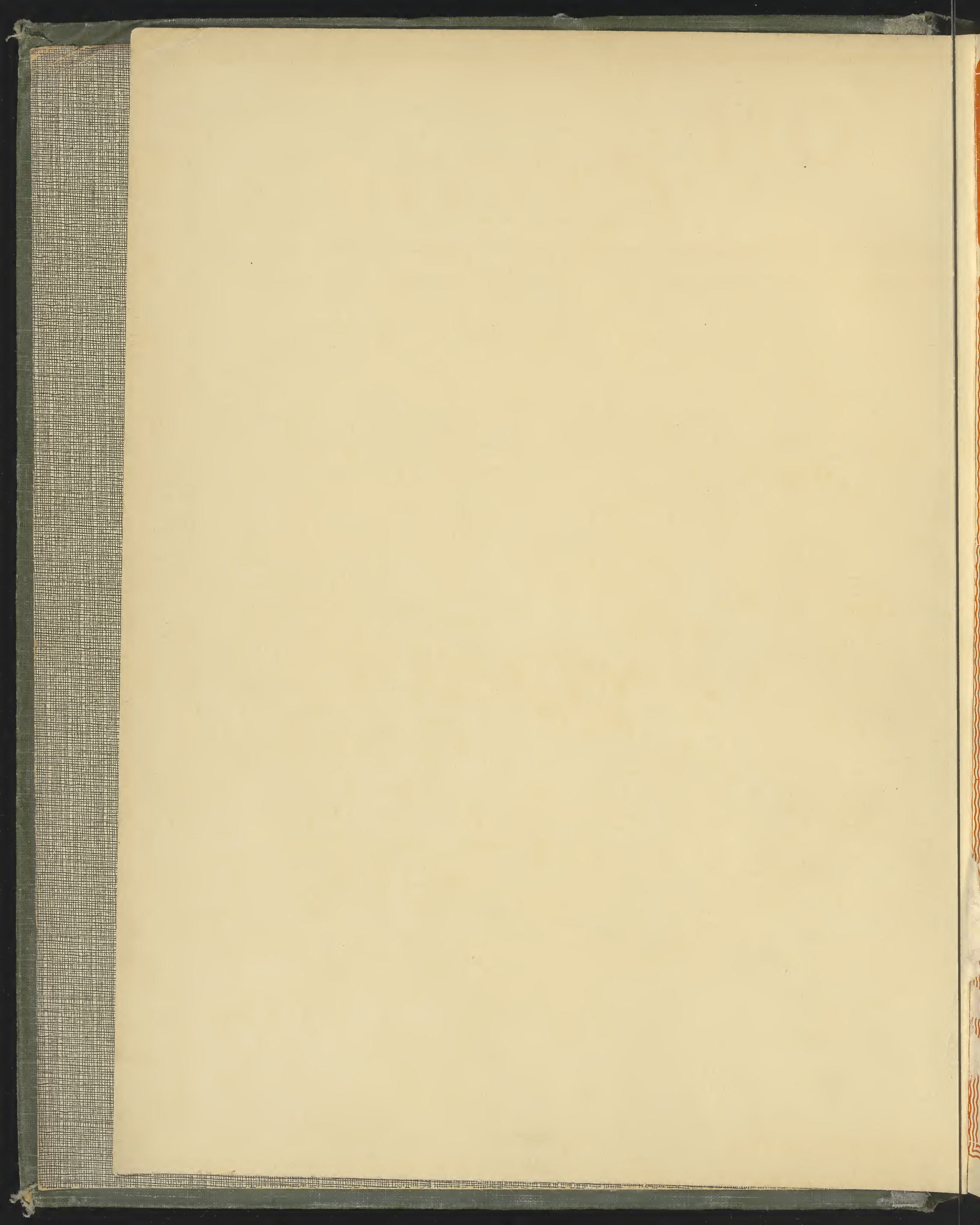




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January 7, 1909.—Price One Penny.

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Vol. XLIV.—No. 1.

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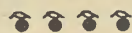


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Bon-Accord.

January 7, 1909.

REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.

Published every Thursday by the Proprietor, HENRY
MUNRO, 10 Crown Street, Aberdeen.

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

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

The Week's Entertainments.

H.M. THEATRE.—Manager, Mr H. Adair
elsson. 7.30 p.m. D'Oyly Carte Opera Com-
pany. Matinee, Saturday, 2.15 p.m.

PALACE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. Walter
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UNION HALL, 7th 8th, and 9th January—
Mr. W. A. Craig's Juvenile Choir in "Daisy
Leatherhill."

PITTODRIE PARK.—Manager, Mr. James
Phillip, S.F.A. Match on Saturday—Aberdeen
Partick Thistle, at 2.20 p.m.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

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Revenue for 1907, ...	£4,136,160.
Total Funds, ...	18,114,624.
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The Record Storm.

To-day we look out on a very different
city to that which met our gaze last week.
The storm has passed like "the snows of
yester-year." All records, I may observe,
have been broken, but I regret that, so
far, our photographic friends have not
given public evidence of their art. No
doubt, many excellent pictures must have
been taken, but singularly few have, so
far, come under my notice. The light
when the blizzard was at its height was
so dull for good results, but hardly a
citizen I have met has not expressed the
opinion that the scene in his own back-

yard was like a fairy grotto. An excellent
view has been shown of the snow-wreaths
at the top of Crown Street, and I under-
stand it has met with a ready sale in
post-card form. We are so often referred
back to the storm of 1881 as supplying the
only parallel to last week's snowfall, that
I suggest to the Public Librarian the desirability of procuring an adequate album of scenes of the recent storm for future reference. Photographs are more reliable than the impressions of the "oldest inhabitants," who are constantly cited as trustworthy authorities.

Bacchus Limited.

New Year's Day, 1909, was one of the
quietest festivals that Aberdeen has cele-
brated in the lifetime of most of us. The
rustic element was not unduly represented,
and we have the testimony of the police
that there was no exceptional drunken-
ness in the city. The dailies gave this
statement as conclusive evidence that the
citizens comported themselves with more
than ordinary decorum. We shall only
speak of things as we found them, and
our own opinion is that there was more
drunkenness in the early part of New
Year's Day than usual. In our experience
this state of matters is every year getting
from bad to worse, as must necessarily
follow from the insane folly of ordering
the closing of public-houses for part of
the day. It would be fifty times better
for the Magistrates to shut them up the
whole day than pursue this purely vexa-
tious policy of insisting on closing early
in the afternoon. The only result is to
increase the number of recruits to the
"cutter brigade," who drink the raw stuff
out of the bottle on the streets, and suc-
cumb early in the day to the effects of the
undiluted fire-water. "No exceptional
drunkenness." Perhaps not in the streets
late in the day, but it would be impossible
to estimate the number of those who had
been removed home "hors de combat"
while the day was yet young.

A Pessimistic Knight.

