

LATE LETTERS.

ROTORUA.

Dear Bee,

We were fortunate in having a beautiful day for the opening of the new bowling green, in the Sanatorium grounds. The grounds are lovely just now, and on this particular afternoon looked quite gay, there being between three and four hundred people present. Dr. Kenny, after a short speech, introduced the Hon. Mr. McLean (who has been visiting Rotorua), and he, in an appropriate and eulogistic speech, formally opened the green. Mr. Kenny placed the jack, and Mr. McLean then bowled the first bowl. In a very short time the green (which is a very fine one, 120ft. square) was covered with bowlers and would-be bowlers. The tennis and croquet courts were also in demand, and I must say the tennis players looked rather warmer than the bowlers. Near the green an awning was erected, under the shelter of which a number of ladies presided over afternoon tea. The tea was most acceptable, and the ladies were kept very busy supplying the many players and onlookers. The music, supplied by the Rotorua Brass Band, added greatly to the afternoon's attractions. Towards the close of proceedings Mr. Brent, in a short speech, thanked the ladies, who were then given three hearty cheers, for providing afternoon tea. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs. Kenny, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Malfroy, Mrs. Towle (England), Mrs. Ashton, Mrs. Peace, Mrs. Barron, Mrs. McLoughlin, Mrs. C. Turner, Miss Thomson, Miss Turner, Miss Empson, Miss Martyn, Miss Malfroy and a great many others.

A most successful PROMENADE CONCERT

was held in the Sanatorium grounds on Tuesday evening. Being a holiday, the number of visitors present was tremendous. The grounds were lighted up with numbers of Chinese lanterns, and it was a perfect—but chilly—moonlight night, so that the whole place looked charming. The band, which rendered several items before and after the concert, was stationed in the rotunda, and the Sanatorium verandah, with the piano on it, served as a stage. All the vocal items were contributed by visitors, and were greatly appreciated. The programme began with an instrumental quartette by the Misses Empson and Boul, Mr. Miller and Dr. Kenny. The remainder consisted of five songs, well rendered, by the Misses Giehardt (Adelaide), who were repeatedly encored, and Miss Julia Nathan, whose coon songs seemed to take the fancy of the audience. Mr. Towle (London) gave two songs, Mr. Matthews one, and Mr. E. Baime (Auckland) was enthusiastically recalled after each of his recitations. Miss Boul played a violin solo very ably. The programme closed with another instrumental quartette—a waltz, and after that the band played a few selections. The collection at the gates amounted to £13 8/4, which goes towards the extinction of the debt on the Church of England.

GREYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, December 31,
The Greymouth Trotting Club held their first day's meeting on Saturday. The weather was glorious, and the stand and lawn presented an unusually gay appearance. The dresses of the ladies were artistic and smart. Among those present were—Mrs. Craig, biscuit-coloured costume, with chiffon toque; Mrs. Broad, lawn cloth, and brown trimmings; Mrs. Brett, black silk crepon, black hat; Mrs. Skoglund, black lustre, relieved with jet, hat to match; Mrs. Murphy, brown coat and skirt, handsomely braided; Miss Eason, pretty wedgewood-blue foulard; Mrs. L. J. Bull, French floral muslin, relieved with pale green, white chip hat; Miss Bessie Watty (Wellington) royal blue costume, white silk vest, large blue picture hat; Mrs. Jay, figured silk, large hat; Miss Perotti, lilac silk; Mrs. E. Wicks, green costume, picture hat; Miss Pettit, blue figured foulard, pink hat; Mrs. (Dr.) McBrearty, black silk; Mrs. C. Campbell, lilac dress; Mrs. E. Thomas, holland costume, blue trimmings, pink hat; Mrs. Hoyte, flowered muslin, black and pink toque; Miss Duncan, grey costume, cream hat; Miss Petrie, white

costume, smart toque, and feather box; Mrs. Young, black costume, stylish toque; Mrs. H. Young, gray lustre, blue and black hat; Mrs. W. Thomas, smart wedgewood-blue dress, cream trimmings, hat to match; Mrs. Kettle, brown costume, toque.

