

BON ~ ACCORD

January 16, 1908.—Price One Penny.

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER]

Vol. XLIII.—No. 3.

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Houses to Let.

TO LET, HALF-FLOORS of 3 and 4 Rooms in Rosemount Viaduct. Tenants taking these houses will be freed of the labour and cost of cleaning the stairs and lobbies, all common cleaning being done by proprietors. Apply WATT & CUMINE, Advocates, 8 Golden Square.

General Notices.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS AND CREDITORS.

In consequence of the Transfer of the Cults Electricity Supply Station from the Deeside and District Electric Supply Company, Limited, to the Corporation of Aberdeen, it is requested that all those having CLAIMS against the said Company will lodge the same with the Subscribers within Seven Days from this date. It is further requested that all those INDEBTED to the said Company will make Payment to the Subscribers within the like period.—F. J. SCOTT & MORRISON, Secretaries to said Company, 129 Union Street, Aberdeen. 9th January, 1908.

ABERDEEN EDUCATIONAL TRUST.

GIRLS' HOME AND SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

There are at present 4 VACANCIES for OUTDOOR and 4 VACANCIES for INDOOR FOUNDATIONS. Foundationers must be Girls who have lost either or both Parents, and not under 10 nor above 14 years of age for Outdoor Foundations, and for Indoor not under 12 nor above 16 years of age, except in cases of special necessity. The Vacancies are open to the City and County of Aberdeen, and also to the Parish of Nigg and Banchory-Devenick, which parishes have a preference. Schedules of Application may be had at the OFFICE of the TRUST, 352 King Street, and require to be filled up and returned not later than 25th curt.

W. MEARNS COOPER, Secy.
352 King Street, Aberdeen,
8th January, 1908.



Bon-Accord.

January 16, 1908.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.]

Published every Thursday by the Proprietor, HENRY MUNRO,
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invited by the Editor. Rejected contributions, if accom-
panied by stamped and addressed envelopes, will be returned
in due course.*

BARNSLEY AND BOYERTOWN.

It is more than eleven years since Aberdeen had experience of that most awful of human tragedies—fire and panic in a place of public entertainment. We should not deem it desirable to hark back on the horror of the holocaust, of which many of us were the painful witnesses, except to demonstrate that the city has learned much wisdom in the interval in demanding that as far as human foresight can go, all theatres and halls and churches should be provided with adequate means of coping with outbreaks of fire, and of averting such disasters as have just occurred at Barnsley and in Boyertown. The sensitiveness of the public mind on this subject is keen and universal, and there is no doubt that all over the country the box office receipts have shown a considerable falling off, in consequence of the ghastly and agonising accounts of these latest catastrophes. It is therefore gratifying to find that in Aberdeen, where so many fascinating entertainments are being given this week, there has been evidenced no perceptible timidity on the part of the public to enter crowded theatres and halls. The reason is simply that the best assurance is given from the character of these buildings that egress could be easily accomplished, even in the remote event of sudden excitement. A crowd is inflammable as tinder, and it is customary for organisers of public entertainments to avoid the merest suggestion of the possibility of a panic-ridden stampede. All the same, it is to be hoped that, especially in the case of large assemblies of children, better precautions will be taken than were shown at Barnsley. One feature that is especially reassuring so far as the youngsters of Aberdeen are concerned is the very thorough training that is now imparted to the children in the public schools in "fire drill." It may be said that Aberdeen has almost led the way in this respect. At all events, Sir John Gorst, who was then Education Minister, was so struck with the remarkable discipline and coolness of the children in one of our principal schools when they were ordered to leave their class-rooms on an "alarm of fire," that he strenuously advocated the universal adoption of similar training. It is therefore to be hoped that such lessons will have the effect of letting more than children know that the policy of *sauve qui pent* is perilous in a confined crowd.

Stonecutters' Pests.

There is in Aberdeen a small band of thieves, all well known to the police, who make a living by breaking into the yards of monumental masons overnight and stealing the workmens' tools. Most of the robbers have been at one time connected with the trade, so that, as they know the "lie of the yards," there depredations are carried out with comparative impunity. The tool-thieves do not seem to have any difficulty in disposing of their booty to general dealers and pawnbrokers. The articles stolen are usually valuable, and so find a ready market. Of course no respectable pawnbroker, and the reputation of all the pawnbrokers in the city is absolutely beyond suspicion, would knowingly run the risk of accepting stolen property, yet it behoves them to exercise the utmost circumspection in treating with clients who offers tools in pledge. No respectable mason, unless driven to the last extremity, will dispose of the implements by which he makes his bread. Almost as soon would he think of selling his only pair of boots. That being so, it stands to reason that a large amount of the masons' tools one sees in dealers' windows have been stolen. A member of the trade puts the proportion as high as 75 per cent.

* * *

A Case in Point.

Two or three months ago a couple of "pattens," or "bush hammers," worth about 15/- each, were lifted from a yard in the vicinity of King Street. The thief duly took the articles to a pawnshop. They were accepted in pledge. The assistant was able to describe the man to the police, but as he had given a false name and address he is still at liberty. A detective called on all the members of the gang, but none of them answered the description. The robber's identity, however, is not a secret, though perhaps there isn't sufficient legal proof against him to ensure a conviction.

* * *

Halving the Loss.

The tools, on which 5/- had been advanced, were duly reclaimed by the police, and the other day the losers received intimation from Lodge Walk that they might have them back on payment of half-a-crown. This was dividing the loss with the pawnbroker. Now, as the masons had taken all reasonable precautions to protect their property, and were in no way, through carelessness, contributory agents to the theft, this seems pretty hard. They were really being forced to buy back their own tools. I believe that legally there was no obligation on them to go halves with the pawnbroker. Judges sometimes "exercise their discretion" in this manner, but that is said to be due to the desire of the police to stand well with the brokers. The latter, if they cared, could "spoke their wheels" at every other turn. The point is a fine one, which sooner or later is certain to be brought to the attention of the Supreme Courts.

* * *

The Lodging-House Superintendentship.

Mr. Charles Baster, who was formerly connected with the social branch of the Salvation Army in London, has been appointed Superintendent of the Corporation Lodging-House, at a salary which approximately amounts to £120 a year. Mr. Baster is an Englishman, which reminds one that in spite of our fervent local patriotism several other much more important civic and general positions are held by Southrons. For instance, Mr. J. A. Bell is Electrical Engineer, and Mr. R. S. Pilcher, Tramway Manager. Well, if Mr. Baster proves as efficient in the minor but still responsible position of Lodging-House Superintendent as the gentlemen named are in theirs, we shall not regret the fact that the Public Health Committee's choice is "ane o' the auld enemy" and not a "kindly Scot." The new Superintendent enters on his duties on Monday first. Doubtless the Committee made certain that a knowledge of what "lang-ale" is was among his qualifications.

* * *

Canadian Scotsman's Christmas Number.

We have received a copy of the special Christmas issue of our ably edited and ever interesting contemporary, the *Canadian Scotsman* of Winnipeg. The number, which runs to 28 pages, includes many articles which will be acceptable alike to Scotsmen at home and in the Dominion. As usual, the *Scotsman* makes a strong feature of the illustrations. These, indeed, are sufficiently noteworthy to prove to any person with the slightest appreciation of art that Winnipeg is now one of the centres of civilisation. The editor is Mr. J. K. Fraser, who is evidently a journalist of marked ability.

Peterhead Prison Life.

Concerning some of Major Dodds' Criminal Army.

VI.

One winter's night, some years ago, a little, thick-set black-haired and brilliant-eyed man, somewhere about forty, stepped from an Aberdeen carriage at Buchanan Street Station, Glasgow. He had been liberated that morning from Peterhead Convict Prison, and after an absence of six years and some months reached his native city—the city in which he had become famous among denizens of the dark underworld, and notorious among the detective staff of St. Mungo.

In the nebulous light, which always prevails at this dreary and melancholy railway terminus, none could discover in the man's face, or in his gait, traces of the criminal—those marks which nature mysteriously impresses upon those of her children predoomed to lives of law-breaking. It was a good, honest face, and the eye was kindly, with always a glint of sunshine in it. The first day that he was in the Convict Prison and had been employed breaking stones, the warden asked him, "How do you like stone-breaking?" and his reply was, with the usual smile, "I would much prefer housebreaking, sir."

When he stood on the Buchanan Street Station platform this winter night he was smartly dressed, the black hair nicely groomed, and the moustache curled and twisted as if he had been a world traveller, instead of emerging that morning from the crime-citadel of Peterhead, after strenuous years of toil and unspeakable hardships. On leaving the carriage he looked quickly round, and in a moment his eye alighted upon a woman—youngish, sharp-featured, and tall, with the face heavily veiled. They had not forgathered for close upon seven years, but all the letters that the ex-convict had sent out of Peterhead had the address of this woman who had remained loyal and true to him throughout his long years of incarceration. Would she be there when he landed? That was the uppermost thought in him, throughout the long years, that gave him hope, that put a star into his night of darkness. This meeting with the woman he loved, and who loved him, was a great and memorable meeting to him. It was the fulfilment of his dream—she had remained true, this woman who had known him before he wandered into the crooked ways of the world, and here she was, blythe and cheerful as ever, with the knowledge that henceforward he must move among men with the brand of the criminal upon him.

Invisible to the twain a couple of detectives in the shadows watched them leave the station and melt out of sight in the darkness. This man had proved himself a dangerous criminal, and had given more trouble to the detective staff and the Glasgow police than any other criminal for half a century. His movements must be watched—he worked upon colossal lines—he was the master burglar of his time. The man represented a type rare even among criminals. He was born with not the faintest trace of thievish blood in his veins; no chain of criminal entailment bound him. Necessity did not drive him into subteranean channels. I knew him and his strange history, and once asked him the why and the wherefore of his life, and his reply was as explicit as it was candid. When eighteen, just budding into lusty manhood, he became a member of a gang of young men of his own age. Two of them were criminals, and these moulded or leavened the lump into crime. In those early days excitement counted much in this law-breaking federation. "You cannot," said he on one occasion, "realise the strange, indescribable fascination of the criminal life, the excitement that follows the knowledge of a detective hot upon your tracks." Then there came the inevitable stage in his life when friends deserted him—school-fellows, brothers and sisters, father, and last of all the mother—then the full and irretrievable plunge into the abysses of the criminal depths: then, as certain as the night follows the day, the steadily lengthening of the terms of imprisonment, with the ultimate goal of penal servitude—the natural flowerage of the poisonous criminal plant. This man, now enjoying the reformatory and Christian influences of the Peterhead

Sanatorium, has had a career that the romance writer in his wildest imaginative flights could not conceive. "There was," he said, "a certain restaurant in Glasgow I often frequented in the evenings. One particular evening, after I gave my order to the waiter, I noticed two young gentlemen dining together at another table. One of them seemed to recognise me and smiled and nodded. Presently he approached; we shook hands and got into conversation. He said he had been on the look-out for me some time, as he had a good thing on hand. My casual acquaintance had been employed in the offices of a large warehouse in the heart of the city, and it seemed that at certain periods large sums of cash were left overnight in the safe. This man told me that the key of the safe was dropped by the assistant cashier on certain nights into the letter box—that the assistant often worked late, and he dropped the key into the box so that his chief might get it in the morning—the assistant not then turning up till ten in the morning. My restaurant acquaintance said that if I could manage to get inside the warehouse, the thing would simply be a walk over for me." The burglar one night entered the warehouse and secured £300 in gold and notes. He had a narrow escape. "I left the safe open," he said, "came down the staircase, and felt the lie of the front door. I lay down on the floor, put my ear to the foot of the door, and listened. I heard a distant footfall, but the sound soon died away. I must have listened for a quarter of an hour in this attitude, and then slipped the bolts out. I listened again, but could hear nothing—not even a footstep. Then there was the bark of a dog somewhere in the distance, and almost at the same moment a big rat scurried across my legs while I lay on the floor. This was followed by a dead silence. I got to my feet and opened up the door. Judge of my surprise when I opened it and saw, less than twenty yards away, a policeman standing underneath a street lamp smoking away at a clay pipe. When he saw me he withdrew his pipe hastily, put a bit of paper into the bowl, and walked slowly towards me. I stood in the doorway quite at ease, and had produced a wooden pipe which I was in the act of filling. 'Good evening, constable,' I said, with an easy composure. I could see from his looks, however, that he had serious suspicions regarding me. He returned my greeting, supplementing it with the observation, 'Yez late the night, eh?'

