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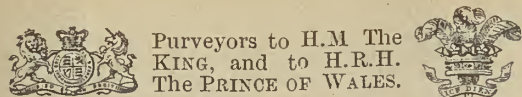
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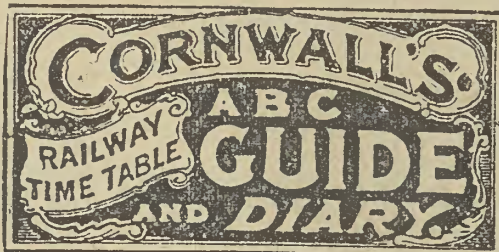
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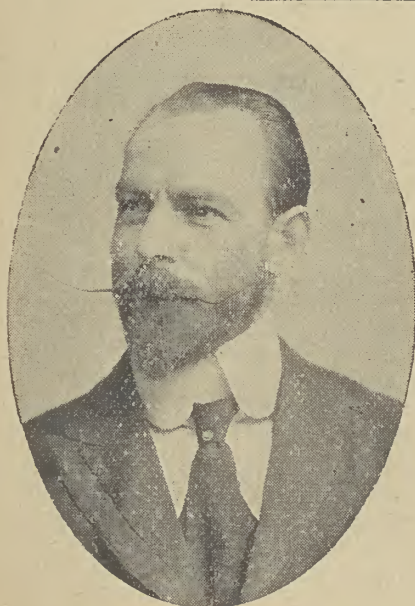
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August 31, 1905.

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Annual Subscription (including postage) 6s. 6d., payable in advance.

News Notes, Paragraphs, and Black and White Sketches are invited by the Editor, and will be paid for at the usual rates. Rejected contributions, if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes, will be returned in due course.

Topics of the Week.

Quite a number of well-known citizens have passed over to the "great majority" this week. Among them were Mr. John Rae Smith, bookseller, Union Street, who had attained the comparatively advanced age of 77, and Mr. Robert Cooper, official shorthand writer at the Sheriff Court. Mr. Smith, who was the second son of that eminent civic dignitary so well known to a past generation as "Lewie" Smith, was a man of somewhat rugged personality, not without a streak of eccentricity in his character, but possessed of great natural ability. He was gifted with an instructive taste for literature, and knew good writing when he met it.

Mr. Cooper was a critic as well as a delightful singer. If we are not mistaken, he succeeded Mr. Carnie, and Mr. Cooper, in turn, was succeeded by Mr. Milne Gibson, as the musical critic of the *Free Press*. We remember how Mr. Cooper fluttered the doves by his frank criticism of Madame Patti when she sang for the first time in Aberdeen. Musical people, who, as a rule, are not the most charitable in the world, asked, "What right has this man to criticise Patti?" The would-be critics forgot that they claimed an equal right to have a higher opinion of Madame Patti than the critic of the *Free Press* had. For some years before he received his official appointment Mr. Cooper was chief reporter of the *Aberdeen Journal*. In this post he was succeeded by Mr. William Gray, a subsequent editor of the *Journal*, and now local representative of the *Scotsman*. At one time Mr. Cooper was a good playgoer, especially when he could hear music, but we had missed him of late years. Many hostesses in Aberdeen have been in Mr. Cooper's debt for increasing the pleasure of their guests by his very pleasant singing.

The obituary also includes the name of Mr. John Cruickshank, who for the last 30 years carried on a large business as a furniture dealer at "The Tabernacle" in George Street. Mr. Cruickshank was a most enterprising trader, with a peculiarly quaint method of advertising his wares. Mr. Thomas Bowman, who died on Monday, at a comparatively early age, was formerly a member of the well-known firm of Bowman & Webster, cork manufacturers, South Constitution Street. Like his father and grandfather, he was for some time a member of the Gordon Highlanders, and saw service in Northern India, for which he held two medals. Subsequently he entered into partnership with his brother-in-law, Mr. F. Webster, in the business which has now reached such extensive dimensions.

The preaching of the Rev. George A. Johnston, who is at present acting as *locum tenens* for the minister of the North Parish, has made something of a sensation in East Neuk kirk-going circles. Not for many years, it is freely declared in that quarter, which, perhaps, is not over "kirk-greedy," has so eloquent a pulpit orator been heard in Aberdeen. Undoubtedly the church has been crowded every Sunday at both diets of worship, and though hundreds of extra seats were improvised in the passages, crowds had to go away disappointed. In fact, long before the commencement of each service, the kirk managers, with perfect propriety, might have adopted the theatrical device of hanging out a placard, "House full." Many of the extra worshippers, it may be said, came from John Knox Parish.

Mr. Johnston delivers his trial sermon as a candidate for John Knox's on Sunday first. Please go early if you wish to avoid the crush. In order to cope with the expected stream, the kirk session have decided to "open the doors" half an hour before the usual time. Almost without doubt Mr. Johnston will carry the election by a sweeping majority. Should this be so, the popular cleric will have no reason to complain, considering all that's come and gone, that the fickle jade Fortune has not stood his friend.

Some of the members of the North Kirk cannot help drawing a moral from the crowded attendances at Mr. Johnston's services, which is, unfortunately, somewhat to the disadvantage of the present able and accomplished minister, Mr. Rae. Like his clerical brother of St. George's-in-the-West, Mr. Rae has of late been loudly complaining of the sparseness of his Sunday audiences, and the proportionate reduction of the revenue, but his flock seem to give him scant sympathy. He does not understand the art of preaching a popular sermon. For an East-End audience his deliverances are held to be too "high-class, learned, and humdrum." Mr. Rae is young yet, and he may succeed with time, but at present the prospects of the congregation are not very satisfactory, and the membership is dwindling. This is partly due also to the feeling that has been aroused by the minister refusing to baptise children anywhere except at church.

A correspondent who is deeply enamoured of Mr. Johnston's pulpit oratory writes:—It would do you good to hear him preach. He is like an old farmer in style, with his broad, Buchan accent and pawky humour; and his extempore sermons are simply a "treat." During the two or three Sundays he has been officiating, the church has been filled to overflowing, and hundreds (honestly) have been turned away. Last Sunday night you could not have got a seat for a guinea at a quarter to six; and with the elders shouting "Only standing room," the scene reminded me of a crowded night at Her Majesty's Theatre before the curtain was raised.

On another page we have much pleasure in publishing a "lilt," entitled "The Aul' Hielan' Plaidie," by Mr. W. A. Mackenzie, a former editor of *BON-ACCORD*, and more recently editor of *Black and White*. Although now a popular novelist, Mr. Mackenzie is still best known in the North as the author of "Shon Campbell." Since the publication of "His Majesty's Peacock," our ex-colleague has not swelled the book-publishing statistics, but he is at present engaged in a character study. He says no publisher will "look at it," but this is highly improbable. Psychological fiction is his *forte*. The "Hielan' Plaidie" lyric will show that the writer's heart still beats true to the Highlands; though he is now a permanent "exile" in the north of France.

It cannot be alleged that in making the grant of £100 towards the cost of the local volunteers at the forthcoming Edinburgh review the Finance Committee have allowed their "hands to hairy themselves." As 1,900 Northern men of valour are expected to turn out, this leaves a trifling sum of £800 to be found. Either the C.O.'s will have to bear the brunt or the hat must be sent round. The latter expedient will probably be adopted. We are familiar with it, *ad nauseam*, in Aberdeen. No doubt both officers and men will contribute handsomely to the fund. It is a scandal, however, that there should be any necessity for them to do so, considering how much of their own time—and their employers'—they now give to the service of the country. The action of the War Office is particularly shabby, but, in spite of this, the enthusiasm of the force is so keen that at least 60,000 volunteers are expected to be present at the review.

Treasurer Wilkie may not be dancing fandangoes over the results of the first year's working of the Suburban Tramways Company, still he has ample room for some little self-congratulation. The net profit for the year was £2,166 1s. 9d., of which only £780 19s. was disbursed in payment of a dividend of 2½ per cent., while £1,343 was "carried forward." This is quite as satisfactory as could have been expected. The chairman at the meeting advanced the same reason for the present "slump" in the shares as we gave a fortnight ago. It is obvious the revenue of the company would have been considerably increased could electricity have been obtained cheaper. The Aberdeen Corporation, however, charge the extortionate figure of 2¼d. per unit, while the cost of production is really less than 1½d. This sounds like Shylockism. The rate, however, may be fixed thus high with the praiseworthy intention of preventing the Suburban shareholders pocketing inflated dividends, or the directors unduly favouring their passengers in the matter of fares.

We hear that that well-known and highly respected citizen, Mr. John Keir, is about to enter the bands of matrimony. We forget whether the exact word is "bonds" or "bands," but it doesn't matter. The lady, we understand, is a highly accomplished member of the teaching staff of Woodside Public School. BON-ACCORD wishes them the best of good fortune in their joint-venture.

In familiar phrase, the creator of "Sherlock Holmes" is "agoing it." Only the other day he was fined £5 for driving his motor car furiously; and again, on Saturday, comes the sad intelligence that he has a second time been "up before the beaks" on a similar charge. The penalty, on this occasion, was increased to £10 and costs. Next time Sir Conan will almost certainly have his licence endorsed. The police evidently have not forgiven Sherlock's many gibes at their expense, so the best thing he can do is to give up driving and engage a chauffeur to bear the brunt of the prosecutions—or he might take to motor cycling. That vehicle makes as much noise and is even more ugly than a real motor car.

In view of the notorious prejudices of a section of the English justices towards the new form of locomotion, the *Auto-Car* advances a strong plea for the hearing of cases of furious driving before a paid magistracy. That many English magistrates are constitutionally unfit for the discharge of their duty in this and other respects is made painfully evident by the lists of scandalous travesties of justice so frequently published in *Truth* and other papers. Much

of the insensate dislike of motorists arises from the general "cussedness" of human nature. The pig-headed, gouty-brained magistrates referred to are mostly "carriage people." "Dog-in-the-manger"-like, as they do not wish to change themselves, they oppose the new order of things tooth and nail. The motives of the lower grades of the population are much more sinister, proceeding from sheer class-hatred.

Personally, we are never likely to own a motor car, but we are free from all class-prejudice in the matter, and as pedestrians have equally strong objections to the cycle and the automobile. Both are nuisances on the road, but both, unfortunately, are there to stay. The average man has long since managed to put up with the former, so it is certain that in course of time he will get reconciled to the latter.

The Episcopalian "dovecots" are still in a flutter over the impending election to the vacant See of Aberdeen and Orkney. The conclave has sat, and it is unofficially stated that the following eminent divines are entered for the mitre:—Dr. Danson, Aberdeen; Dean Wilson, Edinburgh; Dr. Walpole, rector of Lambeth; Canon Mitchell Innes, Glasgow; Principal Anthony Mitchell, Edinburgh; and Dr. Wiseman, Bucksburn. Rumour has it that the choice lies between the three first named.

The name of Canon Mitchell Innes is new in the contest. He descends from one Mitchell, a farmer in Tillycorthie, Udny, who seventy or eighty years ago inherited the landed property of a remote relative, Miss Innes of Stow, in Midlothian. That lady's personalty, we understand, is still "locked up" in Chancery or elsewhere. It should amount to a good round sum by this time, probably millions. Claimants in the North are as plentiful as the shells on the sea-shore. None of them, however, ever seems to get any "forarder" with their claim.

Those local personal pars are really a vexation to the spirit of the genealogist. The most venerable of our contemporaries states that Lord Elgin "claims to be descended from King Robert Bruce." His lordship, we suppose, knows better than to do anything half so foolish. His ancestor, the first Bruce of Clackmannan, may have been related to the King, but the precise degree of connection, if any, is unknown, and it will certainly never now be traced.

A writer in a contemporary states that we are a "queer people," basing this profound discovery on what he calls the kindness of the British public in subscribing towards the maintenance of the boy Stanley Devereux. The public may well be kind to the orphan, since a grave doubt must always remain whether his father was not legally done to death. The papers maintained with bloodthirsty unanimity that Arthur Devereux was the murderer of his wife and children, but we venture to prophesy that in the near future the question of his guilt or innocence will agitate the acutest minds in the country, and that before the century is well run a small library of books will have been written on the subject. Personally, we regarded the evidence as far from conclusive. The man seems to have been hung principally on the strength of a telegram. From the circumstances attending the tragedy, Devereux went into the dock with the rope round his neck. Had the trial taken place in Scotland before a thoroughly unprejudiced jury, it is even betting that the verdict would have been "Not Proven."

