

seefish wish, I expect, but it is no nice to see so many well-dressed people all together, and to meet so many friends we don't see every day. Amongst the gentlemen assembled on the ground and playing during the season I noticed Messrs E. H. Williams, Robinson, Frank Ormond, John Davis Ormond, Longham, W. Tanner, D. Tanner, Bruce, Jameson, Beattie, A. Deane, Logan, C. Kennedy, Arthur Kennedy, Von Sturmer, Gore, W. Ross, Hoadley, Jardine, Cardie, McLean, Coleman, Thornton, St. Hill, H. B. Williams, Arnold Williams, Leam, F. Nelson, Harold Nelson, Minden, Fenwick, Pollock, Dasant, and a host of others.

In my next letter I hope to tell you about the cricket matches and other interesting items.

GLADYS.

DEAR BEE,

JANUARY 11.

The Tennis Tournament is over, and as you have had it all telegraphed, it is needless to go over all again. On the last day I saw the Misses Lowry and Hewson in very pretty French muslin dresses of pale blue and cream, with hats to match; Miss Lee Lascelles, rustic straw hat, pretty delicate dress (white with lilac spray).

Mrs Dickson and Lady Whitmore were in town last week, the former wearing a handsome black silk dress and hat, the latter black dress, handsome bonnet.

Mr Sydney Hobson, our talented musician, who recently returned from Leipzig, Germany, has gone to the Hot Lakes for two months to try the baths. His arms, which the German doctors said must have a long sea voyage and rest to regain their power, at first after his arrival were much better, but lately have been troubling him. We hope he will return quite cured. His brother, Mr E. D. Hobson, well known in the football world, has gone to Wellington for a few months.

There was a good cricket match, Country against Napier, on New Year's Day. Miss Ida Nelson looked well on horseback. Mrs J. N. Williams and daughters were present, and many others.

Mrs Wilson and family are at Danevirke for a few weeks. Mrs (Dr) Moore has just returned from there. Young Mr Crerar has gone south for cooler weather. He has not been so well lately. Mrs Balfour has gone with her children to the country.

Mr Neil Heath has had a bad attack of jaundice since his return, and is only just getting about.

Dr. Menzies has been on a visit to his father, Dr. Menzies of the Hospital, and returned to Auckland last week.

The weather here has been most uncertain lately. I do hope we get some settled weather soon.