"I told him in a calm, off-hand manner, that we had been working late in the packing-room executing an order for a Colonial customer. I then shouted, looking into the warehouse, 'Hurry up, Jim, I'm going! Here's the policeman! He's going to arrest you for burglary unless you come along.' With this remark, and a friendly good-night to the policeman, I walked leisurely away, smoking my pipe, until I got to the street corner, less than twenty yards away from the warehouse door. The policeman stood in the doorway for a second, then peered in. 'Are yez coming, Jim!' he shouted, in a deep, Hibernian voice, but there was no response—nothing but darkness and silence. It then seemed all at once to dawn upon the policeman the nature of the situation. He turned rapidly from the door. 'Hi! there, you blaggaird! Ho! Ho!' I heard as I disappeared round the street corner, and, like an arrow from a bow, sprinted for all I was worth. I knew it was coming, and it pierced the air like the shriek of an engine whistle. Thief! Thief! rang in my ears, as well as the noise of the heavy, lumbering footsteps of the policeman on the pavement. I got into the main thoroughfare, and, believe me, I shook hands with myself as I thought of my narrow escape."

(To be continued.)

Drumblair Festivities.

The popularity of the Laird of Drumblair and his good lady was again fully evinced last Friday evening, on the occasion of the entertainment given to their employees by Mr. and Mrs. W. F. M'Hardy in the hall at Drumblair. The hall was tastefully decorated, and the proceedings went with a hearty swing. The Laird led off the dance, and later on gave a short and seasonable address to the company. During the evening songs were sung by Miss M'Hardy and Miss Ada M'Hardy, both being honoured with "encores"; Miss Robertson, Kirkland, and Mr. J. Kindness, Drumblair. The pianoforte accompaniments to the songs were played by the Misses M'Hardy, and Messrs. Neish & Wilson supplied spirited music for the dance. The festivities at Drumblair this winter have given widespread pleasure. At the Christmas treat the heavily-laden tree had presents for all the children, including a gift of money for each.

THE PASSING SHOW.



CURRENT ENTERTAINMENTS.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Managing Director, Mr. Robert Arthur. Acting Manager, Mr. H. Adair Nelson. 7.30 p.m. Miss Marie Studholme in "Miss Hook of Holland." Matinee on Saturday, at 2.15 p.m.

PALACE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. Walter Gilbert. Two performances nightly. 7 p.m. and 9 p.m. First time in Aberdeen. The great fight, Burns v. Moir, depicted by Vernon's Bioscope.

THE WINTER "ZOO" (ALHAMBRA, GUILD STREET).—Proprietor and Manager, Mr. John Sinclair. Entire change of Programme every week. Open all day.

PITTODRIE PARK.—Match on Saturday, Aberdeen v. Rangers.

* * *

We take this opportunity of reminding all Glasgow-Aberdonians that we have an office at 144 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, to which all communications may be addressed.

* * *

The Lord Rectorship.

Mr. H. H. Asquith is the candidate-elect in the Liberal interest for the Lord Rectorship of Aberdeen University. Whether the Liberals have been fortunate in their choice is open to question, but from an organisation point of view it is better to be prepared with a candidate than have to hurriedly hunt for one at the last moment, as has been so often the case in previous Rectorial contests. The lady students will not vote for Mr. Asquith, and as they number a third of the total electorate they are in a position to run a candidate of their own. Will they have the pluck to do it? The anomaly of granting women all the privileges of the University, and denying them the right to vote in the election of a University Parliamentary representative, has done more than anything else to consolidate the lady students into a strong suffragist body. The appeal pending in the House of the Lords on this question may be settled before the Rectorial election next winter, and if Mr. Asquith has not changed his mind by that time, he will stand a much poorer chance of being returned than he did when he was put up in opposition to the late Lord Ritchie.

* * *

Their Only Hope.

Two of the leaders in the anti-Asquith movement are Miss Edith Morrison, a daughter of the Rev. Hugh Morrison, Cults, and Miss Ramsay, a daughter of Sir William and Lady Ramsay. Both are enthusiastic Suffragettes. If the Liberals really want to win the Lord Rector's seat, I think they should drop the Chancellor of the Exchequer and pin their faith to the member for East Aberdeenshire.

* * *

"Advice" from Dundee.

Concrete cases upset the calculations of free traders, and the arguments employed at Dundee Town Council last Thursday will stimulate the tariff reformers to greater effort. The closing of Aberdeenshire quarries is one of the results of the importation of Norwegian granite setts, and Councillor High, of Dundee, may be congratulated on putting the case so emphatically, and securing a fresh remit to the Committee, which proposed to give Norway the preference and Aberdeen the go-by. Mr. Robertson, the Convener of the Works Committee, made the uncalled-for observation that Mr. High, instead of lecturing the Town Council, should lecture the people of Aberdeen, and get them to introduce some enterprise into the granite industry. Behold,

the usual argument of the Free Trader! Perhaps the granite trade does not lend itself so readily to "enthusiasm" as does the fish trade, but we cannot accept it that our stone merchants are lacking in enterprise. The conditions of work in Norway permit of the importation of granite at a figure which defies competition, and the regret is that the Aberdonians, who have always been the "missionaries" of the granite industry, should have been so ready to forge a weapon and place it in the Norwegians' hands for their own destruction.

* * *

A Blow to Montrose "Boddies."

The difficulties under which the manufacture of fish guano is conducted are great. There is a general prejudice against the business, because the effluvium does not suit certain pampered nostrils; but the sense of smell can be educated, and Montrose will have to set about the hard task of cultivating its olfactory nerves to an appreciation of the odour, and, at the same time, stump up the expense of a senseless prosecution. The action at the instance of Montrose Town Council against the North of Scotland Fish Guano Company, tried in the Forfar Sheriff Court last week, had many suspicious circumstances connected with it, and there was no innuendo in Sheriff Lee's remarks regarding the part played in the case by ex-Provost Mitchell. So severe was the handling given to this gentleman by the Sheriff that the Council on Monday, in deciding not to appeal against the decision, thought it necessary to disown any connection with the ex-Provost. Their haste in this direction is their least heroic proceeding in a thoroughly inglorious action.

* * *

The Sheriff and the ex-Provost.

There are only two interpretations possible. Either the prosecution of the Aberdeen Company was inspired by jealousy or some such unworthy motive, or the previous Company run by the ex-Provost enjoyed certain privileges which the exalted position of that gentleman in the municipality secured for it. The Sheriff is perfectly emphatic. It had been proved, he said, that the business of manufacturing fish guano was not new in these premises. All the Aberdeen Company had done was to make a real live up-to-date business of a moribund concern. It is seldom, however, that the ex-head of a town of the importance of Montrose gets such a lashing from the Bench as that administered to Mr. Mitchell. "It might appear," says the Sheriff, "that the Town Council had been led astray by ex-Lord Provost Mitchell, who, to some extent, seems to have conducted the prosecution, and had in that way allowed themselves to be made a tool of by one whose conduct had been actuated, not by any public-spiritedness, but solely by a desire of getting a blow below the belt at those who stepped into his shoes, and who were now attempting to build up the business which he had failed to manage." Apparently gratitude is not a predominant characteristic in Montrose.

* * *

Mannofield Church Dispute.

Matters are not yet mending out Mannofield way. There seems to be something of the nature of a Nemesis dogging the heels of those who were mainly responsible for the appointment of the organist, who was not the most popular of the candidates. "Blackleg" vocalisation has not proved a success since the choir came out on strike, and efforts are now absolutely necessary to put psalmody matters on a sounder footing. The meeting for the appointment of Managers, the other evening, proved a surprise to many, but at the same time it clearly showed the temper of the congregation. Instead of the usual re-election of the retiring officers, two of the inner circle, or, as they have been called, the "clerical bodyguard," have had to stand down, and their places have been taken by Deputy Chief Constable M'Ewan and Mr. William Mackay, the agricultural editor of the *Free Press*.

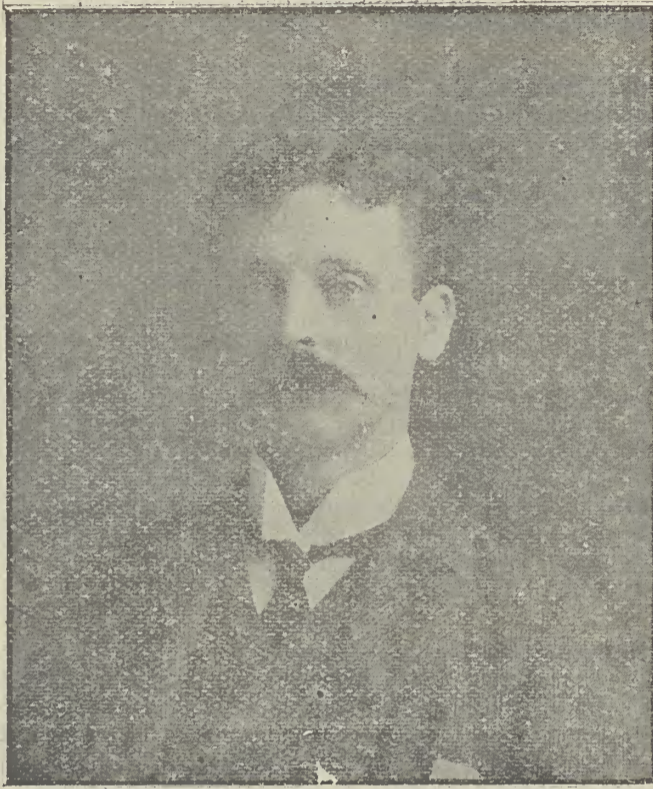
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British Columbia for Fruit Growers.

