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PEARS
Soap Makers
By Special Appointment to
HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN
AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE
PRINCE OF WALES.

No. 645.—VOL. V.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1895.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

DICK WHITTINGTON AT DRURY LANE.
THE FANTOMIME OF THE YEAR.
EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 1.30.
Messrs. Dan Lees, Herbert Campbell, Griffiths Brothers, H. Spry, Ada Blanche, Maria Montrose, Lily Harold, Alma Hewitt, &c., &c.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
Mr. WALLER and Mr. MORRIS, Managers.
TODAY, at 2.30, and THIS EVENING, at 8.30, AN IDEAL HUSBAND, by OSCAR WILDE. Messrs. Lewis Waller, Alfred Byles, Charles Brookfield, Casson Stuart, Stanfield, Deane, Neprick, Goodhart, and Charles H. Harvey; Mademoiselle Fanny Brough, Mademoiselle Florence West, Yvonne Featherston, Helen Forsyth, and Julia Neilson. MATINEE, EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30. Sole Lessee, Mr. TREN.

COMEDY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. COCHRAN CARB.
TONIGHT, at 8.0, A LEADER OF MEN, by Charles E. D. Ward (LAST THREE NIGHTS).
At 8.0 A BREEZY MORNING. See Office (Scarlatina) 10 to 5. Doors open 7.50.
SATURDAY NEXT, Mr. Sydney Grundy's successful comedy, SOWING THE WIND—COMEDY.

SAIETY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS.
EVERY NIGHT, at Eight o'clock, THE SHOP GIRL. Written by H. J. W. Dean. Music by Theo. Carlyl, and additional songs by Adrian Ross and Lionel Monckton. Doors open at 7.40.
SATURDAY NEXT, at 8.0, MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT, at 2. Doors open 7.40.

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

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.
TONIGHT, at 8.15, a New Musical Farce, entitled, GENTLEMAN JOY (THE HAZARD CARB).
Words and lyrics by Basil Hood, music by Walter Slaughter. Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS. Reported by a powerful company. Doors open 7.45. Box Office open 10 to 2.

LYRHO THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. GILBERT and F. OSBORN Carr, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' COMPANY. Preceded, at 7.40, by PAPA'S WIFE, a New Musical Tragicope by C. Phillips and Seymour Hicks, music by Ellaline Terriss. Kate Westbury, Miss Flamingo, Cora, and Richard Gordon. Doors open 7.50. Box Office 10 to 10.
MATINEE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. GEORGE ALKLAND.
TODAY, at 3 and TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.0, THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, by OSCAR WILDE. Mr. George Alexander, Messrs. Hubert Waring, Allan Aynsworth, H. F. Vincent, Arthur Royston, Frank Dyall, F. Kinsey Paine, Miss Rose Tison, Mademoiselle Irene Vanhagen, Filippa Page, Miss George Gannings, Miss Lyster. At 8.20 IN THE SEASON. MATINEE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Doors open 8.20.

ADELPHI THEATRE.
Sole Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATE.
TONIGHT, at 8, THE FATAL CARD. Mr. William Terriss, Messrs. Murray Carson, Charles Fellers, W. L. Abington, Richard Gordon, &c. &c. Mademoiselle Mademoiselle Vase, Laura Linden, Sophia Larkin, and Miss Millward. Box Office open from 10 a.m.

AVENUE THEATRE.
Mr. WILLIAM GEORGE, Lessee and Manager.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0, a New and Original Opera Bouffe entitled DANIEL DICK, by WHITTINGTON, by Geo. R. Sims and Geo. Carroll. Messrs. J. F. Sheridan, Robert Pateman, John Barr, Henry Wright, F. Vaughan, A. J. Ewing, H. M. Wenman, Misses Robert Tison, Florence Tison, Grace Wilson, Misses Edith, Bertha Meyers, and MISS MAY YOHKE. The piece produced by Frank Parker. Musical Director, Mr. London ROAD. Doors open 7.30 (at 7.15). Commence 8. MATINEE, NEXT SATURDAY and EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Box Office open from 10 to 10.

TERRYS.—Proprietor, Mr. EDWARD TERRY.
TONIGHT, at 8, AN INNOCENT ABROAD.
Preceded, at 8, by NIGHT LIFE BELOW STAIRS.
Doors open 7.40.