We observe that the editor of the *Aberdeen Journal* is on holiday, not, we hasten to add, from any "slack-

ness" noticeable in the columns of our contemporary, but solely from the fact that Monday's issue contains an interesting article on "Inverness," which is signed with the familiar initials "R.A." It is somewhat new for this far-travelled journalist to take a "home" holiday. We should have been less surprised to hear that he was wandering in the Balkans, with the view of obtaining some wrinkles on the Eastern Question, or climbing Mount Ararat in search of the remains of the Ark.



Mr. Thomas Skinner, Newton Farm, is becoming quite a celebrity as an exporter of Shetland ponies. Recently he despatched large drafts to Canada and South Africa, and the other day he supplied a beautifully matched pair of ponies to the Countess of Suffolk and Berkshire, who, it may be noted, is a younger sister of Miss Daisy Leiter, sometime of Chicago, now Lady Curzon. Mr. Skinner is the elder brother of Mr. Robert Skinner, M.A., head master of Donaldson's Hospital, Edinburgh.

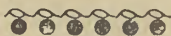


Mr. George Cooper, Woodlea, Dyce, who fills the office of president of the Aberdeen Poultry, Pigeon, and Canary Club, is an enthusiastic student of aviculture, being a particularly noted breeder of black and buff Orpingtons and other varieties of poultry. He works hard for the success of the club, one of the main objects of which is to secure a wider degree of patronage and support than has hitherto been extended by the public. All persons directly interested in poultry are strongly advised to join the club, and thus help on the work. The secretary, Mr. John A. S. Cameron, will be happy to supply all particulars as to the institution.



Aberdeen Master Bakers' Outing.

The annual outing of this association took place to Torphins on Tuesday. The company numbered over 60. Mr. Wm. Macpherson presided at the luncheon, which was served in his usual admirable style by Mr. D. R. Watson, the host of the popular Learney Arms Hotel. Although rainy in the morning, the weather cleared up, and the company spent a most enjoyable day. The arrangements of Mr. A. B. Hutchison and the committee were most complete.



Aberdeen Poultry, Pigeon, and Canary Club.

A general meeting of members of this club was held in the hon. treasurer's chambers, 35A Union Street, on Monday evening. Mr. J. C. O. Couper of Craigiebuckler and Mr. Fred. Webster, manufacturer, Aberdeen, were elected hon. presidents; Mr. George Cooper, Woodlea, Dyce, was elected president; Mr. William Philip, Huntly Street, Aberdeen, vice-president; and Mr. John A. S. Cameron, solicitor, hon. treasurer and secretary; while Messrs. Keys, Johnstone, Mitchell, Reid, Hay, Harrower, and Stephen were elected the executive committee. Preliminary arrangements were made as to the annual show, and sundry matters were remitted to the executive committee for further consideration and report. Chief among these was the desirability of having steps taken to secure a greater interest in aviculture in the city of Aberdeen and surrounding district.

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JOHN MITCHELL, Proprietor.

ROYAL ATHENÆUM RESTAURANT (opposite Town Hall), Union Street, Aberdeen. Luncheons (Hot and Cold) at Popular Prices, in Buffet and Restaurant on First Floor. Also Chops and Steaks from the Silver Grill. The Commercial Dinner, 1s. 6d. Three Courses, with two sorts of Vegetables. Afternoon Teas—Consisting of Tea or Coffee, Cut Bread and Butter, Jam, Cake, Pastry *ad lib.*—served from 3 to 6. JAMES HAY, Royal Purveyor.

KENNAWAY'S LUNCHEON, and TEA, and SMOKING ROOMS, 173 Union Street and 8 Bridge Street, Aberdeen. Best Rooms in the City. Opposite Union Terrace. Three doors from Bridge Street up.

WEST-END CAFE, Limited, 154A Union Street, Aberdeen. Tea and Luncheon Rooms. Nothing to compare with it in the City. Smoking and Billiard Rooms. Five Minutes' walk from Station; on North Side of Union Street.

CAFE ROYAL, Broad Street. Most Popular and Comfortable Restaurant in Aberdeen. Largely Patronised by Visitors. Picnics and Pleasure Parties catered for. Terms Moderate.

THE EXCHANGE RESTAURANT (Exchange Street). Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners, Teas, and Suppers at Popular Prices. Superior Cooking, Choice Menu, Prompt Service, Dining Accommodation for 100 Ladies and Gentlemen.

ALEX. COWIE, Proprietor.

THE CLUB BAR, Market Street. Wines, Spirits, and Ales of finest quality.

G. L. M'LAREN, Proprietor
(Gate of "The Queen's").

Plays and Players.

BY GALLIO.



MISS NELLIE SHIRLEY,

a daughter of Mr. Arthur Shirley, the author of many melodramas.

"The London Fireman."

"The London Fireman" is a good melodrama of its kind. The old ingredients are mixed in the clever manner that one expects from Mr. Arthur Shirley. Indeed, many of the tricks of melodrama are Mr. Shirley's own, and he has used them in many plays. The interest, for the most part, is in the acting, and in one or two sketches of character which capable actors put into the performance. Mr. Forbes Knowles plays the fireman of the piece with exemplary vigour and with intelligence not common in melodrama. He is not one of the actors who clip and mumble their words. Mr. Garside has not much of what actors call the "fat" of the piece. In the last act, however, he plays very cleverly. He never rants, and he does not, like some of the actors, make the mistake of addressing the audience directly. Miss Nellie Shirley plays carefully and sincerely, and she, too, is not afraid to let herself be heard. Miss Shirley, I am sure, deserves to succeed. No one played better than Mr. Robert Grey. Whether the authors intended it or not, Viscount Fleming is the only man in the piece who, by education and manner, is a gentleman. Mr. Charles A. Preece is a capital low comedian, and Miss Nellie Garside has a delightfully girlish sense of fun. She is a pleasant young actress. Miss Florence Daly proves herself a useful actress. The German of Mr. Frank Hertie was very amusing, and was a little sketch of character in its way. Minor parts were played carefully enough by Miss Waddington, Mr. W. Burgess, Mr. W. Wilby, and Mr. F. Monney. I must point out, for the second time in a month, that it is wrong to say "these sort of people." Why not say "this sort of people," or, more freely, "people of this sort"?

The D'Oyly Carte Company.

The next fortnight should make amends for the last thirteen weeks of crude villains and silly heroines. The following is next week's programme:—Monday and Saturday, "The Mikado"; Tuesday, "The Gondoliers"; Wednesday, "Iolanthe"; Thursday, "The Yeomen of the Guard"; Friday, "Trial by Jury" and "The Pirates of Penzance"; and Saturday afternoon, "H.M.S. Pinafore." Mr. Workman and Mr. Billington, Miss Maguire, Miss Rassam, and Miss Rose are once more the principal members of the company. Miss Bessie Mackenzie, who is a daughter of Mr. J. J. Mackenzie, solicitor, Aberdeen, is also a member of the D'Oyly Carte Company. Miss Mackenzie delighted everyone last year by her very agreeable singing and her graceful manner. This is the last visit of the company before a tour in South Africa. Mr. Cellier, who was formerly conductor at the Savoy, has a similar position in this company. Mr. Bellamy is again in his place as manager, and Mr. J. Hermann Dickson represents Mrs. Carte in advance.



Mr. George Thorne.

Many of Mr. George Thorne's admirers have been startled by reports of his death. Mr. Thorne, however, writes that he is very much alive.



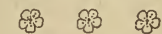
Mr. C. H. WORKMAN

as Ko-Ko in "The Mikado."



Mr. Martin Harvey's Visit.

Mr. Martin Harvey's business manager, Mr. Frank B. O'Neill, tells me that Mr. Harvey will play only "The Breed of the Treshams" in Aberdeen. "Hamlet" will be played only in large theatres and in theatres that Mr. Harvey knows. Mr. O'Neill adds that "Hamlet" may be played on the next visit of Mr. Martin Harvey and his company.



Mr. Harvey's tour began on Monday at Harrogate. To-day he is at Buxton. On Monday he will be playing in Blackpool, and on the following Monday Mr. Harvey will be in Aberdeen. The next fortnight will be among the most interesting weeks of the season.

General Notices.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE ELGIN DISTRICT OF BURGHS.

GENTLEMEN,—The death of your late gifted member has created a vacancy in the Elgin District of Burghs and necessitated the election of a fresh representative to serve in Parliament on your behalf.

I was invited in 1903 to offer myself, if approved by the Unionist Associations in the different Burghs, as your representative; and, having now been unanimously selected, I desire to place my services at your disposal.

I am, as I have already publicly stated, a supporter of the present Government, who are to be congratulated on their success in keeping clear of complications in the Far East, and on the better feeling now happily existing between the Republic of France and ourselves. I am in favour of the maintenance of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland; and I should oppose any measure having for its object the disruption of the United Kingdom.

I am in favour of the true principles of Free Trade being observed in the commercial dealings between Great Britain and other countries so long as such equal treatment is given to British manufactures abroad as is given to foreign manufactures imported into this country. I believe that Great Britain can command the very best terms for her home markets, and that foreign countries will easily be induced to remove their tariffs against us if satisfied that Great Britain was in a position to impose a tariff against them.

I heartily welcome all legislation that has for its object the promotion of Temperance throughout the kingdom. I recognise that there is by law no right of property in licences. I do not believe in depriving any man of a business, reputedly carried on with the approval of the country for many centuries, without some good reason. When that has to be done in the public interest, I approve of compensation being provided by those who take benefit thereby, and not out of the rates.

I would heartily support Mr. Balfour's proposition for the holding of a conference in London between the representatives of the mother country and her daughter colonies with a view to exchanging ideas as to how best to promote their mutual welfare.

From my life-long connection with the district I feel that I am not coming among strangers, whilst on the other hand my residence and business being within a few minutes of the House of Commons, I feel that your interests could be safeguarded by my continual presence on the spot during the Session of Parliament.

Should you see fit to return me as your representative, an honour which I respectfully solicit, I offer you every assurance that my business experience and time will be devoted to furthering your interests in every way in my power.

I have the honour to remain,

GENTLEMEN,

Your obedient Servant,

P. ROSE-INNES.

Elgin, August 23rd, 1905.

Great North of Scotland Railway.

SATURDAY, 2nd Sept.

EXCURSION TRAINS

Outgoing Trains. p.m.	To	Return Trains. p.m.	Return Fares. Third Class.
1-0	STRATHSPEY	8-0	2/6
1-15	BALLATER	8-15	2/6
2-0	CRUDEN BAY	7-28	1/6
2-0	ELLON	7-55 & 8-17	1/-
2-15	BANCHORY	8-0 & 8-50	1/-
3-0	INVERURIE	8-17 & 8-45	1/-

For Stopping Places, Coach Excursion, Ballater to Balmoral, and other particulars, see bills. Cold Meat Lunch or Meat Tea, in the Restaurant, Cruden Bay Hotel, 1s. 6d.

W. MOFFATT, General Manager.

BALLATER & BRAEMAR STAGE COACHES.

The FOUR-IN-HAND COACHES will RUN for the Season until further Notice.

TIME TABLE.

BALLATER, depart 10 a.m. and 2-15 p.m.
 BRAEMAR, arrive 12-30 p.m. and 4-45 p.m.
 BRAEMAR, depart 9-15 a.m. and 3-10 p.m.
 BALLATER, arrive 11-30 a.m. and 5-30 p.m.

Return Fare 4s.

Seats can be Booked at Invercauld Arms Hotel, Ballater; Invercauld Arms Hotel, Braemar; and with Edward T. Smith, Bookstall, 28 Bridge Street; George Dickie, 88 Union Street, or Henry Munro, 10 Crown Street, Aberdeen.

INVEST YOUR SAVINGS

WITH

THE BON-ACCORD PROPERTY INVESTMENT COMPANY BUILDING SOCIETY.

Established 1853.

Money received in Monthly or Quarterly Instalments or on Deposit. For further particulars apply,

MARQUIS & HALL,
 Managers and Treasurers.

222 Union Street.

REMOVAL.

MR. WILLIAM TRAIL, Aberdeen Riding Academy, thanks his patrons heartily for support in the past, and trusts for a continuance of their favours at his New Establishment,

QUEEN'S CROSS, Fountainhall Road, ABERDEEN.

Mr. TRAIL has Opened a New and Handsomely Appointed RIDING SCHOOL, where High-Class Saddle Horses will be kept, with Military and Civilian Riding Masters, as Pupils desire. The Riding School is lighted by electricity.

Landaus, Char-a-Bancs, Brakes, and Rubber-Tyred Cabs on Hire, with Careful and Experienced Drivers. Open Day and Night.

Telephone 1691.

Entertainments.

PALACE

of Varieties and Hippodrome,
 BRIDGE PLACE.

TO-NIGHT, at 7-45.