Is not Mr. Adair of British Columbia, the Salvation Army Emigration Agent, giving a somewhat too glowing account of the resources of the "garden of the Dominion?" An acre of land, rented at from £5 to £50, may produce annually strawberries valued at £240, or tomatoes worth about £300, but does it always do so? Are there no lean years when the produce does not even so much as pay the rent and working expenses? If Mr. Adair's figures are to be accepted without qualification, and there is no possibility of glut in the market, then all we have to

do is to go out to B.C. with a little capital and get rich. I'm afraid, however, that if fruit farming becomes the rage over there the profits will not be much higher than at home. Nearly every year there is a glut of good home-grown fruit at Covent Garden.

* * *



Mr. J. C. BENNETT, Advocate.

New Appointment for Mr. J. C. Bennett.

The appointment of Mr. J. C. Bennett, B.L., advocate, to the important post of Clerk to the Commissioners of Property and Income Tax, carrying with it the salary of £600 per annum, is a further tribute to his ability and efficiency. Mr. Bennett is one of the band of Forfarshire men who have prospered exceedingly in the Granite City. As a lawyer he stands in the forefront of his profession. Mr. Bennett is an enthusiastic volunteer, and had the credit of commanding the first kilted company of the 1st V.B.G.H. He is the proprietor of the desirable estate of Allathan. One of the sons has just received his commission in a crack Scottish regiment.

* * *

The Appointment of Mr. J. D. Caird.

We have to congratulate Mr. James D. Caird, the popular and highly efficient traffic superintendent of the Aberdeen tramways, on at last "coming into his kingdom." There was undoubtedly a strong opinion locally that he should have been Mr. Moonies' successor. Mr. Caird uncomplainingly accepted the Committee's decision, and all along he has worked most loyally hand-in-hand with his chief, Mr. Pilcher. There is undoubtedly something of irony in the fact that while Aberdeen went to England for its tramway manager, Halifax has come to Scotland. Mr. Caird's salary as manager of the Halifax tramline system will in course of time rise to £350. He is, however, in the way of promotion now, and his stay there may not be of very long duration.

* * *

The Mixed Barley Prosecution.

I am glad to see so many letters in the *Express* criticising the conviction of an old woman shopkeeper for selling a quantity of barley which contained a small proportion of split peas. Hers was another of the prosecutions which bring the law into contempt. It is satisfactory to observe that several of the critics have backed their opinions by sending contributions towards the liquidation of the fine. I question, however, if the same amount of protest would have been raised over the report of a convict's back being flayed at Peterhead. I'm sorely afraid neither "Purity" nor any of the rest of them, would have had a word to say. The adulteration conviction, however, deeply affected a big section of the commercial community, and, as in the beginning, we are still a nation of shopkeepers.

The Case of a Canvasser.

A canvasser, named Sutherland, was convicted of fraud at Banff on Tuesday, and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment. He had obtained money—32/- in all—from shopkeepers in Cullen, Buckie and Portknockie, who believed that he was still in the employment of a firm of calendar publishers. The latter, on being written to, replied that Sutherland was no longer in their employment. The accused's defence was to the effect that he was not aware of this, as he had received no letter of dismissal. The prosecutor called no evidence to rebut this statement, yet on a pure case of suspicion the man, who had never previously been convicted, received sentence as stated. I have my own private ideas as to the prisoner's guilt; nevertheless, if I had been judge, my sense of fairness would not have permitted me to return other than a verdict of "Not Proven."

* * *

The Sentence on Mrs. Rushworth.

Until her sins found her out Mrs. Rushworth of Poppleton House, York, enjoyed the reputation of being a "most respectable lady." Indeed, as the daughter of a vicar and the wife of a solicitor of good standing, she was one of the "leaders of society" around and about Poppleton House. The sentence of six months' imprisonment passed on her on Saturday, even though in the second division, is particularly heavy. Perhaps it was made all the heavier because the woman was educated as a lady. I do not know whether I should regard the penalty as severe. If the evidence given as to her treatment of the two little girls she "adopted" is absolutely correct, I don't think it is. But then I am not of opinion that that evidence was absolutely trustworthy. I believe it was exaggerated in every detail. Not intentionally, of course. The witnesses probably told the truth as far as in them lay, but when the feelings or interests of people of their class are affected the result is that their evidence is so highly coloured as to amount practically to a tissue of misrepresentation. Allowing for that, however, enough was proved against the woman to show her a brute in human form. Perhaps there is a streak of lunacy in her nature. Perhaps not. When dealing with persons, particularly those of their own set whom they dislike, all women are brutes.

* * *

The Late Lieutenant Day.

Though I cannot rank myself among his intimate acquaintances, I shall sadly miss the tall, familiar blue-serge-clad figure of Lieutenant Day from the streets. Though somewhat bent by the weight of his four score years and seven, there was little evidence that dissolution was so near at hand the last time I saw him. Indeed, he looked very much like the Lieutenant Day I knew when a boy, twenty years ago. Though he did not retire till he was 70, my deceased friend enjoyed a comparatively long spell of placid retirement. The best I can say of him, the best I could say of anybody, is that in every fibre of his being, mentally and physically, he was a man. Brusque he often was—he was bred in the old stern school of policemen, but kindly always. The large attendance at his funeral on Tuesday, which included the Provost, two past Provosts, several Baillies and Town Councillors, the Chief Constables of Aberdeen, Kin-cardine, and Forfar, and a host of police officers and public officials, as well as many of the leading citizens, bears ample testimony to the high respect in which Lieutenant Day was held.

* * *

The Late Marquis de Leuille.

Nobody seems to have known much about the Marquis de Leuille, who died at Brighton the other day. He may have been a real Marquis or he may not; gossip was divided on the point. One thing is certain, however, and that is that the man was a *poseur* of the first rank. He strove to shine as a poet, and some of his songs which had been set to music were very popular. That was principally due to the fact that they were published as written by the "Marquis de Leuille." While resident in London, the deceased was the central figure in a small mutual admiration-society, most of the members of which were poetasters like himself. From time to time various specimens of his muse appeared in the local papers. Simultaneously, the verses were published in many other organs—most of them obscure—in various parts of the Kingdom.

A Pen-Portrait.

A not unsympathetic obituarist says that the Marquis was first heard of under that title in New York in 1886. "Here he became the rage for a time; but his popularity waning, he betook himself to Paris, and subsequently to London, where he arrived in 1890. In his carefully studied costume, and with his scientifically calculated pose of manner, he attracted round him a circle of admirers who paid tribute to him as a poet, dilettante, and connoisseur. His taste in pictures and other objects of art was good, and for a time he made some profit out of a shop in Piccadilly. . . . The Bohemianism of the Marquis de Leuville had the grace of generosity, and many embryo dramatists, actors, and actresses were indebted for their success to his kindly interest and his efforts to help them up the ladder of fame."

* * *

Christianity and Socialism.

Professor W. P. Paterson, perhaps the ablest man in the Church of Scotland, lecturing on "Christianity and Socialism" in Edinburgh on Sunday, tried to hold the balance evenly. If Socialism could realise its promise, he said, it would make it easier for many men to believe in the justice and goodness of God. In the next breath he declared he was far from thinking it was the duty of the Christian Church to ally itself with this movement, even though, as he had admitted, it had religious potentialities. In view of the strong Socialistic tendencies of the present Parliament, it is interesting to have an admission from so learned an authority that he had grave misgivings whether, in the peculiar circumstances of this crowded land of manufacturers and shopkeepers, it was possible to do more than make minor Socialistic experiments that travelled in the Socialistic direction without risk of grave disaster. Professor Paterson is thus no "whole-hogger." What seemed to him to be very urgently required was a protest against an attempt to induce the Church to pronounce Socialism unchristian and to take sides against it in the approaching struggles. For the Church to take up this attitude would, in his judgment, be to show gross ignorance of history, and would perhaps prove suicidal.

* * *

The Times.

With its transference to the new company, *The Times* ceases to be a national institution. It becomes a mere daily newspaper, and, in future, as an organ of public opinion, will count for nothing more. Since the time of Delanc, the paper has been an almost perfect expression of the English character, in so far that it was heavy, solid, authoritative, and almost incredibly dull. Blowitz, the Paris correspondent, alone was allowed to be skittishly imaginative in its columns. The capital of the company is £500,000, divided into £250,000 preference shares, bearing 6 per cent., and £250,000 ordinary shares. The Walker family will still retain a large proportion of the capital. Mr. C. A. Pearson is managing director, but it is stated that Mr. Moberley Bell, the present manager, is to remain in the service of the Company, probably in a somewhat subordinate position. This disposes, temporarily anyway, of the rumour that a journalist well known in Aberdeen, and with strong local associations, was to be the new business manager.

* * *

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson.

Mr. George E. Buckle, who is a son-in-law of the late James Payn, the popular novelist, will continue to be editor. His achievements in the "chair" have not been sensational, but he is scholarly and "safe." Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson, who has carried through the "deal," is a son of the Rev. Arthur Cyril Pearson, a Church of England clergyman. His mother was a Maxwell-Lyte, a scion of the ancient county family of Lyte, of Combe's-Cary. He was educated at the great public school of Winchester, but being a born "hustler," he found himself a sub-editor in the office of *Tit-Bits* at the age of 19. Mr. Pearson is now only a little over 40. He is a handsome man, with exceedingly keen intellectual features. Had he not "put his money" on Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform, he would probably have had a seat in the House of Lords by this time, like his wiliest fellow newspaper proprietor, Lord Northcliffe.

* * *

A Threatened Anomaly.

It might be as well if that "very superior person," Lord Curzon of Kedleston, withdrew his candidature for election as an Irish representative peer. In the course of a few years he will become entitled to a seat in the House of Lords as the eldest son of his venerable father, Lord Scarsdale. Then, if he

had been appointed an Irish representative previously, the trouble would begin. An Irish peer is sent to the House of Lords for life, and he cannot resign his seat at will, as in the case of a Scottish representative peer. Thus would be seen the anomaly of one man holding two seats, while the Irish peers would be barred from electing another representative till the death of Lord Scarsdale, who was also Lord Curzon of Kedleston.

* * *

The Insult to Lord Curzon.

Of course, it would only have been following a well-established precedent if C.-B. had elevated G. N. to the upper house after he filled his term of office as Viceroy of India. Was this due to an oversight or to political rancour? Probably the latter. C.-B. is said to be a very genial old man; he is likewise "pawky," but then, after all, he is only a "boddy," and what is worse, he is surrounded by "boddies," much in the same way as that "oprecht burgher," Paul Kruger, was by cunning Hollanders and slim young Boers of the educated type. The influence of the "boddies" on their chief appears to be as pernicious as that of the Hollanders on "Oom Paul." To that influence, possibly, has to be ascribed the slighting of Lord Curzon. "Boddies" are admirable gentlemen in precept, but they fail lamentably in practice.

* * *

Emanuel of Punch.

