



Vol. XXXIV.—No. 8

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Splendid Isolation.



WE observe, not without a little pride in the journalism of our native city, that the Broad Street morning organ of public opinion desires a place apart from the mere ruck of common or ordinary newspapers. When the Bread Tax was imposed last year, there was but one newspaper in

Scotland which gave the obnoxious impost its whole-hearted blessing. Need we say that that newspaper was our journalistic mentor of Broad Street? Then in regard to what Lord Cranborne calls the Venezuelan "mess," the *Aberdeen Journal* has aimed at occupying a similarly unique position. And it has succeeded in its aspiration. At a time when every other Conservative paper throughout the country has joined in condemnation of the German alliance, the *Journal*—which seems to live in a sort of rarefied political atmosphere all its own, and refuses to come down to common levels of thought—expresses its supreme satisfaction with Government affairs in general and the Venezuelan venture in particular.

To show how far above the average type of Tory papers our Broad Street contemporary soars, just compare the views of the *Aberdeen Journal* and the London *Spectator* on the Venezuelan imbroglio.

Journal.

"The subject is one of great difficulty and delicacy, and in incompetent hands the dangers which were sought to be removed might have been intensified; but Mr. Balfour, conscious of the grave responsibility that rests upon him, discharges his task with a skill and a power which bring into strong relief the highest qualities of statesmanship. What a contrast there is between the clear outlook, the comprehensive grasp of broad, general principles, and the calm and lofty spirit that characterise Mr. Balfour's statement, and the limited vision, the tendency to magnify details, and the pannicky tone of responsible and prejudiced critics!"

Spectator.

"The Government has lost weight at home, irritated the British people, alarmed the American, made the Germans as a nation even more hostile than before, spent a great deal of money on a blockade, lowered the prestige of our Foreign Office as a businesslike and intelligent Department, and obtained £5,000 in cash!"

Here the sublimely beatific attitude of the *Journal* is in such marked contrast to "the pannicky tone" of the

Spectator as to make us wish that Mr. Balfour would break the self-denying ordinance which forbids him to look for guidance from the Press, and condescend to read a newspaper that has such unwavering faith in his political sagacity. Such blind, unflinching trust is indeed rare in these latter days. Mr. Balfour's in the Cabinet, all's right with the world, is the *Journal's* grateful and comforting doctrine.

Of course this attitude of placid repose is not without its detractors. Even in Aberdeen there are nasty people who hint that passages similar to that which we have quoted are but so much political pap prepared for the weaker digestive capacity of North Country bonnet-lairds. But there speaks prejudice, naked and unashamed.

We frankly confess that when we read those beautiful purple passages about Mr. Balfour's "calm and lofty spirit, his skill and power," and all that sort of thing, and compared them with the *Spectator's* "prejudiced criticism," we wondered that two Conservative organs could be so far out of tune with each other. Surely, thought we, some reasonable explanation may be found for such flagrant calling of white black, and black white.

And even as we pondered, we remembered reading the other day that all our great literary men had shaken the dust of London off their feet, and sought solace and the literary atmosphere in the restful retreats of the Provinces. Atmosphere, after all, is everything. It is the very breath of our nostrils. "The pannicky, irresponsible, prejudiced critics" of London Town have their little day and cease to be. But the calm, lofty spirit which is such a marked characteristic of Mr. Balfour, and which the *Aberdeen Journal* does its best to emulate—doubtless at a sufficiently decorous and respectful distance—can be cultivated only in the peaceful provincial towns of the North Country.

And we are thankful that it is even so. London doubtless has its place in the eternal order of things, but where a "comprehensive grasp of broad, general principles" is wanted you must come to the Provinces—perhaps to Aberdeen. For something whispers in our heart that it is thence that the spirit of philosophic detachment will continue to spread till, in the beautiful words of the hymn which Mr. Chamberlain quoted the other day to the bold, bad Boers, "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."



Black and White.

In the course of his triumphal tour through the Transvaal and Cape Colony, Mr. Chamberlain has been voicing the views of the Randlords when he says that the Black Man of South Africa should be made to work for his living. But why should the Colonial Secretary draw the line at the poor Kaffir? This doctrine of his might aptly apply to the members of the House of Lords, of whom he once said—in his Radical days, of course—that "they toil not, neither do they spin!" These were the days when Lord Salisbury used to refer to Mr. Chamberlain by the sweet name Jack Cade, and when it would have surpassed the wit of the wisest politician to foresee the time when "our Joe" would find political salvation among "the gentlemen of England."

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WITH the best intentions in the world to view with favour the outcome of the "Granite *versus* Wood" debate at Monday's meeting of the Town Council, something tells us that the agreement come to by the opposing parties to refer the question to the Streets and Roads Committee for further inquiry was mostly made up of make-believe. We should like to think, when the report on the proposed wood-paving of Union Street is submitted, that it will be considered without prejudice, but, like the proverbial Scotsman, we "hae oor doots."

AND our misgivings are not at all lessened when we come to consider the absolutely puerile arguments which Treasurer Wilkie, the leader of the granite men, brings forward against the well-reasoned speeches of Bailie Henderson and Dean of Guild Lyon. Let us take one of the Treasurer's arguments, and see what it is made of. He says that if he were Convener of the Tramways Committee he would not have wood-paving, because,

"if their streets were laid with wood, tramcars would be at a discount, as anyone could then run motor-buses as had been done in Edinburgh."

With all due deference to the Treasurer, such reasoning, so-called, can only be regarded as so much fustian, and quite unworthy of a man of the Treasurer's capacity. No one for a moment believes that with the adoption of wood-paving our cars would be run off the streets by motors. But even though the motor-man was to find a wood-paved Union Street a perfect paradise in comparison with the present barbarous thoroughfare, surely that is no reason why we should for ever delay this much-desired improvement.

WE have only to follow this line of argument to its logical conclusion to find that, in spite of all their protestations to the contrary, Treasurer Wilkie, Bailie Taggart, and the other granite stalwarts are steeped to the lips in prejudice, and are determined to do their utmost to defeat the proposal when next it comes before the Town Council.

QUITE a crowd of citizens of note were created "free burgesses and guild brethren" at Monday's meeting of the Town Council. As the new burgesses filed into the Council Chamber, the Lord Provost might well have said with Macbeth, "they come not singly but in battalions!" By the time he had shaken hands with them all, the Lord Provost had a fistful of the familiar white satchels tied with red ribbon which the burgesses hand to his lordship on their admission to the guildry. As the brethren trooped out of

the chamber they were heartily cheered by the assembled City Fathers, and with the Lord Provost's congratulations to Dean of Guild Lyon, who looked with an air of pride on his recruits, the picturesque little ceremony came to an end.

UNLESS some reasonable compromise is come to between the Town Council and the University Court at the forthcoming conference, it looks as if the University Extension plans were again to be put into the melting-pot, and that we were to witness a renewal of the weary round of conferences with which we were all too familiar a few years ago when the Greyfriars Church controversy was raging. For this unfortunate state of affairs the University Court is primarily to blame. When it is considered that from first to last the Town Council have been the means—directly or indirectly—of securing three-fourths of the money for extension purposes; and that they have, in addition, bought an expensive site and built on it the new Greyfriars Church in a style that was intended to be in keeping with the handsome elevation of the Popular Plan—which may be described as a modification of "Plan No. I"—when all these things are taken into account, it is less than fair of the University Court to ask the Town Council to pass a plan which breaks faith with the subscribers to the Extension Fund, and which falls short of what the public have a right to expect in return for the financial assistance given the Court by the Corporation.

THIS, the latest imbroglgio between the Council and the Court, is almost entirely due to the increased demands of the University authorities for more classroom accommodation. The No. I. Plan, which was to cost £45,000, was to include three towers, two entrances, and the fine bay-windows, and was to be only three stories in height. The latest plan of the University authorities provides for a building five stories high, and to secure this additional accommodation the architect has been obliged to sacrifice much of the ornamentation that was such a striking feature of the Popular Plan. We understand that he has again gone back to the Popular Plan for his main entrance to the quadrangle, and to that extent the design will be improved. We are strongly of opinion, however, that the Town Council should not rest content with this trifling concession. They should insist on the retention of the beautiful bay-windows which were shown not only in the Popular Plan but in Plan No. I. as well. The position taken up by the Council is a logical one, and the least that the University authorities can do is to make some substantial concession that will bring their latest plans more into conformity with the bargain they originally entered into with the Corporation.

BOTH the *Free Press* and *Journal* editors in their Tuesday's leaders described the "Wood *versus* Granite" debate at the Town Council as "a preliminary canter." Such a remarkable coincidence can be explained only on the theory that great minds think alike. We hasten to congratulate our two contemporaries on this unconscious *rapprochement*. It has moved us almost to tears.

ROBERT HENDERSON'S Great Clearance of Stock and Sale of Cheap Lots has now Commenced. 33 UNION STREET.