First Time in Aberdeen, and Special Engagement at an Enormous Salary of

The Cow-Boy Hypnotist,

AHRENSMEYER,

The Wizard of the Plains.

The Greatest Hypnotist since the days of Dr. Charcot.

No Machinery. Pure Hypnotism.
 No Electricity.

Look Out for the Great

BLINDFOLD DRIVE.

See the Marvellous Stone Breaking Test.

And Full Variety Company,

INCLUDING

The Great LUKUSHIMA TROUPE.

Her Majesty's Theatre.

Managing Director, MR. ROBERT ARTHUR.

Early Doors 6-45, Ordinary Doors 7-15.

At 7-30, the New and Original Drama,
 in Four Acts,

THE LONDON FIREMAN.

Box Plan at J. Marr Wood & Co.,
 183 Union Street.

MONDAY NEXT—

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company.

Monday and Saturday, The Mikado; Tuesday, The Gondoliers; Wednesday, Iolanthe; Thursday, The Yeomen of the Guard; Friday, Trial by Jury and The Pirates of Penzance; Saturday Afternoon, H.M.S. Pinafore.

THE ABERDEEN PROPERTY INVESTMENT BUILDING SOCIETY (Established 1851). President—Ex-Baillie JAMES MURRAY of North Inveramsay, J.P. Funds over £120,000. LOANS on Heritable Property at 3½ per cent., repayable by easy instalments. DEPOSITS received of £10 and upwards.

JAMES MILNE, C.A., Manager.

Office s—160 Union Street, Aberdeen.

WALKER & COMPANY'S ROYAL CINEMATOGRAF.

Entertainment in the Music Hall.



THE SCOTTISH TROUBADOURS.

Messrs. Walker & Company will give this entertainment, which is the best of its kind, in the Music Hall on Saturday afternoon and evening. This is the only day on which they can give their show, as the company has engagements until November. There will be an excellent programme. No better pictures than Messrs. Walker & Company's have been shown in Aberdeen, and on Saturday they hope to beat even their own record. Some of the most interesting among many good pictures will show incidents of the gymnastic festival at Pittodrie Park. There is a very good skit on golf, called "The Dangerous Golfer." Another picture has to do with one of the new terrors of travelling. "The Motor Highway Robbery" tells its own tale.

Messrs. Walker & Company will also "present," as the verb is now, a capital concert party. The Scottish Troubadours are clever and popular singers and players. *BON-ACCORD* has more than once referred to Miss Betty Whyte, a young contralto, who is a pupil of Madame Norris-Adams. Miss Whyte is a singer and reciter of unusual charm. At this entertainment she will sing, to the accompaniment of her teacher. Mr. J. C. McLean, the popular Scotch comedian, will amuse the audience. Mr. Burwood Nicholls will give a recital on the organ before the cinematograph entertainment begins. There can be no doubt that an entertainment, at which so many good things are promised, will be as successful as it deserves.

The Epistles of Birse.

His Neighbours at Ketybrowster:
How He "Rounded" on Them.

DEAR MAISTER EDITUR,

As I've hinted t' ye afore, I dinna get on owre weel wi' some o' my neipours at Ketybrowster. This is mainly due t' a reprobable feelin' o' jealousy 'at's harbour't aginst me in some mean min's on accoont o' my personal worth an' th' prominent pairt I tak' in th' direckshin o' local affairs. Here's hoo th' nesty feelin' becam' manifest. Th' ither evenin' I wis sittin' at my dask in th' parlor composin' a skite on th' Aiberdeen Fitba' Club for allooin' themsel's t' be wallopit ilky time, fin th' servan' announc't 'at three gintlemen an' a leddie wintit t' see me.

"Bring them ben, Baubie," I said, wi' reddy hospitality, winnerin' a wee fat sic a bourrich o' fouk cud wint, bit never dootin' they cam' on some pressin' maitter o' public or eyven naishonal importance.

The fower wis duly usher't in, th' hail lot o' them lookin' as solemn an' soor-face't as if their meals hidna been agreein' wi' them for some time back. T' my gryte sirprise, I recognis't they were a' mair or less intimately connectit wi' Ketybrowster, tho' nane o's wis on speakin', lat alane no'ddin', terms.

"Some new honour's t' be thrust on me," I thoct, as I politely handit my guests t' seats. "Awat, my han's are fou aneuch as it is, bit I sippose I'll jist hae t' tak' fat's offer't, an' preten' t' be pleas't."

I cudna help giein' a sich owre th' responsibilities o' public life as I concludit this soleeloquy, an' proceedit t' mak' some pleasant an' appropriat' remarks about the weather an' th' craps. Afore I ging farrer, I may as weel gie ye some informashin about my veesitors. Superfishilly consider't, they were a' in their wye fairly representativ' o' th' genteelity o' Ketybrowster. Th' bell-wether, t' judge by the wye they seatit themsel's, wis a snytin', nae-accoont kin' o' a mannie in glesses ca'ed Benjie Ferguson, M.A., fa wis third or fourth maister in a skweel doon th' toon. Efter him cam' Saun'ers Bleck, th' leeshins't grocer, a big, gouty chiel, wi' sma' cunnin', pigs' een an' lang, thin, side-board fuskers. Th' 'oman wis a Miss Fleetcher. Efter brakin' in th' millinery line, she flittit up oor wye, an' startit fat wis decribit as a "Cemet'ry for young leddies"—in ither wirts, a saxpence a week skweel o' a vera infeerior kin' for th' bairns o' sic Ketybrowster fouk as wis owre genteel t' hae ony trock wi' th' Boord establishments. Miss Fleetcher wis far fae bonnie. In trowth, 'er face wis ane o' th' kin' 'at wid turn sweet milk soor in th' deid o' winter; bit she wis dress't in th' vera heicht o' last 'ear's style, an' wore a new bonnet o' th' kin' 'at's noo th' rage, tho' oreeginally introduc't, a young leetrary frien' asseeres me, mair nor half a century syne, b' a London leddie o' fashin ca'ed Sairah Gamp.

Soshilly consider't, th' fourth o' th' pairty wis th' maist important o' them a', bein' nae less a personage than Maister Murdo Macraw, the accoontant, a leadin' licht in—I winna say fat releegis body—an' th' owner o' ane o' th' biggest hooses in th' ward. Like Ferguson an' Miss Fleetcher, he sportit a big fite an' blue rosette, th' insignia, as I efterwards learn't, o' th' "Ketybrowster Tent o' Temperance."

Ferguson, fa wis spokesman, only return't a vera grumpy reply t' my salutaishins. In fack, ilky member o' th' deppitaishin seem't mair oncomfirtable than an-

ither; sae, wi' th' intenshin o' pitten them at their ease, I remarkit—

"Nae doot ye're on some erran' o' consikwense, or ye widna be here. Dinna be backward in haein' yer say oot, for, as ye ken, I'm at th' service o' th' public a' 'oors o' th' day an' nicht. Mebbe a gweed stiff dram wid help t' clarifee yer brains. Jist say th' wurd."

At this, three o' th' deppitaishin broke oot wi' a groan, as if suddenly ta'en wi' a spasm in their wymes—at I sid hae t' eese sic a vulgar an' ondelicat' expresshin!—syne Benjie slowly raise till's feet, an', depositin' his lum hat on th' cheer, began, t' my bye-ordinar' surprise, t' address me in something like th' followin' terms:—

"Mr. Birse, I need not assure you we come here this evening with a deep feeling of sorrow in our hearts—(groans). We venture into this, the house of Belial—(groans)—not by our own desire, but as the chosen representatives of the "Ketybrowster Family Circle," a society which includes in its membership the flower of the parents of both sexes in the district—(murmur of applause). It has long been felt by us that you are a man of wrath, a veritable vessel of sin, a lion standing with a drawn sword in the path of Truth—(loud applause). The whole of the inhabitants mourn over you and your tresspasses—(groans). By your weekly letters to a publication which I hesitate to name you stand confessed as a wine-bibber—(groans)—a man covetous of gain—(groans)—a familiar acquaintance of idle and dissolute persons, such as consumers of malted liquors and newspaper reporters—(loud groans)—a scoffer at the cause of temperance—(groans)—and, finally, a notorious perverter of the truth"—(groans).

Benjie paus't a second for breath, syne conteenit—

"Worse than this, you are bringing disrepute upon the once fair fame of Ketybrowster. You are the Jonah in our camp—(groans). Why is it that so many eligible dwelling-houses in the district are standing empty? Why is it that so many of our shopkeepers complain of decreasing trade? The reason, I say, is Birse—(applause). Fresh blood refuses to move into our beloved homeland so long as you remain here—(groans). 'No,' people say firmly to the house-agents, 'we will not be tempted by your bargains, peradventure this wicked and unregenerate Birse should hold us up to ridicule in a public print'—(groans). Nay, more, your association with the place has brought it to open scorn. The malicious chuckle when the name Ketybrowster is mentioned—(groans). This is a very serious matter for all of us. Something had to be done. At last the Circle took the subject into serious and prayerful consideration, and as a result we are here to-day, the bearers of an ultimatum—"

Here Benjie stoppit a second time, bit, afore he cud reshoom, I broke in wi' a contemptyis sneer—

"An' fat micht yer ultimatum be?"

Ferguson gied an oneasy squirm onder my piercin', gemlet-like glance, bit conteenit bravely aneuch—

"Either that you stop writing letters to the paper which I will not name, or depart in peace from the district, in which you are as a festering sore—(groans)—and which you have made the laughing-stock of the rest of the city—(renewed groans).

I maun alloo I wis a bit obfuscat durin' th' earlier stages o' Benjie's oraishin. That's nae t' be winner't at, seein' I wis sae far aff th' track at first as t' th' object o' th' veesit. Hooiver, I speedily recover't th' degree o' equileebrity requisit' t' deal wi' th' impident request. Like an aunshint profit, bit athoot th' goon an' wings, I steed richt in front o' th' deppitaishin—I wiss some photygrafer hid been there t' picter th' scene—an' startit my reply—

"Awat," I begood, wi' cruel sarcasm, an' as caul' an' deleebrat' as a snail—"awat ye're a protty fower t' ecme t' ony honest man's hoose on sic an owdaishis erran'. Bit haud ye a meenit."

The DIAMOND FRENCH KID GLOVES, at 2/6, are the best fitting and most durable Gloves manufactured. ROBERT HENDERSON, 33 UNION STREET.

Turnin' aside, I whuppit doon th' big ledger int' which I've enter't th' details o' ilky scandal affectin' my neipours an' th' big fouk o' th' toun' for th' last thirty 'ear, an', clappin't doon afore me on th' table, reshoom't my discoorse—

"Yer records are a' set doon here in black an' fite, an', wi' that informaishin at han', I denounce ye as a set o' mean, mangy curs, as din-raisers, slanderers, an' snakes, fa winna hae yer desserts till th' cat-o'-nine-tails is whusslin' owre yer backs!"

"Oh, shocking!" criet Miss Fleetcher at this p'int. "Do make him stop, Mister Fergison!"

"Haud yer tongue, ye vinegar-face't randy," I roar't, silencin' 'er mair b' my awfu' look than th' wirds. Syne I turn't direck t' th' dominie, fa still conteenit on's feet.

"An fat richt hae ye, Benjie Fergison," I said, "t' desecrat' my thrassle — you, a common swindler, fa sid be houkin' in th' quarries at Peterheid gin ye got yer dues. Ye didna think I kent hoo ye manag't t' tak' yer Airts degree efter stickin' fower times in sik-cesshin, did ye? Na, I dinna think it. Weel, I'se say nae mair on that heid excep' it's lucky I wisna ane o' th' exeminers, or I wid 'a gar't ye tak' aff yer sark cuffs afore ye enter't th' ha'."

Benjie's face wis peetifu' t' look at as I launched this shot, bit I gaed on relentlessly—

"An' fat aboot that lassie at th' Brig o' Dee ye jiltit, or th' aul' lodgin'-wife in Esslemont Avenue ye didd't oot o' twa months' boord an' washin'? Aunshent hist'ry, ye may say, bit fresh aneuch in Birse's ledger. Bit t' come doon t' recent times. Hoo is't you an' a lot ither Skweel Brod' men are sae affen aff duty wi' fits o' nervish abeelity 'at laists for weeks at a time? Nervish abeelity, ye confoonit rascal!" I criet, giein' 'im a final prod, "it's naething bit drink."

This wis owre muckle for Benjie. He wis attackit wi' a fit o' nervish abeelity in rale earnest for aince, an' drappit int' th' cheer wi' a heavy plunk, completely demolishin' his fine lum hat, which he hidna th' presence o' min' t' remuv'.

Haein' settl't th' dominie, I neist tackl't th' grocer.