Sir William M. Ramsay, our Professor of
"Humanity," has got an unusual attack
of the "blues." His message to the P.S.A.
is not calculated to add to the pleasantness
of a Sunday afternoon. Though the Knight
of the Aulton may be in dead earnest in
what he says, he should have stayed his
pen or chosen a happier theme. But he
has spoken, and must take the con-
sequences. Nowadays no man has a right to
be a pessimist, especially one who professes
"humanity." Certainly, the old faiths are
crumbling, but who has been most to blame
for that, if they be not our archæologists,
who have torn the truth, the historical
truth, from the bowels of the earth, and
spoiled the market of our religion-mongers.
Politically, it is true the old parties have
lost the power of binding their supporters
in servile chains, and though the mob is

still ready to shriek itself hoarse over
passing fancies, there is more independent
judgment and reflection nowadays than
there used to be.

On the Wrong Tack.

This is what the Professor says: "The
contest between good and evil, which makes
the history of the world, seems in this
country at present to be going in favour of
the evil." This is not true. Commercially,
we admit we have struck a mighty bad
patch at present, and hunger has increased
the number of the enemies of society. We
can imagine that even University Professors
would not be overflowing with the milk of
human kindness if their salaries were cut
down to lower than a living wage. Apart
from the agitation and troubles caused by
so much unemployment, we fearlessly affirm
that the world is progressing. All sections
of the community are struggling for more
light, and that is a healthy sign. There is
a popular delusion that the millennium
will be attained in the lifetime of the pre-
sent generation. We may be dolts and
fools in harbouring such a hope, but it will
do us no harm to be optimistic. Even the
Suffragette movement is a portent of the
awakening of the womanhood of the nation.
We strongly suspect indeed that the
splenetic outburst of the Professor must
be read as a protest against the the re-
bellious spirit shown by the ladies. It
may not be generally known that Sir
William does not share the views cham-
pioned on numerous platforms by Lady
Ramsay.

In the Gay City.

From a "Bon-Accord" reader in Paris
we learn that there was serious danger of
famine on Christmas Eve in the Gay City.
The chief markets ran short of oysters and
snails, and Johnny Crapeau was stricken
with consternation when he heard that the
supply had given out. The situation was
not altogether hopeless, as we learn on
good authority that on Reveillon night and
the early hours of Christmas morning
200,000 dozen of Burgundy snails, 130 tons
of boudin (black pudding), 350,000 dozen
of oysters, 60,000 geese and turkeys,
150,000 chickens, and 250,000 bottles of
champagne were consumed in the Paris re-
staurants. This is enough to make an
Englishman's mouth water.

At It Again.

Caddies, listen. The "Daily News" has
its eye on you. You pass your days, says
my amiable and eloquent contemporary, in
loafing, you learn to be idle and servile, you
acquire at once (surely not all at once!) the
habits of the casual labourer and the low-
grade lacquey. Sooner or later you will
be good for nothing save loafing, casual
work, and systematic servility. What do
you think of yourselves, I ask? spending
the golden hours of youth when you might

be opening pews in a Nonconformist chapel, carrying clubs for well-fed, moneyed characters who do not read the "Daily News." It's no use to retort that you are no more servile than the boy who blacks the "D. N." editor's boots, that some of you are as respectable—no, that is impossible—nearly as respectable, if not quite so effusively pious as the said editor himself; that many of you make your living wage just as honestly and much more healthfully than the street vendors of his paper; and that a fair proportion of you will not retire from active service on the course until well within sight of an old-age pension. This, of course, is not convincing. You are only caddies, and the "News" has passed its judgment. Who said Fagin? Ah, I take you. But mark the difference. Professor Fagin taught his students how to rob gentlemen of their "wipes" and their watches, and their gold and their silver and their jewels; the "Daily News" only instructs its students in the Commons how to rob hen-roosts.



The Ayr Ministerial Scandal.

A thrill of disappointment was felt by a large section of the community on Monday when it was learned that the charges against the Rev. Cairns Duncan, of Ayr, were to be heard by the "brethren" of the Presbytery "in camera." Nobody said so, of course. That wouldn't have been playing the game, the principal rule of which is that on hearing of such a "fama" you turn up your eyes, wring your hands, and groan despairingly. It is true nevertheless that we all dearly love a scandal, particularly when a clergyman, a picture postcard actress, a great and good man like a Puritan M.P. or Town Councillor, or any of our personal acquaintances of either sex are implicated. Possibly, however, the people will not be completely deprived of the exquisite pleasure of gloating over the details of this miserable case. There are leaky vessels, as well as dry, even among the "brethren."



Incredible!

Here is an instance of how, I hope, things are not frequently done at the General Post Office. Last Tuesday, as all except persons with the shortest memories will still recollect, was the severest day of the recent storm. Most people never put their noses out of the door all the day. Greatly daring, a Cults lady who is employed in the Post Office, walked the whole distance to Aberdeen. The feat seems almost incredible, but she accomplished it only an hour late. At headquarters she was rewarded for her devotion to duty by having to make up for that lost hour at night! This seems even more incredible than the lady's pedestrian achievement.

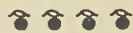
NUTRINA

for PUDDINGS.

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Greetings.

With seasonable and fraternal greetings the Town Council set the ball rolling on Monday. There was much heartiness in the handshaking between Baillie Wilkie and Mr. George Kemp. What a lovely picture they made! Our cartoonist was happily inspired when he recently portrayed the pair as the Corsican Brothers. The Senior Baillie was in his most affable mood. Good resolutions may have been made by the Town Councillors, but punctuality must have been overlooked. When the Lord Provost took the chair there was barely a quorum, and callous critics made caustic observations about the effect of festivities. The late comers duly arrived, but we missed Mr. Charles G. Esson, who, we are glad to know, is making progress towards recovery.

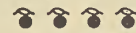


Like Father Like Son.

