

There was a swing and a go about the show that carried everyone along in a resistless current of undiluted joviality. THE HOME JOURNAL considers it the brightest and best amateur event ever attempted in Victoria.

When the curtain went up, the local burnt-cork artists were presented, seated in neatly arranged tiers, with the orchestra perched in the rear top rows. They were attired in evening dress, and the lappels of their coats were adorned with chrysanthemums of sunflower dimensions. Mr. Martin Egan, as interlocutor, was the central figure of the overture. The genial Mart surprised every one by the cool, easy, natural manner in which he handled his share of the dialogne. Mr. Egan is a comedian of no common order, for whilst his hits were mirth-provoking, he never for one moment parted with a certain, quiet dignity of manner. Mr. Egan's humor hits without descending to buffoonery. His description of the experiences of the Macaroni brothers was one of the features--it was to the very life-and an epitome of the style and mannerisms of "de mon thata-keep-a-de-monk, and play-a-demuse-and make-a-de-mon."

Dave Patterson began the fun with singing the "Lime Kiln Club," and scored a distinct success, the audience insisting on an encore. Then W. Ralph Higgins, as leader of the trio of bones, fired off a gag, that burst and scattered over the faces of the people in sparks of mirthful illumination. It was the flash, igniting a train of wit and bonmots, and lighting up the auditorium from

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