"Ye're anither beauty, Saun'ers," I said, p'intin' a finger o' scorn at 'im, "t' be an ornament o' a Fem'ly Circle! Stop ye, stop ye, ye maunna leave yet. That's nae fair play. I heard your man, an' it's only just ye sid hear me."

Wi' that I gya 'im a push back till's seat, an' proceedit in a tone o' easy banter—

"Ye're nae s' ill as some fouk in Aiberdeen, I'm taul', Saun'ers, bit there sid be a heap less fly drinkin' ahin' that treacle cistern o' yours, an' a lot fyower pinties enter't as pun's o' tay in yer female customers' pass-books. Nae 'at I wid be sae hard on that—th' temptaishin's gryte — bit ye ken foo th' fussy ye sell wid pooshin a kyard."

"Pity you haven't tried some of it," I heard the leddie mutter veeshisly at this p'int. I pey'd nae heed t' th' interrupshin. "Your turn 'll come neist, madam," I said t' mysel', as I yokit agen on th' grocer.

"As I indicat', Saun'ers, you an' me his nae partic'ler pick, bit I maun admit I've hid unco little noshin o' ye sin' th' day, forty 'ear syne, fin ye pykit yer mither's pooch o' three-bawbees t' buy smachery. Sic like's ye wis than ye are noo." Then, as a last cut, I whisper't in's lug, bit lood aneuch for th' lave t' hear, "Fa robbit th' kirk plate?"

That polish't aff Saun'ers as clean's a dog's dish.

"Noo, madam," I said coolly, fixin' my glance on Miss Fleetcher, "ye wis gweed aneuch t' insiniwat' eynoo 'at I wis a kyard. Weel, that's better than bein' a beggar, isna 't? Awat, I wid think black burnin' shame t' come oot a sicht like you, an' five shillin'-i'-th'-week collectirs conteenishly bombardin' th' hoose an' threitnin' prosecushins 'cas they can nayther get their siller nor their goods back."

The leddie attemp't a kin' o' a skraich, an' half startit up, bit I heild 'er back b' some hipnotic quality in my e'e.

"Ye ken fine," I said quately, "ye're nae siffishly educat' t' be a skweel-mistress, an' 'at yer cemet'ry's a perfit fraud. Foo dinna ye try some honest kin' o' wark? Fae th' size o' yer knockle-banes ye nicht dae gweed service i' th' washin'-tub, bit afore tryin' that ye wid need t' fatten yersel' up a bit. Nae winner ye look skinny, fin ye scrimp yer stammack t' decorat' yer heid."

Miss Fleetcher's face grad'illy turn't as yalla's a grosart, an' a' th' time I wis speakin' she keepit on clenchin' 'er neives an' clawin' th' carpit wi' 'er heels.

"If ye wis come o' ony partic'ler extrac'," I gaed on, onheedn', "some aul', fawmis stock like th' Birses, for example, I sidna sae grytely min' yer comin' here t' creeticeese me i' my ain hoose, bit it's owre muckle for m' paishins 'at th' dother o' a sma' broker—"

"It's a lee," Miss Fleetcher criet at this cut, relapsin' fae 'er gran' English intill 'er naitral dialeck. "It's a lee. My mither never keepit a broker's shop, an' my father wis an offisher and a gentleman."

Athoot speakin', I turn't up th' ledger at th' letter F, an' efter consultin' an entry, repliet—

"Yer father wis an offisher—an offisher in th' Glesca polis force. As till's bein' a gentleman, th' less said th' better, for he wis dismiss't th' service on sispeshin o' haein' robbit a drunk ship's capt'in o' a gowd watch."

That, ye may be seer, wis aneuch for Miss Fleetcher.

"Noo," I said, addressin' th' accoontant, "it's your turn last bit nae least, Maister Macraw. Truth is, ye've grown sae big a man o' recent 'ears 'at I wis in some danger o' forgettin' yer early misdeeds. Bit lat's see fat th' ledger says?"

Wi' that I turn't t' th' Mac's, th' maist proleefic sexshin in th' volum'. "Ay, here we are—"

"I protest," criet Macraw, tryin' t' rise.

"Be quate," I commandit, "or I'll knock yer fause teeth doon yer throat."

Seen' I wis in a thoroughly bellicose mood an' completely maister o' th' seetyaishin, he held his tongue.

"I congratulat' ye on yer record, Maister Macraw," I said, sarcastic like, on glintin' doon th' closely written page; syne I read oot the first items—"July 28, 1879—Appear't afore the kirk session alang wi' Meg Skekles for discipline. Got th' bung fae th' el'ership." "13th Nov., 1885—Agen afore th' session in co. wi' Jean Simmers. This time slung oot o' th' kirk a'th'gither." Wull I stop, Maister Macraw, or sid ye like t' hear mair?"

He triet t' gurgle oot something, bit cudna manage for mingl't rage an' shame.

"Ye've hid aneuch," I said sweetly, "an' I'm nae astonish't, for yer record atween saxty-nine an' yer reform in ninety-five clearly mak's ye oot t' hae been a drunkard, a leear, a thief, an' a —"

As I utter't this last wird, which I'm seer, Maister Editur, ye winna insist on me vreetin' doon, tho' it appears affen aneuch in th' Scriptur's, Miss Fleetcher gied a terreefic skraich an' slippit aff 'er cheer in a deid fint.

Fan she wis brocht roun', th' deppitaishin slunk oot o' my presence like a leash o' newly whupit hunds. Think o' characters o' that kin' haein' th' impidence t' come an' remonstrat' wi' a clean-livin' man like mysel' aboot his ongauns. I think I manag't t' gie them their kale throu the reek, which jist shows ye fat a mercy it wis I've ay been methodical aneuch t' keep my ledger postit up t' date. I hcup some o' yer readers 'll tak' tent b' my example. Ye manna conclude, hooiver, that this preshis fower wis in ony wye entitl't t' speak for th' bulk o' th' respectable fouk o' Kettybrowster, b' whom nae public personage is heild in gryter affeckshin an' esteem than

Yours trooly,

PETER BIRSE.

You are never dissatisfied with your tea if you purchase Johnson, Johnson, & Co.'s Pure Tea. Always just right Sold in packets by Grocers everywhere, and wholesale by Johnson, Johnson, & Co., Ltd., London.

Go as You Please Papers.

By O.I.I.

33.—“Partan” enters for a Yacht Race.

When the “Invertartan Star” arrived at Oban, the bay was crowded with yachts of all sorts and sizes, and each was flying all the bunting it could show. That something special was afoot was evident.

“Queen’s birthday, I suppose,” said the “Partan” to Swick, as he indicated by a movement of his head the demonstration of banners as they floated in the breeze. “Better put oor flag up amang the ithers.”

“Queen’s birthday—humph! She hisna a birthday oftener than aince a year, has she?” was the response of Swick.

The “Partan” admitted modestly that he was inclined to the belief she had not.

“For, ye see,” continued the sarcastic Swick, “we held the Queen’s birthdāy at Invertartan in the month o’ May, an’ tho’ the Hielan’ fouk may be a kennin’ ahint the times, I wadna be thinkin’ them twa months back.”

“Something’s up, at onyrate, an’ there’s naething to be lost by bein’ ceevil. We’ll hoist oor flag along wi’ the lave.”

“Afore we ken what for?”

“What signifiees? Get ’er up.”

The “Partan” was rather proud of his flag, and it amounted to almost a weakness with him to display it whenever opportunity offered. It was of green silk, and had emblazoned on it in gold leaf a huge compass and square and other emblems of the brethren of the mystic tie. As a matter of fact, it was originally the banner of the now defunct Lodge of St. John’s, Invertartan, and had done duty for many years at the St. John’s processions and other outings of the Masonic brotherhood. When the demise of the lodge took place—which was brought about by want of funds, a calamity as disastrous to some institutions as want of breath is to individuals—the banner happened to be in possession of the “Partan’s” father, who was tyler of St. John’s. It was forgotten when the jewels and other regalia of the lodge were sold, and the cash divided among the few who had kept themselves in good standing. The “possession,” therefore, which is said to be nine points of law, culminated in the flag becoming the personal property of the tyler, and as the “Partan” was son and heir to his father, he came by it with clean hands, or, at anyrate, hands quite as clean as those into which many heirlooms have dropped. It was not without reason, then, that he was proud of his flag. Hitherto he had been also proud of his boat; but on the present occasion he had the feeling that the “Invertartan Star” was a bit outclassed for show purposes by the spick-and-span yachts which clustered in the bay; and when he gave the order for the flag to be run up, it was with that touch of false pride the best of us at times give way to when we try to distract attention from something of which we have no cause to be ashamed by a vulgar display of our favourite piece of finery, which too often succeeds in making conspicuous what we would hide.

The flag of the “Invertartan Star” was run up to the masthead, and when a suitable berth was selected, the crew let go the anchor, and the fishing boat took her place among the yachts in the bay.

When they had given their faces a “dicht,” the “Partan” and Swick took the small boat and went ashore to see the occasion of the abnormal display of bunting and to find out generally the “lay of the land.”

It turned out that the flags were out in honour of the Duke of Benlomond, the new president of the Lochs Yachting Club, who had joined the fleet in the bay some half-hour before the “Invertartan Star” had rounded the head. There was to be a grand ball in the evening, given by the yachtsmen, to further honour the Duke and the charming lady he had made the Duchess of Benlomond a few weeks before. A local committee was also busy arranging for a regatta, which was to be held on the following day.

“This looks like something that would aboot suit us,” said the “Partan,” drawing the attention of Swick to a paragraph on a poster relating to the aquatic sports to be held next day.

“‘All-Comers’ Race,’” he read. “‘Fifteen miles to and from the flagship, for yachts navigated by owners. First prize, £10; second prize, £5; third prize, £3. Entry money, 10s.’”

“They winna lat’s enter—they’re owre big swells for the likes o’ us,” said Swick, the pessimist.

“We’d hae nae chance,” continued the skipper, ignoring the remark of his mate, “wi’ licht wind against the toys in the bay; but the sky looks as if it meant mischief, an’ wi’ a stiff breeze we’d lat the feck o’ them see oor stern.”

“Dinna haver, man. We’ll nae get the chance. The ‘Star’s’ nae a pleezhur yaucht.”

“What else?” asked the “Partan,” with a sly look at his companion; and both men laughed as if a joke had been made which merited the compliment.

“Weel, we can see the secretary, onyway. That winna dae ony hairm. He can only refuse to enter her.”

“He winna refuse, or I’ll ken foo,” said the “Partan,” with one of his determined looks.

But they found the secretary as difficult to deal with as Swick had anticipated. He was a M’Angus Mackintosh, landlord of the “Yachtsman’s Rest” Hotel, and he had a full estimate of the importance of his position, both as landlord of the “Yachtsman’s Rest” and as factotum to the committee of gentlemen who had organised the gala day. He was horrified when the “Partan” and Swick approached him and offered to enter the “Invertartan Star” for the all-comers’ race.

“It iss a race for yats, it iss, ant not for feeshin’ poats. Ta race iss shuist for ta shentlemans who sail for pleeshure ant not for feesh. It iss too pothert I am to pe pizzy. Co away.”

