

that prompted me to inquire into the man's history. What I found out concerns no one, and I will not trouble the readers of THE HOME JOURNAL with a recital of the facts, but this I will say, that had a Sunday law been passed twenty years ago, it might have prevented a man who is now a drunkard from breaking a poor woman's heart, and removed one of the causes which sent her only son to penitentiary for seven years. Several trustworthy people in this city will bear me out in this assertion. I may be a crank on the subject of temperance, but I speak to a certain extent from experience. I have seen enough of the wretchedness caused by a drunken father and husband to induce me to pledge my support to any movement that will have for its object the removal of the greatest obstacle in the pathway of civilization and domestic happiness. The closing of saloons on Sunday is a move in the right direction.

I had the extreme pleasure of meeting Miss Margaret Marshall, the lady who plays character parts at the Imperial, the other day. Miss Marshall is not only a very clever actress, but she is also a woman of more than ordinary intelligence. She is well read in modern literature, and I am told that she finds time to take an occasional look at the works of some of the ancient authors. During the course of a pleasant hour's conversation, Miss Marshall discussed theatrical matters very freely, and as she has had an experience covering the entire continent, her opinion on matters pertaining to the stage was of more than ordinary interest. She is a charming conversationalist, and not at all "stagey," as is very often the case with professionals.

Along with Miss Marshall, was Miss Wheeler, also a member of the Imperial company. The latter lady never looks upon the serious side of life, and I doubt not, if it were possible, that she would laugh at her own funeral, which, I hope, she may not have an opportunity of doing for many years to come. Since Miss Wheeler's first appearance in this city, she has made a host of friends, by her unassuming bearing and the philosophical view she takes of life.

Carefully prepared statistics would reveal the fact that at about one chari

vari out of every three, somebody gets shot, whether or not deservedly, generally comes out in the trial. Yet in view of this fact, there are many fresh young men who, in order to demonstrate beyond doubt that they are all-wool-yard-wide hoodlums, will insist upon subjecting to annoyance old couples and sometimes young couples, who have conformed to the scriptural injunction to "multiply and replenish the earth." A most worthy citizen, who had the temerity to take unto himself a wife without consulting the pleasure of several well known hoodlums, had to tolerate the demonical yells of these fiends the other night. Being a Christian and a man of peace, he did not resort to the usual method of decimating the population with powder and shot, but suffered them to live, in the hope that as they become older, they may learn to respect the rights and freedom of people, who reasonably ask to be permitted to attend to their own affairs without interference from unsalted hams.

I am told that John L. Sullivan has become so fascinated "with his art" that he has about made up his mind to abandon the ring and adopt the stage. People who have witnessed the performances of Irving, Booth and the late Lawrence Barrett are of the opinion that not one of these gentlemen could take the part in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands" played so artistically by Mr. Sullivan, for to become an actor requires patience, education and study. "Boston's Pride," everybody knows, possesses the first quality, is educated to a "high degree," and only requires the study to become equal to anything now produced (Shakespearean or otherwise) on the stage. It speaks well for the "artistic taste" of Victorians that they turned out and gave Mr. Sullivan, (I do not want to be familiar) an enthusiastic reception.



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