The Wellington Concert Company played two nights, and were most successful, and had good houses. One Sunday evening they gave a sacred concert, which was a great treat. I will give you the programme of concerts. Miss Fisher and Miss McLean were warmly applauded for their items, also Mr Prouse and Mr Williams, both of whom are favourites here. Mr McDuff Boyd and Mr Parker were good. Mr Parker is a capital player. One evening the programme was as follows:—'Trin,' 'Naviganti' ('The Mariners'), (Baudagger), Miss McLean, Mr R. B. Williams, and Mr J. Prouse; song, 'Three Fishers Went Sailing' (Hullah), Miss Fisher; song, 'Thou'rt Passing Hence' (Sullivan), Mr J. Prouse; Rhapsodie for violin (Mackenzie), Mr McDuff Boyd; song, 'Margarita' (Lohr), Mr R. B. Williams; air, 'Caro Mio Ben' (Giorlani), Miss McLean; duet, 'The Moon Hath Raised Her Lamp Above' (Benedict), Mr R. B. Williams and Mr J. Prouse; lantaria (violin) on 'I Lombardi' (Vientenper), Mr McDuff Boyd; song, 'She Wore a Wreath of Roses' (Knight), Miss Fisher; song, 'Nazareth' (Gounod), Mr J. Prouse; song, 'The Old and Young Marie' (Cowen), Miss McLean; song, 'An Evening Song' (Blumenthal), Mr R. B. Williams; duet, 'In the Dark of the Twilight' (Offenbach), Miss McLean and Miss Fisher; quartette, 'Good night, Beloved' (Pinsuti), Miss McLean and Fisher, and Messrs Williams and Prouse. Mr Parker played the organ and Mr H. G. Spackman piano for 'Nazareth.' Another evening the programme was as follows:—Duet, 'The Reaper and the Flowers' (Pinsuti), Miss McLean and Mr J. Prouse; song, 'The Message' (Blumenthal), Mr R. B. Williams; song, 'The Worker' (Gounod), Miss Fisher; violin solo, 'Baccarolle in G' (Sphor), Mr McDuff Boyd; song, 'Honour and Arms' (Handel), Mr J. Prouse; song, '(O) Bid Your Faithful Ariel Fly' (Linley), Miss McLean; trio, '(O) Memory' (Leslie), Miss McLean, Miss Fisher, and Mr R. B. Williams; song, 'Bedonin's Love Song' (Pinsuti), Mr J. Prouse; violin solo, 'Fantasia on Scotch Airs' (Sainton), Mr McDuff Boyd; song, 'Smile and Bid Me Live' (Pinsuti), Mr R. B. Williams; song, 'When the Tide Comes in' (Barbly), Miss Fisher; serenade, with violin obligato, 'Quand tu Chantes' (Gounod), Miss McLean; quartette, 'Sleep, Gentle Lady' (Bishop) Misses McLean and Fisher, Messrs Williams and Prouse. Sunday evening: quartet, 'To Thee Great Lord' (Rossini), Misses McLean and Fisher, and Messrs Williams and Prouse; recit. and air, 'If With all Your Hearts' ('Elijah') (Mendelssohn), Mr R. B. Williams; violin solo, 'Benedictus' (Mackenzie), Mr McDuff Boyd; air, 'From Mighty Kings' (Mac Judas) (Handel), Miss McLean; song, 'The Last Man' (Callcott), Mr J. Prouse; duet, 'Love, Divine all Love Excelling' ('Daughter of Jairus') (Sainter), Miss McLean and Mr R. B. Williams; castania, violin, (Raff), Mr McDuff Boyd; recit. and air, 'The Soft Southern Breeze' ('Relekkah') (Barbly), Mr R. B. Williams; pianoforte solo, Impromptu in A flat (Schubert); Mr R. Parker; song, 'There is a Green Hill Far Away' (Gounod), Miss McLean; air, 'Pro Pecunia' ('Stabat Mater') (Rossini), Mr J. Prouse; quartet, 'God is a Spirit' ('Woman of Samaria') (Sterndale Bennett), Mr H. G. Spackman played the organ and Miss Hitchings the piano. This closed their concert season, which was most enjoyable. I must not forget to mention Misses McLean and Fisher's dresses for the sake of the ladies. The first evening Miss McLean wore a handsome white silk with train; Miss Fisher, chateaux green silk and train. The second evening Miss McLean looked most stately in black velvet with long train and white vest; Miss Fisher was charming in cream silk and train, which suited her to perfection. A most fashionable audience was present each evening.

This week we are to have the Auckland Concert Company here, and then the great explorer, H. M. Stanley, which you will hear about next time.

I noticed several strangers in town during the week. The Taranaki cricketers have been here all the week, and with

them came friends to watch the game. Napier won both matches. Two more matches come off next week. Mrs A. S. Tonks came over with her husband, who is one of the players, and a very good one too. She was one of the Auckland girls, and they will remember her well as Miss Cushla Nolan, of Renuera, who was most popular. She is as jolly as ever. By the way, Mr Tonks is an old Auckland boy, being one of the Tonks', of Renuera. Mrs Kiddiford, Mrs Willis, and Mrs Parsons are also amongst the number from Taranaki. I met Mr Tonks in a very pretty black dress and jacket, white vest, and black hat; also Mrs Kiddiford, in handsome black silk dress, and bonnet. Mrs Freeman-Jackson, of Wanganni, is also here.

Mrs A. P. Sheath and Mr St. Clair (the popular organist of the Roman Catholic Church) have both gone south for a few weeks. Both are much missed from the church.

Our bowlers are steadily practising in view of the tournament to be held here at Easter.

The Caledonian sports promise to be a great success.

JACK.

## HASTINGS.

DEAR BEE,

JANUARY 12.

Cricket matches seem the order of the day just now, and the fair sex are again taking a fair share of interest in this noble game. A number of matches have been played at Farndon this year instead of at Hastings, I believe the ground at the former place cannot be beaten. A very interesting match was, however, played here between a team from Hawera and our Hastings men. This match created a considerable amount of interest, and some exceedingly good play was witnessed. Unfortunately, I was unable to be present, but as I have a friend I can rely on, I shall be able to tell you who were there and what they wore. If I miss out anybody they will know the reason of it. You remember, Bee, the saying, 'If you want a thing done well do it yourself,' only the worst of it is you can't do a number of things altogether, neither can you be in two or three places at once, but to proceed.