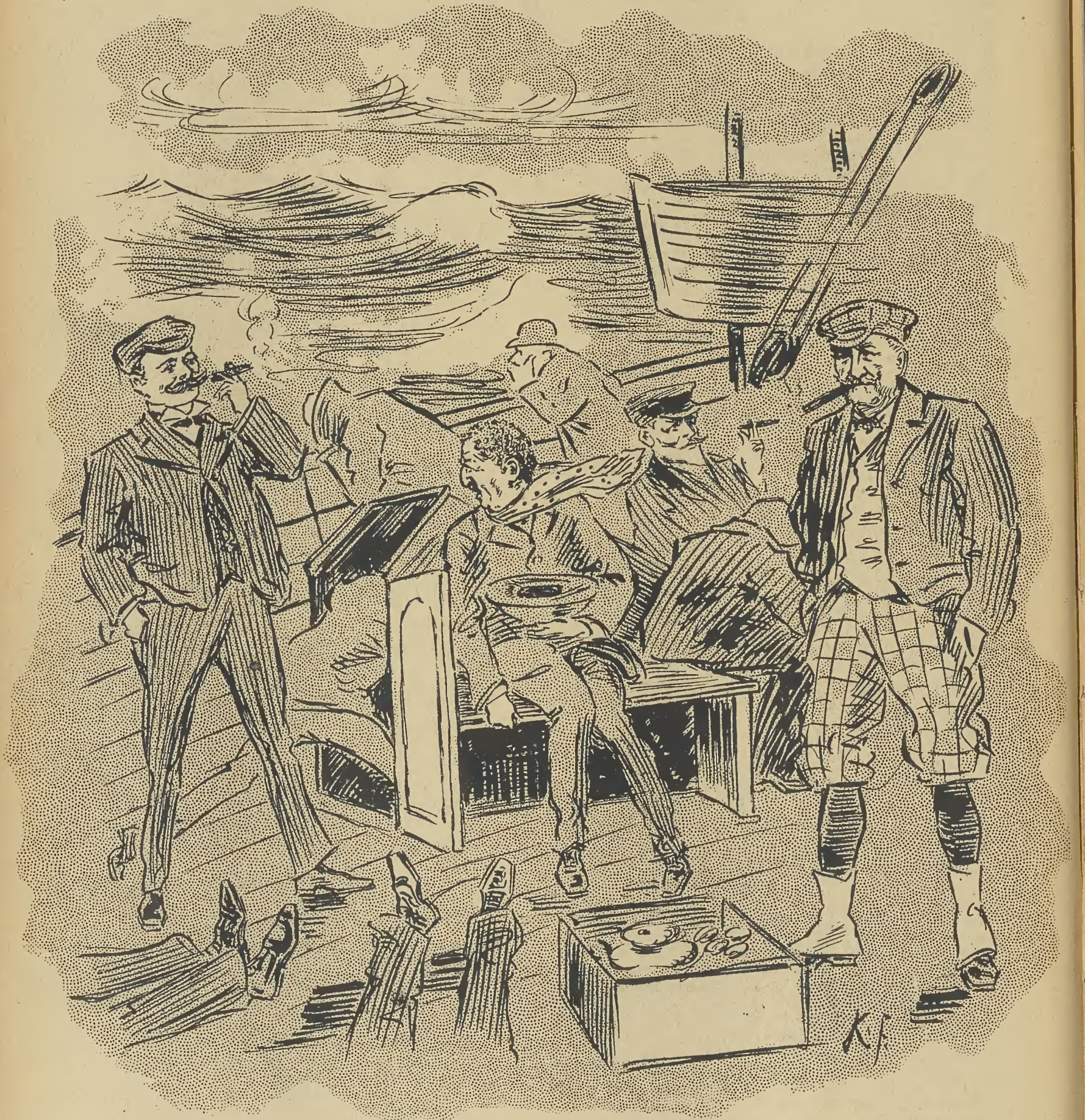
“It’s pleezhur we’re here for,” replied the “Partan,” “an’ we’re quite as gweed gentlemen as onybody aboot. Ye canna refuse to book the “Star” if I pey the entry money, an’ here it is.”

“I can refuse, ant I do refuse. Co away, I say. A tirty, low, feeshin’ poat to come in among ta shentleman’s yats! Co away.”

“Nae sae quick, Mr. Mackintosh. Ye’re nae a’body, tho’ ye nae doot think ye’re a gey curn. Ye canna refuse an entry. Are ye feart for the fishin’ boat? Lat me tell you it’s nae a dirty fishin’ boat. It’s as clean as ony yaucht in the bay, an’ a heap cleaner than ony Hielan’ hotel-keeper in Oban.”

Angus lost control of his temper at the uncouth speech of the fisherman, and threatened to have the “Partan” and Swick removed by the police if they did not go away at once.

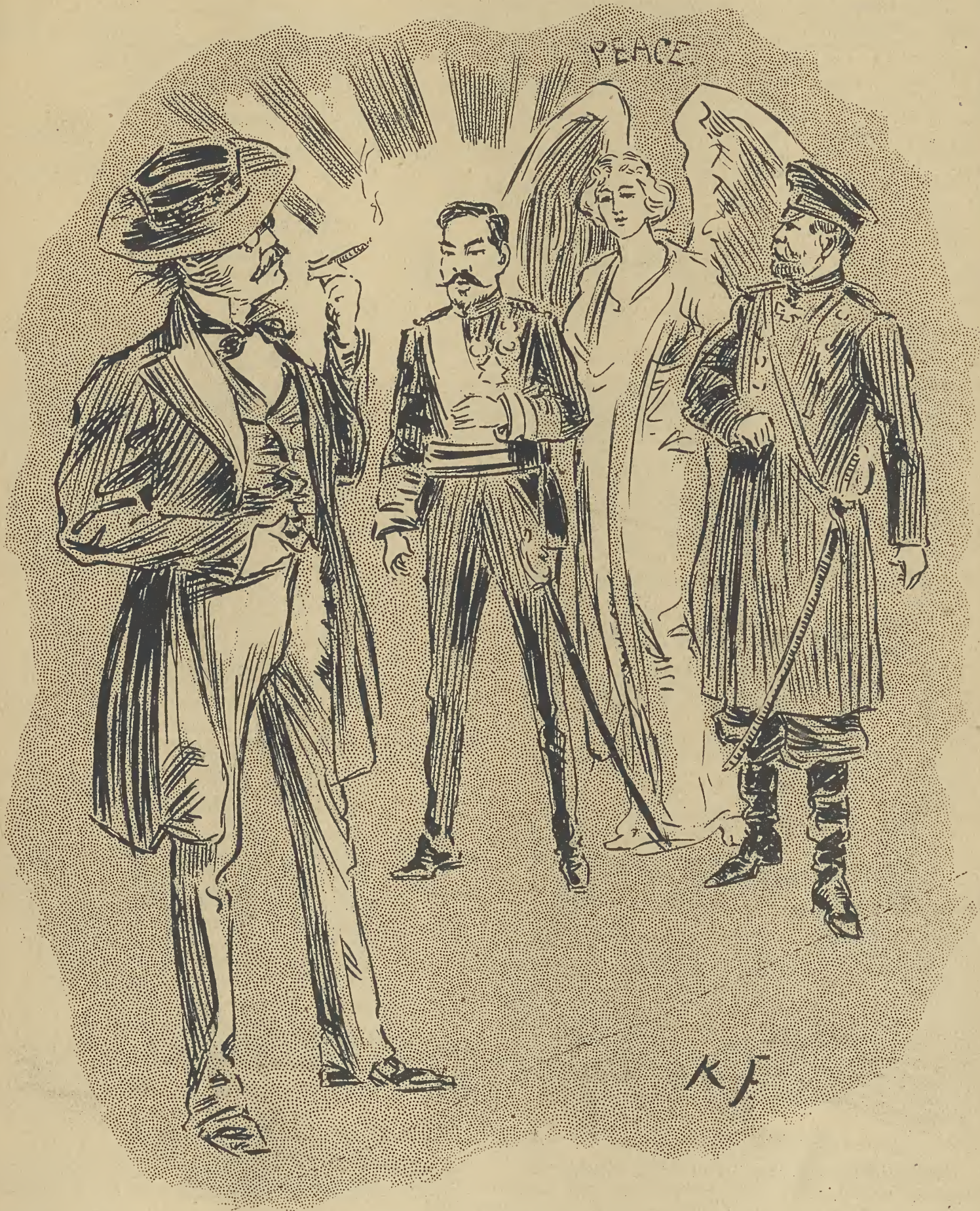
“There’s nae need for the polis,” said the “Partan.” “If you refuse to enter the ‘Invertartan Star,’ I’ll tak’ the sma’ boat straucht up to the Duke’s yaucht, an’ tell him that I’ve come a’ the wye frae Invertartan in honour o’ this event, an’ that the stupid Hielan’ body o’ a secretary refuses to tak’ my entry money for the all-comers’ race.”



THE VOYAGE TO HAMBURG.

(“Sunday was rough. Many sea-sick.”—Special Telegram.)

Heartless Journalist (to Confreere who has “got it bad”):—“Try a weed, old man.”



THANKS, TEDDY!

President Roosevelt—"Guess you fellows should be jolly glad I introduced you to that fine gal."

Angus did not like the idea of the "Partan" approaching the Duke, and he bade the fishermen stay till he consulted with one of the committee who happened to be in another room.

This committeeman was a young laird of the district, who did not understand the fine distinctions which Angus was inclined to draw between Glasgow tradesmen and East Coast fishermen. It appeared to him that it would be rather good fun to see a fishing boat competing with the yachts, and the entry money of the "Partan" was duly accepted, and the "Invertartan Star" booked for the all-comers' race.

"Now, that's settled," said the young gentleman. "I suppose you will want a ticket for the ball to-night?"

This was more than the "Partan" bargained for, and he mumbled an excuse about leaving home in a hurry, and forgetting to bring his evening dress with him.

"Oh, I'll soon make that all right. Come along with me, and I'll see you fixed."

(Next week—"The 'Partan' at the Ball.")

To Enjoy Good Health

eat plenty of vegetables—

To enjoy vegetables serve

them with a good sauce—

To make a good sauce use

BROWN & POLSON'S

'Patent' CORN FLOUR

in place of ordinary flour.

It makes a more

delicately flavoured

sauce.

Miss Decima Moore, who was for some years one of the most popular singers and actresses at the Savoy, was married a few days ago to Major Frederick Gordon Guggisberg, of the Royal Engineers. The "best man" was Sir A. Conan Doyle, and the bride was "given away" by her brother, Mr. Henry Moore. Miss Decima Moore and her sisters are amongst the best known theatrical families in London. Miss Eva Moore, who has been Mr. George Alexander's leading lady, is married to Mr. H. V. Esmond, the dramatist.

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J. F. MACPHAIL, MASSIE,
Treasurer

The Aul' Hielan' Plaidie.

I'm gey an' fon' o' dainty goons,
O' ribbons rare an' cobweb laces,
O' a' the fal-de-lals that set
Diana waists an' Hebe faces;
Yet be the bonnies ne'er sae braw,
An' ne'er sae gran' the price was paid,
I ken there's aye the 'oor I'll say,
"Oh, leeze me on my Hielan' plaid!"

It's an aul' Hielan' plaidie,
An' a raggit tartan plaidie;
But for a' the braws
O' the gowden Indias
I wadna gie my Hielan' plaidie!

The colours, ance sae bricht an' gay,
Are dimmed by use an' gowstie weather;
But aye the patten's there the same,
For 'oo an' hue were wiv' thegither.
Green, yellow, purple, blue, an' white,
In saft grey mist a' melt an' fade:
But Luve's ain reid rins throu it a'—
Oh, leeze me on my Hielan' plaid!

It's an aul' Hielan' plaidie,
An' a raggit tartan plaidie;
An' for a' the gowd
O' the princes o' Oudhe
I wadna gie my Hielan' plaidie!

It's row't me roon thae twa-score year,
An', oh, it's sairly rent an' raggit;
For, trauchlin' owre the Muir o' Life,
The whins, ye ken, are unco jaggit.
An' yet it's warm, an' smells o' hame;
Sae, aften, when in silks array'd,
I fling them aff, the orra duds,
An' hap me in my Hielan' plaid!

It's an aul' Hielan' plaidie,
An' a raggit tartan plaidie;
But for a' the braws
O' the gowden Indias
I wadna gie my Hielan' plaidie!

I wat the day 'll soon be here
When I maun up an' "owre the Border";
Gweed sen' I'm ready at the nod,
The things o' baith warlds weel in order!
That day I'm nae for nae show-aff,
Nae noddin' plumes or siller braid:
Jist lay me oot the simple way,
An' cast owre a' my Hielan' plaid.

It's an aul' Hielan' plaidie,
An' a raggit tartan plaidie;
Bit frae heid tae feet,
Nae windin'-sheet
Want I but this, my Hielan' plaidie!

W. A. MACKENZIE.

Artificial Teeth A. W. HENDERSON

At all Prices. Fit Guaranteed.

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Union Terrace,

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Special Purchase of LADIES' DURABLE UMBRELLAS at 4/11. STRONG FRAMES, PRETTY HANDLES.
ROBERT HENDERSON, 33 UNION STREET.

MUSIC HALL, SATURDAY FIRST,

AFTERNOON, 3 (Children, 3d. and 6d.); Reserved Seats, 1/- ;

EVENING, 7.45.

EARLY DOORS FOR TICKETHOLDERS, 7.15.

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The Popular Scotch Comedian.

RESERVED SEATS, 2s. ; UNRESERVED, 1s. 6d., 1s.—from Messrs. J. MARR WOOD & CO., 183 Union Street. UNRESERVED also from Messrs. WALKER & COMPANY, 19 Bridge Street.

6d. at Door only.

GREAT BARGAIN SALE, THURSDAY, 17th inst.,

And continues for 13 Days only.

BEGAN ON

WE have determined to make this a Record Sale, and have accordingly re-marked and reduced our entire Stock to such prices as should attain the object desired.

