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No. 647.—Vol. V.

FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1895.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

DICK WHITTINGTON AT DRURY LANE.
THE PANTOMIME OF THE YEAR.
EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, and EVERY WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at 1.30.
Messrs. Dan Leno, Herbert Campbell, Griffiths Brothers, H. Epy; Ada Blanca, Marie Moutrose, Lily Herold, and others.

DICK WHITTINGTON AT DRURY LANE is not only unanimously pronounced the finest spectacle and greatest show in London, but the funniest, best, and most artistic pantomime produced at Drury Lane or elsewhere within the memory of the oldest playgoer.

HAVERMARK THEATRE.
Mr. Walker and Mr. Mossell, Managers.
THIS EVENING, at 8.30, AN IDEAL HUSBAND, by OSCAR WILDE. Messrs. Lewis Walker, Alfred Bishop, Charles Broadfield, Cosmo Stuart, Stanford, Dumas, Mephisto, Goodhart, and Charles H. Hawley; Misses Fanny Brangley, Maudie Hillier, Thelma Wain, Vera Fenchmore, Helen Fenwick, and Julia Nelson. MATINEE, TO-MORROW and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30. Sole Lessee, Mr. Tinn.

COMEDY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. COVENS CARE.
LAST NIGHT, at 8.0, of A LEADER OF MEN. At 8, A BREEZY MORNING. Doors open 7.30. Box Office (Mr. Scarborough) 10 to 5.
TO-MORROW (Saturday), Mr. Sydney Gray's successful comedy, SOWING THE WIND.

GAIETY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS.
EVERY NIGHT, at Eight o'clock, THE SHOP GIRL. Written by H. J. W. Dams. Music by Ivan Caryll, and additional songs by Adrien Ross and Lionel Monckton. Doors open at 7.45. Box Office open daily, 10 to 6. MATINEE, TO-MORROW, at 2.30.

DALY'S THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. AUGUSTUS DALY.
TODAY and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, AN ARTIST'S MODEL.
Directed, at 8, by DINNER FOR TWO.
MATINEE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.
TODAY, at 8.15, and MATINEE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30, a New Musical Farce entitled, GENTLEMAN JOE (THE HANSON CABBY).
Words and lyrics by Basil Hood, music by Walter Slaughter, in which Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS will appear, supported by a powerful company. Doors open 7.45. Box Office open 10 to 12.

LYRICO THEATRE.
THIS EXCELLENCY, at 8.30, TO-NIGHT, by W. S. Gilbert and F. C. Burnand. Car, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS COME BY, by W. S. Gilbert and F. C. Burnand. PAPA'S WIFE, a New Musical Pastichio by F. C. Phillips and Seymour Hill, music by Ellaine Terriss. Kate Weatherly, Miss F. H. Terry, Gerald Singleton, Mr. J. M. Phipps, Mrs. Irene Vanhough. At 8.20, IN THE SEASON. MATINEE, TO-MORROW, at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 12. MATINEE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
TODAY and EVERY EVENING, at 8.0, THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, by OSCAR WILDE. Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Herbert Waring, Allan Ayres, with H. E. Vincent, Arthur Boyton, Frank Tynall, F. Kinsey Pelle, Miss Rose Lester, Madeline Vinton, Miss George Canning, Mrs. Irene Vanhough. At 8.20, IN THE SEASON. MATINEE, TO-MORROW (Saturday) and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30. Doors open 2.30.

ADELPHI THEATRE.
Sole Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATE.
TODAY, at 8, THE FATAL CARD. Mr. William Terriss, Messrs. Murray Carson, Charles Fulton, W. L. Abingdon, Richard Purdon, E. W. Gardner, Madama Vane, Laura Linn, Sophie Lakin, and Miss Millward. Box Office open from 10 to 12.

AVENUE THEATRE.
Mr. WILLIAM GARDNER, Lessee and Manager.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0, a New and Original Opera Bouffe entitled DANDY DICK WHITTINGTON, by Geo. R. Sims and Ivan Caryll. Messrs. John F. Sheridan, Robert Faurean, John Barry, W. L. Abingdon, H. E. Vincent, H. N. Wynn; Misses Ethel Hayden, Florence Levey, Gracie Whitford, Maudie Fisher, Ellen Cass, Bertha Meyers, and Miss Ma. Vobe. The piece produced by Frank Purser. Musical Sketches, Mr. Landis. Musical. Doors open 7.30 (at 7.15). MATINEE, TO-MORROW (Saturday), at 2.30. EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Box Office open from 10 to 12.