Mr. Walter Emanuel, the "Charivari" of *Punch*, is a Jew by birth and faith, and, like most Jews, a humourist in essence. Recently, he contributed some interesting autobiographical notes to the *Jewish World*. The year of his birth, according to the Jewish calendar, was 5629, and he was admitted a solicitor in 5656. Mr. Emanuel believes that he is the only "comic solicitor" in the world. (By-the-way, it appears that he doesn't know Aberdeen.) He began his literary career by contributing to *Judy*, *Pick-me-up*, and the *Idler*. His first book, "Me," introduced him to a fellow Hebrew, Mr. M. H. Speilman, and the latter introduced him to *Punch*.

Nota Bene.

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"Goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Townsend, on coming home from church, "the minister gave us nothing but fire and brimstone to-day." "I thought he would," replied her husband. "I saw his cook with her trunk leaving the house in a cab just after you started for church."

By the Way.

The Druce shareholders now spell it with an "e" instead of an "r."

Dilapidated old lady in Aberdeen bar to barman:—"A glass of unsexed rum, please."

Last year our exports increased by millions:—These figures do not include 394,626 emigrants.

Clem Hill! This is the name for an uphill fight. When the Kangaroo wags its tail, it is no ordinary wag.

Russia proposes to rebuild her Navy at a cost of between £300,000,000 and £400,000,000. This is rather startling intelligence to British trawling insurance companies.

Mr. Hall Caine is going to Khartoum, but whether the hero of the melodrama, which will naturally follow, will be Moses, or Hector Macdonald, has not yet been divulged.

"Is Mike Clancy here?" asked the visitor to the quarry, just after the premature explosion. "No, sor," replied Costigan; "he's gone." "For good?" "Well, sor, he wint in that direction."

Aberdeen Cabman:—"I had a beard like yours once, but when I found what it made me look like I got it cut off." Corporation Carter:—"An' I hid a face like yours aince, an' when I found I couldna get it cut off I grew a beard."

Some of the writings of the late David Christie Murray as Merlin in the *Referee*, on ethical, social, political, and literary subjects, are to be published as "Guesses at Truth." It is not correct that the work will be dedicated to Mr. Charles Esson.

One of the classical jokes at School was that Britain was named after a Brutus, a descendant of Aeneas, whose mamma was Venus. Mr. Beerbohm Tree is thus determined that, in the great London pageant this summer, the metropolis will out-trick the spectacular show at Coventry, and introduce the Cockneys to "gods and goddesses, who wore neither pantaloons nor bodices."

A reduction in the coal-miners' working day to eight hours would result in a shortage on the year's supply of 25,783,000 tons of coal, and might mean a shrinkage of 34,000,000 tons. In the strike year of 1893, a temporary diminution of 20½ million tons created a coal famine. The eight hours bill is therefore not a mere matter for masters and men. To many people in this country it may be a question of fire-light—or fire-less.

Some of the fiction-mongers of the day are absolutely fearless. A course of "Charles Niven" in the Natural Philosophy class at the University would perhaps compel the gifted authors to abstain from picturing a scene in which the hero who, being fired at by the villain with a revolver from behind, saved himself by dropping to the ground instantly he heard the report of the shot. Poor "gun" that! if it could not fire a bullet faster than the velocity of sound.

She (suspiciously): "Did you ever hold a hand that you liked to hold better than mine?" He: "Only once darling; then I went double nap and raked in about a sovereign."

A question at present being frequently put to persons whose business occasionally takes them in the direction of the Green is, "Have you seen the New Barmaid?"

Mr. Dobbin (in the course of a domestic row)—"I tell you, madam, I'm in the habit of calling a spade a spade." Mrs. Dobbin—"Well, I don't suppose you could call it a rake, could you?"

The Winter Zoo.

In spite of the strong counter attractions, the Zoo was exceedingly well filled at both performances on Monday night. There is little doubt but that the variety programme is the best that has yet been presented, which is saying a good deal. Principal, perhaps, among the artistes, is the one-legged comedian and dancer, Mr. Alf. Roberts. So good is he that one wonders he has not gone in for the stage as his sole profession. His singing and mannerisms are particularly piquant, but it is as a dancer that he most excels. Even if he possessed the full complement of limbs his smart eccentric dancing would be considered remarkably clever. Mr. Roberts' twin, needless to say, is very heartily applauded. Mr. Tom Raeburn, who made himself such a favourite a week or two ago, is back again. He is a Scottish comedian with a genuine vein of humour, who will possibly become much better known in the near future. The Brothers Crichton continue to be prime favourites as banjoists. They possess a light, graceful touch on their instrument which is thoroughly appreciated.

Mr. Dove Paterson's cinematograph films are of admirable quality. Some convulse the house with merriment, others, of the heroic order, call out the heartiest plaudits of the audiences when at last virtue is rewarded, and the villain of the piece brought to book. All the pictures are new. Chief among them are the series entitled "The Charmed Umbrella," a really wonderful effect in illusionism, "An Unwelcome Legacy," "The Pirates of Normandy," which introduces a most realistic sea-fight; and the capital panorama, "British Born, or from the Cradle to the Altar." Miss Lily Wallace is, as ever, a most efficient pianist and accompanist. The animals, of course, are also a prime source of attraction. Altogether, the entertainment deserves to be very extensively patronised.

In connection with the visit of the famous Native Choir from Jamaica it may be noted that that most kindly and obliging old gentleman of colour, Mr. Peter Reid, who, in company with Mr. Jim Richardson, formerly of Barbados, and also coloured, is now employed at the Zoo, is a native of Jamaica. He has some Scottish blood in his veins. Peter has now been over fifty years in this country, without being once home. He, however, intends to visit the Music Hall this week to hear his compatriots.

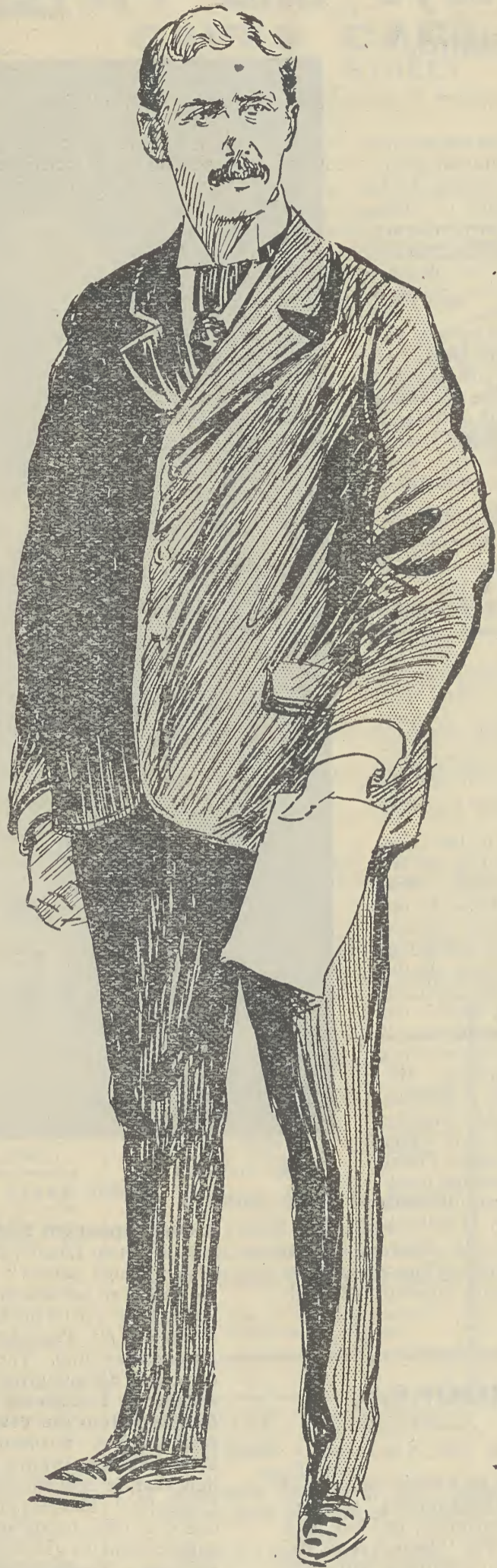
PROMINENT PROFILES.

No. 89.—Mr. Robert Milne.

The subject of our "Profile" this week is one of the most honoured men in the fishing industry, and at the annual meeting of the Aberdeen Fish Trade Association on Tuesday evening was elected, for a second term, to the important position of President. Mr. Milne has been well tested in official rôles, having also for two years filled the position of Vice-President.

For nearly eighteen years our "Profile" has had a more or less direct connection with the fish trade, and six years ago was assumed as a partner in the firm of Mr. J. M. Davidson, of Glasgow and Aberdeen, who is one of the largest curers in the trade. His Lochfyne herrings are famous. It may be noted that for a number of years the late Queen Victoria was regularly supplied with Mr. Davidson's celebrated Lochfyne "kippers," and that he had the good fortune to be appointed purveyor to Her Majesty, an honour which gave a considerable impetus to his already extensive business. So well were the firm's products known all over the world that when the vessel, *Loch Vennachar*, became a total wreck off the Australian coast, her identity was first established by the fact that several boxes bearing the "J. M. Davidson" brand were washed ashore.

The Aberdeen branch of the business was founded fourteen years ago. Thanks to Mr. Milne's energetic and resourceful management, the volume of trade has immensely increased. There are few abler or shrewder men about the Market than the subject of our notice. No man could be more unaffectedly genial in temperament than he; his tact is one of his outstanding qualities, and, as a consequence, he is popular with all sorts and conditions of men.



PROMINENT "PROFILES."

No. 89.—Mr. ROBERT MILNE.

Plays and Players.

"Miss Hook of Holland."

Anything that is fresh and original in the way of musical comedy is sure of success, and the composers who have put their heads together over "Miss Hook of Holland" have produced a real triumph of music and mirth. Mr. George Dance's Company, who are appearing in Aberdeen this week, include an exceptionally large and most talented bevy of players. Such a fine production well merits the crowded houses which are the order of the night.

The plot of the piece is of the slightest texture, but it is sufficient to bind together an infinite variety of witty dialogue and bright music. (The authors, too, modestly describe the elements of the piece as chatter and jingle). Nothing could be funnier than the way in which the accredited idiosyncrasies of the Dutchman have been hit off, and great emphasis is most amusingly laid on his Batavian graces—particularly where the patches adorn them.

The opening scene, the Cheese Market at Arndyk, by the side of the sleepy canal, is a fine, typical picture of the landscape of the Netherlands: quaint windmills, and the straight, stiff water in the background, uniform rows of tulips in flower pots in the foreground, and the whole scene overhung by rich horse chestnut trees in full flower.

The second scene is one of the most uniquely effective we have ever seen on the stage, and represents the interior of Mr. Hook's Liqueur Distillery at Amsterdam. Rows of richly coloured bottles are on the shelves, which are at intervals cunningly lit up by electric lights inside the bottles, giving to the whole stage picture a delicious harmony of rich, warm colour.