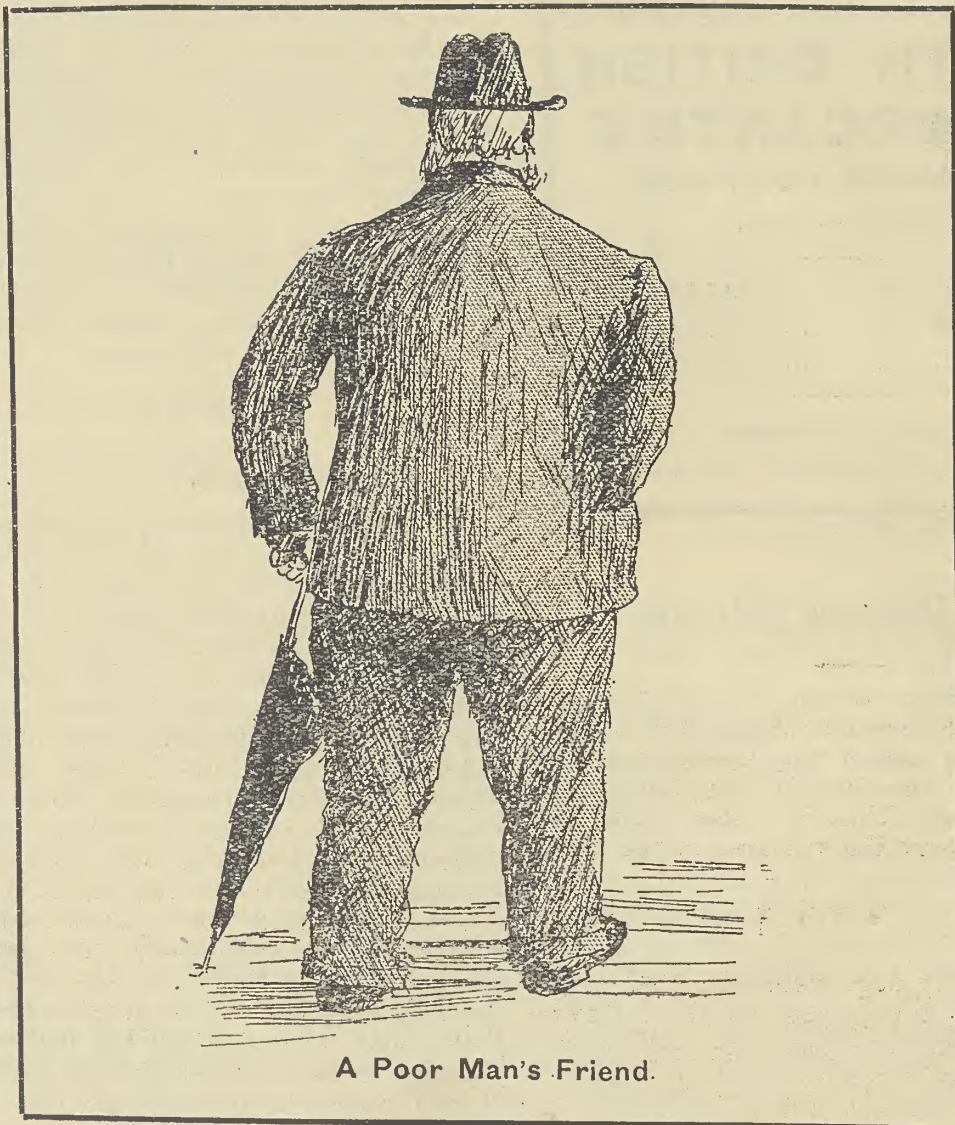
Mr. John M. Fyfe, the eldest son of the late Mr. John Fyfe, granite merchant, is now beginning to take his place in public life. He has inherited much of the modesty of his father, but he possesses a good deal of the grit and set purpose that made the late quarryowner one of the pioneers and greatest powers in the granite world. Mr. Fyfe was cordially received by the Lord Provost and the granite "corner" of the bench when he made his bow in the Council Chamber as a free Burgess of the city.

A Chance for the Private Trader.

Mr. A. B. Robertson has been the means of achieving a tacit victory for the private trader, and a spoke has been put in the Electricity Department's wheel. That department has not so completely entered the field as the Gas Committee has done in the hiring-out of apparatus for domestic use, but a step is meditated in this direction. Though Mr. Robertson's direct negative to the Electricity Committee's report was lost by a single vote, practically as satisfactory a result has been gained through the adoption of Treasurer Meff's amendment to postpone action for three months. This will enable the private electrical engineering firms in the city to come forward and endeavour to do the work that the Corporation has in contemplation. Much will depend upon the use they make of the time that has been granted to them to get in before the Electricity Department, and they will be well-advised if they take measures to let the public know the possibilities of electricity for cooking and other domestic purposes.



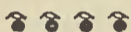
Another calamity! Dr Walford Bodie, according to a contemporary, was unable to spend the New Year at his "Highland home, the Manor House, Macduff, owing to the trains being snowed up." Sad this, very sad; but a snowstorm, alas! is no respecter of persons. It impedes the movements of great and small alike.



A Poor Man's Friend.

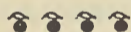
Tar Macadam.

Tar macadam is a perennial topic of controversy, and the granite men scored an unlooked-for victory on Monday. The proposal to pave Raeburn Place with the much-condemned "glaury" compound had the support of the Streets and Roads Committee, and the plausible manner in which the suggestion was made that this was the only suitable material for the thoroughfare left little doubt how the vote would go. Such a redoubtable champion of granite as Baillie Wilkie considered it a foregone conclusion, but the arguments against the tar mixture were cogently put, and, contrary to expectation, the question was remitted back to the committee for further consideration, the vote being 17 to 14.



Stick No Bills.

There has been a sudden assumption of righteous indignation on the part of the Town Council on the subject of bill-boards. I have already indicated my views on the general question, and although it is not usual for newspaper people to have a good word to say on posters, there is no use disguising the fact that the public would not be satisfied if they were swept out of sight. It is somewhat late in the day for Town Councillors to protest that the erection of the hoardings has been carried out in spite of their pious protestations against such blemishes on the amenity of the city. The Council has been glad enough to draw rent for these hoardings, hideous and otherwise. There was not much dubiety as to Mr. Reilley's meaning when he referred to the "influences at work with regard to the licences for the bill-posting stations."



Mean, Petty, Contemptible.

Mean, petty, and contemptible are the only adjectives which will fittingly describe the action of the Lord Chancellor in refusing to sanction the appointment of Councillors Wallace and Gibb as Justices of the Peace because they happen to be licenceholders. We had supposed "Bob Reid" was of robust fibre than to allow himself to be made the mouth-piece of the detestable prejudices of the horde of hypocritical knaves who are the masters of most of the members of the Cabinet. Evidently we were mistaken. Bob is a bird of a feather, and a very speckled bird at that. It is impossible for him, however, to foul the nest. That has been sufficiently done already by the vultures in the Lower House.



Thirty stray dogs were admitted to the Dogs' Home during the month of December. During the same period several hundred two-footed stray dogs were admitted to the Police Office.

Bad Fists.

Reference is made by "T. P." to the handwriting of Horace Greeley, which, he says, was probably the worst human eye has ever beheld. Evidently "T. P." was not acquainted with the "fists" of the late Mr. Oswald Prosser or of Mr. Henry Alexander, editor of the "Free Press." It is indeed the case that in the old "piece-work" days the "F. P." "Printers' chapel" insisted on receiving special rates for setting the editor's copy, which is only taken in hand by "comps." who have made, for years, a special study of its peculiarities. To achieve acquaintance with its crabbed characters is in itself a liberal education to the aspiring type-setter. According to a legend in press circles, a "sacked" "F. P." reporter used Mr. Alexander's letter of dismissal as a certificate of character and merit, and on the strength of it obtained a lucrative appointment on an important daily in Manchester.



Aberdeen Kennel Club Show.

This year the annual show—the twelfth—of the Aberdeen Kennel Club was held in the Agricultural Hall, Kittybrewster. The entries numbered 480, and in spite of the weather, the attendance of the public was gratifyingly large. Most of the exhibitors belonged to the Sheriffdom, although entries had been received from various of the more northerly and southerly centres of Scotland. Collies and Scottish and West Highland terriers were, numerically, the strongest class; but there were also on view many specimens of fox terriers, great Danes, Shetland collies, a fair representation of sporting dogs, and others of various classes. Mr. Sam D. Niven, the able secretary, was at his post all day, and the show managers were—Messrs. W. Hutcheon and A. Fraser McIntosh; the ring stewards, Dr. Ferdinands and Messrs. A. Curr, R. Smith, W. P. Currie, and W. Cannon; and the judges, Mr. John Love, Baillieston, and Mr. W. J. Nichols, Wimbledon.