TERRY'S—Proprietor, Mr. EDWARD TERRY
TODAY, at 8, AN INNOCENT ABROAD.
Directed, at 8, by HUGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.
Doors open 7.40.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
HANSFEL AND GREIFF (in English), EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. SATURDAY MATINEE, at 2.30. Seven performances weekly will be given until further notice of this eminently successful opera. Box Office now open.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.
Under the Management of Mr. ALFRED GERMAN REED and Mr. CONROY GRAY.
TODAY, at 8, MELODRAMASIA, a New Burlesque, in three acts, written by Malcolm Warrin, music by Walter Slaughter. Concluding with a New Musical Sketch, MUSIC A LA MODE, by Mr. Conroy Gray. LAST PERFORMANCE, TO-MORROW (Saturday), at 8.30. Box Office, at 10 to 12. GEORGE HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, W.

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ST. JAMES'S PARK STATION.
PEAL ICE SKATING—Ice always in Perfect Condition.
Daily, 9.30 to 10.30; 2.0 to 6.30. 2s.; 8.0 to 11.30, 1s.
FENCIBLE ORCHESTRA.
FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT OPEN ALL DAY

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Concerning Mr. Jabez Balfour it is interesting to note that the premises of the London and General Bank in Budge-row have at last found a tenant. The new occupants of the veritable rooms where the original breakdown of the Balfour calamities occurred are a firm of refreshment purveyors who have commenced pervading London with their new establishments, which promise to revolutionise accommodation and prices in the restaurant business for the especial benefit of the more respectable class of working people in the Metropolis.

The presiding prophet at the Meteorological Offices often receives more abuse than he deserves. The percentages of results of forecasts for the whole of the British Isles for 1893 shows—Complete success, 59, partial (that is, more than half success), 25; total success, 84. This beats the results of some of the amateur weather prophets hallow.

Mr. G. W. Smalley, for many years correspondent of the *New York Tribune* in London, is about to leave England for New York to act as American correspondent of the *London Times*. This is quite a new departure on the part of that journal, which has hitherto been content with a representative at Philadelphia only.

The influenza is undoubtedly passing away from the House of Commons with almost as much rapidity as it fell upon it. Mr. Asquith was back in the House yesterday, and it turned out that his attack was nothing more serious than a severe cold. And, generally speaking, Ministers have been attacked out of all proportion to the rest of the House. The Liberal Whips have now no members on their books as absent entirely on account of influenza, and the

JABEZ v. THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

WHAT a proud chuckle Mr. JABEZ BALFOUR will have in his pleasant quarters in the Argentine when this morning's papers reach him! A higher testimonial to his adroitness than is afforded by last night's debates could not be desired by the vainest of mankind. The first period of BALFOUR's life may be described as that in which he gulled the British public. But the second period, if in some respects less glorious, may claim the yet prouder boast of being that in which he defeated a British Government. Nothing could be more candid—we may even say more abject—than the confession of Ministers on this point. The resources of the British Empire have proved equal to some pretty tough jobs in their time. But there is one task from which the wealthiest Empire in the world falls back, baffled and impotent; and that is to get the better of JABEZ.