Miss Marie Studholme is the "star" of the Company and lends to the part of the title-rôle all her dainty loveliness and arch charm of manner. Miss Mabel Sealby scores a noted success as Mina, by her original versatility and wonderful mimetic powers. Her queer head-dress, her heavy sabots, her rolling gait, and her multitudinous petticoats are all the means of endless mirth, and she is nightly applauded to the echo. Her songs are all amusing, notably the "Flying Dutchman" and the "Petticoat Song." Mr. Leslie Holland, as Mr. Hook, has a somewhat trying part, which he plays with great success. Mr. H. C. Barry has, perhaps, the most to do in the way of "chattering and jingling," in his highly amusing character of Simon Slinks, but he gets there every time with his witty sallies. Mr. J. Edward Fraser makes a most successful hero as the favoured bandmaster, Van Vuyt. He sings his graceful tenor numbers with great acceptance. Mr. Frederick Hobbs, as Captain Paap, also sings and acts effectively, and so also does Mr. R. C. Harcourt as Schnapps. The chorus is an exceptionally strong feature, for its smart dressing and well-balanced voices.

* * *

"THE GAY GORDONS."

Next week the territorial tartan will be conspicuous on the stage at His Majesty's Theatre. "The Gay Gordons" was produced at the Aldwych Theatre last September, and has been playing to crowded houses ever since. The "book" is by Mr. Seymour Hicks, and the music by Mr. Guy Jones, with incidental lyrics by other composers. The company that will visit Aberdeen numbers 80 artistes, and includes the celebrated beauty, Miss Zena Dare. The piece is sure to prove a tremendous success in Aberdeen, where the "Gordons ha'e the guidin' o't."



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Miss MARIE STUDHOLME.

A Shakespearian Success.

At a certain London theatre recently the matinee was crowded with "school parties" seeing one of Shakespeare's plays. At the end of an act one small child, with a sad face and a plaintive voice, went up to the attendant to enquire "Please, when does it leave off?" Possibly the reason for this question was that the players were tired. The London actor leads a strenuous life and does not *always* give the best of his vitality to an afternoon audience. Fortunately for the coming Shakespeare week here, this suggestion can never be attached to any of Mr. Mollison's performances. Shakespeare to him is always an inspiration, and by sheer magnetic force becomes irresistibly interesting in every line that is spoken. This is the way to make Shakespeare "popular." The plays contain the finest opportunities the world can ever offer to an actor, and only those who have not the temperament to give vigorous life to the scenes fail to please an audience. These are they who cry out that Shakespeare spells ruin! Prosperity follows Mr. Mollison as if he had been born under the proverbial "lucky star"; but it would be more true to account for his success as the result of the familiar definition of genius, as "a great capacity for taking pains." May his success be increased by his visit to Aberdeen.

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20th day of January current.By Order of the Town Council,
ALEX. M. MUNRO,
Gas Treasurer.GAS OFFICE,
ABERDEEN, 2nd Jan., 1908.**NEXT WEEK.****MUSIC HALL,****WEDNESDAY, 22nd INST.****BURNS CONCERT.**Miss MARIE BROWN, Miss MAUD TURNER,
Mr. ALFRED HEATHER, Mr. MACKENZIE
MURDOCH, Mr. R. DUFTON SCOTT.

Chorus of the Institute, 200.

Mr. BURWOOD NICHOLLS, Organist.

Mr. W. LITSTER, Conductor.

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The Disadvantages of being Beautiful.

MISS MARIE STUDHOLME'S EXPERIENCE.

(BY A LADY CORRESPONDENT.)

I found Miss Marie Studholme in her comfortable quarters in the Imperial Hotel, practising hard at vocal exercises—a very necessary proceeding, she explained to me, since she has had to give up her soubrette rôles, and take the leading parts under the present starring system.

Miss Studholme is by no means so proud as she ought to be of her vocal powers, nor too much in love with herself as the most acceptable of dainty heroines, but she is thoroughly in love with "Miss Hook of Holland." It is so simple and pretty and so thoroughly Dutch. "I like it so much," she exclaimed, "that I stand in the wings and follow the piece when I am not 'on,' as delightedly as anyone in the audience." It is not really a piece for children, but the fact that it is so simple and charming makes it a favourite with little people, and this, says Miss Studholme, "is strong proof of the wholesome merit of 'Miss Hook of Holland.'"

Miss Marie Studholme is beautiful; there is no getting away from the fact; and her modest reiteration of the phrase, "how kind everybody is to me," is testimony of the winsome gaiety which compels the aforementioned "everybody" to reflect back the best that is in them of reciprocal kindness and good nature. She is just a type of the sweet, sunny English woman.

The subject of our remarks is also keenly alive to the disadvantages of being beautiful. "I do not mind interest and enthusiasm, as much of it as you like, *in* the theatre," she says, "but off the stage I *do* want to be a private individual. I am forced to take all my walks in back streets and lanes, because if I dare go on the principal streets I generally get mildly mobbed. I have tried all sorts of disguises," she continued, "but it is no use. I suppose my picture post card is so well known that I get spotted immediately. Of course, older and well-bred people don't bother me; it is your young school girl, say from twelve to seventeen years, that forms the bulk of my mobbers. The boys are not nearly so bad." During her three weeks' sojourn in Edinburgh, Miss Studholme did not once venture down Princes Street, although she was longing, like most other visitors to Modern Athens, to have a look at the Scott Monument, and to admire the situation of the Castle at close quarters. Her favourite walk in Aberdeen is right round by the Girdleness. Inquisitive young friends must not take advantage of my candour in regard to Miss Studholme's peregrinations.

THE PALACE THEATRE.

The entertainment at the popular house this week is varied and interesting. Frederick Yates Albyns and his Company provide the principal turn. The Company consists of three ladies and three gentleman, and in concerted pieces or solo singing they prove themselves to be clever artists. Their entertainment consists of a judicious mixture of singing and dancing, and the whole is entitled "An evening party." Their greatest success is the male duet, "She's mine." A very laughable sketch entitled "Wanted a Wife," is presented by Leslie Clare's Company. In this sketch, Miss Alice Cheshire's impersonation of the "slavey" marks her out as being above the usual run of sketch artists. The programme says she is "direct from the Chinese Honeymoon Company," but one needs no assurance of this kind to see that she is a lady of ability. The greatest display of dancing seen at the Palace for many a day was given by Russell Brandow, America's Coloured Dancing Comedian. He is really a wonderful little man, and caught on immensely. Rozel supplies sensation by the yard. His aerial flights *must* be seen to be believed. He flies along about a foot above the heads of the "playful stallites," thereby causing their hearts to throb one or two more to the minute. Percy Farrimond, The Lancashire Singing Collier, has a beautiful tenor voice. He sings two sentimental songs with real feeling. Elsie Earle sings "Holly and Mistletoe" very sweetly, and Flo Inman's dancing is crisp. Marie Weston is an expert dancer, and the Picture surpasses all pictures which have appeared of late. The great fight, Burns v. Moir, is clearly depicted, and shows Burns delivering the "knock-aht" while he is still "as game as game."

The £500 Opera Prize.

The £500 prize offered by Messrs. G. Ricordi & Co., the music publishers, for the best lyric opera in English by a British-born composer, has been awarded to Mr. Edward Woodall Naylor, of Cambridge, for his opera entitled, "The Angelus." The operas, "Helen" and "Sita," were placed next in order of merit. The summaries of librettos sent in numbered 191, out of which 52 were found suitable for operatic treatment. Of these 29 were set to music, and finally sent in for competition.

A Cute Advertising Dodge.

Since the abolition of the official play, "Censor," in Paris, some persons are afraid to take their daughters to theatres. In order to draw the parental crowd an astute manager hit upon the following plan. On the doors of his theatre he nailed a big poster, which read: "Nothing immoral in to-night's performance! You are, however, requested not to take young ladies to see it." There was quite a little crowd all day on the pavement in front of the wonderful announcement, and at night the house was packed.



THE NATIVE CHOIR FROM JAMAICA.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

By "Vox."

City Concert Solo-Singing Competition.

The City Concerts annual solo-singing contest, which was held in the Music Hall on Saturday, was exceedingly interesting, and proved to be one of the most closely-contested competitions that has taken place in Aberdeen for several years. From the very outset the audience was impressed with the beautiful singing of Miss Emma P. Aitken, an Arbroath lady, who had selected "In Verdure Clad" as her sacred solo. It was quite apparent to the merest tyro in music that she had a soprano voice of remarkable purity, a finished style, and an artistic method of production. Miss Agnes B. Cowe, Alford, who followed with "I know that my Redeemer liveth," also proved that she had a very fine voice. The timbre was more powerful, her articulation was exact, and the expression careful and always judicious. Miss Rita Cowe, Aberdeen, the next competitor, essayed Handel's "Rejoice Greatly," but the liberty taken with the florid phrases in breaking these for breathing points militated considerably against her chances of success. Miss M'Keran, Dundee, the only contralto to find a place on the list, made a fairly good appearance in "O rest in the Lord"; the voice was of an even quality, and with more training she may yet do well. Miss Jeannie M. Munro, Caithness, last year's silver medallist, created a very good impression with "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and when the five singers had finished, it was recognised that it would be a close contest for the honours between Miss Aitken, Miss Cowe, and Miss Munro. Later on, when these ladies again appeared to sing the secular songs, the audience were enabled to locate the winners with certainty. Miss Aitken sang "The Nightingale" in a cultured and charming manner, and Miss Cowe gave "The Auld Scotch Songs" with such excellent expression as one rarely hears in the interpretation of a Scotch song. When the adjudicator, Mr. Seligmann, gave his decision in favour of Miss Aitken with 167 marks, and Miss Cowe with only one less, the award was received with acclamation. The male voice section was also interesting, though in lesser degree than in the case of the ladies. Mr. Ben Allenby, Aberdeen, chose "Arm, arm, ye brave," which was given with a too slow tempo. Mr. William N. Brown, Glasgow, who has a voice of the proper tenor quality, expressed every phrase in "Waft her angels" most beautifully. Mr. J. Russell Geddes, Arbroath, gave dramatic point to his singing of "Honour and Arms"; Mr. Robert Whitelaw, Aberdeen, overstrained, and the intonation suffered; and Mr. James F. Murray, Aberdeen, who is also gifted with a tenor voice of resonant quality and tunefulness, was most successful in "Waft her angels." The adjudicator's award in the male section was thoroughly popular, Mr. Brown being first; Mr. Murray, second; Mr. Geddes, third; Mr. Whitelaw, fourth; and Mr. Allenby, fifth. Mr. Murray, silver medallist, is a pupil of Mr. J. S. Jackson.

Comments.

I was one of a very small audience privileged to hear the preliminary contest in the afternoon. To me this hearing was of more interest than the evening contest—it was, at least, occasionally amusing. One always touches a tender spot in the singer if one hints at untunefulness, but this was responsible for several of the candidates failing to get on the selected list. One gentleman, indeed, commenced his solo off pitch half-a-tone, yet despite the helpful efforts of Mr. Nicholls to pull him into pitch, the singer continued on his "untuneful" way—and, by the way, I am certain he did not know of his error. Other singers failed because they had made an unwise choice of song. Baritones sang bass songs—sang them well, too—but the low notes had to be in the hearer's imagination sometimes. One or two of the candidates who entered, methinks, must have taken the kindly compliments of friends too seriously—they were hopelessly "sans everything." Others had hardly sufficient breath control to allow them to sing for more than a couple of bars, and some had so little expression in voice or face as to give one the impression that he was listening to fourth-rate machine-made music.