In a trade such as ours it is impossible to stand still. We are daily selling, daily buying; there is no sharp dividing line between the seasons—one gradually merges into the other. But whether in Stock a month or a week, everything under the roof has undergone a lessening in price, and we can with confidence invite the interest of prospective buyers, assured that we have, if anything, rather under, than overestimated the Value of the Goods we offer.

IMPORTANT. We are offering during the **FIRST WEEK OF SALE**, 26 Pieces Real **SCOTCH WINCEY**, beautiful designs, suitable for Pyjamas, Blouses, Petticoats, etc. Regular Prices, 1s. 6d. and 1s. 9d.; to clear at 11½d. per yard.

HIGH CLASS FURS.

Our whole stock of the above will be cleared at Greatly Reduced Prices. Hundreds of all kinds of Fashionable Furs to choose from. The stock is well assorted and fresh. Deliveries are now being added daily, but all will be included in the Sale Prices.

Ladies in want of a good Fur should Purchase now and get the advantage of securing their Furs at Bargain Prices.

SPECIAL LINES.

6 Dozen Marmot Necklets, Collar Shape, beautifully marked, to be cleared at 5s. 11d.; regular price, 7s. 6d.

3 Dozen Marmot Necklets, Collar Shape, Dark Kolinsky Colour, clearing prices, 9s. 11d.; our regular price, 12s. 11d.

2 Dozen Very Fine Marmot Stoles, at 10s. 11d.; regular price, 23s. 6d.

Special Line of White Foxee Furs, at 3s. 5½d.; worth 4s. 11d.

1 Dozen Grey Caracul Furs, to be cleared at 5s. 11½d.; worth 8s. 6d.

We cannot mention all the particulars of such a large Fur Stock as we stock.

Therefore we would suggest that intending buyers should call and inspect our Stock, and we are certain they will be delighted with any purchase they may make.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

40 Dozen Lawn Handkerchiefs, pretty printed spot effects, with hemstitched coloured borders. Sale price, 7½d. per half-dozen.

Hemstitched, Tucked, Embroidered, and Lace-Edged Handkerchiefs, at 11½d., 1s. 5½d., 1s. 11½d., and 2s. 6d. per half-dozen; in each case about one-third off regular price.

BELTS.

4 Dozen White Washing Web Belts, for wearing with Delaine, Cotton, and Muslin Dresses, 4½d. each, 2 for 9½d. The Buckles cost about twice the price.

6 Dozen Black Silk Belts, Swiss shape, Silk ornaments, 6½d. each.

Patent Leather Belts (red only), were 1s. 6½d. and 1s. 11½d., now 6½d. Also a large range of Kid, Suede, Leather, Tinsel, and Silk Belts, such as we are selling every day, all reduced by one-third.

New Hat Ruching, in Navy, Nil, Cream, Sky, Brown, and White, reduced from 1s. 3½d. and 1s. 11½d. to 1s. and 1s. 6½d. per yard.

RIBBONS.

Wide Glace and Soft Mousseline Ribbons, in Self Colours, at 6½d., 8½d., and 9½d. per yard; worth from 9½d. to 1s. Suitable for millinery purposes, sashes, etc. Ribbons for fancy work, dress trimming, etc., at 1½d., 2d., and 2½d. Wide Ribbons for tying purposes, 3½d., 4½d., to 6d.

UMBRELLAS.

Our thoroughly Up-to-Date Stock of Umbrellas at Sale Prices—4s. 6d., for 2s. 11d.; 5s. 11d. and 6s. 6d., for 3s. 11d.; 7s. 11d. to 8s. 6d., for 6s. 6d.; 10s. 11d. to 11s. 6d., for 8s. 11d.; higher qualities to 19s. 6d., reduced proportionately. With the exception of those at 2s. 11d., we guarantee the wear of all these.

GLOVES.

Our makes of Kid Gloves are well known, and are always sold on the lowest possible margin of profit. During Sale Days, however, they are reduced to Cost Price. Odd pairs, Window Soiled, in Kid and Suede, also Long Suede Gloves, reduced to 6½d. per pair.

Gent.'s Tan Kid Gloves, were 1s. 11½d., now 1s.—(No question of our own money here, we simply want their space.)

Manufacturers' and Wholesales' End-of-Season Lots we get once a year, worth from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 11½d.; for 1s. per pair.

Lace, Net, Lisle, Silk, Taffeta, Fabric, Suede—in fact, all Summer makes in Gloves. We are anxious to clear to make room for Autumn goods, and have now reduced to 3½d., 6½d., 9½d., 1s., and 1s. 3d.; regularly sold from 6½d. to 1s. 11½d.

RUFFLES.

We are making a thorough clearance of Ruffles of every description. Ruffles in Net, Chiffon, Lace, Tulle, etc., in Black, White, and Paris Colours. We do not let these "stand on the order of their going," but go they must at reductions of one-third, one-half, to two-thirds off former prices.

HOSIERY.

Anticipating an advance in Wool, we bought Stockings largely last January, and are now able, even in face of a steadily advancing market, to quote the finest possible prices for all makes of Ladies' and Children's Hosiery. All-Wool Ribbed Stockings at 8½d., 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d. to 1s. 11d. per pair. Plain, from 10½d. per pair. Girls' Stockings, 8½d., 9½d., and 10½d. for sizes 2 to 6. Mixtures of Cotton can be bought at any price; please remember those we quote are ALL Wool. Gentlemen's Cashmere Sox, sold to us as All Wool, but we do not guarantee them to be such; in fact, we "hae oor doots" about them—consequently we are clearing them out at 4½d. per pair, two pairs for 9½d. We do know, however, that they wear well, and so recommend them.

HEAVY DEPARTMENT.

24 Pairs Scotch Blankets, usual price, 14s. 11d.; sale price, 10s. 11d. per pair.

24 Pairs Scotch Blankets, usual price, 15s. 11d.; sale price, 11s. 9d. per pair.

20 Pairs Scotch Blankets, usual price, 18s. 11d.; sale price, 14s. 11d. per pair.

20 Pairs Scotch Blankets, usual price, 22s.; sale price, 18s. 11d. per pair.

[Continued page 19.]

White Bed Covers at 5s. 6d. for 3s. 11d., 7s. 11d. for 5s. 11d., 8s. 6d. for 6s. 6d., 9s. 6d. for 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. for 7s. 11d., 10s. 11d. for 8s. 6d., 12s. 6d. for 9s. 11d., 13s. 6d. for 10s. 11d.
 Coloured Bed Covers, 6s. 11d. for 3s. 11d., 7s. 6d. for 5s. 6d., 8s. 6d. for 6s. 6d.
 Special Value in Flannelette Sheets, at 1s. 9d., 1s. 10½d., 1s. 11½d., and 2s. 5½d.
 Bleached Cotton Sheets, 5s. 6d. for 3s. 11½d., 6s. 6d. for 4s. 11d., 8s. 11d. for 6s. 11d., 9s. 11d. for 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. for 7s. 11d.
 Lots of Unbleached Cotton Sheets, at 4s. 6d. for 3s. 6d., 4s. 11d. for 3s. 11d., 5s. 3d. for 4s. 3d., 5s. 6d. for 4s. 6d.
 Our Stock of Swiss and Lace Curtains has been reduced to the Lowest Prices obtainable, from 1s. 8½d. per pair; special lines at 6s. 6d. for 4s. 11d., 7s. 6d. for 5s. 6d., 7s. 11d. for 6s. 6d., 9s. 6d. for 6s. 11d., 10s. 6d. for 7s. 11d.
 Bleached Table Cloths, all sizes kept in stock, at Greatly Reduced Prices, 4s. 6d. for 3s. 3d., 5s. 6d. for 3s. 11½d., 5s. 11d. for 4s. 6d., 6s. 6d. for 4s. 11d., 7s. 6d. for 5s. 6d., 8s. 6d. for 6s. 6d., 9s. 6d. for 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. for 7s. 11d., 12s. 6d. for 9s. 6d., 13s. 6d. for 10s. 6d.

WHITE COTTON UNDERCLOTHING.

Knickers, 10½d., 1s. 0½d., 1s. 4½d., 1s. 8½d., 1s. 10½d., 2s. 3d.
 Chemises, 1s. 3½d., 1s. 6½d., 1s. 8½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11½d.

Night Dresses, 1s. 8½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 2½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 3d., 3s. 6d., 3s. 11d.
 Combinations, 1s. 8½d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 9d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d.

FLANELETTE UNDERCLOTHING.

Knickers, 10½d., 1s. 1½d., 1s. 4½d., 1s. 8½d., 1s. 11½d.
 Chemises, 1s. 3½d., 1s. 5½d., 1s. 8½d., 2s. 2½d., 2s. 5½d.
 Night Dresses, 1s. 6d., 1s. 9½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 5½d., 2s. 9d., 3s. 3d.
 Ladies' Grey Stockingette Knickers, 1s. 8½d.
 Ladies' Print Knickers, 1s. 8½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 2½d. up.
 Ladies' Loom Combinations, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d.
 White Underskirts, 1s. 8½d., 2s. 6½d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 9d., 4s. 11d. to 16s. 6d.
 Ladies' Cotton and Delaine Dressing Jackets, 2s. 6½d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 3d., 3s. 9d. to 10s. 6d.
 Pyrenees Wool Dressing Jackets, 3s. 9d., 4s. 4½d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 9d., 6s. 11d., 8s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.
 Special Line of Flannelette Dressing Gowns, 3s. 11½d.
 Print Dressing Gowns, 4s. 6d., 5s. 11d., 6s. 9d., 7s. 6d., and 8s. 11d.
 Flannel Gowns, 8s. 11d., 10s. 6d., 12. 6d., 14s. 11d., 16s. 6d.
 Large Selections of Ladies' Blouses in Muslin and Delaine, all greatly reduced.
 Ladies' Jap. Silk Blouses, from 2s. 11½d. up.
 Children's Blouses to be cleared at less than half-price.
 Corsets, all New Shapes and Styles, much under regular prices—1s. 8½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 5½d., 2s. 7½d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 3d., to 13s. 6d.

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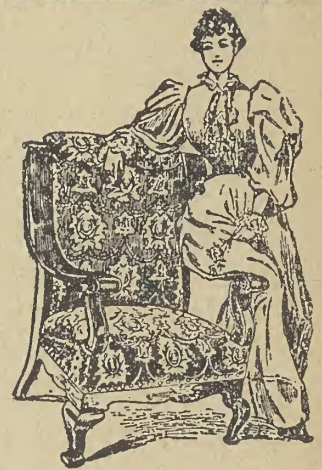
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Palace and Hippodrome.

The "cowboy hypnotist," Ahrensmeyer, was one of those who helped, no doubt, to fill the Palace Theatre on Monday evening almost to its utmost capacity. Soon after eight o'clock the attendants found it difficult to get seats in the stalls for all who wanted them. Ahrensmeyer's performance is curious and interesting in a high degree. This hypnotist has a thoughtful, rather feminine, face, and his manner is quiet and free from the bluff of many showmen. Most members of the audience found his performance clever and amusing. The Lukushima Troop of Japanese entertainers are intelligent, alert, and remarkably dexterous. Beside them most English performers of the same kind would appear duffers. The audience liked them immensely, and the audience was right. It is a brilliant turn.

Mr. George Antill is the best of the others. He is a very amusing droll, and he is a wonderful dancer. This is a turn on which managers will do well to keep an eye. Leighton and Mona are a tramp and a *soubrette*. The tramp makes tolerable fun out of fortune-telling, and the lady dances well. Mr. Michael Nolan is here for a second week, with songs old and new. He is a sound comedian. Miss Agnes Hazel's song, "Molly," is eagerly sung by the audience. Eugene and Willie are smart acrobats. This was a popular turn. Miss Florrie Moore is described as "The Comedy Girl." Cribb and Cribb call themselves simply "comedians." These are the first and second turns. Vernon's Animated Pictures are also in the bill. Almost the whole of the very large audience stayed to see the pictures. The programme is very well worth the money. O. H.

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Mr. Walter F. Munroe, who is Miss Emma Don's pianist, tells me that he was the first music-hall agent in England to bring Mr. Harry Lauder to London. Mr. Munroe had faith in Mr. Lauder the first time he heard him. Miss Don, by the way, and her "black and white quartette" were received with enthusiasm by an immense audience on Saturday evening at the Palace. I saw part of the show from a box, and I have seldom seen a bigger audience at this popular hall. Mr. "Bob" Hamilton, also, was a great favourite with the audience.

Mr. Hamilton called at the office one day to assure my Editor that his "business" is his own, and that he certainly owes nothing to any comedian in Aberdeen. If he had been compared with Mr. Dan Leno, he said, it would have been different. Mr. Hamilton had not been in Aberdeen for eighteen months. I am glad to publish this paragraph, and I hope that Mr. Hamilton and BON-ACCORD are good friends.