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

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REBELS ENTERTAINMENT.
Under the Management of Mr. J. J. GERMAN, of the Grand and Mr. CORNER GRASS.
TODAY, at 8, MELODRAMA, a New Burlesque, in three acts, written by Malouin Watson, music by Walter Slaughter. Concluding with a New Musical Sketch, MUSIC A LA MOULIN, by Mr. J. J. Germain. Monday, Wednesday, Friday at 8; Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, at 8.30. Seats, 3s. Admission, 2s. Doors 10. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, W.

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REAL ICE SKATING—Ice always in Perfect Condition.
Daily, 8.30 to 10.30; 3.30 to 8.30; 8.10 to 11.30, 3s.
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FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT OPEN ALL DAY

OUR LONDON LETTER.

It will surprise a great number of people, even of Londoners, that the skating in all the parks is still merrily going on. The ice, it is true, has begun to look ugly, being riddled all over, and as slushy as can be. But there has not yet been a day, for the last five weeks, on which the lakes have been deserted, and though the thaw set in a fortnight ago, there were crowds of skaters everywhere on Sunday. In Regent's Park especially they were very lively, the "rough and smooth" elements being represented by hundreds of men and women. On the whole ladies are in the majority on the ice, but on Saturday afternoons and Sundays there are about an equal number of either, and just now it is mostly the leisured youth and impudent little boy who keep faithful to the last. It is supposed that the ice in the parks will last another week, and that another good fortnight of thaw is required before it will have disappeared altogether.

The Queen is to hold a Council at Windsor Castle next Friday at one o'clock, when it is probable that Colonel Sir Fleetwood Edwards, K.C.B. (who is to succeed Sir Henry Ponsonby as Keeper of the Privy Purse), will be sworn in as a Privy Councillor. The Ministers who will be summoned to attend the Council are to travel from Paddington to Windsor and back by special train, and they will lunch at the Castle after the Council.

The Countess of Warwick was to have been presented at the Drawing Room yesterday by her half-sister, the Duchess of Sutherland, but she was kept away by an attack of influenza, and will go instead to the first Drawing Room in May. Lady Warwick's magnificent and costly dress would have been in every way worthy of a "splendid pauper," being composed of the richest white satin, profusely embroidered with diamonds, and an immense train of geranium-red velvet embroidered with gold.

SHARP PRACTICE AND LITTLE FAITH.

WHAT is it that we Progressives ought to aim at in the new Council—to do the best that can be done for a cause, or to see that whatever happens, the Moderate "dogs" have the worst of it? The Moderate caucus met yesterday—in none too moderate a mood, from all accounts. The Progressive caucus is to meet to-day—in none too chastened a spirit, from all indications. Both sides, in fact, seem more inclined at present for fight than compromise. If there is to be any compromise, the move must come from our side; and it is highly desirable, therefore, that we should arrive at some clear conception of what we are aiming at. For our part, we are perfectly convinced that any attempt to gerrymander the Council—we will not say in the Progressive interest, but in the interest of Progressive *personnel*—would be a blunder and worse. It would, very possibly, fail, for who knows that among the fifty-nine Progressives there may not be some men who would shrink from the gerrymandering process? But if it succeeded it would none the less be repugnant to the sense of fair play; and it would argue a want of loyalty to democracy and a want of faith in Progressive policy itself.