THE suggestion was recently made in a local contemporary to remove the statue of Prince Albert to the Art Gallery. To do so would, we think, be a mistake. We all know that the statue is not exactly a thing of beauty. But we have got used to it. Like the Queen's statue at St. Nicholas Street corner, it has become a kind of land-mark, and we need not go out of our way to bring the Biblical curse on our heads by ordering its removal. And besides, to make even the counterfeit presentment of a Prince "move on," is suggestive of what the Colonial Secretary calls a lack of active loyalty, and might encourage him to have a *lèse majesté* act passed by His Majesty's faithful Commons.



If the statue of Albert the Good is in the way—and having a regard to the ever-increasing traffic at Union Terrace, we must, we are afraid, admit the impeachment—could it not be placed a few yards farther back from the edge of the pavement, where it at present proves a stumbling-block to even the most loyal of subjects? There is plenty of room in the recess, and by setting it back citizens and visitors could then have an opportunity of inspecting it without having to stand in the carriage-way at the eminent risk of their lives. In its present position we have ample room for examining the back parts of the statue, but not to put too fine a point upon it, we find that a back view of even a royal statue is not exactly inspiring.



If we are to credit our friends of *The Express*, the present Government of All the Mediocracies is really not quite so black as it is painted. In a reference to the coming reduction of the Income Tax, our contemporary says

"A very widespread thrill of satisfaction must have been experienced over the rumour set afloat in some London newspapers that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was contemplating raising the exemption limit of the income tax to £250, and that he was to accompany this relief by a reduction of threepence in the tax itself."

This announcement must indeed be grateful and comforting to those who enjoy a cool £250 a year, but we are sorry to think that it will leave the average Man in the Street quite unthrilled. He will, however, have the supreme satisfaction of knowing that if he cannot help himself he can at least be of the greatest assistance in enabling the Government to ameliorate the conditions of the poverty-stricken creatures who have to pay the Income Tax. For that that is the part which the Man in the Street will have to play in the coming Budget is put too apparent from the tone of *The Times*, which hints at a remission of £10,000,000 in favour of the Income Tax payer, and urges that steps should be taken to restore "equilibrium" by "widening the basis of taxation." If the average man will be thrilled at all with this prospect it will be with a thrill of alarm, for past experiences have brought home to him the true meaning of those fine-sounding phrases about "widening the basis of taxation." If the "equilibrium" is to be restored, it will be at his expense. The *Express* doubtless means well, but when, in the fulness of time, it has grasped the elementary principle that a satisfactory fiscal policy must proceed on the old-fashioned lines of "the greatest good of the greatest number," it will have less

to say about those "thrills of satisfaction" over the coming Budget. In the words of Lord George Hamilton, the Government continues "to look after its friends."



"Et Clamor Caelo."

THE STUDENTS' ANNUAL OUTBREAK.

Nobody treats the Annual Concert of the Aberdeen University Choral and Orchestral Society with the degree of reverence applicable to so emphatically-named an institution. Respectable newspapers are mildly appreciative; other publications (like ourselves) to whom nobody would think of applying the adjective, try to be as cheerful as possible. That is why we have selected a title from the classics. The Classics (*vide Ovidii Ars Amoris*) have a breeziness all their own.

The students sometimes pretend that the concert is a "Society" function, but that is only their artless fun. The very select people who belong to a "set," and affect an I-am-holier-than-thou air would never think of going, but the quality of the audience does not suffer on that account. Instead, there are a number of nice, tidy, respectable, over-worked school-teachers, rather thinly clad, one or two aristocratic milliners—the kind that walk down the street clutching their dresses in a peculiar way—and a lot of other amiable and harmless people to whom the occasion affords a favourable opportunity of airing their seldom used evening toilette, and (if you can get up a party of four) indulging in a hurl in a cab.

It is rather a shame, however, to tempt all these people to come out at night by the offer of an entertainment at sixpence a time, and then, having secured them, hurl at their heads so "dreich" and uninteresting a programme. It is a painful but indisputable fact that the fine points of Tchaikowsky's "March Solonelle" are not quite so well known as those of "My Flo from Pimlico," nor, somehow, does the average audience really appreciate the importance of excellence in "attack," or "tone," or "shading." The result is that those who understand music are generally overcome with a great sadness; those who, like ourselves, know nothing about it, sit in sort of reverential coma, and try to look as intelligent as possible. The students as a whole are such a harmless and polite class that one is loth to attribute to them a desire to be humorous. Which only makes it all the harder, however, to understand why their annual concert should be so very Presbyterian a performance.

Last Friday's entertainment was no exception to the rule. There was the usual audience of ladies who chiefly wondered. The programme was eclectic to a degree, but a plebiscite would probably have shown a preference for "Soldiers of the Queen" or "The Gay Parisienne." The young men sang their songs without doing any harm in the world, and went home, one apprehends, not entirely without satisfaction. A glittering eye here and there betokened that some bond existed—the sisterly, the motherly, even the other kind—between the smiling fair one and the bashful trillist on the platform. It is a useful function, the Students' Concert, a blessed safety valve for the high pressure of youth. One feels only the kindest and most uncritical of feelings, and so writes. X.



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The Old Wells of Bon-Accord.



FIRST one and then another friend—both printers, and so keen from life-long practice in detecting mistakes—point out that credit was erroneously given to Pieman Fiddler for erecting the well on the quay-side opposite the old Fish Market, on the site of which now stands the Post Office. It was Mr. Alex. Fiddler, coal merchant, (a brother) who was the well-giver, and who was thinking more of the horse than the man when he erected the well. Mr. Fiddler was truly a friend to the shore horse, and many a time he left his office

and carried water to relieve their distress. It has been suggested that the Fiddler's well in King Street came by its name owing to this Mr. Fiddler having supplied it with iron drinking cups. By the way the cups at various wells seem to be regarded by young Aberdeen as having been specially put there to afford him opportunities for trying his strength at chain breaking, for most of them have had his mischievous attention. From Burton-on-Trent a correspondent (a toon's bairn, who left Aberdeen in forty-eight) sends us a diagram showing position of the Sair E'e Wallie in West North Street, and says the hole in the stone from which the water flowed was originally covered with a perforated brass plate. But we suppose young Aberdeen was quite equal to its speedy removal. From Inverurie, a G.N.S.R. employee (recently removed from Kitty-brewster) sends us information that we will duly utilise.

The Gibberie Wallie,

On the verge of the Aulton Links, at the foot of the Broad Hill, was at one time much frequented, and generally it was worth the while of some auld body to be in attendance with her basket of Parleys. The well was a simple structure of stone, and was exceedingly handy for thirsty loons playing cricket, for there were always good pitches in its vicinity. And it also lay in the direct way of those going to the seaside from the north end of the town by way of the Gallow Hill, where long ago stood the gibbet and where were situated the graves of the poor malefactors there executed—many times for quite trivial offences—and latterly there also stood the Powder Magazine, the outer walls of which now form the walls of the shelter near by the gate to Trinity Cemetery.

During a period of commercial depression over half a century ago the unemployed artizans, at the direction of the Town Council, constructed a bowling green in the immediate vicinity of the Gibberie Wallie. It was not, however, much taken advantage of by bowlers, but the green was a famous spot for boxing matches and fights. "An earnest fecht, boys," was no uncommon cry that put a stop to all other amusements on the Links in this quarter, and by some sort of talismanic telegraphy the word that a fight was in progress soon reached the New Town Links, and brought the youngsters trooping over the Broad Hill to the ring. Many a couple the writer has seen stripped to the waist pommelling each other on the bowling green. Little "science" was ever displayed, the favourite mode of the combatants being to seize one another as quickly as possible by the long hair then worn, and thump away at each other's chests till the weakest fainted and fell on the sward. Willing hands among the crowd of boys brought water from the well in all manner of utensils, a common conveyance being the Glengarry cap then much worn, and which, on getting a good soaking, was as water-tight as a bucket. Not much ceremony was used in "bringing round" the knocked-out combatant, and ding-dong went on the fight till one bruiser had had enough. These disgusting fights were never interrupted on either links by policemen—the Aulton Links being, we suppose, outwith the "toon's boun's," which then stopped at Love Lane (a narrow, dirty thoroughfare between King Street and the Spital) now Merkland Road. By the way, at a time when the City Fathers were so uncommonly goody that they would not tolerate

a theatrical exhibition in the town, the poor actors had to erect their booths on the north side of Love Lane. Though the King has knighted actors, they are still vagabonds by Act of Parliament! Mention of the King reminds us that it was at Love Lane that the citizens, headed by Provost Webster, met the late Queen and presented her with the keys of the city when she was returning from Haddo House on the occasion of her visit to Lord Aberdeen—the premier Earl, the "learned Thane, Athenian Aberdeen" of Byron's poems, and Prime Minister at the outbreak of that senseless crime, the Crimean War, when the country (not for the first or the last time) became for a season a unanimous unthinking Jingo rabble.

Old Brig o' Don Well.

Just over the bridge there was a "wee cot house," at whose door Eppie Fiddes bobbed and smiled you a hearty welcome from between the starched and ironed borders of her close mutch. Sunday or Saturday, at all hours of the night or day, one could here get a dram and a bit bread and cheese—for these were the pre-Forbes Mackenzie times. At Eppie Fiddes's gable-end was a well, at which man (when he could not otherwise) and beast could be refreshed. The well is still there, but the Hole o' the Wa' hostlery has long since been swept away from its magnificent strategical position by the brig, and Eppie—even in the middle of last century, along with her house, a relic of bygone times—has for many years slept with her fathers.