It is an entire mistake—so it seems to us—to make this question in any sense a personal matter. The most bigoted Tory does not in his heart believe that the Government desired to secure the escape of JABEZ BALFOUR. English Governments do not do these things; and no one in his senses seriously entertains any such suspicion. The point at issue relates simply to the efficiency of our official machinery to prevent the escape of persons reasonably suspected of criminal practices. It may very well be that the best machinery in the world could not have prevented the escape of JABEZ BALFOUR. It is a fallacy to suppose that because a fraud is glaring and gigantic, the proof of it, as regards any individual offender, is proportionately easy to obtain. For ourselves, we were under the impression that BALFOUR's departure from this country—not, indeed, to Argentina direct, but to the South of France, where he is supposed to have gone first "for reasons connected with his health"—was considerably earlier even than the Attorney-General placed it. In any case, there is no reason to question the official explanation that BALFOUR was gone before effective *prima facie* evidence of his guilt could be obtained. Nevertheless, this escape was exceedingly unlucky, and what the public has since learnt of the official procedure has created an impression that escape would be comparatively easy even in cases where the proof was very much easier. For a departmental inquiry into the relations between the Winding-up Department and the Treasury has shown us the extraordinary series of dilatory proceedings which are necessary before the Public Prosecutor can be satisfied of the necessity of taking action. The same documents have, if we remember rightly, to be examined and re-examined about five times by five different sets of officials before anybody is entitled to take any steps to prevent the flight of a suspect. More than two years, as we can all see, have elapsed before proceedings have been taken against BALFOUR's colleagues, and if certain of them had desired to avoid inquiry in the same way that BALFOUR has avoided it, we really do not know what could have been done to prevent them. Now having regard to all these facts, and to the further fact that BALFOUR's escape however unavoidable, was open to a very awkward misinterpretation, the public have naturally expected the Government to act with exceptional energy in all the subsequent stages of the affair.

The question, in fact, is, Has the Foreign Office done everything in its power to retrieve the bad luck of the Law Officers? It began with what looked like a great success in obtaining the Extradition Treaty. But has it shown spirit and activity in endeavouring to prevent that Treaty being reduced to a dead letter? As it is, the British Government has been completely circumvented. The facts, as we stated two or three weeks ago, are as follows:—On January 20, 1894, BALFOUR was arrested at Salta, in a distant part of the Argentine Republic, with a view to his being handed over to the British Government on a requisition for his extradition. The Federal Judge of Salta decided that there were good grounds for his extradition, seven months having been spent in advancing the case to this stage. BALFOUR appealed to the Supreme Court of the nation, which in November confirmed the decision of the Federal Judge. Meanwhile, OTTO KLIN had entered a criminal suit for fraud prior to the first sentence of extradition, thus delaying BALFOUR's delivery. KLIN grounded

his suit on the fact that JABEZ, under the assumed name of "SAMUEL BUTLER," entered into an agreement, which had not been carried out, to buy a brewery. According to the Argentine Criminal Code, to enter into business arrangements under a false name is considered a misdemeanour, and punishable with imprisonment for from one to six years. But KLIN, seeing little hope of bleeding BALFOUR or anyone else, and the likelihood of being saddled with a heavy bill of costs, asked the criminal judge to quash the case. And now comes the funny part of the case. The "Fiscal," a kind of provincial Attorney-General, holding an official position between the judicial authorities and the executive powers, steps in, and says that if the complainant will not go on with the case, "public action" must be taken to punish this notorious evil-doer, and demands that he be sentenced to a term of imprisonment as provided by law. The Courts have now decided, as we have learnt by telegraph, that the KLIN case must be proceeded with, and the extradition of JABEZ is thus once more postponed indefinitely. In this way, the treaty rights acquired by our Government have been reduced to a nullity. It is a humiliating position. Are there no resources—either diplomatic or other—by which JABEZ may even yet be bought over? The printer has left out an "r" in the last word but one of the preceding sentence. And we are not at all sure that that printer is not a wise man.

THE NEW FICTION.

A PROTEST AGAINST SEX MANIA.

BY THE PHILISTINE.

FOURTH ARTICLE: THE MORBID AND LURID CLASSES.

I pass now to a third class, which consists of the purely, or impurely, morbid. Here we have the "sex on the sleeve" combined with diseases—whether ashamed or unashamed is not of much consequence to the reader, for the effect is much the same. Of this class a leading example is a volume of the Pioneer Series, entitled "An Altar of Earth."

A Study in Morbidity.