Mrs J. N. Williams was there, looking exceedingly well (she always does) in a navy gown, black Tudor cloak, and black bonnet with pink tip; Miss Williams wore a stylish grey gown, black hat; Miss Gertrude Williams, white gown, black hat trimmed with white ribbon; Miss Elsie Williams, pretty pink frock, black hat with white ribbon; Mrs (Captain) Russell, grey gown, grey Tudor cloak, black bonnet; Mrs Fitzroy, grey tweed gown, grey Bondstreet hat; her little daughters wore grey frocks with white sashes, and white drawn silk hats; two little girls with them (I think cousins from Wellington) wore navy blue gingham frocks with white spots, white sashes, white hats with feathers; Mrs Loughnan, white gown, red Tudor cloak, large white hat; Mrs Vickerman, pale pink gingham, tiny bonnet with pink flowers; her little daughter wore a cream frock, cream bonnet; Miss Russell, grey gown, grey Tudor cloak, black hat; Miss St. Hill looked very well in white gown, large white hat; Miss Lowry, pretty pink gown, stylish white hat; a lady with her wore a navy figured gown, black bonnet with red flowers. There were several strangers on the ground whose names I did not catch, and some ladies were looking on for awhile from the other side of the ground. They were not close enough for their gowns to be seen plainly. I think Miss Luckie was there in white, but I am not sure. Baskets of fruit were handed round during the afternoon, and most acceptable it proved. I think the fruit came from Fitzroy, and Mrs Fitzroy kindly and thoughtfully provided afternoon tea—such a treat on a hot afternoon, it was much appreciated. The splendid batting of Messrs H. B. Williams and Fitzbill was much admired. They scored heavily for their side. The match resulted in a win for our men after one of the most interesting games ever played in Hastings. I believe there is to be a cup match next. I must endeavour to go to see it, so that I may be able to tell you all about it.

This hasn't been a very happy Christmas for some people, indeed, it has been an exceedingly sad one for many among us. We were very much shocked to hear of the death of Mrs Harry Nelson. It was so very sudden, and she was such a sweet girl, and so much beloved, and only married such a short time. I told you of her marriage only a few months ago. Oh, Bee, it was very, very sad, and much sympathy is felt for her poor bereaved husband, and for her brother, Mr Galway. I believe she died of influenza.

Mrs Harry Warren also died shortly after the New Year, and although her many friends knew it was impossible for her to live long, still it was a great shock to hear that she too had passed away to the land whence no traveller returns. We all sympathise most deeply with Mr Warren, and are so sorry for the dear little girl left behind. Mrs Warren was buried at Havelock. The cemetery there is so pretty.

A little daughter of Mr Allan Williams (Te Aute) died somewhere about the New Year, so you see, Bee, Christmas has not been a time of rejoicing for everyone.

Mr J. R. Lanauze met with a serious accident a few days ago. He was driving to Okawa, and his horse shied at some tents. He was pitched out of the trap, and somehow got entangled in the reins, and was dragged some distance. Fortunately, a man rushed forward and cut the reins and freed Mr Lanauze, or the accident might have turned out very much worse. As it is he has been confined to his room for some days, but we hope soon to have him out and amongst us as jolly and genial as ever.

I know you like to hear of engagements, so must tell you that Miss Tipping is engaged to the popular Mr Allick Lean. I am sure we may heartily congratulate both of them.

I have seen a number of pretty street gowns, but must tell you about them in my next.

DOLLY.

## LONDON.

NOVEMBER, 25.

DEAR BEE,

Yes, winter is here, and winter costumes are universally worn. I do not much care for the new sealisk coats, which touch the flounce at the foot of the skirt. They are rather heavy-looking, but undoubtedly warm. The three-quarter length jackets are very unbecoming to short, dumpy figures, and the very large hats overpowering. There are, however, some very suitable ones for petite figures. The smaller shapes of felt, with their pretty ostrich tips and artistic ribbon, the equally pretty beavers and the cloth fur-trimmed capotes, are all seen in the best establishments; and one of the latter hats to match a tailor-made costume should form part of every woman's wardrobe, as nothing is more useful for the damp or rainy day, which works dire destruction with the feather and tips. But alas, Bee, the present feather-laden hat is a source of the keenest anxiety to its wearer. It will drizzle in November, and then woe to your curled feathers. The best thing to do when you have been thus unfortunate is to sit down immediately in front of a hot fire and gently wave your hat to and fro in the blaze, not too near for fear of scorching, but near enough for the feather to dry quickly. A little gentle curling with a blunt pen-knife or a silver fruit knife is good, but great care must be taken in doing this not to break the fragile strand.