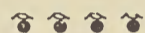


The Aberdeen Savings Bank.

From the recently-issued annual report of the Aberdeen Savings Bank—an admirably compiled document, by the way—it appears that that institution had a record year. In spite of bad trade and other causes, the deposits were increased by £83,000, and the total funds now stand at £1,577,741 9s 2d, as against £103,819 5s in 1855. Between 1906 and 1907 the deposit increase was only about £9000, which is accounted for by the fact that many of the Bank's customers lifted their funds to emigrate. An interesting table is also given of the occupations of depositors who opened accounts during the year. The number was nearly 6000. No journalists are included, unless they are hidden in the "Professional Persons" class. Possibly, however, they prefer to deal with their "uncles" or some bank where there are no limits.

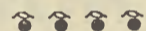
Getting at us

The members of the Scottish School Attendance Officers' Association waxed eloquent on Saturday as to the responsibilities of parents in seeing that their children attended school regularly. Most of the speakers were simply talking through their hats. If all children attended school regularly the Tak' A' would be deprived of his occupation. Saturday's discussion reminds me somewhat of the action of the man we have all seen in comic pictures, who is busily engaged sawing off the branch of the tree on which he sits. When I hear a publican whose whole capital is invested in his bar denouncing the liquor traffic from the same platform as Brother Snipe, the Templar, I shall believe in the sincerity of the school board officers' deliverances.



Rude Office Repartee

"Will you put the key on the top of the box?"
 "Imph—"
 "Will you put the key on the top of the box?"
 "Im—"
 "Will you put the key on the top of the box?"
 "Damn!"
 "Will you put the key on the top of the box?"
 "G-r-r-r. Git. Like to give you a box on the top."
 This shows the difficulties under which the paragraph "Getting at Us" was written.



Halley's "Creation."

Peter Reilley Halley, of Exchequer Row, is a labourer of constructive as well as destructive proclivities. Though he knocked down a woman on Saturday, he redressed the balance against him by "creating" a breach of the peace. This "creation" does not seem to have been any more appreciated by the magistrates than the assault. Indeed, it was one of the charges which cost him 20s. or 10 days on Monday. By the way, though I have seen many creations of various kinds, artistic, dramatic, literary, and the like, I have never yet had the felicity to witness the "creation" of a breach of the peace. In fact, I did not think it could be "created." Would it not have been more correct simply to say that Halley "raised a disturbance," or, alternatively, that he "kicked up a row"? No precisian in terms could possibly object to either of these phrases.

Telegrams—"Central Bakery." Telephone 753.



A. B. HUTCHISON'S
 FAMOUS
BREAD.

THE CENTRAL BAKERY.
 Shops throughout the City.

EXPIRY OF LEASE.

To our Friends ^{and} the Public generally.

The Lease of our present Warehouse has expired, and we are compelled, for reasons "the why and the wherefore" of which we need not detail, to clear out our entire stock,

CONSISTING OF

£10,000 worth of First-class
Drapery Goods.

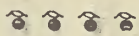
GREAT SALE

NOW PROCEEDING.

James Shirras,

52 to 58 GEORGE STREET.

The Commission which inquired into the conditions and effects of the opium traffic in the Straits Settlements and the Federated Malay States has ventured to be truthful in a mild way. Its members find that the "evils arising from the use of opium are usually the subject of exaggeration." This finding will certainly raise the plumage of "Henroost pillagers." It is equivalent to calling some of the most eminent pietists in the gang "liars," which beyond question they are.



Mrs. White of Oakleigh, Ballater, who recently committed suicide at Spring Vale Station, was the wife of Mr. Robert White, a retired Manchester banker, and a daughter of the late Rev. Robert Miligan, of Dundee. She was suffering from religious mania.

Mr. James Shirran, M.A., died in Aberdeen on Sunday at the age of 28. He was one of the brightest and cleverest students of his generation, and possessed of many estimable qualities, but, unfortunately, he "scattered the golden grain" with both hands, and is dead before he had well begun his life's career. All who knew Mr. Shirran with any degree of intimacy will sincerely regret his untimely decease. Peace be with him.



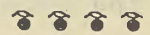
The following is how an American backwoods journalist wound up his obituary of a townsman who was killed by a circular saw:—"Elisha J. Kay was a good citizen, an upright man, and an ardent patriot, but of limited information with regard to circular saws."

Publications Received.

The half-yearly number of "the Cairngorm Club Journal," which is edited by Mr A. I. McConnochie, contains a variety of articles likely to interest mountaineers. Among the contributors are Dr. Levack, Mr John Milne, LL.D., Mr Ian M. Maclaren, Mr H. C. Boyd, and Mr William Barclay. The first article by Mr Maclaren tells how he and a party of friends scaled the six peaks of Cairngorm in one day. These enthusiastic hillmen were on foot nineteen hours, less three and a half hours of rests; the distance covered was about thirty-eight miles, and the height climbed nearly eleven thousand feet! The Journal, which is illustrated, costs a shilling.

We have also received several publications from the London Humanitarian League, the most notable of which is Mrs Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner's article against the infliction of the death penalty. The arguments advanced are, of course, unanswerable, but so long as law and religion are so completely inimical to humanity as they are at present, and so long as the Government continues to be mainly conducted by red-hot gossippers of the dissenting variety and muddied oafs with a "stake" in the country, the old-established practice of judicial murder is not likely to be abandoned. I am not a member of the Humanitarian League, with some of whose fundamental objects I entirely disagree. Otherwise I am not qualified to be a member, for I should dearly love to see the oafs who are principally responsible for the maintenance of the present shameful penal code tied to their "stakes" and burned alive. That would be making the punishment fit the crime.

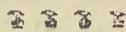
The January number of that admirable publication "The Scottish Field" is, as usual, full value for sixpence. This month a fine portrait is given of the Earl of Home—a name, by the way, which should be pronounced Hume—with sketches of his Lanarkshire seat, Douglas Castle, which was built by his great-great uncle, the first and last Duke of Douglas. Another portrait with a special north country interest is that of Mr James Glen, now factor for the Marquis of Breadalbane, who for some years managed the Banchory-Devenick estate of Sir David Stewart. A notable article by the well-known writer, Mr Horace Wyndham, deals with sport in Egypt, and Mr Alexander Mackie gives a sketch of the history of Rose's Academical Institution, Nairn. The number, which is profusely illustrated throughout, extends to nearly 70 pages. Though mainly a sporting paper, the contents of the "Scottish Field" are so carefully selected and so varied that it makes a strong appeal even to the "general" reader.



Miller (at New Year's Eve party)—"Won't you join me in requesting young Green to recite?" Johnson—"But I don't like recitations." Miller—"Neither do I. But if the young beggar doesn't recite he'll sing."

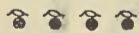
A Seasonable Suggestion.

"D. Y." recently wrote to the "Free Press" protesting against the season's drunks being dismissed with an admonition. That they were not flogged or treated in some other very drastic manner hurts this good man's feelings. No doubt he is a good man. Only a very good and very moral man could without shame have written a letter so essentially inhuman. Many very good and very moral citizens, whom we of the unregenerate brigade wish neither to meet in this world nor any other, will thoroughly agree with "D. Y.'s" genial Christmassy suggestion, which, if adopted, would give them full scope to indulge their inherent lust for cruelty. Personally, if I had it in my power, I should like to reward "D. Y." for his moral daring in making the protest by the application of a dozen strokes of the birch, laid on hard.



