

on the stage. Box rustlers shake the sawdust from their sandals and harrow the feelings of an enlightened and discriminating public. Bartenders, gamblers and hash slingers, with paste diamonds, develop into mouthing mountebanks, and saddest of all, there is no law to prevent it. The subject has few charms for me, so I turn with a sigh of relief to sterling Old John Dillon, who holds the boards at The Victoria to-night. John Dillon belongs to a school of actors who are rapidly passing away. He is justly credited with having created as much genuine pleasure as any man on the stage to-day. He never degenerates into the buffoon, and his wit is scintillating and clean. Consequently John Dillon is highly respected off the stage. I have never seen his new play, but I learn that it affords an admirable opportunity for the honest old actor to keep his audience in the best of good humor throughout the evening. From a press notice, I learn that "A Model Husband" is from the pen of the well known author, Mr. C. T. Dazey. The story deals with the fortunes and misfortunes of a New York stock broker, who has long experienced the unpleasant restraint placed upon him by his strong-minded wife. After years of feminine reign, during which the henpecked husband has continued to say "yes, my dear," to every command from his better half, the wife leaves him alone while she goes on a visit. This proves a turning point in the husband's career and leads to the many ridiculous incidents and laughable situations which befall the "Model Husband." He recklessly takes advantage of his freedom from petticoat government to have what he styles "a good time." He passes himself off as a single man, attends balls, operas, etc., and leads his younger associates a lively race of gaiety. The many complications arising from the husband's sailing under false colors and from his practice of deception to avoid exposure, are most ingeniously worked out by the author, who finally brings about a happy reconciliation.

I have in contemplation a scheme to publish a list of those who are regular attendants at the theatre. By this means I propose to show that the play is gradually growing in favor. Clergymen who once condemned actors and actresses wholesale are no longer ashamed to patronize a first-class performance. By the shades of John Wesley, I am willing to affirm that I saw a Methodist parson at the theatre no later than last Wednesday night. From this I infer that churchmen have found reason for more tolerant government of the masses and are now prepared to admit the educational and moral influence of a good drama. Indeed, it is difficult to find a play in which there is not, somewhere in or between the lines, a distinctive moral sentiment, and it is well to catch a glimpse of morality and honest sentiment effectively portrayed. Conditions have developed new sentiments as well as new needs; and to throttle these sentiments when the conditions still exist and are multiplying with ever increasing

force would be both unwise and impolitic. Better encourage them.

The uncharitable attempt of certain members of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church to dance the "Reel of Tulloch Gorum" upon the somewhat rotund body of Rev. Mr. Macleod, has been aptly referred to as the work of a Christian Endeavor Society—inasmuch as the good Christians of which that congregation is composed are endeavoring to depose their once popular pastor. Charity does not appear to enter into the deliberations of these good people, and their actions remind me of the remark of Solomon Isaacs, "If this is Christian charity, thank the Lord I'm a Sheeney." The rev. gentleman can now say with Paul, "Alexander the copy-smith did me much evil; may the Lord reward him according to his works."

I attended the smoking concert, under the auspices of the lacrosse club, last Saturday night, and I must confess that it was a most enjoyable event, reflecting the highest degree of credit on the two gentlemen who devoted so much of their time and energy to make it a success. I cannot recollect at this moment of ever having attended an event of the kind where everything ran so smoothly. It was a feast fit for the gods. The numbers on the programme were artistically rendered. The vocal selections of Messrs. Philo, Rhodes and Manning and the instrumental music of Master Richardson were highly appreciated, as were the contributions of the other gentlemen who took part in the evening's entertainment. I understand that the concert will be repeated, and if such be the case, I would advise all who delight in high class music to attend.

Thackeray defined a "cad" as a man you would not speak to in the street, and a "snob," as a man who would not speak to you in the street. But this is not the only definition of a snob. It occurred to me the other day that a present day definition might include "a man who keeps a grocery store, but is so ashamed of it that he does not put his name up." If this man's brother is in the Post Office, he is careful to refer to him as being "in the Civil Service." There are also female "snobs." A Minneapolis woman, the daughter of a blacksmith, naively informed me, some years ago, that her father back in Canada was "in the iron business." I knew that the old gentleman was a blacksmith, and a good one, too, but I did not ask her in what line of business he was employed. Why then did she attempt to make me believe that her father was "in the iron business" instead of a blacksmith? Simply because she was a female snob. I respect an honest blacksmith just as much as I do a man "in the iron business," but what can I say of the daughter who is ashamed of the good old father who worked hard night and day that she might have a good education? Snobbery in some form or other is world-wide, but it is to be feared that no where is the affliction more general than in our own country.

Marmie Wood has turned up in a new

role—this time as a Portland real estate agent. I have in my possession a letter from Marmie to a friend in this city, and from it I learn that the once popular king of the music halls has turned over a new leaf. One of his partners is that Napoleon of real estate and finance, Francis Bouchier, and the other is P. F. Richardson. I trust I violate no sacred confidence when I print the following extract from Marmie's letter: "Bouchier says I am a good talker—in fact I am quite the boss here, sitting at a very large bureau, interviewing our clients. You need not mention the fact that I am still here and doing business to any disagreeable people. I have knocked off drink completely—bar at meals." So much for Marmie.

While Mart Egan, of the *Times*, was envoy extraordinary to the Court of Ireland, he conceived the idea that the time was propitious for searching into the early history of the Egan family. In "Burke's Peerages," he discovered that the crest of his forefathers was a hat, underneath which in Bog Latin was the motto "Where did you get that tile?" So struck was Mart with the grotesqueness of the crest and beauty of the sentiment that he forthwith ordered a hat from a celebrated Dublin hatter, constructed on the plan of the one which adorned the heads of his forefathers, and one which he could converse through without jeopardizing his reputation for veracity and fluency of speech. On state occasions only has this hat been brought forth from its hiding place in Mr. Egan's grip. The other evening, he went to the theatre to see Katie Putnam, and, in order that he might be comfortable, he bought a seat right over the radiator. While others were freezing, Mart was smiling at their discomfort. By and by the performance was over, and he put his hand under his seat to get his hat, when, to his horror, he discovered that article of headwear burned to a cinder. As we go to press, it is considered just about as much as a man's life is worth, in Mart's presence, to refer to the motto of the Egans.

The present condition of the sidewalks places a sober man on an equality with the sot, remarked a gentleman, the other day. He continued, when you meet a man who cannot walk straight, don't suspect him at first glance of being drunk. He may be a member of your church trying to get along the street without breaking his neck. If he reels against a lamp post, don't suspect him; he is only trying to get out of the way of somebody going in the other direction. If he braces himself against the fence don't suspect him; he is only trying to keep from sliding in the gutter. If his action is jerky, if his knees bend in a peculiar way and get straight all of a sudden, he is only feeling his way along with dignity. You will see him pause suddenly on the curbstone, but don't suspect him; he is only preparing for a plunge in the street, and does not want to take it head foremost. If you see him go slow around the corner, don't suspect him even then; he is only trying to glue his feet to the pavement to keep him from landing on his back. Never judge a man