On that section of the Northern Highway from the town, the Gallowgate, was at one time situated, opposite Young Street, John Rose's inn. John was a worthy boniface, over six feet high and otherwise in proportion, and was a prominent member of the erstwhile Police Board, which had its office in St. Nicholas Street, in front of the Flour Mills. (By the way, fifty years ago the street in front of this office was laid with wood.) In a corner of the inn kitchen, close by the ingle-nook, was a wee room, with a wee window looking down the hill northwards, called the Hole in the Wa'. In this room Prince Charlie is said to have taken refreshments when retreating north. The writer with other schoolmates used to consider it a great privilege to be taken by the son of the inn into this snuggery, and stand on the spot where a hundred years before Bonnie Prince Charlie stood; and to sit there and con the Prince's adventures as set forth in that admirable schoolbook, "Simpson's History of Scotland," was surely the absolute height of romance, and put us in the way of discovering that truly "old times give gifts!"

U.U.S.

(To be continued.)

IN MEMORIAM: An Obituary of Aberdeen and Vicinity for the Year ending 1902, with Biographical Notes and Portraits of Prominent Citizens. Compiled and Published by William Cay & Sons, Aberdeen. Price 6d., post free 9d.

This is the thirteenth year of this most admirable local publication. Though a sad record, it is one that the public should be very grateful to Messrs. Cay & Sons for putting into their hands at a nominal price. The succinct notices given of worthy citizens who have died during 1902 really comprise page on page of local history, made available for all time coming in a handy and compact form. The Compilers' Note says—

"The publication of 'In Memoriam' is designed to preserve, in a more permanent form than can otherwise be accomplished, some account of those citizens and others whose deaths have occurred in or near the city during the year; also, of Aberdonians who have died elsewhere. Such a record, we believe, may be of interest not only to residents and Aberdonians in all parts of the globe, but also to those who have at one time been connected with the city."

We endorse these sentences to the full, and advise all those taking an interest in local affairs to secure a copy of the current issue of "In Memoriam." The record is supplemented by a very full Alphabetical Obituary List of about 110 pages, while many excellent portraits are also given.

Stocktaking Cheap Sale at 33 UNION STREET has now Commenced. Bargains in all Departments. ROBERT HENDERSON.

Her Majesty's Theatre,

GUILD STREET ABERDEEN.

A FATAL CROWN,

A NEW HISTORICAL DRAMA,
IN FOUR ACTS.

Box Plan at Messrs Marr Wood & Co.'s Union St.

MONDAY NEXT—

THE CASINO GIRL.

New Palace Theatre,

BRIDGE STREET ABERDEEN

General Manager, . . MR ERNEST SHELDON

MONDAY, 23rd February,

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Prices—Front Seats, 2s; Area and Balcony,
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NEW TRADES CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 21st February.

PRINCE ZOURFF, Imitator of Sound.
Mr JOHN MORRISON, Tenor.
Miss NELLIE M'ADAM, Contralto
(Gold Medalist).
Miss KATE B. JACKSON, Soprano.
Mr. E. A. BARNETT, Solo Flute and Piccolo.
Mr. A. O. HENRY, Solo Pianist.
TEAM OF TWELVE GIRLS
From Gymnasium, Crown Street.
TICKETS—J. Marr Wood & Co. and Trades Hall.
Prices as usual, 6d, 4d, 2d.
Doors open 7. Concert at 7:45.

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BEGIN his THIRD QUARTER on
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Prospectuses at the Book and Musicsellers,
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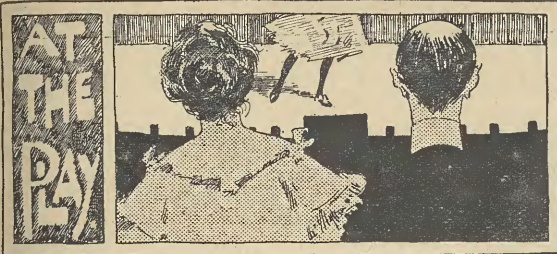


CURR'S



MAKING
A
GOOD START
FOR
THE DAY

COFFEE ESSENCE



"A Fatal Crown."

LADY Jane Grey was what might be called a very precocious child. At fifteen she was able to write Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and German. She even dabbled in Hebrew and Arabic, just as if she had been coming out for a mere P. T. When the rest of the family went hunting you could find her at her villa residence reading Plato's *Phaedon* in the original. We wouldn't say a word against Plato's *Phaedon* in the original, still— At the prematurely early age of sixteen she got married, and two months later she was proclaimed Queen of England. She filled the situation exactly ten days (seven, according to the latest authorities), and subsequently became a Christian Martyr. Such, in brief, is the meteoric career of Jane. Her portrait of herself, according to Froude, was a portrait of piety, purity, and free noble innocence, uncoloured even to a fault with the emotional weakness of humanity. It will, therefore, be easily understood why she died young.

One cannot help thinking, however, that after so blameless yet so thrilling a career, she might have been permitted to rest in peace. But here the heartless Dramatist steps in. Rowe, Laplace, Madame de Stäel, Brifurt, and Tennyson having all had a try at perpetuating the memory of the Ten Days Queen, Messrs. Brandon Ellis, and James Bell, feeling that the subject was by no means exhausted, next came forward. The joint effort of these gentlemen is this week produced under the title of "A Fatal Crown" at Her Majesty's.

"A Fatal Crown" is a curiously unequal production. At times it is really interesting. Yet a moment later it lapses into melodrama of the most virulent type. There is much that is blood-and-thunder about it. Yet there are elements of better things. But the purple patches are distributed with grace, and the general trend of the production is above the average of sensational drama as we are used to it in the North. If only on account of the rather curious contrasts it affords, and the clearly defined line of demarcation between the methods of the two collaborators that it displays, "A Fatal Crown" should be seen. You may come away disappointed, yet you do so with a feeling that there were infinite possibilities in the play. And while referring to it in a general way, it may be said that it is really excellently mounted, and that its popularity is unquestionable.

Lady Jane is not Queen when you first meet her in velvet and pearls of great price. But she is an astute lady, and takes the earliest opportunity of delivering a sort of Queen's Speech in which she outlines the legislation of the reign. Previously,

however, you make the acquaintance of Xit. He is the funniest little fellow you ever saw. As a further aid to the liquidation of the Tragedy there is Izzod Clay, a sort of modern comic Irishman, who says "ta-ta, ta-ta" with a charming disregard for the language of the period. About this time too you make the acquaintance of a gentleman masquerading under the name of "Herne, the Hunter." He shows his quality by the manner in which he rebukes the Spanish Cur for drawing on him—an unarmed man. He further adds that were twenty swords drawn against him he would still demand his daughter. Subsequently you find Herne the Hunter hanging from a gallows tree, the verisimilitude of the picture being enhanced by judicious limelight effects and a woe begone expression illustrative of *rigor mortis*. He groans after the manner of the ghost in "Hamlet," and the funny Irishman comes to the rescue. No sooner has the latter applied his Yeomen-of-the-Guard halberd to the rope when Herne descends with all the grace of a parachutist. But Herne the Hunter is by no means exhausted. There is thunder and lightning, but no rain. Unmindful of the storm, Lady Jane is talking excellent platitudes to the discomfiture of the Spanish Cur, when, suddenly, the levin bolt shoots from heaven (you can see it quite distinctly) and the massive property oak is shivered in twain. And there, "as sure's deth," as Peter Birse might say, stands Herne the Hunter with red fire illuminating his substantial presence. It was at this point that our friend of the *F. P.* was heard to hum "Tableau Vivant—Here's a picture for you!"

But "A Fatal Crown" has to be seen to be quite realised. For instance there is Scene 5 of Act II. representing the Siege of the Tower of London. It would have made William Hamilton (the Only and Original) mad with envy. Again there was the Assembly of the City Fathers. What an object lesson for the Town Council to be sure! They looked exactly like our own particular Wise Men when discussing the wood paving question. It is, however, impossible to do adequate justice to "A Fatal Crown" in the space at our disposal. Go and see it by all means, for whatever view you take of it you will feel you have learnt something.

Miss Annie Bell is the Lady Jane. She has all our sympathy, for apart from a somewhat elaborated enunciation, she acts with commendable restraint and very considerable histrionic power.

Mary Tudor is personified by Miss Edith Wallis. She looks the part to the life, but spoils the effect and majesty of her interpretation by an excess of emphasis. It is unnecessary to shriek, as also to be continually stamping her pretty foot. But you never saw a Mary better. It is, we presume, a way they have.

Mr. John Davidson makes a gallant Lord Dudley, while there is real grit in the performance of Mr. Irve Hayman as Herne the Hunter.

We have already referred to Xit. In the flesh he is known as Little Tony. There is something particularly humorous about his performance.

But the whole company is a good one. We have seen many worse with more ambitious productions.