On Monday the Greymouth Jockey Club's first meeting was held, and the weather was calm and bright. A few amongst the smart gathering were: Mrs. (Dr.) Morice, sea, black silk; Mrs. (Dr.) Morice, jun., navy costume, large black hat; Mrs. Leslie Bull, pale grey cloth, white silk and lace yoke, smart white satin toque and violets; Miss Bessie Watty (Wellington), blue silk, lovely picture hat; Miss Pavitt, stylish fawn costume, white vest, black and turquoise hat; Mrs. W. Thomas, lovely blue gown, relieved with white silk and chiffon, cream hat; Miss Kettle, soft white gown, handsomely embroidered, black velvet hat; Mrs. Guinness, black merv, lace bonnet, cream toque; Mrs. Kettle, black and grey costume, braided, large hat; Mrs. Campbell, navy costume; Mrs. Woodroffe (Christchurch), black cloth coat and skirt, light vest; Mrs. Oakey, blue gown, cream hat; Miss Duncan (Hokitika), lovely white silk gown, white hat; Miss Kettle, pale blue, with white trimmings; Miss Rodgers, pretty fawn costume, white satin vest, blue hat; Miss Goldsworthy, white pique; Mrs. Guinness, handsome grey, costume, pink silk vest, feathered toque; Mrs. (Dr.) Morice, black coat and skirt, bonnet to match; Mrs. Goldsworthy, black silk, cream hat.

CARA GWYNNE.

Swedes in Antarctica.

There will be plenty of life in Antarctica during the year 1902, for in addition to the British and German Antarctic expeditions, there is also one in preparation in Sweden, under the leadership of Dr. Otto Norden-skjöld, the well-known savant, who was a member of the Danish expedition to East Greenland last summer under Lieutenant Andrup. Dr. Nordenskjöld has also shared in several Swedish polar expeditions. For the purpose of his Antarctic expedition he has acquired, for a nominal sum, the steam-whaler the "Antarctic," in which the Greenland voyage was performed. This vessel has quite an historical Arctic record. It was built for whaling in the Greenland seas by a Norwegian firm, and has performed many voyages in polar waters. She was eventually acquired by Professor G. Nathorst, the celebrated geologist and Arctic voyager, who has shared in almost every Swedish polar expedition. Last year, again, the Antarctic was employed in the search for Andree on the east coast of Greenland, when the owner himself was in command of the expedition, but which yielded no result. The vessel has thus again passed into Swedish hands. She was also engaged in an earlier voyage to the seas whence she derives her name by Norwegian speculators, with the hope of re-opening the famous whale fisheries in these parts, but the enterprise was an utter failure, not a single sperm whale being even seen. The vessel, which is in splendid condition for navigation in the pack ice, and is, in fact, specially built for that purpose, will now proceed to Gothenburg for her final equipment. As she has cost so little Dr. Nordenskjöld estimates the cost of the expedition at only some £10,000 more. Of this sum one-half has already been contributed by Swedish subscribers, and King Oscar has also promised a considerable amount towards this expedition, the first of its kind ever despatched from Sweden. Should circumstances permit, the Swedish expedition will, of course, co-operate with the British and German. It is hoped that the Antarctic will be ready to sail next August.

Sir Walter Buller remains in London for the coming festive season, but will move off to the Continent early in the New Year, making first for Paris and later going on to Berlin and Vienna.

£10,000 TO LEND in sums to suit Borrowers, at Lowest Current Rates.
A. LAIBLEY,
Vulcan Lane, Auckland.

PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

(From Our London Correspondent.)

LONDON, November 30.

Lieut.-Colonel Francis, of the Fourth Contingent, has benefited much by his trip to Brighton, but the Medical Board has pronounced him unfit to return to the front, so he will probably leave for New Zealand about the beginning of December. He has been much impressed by the hospitality that he has experienced on every hand in England. Georgiana, Countess of Dudley, has almost overwhelmed him with kindness. Sir Richard Temple entertained him for a couple of days at The Nash, Kempsey, near Worcester, where Lieut.-Colonel Francis was much interested in the fine collection of armoury. Before he leaves he will probably be presented to the Queen at Windsor.

Mr Justice Denniston has been spending a couple of days with Mr F. A. Anson at Oxford, where he met Sir William Anson, M.P. for Oxford. Mr Justice Denniston was a guest at the dinner of the Dental Hospital of London and London School of Dental Surgery last Saturday. During the last few days of his stay he has been looking into several of the London courts and seeing something of the English methods of administration of justice. Mrs. Denniston and her daughters have been busy shopping. The continuous wet weather has made excursions out of the question.

Mr Arthur M. Myers, of Auckland, who has, in company with his mother, been touring on the Continent for some time past, is back again in London looking the picture of health. Mr Myers' Continental round included a thorough tour of the Paris Exhibition, and from the French capital he and his mother went on to Switzerland and thence to Austria and Germany, returning to the metropolis just in time to witness the rout of the C.I.V.'s by the London crowd. At present Mr Myers has not definitely decided upon the date of his return to New Zealand, nor upon the route he will adopt. In all probability, however, he will start shortly after Christmas for the Riviera and tour leisurely through to one of the Italian ports to join an outward bound steamer in the early spring.

The very rare "Naval Victoria Cross" (1857), given to Edward Robinson, H.M.S. Shannon, with the bars for Lucknow, and the Mutiny Medal, fetched 100 guineas at Debenham's sale last Friday.

