

think the financial result would be beyond expectations. Among those I noticed in the audience on both nights were: Lady Stout, Bishop and Mrs Wallis, Sir Arthur and Lady Douglas, Miss Douglas, Mrs Williams, and Miss Edie Williams, Mrs Arthur Russell (Palmerston), Mrs Bell, and Mrs H. Johnston, Mr and Mrs C. Johnston, and Miss Johnston, Lady Tamer, Dr. and Mrs Grace, Mrs Ian Duncan, Mr and Mrs John Duncan, Mrs Pharrago, Mrs and Miss Stowe, Mrs and Miss Somerville, Dr. and Mrs Collins, Mr and Mrs James Mills (Dunedin), Major and Mrs Owen, Mr and Mrs Simpson, and Miss M. Simpson, Mr and Mrs Trenchard, Mrs and Miss Richmond, Mrs Biddford, Miss Coates, Dr. and Mrs Martin, Mrs Butler, Dr. and Mrs Henry, and Miss G. Henry, Mrs Gore, and Mrs Marchbanks, Mrs McPherson, Miss Reid, Professor and Mrs Brown, Mr and Mrs E. B. Brown, Mrs and Miss Barclay, Mr and Mrs Nelson, and Miss Nelson, Mrs Easterfield, Dr. and Mrs Rawson, Mr and Mrs Young, Mrs and Miss Edwin, Mrs Moss-Davis (Auckland), Mrs and Miss Triggear, Mrs and Miss Barron, Mrs Findlay, Mrs Heaton Rhodes, Mr and Miss Harcourt, Mr and Mrs Penrice, Mrs Fitchett, Mrs and Miss Medley, Mrs Tuckey, Mr and Miss Friend, Mrs Cooper, Mrs Tweed, Mrs and Miss Blackett, Mrs Biss, Miss Swainson, the Misses Celeridge, Miss Hattery, the Misses Fitzherbert, Miss Brandon, and Miss Higginson, and Messrs Johnston, Haddfield, Gore, Cox, Harcourt, Sir Kenneth Douglas, and others.

His Excellency the Governor entertained a number of gentlemen at a dinner party last Saturday, among them being the Chief Justice (Sir Robert Stout), Hon. H. Williams, M.L.C.; Messrs W. W. Tanner, R. Thomson, J. Thomson, T. M. Wilford, and J. Witheford, M.B.R.s; Dr. McGregor; Messrs W. S. Reid, E. Stowe, A. T. Bothamly, H. Otterson, A. J. Rutherford, A. J. Willis, H. Pullen, T. K. Warburton, J. B. Heywood, J. McKiowan, F. Waldegrave, E. Triggear, A. Smith, W. Fraser, J. W. Poynton, H. T. Glow, T. Bonayne, W. Gray, H. J. Elliott, W. T. Glasgow, C. Bickson, G. Hughson, J. H. Richardson, A. Barron, and Commissioner Turnbull.

His Excellency Lord Ranfurly, accompanied by the Hon. C. Hill-Trevor, left Wellington on Sunday in H.M.S. Mildaera for the Cook Islands, where he will probably remain for several weeks.

We are also to lose Lady Ranfurly and her children next week, as they leave for a six months' trip to England, travelling via Sydney by the P. and O. steamer Arcadia.

The opening of the boating season took place last Saturday at the Star Club sheds. His Excellency the Governor performed the opening ceremony, and was accompanied by the Countess of Ranfurly, Lady Constance Knox and Hon. Hill-Trevor.

OPHELIA.

NELSON.

Dear Bee.— October 1.

The past week has been very quiet in a social way. There has been an unusual amount of rain, and now the weather is much colder again, so we are not yet able to wear our spring frocks, but the shops are full of pretty things, so the chief attraction is shopping. During the last few days I have noticed some pretty

STREET DRESSES.

Mrs. Percy Adams, bright mauve costume, with trimmings of a darker shade, but to match of mauve chip, profusely trimmed with violets; Mrs A. Glasgow, navy coat and skirt, large black hat; Miss Mabel Glasgow, navy serge, fawn coat, sailor hat; Mrs Ben Lewis, fawn coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss A. Robertson, navy serge costume braided with black, large black hat; Mrs A. P. Burns, mourning costume; Mrs. Roberts, navy cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, hat with green and red; Miss Harris, electric blue costume, white felt hat trimmed with blue; Miss Tomlinson, pretty grey costume, with white lace revers, white gem hat; Miss Leggat, brown check tweed, and boue of sapphire blue velvet and brown fur; Miss Barry, brown cloth coat and skirt, large black hat with red roses; Miss Y. Sealy, blue-grey coat and skirt, black velvet hat; Miss F. Webb, brown, black skirt, long fawn coat, sailor hat; Miss E. Edwards, green costume, black hat trimmed with blue silk; Miss Tendall, tailor-made coat and skirt of navy cloth, hat en sautoir.