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Mr. Jack Lorimer is the latest Scotch entertainer who has pleased audiences in London. He has been doing a turn at the Pavilion. "A month or two ago" (a correspondent for whose opinion I have much respect writes to me) "it was Jock Whitefoord, one of whose speeches must have been absolutely unintelligible to the English portion of the audience. I forgot to mention another comedian who is very popular: I mean Neil Kenyon, who hails from Glasgow. Of course, I am not counting those Scotch comedians whose methods do not differ from those of English entertainers, such as Malcolm Scott."

Mr. Harry Lauder threatens that, if managers reduce his salary, he will form a company of his own. Mr. Lauder's salary, it is said, is £125 a week, and, if it had not been for contracts, he could earn double that sum.

The Lyceum will be reopened in a fortnight, when the ballet, "Excelsior," will be performed.

Two actors are playing Shylock in the music halls. One plays in English, and the other in Yiddish. The Yiddish piece is called "Shylock; or, the Pedlar in Hester Street."

A version of Longfellow's poem, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," is being played at the Coliseum, with music by Mr. Hamish M'Cunn. The Coliseum now gives three instead of four shows a day.

Mr. Lauder began a short provincial tour on Monday.

Mr. Charles Brookfield's sketch, "The New Régime," which is really a play in one act, is said to be very successful at the Palace Theatre, London. Miss Lottie Venne and Mr. Henry Vibart, the *Referee* says, score with the sub-acid little epigrams with which Mr. Brookfield has supplied them. Mr. Vibart made a hit in Mr. Barrie's play, "The Wedding Guest," at the Garrick Theatre. He belongs to "the kingdom" of Fife.

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THE PIERROTS.

The performance for the benefit of Mr. H. C. Lovell, the popular manager of the Pierrots, last Friday evening in the Union Hall, was very successful. There was a large audience which applauded every one and everything. Mr. Lovell has many friends, and, though he made no promises about next year, he will be welcome if he comes back. The performance was thoroughly good. Mr. Willie Smith opened the second part of the programme with a recital on the piano. He was heartily cheered for this, but was too modest to accept an encore. Mr. Lovell himself contributed a good deal to the entertainment. To-morrow evening Mr. B. Frere and Mr. E. Woolhouse take a "benefit." Mr. Woolhouse is too young to have much of a past, but he is a comedian with a present and a future. A bioscope has been added to the entertainment given by the Pierrots.

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The Timmer Market.



The following verses comprise nearly the whole of a graphic descriptive poem entitled "The Timmer Market," which appears in a recently published volume of verse, "The Fyvie Lintie," by our townsman, Dr. W. A. G. Farquhar, Great Western Road. The Doctor is one of the most virile of Northern poets. He is perhaps most successful in his dialect pieces, where his keen sense of humour finds full play, and many of the touches in the lines quoted are worthy of Robert Fergusson. On the mother's side, Dr. Farquhar is a great-grandson of that eminent writer, the Rev. Dr. George Skene Keith, sometime minister of Keith-hall, and therefore a second cousin of Mr. George Elphinstone Keith, late of Calcutta, *de jure* Earl Marischal. We are indebted for the accompanying illustration to the courtesy of Mr. William Smith, of the Bon-Accord Press.

Losh! sic a splore there wis yestreen,
The like I never saw, man,
Within the toon o' Aiberdeen,
In the Castlegate sae braw, man;
There auld and young, frae far and near,
Were gey-and-early parkit
To celebrate, wi' joke and jeer,
"Ye aunshent" Timmer Market—
The theme that day.

* * * * *

Hark! fairmer billies greet their frien's
In happy, hame-ower way, man—
Speir for ilk' ither's wife and weans,
Horse, nowte, neeps, corn, and hay, man;
Syne, as it were, to seal the news
That in their minds they've clerkit,
They seek the nearest public-hoose,
And ower the Timmer Market
Drink healths that day.

Aince timmer gear o' ilka kin'
Wis bocht by passersby, man—
Brose caups and tattie chappers fine,
And cogs for caur and kye, man;
But, noo, a' trock and ware like that
Has rudely been disbarkit
For fruit, and floers, and Gweid kens what;
Wae's me, auld Timmer Market
Sae changed that day!

Big sonsy wives a' buskit braw
Besiege ilk berry stan', man.
Says ane—"Gi'e me a pint or twa
To fill my new brass pan, man!"
Anither says—"They're far ower dear
For fouk wha can nae wark get!"
A third ane ca's them "connacht gear
Brocht to the Timmer Market
To sell that day!"

Here bobby chiels wi' helmet haps,
Some o' them unco fat, man,
Are "movin' on" the country chaps
Wha fain wad gi'e them chat, man;
There gypet Jock, on stoitery leg,
To some young lassie harkit—
"Come awa', an' I'll gi'e ye sweeties, Meg:
This is the Timmer Market—
A byous day."

Here struts a barrack sergeant loon,
In regimentals braw, man;
The shillin's ta'en, your name gangs doon,
And ye maun fecht or fa', man;
Gran' pay, promotion, claise aye new,
Eclipse the sock and sarkit;
But, ah! the plooman lad may rue
Fate to the Timmer Market
Brocht him that day.

There Maister Cheap-John tempts the crowd
Wi' bargains simply trash, man;
But, hark! green yokel cries aloud—
"I'll tak' it; here's your cash, man!"
Here Black Art shows some magic trick,
And swears the secret's dark yet,
But for a saxpence ony brick
May leave the Timmer Market
And ken't that day.

There auld M'William sells his beuks,
And some queer anes ye'll spy, man;
Ae birkie reads, anither looks,
But yon ane's gaun to buy, man;
And ower the bargain Willie tells
Hoo lads and lasses larkit
Wi' lightsome he'rts amang themsel's
Whan at the Timmer Market
In his young day.

Here stumps a fiddler, scrimp o' legs;
There some piper blows, man;
This mannie sings, that wifie begs,
Feint ae tooth in their jaws, man;
Some bless, some curse their neighbour frien's,
Or wish them doon a dark pit;
O, that we ken't, by ony means,
A' that the Timmer Market
Could tell's that day.

But noo, "A fecht" rings through the air;
'Tis heard abeen the din, man;
Fouk bourach roun' the sprawlin' pair
To see wha's like to win, man;
Twa drucken chiels wi' steekit neives
At ither's faces yarkit,
Till ta'en ticht-tied wi' shackle glives
Straucht frae the Timmer Market
To jail that day.

O, siccan sights were seen that day,
An' siccan things were said, man;
To tell them a' the shortest way
Wad see me to my bed, man;
But gin my music aye haud soun',
She, like a simmer lark, yet
May warble forth anither tune
About the Timmer Market
Some ither day.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

FOOTBALL.

A Grand Game.

It was a dismal day, with rain falling, when our team took the field at Ibrox on Saturday, before some 6,000 spectators. The travelling party were extremely anxious on the journey away, when it was doubtful if the team could even be played as selected. Duncan M'Nicol still off, and Brebner unable to take his place; Ward off, and Lennie suffering from a very bad cold, which had his face swollen abnormally! In this quandary the team reached Govan, and Lennie decided for himself that he would make a start. The way Aberdeen settled down convinced us they were determined to improve on anything they had yet done. Geordie M'Nicol was early prominent, but his shot got "wandered" somehow, and then a clever drive by Lennie looked as if first blood were to come. Sinclair had thus early to show his abilities, and looked safe enough. M'Coll was the next to earn the plaudits, by getting round the backs cleverly and driving with all his force; but "Rab" had to be reckoned with. We had some superb passing, the footwork of M'Auley being very fine, if he had only shot oftener. Play was never long in one quarter of the field, the quick changes being just the thing to keep the spectators in good humour, with such a rain falling. Bouts with the goalkeepers were frequent, both being full of life, and their agility was really astonishing. Robertson had a great try once when a back got in the way, Lennie shortly afterwards making us hold our breath till Sinclair cleared. So the excitement was kept up till the end of the first half, when honours were even, neither side having been able to break the ice. Aberdeen made a nice breakaway at the re-start, and then for about ten minutes the Rangers tried Macfarlane with all kinds of shots, and how he saved them none but himself knows. The scene was again changed, and Sinclair had his spell of work, while the backs were ever watchful of the 'cute M'Nicol, who pestered them continually. It was a ding-dong tussle now, Aberdeen deserving a goal for their persistency. They were driven back again, and a great run by the Rangers culminated, after several attempts, in the ball getting into the net. Aberdeen were not done with, and even to the finish they looked like getting the equaliser; but the whistle sounded with the score—Rangers, 1; Aberdeen, 0.

A Summary.

Sinclair is not a goalkeeper who has a great reputation in Glasgow, but he enhanced what he has got on Saturday. The two new backs shaped well, and their work from start to finish was good. The half-backs were the mainstay of the team, and the forwards were full of dash and go. Every time they got the ball they had a purpose in view, which was only nullified at the finish. On the Aberdeen side Macfarlane stood out alone for work superior to anything that has been seen of him since he joined Aberdeen F.C.

Murray and Willox were a trifle shaky at the start, both making bad slips. As time wore on they improved vastly. As on the Rangers' side, Aberdeen's halves were a treat, putting in some grand work. To my mind, no one was superior to the other. The forwards were good till they came to goalmouth. Henderson was perhaps the weakest. It seemed to be an off day with "Pim," who could do nothing right. M'Auley made some grand openings, and if he would only follow them up and shoot he would be a grand forward. M'Nicol is not speedy enough for a scoring centre-forward, but he fairly harasses the backs till they don't know what to do with him. The wing men easily rank first, Lennie being always a dangerous man, and perhaps the best forward in the line. Robertson put in some good work, but over-ran the ball several times in his anxiety to get there. All over, I had no cause to feel ashamed of our team on Saturday, and I hope to see them win the next time they visit St. Mungo.

Goals Galore at Pittodrie.

Those who braved the miserable weather of Saturday were amply compensated in watching a class game at Pittodrie. When Dunfermline stepped on to the field they looked a fine, strapping lot of fellows, fit to make any team go the whole way for victory. Fresh from giving the Dundee Reserves a 4-goals beating, they were anxious to pick up another pair of points at Pittodrie. They reckoned without their host, for Aberdeen had as fine a team as they have had for some time. A couple of changes were tried in the team. Stewart Davidson being played centre-forward, and Lockhart, late of Bon-Accord, at right back. Coming away with great dash, Davidson let out to the right, who missed an easy cross. In fact, all through the first half Harvey played very indifferently. The three inside men were on Foster time and again, until Cruickshank, having first a cross from Jaffrey and then from Davidson, let fly accurately, and the first goal for Aberdeen within ten minutes augured well. Play proceeded on more equal terms after this, fine back play by Gault saving the situation often. Lockhart was a trifle nervous, and made one or two slips. This became alarming at the close of the first half, when Dunfermline equalised. The second period was a strong bombardment by the A's on Foster, who had his hands full, and no mistake. Harvey got on the lead with a rare shot, which Foster caught on to, but the right winger followed up, and on the rebound beat the custodian all over. If he was playing indifferently in the first period, Harvey now gave a capital exhibition of dribbling and shooting. Dunfermline were simply hemmed in, and John Thomson got in a beauty, which put his side three goals on. But the best goal of the match had to come. Gault was the hero of this episode, and it was a beauty. The visitors were a beaten team long before this, and looked as if they had been run off their feet. A game which was full of excitement ended—Aberdeen A, 4 goals; Dunfermline Athletic, 1 goal.

Other Games in brief.

In the same street as Aberdeen, Dundee and Falkirk still remain. Our Dens Park friends were confident of points at Easter Road, but they failed by 2 goals to 1. Queen's were in scoring mood, and rubbed it into Falkirk by 5 goals to 3. Airdrie go on their successful career once more, beating Morton at Cappellow by 2-0. Kilmarnock went down again at home by 4-2, the Celts being their opponents on this occasion. Motherwell secured their first points by beating Port-Glasgow, the scores being 2-0. Partick Thistle were on the losing side to Third Lanark, who won by the narrow margin of 2-1. The Hearts are going strong this season, when they managed to beat St. Mirren at Paisley by 1-0.

CRICKETERS! CRICKETERS! CRICKETERS!
WM. DAVIDSON'S CHAMPION CRICKET STOCK, 25
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CHATTY BITS.

Aberdeen were placed in an awkward fix on Friday night, when they learned that Lennie was ill and confined to bed.

It was quite current at Pittodrie, I am told, that Lennie did not travel with the team.

Geordie M'Nicol, the handy man, stepped into the breach, and saved the situation.

