

Mrs. Glover Eaton, black poplin and Irish lace; Mrs. Rankin-Brown, black satin; Miss Marchant, pale green silk; Miss Richmond, black, with lace berthe.

THE GARDEN PARTY AT BELLE VUE

(Lower Hut) was not graced with the best of weather, but in the beautifully planned grounds there was complete shelter from the wind and dust, which made town so unpleasant. A string band was stationed under the trees in the lawn, where it discoursed popular operatic music, and afternoon tea was served on the wide verandah.

Mrs. Collins wore a gown of lilac silk linen, with a smart toque of the same hue; Lady Ward was in grey-blue voile, and a black picture hat; Mrs. MacGregor, black silk and handsome mantle; Miss MacGregor, blue and white voile; Miss S. McGregor, pale green linen; Miss Pitt (Nelson), white serge bolero costume; Mrs. Mills, black canvas voile; Miss Mills, white silk and lace; Miss —, Mills, pale green voile; Mrs. A. McKenzie, white silk and voile coat; Mrs. Jeffcoat, grey voile, with steel pessengerie; Mrs. Kendall, white cloth dress; Mrs. Fitchett, grey-blue frieze, with handsome galeon; Mrs. Tohurst, black silk; Miss Davy, blue cloth, piped with red; Mrs. Miles, black voile and red hat; Miss Miles, champagne muslin, with sash of red; Mrs. Edwards, grey poplin; Miss Edwards, pale blue silk voile; Miss Warburton, rose voile and white hat; Mrs. Kane, grey tweed; Mrs. Savage (Auckland), black voile and Paris lace; Mrs. Pollen, black canvas cloth; Mrs. Wilford, grey green voile; Mrs. Moore (Napier), black canvas; Mrs. Hales, black satin foulard, with white spot; Mrs. Wilson (Palmerston North), turquoise voile and black hat; Miss Bay (Wairarapa), tussore gown and red hat; Mrs. Quick, black brocade, handsome mantle; Miss Quick, pink and white muslin; Mrs. Fell, black cloth piped with white; Dr. J. Maddison (Christchurch), pale blue cloth and Paris lace; Dr. Isabel Watson, black canvas voile skirt and white satin blouse, black toque; Mrs. Young, white serge Eton costume, with vest of pale blue.

OPHELLA.

MARLBOROUGH.

Dear Bee, March 22, 1904.
The flood, quite a modern edition of Noah's, is par excellence the whole and sole topic of our thoughts and our conversation. It came like a thief in the night, though it was broad daylight fortunately for us, so that our male defenders were able to go out and its battle with spade and shovel, strengthening weak places in the banks which surround Blenheim and stopping up leakages. Grove-road suffered considerably, the water being into the houses and running out of the windows before people had time to remove their furniture and carpets to a higher level upstairs. Out Tuamarina way, and Spring Creek, cattle and sheep were washed away with the rollers of flood water which suddenly swept over the low grounds. Fields of corn and potatoes have probably gone over the bar out to sea. One

thousand sheep sent down to feed at the Wairau pah were all swept away, and the Maoris had a very narrow escape, having to get on to the roofs of their houses to wait for boats. As yet the damage in Blenheim and its surroundings is not estimated, but the residents are a light-hearted people, and make the best of a bad business. They were planted in a swamp between three rivers by some who wanted to make money out of a previous bargain. They have turned the swamp into a thriving township, banked the rivers to keep them from turning their natural courses round the town into unnatural courses through it, and so when a little water does percolate through they do not sit down to grieve over it. The country, and roads, and bridges suffered far more than the town. The Canvasstown bridge, over the Wakamarina River, being destroyed, also that much admired structure the Pelorus bridge, where tourists liked to stand and gaze in wonder at the beauties of the fern-laden rocky banks, and the monster boulders below, with a peep up and down of densest foliage, overhanging silent pools or miniature cascades. Mr. Brownlee has lost his tram-line and bridges to the heavily timbered Pelorus Valley, but perhaps the greatest loss of all was the drowning of the driver of the Nelson coach, who left Blenheim in the early hours of Saturday morning, and two of his horses. At all times he was a careful driver, and never risked going the usual route when the rivers were in flood, even a small one, so on this occasion he took the usually safe way, and started to go round by Tuamarina, and along the North Bank. He had crossed the Wairau River safely over the ferry bridge, but the coach capsized in a hole further on, and being encumbered with his oilskin, leggings, and gloves, he was only able to swim a short distance, and sank out of sight of some settlers who were trying to direct him. Two young ladies waded in above their waists to give the alarm by calling Mr. Barr, who telephoned to Blenheim for the police. Two of the unfortunate horses were rescued alive from their perilous position. Much sorrow is felt for the loss of the driver.