The Burns Concerts.

I would remind my readers of the Musical Institute's Burns Concerts, which take place on Wednesday and Saturday of next week, particulars of which I gave in last week's musical gossip. I understand that the booking is as keen as in former years.

"Miss Hook."

"Miss Hook of Holland" provides three hours of unalloyed mirth and melody at His Majesty's this week—melody, too, that has real jingle in it, for which one is profoundly thankful in these days when musical plays frequently possess everything except melodious music. Seldom does one hear chorus singing so spirited and so tuneful as that which is exhibited in the "Cheese Chorus" and the well-constructed first chorus in the second act, the latter having an accompaniment wonderfully effective in its orchestration, and brilliantly played. The ladies' voices are beautiful in tone, while the unaccompanied male chorus, "Bottles," is sung with fine resonance and splendid precision—is, in fact, one of the best numbers in the opera. Miss Marie Studholme's many solos are sung with a sweet, mellow quality of voice, so even throughout that one is impressed as much with its loveliness as with her personal charm. Two of the gems which she sings are "Little Miss Wooden Shoes" and "English Girls When They Love," while equally charming is the duet, "By the Sleepy Canal," which she sings with Mr. J. Edward Fraser. This gentleman has a fine tenor voice, which he displays to excellent advantage in "Tra-la-la" and in "Soldiers of the Netherlands." Mr. Frederick Hobbs has a martial melody that is inspiring, and which he sings with vigour and rich tone. Miss Mabel Sealby puts into her songs a variety of point and an adroitness of expression that is highly amusing. "Miss Hook of Holland" thoroughly deserves to carry the dignity of comic opera, especially when one considers that many poorer plays appropriate the appellation.

The New Local Orchestra.

My congratulations to the Gordon Highlanders' Orchestra, which made its first public appearance at the City Concert on Saturday. It consists of about 25 players, under the conductorship of Mr. Percy Kirby, whose influence and intelligence has moulded the orchestra into fine form. Mr. Kirby was recalled on both occasions, when the orchestra played the "Tancredi" and "Stradella" overtures, and this kindly recognition at the hands of a local audience will go far to encourage young Mr. Kirby in his musical studies.

The Jamaica Choir.

In bringing the famous Native Choir from Jamaica, Mr. David Thomson, of the Beach Pavilion, has provided an opportunity of hearing a coloured combination of vocalists who give an entertainment of a unique and excellent character which none should miss. Considering that the Company number only twelve, it is surprising to hear such a magnificent volume of tone in their chorus work. There is a perfect understanding amongst the troupe regarding light and shade, this striking feature being remarkably evinced in such numbers as "Come where the lilies bloom," "True till death," and especially in that fine old plantation song, "Way down upon de Swanee River," which is sung by the Company squatted on the platform, and dressed in native costume. Their interpretation of the humorous ditties is exceedingly mirth-provoking, their original treatment of the "Tickling and Laughing Chorus," "De Water Melon on de Vine" (the latter affording some extraordinary exhibitions of facial fancifulness), and "Ma dark-eyed Venus" being thoroughly enjoyable. Besides the amusing sketches, one of the troupe, Mr. Frank Weaver, gives a most fantastical dance, which, for variety of movement and swiftness of execution, is really marvellous. The Company is under the conductorship of Mr. T. E. Ellis Jackson; and the solo pianist and accompanist is Mr. Henry Nation, whose ability is very pronounced; inasmuch as he plays the entire evening's programme of music from memory. There has not been given this season an entertainment in Aberdeen which deserves the patronage of all classes so much as this one, promoted by Mr. David Thomson.

A One-Act Play Competition.

Mr. Norman Roe, of the Royalty Theatre (London), announces a competition for One-Act plays. The winner will be awarded £50. All the pieces are to be sent in anonymously, the author putting a pseudonym on his scrip. An entrance fee of five shillings must also be forwarded. This last clause will completely bar many an aspiring dramatist. The majority of those I knew about Fleet Street and the Strand could not have enclosed five-pence without going completely bankrupt. In justice to Mr. Roe I ought to add that the entrance fees will be given to the Referee Children's Dinner Fund.



FOOTBALL.

The Leaders in Luck.

Very disappointing indeed were the Falkirk on Saturday at Pittodrie. We were on the outlook for some great forward play and some of the shooting for which the leaders have been famed. Of neither did we see very much, Aberdeen's half-backs reducing the attack to a feeble quantity indeed. To begin with our story at the beginning—the crowd was large, but not so large as expected. The ground was still in the grip of frost, but not so much as to render the pitch unplayable or dangerous. Aberdeen, having lost the toss, kicked off towards the west goal, Leishman stopping the break-away. The home side were not to be done with, O'Hagan slipping Anderson beautifully placed well out to Lennie, who had a shot on his own. Repeating this within a few minutes, Leishman handled inside the line, a penalty being granted for the infringement, which we did not think was altogether intentional. Murray took the kick, shooting straight at Allan, who saved, though Macdonald very nearly made amends by shooting over the line. Aberdeen were certainly pleasing their supporters up till now, Falkirk being seldom in the fray except defending. At length Anderson drove well ahead, Davidson getting a clear run, which Coleman tried to stop, and the ball being swung across, Skene netted. Macfarlane might have saved this, but Hume should have stopped the centre. In any case Aberdeen were a goal down after having all the play.

The home forwards went off again and a couple of corners brought the equaliser from the second. Allan saved the first and granted another, and from his save O'Hagan let drive at Allan, and on the rebound Lennie made the goal sure. The Falkirk flier, Simpson, got away shortly after this, but with Low on his track he was yards off the mark when he shot. MacTavish made the only decent mark of the lot which Macfarlane saved well. Up till the end Aberdeen were doing the bulk of the pressing, and but for the grand defence of Falkirk should have been two goals ahead. The remark round the enclosure was that the second half would test the strength of the two sides, and so it did. Opening with a rush Falkirk got well down, but Coleman was prepared and sent them away. Hume made a miskick shortly after which gave Falkirk a corner, but danger was averted very cleverly. The visitors had several chances of making progress, but the halves were too keen to let them away. Evidently Simpson had funked, for he seldom tried to get away, but planked the ball across to the centre or the left. Aberdeen then took up the running, and how they missed scoring is only known to themselves. Their hesitation at shooting was the worst feature of their play. Passing on to one another in goalmouth instead of letting drive was their fault, giving the defending backs plenty of scope to bustle them off or clear the ball away. Though Aberdeen shone in the open and looked more like the winning team, score they couldn't, while Falkirk were prepared to accept what they had got and keep it. So the game ended level—one goal each.

Among the Players.

Allan kept goal very cleverly for the visitors, while for the amount of work they got to do the backs were easily the best pair on the field, Leishman standing out prominently. Anderson was the best in the mid line, Reid being unscrupulous, while Collins was neat when he got the ball, but was often outwitted. Of the forwards MacTavish appeared to us the hardest worker, the others showing but poor form to what we had expected. Macfarlane was never in danger of letting anything past him but the one shot which opened the scoring. All the others lacked sting behind them, Coleman and Hume being quite able to keep the wings in hand. Too much praise cannot be given the halves, whose work was great at all times. W. Low held Simpson every time, and had the famous right-wing tied up. MacIntosh worked hard and untiringly, while Halket, though not so good as usual, did very well. O'Hagan was the star of the front line, his play being always effective, and along with Lennie he formed the strongest wing on the field. Murray was

good, but was wide several times in shooting. Simpson proved rather selfish and practically starved Macdonald, who was left unmarked often and had splendid opportunities if they had only come his way. But the old weakness was still there—a good shot would have sent Falkirk home pointless.

The League.

The other games in this competition on Saturday made no change in the table, all the clubs in the running having maintained their supremacy. Dundee's performance ranks as a splendid one in defeating the 'Onians at Airdrie by 2-0 and ought to give them heartening for their cup tie. Celtic overwhelmed the Clyde by 5-1, and Rangers beat Third Lanark by 2-0. Further disaster overcame the Hearts, when St. Mirren scored the only goal of the game and took two points badly wanted back to Paisley. Motherwell beat Hamilton Academicals by 2-1, Partick Thistle defeating the unfortunate Kilmarnock by 1-0. Hibernians stopped Morton's successful career by inflicting a 3-0 defeat, the only drawn game being that between Queen's Park and Port-Glasgow, who scored one goal each.

The English Cup.

The first round of the cup ties proper was brought off on Saturday, and as usual a few genuine surprises were chronicled. Last year the great sensation was the defeat of Newcastle United by Crystal Palace, the former being then the League leaders. Saturday saw the cup holders, Sheffield Wednesday, with the same eleven that won the cup, badly beaten by Norwich City, who scored two goals, the "blades" failing to score. This result, so unexpected, caused consternation in football circles, and shows how easy it may be for the best of clubs to fall a prey to cup tie fever. Norwich City are jubilant over the result. The next knock-out is that of Sunderland and New Brompton, another Southern League team, the Wearsiders being thrashed by 3-1. Going so badly in the League at present, Sunderland can ill afford this blow in the cup ties so early, especially by a team not considered in the same class. The finishes of the other ties show the Second Division and Southern League Clubs to have done well in this round. Out of the twenty-two games played on Saturday, eight were drawn, and here the English Association shine, for they do not allow another Saturday to interfere with the draws, the clubs having to play off during the week, so that all scheduled fixtures can go on as per usual.

The Consolation Cup.

The provincial clubs were all engaged, except those whose grounds were frost-bound, in the first round of this Cup, which has been instituted by the S.F.A. as an incentive for end of season fixtures. Judging by the enthusiasm which the ties have been entered into the competition bids fair to become popular. The clubs in our district suffered rather severely. Harp had to scratch to H.L.I., the former being unable to raise a team. Aberdeen University got the go-by from Forres by 5-0, and Peterhead were defeated by Inverness Caledonian by 2-0. Our local clubs have thus made a bad start, but we trust better times are in store.

Aberdeen A at Dundee.

Out of a League fixture for the day Aberdeen's reserves were at Dens Park, where a friendly game was played. The teams were fairly equal in play, and but for some fine goalkeeping by Bernard, for the home side, the visitors would have won. We are glad to note a return to form by Wilson, who shot all three goals for Aberdeen, and narrowly missed putting them on the lead. We trust this is but the beginning of future feats by this worthy forward who has been under a cloud so far as the season has gone. With a good shot in the front line the Reserves ought to go a good bit higher in the League.

This Week's Programme.