Miss A. Ball, light blouse, black skirt, small gem hat; Miss Stevens, dark green costume, sailor hat; Miss Watkins, black groundine over green silk, gem hat with black band; Mrs. Kingston, black costume with white vest, sailor hat; Mrs. Wyatt (a bride), grey tulle costume with vest and large collar of white satin, chic hat with trimmings of amber and green; Mrs. P. Andrews, brown costume with green trimming; Mrs. Andrew (Wairarapa), black coat and skirt, bonnet to match; Miss Hart (Wellington), deep red costume, large black hat; Miss Blackett, brown coat and skirt, brown velvet hat with yellow flowers; Miss Rayner (Stoke), grey costume; Miss Leavin, dark skirt, bright red coat and pretty light bon, sailor hat. PHYLLIS.

BLENHHEIM.

Dear Bee.— October 1.

Mrs. Lucas' dancing class closed last Friday evening for the season, and parents and friends were invited to be present to witness the pupils' performance of a number of fancy dances, such as the Irish jig, minuet, skirt dances, sailor's hornpipe and Scotch reels, which they danced very prettily, but the Irish jig especially well. Most of the girls wore white butter-cloth dresses, made exceedingly full, but Miss Marion Browne wore a beautiful dress of cream silk, with satin ribbons, and yoke closely tucked. All, however, looked fresh and pretty.

Miss Rees, who has been matron of the Wairau Hospital for many years, has resigned her position to prepare for her approaching marriage to Mr Marsden, of Nelson, but before leaving the hospital the nurses presented her with a beautiful brooch of gold, with a design in pearls, and her initials engraved.

Mrs. A. G. Fell, of Picton, left last Thursday to join her two daughters in Wellington, and from there they leave on the Westralia for Sydney, where they purpose spending a month.

I hear that Mrs. G. Watts is slowly approaching convalescence, but she is not allowed to see many visitors yet. Mrs. Watts returned to Nelson about a week ago.

The Marlborough Tennis Club decided, at the annual meeting held last Wednesday, to open the courts for the season on October 20th. Most of the officers were re-elected: President, Mr. Griffiths; vice-presidents, Mr. Orr and Dr. Anderson; hon. Secretary, Mr. E. Greenfield; and treasurer, Mr. Stoney; Messdames Orr and Black, and Miss M. Doudin, and Messrs. Hindmarsh, Fish, Stubbs and Vickers on the committee. The Club has a large membership, and is in a very satisfactory state.

FREDA.

Just a Cough

This is its story:  
At first, a slight cough.  
At last, a hemorrhage.  
At first, easy to cure.  
At last, extremely difficult.



quickly conquers your hacking cough. There is no doubt about the cure now.

For over half a century Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been curing colds and coughs and preventing consumption.

Put up in large and small bottles.

A cure is hastened by placing over the chest one of

Dr. Ayer's  
Cherry Pectoral Plasters.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.



This is the term by which we designate that anti-opium-temperance-platonic-speaking-female who is generally known as "The Advanced Woman." There are few people now-a-days who have not come across, at least a few specimens of this genus in one of her varieties, and all will recognise her if we give a slight sketch of her characteristic attributes and most glaring peculiarities, taken from actual sad experiences of our own. When once you have seen a wild woman you will ever afterwards know her immediately. The outside of her is enough, you will never forget it. She has short hair, her petticoat ceases at exactly six inches above her ankles, her waist measures no less than thirty inches. Her boots are square as to the toe and possess no heels. They are never smaller than seven. Her gloves, when she wears any, correspond to her boots, and she bears with her several leaflets on drunkenness and social purity. Dull indeed would be the perception of the man who failed to recognise this individual when he saw her, but should such a purblind mortal exist, all doubts he may have had will vanish the moment the wild woman begins to speak. Her voice is harsh and strident, her manner fussy and inquisitive. If you have the misfortune to travel in a railway carriage or an omnibus with her, she will immediately begin to question you—and awful indeed is the fate of that unfortunate who dares to beard the wild woman! If you are a woman she will entreat you not to wear stays, pointing out to you the evil effects you are thereby producing upon future generations. She will remark upon the redness of your nose, for if it is not red, it ought to be; and, waving her arms and puffing out her chest, will request you to prod her in her ribs, and challenge you to raise your diaphragm to the extent that she does. Having triumphantly proved that her frame measures at least twelve inches more in circumference than yours, she will then proceed to the anti-opium question—and once there, you are done for. If you chance to be a mere man your fate is even worse. Without troubling herself to ask any unnecessary questions she will take for granted that you are a drunkard, and will lecture you accordingly on the extreme foolishness of taking money out of your own pocket to put it into that of rich brewers and publicans. It is in vain that you assure her that you would on no account part with any of your money, and that you would greatly prefer to do your charity openly, instead of slyly poking your offerings into a person's pocket—and that you touch nothing but ginger ale—she hastens on with her "work," and taking for granted that you are a brute as well as a villain, she devotes all her energies to the social purity question, and then the Lord help you!