A word of praise to the incidental music of Mr. Loseby. The leader of the orchestra at H. M. T. invariably rises to the occasion. This week he is in rare form.

Next week—"The Casino Girl."

Since her last visit the Casino Girl has learnt a thing or two. While all the old favourites have been retained, new songs, dances, and "business" have been added.

The company is an exceptionally strong one, and includes Mr. Walter Freear, (a brother of that wonderful little lady Miss Louie Freear) Miss Gabrielle Ray (who appeared in the "Belle of New York" in the first visit here), and Mr. Stanley White, an old Aberdeen favourite.

X.

SMART AND STYLISH TAN BOOTS from 5/11 to 13/6
At JOHN A. DUNN'S, 26 and 175 UNION STREET.



The Late Mr. Thomas Curr.



Aberdeen Worthies : The Rev. C. C.



Cricket Notes.

Cricket Association Meeting.

The annual meeting of the association will be held on Saturday, 28th February, in the Cafe, Shiprow at 7-30, and at which three delegates from each club can attend. The report which has been published covers all last season's doings, and gives particulars of the various competitions. The treasurer's balance sheet shows the income to have been £28 11s. 3d., and the expenditure £31 8s. 10d. The fact that the match with Inverness-shire was to have been played away from home this last year explains how the expenditure exceeded the income. The association is by no means bankrupt, however, having a balance of £20 19s. 11½d. in their favour.

At the meeting on Saturday 28th inst., five notices of motions will come up for settlement, but none of them are of such a nature as will cause much discussion.

We would remind all the junior clubs who have not yet made up their minds whether they are to join the association this year to apply to Mr. Paterson, 3 Princes Street, Inverurie, for information. To join the association is the best step they could take, and the benefits they will gain by doing so will be discovered before they are members for any length of time.



The name that knew them once, knows them no more for ever. This may not be the literal translation, but it will suffice, and is all by way of pointing out that the Kittybrewster Mechanics have altered their name, to suit their new surroundings, to Inverurie Locomotive Mechanics. It must have been with regret that such a step was taken, but needs must when the devil drives, and it would hardly have done for a club playing at Inverurie to call themselves the Kittybrewster Mechanics.

Under the old name the club had a fine record, and though the club has not shone out in recent years as we would have wished it, now that it is comfortably settled in its new quarters, we hope that they will prosper even better than they did in their best days. They intend joining the league once again, and with the following office-bearers to steer them through the season, there is nothing but the brightest of outlooks before them:—Captain, Alec Munro; vice-captain, J. Glass; secretary and treasurer, William Paterson, 3 Princes Street, Inverurie; along with a general and match committee of eleven members. The club is in a healthy state as regards its finances.



The Brighton C. C. have got ready for the season, which, we believe, will be a good one for them. We believe they intend joining the association, which is a wise step to take. They have also applied for membership of the Bon-Accord League. The Brighton should have a busy season. Their secretary's address is Mr. J. Smith, 225 Great Western Road.



The Forest C. C., winners of the Bon-Accord League championship, are ready for the fray, and anyone wishing to do business with the club will find Mr. D. Youngson, Jun., 28 Merkland Road, the secretary, quite willing to attend to their wants.

THE appearance of that unique little "Diary and Companion" issued by GEO. G. BUSSEY & CO., for the use of Cricketers (which may be obtained from Sports Dealers, Booksellers, or Railway Book-stalls for 6d.), reminds us of the coming season, in anticipation of which Geo. G. Bussey & Co. have prepared a "record" stock of Bats.

We are told that the timber they hold for Bat making alone exceeds 1,000 tons.

"Glorious Cricket follows the British Flag everywhere."

The annual general meeting of the Sunnyside Cricket Club was held on Thursday the 12th February in the Trades Hall, Belmont Street. There was a fair turnout of members, and the following office-bearers were elected for the ensuing year:—Captain, John Joss; vice-captain, John Hay; treasurer, James Macdonald; secretary, William Mackay Jun., 453 King Street; management committee, Messrs. Joss, Hay, Mackay, Macdonald, and Douglas; match committee, Messrs. Joss, Hay, Mackay, and Douglas; league association representative, William Mackay, Jun.



Football.

Arbroath were the visitors of the Stripes, at Cattofield on Saturday, in the Northern League fixture. The ground team won the toss and played up hill with a strong wind against them. The Stripes were the first to look dangerous, but the visitors retaliated, and, aided with the breeze and incline, soon tested Shand. That player however, was in his best mettle and defied all the attempts of the Maroons at scoring. After twenty minutes play however, Willocks dodged through the defence and scored with a low shot. This put the homsters on the alert, and they made strenuous efforts to get the equaliser, but they were met with a resolute defence and had to retire without finding the net, after having some good tries. At the other end the home defence were having a lively time, and had always to be on the look out, so persistent were the attacks of the Arbroath quintette. Just on the interval the Stripes came away with a rush, and scored a very unexpected and lucky goal. This point should never have been registered, Strachan fumbling the sphere and giving Burnett a chance to put on the equaliser. On resuming, the wind had dropped a good bit and the visitors benefiting by this were soon swarming round Shand. Shot after shot was sent into the goal, but none reached the desired haven, although some of the Maroons' attempts deserved a better fate than they received. The Orion then had a look in, and from a run up by the right wing Low easily beat Strachan, after a scrimmage, with an unsaveable shot. The visitors then pressed and were granted a penalty for Bremner using his hands within the dreaded line. Clark took the kick and scored—giving Shand little chance to save. Even play followed, but Laurie soon put his team on the lead with a good shot. To keep up the excitement Guild followed suit for the visitors, and then the tussle began for the points. Five minutes from the end Buchanan gave his team the lead and the points, beating Strachan with a soft try. Shortly after the whistle sounded time up, with the home-sters lucky winners.



Points from Cattofield.

A large turn-out of spectators watched the fight for points.

We think Wilson made a mistake in playing against the wind after he had won the toss.

The Qualifying ties seem to have taken out most of the game from Arbroath.

They are a different lot from what they once were.

Strachan did not play up to his reputation.

The same can be said of the backs. Certainly Clark is an experienced penalty-kicker, and kept up his name in this department.

The halves were the best of the eleven, and put in a lot of hard, useful work.

McNaughton was the best of the trio, but is inclined to adopt shady tactics.

The forwards, especially George, played a good game, their combination on some occasions being a treat.

Fairley was too well watched to shine as he usually does. Shand was certainly on the "dot," and fully made up for his off-day of the previous Saturday.

Both backs played well, particularly Willox.

Bremner should keep his hands down, and not try to emulate his friend in goal.

All the halves played well, but Low was the shining light, although his partners were not far behind.

The forwards were a great improvement on previous displays, and should try and keep it up.

Buchanan was a distinct success at outside right, and should come a bit yet.

He might try a shot at goal oftener.

Mr. McDonald, as referee, gave entire satisfaction, which is something to be thankful for.

Northern League Notes.

	Pld.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Pts.
Dundee A.....	19	14	2	3	31
Victoria Un'd.	18	9	6	3	21
Cowdenbeath.	14	6	2	6	18
Lochgelly Un.	14	7	3	4	18
Montrose.....	17	8	7	2	18
Dunfermline A.	17	7	7	3	17
Arbroath.....	17	5	6	6	16
St. Johnstone	14	6	4	4	16
Orion.....	15	5	6	4	14
Forfar Ath....	17	5	8	4	14
Wanderers....	16	4	9	3	11
Aberdeen.....	17	3	10	4	10
Lochee Unit..	19	3	12	4	10

Eight clubs were engaged in this competition on Saturday, and of these three hailed from Aberdeen.

And the record of our clubs for the day was a win, a draw, and a loss.

The Vics came under the last category.

Sympathy will be extended to the Wanderers of Dundee for having to play the St. Johnstone at home, when the Dundee had the Hibs in the same city.

And it was fitting that the St. Johnstone should have won.

It filled the poor Wanderers' cup to the brim.

The game was not a pleasant one, rough play being the predominant feature.

A draw would have better represented the run of the play.

It was a mistake on the part of one of the home backs that gave the Saints their goal.

And the mistake cost the Wanderers two points.

Don was the hero of his side.

Forfar had great expectations on Saturday.

The Aberdeen were paying them a visit.

But they had to be content with dividing the points.

The honours of the play may have been theirs, but honours don't count on the table.

The Aberdeen had the wind with them in the first half, and succeeded in scoring two goals.

J. Mackie once again showed his worth in the team by scoring both.

The second half was not long begun before the Forfar were on level terms.

And then the home team's supporters' faces were suffused with smiles.

It was at then that the Forfar supporters had great expectations.

At this point, however, Bisset and his two backs came out more prominently than they had done before.

They realised that unless they worked like Trojans they would be a defeated team.

The resolute defence upset the Forfar attack, and their efforts to score were futile.

It is not too much to say that the Aberdeen owe their point to Bisset, with Walker and Shand as good seconds.

J. Mackie was the star of the Aberdeen front line, which was superior to that of the Forfar.

You will have noticed that the Aberdeen have vacated the bottom rung of the ladder.

