

OUR XMAS THEATRICAL FAIR



THE SHOWMAN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—
All hail to the Holiday Season! Let us all unite to bid dull care begone! Let us all be

boys and girls once more, and go in gleefully for all the fun of the fair. Repay liberal managers for their outlay. Applaud the actors. Admire the dear girls. Laugh at Clarkson's masks. In short, make merry with the mummies—and thus add to their merriment and comfort.

All the Strand's a fair, at any rate, at seven and eleven of the clock every week-day night—the largest theatrical fair in the whole world, I should judge. Why, when delighted crowds are, a little after eleven, pouring out of the Lyceum and Adelphi, Old Drury and Gaiety, Vaudeville and the Savoy, Globe and Opéra Comique, and all converging on the Strand, it seems to me

high carnival time in this big thoroughfare. Hansoms, "growlers," broughams, and 'buses fill the roadway. Gay playgoers crush along the pavement. A wonderful sight—one all our bucolic friends up for the Cattle Show should make it a point to see, as well as those alluring haunts of the studious and the careworn, the Alhambra and London Pavilion.

Henry Irving! An Artist of more than princely liberality in everything he does, our foremost Actor-Manager richly merits the place of honour. As the Old Gentleman in scarlet, those rush to see him who ne'er saw "Faust" before, and they who have admired him admire