The Old Age Pensions.

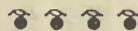
Certain journalistic Hodges are making much of the fact that numbers of the Old Age Pensionaries have wealthy relatives, who could easily contribute to their maintenance. Why should these persons relieve the State of what we have always considered a sacred moral obligation? To do it would simply be to put the pensioners on the same footing as paupers. That, of course, the Government has already done by decreeing that only those whose income is either nil or falls below a certain amount are eligible for pensions. The taint thus imposed will not be completely wiped out until it is declared that every native of a certain age is entitled to a pension, whether a millionaire or an inmate of the workhouse. As it stands, the Pension Act is almost the most disgraceful specimen of legislative botchery that ever passed the House, and there is little doubt that if this unmerited and unworthy stigma is not removed, many who otherwise would have been recipients will prefer to starve. The amendment will not be made by the "Henroosters." It will be left for the Conservatives. This party may not be uproariously pious, but it is at least human. Many of the members, too, are gentlemen. That should not be counted to their discredit. They cannot help it. They were born that way.



A Rare Opportunity.

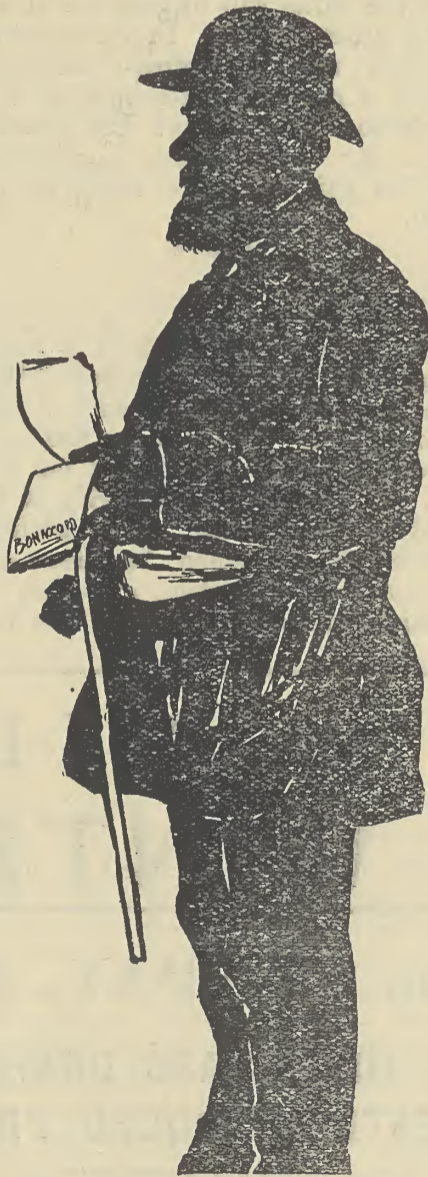
In despair at a crushing sentence of 30 days' imprisonment for assault, a labourer tried to cut his throat in Inverness Courthouse on Monday. He was discovered in time, and taken to the Royal Infirmary. Unfortunately from the magisterial point of view, an attempt at suicide is not by itself a criminal offence in Scotland, but possibly the authorities are now seriously considering the point whether

it will not be possible to arraign the man for breach of the peace when he has recovered. No doubt if they set their minds to it they will succeed, and if they do none except a few stray scribblers like myself, owning neither land nor scrip, are likely to cry "Shame!"



A Notable Newsvendor.

Mr John French, the doyen of Aberdeen newsvendors, and Mrs French celebrated their golden wedding on Saturday. Though John must now be slightly over 70, he is still nearly as fit as when he first started business after the unfortunate accident which deprived him of his eyesight more than 30 years ago. No matter what the state of trade or the weather, Mr French is always blithe and hopeful, and it may safely be said that few men in town are better known or more respected. He is now, indeed, one of the most notable of the few remaining "landmarks" in the community, and all who know him sincerely hope that he will be able to take the road for many a day to come.

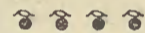


"BON-Y-CORD"

Mr. JOHN FRENCH.

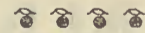
The Late Mr. Moir-Byres of Tonley.

Though bred a merchant in Manchester, the late Mr. George Moir-Byres of Tonley made an excellent "country gentleman." He was unassuming in appearance and manner, but nevertheless imbued with a full sense of the dignity of lairdship and of the ancestral associations of the line, as is shown by the fact that he had the dining-room at Tonley ornamented with the heraldic shields of the families with whom the Moirs and Byres made alliances. Both his grandmother, the wife of the eminent physician, Dr. James Moir, some time of Carmelite Street, and latterly of Braehead, Bridge of Don, and his great-grandmother, the wife of the Rev. Dr. George Moir, of Peterhead, were members of the Byres family; and John Moir, of St. Catherine's, Peterhead, the noted local portrait painter, was his great-uncle. Seventeen years ago the deceased succeeded his father in Tonley, which, including Kincaigie and various other lands not originally forming part of the estate, extends to about 4500 acres, with an approximate yearly rental of £3000. A former proprietor, his father's first cousin, was the still well-remembered Mr. James Gregory Moir-Byres of Tonley, Fairley, and St. Catherine's, whose only daughter is the wife of Captain Harry Vesey Brooke of Fairley. On account of the terms of the deed of entail, Mrs. Brooke could not succeed to Tonley.



"Darien" Byres.

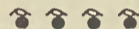
Though various mementoes of the once prominent Edinburgh Burgher family of Byres of Coates, who gave their name to Byres Close in the High Street, are preserved at Tonley, I do not believe that the northern Byres were in any way related to that race. The first authentic ancestor of the Tonley line was James Byres, a wealthy merchant in Aberdeen, who is mentioned in the Poll Book of 1696. His eldest son, James, was one of the principal promoters of the Darien Expedition, and several historians, including Aikman, are inclined to attribute its ultimate failure to his headstrong overbearing temper. Another son, Robert, was the ancestor of Tonley, and a daughter, the wife of Robert Gordon of Esslemont, wine merchant in Bordeaux, was progenitor of Adam Lindsay Gordon the poet, and of the present owners of Hallhead and Esslemont.



The Jacobite Laird.