The return League fixture with Rangers is the bill of fare for Pittodrie this week. It will be recollected the Rangers made a sorry show of Aberdeen's team at Ibrox on the second Saturday of the season, Mutch being the man who saved the team from an inglorious route. Aberdeen have come a long way since then, while it cannot be said that the Rangers have kept up the dazzling form of that afternoon. Several of the Ibrox men are suffering from injuries, but the bulk of the eleven are still intact,

and we may expect to see as good a game as we saw the last time they were at Pittodrie. We shall see a different style of football from that served up last week, and, in our opinion, Aberdeen will have to shoot more goals to get a point from the Rangers, who are a heavier and more resourceful team than Falkirk proved themselves to be. There is no intention of altering Aberdeen's team, who will be:—Macfarlane; Coleman and Hume; Halket, Macintosh, and W. Low; Macdonald, Simpson, Murray, O'Hagan, and Lennie.

Chatty Bits.

The gate drawings on Saturday were a long way short of the Dundee record. All in, the money totalled £230 1s.

There was no complaint about having to wait outside on Saturday. The extra turnstiles took all in as they came.

Falkirk, who were at Stonehaven all last week, went home on Saturday, after the game at Pittodrie.

Mr. Nicol thought the "Bairns" were playing very much under form, and was surprised at them.

The reason for the forwards' inactivity was not far to seek, in our opinion. They had a half-back line to meet, which gave them little room to move.

Wilfrid Low was in his element on Saturday, and demonstrated what he can do when occasion requires it.

It was far from championship form that we saw from Falkirk on Saturday, and they will have to buck up for the next few weeks, for they cannot afford to lose points with the Celts so close at their heels.

Aberdeen's play in the outfield was as pretty as we have seen on Pittodrie this season. The one thing needed was a good shot to finish up with.

There was considerable satisfaction round the ropes that the home side did so well, in view of the reputation of their opponents.

We shall be able to judge how Falkirk will fare in their cup tie with the Rangers when we see the latter at Pittodrie this week.

Mr. Murray, the referee, had a difficult role to fill on Saturday, and in our opinion he came out of the ordeal very well.

Aberdeen have decided to stick to Mr. Nisbet as the referee for their cup tie with Albion Rovers.

The Rovers are great cup-tie fighters and may be relied on to make a good show when they come North.

Every other result was eclipsed by the downfall of Sheffield Wednesday in the first round of the English Cup on Saturday.

That the "Canaries" should vanquish the undefeated eleven of Sheffield was hardly thought of, and the result was a staggerer.

Blackburn Rovers and Sunderland also provided a spice of the sensational element which associates itself with first round surprises in this competition.

Both these clubs will have time to concentrate their energies in lifting themselves out of their lowly position in the League.

Mr. Reid, an old official of the Morton team, has been appointed manager of the club in succession to Mr. Morrell, who goes to Woolwich Arsenal.

The postponement of the Aberdeenshire ties from last Saturday will mean that it will be the month of February before the semi-final can be reached.

Meantime the charity competition in the various districts is going on successfully, and is proving popular amongst the clubs.

The English Cup Draws.

The following is the draw for the second round of the English Cup. The ties have to be played on February 1, the first-named having choice of ground:—

- Notts County v. Bolton Wanderers.
- Bristol Rovers v. Chesterfield.
- Stoke v. Gainsborough Trinity.
- Portsmouth v. Leicester Fosse.
- Liverpool v. Brighton or Preston North End.
- Bradford City or Wolverhampton Wanderers v. Bury.
- Southampton v. West Bromwich Albion or Birmingham.
- Manchester United v. Chelsea.
- Aston Villa v. Woolwich Arsenal or Hull City.
- Newcastle United v. West Ham.
- Swindon or Sheffield United v. Queen's Park Rangers.
- Plymouth Argyle v. Crystal Palace.
- Glossop or Manchester City v. New Brompton.
- Bristol City or Grimsby Town v. Carlisle or Brentford.
- Norwich City v. Fulham.
- Oldham v. Everton.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

FIRST DIVISION.

	Pld.	Won.	Lost.	Dwn.	Goals		Pts.
					For.	Agst.	
Falkirk, ...	23	17	2	4	78	25	38
Dundee, ...	25	17	4	4	53	19	38
Celtic, ...	21	16	2	3	55	18	35
Rangers, ...	21	12	4	5	50	33	29
Airdrieonians,	24	12	8	4	42	27	28
Hibernians, ...	21	11	5	5	34	20	27
St. Mirren, ...	23	10	7	6	36	44	26
Aberdeen, ...	24	10	9	5	30	34	25
Motherwell, ...	24	10	10	4	47	36	24
Hearts, ...	22	9	9	4	37	34	22
Partick T., ...	21	6	10	5	29	39	17
Morton, ...	25	6	14	5	29	51	17
Kilmarnock, ...	24	4	12	8	24	44	16
Hamilton Aca.,	21	5	12	4	30	40	14
Third Lanark,	23	5	14	4	24	42	14
Clyde, ...	21	4	12	5	26	50	13
Queen's Park,	21	3	11	7	30	56	13
Port-Glasgow, ...	24	5	17	2	30	78	12

FOOTBALL COMPETITIONS.

Not a single soul is correct this week. That was expected, still we did think that a few would not be more than one goal out. No one accomplished even so much as that, consequently no prizes, consolation or otherwise, fall to be awarded this week.

To relieve the gloom of the situation, "C.W." sends a "Limerick" of home manufacture, which reads somewhat funnily. Thus saith the bard, who limps rather badly on his "feet"—

"At scoring with feet or with 'heidlers,'
The 'Bairns' are Scottish League leaders;
But when they came North,
To show what they're worth—
Their 'Ma'-nager forgot their 'feeders.'"

This effusion is good—or bad enough—to take a *Snappy Snips* hundred pound prize.

Next week the prizes will be **4** of **2/6** each.

	GOALS
ABERDEEN -	
Scottish League	
RANGERS -	
KIRKCALDY -	
Northern League.	
ABERDEEN A -	

Signature.....

Address.....

The Coupon to be cut out.

CONDITIONS.

- 1.—Correct scores must be given in every case to win the prizes. The goals on each side have to be noted in figures.
- 2.—The competition will be decided by ballot. **Four** of the correct guessers will receive **2/6** each this week.
- 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."
- 4.—The decision of the Editor in all matters of dispute will be final.

Falkirk v. Aberdeen

(AT PITTODRIE PARK, JANUARY 11, 1908).

The "Bairnies" took the field last week
 'Midst muckle faucht and din.
 "Now see and score," Man. Nicol said,
 "And gie's anither win."
 But ere the game wis lang begun,
 Oh! they waur seldom seen,
 For they had reckoned a' without
 The lads frae Aiberdeen.
 The Granite City men arose
 As they ha'e daen afore,
 And beat the great Falkirk han's doon;
 Bit still they cudna score.
 At last the Falkirk broke awa'—
 Their great front line got set—
 And ere the Wasps kent faur they waur,
 The ba' wis in the net.
 This only served tae stir oor men.
 At length they got their due,
 And Lennie scored frae nae far oot;
 The scores waur equal noo.
 The struggle wis begun again,
 Wi' baith teams tryin' sair,
 And "Good old Wasps" they wud ha' won
 If they had jist ta'en care.
 The Falkirk is a great, great team,
 O' that there is nae doot;
 But Aiberdeen had them on toast,
 And should ha' knocked them oot.

W. A. M. F.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL.

BY "THE ROVER."

Scottish Cup—Fifth Round.

East End have been successful in coming to terms with Cowie Wanderers, and the Stirlingshire combination will be seen at Central Park this Saturday. There is sure to be a great fight. Both teams have brilliant records, the Cowie Wanderers being the holders of many of their county trophies. It is a pity that the tie will clash with the visit of Rangers to Pittodrie, but as East End have been put to considerable expense in getting the match to be played in Aberdeen it is to be hoped there will be a big turn out.

Last Saturday Shamrock had a hard tussle with Shamrock Athletics, but won ultimately by 2 goals to 0.

East End seem to be declining a bit now, and their display versus North End did not give much encouragement for their hopes in the Scottish Cup-tie this week. North End played doggedly throughout, and were handicapped through "Jamie" Pyles, their centre half, receiving an injury early in the game, which necessitated his retiring, and this in a way was responsible for East End's win of 2 goals to 0.

Favourites were at Inverurie, and, after a great tussle with the Loco. Works, ran out winners by 2 to 1.

Mugiemoss got a fright from Woodside, who showed surprising form, and only lost a great fight by a goal to 0.

Bon-Accord League.

Only three matches were played last week. Richmond had a big win of 5-1 over St. Nicholas. Donside v. Melrose had a great game, which ended in a goal-less draw. Crescent succumbed to Rubislaw by 6 goals to 0.

This week's matches are:—

Richmond v. Donside, at Stocket.

Rubislaw v. Albert, at Stocket.

Morison Thistle v. Argyle, at Links.

Stanley v. Balnagask, at Craigshaw.

Crescent v. Bridge of Dee Athletics, at Links.

St. Nicholas v. Hawthorne, at Craigshaw.

Stoneywood v. Melrose, at Stoneywood.

The cup-ties will be drawn next week.

Hunter Cup-Ties.

A fairly large crowd witnessed the tie between Ashfield and Garfield. The game was one of the keenest seen on the Links for some time. Plenty of good touches were shown by both sides, who were well matched. On the day's play no more fitting result could have been than that which was of two goals each. The replay will take place this week.

Clyde had a walk-over, Albert A failing to put in an appearance. Thistle had little difficulty in accounting for Corinthians, who failed miserably and were ousted by 4 goals to 0.

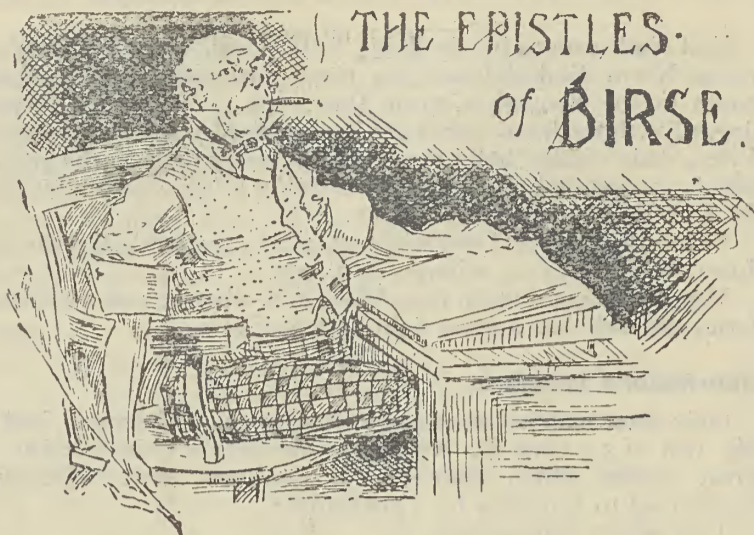
By defeating Victoria by 8 goals to 0 Glenlivet showed that their previous week's defeat was due only to a temporary loss of form. Against Victoria they were really brilliant, and the prospects of the cup crossing the water are bright.

Granite City League.

Bon-Accord journeyed to Aulton Links, where they had little difficulty in accounting for Orion by 4 goals to 1.

Norwood were in rampant form versus Stafford Thistle and won easily by 6 goals to nil.