It is, however, doubtful if they will rise much higher.

The Aberdeen's experience in the Northern League this season has not been of a comforting nature.

And a decided change from that of last year.

It is the general opinion that the Vics were unfortunate in being defeated by the Lochgelly.

The play was fairly equally divided.

The left wing of the Vics played a grand game,

And it would be difficult to say whether Ritchie or Ferris was the best man.

The other three forwards, if they did not come up to Ritchie and Ferris in play, have the satisfaction of knowing that they so played a good game.

The half-backs have done better.

And as a consequence the Vics' backs got more work to do than they were entitled to.

This they did cheerfully, and it is to be regretted that their efforts were not so successful as we would have wished them to be.

In goal Murray was all that could be desired, and it was no fault of his that his team got defeated.

The fault must be laid to the half-backs.

The Lochgelly's forwards were the pick of the team.

Scottish Cup Ties.

The football season of 1902-03 will be long memorable for the large number of drawn games that have been played in the Scottish cup ties. Seldom, if ever, we believe, have so many games been drawn as in this year of grace 1903, and if we are to judge from previous results the end is not yet. The Celtic and St. Mirren have now got their little difference settled, and the Celtic have come out of it so well that the Parkhead team will claim more attention from the critics than at one time was supposed they would. The game was played at Parkhead on Saturday, and the Celtic played so differently from what they have done recently, that at the finish they won comfortably by 4-0. Now that the eyes that have been rivetted on Paisley can be withdrawn from that suburb of Glasgow, it goes without saying that many of them will be fixed on the bould Irishmen of the Gallowgate, Glasgow.

The Stenhousemuir put the Douglas Wanderers out of pain in no uncertain fashion, beating them by 6-1. Thus perishes the last hope of the South of Scotland.

At Glasgow the Third Lanark did likewise to the Hamilton Academicals by 3-1. The fighting prowess of the Hamilton team in the ties has been of the best. It is no disgrace to the Academicals to be defeated, and they for one can, at least, look back with satisfaction on the struggles they have made to obtain possession of the national trophy.

And the Hibs and the Dundee are in the same position as they were when they fought the first match in the second round. The only difference is that their respective exchequers have been considerably enlarged, and from the treasurer's view this is a happy position to be in. Saturday first will see them at it again, and wherever the game is to be played, there is sure to be another big gate. Glasgow is looked upon as the most suitable venue, and Glasgow it is likely to be. We are afraid that the Dundee lost their chance on Saturday. We may be wrong in our surmise, but we will be much surprised if the Hibs do not come out top on Saturday first. The gate at Dundee was a record one—20,000 spectators and over £600 gate money. If an object lesson was wanted for Aberdeen here it is. How long will it be before we can count on such an attendance at a first division league match at Aberdeen?

Harriers.

Paced by E. Mackenzie, the Shire harriers had a five-mile run on Saturday. The route was on the Great Northern Road to Woodside, and home to Pittodrie by way of the Aulton. The day was not the best for running, the wind being too high, and this somewhat retarded the progress of the men. All the same, the distance was covered in the creditable time of 30 minutes. J. S. Greig was first home, the second and third places being gained by J. Duguid and G. Finnie respectively.

Up Stocket way, the club that has its home in that district had a cross-country run of between seven and eight miles. G. Wyness acted as pacer. The tract of country covered was a fine sporting one, and the run was thoroughly enjoyed. J. Hall was home first, J. Nicol second, and W. Silver third. The winner's time was 43min. 30sec.

WEARY TABLE TENNISERS AND PING PONGERS

are reminded that Billiards, the King of Indoor Games, is brought within the reach of everybody by BUSSEY'S Table Billiards, procurable from the local Sports Dealer, at 12s 6d and 18s 6d.

It you have not already GEO. G. BUSSEY & Co.'s Indoor Games List, obtain it from your Dealer.

Cycling Notes.

Scottish Cyclists' Union (Northern District).

We experienced a feeling of awe and admiration on learning at the end of last week that the S.C.U. (Northern District Council) had called a meeting of cyclists at which important business was to be transacted. Now, we have a sincere reverence for anything of importance, and as on this occasion it was in connection with such a consequential body as the N.D.S.C.U., we were naturally somewhat excited to know what it was all about. Visions of some great benefit to be derived by cyclists floated before our eyes, such as another signboard for Huntly, an inter-club run to Cults, or perhaps a new design of badge for Northern District Councillors. Our expectations were great, and we are glad to inform an anxious public that they were fully realised, for the proceedings were altogether too funny for anything outside a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. In the first place there was a District Racing Board (caps please) elected, whose duties are apparently to look after imaginary racing. They then appointed a Pastimes Committee (more caps), for what purpose is not easily explained, except it be to perpetrate another Culter muddle. The next item on the programme was a proposal to hold the competition for the district trophy in a grass park, which, to an ordinary mortal who knows anything about cycle racing, will appear ridiculous, but to an N.D.S.C.U. councillor, who is a being apart, it is evidently quite feasible. The last turn was a motion to the effect that they hold a smoking concert, and also have a night at the theatre, but there seemed to be great diversity of opinion as to which should take place first, and when the meeting closed no decision had been arrived at. Verily, the ways of the N.D.S.C.U. are past understanding.



Devices for the Prevention of Side-slip.

The movement in favour of spring frames for bicycles is progressing surely, if slowly, and in the season which is approaching several manufacturers who make a specialty of this kind of frame expect to do good business. The orders have been flowing in steadily, and prospects are encouraging. There is no doubt in my mind from last year's trial of the Fleet that for riders who require an easy and luxurious cycle the spring frame is just the thing to meet their requirements. Until one has been across one of these machines on bumpy roads one can scarcely realise the resilience and freedom from vibration. A new form is brought to my notice called "the Spring-axle." The frame itself is rigid, but is hung on springs on the front and rear axles in such a way that whilst there is lateral rigidity there is an up and down sliding action which absorbs vibration before it reaches the rider. The springs, which are helical, allow of 2½ inches vertical play. This seems an excellent idea, though I cannot speak of it from actual experience.

Just now great attempts are being made by manufacturers to make tyres which will do away with the dangers of side-slip. The Dunlop Company have produced a cover with transverse ridges on the tread, which is said to be most effective both for motor-cars and cycles. Another large firm, the Continental

Caoutchouc and Gutta-Percha Company, have also brought a new tyre into the market, which, it is claimed, reduces side-slip to a minimum. The cover is fitted with a flat tread extending all round, in the centre of which is imbedded corrugated discs, 1 in. diameter and about 1½ in. apart, which discs are entirely vulcanised into the rubber, and lie flush with the tread itself. The discs can be replaced when the corrugations are worn down by new ones, which are screwed into the tread by a special arrangement. The corrugated surface of the discs and the metal itself do away with side-slipping to the greatest possible extent. This tyre has long since passed the experimental stage, as exhaustive trials have been carried out during the last few months at the works of the company, with most successful results. In addition to these new tyres we have Parsons' non-skidder, but which is not applicable to bicycles with rim brakes.

"M." Daily News.



Our Volunteers :

ASSEMBLY OF THE SERGEANTS' MESS OF THE 1ST A.R.E.(V.)

*And blither hearts that lee-lang nicht,
Ye wadna find in Christendie.*



AT a time when Volunteers are everywhere in the dumps over the new regulations which the War Office, in the plenitude of its wisdom, has seen fit to impose on our Citizen Army, it is quite refreshing to come across a cheery body of men like the Sergeants' Mess of our local Engineer Volunteers. Acting on the excellent principle that it's best to look on the bright side of things, these jolly good fellows absolutely refuse to take their volunteering sadly, and for proof that that way wisdom lies, we have only to point to the splendid gathering of the members of the mess and their friends which graced the Annual Dance on Wednesday evening of last week, in the Queen's Rooms, Union Street.

There have been many brilliant assemblies in the Queen's during the past few years, but for colour and picturesqueness we have never seen a gayer gathering than that of our Engineer friends, when, with Major Cornwall and his lady at their head, they began the revels of the evening by the time-honoured promenade and reel to the tunes of "Scotland the Brave" and "The Laird of Drumblair." The large hall of the Queen's is one of ample dimensions, but it was none too large for the dancing of that reel. We have for long thought that the Scot who invented the reel was a true benefactor of man and womanhood and, if it could be satisfactorily proved that he was a native of Aberdeen Awa', we should have no hesitation in recommending that his portrait be done in oils, and hung in the Art Gallery among the other big-wigs of the city. What would take hours of social intercourse to accomplish the reel does in five minutes.

The reel over, and the ice thus broken, we had an opportunity of looking around and admiring the coats of many colours which gave such a sparkle to the scene. And for once in a way we felt that in regard to the question of raiment Mere Man more than held his own with the gentle sex, finely apparelled though all the ladies were. The various branches of His Majesty's service were represented by all sorts and conditions of men. There were our hosts of the Engineer Volunteers in scarlet tunics embroidered with buttons innumerable (some of the officers, of whom there was a goodly representation present, being booted and be-spurred); then came Gordon Highlanders both in trews and kilt; bold Artillerymen and Imperial Yeomen; members of the Medical Staff and Army Pay Corps; and clad in his uniform of blue and gold, a representative of the King's navy. With such a host of good men and true present, accompanied, as they were, by the girls of their hearts, and with creature comforts amply provided for in the shape of a buffet groaning with good things, it goes without saying that the dance went merrily from first to last.