Robert Byres was latterly a merchant in Dublin, where he was drowned while bathing in Dublin Bay. His widow, a Sandilands of Cotton, returned to this country, and about 1716—the date is only approximate—bought the estate of Tonley in the parish of Tough for behoof of her son, Patrick. In certain respects this Patrick was one of the most notable men of his generation. His temper appears to have been as brittle as that of his uncle of Darien celebrity. During the rising of

1745-6 he acted as major in the battalion raised for Prince Charles Edward by his brother-in-law, James Moir of Stoneywood. After Culloden Tonley escaped to the Continent, and received a commission in Cameron of Lochiel's regiment in the French service. His estate is said to have been saved to the family by the fact that in the deed of attainder his Christian name was given as Peter instead of Patrick. After spending a good many years in exile he was allowed to return home, or perhaps the authorities merely "winked" at his presence in the country. In 1764 he was one of a party of county gentlemen who spent a December evening drinking in the New Inn on the Castlegate. A quarrel arose between two of the members, and as a result James Abernethy of Mayen shot John Leith of Leith-hall fatally on the Plane-stones. According to the gossip of the time Tonley played a somewhat sinister part in the dispute. Anyway he probably assisted Mayen, a family connection, to flee the country. Many years later, when a very old man, Byres quarrelled with Leith of Freefield, a cousin of Leith-hall's, at a meeting of road trustees or some such other body, held in the inn at the Bridge of Forbes. Adjourning to a green outside, several sword passes were interchanged before the belligerent pair were separated. This is believed to have been one of the last duels fought in the county. It is through the marriage in 1771 of the Jacobite laird's daughter, Martha, to the Rev. Dr. Moir that the Moirs came into the line of succession to Tonley.



The Pope's Antiquary.

Patrick's eldest son and successor, James Byres of Tonley, was the most celebrated member of the family. He was educated in France, where he went with his father as a boy, but the greater part of his life was spent in Rome where he became famous as an archæologist and antiquary. Horace Walpole, in fact, describes him as the "Pope's Antiquary in Rome." It was Byres who first introduced Gibbon to the antiquities of Rome before the latter began the writing of "The Decline and Fall," and he was also the original British possessor

of the famous Portland Vase. Tonley has another valid claim to remembrance. When Sir Henry Raeburn, the great portrait painter, visited Rome as a very young man, Byres was one of his kindest and most discerning patrons. His advice to Raeburn, says a writer in "Edinburgh To-day" "never to paint anything without having the object before him, fell on fruitful soil, and the painter never forgot this simple admonition." All his life, indeed, as is shown by his letters Raeburn regarded his early patron with affection and respect. Ultimately the archæologist settled at Tonley. Even so late as 1817 he wore his hair powdered and tied in a queue. He was succeeded by his nephew, Major-General Patrick Byres, on whose death in 1854, the original line of Byres, and the estate passed to a cousin of the double blood, Patrick Moir, elder brother of James Gregory Moir-Byres whose name is mentioned in the first of these paragraphs.



Harry Barnato's Millions.

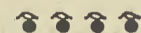
It is sometimes possible to be too sceptical. Consequently, I admit I was wrong in doubting the figures given to the press as to the amount of money left by the late Harry Barnato. The total returned for probate is really two millions and a half, but later on the value will be resworn at a considerably greater sum. In extenuation, I plead that, with this single exception, I never saw a newspaper forecast of a dead man's fortune that was not grossly inaccurate. Mr. Lloyd George's present pickings out of this hen-roost come to nearly £300,000.



Where to Winter.

Proof positive is afforded in a very interesting little booklet, entitled "Winter Holidays at Ideal Home Resorts," of the great advantages possessed by the holiday resorts of the West of England for winter sojourn. The climatic superiority of Cornwall and Devon, as far as equability of temperature is concerned, has been amply demonstrated by statistics, and this booklet contains brief descriptions of the beauty

spots in "the sweet west country" (with fares and train services). It is issued by the Great Western Railway, and may be obtained free from the superintendent of the line, Paddington Station, W.



Mr. G. D. Day.

Mr George D. Day, whose company produces a version of Mr Hall Caine's novel, "The Prodigal Son," at His Majesty's Theatre next week, is an American. About thirteen years ago he married, at St George's, Hanover Square, Miss Lily Hall Caine, the youngest sister of the novelist. Miss Hall Caine, who was then an actress of considerable promise, appeared at least once in Aberdeen. That was in the autumn of 1894, when she took the leading part in "The Home Secretary," a not unmeritorious play which has passed into the limbo of things forgotten. Since then Mrs Day has only appeared on the stage at infrequent intervals. I might note also that, along with her brother and others, she accompanied Rossetti on his life's last journey to Birchington. Prior to his marriage, Mr Day was associated, as secretary, I think, with Mr Wilson Barrett.



"The case of M'Glennon v. Solomons," says the "Era," "which was recently heard at the Mansion House, is a very important one to owners of copyrights in songs. It was there decided that the words of a song, if published without the music, do not come within the Musical Copyright Act of 1906. This is a very serious flaw in the Act, and it is to be hoped the question will come before a higher court. Apparently, as the law is now stated to stand, the hawker can sell with impunity copyrighted songs, so long as the music does not form part of it. This is a grave injustice to song-writers and publishers."

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Musical and Dramatic Notes.



Open Letter to Mr. Fred.

Billington.

Hail, Poo Bah Billington! Nothing gives an Aberdeen audience more delight than when they behold your jovial, rotund form before the footlights. We have welcomed you for many, many years, and the longer we know you, our fondness for your personality grows. You are not "an acquired taste"; we liked you from the first, because you made the cobwebs that had clung to us during office hours disappear quickly, and though we have seen Poo Bah roll on the stage for almost a couple of decades (of course, I do not mean literally), we laugh as loud and as long as on the first occasion we saw your portly person recumbent in terror before the majestic, though merciful, Mikado. That was in the Guild Street house, where we spent a memorable evening after a long school day had closed.

We congratulate you on your twenty-five years' connection with the Savoy operas, and we congratulate ourselves that London did not keep you solely for its own delectation. You are the favourite of the provincial playgoer, and you would be the first to admit that Aberdeen is the most appreciative of your talents. Of course, we like you in some of the operas better than in others, but there is none in which we dislike you. When we made our first acquaintance with "Patience," our then juvenile mind wondered at the extraordinary rapidity of your singing of the song "A Magnet Hung in a Hardware Shop." We then learned it was called a patter song, which Grove has aptly described as a song, "the humour of which consists in getting the greatest number of words uttered in the shortest possible time."

We think your sardonic humour attains its acutest point in "The Mikado" and in "The Yeomen of the Guard," while the funniest and most grotesque picture we have ever seen of you is when Pitti Sing puts her yellow fan round your "sonsy" face, the while Ko Ko sings "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring." No wonder the house roars, and none laughed louder on Saturday than some of our grandmothers who had spent the first instalment of their old-age pension in making themselves happy at the Opera House.

While, therefore, you compel mirth from the most morose, one of your greatest charms is your singing. In quartet, duet, or solo your voice possesses the quality that most distinguishes the gifted artiste,—a resonance that carries the mellow tone born of fine cultivation to the utmost confines of the theatre. You have long sung that "Every child that's born into this world alive Is either a Liberal or else a little Conservative"; what your politics are, however, does not matter to us; we rejoice only in the fact that you were born to cheer us with a "loud Fa-la."—Yours faithfully,

VOX.

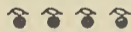
The D'Oyly Carte Company.