ESSLEMONT & MACINTOSH.**Annual Clearance****FRIDAY MORNING, January 24.****BEAR IT IN MIND.****ESSLEMONT & MACINTOSH.**



Return of Kirsty.

DEAR MAISTER EDITOR,

I'm happy t' inform ye that, like th' cat which was lost, Kirsty cam' back on Mononday eftirneen. As I happen't t' be doon th' toon tryin' t' price a set o' powny harnish that I'd been commission't t' buy for a Vale o' Awfurd freen', I canna gie ye ony preceese informaishin as t' th' 'oor o' 'er arrival. Hooiver, on enterin' th' parlor aboot sax o'clock I saw, t' m' gryte surprise, that a

FIRE WIS BURNIN' BRICHTLY,

an' a' th' tay-things set. Thinks I instantaneously, "Kirsty maun be here. Baubie wid never 'a' laid out th' dishes sae arteestically as that—th' idle, snytin', han'less brat! Weel, I win'er futher it's t' be peace or war? Peace, sae far's I'm concern't. 'Better,' as th' Scriptur' says, 'a dry crust wi' an ingan for sizzonin' an' contentment therewith than a beef-steak an' a bottle o' port in company wi' a ragin' 'oman.'"

Kirsty enter't i' th' coorse o' twa-three meenits. She said naething b' wye o' greetin'. I jist gya 'er a caul' nod o' recognesha. Syne Baubie folla't wi' th' tay-pot an' th' het watter. For some time we ate an' drank in silence.

"Weel," I said, fin th' wife wis poorin' oot m' third cup o' tay—I'm a gryte tay-drinker, ye ken—"hoo did ye leave Maggie? A' richt, I houp."

"Oh," wis th' curt reply, "she's nae compleenin'."

"An' John—did he manitch t' keep daicently sober this sizzon?"

"If there wisna fouk nearer hame waur than John Christie—" she begood wi' a stormy glint i' 'er e'e, syne wi' a rapid transection she concludit, "John wis a' richt. He's ta'en th' pledge."

"Time till't," I answer't wi' an approv'n nod. "It's never owre late t' men'. I sincerely trust he'll keep it, bit I'm some fear't. John's ane o' th' kin' b' naitur' that wid drink th' sea an' sook th' banks."

T' this creeticism Kirsty made nae reply. In fac', she cudna. M' worthy brither-in-law's divergences fae th' pawths o' sobriety ha'e made 'im th'

SPEAK O' TH' DESTRIK.

Sometimes, in trowth, they've landit 'im in Coort, partic'larly i' th' spring o' last 'ear, fin he wis fin't five poun' or thirty days, an' got an' awfu' tonguin' fae th' Shirra for tearin' oot a nievefu' o' a Turra polisman's fuskers.

Eftir this, as they say in story-beuks, th' conversaishin languish't. Aince th' tableclath wis remuv't I determin't t' assert m' awthority. That I did i' th' follain' menner—

"Baubie," I order't, fin th' servan' appear't in answer t' th' bell, "bring ben th' 'Golia'h' an' some het watter, an' set oot th' loaf sugar an' th' toddy speens. It's sae byous damp an' foggy th' nicht that I'm seer I wid be th' better o' a tum'ler o' punch."

Tho' she glar't at m' fae anathe 'er pent broos, Kirsty didna daur coonterman' th' order. This wis th' first sign o' m' approachin' triumph. Eftir consumin' a gless or twa o' th' fragrant liquor, durin' which time Kirsty sat sayin' naething, bit eidently plyin' 'er shank, I wis heart'n't t' ging a step far'er in m'

CAMPAIGN O' SUBJUGAISHIN.

"Aye, lassie," I remarkit, puffin' a gryte clood o' smoke fae m' ch'ice "Cobra," "that wis gey Cavaleer treatment your desertin' th' hoose i' m' absence athoot leavin' a cheep t' say faur ye wis gaun. I ken ye're fit for a lot o' things, bit I didna raelly think ye were fit for that. Tho' ye didna consider m'

feelin's, seerly ye nicht 'a' consider't th' am'unt o' scandal that sic a step wis cert'in t' gie rise till."

"Didna ye get m' letter?" she speir't wi' evidently unaffected surprise.

"Letter," I said, astonish't in m' turn. "Fat letter?"

"Th' letter I left wi' Jean Cattanach tellin' ye I wis gaun t' m' sister's at Turra t' pit owre Chris'mas. She promis't t' gie ye t' int' yer han' as seen's ye cam' back."

"Losh be here!" I ejaculatit. "Is that actually th' case?"

"D' ye doot m' wurd, Peter Birse?"

"Nae me," I answer't hastily; "bit on m' solem' oath an' honour I got nae letter fae 'er."

"That's queer."

"I didna get it, though."

"Fat cud she mean b' keepin't back?"

"I kenna," I said, puzzl't; "bit heely, I hae't"—a thoct hid struck me—"ye min' hoo she aince accus't me o' pushinin' 'er hens that wis aye trespassin' i' th' gairden? At th' time she pretendit t' accep' m' denial that I laid doon th' pushin—which, in trowth, I did, tho' there wis nae eese o' admittin't—bit I wis never richt sure she wis convinc't o' m' innocence. Nor hid she been. Consekwently she's keptit back th' letter t' raise dispeace atween's. 'Oman, this blecks a'. Th'

WICKEDNESS O' TH' HUMAN HEART

is truly inconceivable and unfathomable."

"I'll get t' th' boddam o' th' trick sure aneuch," answer't Kirsty vindictivly.

"Trust ye for that," I answer't approv'nly; "bit for gweedness sake dinna be temptit t' flesh yer clyeuks on 'er. She wid drag ye afore th' Beylies athoot compunshin."

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"Oh, there's nae fears o' that. I houp that at m' time o' life I can behave like a ledgy. As for some ither fowk, menshinin' nae names—"

"I thoct," I interruptit hastily, "that ye'd run awa' 'cas' I wis responsible for yer nae gettin' int' that Leeb'ral meetin'."

"Fat Leeb'ral meetin'?"

"Maister Asquith's."

"I never tri't t' get int' ony meetin'."

"Fat, wisna ye at the door?"

"No. I've owre muckle t' dee at hame athoot stravaigin' doon th' toon i' th' nicht-time."

"Ye'll be tellin' me neist," I exclaim't, "that ye're nae a Sufferageat!"

"Fat's that?"

"Oh, jist ane o' th' daft ban' o' o' randies that wints t' get votes, an' keep hiz men perpetually rockin' th' cradles."

"If that's fat ye mean by Sufferageat," retortit Kirsty, "I'm nae ane o' th' number. Th' confoonit jauds! It wid set them better t' bide at hame an' darn their men's hose!"

"Bit some o' them are Misses—"

"Sae far as I can see," broke in Kirsty veeshishly, "they n'iss mair than they catch."

So sayin' she shut up 'er jaws like a rat-trap, an' I didna attemp' t'

PURSHOO TH' SUBJEC' FAR'ER.

Siffeeshint wis it for me t' ken that in futur' th' hoose o' Ketty-browster widna lie oonder sipeeshin o' harbourin' a Sufferageat. Later on, when considerin' th' foregoon' events, I cudna help thinkin' there wis something uncanny in Kirsty's ready submission. Mebbe, in verity, she's raelly fear't o' me at heart. If that's th' case, sae muckle th' better for th' futur' peace o' min' o'

Yours truly, PETER BIRSE.

Cairngorm Club Journal.

The first of the bi-annual issues of this magazine, of which we have received a copy, is particularly interesting, not only to mountaineers of the full-fledged "dark Lochnagar" variety, but to everyone who has ever accomplished the modest feat of scaling the altitudes of the Blue Hill. Mr. A. J. M'Connachie is editor of the issue, which is published by the Cairngorm Club through their agents, Messrs. D. Wyllie & Son. The contents include articles by Mr. C. G. Cash, Mr. A. J. Mackintosh, Mr. Seton Paul Gordon, Mr. W. C. Walsh, Mr. Hugh Boyd Watt, and other well-known authorities on hill-climbing, ornithology, botany, and arboriculture. The price of the Journal, which is illustrated with finely reproduced snapshots of the Treasurer of the Club (Mr. T. R. Gillies, advocate), on the summit of Braeriach, as well as an excellent photograph of the same gentleman, is a shilling.

* * *

In Memoriam.

The following lines are respectfully dedicated to the memory of the late Mr. James M'Kay, "Ye Olde King's Highway," The Green, Aberdeen, by one who used to frequent the house in days gone by:—

There is a little "pub." with sawdust floor—
I've been there oft myself in days of yore,
And watched the sportive *gold fish* in the tank,
As up against the bar I leant—and drank.

A word of truth, not flatt'ry, let us speak
In praise of him whose round and ruddy cheek
So oft the dimpling smile was wont to wear,
For Jim was jocund, lightsome, free from care.

A genial soul he was, who kept the best
Of spirits, not too far "U.P." to stand the "test."
His was the happy smile, the festive joke
Which oft with ready wit he loved to poke.

And well I recollect each merry scene
That makes me love the wee pub. in the green;
That makes the tear-drop down my cheek to stray;
That makes me mourn the loss of "Ye Olde King's Highway."

And oft my fancy turns to days gone by
(Days when my throat seemed always parched and dry),
And back to home my wand'ring thoughts will stray,
Back to the Green and "Ye Olde King's Highway."

Days of my youth (ah! could I but recall
Those happy days), to me the best of all,
Tho' many a hard-scraped "bob" I'm bound to say
I spent within that pub., "Ye King's Highway."

But now Jim's glass is dried and laid aside,
An empty *schooner* sails out with the tide.
The ebbing tide, my lads, that knows no flow,
The tide that carries all where all must go.

Great North Reunion.

To commemorate the fortieth annual concert and assembly of the employees of the Great North of Scotland Railway, which takes place in the Albert Hall to-morrow evening, a beautiful souvenir programme has been prepared. The cover of the booklet is sage green, printed with gold and bound with a yellow ribbon-bow. Portraits are given of Sir David Stewart, the chairman of the Company, Mr. W. Rose-Black, chairman of the Reunion, Mr. George Davidson, general manager, and other officials, as well as of members of the Assembly Committee. An interesting narrative is also given of former festivals, besides statements in regard to the work of the Workmen's Friendly Society, the Savings Bank, the Railway Benevolent Institution and the Ambulance Corps. The committee, and especially the honorary secretary, Mr. W. J. Pirie, are to be congratulated on the result of the extra work entailed in the preparation of the souvenir.

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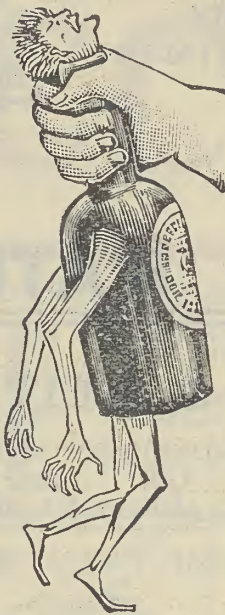
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