

300 people came from town and elsewhere to witness the meet, which was held at the Three Kings school-house, where all the riders assembled, and were given their badges, red for the heavy weights (15 stone or over), and white for the light (11 stone or over). The heavy-weights were Mr W. Shera, on Bradlaugh; Colonel Dawson, on Ike; Mr Fred Shera, on Mr Lockhart's; Mr P. Paul, on Dundee; Mr F. Yonge, on Fly; Mr Abbott, on Mr Percival's Jim. The light weights were Mr Bloomfield, on Bachelor; Mr V. Kerr-Taylor, on Kangaroo; Mr Kettlewell, Don; Mr Yonge, on Mr Garrett's Guadalupe; Mr Paul, Mangere; Mr Gilmore, Tomato; Mr T. McLaughlin, on Mr Percival's Tommy. They rode towards Mount Albert, and were pointed out their course, which was a very stiff one about five miles in length, by the three masters—Messrs Percival, Garrett, and McLaughlin. The start was made at the back of Mount Albert, and the finish at Three Kings. The first one to have a fall was Mr Fred Shera on Mr Lockhart's horse, the next one Mr Bloomfield on Bachelor. This horse ought really to have won, as it was the best in the field, and a well known steeplechaser. Colonel Dawson got into a swamp, and had an ugly fall. By this time many had given in, as the pace was very fast; also the crowd rushed some, and spoiled their jumps. Mr V. Kerr-Taylor, who was then second, had a very nasty fall. He was riding a five-year-old youngster, Kangaroo whose foot caught in a spike of a gate, he was jumping, and threw his rider who lost over pale heliotrope feather; Mrs Fell, dark cashmere with bonnet and cape to match; Mrs Ryger Kingdon, handsome black silk, black velvet bonnet with ospreys and tan suede gloves; Miss Curtis, a perfect fitting tweed gown with hat and gloves to match; Miss Watson, handsome seal half mantle, tweed skirt; Mrs Patterson in red skirt, red pongee body and red poppies in hat; Miss Sybil Brown, in dark blue dress trimmed with fur plush.

Professor Anderson is to give an exhibition of magic tricks, but as he attacks the ladies in the front seats, they are mostly loth to go, as few of us care to sit and expect him to extract eggs, etc., from our hair, do we? I believe he is very good.

Amongst those present driving I noticed the Mayor (Mr Upton) and family; Misses Russell, Mrs Kerr-Taylor and family; Misses Whitaker and Wilkins, and Mr Lockhart, looking extremely ill; Mrs and Miss McLaughlin; Mr Stewart, driving Tandem with Mr and Mrs McFarlane; Mr and Miss Ansonne, with Miss Cameron and Mr Clayton; Thiele, Laurie, and Bloomfield, the Misses Dunnett, Percival, Kerr-Taylor, Firth, Hesketh (2), Buckland, Yonge and Shepherd. Everyone went away quite satisfied that the first Steeplechase had been a great success.

There was also to have been a tandem meet, but only one, I believe, turned up.

At the usual monthly social in connection with St. Sepulchre's Church, held in the schoolroom, the Rev. J. Haseldent exhibited some lovely magic-lantern slides, illustrating Tennyson's poem, 'Enoch Arden,' which was effectively read by the exhibitor. These slides, together with real works of art, just arrived from Home, and shown to the delighted audience, viz., 'Ecce Homo,' 'Raphael's Nativity,' etc., are very different in style and finish to the magic-lantern slides as usually seen. These are well worth any one's attention, and deserved the praise they received. Unfortunately, some boys, who called themselves young gentlemen, behaved in a most disgraceful manner, making uncounted and disagreeable noises, and rendering themselves an almost unbearable nuisance. It is to be hoped their parents will not spare the rod, for they richly deserved it.

I believe Mrs Owen, Epsom, had a dance, which it was impossible to postpone, but which was robbed of many guests by the sudden demise of Mrs Tonks.

Many of our fair readers who take an interest in fowls should have gone to the Poultry Show held at Aitken's Auction Mart. It was the best show we have had for many a long time. I was glad to notice that several ladies were successful in winning prizes for their fowls.

A remarkably successful bazaar has been held in aid of St. James' Hall Debt Extinction Fund in connection with the Presbyterian Church. The Ladies' Association worked right nobly to ensure the happy gross result of £123 9s 2d, which, when all expenses were paid, shewed the good credit balance of £100. Some people think a bazaar great fun. I detest them, but am assured that this particular one was free from many objectionable elements, particularly the very disagreeable pertinacity so frequently shown by ladies in their method of worrying visitors, especially gentlemen—some of them clerks who have no money to spare—into taking tickets in lotteries. Possibly some of our good and usually conscientious ladies would be shocked to know that they have by these innocent (?) means fostered or even called into existence a taste for gambling which may even develop into a penchant for cheating at baccarat.