The D'Oyly Carte Company are on the second week of their visit to Aberdeen, and crowded houses and delighted audiences are the nightly order of things. This week's performances opened auspiciously with "The Yeomen of the Guard," perhaps the most beautiful, tender, and classic of the Gilbert and Sullivan creations. This rare opera will be repeated this evening. Billington as Will Shadbolt, chief jailer and assistant tormentor, and Walenn as Jack Point, the jester, are as rare a combination of the kind to be seen on the stage of to-day. Miss Clara Dow is perhaps at her best as Elsie Maynard. She has caught the true spirit of the character, and sings the music that falls to her share with brilliancy and charm. On Tuesday evening there was a fine performance of "Patience," that inimitable skit on the ultra-aesthetic craze, where languishing maidens subsist on water-lilies and peacock's feathers. Last night the "Pirates of Penzance" was staged magnificently, and Billington again scored heavily and humorously as the Sergeant of Police, his original part, by the way.

To-morrow evening we are to have "Princess Ida," an opera which is steadily growing in favour. It is the very genius of parody of Tennyson's stately poem, and contains some of the very subtlest touches of Gilbertian humour; and the music is delicious.

"The Gondoliers" is down for Saturday's matinee. It is perhaps the most musical of all the operas, and the principals are so much inspired evidently by the spirited tempo of the music that they appear to be at their very best in this opera. It is also beautifully staged, the opening scene on the Piazzetta, Venice, with St Mark's Rest in the foreground, being a most faithful and lively painting of that lovely spot. Saturday evening; "The Yeomen of the Guard" again.

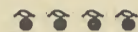
Next week—"The Prodigal Son."



Mr. W. A. Craig's Operatic Company.

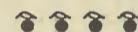
For the entertainment of the good folks of John Knox Parish Church at the festive season, Mr. W. A. Craig and his operatic company provided excellently on Friday and Saturday last with a miscellaneous concert and a comic opera entitled, "No Song, No Supper." All the artistes who took part in this laughable piece were thoroughly familiar with their work, as it had been performed previously at Banchory. The play had the necessary spirit of joviality that made it most acceptable amusement for the New Year, and everybody was delighted. Mr W. A. Craig has the spirit of work aflame just now, for he gives performances of "Daisey Heatherhill" by his juvenile choir in the Union Hall this week. The Rev. G. A. Johnston will preside at the three performances. The comic element will pre-

dominate in the bright and sparkling operetta, the fun being furnished chiefly by Weddi Hool (a negro), played by Master A. Florence, and Gip and Topsy, strolling players, represented by Master W. J. Craig and Missie Lizzie Hutcheon; Biddy O'Flafferty by Miss Jessie Walker, and Margaret M'Mutch by Miss Agnes Hendry. There will be an exhibition of hoop drill by tiny youngsters, and the solo dancers will be the Misses Gibb.



A Postponed Concert.

The severe snowstorm put the musical people of Peterhead in a dilemma on Saturday. A concert was to be given that night, but none of the artistes, orchestra, or conductor could get there. Mr Warren Clemens, the conductor of the Choral Union, determined to get there by hook or by crook, and a tug was chartered to leave Aberdeen Harbour on Saturday morning with the orchestra; but it was with feelings of relief that they learned on the morning in question, when they arrived at the harbour, that the concert was postponed.

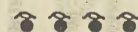


The Arthurian Annual.

I have been perusing the Arthurian Annual, which has been compiled by Mr Eade Montefiore. It is beautifully got-up, and has a decidedly alliterative title—"Pen and Pictorial Peeps o' Pantomimes, Players and Playhouses." There is a capital drawing by Mr Douglas Constable of Mr Robert Arthur; finely produced photographs of the exteriors and interiors of the Arthurian Theatres throughout the kingdom, and portraits of all the principal players who have appeared in this year's pantomimes, including Miss Fanny Fields, Miss Mabel Green, Miss Lulu Valli, Mr Harry Randall, Mr George Robey (appearing in the Glasgow pantomime of "Cinderella"), and the principals of the recent "Robinson Crusoe" pantomime in Aberdeen.



Miss Elsie Craven, the eleven-year-old girl who has made such a hit as Queen of the Fairies in "Pinkie and the Fairies" at His Majesty's Theatre, London, is to receive £100 a week from Mr Oswald Stoll for an eight week's engagement at the Coliseum.



Dr Walford Bodie is to take over the New Pavilion, Kirkcaldy, which will be run in conjunction with his Welsh halls and several others places he is arranging in Scotland. "Truly," says the "Era," "the doctor is a busy man."

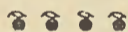
JOHN KNOX PARISH CHURCH.
Juvenile Comic Opera, "DAISY HEATHERHILL," UNION HALL, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY FIRST. Owing to demand for tickets, doors will be opened for ticket-holders only at 7 o'clock. No money taken until 7.30.



Miss **DORRIE ROBERTS,**
Who plays the dual role of "Thora" and "Elin" in "The Prodigal Son."

"The Prodigal Son."

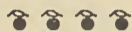
Mr. George D. Day's Company will appear next week for the first time in the city in "The Prodigal Son," by Hail Caine. The resemblance to the story of the prodigal son, as told by St. Luke, is apparent; but in Mr. Hall Caine's story it is the elder son who is reduced to poverty, and the younger who comes home rich. There is also a variation in the ending of the play and that of the novel. The latter finishes tragically, on the moral ground that the man guilty of the offences which the prodigal son had committed could not possibly be forgiven by the Nature whose laws he had so painfully outraged, and that his lonely death was a fitting expiation of his sins. But in the play Oscar Stephenson is pardoned, just as the prodigal son was forgiven in the magnificent old parable. One of the most remarkable features of this play is the great contrast exhibited between the scenes in which the characters live, move, and have their being. The first act is situated in a lonely Icelandic valley, the second represents the interior of Government House in that island, and the third is a Casino on the Riviera. The play is one that appeals to all classes alike, for the reason that it deals almost entirely with the simplest passions and temptations of frail humanity. "A good play, badly staged and mounted, always reminds me of a pretty woman in a hideously unbecoming dress." The words were used by the late Sir Augustus Harris, and Mr. George D. Day, recognising their truth, has spared no pains to render his production of "The Prodigal Son" a genuinely artistic one. Costumes and scenery are essentially a replica of those used at Drury Lane; while the company is composed of able and experienced artistes, among whom are Mr. Albert Ward, in George Alexander's part of Oscar Stephenson, and Miss Dorrie Roberts in the dual role of Thora and Elin.



Miss Dorrie Roberts.

who plays the dual role of Thora and Elin—originally created by Miss Lily Hall Caine at Drury Lane—in Mr. George D. Day's "Prodigal Son" Company, comes of an old theatrical family, and has been on the stage from early childhood. Till the age of eleven she was a dancer, then went into drama, playing Cissie Denver in "The Silver King." When thirteen years old she was with Mr. Beerbohm Tree as Suzanner in "A Man's Shadow." Next she played boys' parts, then old ladies', and afterwards comedy roles. Miss Roberts concluded only last October a two and a half years' engagement with the well-known Leonard Rayne Company in South Africa, playing leading parts, varying from Carlotta in "The Morals of Marcus" and Diana in "Diana of Dobson's," to Maid Marian and Lady Godiva. This latter character is her especial aversion. When depicting it recently at Bloemfontein, the horse on which she was to ride was requisitioned from a local circus. In his own sphere Rosinante was as big a star artiste as Miss Roberts,

and resenting being cast in what was, in his own equine opinion, a subsidiary part, insisted on giving an exhibition of cake-walking and other circus tricks, to the demolition of the main street of Coventry (temp. Earl Leofric) and the discomfort of his fair rider.