But there is the second and more hopeful variety of wild woman. This is the lady who, though she has the same stern principles of the wild woman pure and simple, makes some slight concession to convention in the shape of her clothes. It is noticeable that this class of wild women have always some pretension to good looks. "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak?" This lady is no less anxious to reform society and assert her "rights." But she endeavours at the same time to make herself not actually repulsive. Far be it from us to say that she dresses in the fashion, that would be heresy indeed, but she is weak-minded enough to take an interest in her personal appearance. She wears her shoes only one size too large and reduces her waist to twenty-six inches, it has even been whispered that she condescends to a long dress, but were the wild women to know of it, they would read her in pieces. She has of course excellent reasons for the martyrdom she inflicts upon herself in conceding thus far to public opinion. She makes this sacrifice entirely for the sake of the "cause," she feels that it is her duty to humanity to make the best of herself. She is convinced that her ex-

hortations will have more weight if she is becomingly dressed. Her wilder sisters are inclined to snarl, and to make naughty remarks about "vanity." But as this variety generally has some money behind her, they silence the voice of their righteous indignation and tolerate her—for the good of the "cause."

There is, alas! one more variety of wild woman, who possesses all the "advanced" characteristics of the first, combined with a strange and unaccountable stubbornness and contrariness which compel her to do exactly the opposite to everybody else. This awful type is luckily rare. It generally clothes itself after the fashion of that despicable and incapable animal Man. We have sometimes wondered why it should choose to wear the garments of so contemptible a creature, but we have always concluded that it was for the "good of the cause." However that may be, the main object of this species of wild woman is to do as others do not. For instance, it is a harmless custom amongst us less enlightened and feeble-minded folk to attire ourselves in our best clothes on the Sabbath. Not so the wild woman. We have known her seat herself, her hair streaming in the breeze, clad solely in her night-shirt (only, of course, tame women wear a nightgown) in the front garden, and there she scours the pots and pans! Many of us ordinary mortals may profess an affection for animals, though we may admit that we like them "in their place." Even so does this wild woman, only her ideas of an animal's place are different from ours. She gives up her front rooms to be a stable for cats, her dining table is a rendezvous for dogs, goats, ducks, etc. The common or garden woman, takes her exercise in the day time. This is too tame for the wild woman. She walks abroad at midnight. If a man dares to address her, she promptly knocks him down—'experio crede.' But the wild woman knows no limits. Armed with a jumping pole, she o'er leaps ditches and hedges, yanking the echoes with her shrieks, and terrifying midnight travellers out of their wits. This is her quaint little way of enjoying herself. It is her recreation from the arduous task of improving society and elevating the moral tone of the world. The climax of her enjoyment is reached when she is hoisted out of the village. She then feels that she has not lived in vain. Here let us draw a veil over the proceedings of this last and most alarming form of wild woman.

Perhaps some people may think that this picture is exaggerated. We only wish it were! Let scoffers but become acquainted with the wild woman, and the unpleasant truth will force itself upon them. But no! We will be charitable. If they see the wild woman looming in the distance, let them fly her. There are some things into which it is well not to pry.

When You Visit.

When you visit remember—  
If a pleasure is proposed, accept it. You are expected to be entertained.  
The host's chair and the host's desk are not to be invaded.  
Keep your own room neat. Disorder is most trying to the maid, who will complain of it.  
And be agreeable to all guests, whether you like them or not.  
Always ask your hostess what her plans are for the day, and abide by them.  
All visitors should recollect that their evenings belong to the host and hostess, and they are expected to add to their enjoyment.  
Absent yourself some hours in the morning, so that the mistress of the house will have a chance to settle her affairs. This sort of consideration is appreciated.  
Be stone blind, deaf and dumb to all family matters of an unpleasant nature in a household. Be punctual at meals. To be late is a disrespect to your hostess—bad form for yourself.