The experiment is being tried of opening our Museum and Art Gallery to the public on Sunday afternoons. How it will answer remains to be seen. The idea is, I believe, that the inspection of works of art will lead people up to loftier views of life, and elevate their tastes. Probably some good sacred music, especially vocal selections, such as 'There is a Green Hill Far Away,' would have an excellent effect on the non-church goers.

HINEMOA.

THE UNSEEN TUN.—Oftimes (says Oliver Wendell Holmes) I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by some invisible tow-line, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails were unhoisted, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little white steam tug, with a beam of fire and a search light, that was nudging it bravely on; and I knew if the little steam-tug touched her arm, and left the ship, it would wallow and roll about, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the reluctant tide, no man knows whither.

'ORB' CORRUGATED IRON will cover more—a long way more—than any other iron, and for quality has no equal.

NELSON.

DEAR BEE,

AUGUST 7.

I must write you another short letter since you have been so kind as to acknowledge my last. We went to a concert given in aid of the Athletic Company. It was arranged on an entirely new principle, the performers being seated on the stage, at the beginning of the evening, as in a drawing room, tastefully and cheerfully set out. A small table was set with cakes and coffee, to which the performers helped themselves when so inclined. Mrs and Miss Greenfield played a duet which all enjoyed, owing to the unsurpassed method in which these ladies play. Miss Fell accompanied several songsters. Mrs Houliker, Mrs Walker, Miss Pratt and Miss Reeves all sang and were deservedly encored. Messrs Grace, Fell, Zimmermann, Caltz, Joynt, Wix, Gilbert, Kirkly and some others also lent their aid. I must describe some of the performers dresses first. Mrs Houliker wore a black lace with pale green ribbons; Mrs Walker and Miss Pratt in white; Miss Reeves, white; Miss Greenfield, red; and Miss L. Fell in a lovely plain dove-coloured dress, alashed sleeves with black velvet, and a bag to match hanging at her side. Amongst the audience I noticed Mrs Percy Adams, dark blue satin with red plush opera cloak; Mrs Watts, handsome dark brown mantle, white cap with pearls and pale heliotrope feather; Mrs Fell, dark cashmere with bonnet and cape to match; Mrs Ryger Kingdon, handsome black silk, black velvet bonnet with ospreys and tan suede gloves; Miss Curtis, a perfect fitting tweed gown with hat and gloves to match; Miss Watson, handsome seal half mantle, tweed skirt; Mrs Patterson in red skirt, red pongee body and red poppies in hat; Miss Sybil Brown, in dark blue dress trimmed with fur plush.

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MOLLIE.

SYDNEY GOSSIP.

DEAR BEE,

AUGUST 1.

One sees many New Zealand faces in Sydney just now. Among others here are Mrs Murray and her youngest daughter, who intend paying a lengthy visit, and Mrs and Miss Stevenson (Remuera), who have just returned from Melbourne. Miss Edith Isaacs is visiting Mrs A. Wilson, Mrs Taylor, at the North Shore, and Miss L. Durien is also staying at the North Shore. Of the sterner sex, Mr W. Barton, so well known to Aucklanders, is always en evidence, and among the passengers by the last boat from New Zealand were Mr A. G. Horton and his son, though as yet I have not seen them. Rumour hath it that Mr Giblin, of the Bank of New Zealand here, is to return to Auckland at no very distant date.

Of course Sara Bernhardt has been all the rage, houses literally packed every night, all dress-circle seats being engaged for the whole season beforehand. When I tell you that for other parts of the house people begin to collect at the doors at twenty minutes to six, you will understand what a business it is to get an unreserved seat. It is known that 'the divine Sara' leaves her hotel at a certain time every day on her way to rehearsal. The result is a big crowd to greet her when she appears, many people waiting patiently half the morning just to get a nearer view of the great actress. The dresses worn in most cases are beautiful, those of 'Cleopâtre' being more drapings than dresses—materials handsomely embroidered in gold and silver, and held in place at the waist by jewelled girdles. Her hair, of which we have all heard so much—a decided copper red—is always seen to advantage.

The long-expected organist, Wiegand, has arrived from Home, and is giving recitals at the Centennial Hall, in which his organ is. He is delighted with the instrument, and considers it the best he has ever played on.