And here we may fitly give a word of praise to Mr. Maclaren, the new host of the Queen's, and his courteous and willing staff, for their admirable purveying of the refreshments; and a like tribute to Mrs. Jaffrey's band for discoursing "most excellent music." It is to the stewards of the dance, however, that our best thanks are due. These five gentlemen—Reg. Q.M.S. Gair, Sergeants Carnie, Ritchie, Sang, and Slessor—were untiring in their attentions to their guests, and fitting here, there, and everywhere in the unostentatious discharge of his duties was Sergeant J. Cumming, the popular secretary, without whom no Annual Assembly of the 1st A.R.E.(V.) Sergeants' Mess could be reckoned complete.

BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE, CALL AND SEE OUR
STOCK OF LADIES AND GENTS.

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Large Selection of LAMBS'-WOOL SHIRTS and PANTS
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War Office Whipping Boys.



PERSONALLY we are inclined to think well of the public. No, we do not mean the kind of public that you mean, but the real public, the public which a less profound thinker than ourselves has offensively likened to *hasinrus vulgaris*, the common "hass."

We don't go in with that view of the public at all. The resemblance alluded to may exist, but we feel sure that it has been grossly exaggerated. The donkey, for example, is liable to become the victim of unreasoning impulse, and, when in that condition, will remain deaf to instruction's warning voice. In order to argue effectively with a donkey in that frame of mind you want to use a crowbar or a dynamite cartridge. Now the public is different. When you think the public is going wrong you can always reason with it quietly and kindly, and maybe get it to come round to a proper way of thinking.

At the present moment we propose to reason with the public in as friendly a manner as possible over the absurd reception it has given to the question of the hour, mentioned in press headlines as the "Case of Colonel Kinloch—Disgraceful Doings." We desire to point out that the public is taking a shallow, narrow-minded view of the Colonel, and that it is ridiculously blind to the inherent beauty of the "doings" themselves.

We are a person who never jumps to conclusions. We first study up our subject in a calm, inquiring spirit, and then we either impart the results to others or retain them for our own use as circumstances appear to require. On this occasion we feel obliged, in the interests of comfort and peace of mind all round, to adopt the former course.

In regard to the matter of the subalterns' court martial, what do we find? Well, in the first place, we find the papers full of condemnatory letters and leaders; we hear rumours of parliamentary inquiries and so forth; we find people of the body-goody type excited to the last degree of horror and disgust; people of the goody-baddy kind are disposed to treat the whole affair as not a bad sort of a joke in its way, while those of the baddy-baddy or ultramarine variety are gloating over the details with ribald mirth. Nowhere do we find the least attempt to realise the true merits of the case.

Now, what about the facts? Here we have a company of young men, the flower of the land, banded together upon oath to maintain with their persons the security of King and Country. Such an obligation has been taken before, only to be disregarded as a slight thing, a mere excuse for wearing a gaudy jacket, and making an impression on the girls. But our young fellows are made of sterling stuff. Already we find them taking a serious view of their responsibilities. Already we find them accustoming themselves to the sort of thing which past experience naturally enough suggests to them as a probable feature of future campaigning in their country's service. Already we find the billiard table divorced from its original flippant purpose and transformed into a sacrificial altar upon which heroic youth must suffer and bleed for our profit. And to think that all the reward you are giving these young men is laughter or contempt. The thanklessness of the British public makes us feel real wild.

And all for want of a little imagination. It is there that the public always falls short. Before you can average up the convenience actually supported on our behalf by these true Englishmen and sons of Englishmen, you require to have the imaginative faculty. You require to picture the Hon. Algernon Percy Cadwallader Blueblazes undergoing extreme physical anguish across the billiard table; you must fancy him correctly garbed in frock coat and narrow pants with longitudinal creases, sitting around among his lady friends in Grosvenor Square. You must fancy him setting his teeth hard as he gingerly dismounts his manly form upon the unsympathetic chair indicated by the young woman of the house; conceive of him as engaging in polite small-talk, and smarting, all the while, with acute neural inflammation; watch him stealthily change his seat, at the first available opportunity, for one less likely to aggravate his complaint—say, a cushiony lounge. Fancy—but there, that

ought to be enough to get you started. Just continue on these lines and you may in the end arrive at some estimate of the kind of man that the Hon. Algernon really is.

When you have arrived there you will agree with us that this is not a matter for scoffing. You will begin to grasp the true meaning of things. You will begin to suspect with us that Algernon's sufferings are the outcome of a carefully-planned and worthy scheme of military reform. You will conclude with us that these meritorious young soldiers are determined to relieve the War Office of its long-neglected task, and to put through the re-organising of the army upon a principle of their own.

And, if you can accompany us thus far, you will agree that their principle has more than one admirable point about it. It is a logical principle. Nobody should be without some useful occupation, and, when soldiers are not actively employed at the front, there doesn't seem to be much harm in their being actively employed at the back. Again, if there are persons who, for obvious reasons, can't be expected to exercise their heads, it doesn't follow that these parties should be debarred from exercising their tails. So far as we can see, the argument is complete.

The only trouble about it is that the application of the principle has been limited to a particular regiment. Now this is a capital mistake. Our idea would be to apply it all round. In times of peace we would go in for a wholesale substitution of the birch for the sword. We can foresee that much benefit to the country would result from the introduction of a regular course—to be encouraged by government subvention—of systematic castigation in military circles. We wouldn't let any of them off. Only we would commence at the top and work down.

DIAGENES.



Aberdeen Choral Union—Performance of "Elijah."

THEIR last subscription concert was given by the above musical society on Thursday evening, when a performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was given. Owing to the absence of Dr. Fred Cowen, Mr. Kirby conducted both the Scottish Orchestra and the chorus. This night, to a certain extent, explain the ineffectiveness of the chorus in some of the items which they rendered. Madame Emily Squire, soprano, was very successful in her solos, etc., while Miss Florence Christie, contralto, although not appearing to such advantage in her numbers, fairly captivated the audience by her rendering of the Aria "O rest in the Lord." The honours of the evening undoubtedly lay with the tenor, Mr. Whitworth Mitton, who possesses a fine rich voice. His singing of "If with all your hearts" and "Oh! that I knew" was indeed a very fine effort, and exhibited great taste and feeling. Mr. Daniel Price, bass, had most of the solo work to do, and we can only say he scored a distinct success. He was, however, heard to most advantage in the Aria "Is not his word like a fire?" his fine, powerful voice being used to great effect. A feature of the evening was the singing of the quartet "Cast thy burden on the Lord," the voices of the four leading soloists blending in tuneful harmony. The singing of Master Herd and the members of the Union, who took part in the double quartets, was very creditable, while Mr. Kirby, as conductor, had his hands full with both the orchestra and the chorus under his baton. Needless to say the Scottish Orchestra had a big share in the success of the concert, their playing of accompaniments being very skilful. The booking was in the able hands of Mr. James Macbeth, and the arrangements were all that could be desired.

C.



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.

SMART AND STYLISH TAN BOOTS from 5/11 to 13/6
At JOHN A. DUNN'S, 26 and 175 UNION STREET.

The Palace Theatre.

AT the Palace this week the two outstanding features on the programme are the Brothers Lloyd, whose marvellous performance on that nearly extinct form of entertainment, the tight-rope, is undoubtedly the best ever seen here, and the Xylophone selections of the Five Vernons, whose skill in manipulating these rather primitive instruments is exceptional. The Zampas' dance in a manner which evokes hearty plaudits. Carne Curre has trained his educated dog "Sonny" to display a deal of intelligence. The Two Comos as musical comedians are most amusing. Ethel Yorke, a charming serio-comedienne; Miles and Murphey, comedians and dancers; J. G. Forde, comedian, and the Palace Cinematograph all lend support. The Bedford-Davis Sketch Company in "Jack's Uncle" are even more successful than their last week's effort.

Next week two old favourites appear, Charles Seel and Verno and Voyce.

TABLEAU.

Bovril Limited—A Record Year's Trading.