St. Patrick's Day was a very successful one. The Hibernian Society held their annual sports and their annual concert. Both went off well. A good many for whom a whiff of sea air has magnetic attractions, as they go down to Picton on every conceivable occasion, went there to celebrate St. Patrick's Day also. Steam launches galore went off laden with picnic parties, some to the Grove, some to Torea, and some to Double Bay, returning in the evening laden with spoils from bush, beach, and sea.

Picton folk are highly elated at the finding of limestone, and the establishment almost at their doors of cement works by the Wellington Cement Company at the Elevation, close by the railway line. The land belongs to Mr. Cragg, a go-ahead resident of Picton, who has spent large sums in prospecting for coal, when he came across the limestone, etc., and deserves to reap the reward of his faith.

A picnic held last Thursday at Bottly's Bay, Queen Charlotte Sound,

was a most enjoyable one. Among those at it were Dr. and Mrs. Redman, Mr and Mrs. Le Coq, Mr and Mrs. Stow, Mrs and Miss Allen, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Smith, Mr and Mrs. C. Philpotts, Misses Speed, Greenhill, Philpotts, and Morgan.

MIRANDA.

NELSON.

Dear Bee,
There is very little going on just now, and everything is very quiet. The winter amusements have not yet begun, and it is getting almost too late for tennis and croquet. At the latter courts last week the handicap final for Col. Wood's prize was won by Miss Robertson, who was also runner up for the championship singles.

On Wednesday Miss Bunny, accompanied by her mother, who is going with her as far as Wellington, left for Australia, where she goes to be married to Mr. Walter Colt. A few days before Mrs. Bunny entertained some of her daughter's friends at afternoon tea. The many beautiful presents were placed on tables in the garden—among them Mrs. Colt's present to her future daughter-in-law a beautiful diamond cross, a family heirloom. Mrs. Bunny received her guests in black, with black and white trimming. Miss Bunny was in blue flowered muslin, large black hat. Some of those present were: Mrs. Selanders, Mrs. Grace, Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Blackett, Miss Huddleston, Miss Stevens, Miss Robertson, Miss Duff, Miss Gibbs, Misses Boyd, Miss Richmond.

Miss Fell has returned from Melbourne, where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Daubany, for some months. Miss Rawson, Wellington, is staying with Mrs. Clifford.

There is to be an encampment of all the volunteers in the Nelson district here at Easter. The scene of operations is to be between Cable Bay and town.

WAKATU.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, March 23.
With the constant stream of departing friends for the Old Country, it would seem with first thoughts there would be no one left for as each steamer leaves our port she is a full ship, "not another berth," and so it has been for several months. And still the exodus goes on, quite a long list of Christchurch citizens leaving during the next few weeks.

There has been a great change in the weather during this week, and winter seems not very far off; rather sharp frosts have been noticed in the country. It does seem terribly early to begin fires, but we have had to do it. Outside there is a draggled, untidy look about the gardens, and many of the trees are almost bare.

A VERY CHARMING BIRTHDAY PARTY

was given for Master Harry Woodroffe by Mrs. Wigram, Park Terrace, last week, when a large number of juvenile guests had a right royal time. Many were accompanied by mothers or grown up

friends, who helped to entertain them. A Punch and Judy show (so dear to children) was perfectly fascinating. Many games and a delicious tea, with lovely iced cake, all helped to make a most successful party. Mrs. Wigram was gowned in all black and picture hat; Mrs. Woodroffe, cream muslin with black spot, green straw hat; Mrs. J. C. Palmer, cream linen costume, white hat and feather box; Mrs. Harma (England), green linen skirt, white embroidered blouse, burnt straw hat with green silk and autumn leaves; Mrs. J. H. Beswick, pink

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