Now I will give you a good idea for the disposal of wedding guests after the happy event is safely over. Take them all to the theatre. I saw two wedding parties, who had evidently secured a large number of stall seats to hear a good opera, the other night. The bridesmaids (6) were all dressed alike, and all had lovely bouquets, made high. The six bridesmaids in one party were attired in cream coloured bengaline, with relieving colour of vieux rose. Their bodies were of the cream bengaline, cut in cavalier style, with full waistcoats of the rose. The sleeves were of the white, at the top very full and high, and had light lower sleeves of the rose, reaching from the elbows to the wrists. The bengaline skirts were plain and tight in front, with a box pleat at the back, and were edged with feather trimming and a narrow gold braid. They, of course, wore no head coverings when I saw them, but I heard the hats were of cream felt with a rough heavier brim, trimmed with a profusion of cream tips. They each carried very large bouquets of pink and white flowers, tied into loose *acolyte* bunches, with long streamers of ribbon corresponding in colour. The other bridesmaids wore dresses of cream Indian silk, with trimmings of yellow bengaline. The bodies were of the cream with a flounce of the yellow round the edges and yellow also slashed the long sleeves. The skirts, which were half-long, had silk panels of the bengaline, and a ruche of the latter formed a heading to the deep hem. The hats were cream, with high bows of the bengaline, also yellow and cream tips.

But to change the subject. I visited Mr Parnell's grave the other day, and was surprised to note that amongst the crowds who go to see it, there were very many more women than men. About ten square yards is fenced roughly in by hedge stakes and ropes. In the centre is the grave, large and raised. I should think there were nearly a hundred fresh wreaths. A lovely erect Maltese cross over a recumbent one had just come from Mrs Parnell. The card with the flowers contained these words: 'My love, my husband, my king! From your broken-hearted wife.'

This autumn it was much noticed that the Queen's visit to Balmoral has been marked by an almost complete abandonment of the seclusion which she maintained for so many years. She has made excursions to every part of the estate and beyond. Hardly two days (adds *Family Fair*) have passed without some of the neighbours being invited to lunch or dine at the Castle. The Ministers in attendance have dined with the Queen several times a week. There has been a constant succession of visitors, winding up with the visit of the Duchess of Teck and her daughter; which is quite unprecedented. The gaieties of the season have culminated in the theatricals, which, under Princess Beatrice's leadership, have occupied the attention of the Court and certain favoured ones of the Queen's neighbours during the week. The Queen, by the bye, will find that the storm of the autumn have wrought quite an extraordinary amount of damage in the Home Park, which is her favourite portion of the Windsor demesne. Great destruction has been done to the timber in the private enclosure. The fall of one big oak nearly knocked down much of the fruit wall, while another threatened the house at Frogmore. One result of the damage done near the river bank has been to open a very pretty peep of Datchet from the terrace.

There is a strong probability of the Queen going next spring to Cape Martin, the promontory between Monaco and Mentone. The Queen's courier is reporting upon the suitability of the large new hotel there, which contains 150 rooms. If approved, it would be taken from the 15th of March.

The *Court Circular* contains an affectionate tribute by the Queen to an old and faithful servant, Mr Maslin, who died recently. He was the last remaining person, excepting one, who knew the Queen as a child, and remembered all her youth; and Her Majesty deeply feels the severance of this link with the past.

So you are to lose your popular Governor. I see the papers state that the Earl of Onslow has submitted to the Queen his resignation of the Governorship of New Zealand, on the ground of urgent private affairs. It is expected that Lord Onslow will return home in the spring. The many friends of the Countess will gladly welcome her back.

You remember the now famous Sir William Gordon-Cumming? I hear his youthful bride is severely indisposed, probably prostration after all the excitement and worry.

Have you read Mrs Grimwood's book? She gives a pretty account of her relations with young and feminine Manipur:—'Some of the Manipuri girls are very pretty. They have long, silky hair and fair complexions, with jolly brown eyes. They cut their hair in front in a straight fringe all round their foreheads, while the back part hangs loose, and it gives them a pretty, childish look.' Every child is taught to dance in Manipur. The only restriction placed upon women is that when they marry they must put back their fringes.

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