Going through some of the shops last week, I saw at Farmer's—a large and well-fitted establishment—many simple and handsome things for evening wear. One was a black dress of soft filmy stuff, embroidered down the front and round the hem with gold in buttoned pattern. The baby body had round the corsage, back and front, a heavy wreath of buttercups. Transparent gold butterflies on the shoulders finished the costume, which was dainty and pretty. Going to wraps, they are numerous in style and colour, but being one thing or the other, very long or very short. One I admired on a very pretty girl was of rich cream cashmere reaching to the hem of the skirt, wadded and lined with quilted gold-coloured silk, the deep yoke being handsomely trimmed with gold passementerie, the whole being finished with an edging of soft feather trimming down the front and round the high collar. In walking dresses the rough tweeds so much worn are mostly tailor-made, the bodies being either round, or with very deep tails. The Newmarket jacks is much affected, though in some cases is made so long as to exaggerate the idea. The finishing when in these styles is either in velvet or thick silk cord. Long straight capes, with pointed yokes and pleated from the shoulder, are very much worn. In head-gear there is little or no change at present. The spring goods, if the weather improves, will be shown shortly, when we may expect to see something new.

The latest news of your old townsmen, the Rev. David Bruce, is hardly satisfactory, he being a victim to the prevailing epidemic, influenza. His daughter, Mrs Clarke, and her husband are at present staying at the North Shore, and talk of paying a visit to New Zealand at the end of the year.

Bishop Selwyn, who has slightly improved in health, left for England with his family by the Ballarat yesterday.

AROMA.

Stranger (in Melbourne): 'Where are all those gentlemen going?' Resident: 'They are going to bid farewell to a popular missionary to China who has been very successful in teaching the heathen the gospel of love and peace.' 'I see. And where is this gang of boys going?' They are going to stone a Chinese funeral.'

A WOMAN WITH A GENIUS FOR INDISCRETIONS.

MRS LEE looked up from the letter she was reading. 'Cousin Charlotte is coming to spend a month with us,' she said.

There was a sudden silence; startled dismayed glances passed around the breakfast table. Mrs David Lee, who had just been brought home a bride, asked, 'Who and what is Cousin Charlotte?'

The judge made haste to answer—'Miss Charlotte Bell is a most lovable woman of about thirty. She has a fine intellect and a warm heart. There is no scheme of philanthropy in which she does not take part.'

'She is a beauty, too!' exclaimed one of the boys. 'I do not know a more beautiful woman.'

'She is a faithful Christian,' said Mrs Lee, gravely.

'If she is perfection why do you read her coming?' Mrs David asked her husband when they rose from the table.

'Wait and you will see,' he said.

Cousin Charlotte telegraphed the next day, 'Coming on night train.'

There were six trains that night from London. Judge Lee and David haunted the station from six o'clock until two in the morning, but no Cousin Charlotte. The night was cold and stormy, and the judge went home aching with lumbago. All of the next day and night some of the Lee family were on guard at the station, but they watched in vain.

Two days later she arrived gay and smiling. 'You expected me? Too bad! I changed my mind, and really forgot to wire you. I must ask you to look after my trunk. I haven't the least idea what I have done with it.'

For two days David was busy sending telegrams in every direction for the missing luggage, while Cousin Charlotte forged upon the girls' wardrobes for gowns, collars, and other such things.

Miss Bell never rose in time for breakfast, and was sure to be absent at luncheon and dinner time. Her meals therefore, had to be prepared separately. The cook rebelled, the chambermaid gave warning. Cousin Charlotte made numerous appointments with people concerned in benevolent work to come to the house, and then went out and forgot them. She always kept the family waiting an hour for her to dress when they were going to a concert or lecture.

She appointed a conference with discharged prisoners for the same evening that Mrs Lee had chosen for a reception in honour of the bride. The gay young people and the quondam thieves and burglars met in the parlour.

Through all these discomforts Miss Bell passed, smiling airily. 'Really, I forgot,' or, 'the matter was so petty it escaped my notice,' was her only apology.

With her heart full of kindness to all the world, she had a singular facility for saying unpleasant things. She denounced the Pope to a Catholic, insisted on helping a Jew to ham and oysters, and described the horrors of a death from consumption to a young girl already hectic with that disease.

'I understand,' said the private secretary to a stockholder in a gas company, 'that Sir Edwin Arnold got £5,000 for his "Light of Asia." 'You don't say so!' was the reply. What was it, gas or electricity?'

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