As an example of the contempt for democratic government which seems temporarily to have possessed some of our friends, we may take the sentiments attributed by a reporter to Mr. CHARLES HARRISON, the Vice-Chairman of the Council. "What I want you to see," he is reported as saying yesterday, "is that we are masters of the situation. There is absolutely no change in the situation"—no change except that the people of London have reduced the Progressive majority from 50 to zero! But according to this new Radical doctrine, the people are, we suppose, "absolutely no" account if they happen to be perverse enough to vote against us. "We have a sufficient majority," continued Mr. HARRISON; "an outside Chairman would give us a majority for four men, even if the non-retiring Aldermen refrain from voting. . . . There is absolutely no tie. To begin with, the Moderates "cannot bring up all their men. Mr. LONGSTAFF is on the "sea." That Mr. HARRISON is quite right in his statement of what *could* be done, we showed yesterday. But can any sincere Democrat regard such gerrymandering without grave misgivings and even disgust? Mr. CHARLES HARRISON, we dare say, has been misreported; and he will understand that we are using the report in question, not necessarily as conveying his real views, but as bringing conveniently to a focus, ideas and schemes which are floating in the air. What, then, the people of London have done is to decide for compromise: their elected representatives being returned in equal numbers from the two parties. The honest course and the proper course under these circumstances is, it seems to us, to elect, if a Progressive Chairman, then a Moderate Vice-Chairman, and to divide the new Aldermen as evenly as possible between the two parties. But what is apparently proposed by those whose views we are combating is to pack to the Aldermanic Bench with none but Progressives, and generally to put "our men" in everywhere. The thing can be done, we admit; but no loyal democrat will take any part in it.

But the proposed gerrymandering would argue also a lamentable lack of confidence in Progressive principles. We have been saying throughout the elections that in all matters of administration the Progressive way is the only way, and the necessary way if ordinary efficiency is to be maintained. We have declared that if the Moderates themselves came in they could do no different. We have said that the most moderate of Moderates, however much they might complain of Progressive extravagance, would find themselves powerless to bring down the rates if the control of the purse were in their hands and not ours. All this we believe to have been well-founded, but the conclusion from it obviously is, not that we should try to shut the Moderates off from administrative work, but that we should make them jointly responsible with us for carrying on, and that we should on all occasions pin them to their pledges and their programmes. For in all matters at present within the control of the Council they have declared that they will do all that we have done, and more. But, we shall be told, there is the question of Tenification, the questions of the water companies and the tram companies. As for Tenification, we may with absolute confidence leave the facts to dispose of that. It was discussed and rejected as impracticable before the County Council ever

came into existence; it is doubly impracticable now that the Council is there. In respect of the trams and water companies, if anyone thinks that the Moderates will incur the odium of raising the rates in order to give them extravagant compensation he surely knows very little of "party" human nature. The Progressive principle is, in short, so necessary that the Moderate Party will be compelled to abet it at every turn if they are brought in. We need only fear their obstruction if we endeavour unfairly to keep them out.

THE NEW FICTION.

A PROTEST AGAINST SEX MANIA

BY THE PHILISTINE.

SECOND ARTICLE: THE "REVOLTING WOMAN" NOVEL.

The last two years would supply a good many specimens of the various classes into which (as we saw in my last article) the sex-maniacal novels of to-day may be divided; but for present purposes I prefer to confine myself to the last few weeks, when all kinds appear to have come with a rush. I have about eight books before me which have been produced either at the close of last year or at the beginning of this, and every day seems to bring another hot from the press which makes a bid to surpass its predecessors in its emancipation, its decadence, and its "bravery."

A Piece Composed of "Discords."

Of the "Revolting Woman" class I cannot do better than take a recent leading example, the book called "Discords," contributed by George Egerton to the Keynotes Series, of which she is the inventor and patentee. The title is, in itself, not a little interesting. Every musician knows the value of occasional discords in their place and modulated by succeeding harmonies. But a piece composed wholly of discords has never, that I know of, been contemplated by the wildest devotee of the new music. It would be intolerable unless the human ear were profoundly modified. Within limits the analogy seems to me to apply to fiction. Life is not all discords, or the human race would perish, and the fiction which treats it as discords and nothing else is as untrue to life and as inartistic as the fiction which ignores discords is undoubtedly rapid. George Egerton's book is not misnamed, as a brief glance at it will show. Let us take the first story, which may be summarised in strict fairness as follows:—

Discord No. 1

A woman having compromised herself with one man (or done something else disgraceful, the written proofs of this compromising relation have come into the possession of another man who is a fierce sensualist of the most brutal type, also a married man. In order to escape exposure, she yields to the threats and importunities of this blackmailing scoundrel, and goes off with him to Paris, and lives with him as his mistress. . . . After a time he deserts her and patches up with his wife. . . . Then there comes on the scene another woman who has been married against her will ("a Cardinal and seven priests assisting at the sacrifice") to a rich man whom she hates, and separated from a poor man whom she loves. Mistaking the situation, she comes to congratulate the woman who was bold enough to defy the world and decamp with a married lover, and is apparently bracing herself up to taking the same step. The woman "who did" does not enlighten her as to the true state of the case ("I concern no one to know"), but she enlarges at great length upon the duty of women to be brave, and to bear the consequences of their own act. "It used to be a fancy of mine," she says, "that if I were unfortunate enough to bring an illegitimate child into the world I would never disown it or put it away. . . . If I had such a child—with a lightening of eyes—I would call it mine before the whole world, and tack no Mrs. to my name either." So the two women mingle their tears, and the story ends.

