clock.'

The reporter looked and was surprised. It was IIII, and not IV.

'Are all clocks and watches that way?' he asked.

'Every one which has Roman figures on its dial.'

'Why?'

'Well, I'll tell you the story. It is nothing but a tradition among watch-makers, but the custom has always been preserved. You may or may not know that the first clock that in any way resembles those now in use was made by Henry Vick in 1370. He made it for Charles V. of France, who has been called "The Wise."

'Now, Charles was wise in a good many ways. He was wise enough to recover from England most of the land which Edward III. had conquered, and he did a good many other things which benefited France. But his early education had been somewhat neglected, and he probably would have had trouble in passing a civil service examination in this enlightened age. Still he had a reputation for wisdom and thought that it was necessary, in order to keep it up, that he should also be supposed to possess book-learning. The latter was a subject he was extremely touchy about.'

'So the story runs in this fashion, though I will not vouch for the language, but will put in that of the present day:—'

'Yes, the clock works well,' said Charles, 'but,' being anxious to find some fault with a thing he did not understand, 'you've got the figures on the dial wrong.'

'Wherein, your Majesty?' asked Vick.

'That four should be four ones,' said the king.

'You are wrong, your Majesty,' said Vick.

'I am never wrong,' thundered the king. 'Take it away and correct the mistake,' and corrected it was, and from that day to this four o'clock on a watch or clock dial has been IIII, instead of IV. The tradition has been faithfully followed.'