Mr. Herbert R. Rathbone, a brother of Mr. Wilfred Rathbone, of Auckland, has just been returned to the Liverpool City Council as member for Sefton Park. Standing as a Radical and suspected pro-Ioer in a red-hot Tory constituency, Mr. Rathbone had small expectation of being returned, but he beat his Conservative opponent by 200 votes.

Mr. C. J. Blake, Lord Enniskillen and Captain Greer, three of the leading lights of the Irish turf, have come to the conclusion that Captain Scott is not a fit and proper person to share in the delights of the "sport of kings." In vulgar parlance, Captain Scott has been "warned off" in consequence of an investigation held last week in Dublin by the trio aforementioned into the running of the captain's horse, Ravensplume. His trainer, T. Maquire, shares Scott's fate. The captain, it will be remembered, was in New South Wales for some years, and took to wife the widow of Mr. White, the well-known sportsman. He came to England in Diamond Jubilee year as doctor to the equine part of the New South Wales Mounted Rifle Contingent. Later he transferred himself to Ireland, and had several horridly training there, including Levanter, Ca Ira, Achray, Kiara, and others. Ca Ira won the Grand Prize at Leopardstown, and that seems to have been the biggest plum Captain Scott picked up during his brief career on the Irish turf.

Captain Ferguson (who married Lord Hampden's daughter) and Captain Lord Loch are both safely back

from South Africa. The latter's wound is progressing favourably.

Sam Cavill, the Australian coloured pugilist, who seems to be "scrapping" all the year round, and gets more hidings than his peace at the game, was the victim of a shockingly bad decision at Wonderland last Saturday evening. The darkey was opposed in an eight round bout to a Mile End lad named Crutchington. Cavill had all the best of the initial exchanges, and just before the close of the round got home a terrific right swing on the Mile Ender's ivory box. Crutchington reeled back and immediately held out his hand in token of defeat. He was taken to his corner, and was found to have a couple of his teeth clean knocked out. In the ordinary course Cavill should have straightway been declared the winner, but instead Crutchington was persuaded to continue the fight, and after a few minutes' rest did so. He was very cautious for a time, and then started to try and put Cavill out. In this he signally failed, and in every round Cavill put on a few more points to his score. Yet at the end of the contest the verdict went to Crutchington!

The only way to make sure of getting the judge's verdict at some of these London boxing places is—if you happen not to be "in the swim"—to knock your opponent clean out. Even then you may find yourself robbed of the prize on a put-up claim for a "foul."

Mr A. G. Hales is, next to General Buller, the war-hero of the moment. His article on the nurses at the front in Wednesday's "Daily News" was really admirable, and this morning that journal devotes two columns (and a portrait) to his book "Campaign Pictures," published to-day. The reviewer seems to have caught the style of his subject, for he glorifies in what more chaste critics consider "Smiler's" literary delinquencies. After referring to the famous "Daily News" war correspondents of the past, Forbes, Labouchere, O'Donovan, McGahan, Hicks Pashu, etc., the writer says of Mr Hales: "He is a new type; a living symbol of the great Imperialistic movement of which we are just seeing the beginning on the threshold of the new century. His school was the Australian bush, as our colonists call the primeval wilds of their magnificent country. He learnt self-help and earned his 'tucker' under the free air of Heaven; in the back blocks and the gold fields; and, like all colonists, has turned his hand to most things. It is plain, therefore, that Mr Hales' luck was in when war broke out in another colony. The field was fair for his efforts in picture painting. Ever-shifting camps had always been his lot in life. The veldt was only another phase of the bush. Hence his success as a painter of campaign pictures; hence, we take it, the secret of his sudden popularity. Some call these pictures flamboyant. So they are; full of purple patches. Mr Hales is no anaemic impressionist—admirable in his cynical, world-weary way, though that sort of man may be but a lusty, full-blooded, hard-hitting, back-block bred colonial, with the courage of his convictions. The flinty, over-educated, hyper-critical, kid-gloved person will shudder at the example of Mr Hales' work which follows—nay, even the more kindly and sympathetic may object that the assembling of the London multitude evokes no sensations in their minds but those of fear and horror of an orgie unparalleled—even in London. But listen to Mr Hales! The sight is new to him; and calls forth image after image in a wild and rushing torrent of words which sweep one away:

"As I looked, I caught a distant hum of voices—a far-off sound, such as I have heard amid Pacific isles when wind and waves were beating upon coral crags, and foam-topped rollers thrashed the surf into the magic music of the storm-tossed sea. It was the roar of London's multitude welcoming home her own; and what a sound it was! I have heard the crash of tempests on Southern coasts when ships were reeling in the breath of the blast and souls to their God were going; I have crouched low in my saddle when the tornado has swept trees from the forest as a boy brushes flowers with his footsteps. But never had I heard a voice like that!"