PRESIDING at the sixth annual general meeting of the shareholders of this company held at the offices on Tuesday, 10th February, the Viscount Duncannon, C.V.O., C.B., stated that the directors' report for the past year showed the business continued to expand, and that the sales for the period under review were the largest in its history. Though, of course, the war orders were not large during 1902 there was a marked increase in the trade with public institutions, and over 1,100 hospitals, infirmaries, etc., were now using Bovril instead of home-made beef-tea. Owing, however, to the unprecedented drought in Australia the price of horned cattle was considerably increased throughout the world, and as a consequence the net profits worked out at £127,456 instead of £203,000, which they would have reached had the price of raw material continued the same as in 1897. The directors realised that it would be some time before the ill effects of the drought would be overcome, and they felt it necessary that some special measures should be taken to protect the interests of the company in regard to its supplies of raw material, hence they recommended the formation of a new company with a nominal capital of £250,000, consisting of 500 ordinary shares to be held by Bovril Limited, and the balance in 5½ per cent. preference shares, the interest on the present issue of £100,000 being guaranteed by Bovril Limited. The directors and officers of the new company would be the same as those of Bovril Limited. The shares of the new company would be purchased at par by Bovril Limited on the 1st July, 1909. These preference shares would be offered to the shareholders of Bovril Limited in the proportion 1 to every 200 of their present holdings. As was pointed out by Mr. George Lawson Johnston, the average yearly net profits of Bovril Limited for the last six years were sufficient to cover the dividend on the new shares many times over. Whilst the new shares constituted a secure 5½ per cent. investment, the advantages to Bovril Limited would be considerable, inasmuch as the new financial arrangements would enable it to control effectively the supply of raw material, and would still further strengthen the position of the company. The report and balance-sheet were adopted, and the resolutions authorizing the formation of the new company were unanimously carried. The retiring directors, Mr. Frederick Gordon and Mr. W. E. Lawson Johnston, were re-elected, and the proceedings closed with a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman.

If you desire rapid and efficient tuition in Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping, or any Commercial Subject, enrol for a Course of Instruction at the Bon-Accord School of Shorthand, 60 Schoolhill. Individual tuition; up-to-date methods. Particulars may be had from Mr. Penman.

BROWN'S MILLINERY.

Ladies will find the Largest and Best Selection of
NEW SEASON'S GOODS in the City at BROWN'S
EAST END HOUSE, 31, 33, 34, and 35 Castle Street.

A Departure in Shop Architecture.

IN recent years the shop architecture of Union Street has been undergoing a gradual transformation. The old-fashioned, stone-arched windows, beloved of our forefathers, have one by one given way to spacious, wide window-panes of plate-glass to suit the more modern styles of window dressing now so much in vogue. The change was inevitable, but we confess that we viewed the passing of the old arched windows with not a little regret, more especially when the alterations were carried out, as they not infrequently were, in a style that left not a little to be desired. It is therefore with all the more pleasure that we welcome a new and striking departure in shop architecture which seems to us to combine the quaintness of the old order of things with all the advantages of the new. We refer to the beautifully designed warehouse which was opened the other week by Messrs. Andrew Collie & Company, the well-known grocers and wine-merchants, at No. 265 Union Street. The credit for this most effective innovation is in great part due to Mr. John Buchanan, sole partner of the firm, who is to be congratulated on the result of his enterprise in employing a London firm of architects—Messrs. George Walton & Co., Ltd., who are specialists in this class of work—to make special designs for the erection of the premises. The striking feature of the new warehouse is its wealth of oak-panelling. Oak is, in fact, the material employed throughout. It is used in the handsome doorway and window-frames, and the warm colour of the wood is in perfect keeping with the wrought-iron and hammered-copper signs which are placed beneath the windows, and with the massive wrought-iron outer-gate. Messrs. Galloway & Sykes, cabinetmakers, Aberdeen, were responsible for the carrying out of the wood-work, and right well have they done their part. On entering the shop the first thing that catches the eye is the quaint, Dutch tile-fireplace, with its beautiful panellings of oak and its finely carved mirrored over-mantel. Facing the fireplace, on the other side of the shop, is the department set apart for the provision trade of the firm. This part of the warehouse is provided with marble-topped counters, and on the wall, which is lined with green and white tiles, the firm's name appears in old-style lettering. The furnishings of the warehouse are all carried out in oak—antique chairs for the use of customers, shop-counters, racks for wine in bottles, and drawers for groceries of every kind. In the entire construction of his new warehouse Mr. Buchanan seems to have gone on the principle summed up in the famous phrase of William Morris, artist and poet, and has "kept it simple." Nothing that good taste could suggest has been left undone, and the result is the making of a shop that is a credit to the proprietor and the designers whom he entrusted with the work.

Here Man Scored.

A CONTEMPORARY tells a good story concerning a railway carriage dispute. A gentleman who had secured his corner seat by placing a handbag on it was surprised and pained to find on his return from the bookstall (perhaps!) a lady in occupation of it. Gently he remonstrated with her. "Perhaps you are not aware," she said patly, "that I am one of the director's wives." "My dear madam," retorted the aggrieved passenger, "if you were his only wife, it would be no reason for taking my seat." Then she hastily sought another compartment.

WHY DO YOU COUGH?

When BUDDEN'S BALSAM OF HOREHOUND will STOP all Coughs and Colds. Cures Asthma and Bronchitis. Insist on having BUDDEN'S. Bottles, 1s 1½d and 2s 9d. All Chemists.

ON Thursday last, in the Union Hall, the employees of Mr. William Wisely, carting contractor, held their annual assembly. As usual, there was a very large gathering of friends round Mr. Wisely, the hall being quite filled. An excellent tea and service of fruit was partaken of, after which Mr. Wisely briefly addressed the meeting, expressing his pleasure at the fact that their gathering continued to be more and more appreciated as time went by, and that their family party grew yearly larger and larger. This was good for all, and he was sure those round him were as pleased as he possibly could be at such a pleasant state of matters. Mr. Peter Tawse, contractor, Mr. Smith, Seaton Brick and Tile Co., and Mr. Stewart, granite merchant, also spoke. The concert and cinematograph programme was a most excellent entertainment, and was contributed by Miss Violet Davidson and Mr. David Thomson. Messrs. Walker & Company's programme of views was of more than ordinary interest, and included the Delhi Durbar scenes. While the hall was being cleared for the dance, Mr. and Mrs. Wisely entertained their guests up stairs. Altogether, this season's assembly was one of no ordinary success. The committee and guests were Messrs. Elrick, Wilkie, Fowle, and J. Taylor. Mrs. Shands supplied the dance music.

Little Dinner Loaves.

LITTLE Dinner Loaves made at home with "Paisley Flour" are far nicer for Breakfast or Dinner than ordinary bread from the bakers. They have a sweet crisp crust, nice white crumb, and are exceedingly pleasant eating. They can be made and turned out of your own oven, without much trouble, within a quarter of an hour. These little Dinner Loaves are very nice eaten hot and fresh from the oven, because Brown & Polson's Raising Powder—"Paisley Flour" trade mark—with which they are prepared makes them very digestible.

The recipe for making these delightful little Dinner Loaves will be found in Brown & Polson's A Cook Book, copy of which will be sent post free if you send a penny stamp to Brown & Polson, Paisley.

There are in this booklet many other original recipes for making similar plain wholesome family fare. Mothers and housewives will find it exceedingly useful in preparing a variety for meal times.

M. M. BRECHIN,

COAL MERCHANT Maritime Chambers, 156 MARKET STREET (Opposite Fish Market), ABERDEEN. Best

English House Coals; Large Treble-Screened Nuts; Best Scotch Coals delivered by own Carts Free into Cellars. Orders Promptly Executed TELEPHONE No. 630.

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Makes BOOTS and HARNESS waterproof as a duck's back, soft as velvet, and wear three times as long; pleasant odour; allows polishing. 22 Exhibition Highest Awards for superiority. Tins, 2d, 6d, 1s, 2/6, of Bootmakers, Saddlers, Ironmongers, &c. Manufactory E. Dulwich, London.

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Wholesale Cork Manufacturers and Importers of Cork Wood,

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The Only Cork Factory Driven by Power in the North of Scotland.

The Machines are of the Newest Type.

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Brown & Thomson,

CABINETMAKERS AND UPHOLSTERERS 242 UNION STREET,

Respectfully beg to announce that previous to taking delivery of New Season's Goods they are offering Very Substantial Discounts on all Goods Bought this Month.

Inspection and Comparison Invited

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"Why then, the World's mine oyster."

HAMILTON'S EXCURSIONS AT THE MUSIC HALL.

THE Diorama, as invented and produced by William Hamilton, has discovered the secret of Perpetual Youth. Other entertainments may rise and wane in popularity, but it continues smiling. When the Cinematograph came, was the Diorama reduced to its least common denominator? Not a bit of it. Did William Hamilton (the Only and Original) wish he were dead? No fear. He said to himself—"What a wonderful thing to be sure—won't it just make a capital little addition to our own show?" So in addition to the Diorama proper you get the Eragraph (with all the Durbar pictures) without extra charge. But that is not nearly all. In the intervals of journeying from London to all sorts of out of the way places, carefully tended meanwhile by that cheery courier Mr. Frank Howell, and, incidentally, being shot up to the moon, the way is beguiled by many entertainers of quality. For instance there is the Wonderful Fasola, who does unholy things in the way of Magic, and there is the "Dainty Musical Dancing Dots," Eileen and Maynil. Then there is Mr. Leo Tell who, in his way, is as great a genius as his historic namesake who was mixed up in the apple business. Leo is a sort of full band in himself, and can imitate all sorts of instruments from the Xylophone to the Flageolet, with a whole farmyard of animals thrown in. In short, William Hamilton (again the Only and Original) believes in giving you value for your money. Any doubt on the point can be set at rest by a visit to the Music Hall anytime during the next fortnight, while to-morrow (Friday) the entertainment will be graced by the presence of the Lord Provost. Parents should note that the prospect of a visit to Hamilton's is guaranteed to keep the most refractory child quiet for months. We remember our own blameless childhood, and the soothing effect it had thereon. X.