This is a book which—to do it justice—is not offensive in statement or in detail, but of which the idea is incredibly horrible and morbid. We are introduced to a young girl who is suffering from a fatal disease which must end her life in two years. She goes into the country with a friend, and there comes across a speculative builder—a coarse, vulgar, sensual man—who, in pursuance of certain schemes, is about to destroy and build over a beautiful piece of woodland scenery. The girl, who has a passion for humanity and social schemes, is possessed with the idea of saving this wood and preserving it to the people for ever. The builder has a wife of whom he has grown tired, and he conceives a passion for this girl. She regards him with the utmost aversion, and at first repulses him with scorn. Then the thought comes to her that by sacrificing herself on this "altar of earth" she may save the land for the people. So she states her terms, and the man closing with them, she goes to the sacrifice in loathing and terror, and shortly afterwards dies of her malady. When she had told him that she must die, he had simply treated the tale as a ruse for her escape, and insisted on his bargain. So Hiram's Wood is saved to the people for ever.

Now, the author of this book—be he or she, I don't know which—tells this story apparently with a full conviction that it is deeply pathetic. The lady is young, pure, and gentle: she is filled with beautiful enthusiasms; the coarser and viler man, the greater is her noble sacrifice. That he had a wife living and that she had any duty to the wife does not, of course, occur to her any more than that the object of saving one wood for a few villagers who were apparently surrounded with woods was, at best, trivial. To the normal reader, indeed, this story can only make sense on one supposition—viz., that the unfortunate woman was suffering mentally from the effects of her disease. On no other theory can we regard the idea of this woman perleying for one moment with that man as other than outrageous and absurd. The story is at best a study in disease which, if true, might legitimately find place in a medical work, and, if not true, is without excuse as fiction. How anyone could have conceived such an idea, and, having conceived it, deliberately sit down and write it

Tory Whips have only two or three. There are still, however, two or three Irishmen ill to make matters equal. Altogether the influenza has shown itself no respecter of parties or persons.

An evening contemporary announced on Wednesday that on the previous night "all the members of the Royal Family now in London" had dined at Buckingham Palace with the Queen, after which "several of them visited the theatres." As a matter of fact, the Princess Louise was the only member of the Royal Family who dined with the Queen on Tuesday. It would be impossible for anyone to dine with her Majesty and then to visit a theatre, considering that the dinner-hour is a quarter to nine. Several Royalties visited the theatres on Tuesday night, but, of course, they had not dined with the Queen. On these occasions the rule at Buckingham Palace is to have a separate dinner at a much earlier hour for those members of the Royal Family who are going to theatres, or to the opera.

Major-General Sir William Butler is in command at Aldershot during the absence of the Duke of Connaught at Vienna. The Duke is to resume his duties on Tuesday next, when his leave will expire, and he will presumably pay a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle, where he is to meet the Duchess of Connaught, who is now at Bagshot Park.

The Duke of Connaught will be entertained during his stay at Vienna by the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland at their magnificent villa at Pinzing, which they inherited from the late Duke of Brunswick. The Duke of Connaught was very anxious some twenty years ago to become the brother-in-law of the Duke of Cumberland, to whose

sister, the Princess Marie of Hanover, he proposed more than once, but she would not accept his addresses.

The Queen will be attended during her visit to the Continent by the Dowager Lady Churchill, Colonel Sir Fleetwood Edwards, Colonel Bigge, the Hon. Evelyn Moore, Dr. James Reid, and the Munshi Abdul Karim, her Majesty's Indian Secretary. It is not yet settled whether another lady is to accompany her Majesty in attendance on Princess Beatrice.

Mr. J. R. Maxwell, the husband of Miss Braddon, who was at one time a well-known and very enterprising London publisher, died on Sunday evening at his residence in the New Forest, Annerley Banks, Lyndhurst. Mr. Maxwell had been an invalid for several years past. He was the founder of *Temple Bar*, in 1861, and the original publisher of a great number of well-known novels.

Since the arrival of the Prince of Wales at Cannes his Royal Highness has been entertained at dinner by the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Mr. and Madame de Falbe, Baron Hirsch, and Mr. and Mrs. Vyner, at their respective villas. The Prince spent a day last week at Nice, when he gave a dinner party at the London House.

The Duke of Coburg and his son the Hereditary Prince Alfred, are now staying at Gotha. The Duke will proceed the week after next to the Riviera until Easter. The Duchess of Coburg has arrived at Darmstadt on a visit to the Grand Duchess of Hesse, whose *acouchement* will shortly take place. The Duke and Duchess and their daughter are to be at Clarence House from the middle of May until the end of June. They will meet the Queen at Darmstadt about April 24.