

ENTERTAINMENT AT ST. JOHN'S.

The usual courtesies not having been extended to THE HOME JOURNAL for the performance at St. John's Church, Tuesday evening, the following account has been kindly furnished by a lady who was present and who takes an interest in that sort of thing: "The world moves and with it the ecclesiastical institution. For instance even twenty years ago the idea of projecting a theatrical entertainment in aid of or in connection with a church would have been looked upon as outrageous, sacrilegious, blasphemous in fact—let the entertainment be such even that the angels should not blush thereat. But now we have all sorts and conditions of amusements, so long as they draw the almighty dollar. There was nothing glaringly improper in the programme provided at the St. John's Church affair, Tuesday evening, except, perhaps, the religious blinking at a couple of very common music hall songs, outrageously badly sung by a young man attired in girl's clothes, and who skipped across the stage in indifferently suggestive imitation of a ballet girl. The songs were of the London costermonger type, rather ill-suited to the aristocratic pretensions of the audience. The young man in question has either a bad attack of Anglophobia, or else he is a recent importation of that class of dude with whom our patriotic government love to fill the executive offices. He has also a wheezy delivery that would indicate asthma and sets one's teeth on edge to listen to his rendition of 'Doisy.' The first part of the evening was drearily spent listening to the very amateur performance of Sunset, in which the only figures at all at their ease were Miss Powell and Mr. B. Drake. The others acted with that automaton stiffness and studied regularity (at the wrong time) of amateurs. The piece itself was drowsy and spiritless, which was enhanced very much by the performers, whose admiring friends made a wofully sick attempt to enliven by some faint applause. The second piece was called a farce on the programme. That was for the enlightenment of the audience, who otherwise would never have recognized the species, from the manner of the performance. Somewhat more of liveliness was manifested by the audience on this occasion at the expense of Mr. C. W. Rhodes, who took the part of a Frenchman in love with an artist's dummy. Mr. Rhodes' conception of French and French manners cannot be said to be artistic; instead of being a comedian he really burlesques the part. It might be said of Mr. Barton that a few lessons in the rudiments of acting would not be lost. Mrs. Snowden was acceptable as Mrs. Stump, and Mr. B. Drake, who was fairly natural, was not bad. The Bantly family redeemed the performance by furnishing good music.—VINA."

**HAS HAYWARD**  
ESTAB: 1867  
**FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER**  
52 GOVERNMENT VICTORIA

BUT THE TOOTH CAME OUT.

One of the King of Dahomey's Female Warriors Proves an Ugly Patient.

It was late one night during the fair when Dr. Yeager's residence bell was rung. The visitor was a messenger from Mungo Penny of the Dahomey village, asking the physician to come at once to the village and attend a patient suffering from the toothache. The doctor went more for the sake of the adventure than for the fee. He was shown to the bedside of the woman and proceeded to examine the big teeth enclosed in a mouth that opened like a cellar door. To make sure which was the offending tooth Dr. Yeager began prying round with his little steel instrument so familiar to all who have visited the chamber of horrors known as dentist's parlors. He accidentally touched the nerve of the decayed and aching molar, and the amazon let loose a yell that drew to her side every member of the village.

It was an excited and wildly demonstrative crowd that danced about the woman's bedside. Dr. Yeager coolly continued his work, however, and finally, before the woman could prevent him, he had sneaked from his pocket a pair of shining forceps and hooked on to the pain producing worry. Sari was not astonished, but she was hurt. As the steel instrument went crashing into the gum surrounding the aching tooth the brawny woman set up a howl that set every one of her sisters and the black men wild with excitement. The louder the amazon yelled the harder Dr. Yeager pulled. She struck wildly at the man at the other end of the forceps, but the doctor's dodging powers are as cute as they were the day he left the college football team.

She finally leaped from the cot on which he reclined, and still the doctor pulled at the molar. Sari struck viciously at her torturer, but here the doctor showed great strategy by keeping the woman's head so far in advance of her body that the blows fell short.

Around and around the village went the doctor and the patient. The former tugged and kept cool. The woman made the night hideous with her cries and grew angrier every moment. Still the molar held its own. The men in the village danced about the struggling doctor and amazon and expressed their delight at the spectacle in wild dances and peculiar cries.

The end came at last and in a most unexpected manner. Some of the villagers, perceiving that the doctor's strength was almost exhausted and admiring the pluck he demonstrated by holding on as long as he had decided to take the matter in hand, separate the man of medicine from the insanely angry woman and at the same time protect the former from injury. Three or four men seized the woman, and two amazons seized the doctor. The two parties pulled in opposite directions, and suddenly the bond that united the doctor and she of the aching molar was broken. At the same instant the woman was thrown over the heads of the attacking party at her rear, and the doctor went sailing over the shoulders of those who had seized him.

A moment later Dr. Yeager was seen sitting on the ground holding aloft the forceps, from which projected the offending piece of ivory that once adorned the mouth of the troubled amazon.—Chicago Herald.

Victoria's Customs duties for December amounted to \$53,480, as against \$64,780 in 1892. Imports for the month amounted to \$199,887, of which \$33,022 were free of duty. Exports were \$448,927, as against \$551,383 for the same month of 1892.

**MAYORALTY.**

TO THE VOTERS OF THE CITY OF VICTORIA:

Ladies and Gentlemen—I beg to announce myself a candidate for the office of Mayor for the ensuing year, and most respectfully solicit your votes and interest, I have the honor to be

Your obedient servant,

JOHN TEAGUE.

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Makes 30 pounds more bread per barrel than any other Hard Wheat Flour, and 70 pounds more than any Soft Wheat Flour.

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FOR BAKERS' BREAD use  $\frac{1}{8}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  less yeast.

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DO NOT MAKE IT STIFF.

Salt is a most important factor in regulating fermentation, and in Bread-making during cold weather  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  less salt is necessary than would be during the warmer months. This is due to the difference between artificial and natural heat.

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