

Music & Drama

The Walter Bentley Company commences its Auckland season on June 4th.

A fourth Waxworks Show has been organised by Mr Ben. Fuller, which will tour the Otago and Canterbury districts.

The Leslie Brothers are now in Christchurch. Their Dunedin season was a success.

The leading attractions which Dix's Gaiety Company have to present to the public now are Miss Ida Boslyn, serio-comic actress and danseuse; the aW-saw Brothers, musical sketch artists; and Mr Frank York, who has proved such a favourite that Mr Dix has engaged him for a further term of six months.

The Pollards concluded their Auckland season on Saturday last. Their stay in the North, notwithstanding that, with the exception of "The Geisha," they played nothing new, was continuously successful. Full houses greeted the players every night and the management must have left the northern city with light hearts and heavy pockets.

Mr. Fred. E. Baume, one of Auckland's foremost lawyers, who has long had a brilliant reputation as a reciter and amateur actor, and who when standing for Parliamentary honours at the last general election, won instant recognition as a clever political thinker and debater, has added another accomplishment to his already long list, and now appears as the author of a blood-stirring ballad, "The Motherland Shall Never Die." The words, which are far above the usual class of such things, have been set to appropriate music by Mr. F. Boulton. On Saturday evening last the large and critical audience at the Savage Club gave Mr. Baume's verses a tremendous reception, clamorously demanding an encore. At the Opera House, where "In Town" was being played, "The Motherland Shall Never Die" was sung by Mr. Frits as an interpolated item, and was enthusiastically received. Mr. Baume has, we understand, written several other stanzas for music, which are likely to appear shortly.

The following are the bookings at the Auckland Opera House for the remainder of this year and the earlier months of 1901:—The Henry Dramatic Company, May 21 to 26; Banjo Club's Concert, May 24; Walter Bentley Company, open June 4; J. F. Sheridan (Widow O'Brien), About October 6; Pollard Opera Company, Christmas week; "What happened to Jones," February 19, 1901, to March 11; Holloway Dramatic Company, April 6 to 27.

Miss Alice Law, L.R.A.M. (Lon.), will give a piano recital in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, Auckland, on Friday evening next. Mr M. Hamilton Hodges will assist.

At the matinee given by the Pollards on Saturday afternoon in the Auckland Opera House, the takings were larger by £15 than any sum received by the management at any previous performance in Auckland.

It seems that there was an alarm of fire in the Theatre Francaise about a week before the historic house was burned down. One of the classical Tuesdays they were playing Racine's "Andromaque," when two women seated in the balcony thought there was a smell of burning, moved from their seats and were followed by other spectators. The performance was interrupted, and Paul Mounet, who was on the stage at the time, said, "What does it all mean? There is really nothing the matter." M. Claretie, from his stage box, addressed the house, saying, "There is nothing. He seated, pray." "Do you think," continued Paul Mounet, "we should want to run more risk than you?" at which remark the journalist Anatole France, who happened to be in the stalls, shouted "Bravo, Mounet!"

On Monday last the Rev. Charles Clark initiated his Auckland season by delivering his lecture on "St. Paul's, the British Temple of Honour." There was a large attendance, and the lecturer was listened to with the profound interest his vivid word pictures merited. Towards the close of the evening Mr Clark referred to the wonderful growth of the Imperial spirit that has been witnessed since the outbreak of the war, and reminded his hearers that as there were still vacant niches in St. Paul's so there were heroes to fill them. The race

of British heroes was not extinct, said he. What about Baden-Powell, French, Dundonald, George White, Buller—poor old Buller, who had had the toughest job and hardest battle of the lot—Fighting Macdonald, Kit-chener, and last, least, and greatest gallant little Boba? Loud applause interrupted the lecturer as each of these names fell from his lips, and was especially pronounced when he spoke of Roberts. During the evening the lecturer recited Tennyson's magnificent "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." Last evening (Tuesday) he gave his Chas. Dickens lecture, introducing the following recitals:—"The Accommodating Waiter," "The Death of Little Nell," "Bob Sawyer's Party," and "The Quarrel Between Nairy (Gump and Betsy Prig." To-night (Wednesday) he gives "Vanity Fair" and the great Snob family. The season closes on Saturday evening.