Now, what could be the object of writing this? It is not art, it is impossible remote from life, and though written with the strenuousness of a tract, the moral is absurd. The woman who "has always thought that each man or woman should bear, as far as possible, the entire effect of his mistakes or sins," and who talks pages about being brave and bearing the consequences, has just done something disgraceful, and then, to escape the consequences, yielded to the most hideous form of blackmail. A repulsive and unnatural story ends, therefore, in cant. As for this woman, though apparently a lady

There are to be two more Levées at St. James's Palace before Easter—the one next Monday, which is to be held by the Duke of York, and the other during the first week in April, which the Prince of Wales will hold. A fourth Levée is to be held early in May, and there will be a fifth later in the season, both by the Prince of Wales.

The Queen has appointed Mr. Edward Hamilton Anson to be a Sergeant-at-Arms to Her Majesty, in succession to the late Macleod of Macleod. Mr. Anson is already a Gentleman Usher Daily Waiter to the Queen, the two places being worth £320 a year, with some allowances, while the duties are nominal. Mr. Anson is a cousin of the late Mr. George E. Anson, who was for some years private secretary to Prince Albert, and Keeper of the Privy Purse.

Lord Rosebery, in spite of his illness, was one of the first to telegraph his sympathy to Professor Blackie's family.

Why should not the marriage of Miss Peel, which is *par excellence* a Parliamentary union, be solemnised in the exquisitely lovely chapel of the House of Commons, into which the restored crypt of the old Chapel of St. Stephen has been converted? One of the few ceremonies of which this little sanctuary has been the scene was the baptism many years ago of an infant son of a former Speaker. In few places could the marriage of a Speaker's daughter be more appropriately celebrated.

The fancy dress ball in Dublin for which Lord Wolsley has issued invitations, and in which the ladies must be dressed to resemble some painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, or Romney, will revive the recollection of a fancy dress ball given in Dublin Castle during the Viceroyalty of the late Duke of Abercorn. The Duke, who was a dark, somewhat melancholy-visaged man, determined to assume for the evening the character of Charles I., and allowed his intention to be freely hinted abroad. A hint, however, reached his

Grace from very high quarters indeed that his contemplated impersonation of the Royal Martyr would be regarded as in questionable taste.

Dr. Butler, the Master of Trinity, is to give an address to the Students' University Extension in London at the Mansion House on Saturday, March 16, on Burke. This annual occasion is the nearest approach in London to the Rectorial addresses in Scotland.

Honour to whom honour: "The rally of the Moderates is really due," writes a correspondent, "to my friend Mr. Percy Harris, L.C.C. for North Paddington. It was to his initiative that the London Municipal Society is really due, and he it was who put the Moderate Programme into workable shape." (That remains to be seen. But we must not interrupt our correspondent, who continues—) "I believe I am right in saying that the society was suggested, at least in some degree, by the electoral arrangements of the Royalists in Paris, and their *Comité Electoral* for the whole of the city.

"Is it known," asks the same correspondent, "why or when 'Progressive' and 'Moderate' were chosen as the party names? It seems curious that 'Progressives' and 'Moderados' should occur in Spanish and South American politics, and nowhere else. However, we borrowed our Parliamentary arrangements from Castille and Aragon 600 years ago, and it would be a curious coincidence if our latest party names should be borrowing from the same sources.

"There is no Moderate leader chosen yet, and it is extremely difficult to say who will be the man. Poor Lord Randolph might have been chosen had he lived and kept in health, though he declined to have anything to do with London politics in 1892. I fancy Lord Cadogan may prove to be the man." But why not the Duke of Norfolk?