"KENNETH MACRAE'S BETRAYAL" is the title of the latest of Aunt Kate's Penny Stories. The series continues to be as popular as ever, and deservedly so, for a booklet containing forty pages of illustrated fiction is a marvellous pennyworth, even in an age of cheap periodicals.



The old-established firm of Messrs James Cocker & Sons have just issued their Spring Catalogue of Vegetable and Flower Seeds for 1903. The catalogue, which is carefully compiled and arranged, gives complete details of all the various specialities for which the firm has won for itself such a well deserved reputation. The first part of the catalogue is given up to a descriptive price list of novelties in the vegetable department of the Messrs Cocker's business, which is every year extending in size and importance. For easy reference, the description of some of the latest of these specialities is printed on coloured paper, and full details are given as to best methods of sowing, etc. In the flower department the firm has stocked a splendid variety of all the finest flower seeds and plants, and for particulars regarding a fine lot of roses and herbaceous plants which are now ready for spring delivery, probable purchasers are referred to the Autumn Catalogue. As rose growers the Messrs Cocker's name is known throughout the length and breadth of the land, and last season they scored many successes at the principal shows. They are becoming equally famed as growers of herbaceous plants, and lovers of flowers who are more particularly interested in these two branches of horticulture cannot do better than pay a visit to the nurseries at Morningfield, Springhill, and Sunnypark.



HERE'S a tit-bit to smack one's lips over—The Coko-Maricopas Co., Ltd., declared a dividend for the year ending 31st December, 1902, at the rate of 300 per cent.—three hundred per cent.—(it is worth repeating) per annum, upon the capital of the company. All we say is that that's capital for the shareholders, and we wish we were among them.

Better be sure than sorry.

Take **BOVRIL**

and prevent

INFLUENZA

Birse Gaes Salmon Fishing.

MAISTER EDITER.—Ye'll ken, nae doot, that the saumon fishin' begood last ook. An auld ackwantance o' mine, wha his a bit fishin' grun' awa' up Deeside, sent me a bit letterie sayin' gin I likit I cou'd come up for day's sport. I ackseptit the invitashon an' gied upo' Feersday, a' man, it wis a beautifu' day. Jist as gweed a day as we hid the last simmer.

As I hidna been fishin' for gweed kens fu' lang, I hid a gey u'p afore I got a' my trocks gaithered thegither. The rod wis ackit awa' i' the coal celler, the baskit wis aneth the bed, Kirsty sin' it as a reseptickle for handin' her claes pins; the cover she d stappit up the side o' the windy tae haud oot the caul' wi' ; t the reel an' the line cou'dna be gotten naewye. The hoose is ca'd up an' ca'd doon, bit nae reel an' line cou'd be seen. I is jist about gi'en up houp o' gettin' the fin I min't it micht be i' e pooch o' an auld top-coat I generally pit on fin I gang fishin', i' haith, it wis jist there. Ye never get a thing bit far ye hae tten't, bit noo haein' got a' my gear I wisna lang in haein' thing fell snod an' ready for startin' wi'.

Weel, upon Feersday mornin' I wis doon at the station gin icht, an' wis ready tae get a ticket fin the boxie open't. aunderin' about i' the stashon, I clean forgot the place I wis tae me aff at, an' dae my best, man, I cou'dna reckolet it, sae I oucht it micht be Torphins, an' took a ticket for that bit plaicie. got up a' richt, an' fin I cam' oot o' the train I speired fat road I ok tae sic-an'-sic a place. The porter chielie lookit at me bonished like, an' said, Man, yer far past it. Ye wid hae been arer aff at Glassel. There's nae houp bit wite for the neist sin or tramp it, said he. Gin ye're tae try the trampin' jist ud doon that road till ye come tae the watter, an' ance there 'll sunne gang doon tae whaur ye're gaun.

I startit at my ain jog trot, an' man, I wis doon at the Dee umer than I expekit, an' haudin' doon a bit I thought I sud be ar the place whaur I wis tae fish, so made ready, aifter I hid tit a fyllie, tae cast. I sawna ony ane up nor doon fishin', her at this side or the idder. I thinks tae mysel', ye'll hae't a' y' ain wye, Peter, an' began in rale earnest. I hid lashed the wter, I'm seer, near four oors bit never saw a fish. A' the flees i' my buik I hid tried, bit tae nae purpose, an' I wis aye haudin' onwards. I cam' till a gey rookie bit wi' a fine like puil below the muckle stanes that I wis sure there wid be fish in. Gin there's nae a twenty-pun' saumon here I'm sair mistaen, says I t' mysel', widin' in as far as I thoct wis safe. I cuist ance or ce, fin I sees a muckle broot loup up atween twa stanes, an', n, I wis sure I wis in luck.

Throwin' oot mair line, I wided in a bittie farder, an' jist as I v tae step roon' a bit rook there wis a rug at the line, an' in my eiment ower I gied heelster-beid intae the watter, latti' gin t rod. There wis sic a current that deil a bit o' me could get up feet again. Man, I wis sure I wis tae be droon't, an' gin it na been that I gied yark up against a boolder twa-three feet fier doon than whaur I slippit, ye wid hae seen nae mair o' auld er, for haith, the rush o' the water wid ha'e cairrit me gweed k's whaur. I got oot, onywee, soakin' a' ower, bit my rod nae to be seen. I gied up an' gied doon bit sawna it.

That's queer, says I, I'm sure the rod widna sink. Far sorra d it ha'e gane? Lookin' awa' up the watter whaur there wis a shallow bit, I sees some commoshon, an' gaun up, losh, n, there wis a muckle saumon lashin' like mad an' ruggin' at rod, stuck amon' a lot o' stanes in the middle o' the Dee. e wis a predickymnt noo. I cou'dna get saumon nor rod, as t current wis ower strong tae attempt tae wide in. I stood d atin' fat wis tae be done whan in aboot cam' a stoot birkie an' se tae me, Fa are ye, maister? I tauld him fa I wis. Aw w l, says he, dae ye ken that yer poachin'?

I dinna think that can be, I said, seein' I hae an invitashon fish, haudin' oot the letterie, which he read. Aifter fauldin' t be handit it back, sayin' that disnae alter the case. This is n his water. His grun's twa mile farder doon. Nae possible, sa I, lookin' rale unconcerned like. I understood this wis his ple. O, dinna speak buff, man. Ye've a gweed Scotch tongue r beid: ye cou'd hae speert. Speert, says I. Fa wid I hae rt at? I saw nae a craiter the haill day till ye cam' in aboot. w l, I'm nae tae argy wi' ye. Ye'll jist come awa' wi' me till ee aboot it, an' he toddled me awa' up till a big hoose hid n' trees nae afa far awa'. Gang intae the kitchy till I see the mter an' hear what he says. I steps ben the kitchy, an' ge n' a seat wisna lang in startin' newsin' wi' the cook. Man, wis a rale keen deemie, an' cou'd crack like a pen-gun. n aboot five meenits the billie comes in an' says—The

maister's instrucksjons are tae tak' ver name an' address, an' ye'll hae tae leave a' yer fishin' appliances, whilk he'll han' ower tae the police, as he's determined poachin's tae be stoppit. Hae ye ony taikle i' yer pooches? Na, man, that I hinna. Ye'll better leave yer baskit. Bit fat aboot my rod? says I. Ye saw far it is. O, says he, I'll manage it a' richt. Step ye awa', noo, an' be thankfu' ye're nae ta'en aff tae the jile. Ye'll be afore the Shirra in a day or twa, bit I'm nae thinkin' ye'll see rod or basket again.

I got hame a' richt, bit I'm nae sayin' a cheep aboot saumon fishin', nor winna till I see foo the bools row. I gart Kirsty believe it wis an ava day o' rain up Deeside, whilk accountit for me bein' sae weet, bit she didna a'thegither believe fat is said by yoors trooly,

Peter Birse

P.S.—Sin' vreetin' the above I hae got sent me the rod an' baskit, an' a linie sayin' there's tae be nae mair done ower the maitter. P. B.

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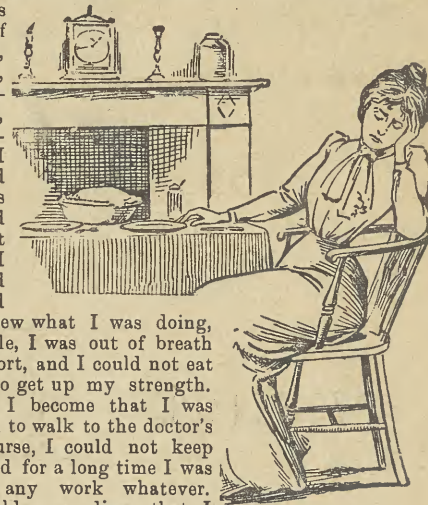
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