This is the way a Denver critic describes Blanche Walsh: "Those large smouldering, blue-green eyes—that mouth, a coral bow of Cupid's framing, glorified by lurking dimples that fit hither and thither in tantalising coquetry—a broad, low brow, such as artists delight in painting Madonas, with a halo of sun-burnished hair that glints with dark, ruddy tints of copper; the soft, silken draperies of the clinging gown suggest such proportions as would make a fit model for a Venus de Medicis—superbly tall, physically accurate—is it not befitting such a one should be the apostle of the poetry of pleasure? And this, too, in the winter time, and in Denver, where the snow caps the mountain peaks all the year round. If a glance from those large, smouldering, bottle-green—blue-green eyes, should happen to be directed that way, there is good ground for the belief that those white-clad summits would be transformed into roaring volcanoes, compared to which old Vesuvius would look like a bunch of stage money contrasted with a roll of crisp, new gold certificates.

There is some talk in Paris of a total and definite suppression of the claque. Progressive managers hold that the institution is quite out of date and entails a needless expense. The result of the arrangement is that genuine playgoers in Paris theatres hardly ever applaud, as they know that the claque is there to do the work, and because, moreover, they do not want to look as if they belonged to the noisy force in question. There are worse drawbacks, however, to the institution. In smaller theatres the chef de claque, when he is unscrupulous, preys upon actors and actresses who are not sufficiently well known to be able to defy him, and whom he accordingly can make or mar. The syndicate of Paris theatre managers has now determined to make a move in the matter, following the example of Sarah Bernhardt, who has earned the gratitude of her spectators by suppressing the claque altogether in her house, and is now the less applauded.

That wonderful Patti. This is what the "Pall Mall Gazette" said of her the other day: "We have heard Patti, of course, in opera before the occasion of last night; but her extraordinary skill in acting—after all, in discussing operative acting, you cannot use words of higher meaning than this—had never been so patently displayed in so far as our memory goes. With quick, animate gesture, with sudden impulses, with significant turns and appeals, she showed us something altogether outside sympathy for loyalty and chivalry and courage, just as 'L'Aiglon' (the play on which M. Rostand was at this time engaged) will, I hope, bring a national thrill for unsullied patriotism and love of country."

This month the combined return from the May Queen mine (company and tributors' crushings) was £1673 from 734 tons. The company's own return was £1145 from 684 tons.

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We very often hear people say, "It is one thing to make money, and another thing to keep it;" and so might it be said of health, "It is one thing to have good health, and another thing to keep it." How many strong, healthy constitutions have gone to decay simply because they have not been looked after. Just as necessary as it is for us to clean our nails every day, and just as necessary as it is for a clock to be occasionally cleaned, so the bottom of a ship scraped, so it is necessary that we should give some attention to our health. Every constitution wants to be what is known as "toned up." That is to say, the organs of the body should be put in proper working order, and strengthened. The bowels should be kept in proper working order, the kidneys cleaned, the liver stimulated, and the head kept thoroughly clear. This is the object of Bile Beans, as the following case will prove: Mrs Peterson, who lives at No. 6 Crawford-lane, Wellington (N.Z.), says:—"I have used Bile Beans, and have found them a valuable and gentle aperient. For corrective purposes, and giving 'tone' to the system, they are perfect. For relief in cases of constipation they cannot be beaten. I can confidently recommend them to all in need of relief, and to those who desire their constitution built up."

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SALE BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

Notice is hereby given that the undermentioned KAUKI TIMBER, standing on Blocks IV. and VIII., Hukerenui Survey District, in the Pahurangi State Forest, will be offered for Sale by public auction, at the District Land and Survey Office, Auckland, on FRIDAY, the 8th June, 1900, at 11 a.m. Total Upset Price, £597.