Geordie is a gem of a player. The pity is he carries so much weight avoirdupois. What a fier he would be otherwise!

Aberdeen's halves were not so very far behind the Rangers' great trio. In fact, to my mind, they were their equals.

I do not wish to individualise, as they all did well—exceptionally well, I should say.

They had their minds made up to make a bold bid for victory, and they very nearly achieved it.

Aberdeen directors were searching high and low last week for a left back. They need not go very far to fill that position.

On Saturday Gault gave a very fine exhibition in that position. He has the makings of a great player, and ought to be encouraged.

Gault was the best back by a long way at Pittodrie.

Stewart Davidson made a very promising debut at centre-forward. A little shy at the start, he warmed to his work, and finished strong.

All he requires is to practise shooting on his own. Put a little more pith into your shots, lad, and there is a future in store for you.

The heavy ground seemed to be against Lockhart's style of play. He is worth another trial.

Billy Brebner was an anxious spectator at Pittodrie on Saturday. It was his first time out since his accident.

Negotiations are going on for the transfer of Patrick Boyle, who played for Port-Glasgow, to Aberdeen.

He is said to be a clever left back, and will fill the vacancy to a nicety.

If all goes well, he will be in the team against Kilmarnock on Saturday.

Boyle has been working at his trade, declining to sign on for any club till he had made a better change than he was formerly in.

The Glasgow press are unanimous that Aberdeen, despite their crippled condition, played a good game, and have established themselves in the West.

The gate at Ibrox forms a marked contrast to what Aberdeen were getting last season in the Second Division.

Only twice did "away" games pay more than travelling expenses. A few more "gates" like Saturday, and the club will be all right.

The final selection of Aberdeen's two teams will be made to-night, when it is expected that the transfer of Boyle will have been completed.

This Week's Programme.

Kilmarnock will be here in force this Saturday, when a dour struggle may be expected. "Killie" ran the Rangers very hard on their own pitch, and gave the Celts a good race on Saturday. They are anxious to bag their first points on Pittodrie. This they may do, but it will not be without Aberdeen making a great effort. Both teams are pointless, so it will make the game all the more interesting. Aberdeen will rely pretty much on the same team as last week, unless Ward is fit, and they have successfully negotiated with that new back from the South. Should Ward be fit, M'Nicol will be dropped, and Willox will fall out of the defence. The team will likely be:—Macfarlane; Murray and Willox or Newman; Halket, Strang, and Low; Robertson, Henderson, M'Nicol or Ward, M'Auley, and Lennie.

Aberdeen A without a Fixture.

The Aberdeen management were under the impression—in fact, had word from the Northern League

secretary—that they had to play Lochee on Saturday. On Tuesday night Lochee wrote that they have fixed up Dundee A for that date. The probabilities are that Aberdeen A will be without a game on Saturday; and the pity is that this is so, as the team want to be kept at it, now that they have got a good start.



Perth Post Office v. Aberdeen Post Office.

Through the courtesy of the Aberdeen Football Club, this inter-Post Office fixture was played at Pittodrie on Wednesday week—the occasion of the Perth holiday. The following teams lined up:—Aberdeen—Findlay; Mitchell and M'Robbie; Ross, A. T. Anderson, and Christie; Wood, Roy, W. H. Anderson, Duthie, and Riddell. Perth—Kay; Bissett and Lindsay; M'Lagan, Graham, and Meldrum; Clark, Dalton, Kay, Ritchie, and Bisset. Losing the toss, Aberdeen kicked off against the sun and wind, and immediately invaded the visitors' territory. After a period of hard pressure, the home-sters were rewarded with a goal, and shortly afterwards another was added. From a breakaway, Perth opened their register, and some give-and-take play followed. Before the interval, Aberdeen again scored, and the first half ended—Aberdeen, 3; Perth, 1.

On resuming, the visitors were at once put on the defensive, and, as the result of some fine forward play, Aberdeen added a fourth goal, after which Clark had a brilliant dashaway and scored for Perth. A penalty granted Aberdeen was not taken advantage of, but a few minutes later a fifth goal came to the home lads. Another point was added before the close, and the game finished—Aberdeen, 6; Perth, 2. Duncan M'Nicol, of the Aberdeen Club, was referee. After the match, the Perth players were entertained in the Bon-Accord Hotel, and a pleasant musical evening was spent, prior to the departure of their train.

The "Postal" have entered the Wednesday League this season, and should give a good account of themselves.



Inverurie Thistle.

The Inverurie Thistle opened their season on Saturday with a visit from the East End, Aberdeen. Owing to the formation of a club in connection with the Locomotive Works, the Thistle have lost three or four of their last season's players, and great interest was taken in the composition of their reconstructed team. The weather was of the worst description, the game being played in a downpour of rain. The teams were very evenly matched, and for a kick-off, considering the state of the ground, the play was fairly good. Half-time score—1 goal each.

The forwards in the second half went to their work with a will, and when the whistle blew, the result was: East End, 4 goals; Thistle, 4 goals.

The Thistle's "captures" came off with flying colours, Stevenson and Grant, on the left, playing the game like veterans, their short passing circumventing Russell, who, if we mistake not, used to don the Victoria United colours.

The right wing men were slow, and the centre a failure.

Halves were good, and will improve, Logan working like a Trojan.

The backs played a fair game, Jackson, the left back, being far and away the best back on the field, and fit for better company.

The visitors did not play up to their reputation, but the greasy nature of the ground was against their style of play, and we expect to see them in their true form before the season closes.

NOTE.—We have pleasure in intimating that we have arranged with a correspondent in Inverurie to send us regular reports of the matches played by the various clubs of that town.

FOOTBALL COMPETITIONS.

We regret to announce that no prizes, consolation or otherwise, fall to be awarded this week. Of the host of competitors, the nearest—a comparatively small number—were at least two goals out on the couple of matches. A few guessed the Aberdeen-Rangers figures accurately, only to come to utter grief with the result of the Aberdeen A-Dunfermline Athletic match.

It is notable that a great majority of the coupon-senders anticipated an overwhelming disaster for the local team at Ibrox Park, several gentlemen putting the score of the winning team as high as 7—with a duck's egg for the "Wasps." These pessimists must have been agreeably surprised, therefore, in spite of the defeat, at the magnificent "form" shown by the home lads.

We are again pleased to find several ladies among our competitors. Their guesses, unluckily, were rather wild. Perhaps next week they will take their sweet-hearts into consultation when calculating the odds. This, it will be observed, is not forbidden by the rules.

Many of the coupons came from a distance. One of those from the Metropolis was simply inscribed "Old Aberdeen Junior, London, N." We shall be pleased to hear from this gentleman again. Only he need not be so bashful about his name. No doubt it is a very good one, of the North-country variety.

Having thus stingily declined to make any awards, the question comes to be—What is to be done with the surplus money? Some readers may say—Throw it out in consolation prizes. We should have been happy to do this had any of the competitors come as near the mark as one goal. None did; hence we mingle tears with our unfortunate subscribers. However, where there's a will there's a way; so next week we offer four prizes of half-a-crown each to the coupon-senders who forecast the number of goals scored in the matches undernoted.

	Goals.
ABERDEEN	
Scottish League—1st Division	
KILMARNOCK	
DUNDEE	
Scottish League—1st Division	
GREENOCK MORTON	

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The Coupon to be cut out.

CONDITIONS.

- 1.—Correct scores must be given in every case to win the half-crown prizes. The goals on each side have to be noted in figures.
- 2.—The competition will be decided by ballot, each of the four correct guessers receiving half-a-crown.
- 3.—Coupons will not be received later than two o'clock on Saturday of each week, and must be lodged at the offices, 10 Crown Street, in an envelope, marked "Football Competition."

To GOLFERS.—Golfers should see our stock of Clubs, Balls, Carriers, etc. Clubs, 4s. 6d.; Balls, 6s., 7s. 6d., and 9s. 6d. per dozen. Carriers, with ball pocket and handle, 6s. 6d. We hold the largest and best selected stock in town. Campbell & Co., India Rubber Manufacturers, 18 Bridge Street, Aberdeen.

4.—The decision of the Editor in all matters of dispute will be final.

5.—In the event of no correct results being received, the Proprietor will, at his discretion, award a number of consolation prizes to those whose guesses are most nearly accurate.

CRICKET.

M.C.C. at Perth.

Evidently the enthusiasm has waned at Perth, as elsewhere, during the past week or two. The attendance at North Inch on Friday was nothing out of the common, and on Saturday, with rain falling, was very far below what was expected, so that the Disaster Fund will not be very materially enriched by the venture. Through the inclemency of the weather, the game ended in a draw, Saturday's sport being very poor indeed. The outstanding feature was the fine stand made on Friday by R. G. Tait and Joe Anderson, who went in first and carried the total to over a century before a separation took place. If "Bobby" was unfortunate last week in not reaching his century, it was reserved for a more classic event. Every one who saw him bat admired the plucky way he went for the bowling, picking out the loose ones with the discrimination of an old stager. His 113 was the finest effort of the two days, and stamps him as a cricketer with a great career in front of him. The pity is that another month had not to go of this season.

The weather on Saturday upset all the local fixtures. Not one of those on the cards were attempted, and in the various parks not a ball was bowled. With September on us, and the light getting bad, there will be little chance of making up any discarded fixtures. From this Saturday the majority of the clubs will begin to close up for the season, which, all things considered, has been one of the best for a few years back.

JUNIOR CRICKET.

Saturday was practically a blank day. Our G.C.L. friends, Waterton and Grange, were the only pair to turn out.

Waterton had rather an easy win, J. and W. Dalgarno, Clark, and Robbie having 26, 20, 18, and 17 respectively. The Dalgarnos' batting was very good indeed.

Middleton played well for the Grange, having 17—more than half his side's score.

Cruickshank, of the Waterton, had the splendid analysis of nine for 18. This performance was all the more meritorious from the fact that several mistakes were made in the field.

This must be nearly a record for G.C.L. fixtures.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL.

Shamrock A opened their League season on Saturday, when they engaged Northern A in a Granite City League match. The "North Pole men" showed themselves to be a smart lot, but in the end had to go under. Scores: Shamrock A, 4; Northern A, 2. Craig at left back and Bisset at left half were the best for the "Irishmen."

Albert and Hawthorne also met in a League match at the Links. The Albert had easily the best of the first half, but not so the second. Time and again the Hawthorne had hard luck in not drawing level, but the Albert lasted out time, and a fast and exciting game ended in their favour by 5 goals to 3.



District News.

ELLON.

The event of most importance to our quilters was concluded last week, when the final for the Wilson Trophy was contested. After a mediocre but close game, "Sandy" Brown was declared the winner. This result should fill youthful quilters with enthusiasm for the game, as the popular winner of the cup this season was not at first fancied; but, of course, it is the unexpected that happens.



Our well-directed fire against the antiquated rules followed this year at the Haddo House Games has not been without effect, for we congratulate ourselves upon stirring up the committee to a sense of their weakness. Now they see eye to eye with us, and intend for the future to make the games open to all-comers, to make the amusements more local, and to remedy various defects patent in the quilting competitions.



The local flower show was held on Saturday, and, with the exception of the weather, everything was as it should be. The exhibits were up to the usual standard; the "speechifying" was humorous, as it should be, and that pawky Scotsman, Mr. Ruxton, was responsible for the major portion of it.



Of course, the Ellon Band was there (where has its fame not penetrated by this time?), and delighted the hearts of the men and women who love calisthenics. Yesterday the band was at Hatton for the second time this season, which speaks volumes for its efficiency.

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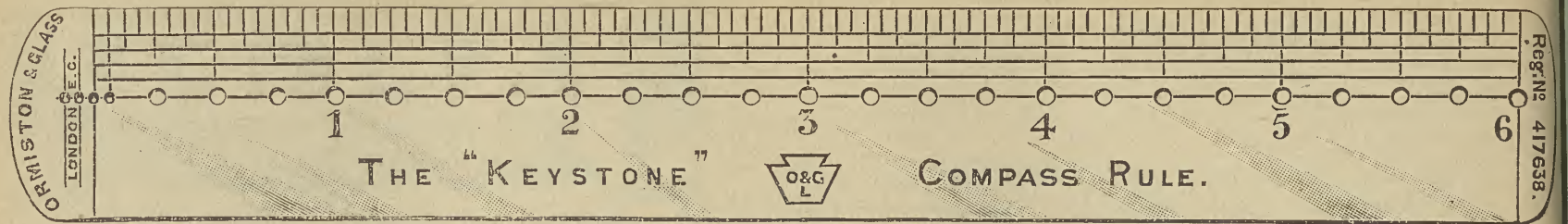
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