KAUKI STATE FOREST, BAY OF ISLANDS AND WHANGAREI COUNTIES.

LOT 1—187 GREEN KAUKI TREES, containing 6,183 4/10 superficial feet; 232 SLANEY KAUKI TREES, containing 5,515 5/10 superficial feet; and 56 TOTARA TREES. Upset price, £597.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.
One third of the purchase money to be paid in cash or by marked cheque on the fall of the hammer, one-third within two years, and the remaining third within four years from date of sale. The timber to be removed within seven years from date of sale. All timber to be shipped by railway at the Whangapara Booms.

GERHARD MUELLER, Commissioner of Crown Lands, District Land and Survey Office, Auckland, 23rd April, 1900.

District Land and Survey Office, Auckland, 7th May, 1900.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undermentioned Kauki and Totara Timber, standing upon the Auckland Girls' High School Endowment, in Blocks XI. and XII., Manukuru S.D., Hobson County, will be offered for Sale by public auction at this Office, on FRIDAY, the 8th June 1900, at 11 a.m.

LOT 5, comprising about 83 kauki trees, or 1,003 1/2 sup. feet timber; total upset price, £352.

LOT 6, comprising 57 green kauki trees or 154 8/10 sup. feet of timber; also, 14 totara trees, containing about 20,000 sup. feet of timber; total upset price, £488.

Conditions of Sale: One half purchase money on fall of the hammer, and the balance on or before 31st December, 1900. Timber to be removed within four years from date of sale.

Plans and conditions of sale may be inspected on application at this Office. GERHARD MUELLER, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

girl and proposes to her, because—well, because she seems to look for it—

(Dolly raises her cap to her lips and swallows hard. A moisture has appeared about her lashes. Mrs. Van Ripper notices this and pours more tea.)

Mrs. Van Ripper: But it's all an old story now. By the way, do you know we start for Rotorua and the Lakes in another week? There are eight of us going. Why don't you come along, if you don't think it will be too stupid? Nearly all old married people, you know—except Cora—and Jack and I want Dolly to go.

Tommie: Is Van going?

Mrs. Van Ripper: No; he can't get away until later.

Tommie: Are you going, Miss Deep-dimple?

Dolly (who is no longer gay): No, I'm going to be bridesmaid for Pinkie Peachbloom.

Tommie (with sudden decision): I think I can get away for a week or two, Mrs Van Ripper, if you are quite sure I won't be in the way.

Mrs Van Ripper: We shall be delighted. You must bring your bag and golf sticks and things. Oh, it is so lovely at Rotorua and Taupo.

Tommie: Such moonlight nights—and stars. Don't you know, the stars never seem—quite the same here! (At this point a large tear appears on the tip of each of Miss Deepdimple's lashes and falls into her cup. She also gulps.)

Dolly (suddenly): There's Peachie now. Won't you both excuse me for just a moment, Vera? (She rushes off. Mr. Tackle draws a deep breath. Mrs. Van Ripper laughs. They shake hands across the table.)

Tommie: That's the worst game I was ever in, but it did work beautifully, didn't it? You are a brick! I'd never have thought of it—wouldn't have dared Great Scott!

Mrs. Van Ripper: Oh, I know girls. I once was one myself. If you'd moped and acted as though you cared, she'd have gone on making fun of you.

Tommie: And now, what next? Do you think she'll ever forgive me? Mrs. Van Ripper (thoughtfully): You might apologise.

Tommie: Yes; that always pleases a girl.

Mrs. Van Ripper: Then I'll get her to go to Rotorua.

Tommie: Do you think she'll go after all this, really?

Mrs. Van Ripper: Like a lamb! She's coming! Look into my eyes and hold my hand! That's lovely!

—Adapted from New York "Herald."

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