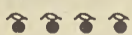
Palace Theatre.

This week a programme of the most attractive and varied description is given at the Palace, and the interest never flags. Packed houses are the order of the day. Mr. John Clempert, a Russian, described as the Siberian jail-breaker, tops the bill, and his turn is certainly of a surprising character. He liberates himself from regulation straightjackets with perfect ease, and most surprising of all, escapes from a water tank, in which he is immersed, the head of the iron vessel being securely bolted down. On Monday evening the performer was subjected to "hooliganish" treatment by members of the audience, who volunteered to act as a platform committee, but Mr. Clempert behaved in a perfectly straightforward way, and won the sympathy of the house. Barton and Astley are a most humorous pair, the male performer getting in a lot of broad burlesque business, and his elephantine movements are most laughable. Lozelle gives a sensational exhibition on the ring trapeze, his slow wheeling with shoulder dislocation action being quite unique. Miss Frances Letty scores at once with her coon songs. She has a rich voice, and her "Does Anyone Want a Girl" and "Mr. Jackson" catch the ear of the house. She is a clever dancer. Madesen and Webb also give a smart burlesque entertainment. Miss Ethel Pender-Cudlip and Mr. Claude Anderson appear in the "Miserere" scene from "Il Trovatore," and their singing is of a high operatic standard. The Bioscope pictures make up a capital programme.



The Alhambra.

The house continues to be well filled at both the evening entertainments. All the members of the company show themselves to be very capable artistes. Mr. Percy Forde excels as a female impersonator; Miss G. Stewart sings very sweetly; and Mr. Harry Martell contributes a smart conjuring turn; while the Three Macs are genuinely amusing as burlesque comedians. Mr. Kennedy's cinematograph display is followed with the keenest interest, and the successful efforts of Mr Donald and his band also deserve to be noted.



The Empire.

"Peggy's Birthday Party," the spectacle produced last week by the enterprising management, has proved most successful. Those who have not yet seen it should not miss the opportunity still

afforded them. As usual, the "varieties" form a delightful part of the "Empire" entertainments. The principal artistes this week are those prime favourites, Miss Marie Rose and Mr. Archie Murray, with various other performers who are all very highly talented in their various lines. Mr. Alexander Calder continues to direct the cinematograph most effectively, and the piano accompaniments are finely played by Miss May Calder

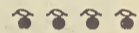


Humber's Waxwork.

Johnnie Trunley, the winsome juvenile descendant of Goliath, remains the "star" attraction at the Waxwork. Though

"He's far awa' fae Sinnahard
An' fae Drumallachie."

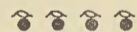
which may be taken as metaphorical for his native Peckham, Johnnie appears to be completely happy. He has made a host of friends and acquaintances since he came to town. As was fully expected, the saloon was crowded to the door most of the time during the holidays.



Vulcaris, the popular musical entertainer, can easily turn a point made against him by members of his audiences. Recently in Paisley Town Hall he asked the house to name any song or selection they wished him to play with the keyboard covered and his eyes blindfolded. Amid uproarious laughter an urchin in the gallery shouted—"Play 'Here we suffer grief and pain.'" Vulcaris immediately played it, and, metaphorically speaking, "brought down the house."



Mr Neil Kenyon's absence from the Drury Lane pantomime was due to a nervous breakdown. The cause of the breakdown is not stated. He denies that it resulted from his strained relations with Mr Wilkie Bard. Neil, in fact, claims Wilkie as a pal, both being brother "Rats." According to the "Era," Mr Kenyon has received an offer from America to open in the first week of February, of course at an "enormous salary."



Mr Fred Ginnet, of Dick Turpin fame, has been elected King Rat of the now somewhat celebrated society of variety artists known as the Water Rats.

Eiffel A 4½d. bottle makes
2 gallons of
delicious home made
Lemonade.

Equally good as
A HOT DRINK
for Supper.
Try It!

Tower
Lemonade



IN SEASON AND OUT.

Affable Englishman—"A Merry Xmas, ol' man."

Surly Scot—"It's the New Year I haud."



CARRY ON THE 'ALLS.

Mrs. Garry Nation may find a little variety necessary in her "turn" when she goes on the 'Alls. The above suggestions are offered without prejudice.

**THIS IS THE
OPENING WEEK**

OF

**Watt & Grant's
Great Winter Sale.**

**UNION STREET and
DEE STREET,**

Aberdeen.

**Exercise without
Headache and Fatigue**

is secured by wearing

**WOOD-MILNE
RUBBER HEELS**

They save boot bills,
keep boots in shape,
prevent worn-down
heels, and protect
the nervous
system from the
jar of hard
streets.

**LOOK
FOR THE
NAME
"WOOD-
MILNE"
ON
EVERY
HEEL.**



My Football Reminiscences.

By CHARLES O'HAGAN.

Referees and Their Little Ways.



I did not imagine about a week ago that I would be privileged to spend my Christmas at home, but the body of gentlemen who comprise the Rough Play Committee were considerate enough to exempt me from play during my club's busiest week. I suppose I can be pardoned for the introduction of a little sarcasm, for withal the ill-fortune that has been my share, I am sitting here quite happy and contented, and at peace with everybody, but with some annoying recollections of that Dundee incident still haunting my brain.

I travelled to Glasgow on the day appointed for the "trial." Mr. James Philip, our manager, accompanied me, and even tendered his evidence on my behalf, but it was all in vain, for evidently what a referee in Scotland thinks his duty to perform, the Association will uphold, even though the official be absolutely wrong. Mr. Riddell did wrong, I maintain, when he ordered myself and Lawson to the Pavilion; he was wrong when he said in his report that the cause of the trouble was due to Lawson fouling Lennie; and he was entirely wrong again when he said that we "batted" each other. In our evidence we must surely have proved sufficiently the error he had made, but — well, the result is now known to the public. And the following would be rather a tantalising query for the said commission to unravel—If I get a month's suspension for acting as peacemaker during an unfortunate incident on the field, then I should like to know the extent of the punishment that should be meted out to a player who struck out boldly and floored his opponent? Remember I have known cases in Scottish League football where it was proved beyond the shadow of doubt that players have found themselves in a similar position to the one quoted; and I have known them to get off with the same amount of punishment as was my share. On occasions a fortnight's rest covered their "crime." On the face of these facts does the situation not want studying?

Now, here is another side-view of this suspension question, and I have known it to occur time and again with referees, and in the Scottish League, bear in mind! They have given players marching orders, and as in my case, most unjustly. Afterwards they are convinced that they acted wrongly. Do they go forward like

courageous gentlemen and proclaim that they have made a mistake. No; they say their own reputation must be preserved, and the unfortunate player is made the victim. Remember I am not accusing all referees in the Scottish League, for we have many very competent officials too honest to perpetrate such an action, but there are other "whistlers" who don't know the laws of the game that they are supposed to administer. I knew one of them this present season to give a penalty kick, and when it was pointed out to him that his decision was altogether wrong, he answered—"Well, I know I was wrong, but I cannot help it now that I have given it." As luck decreed, the kicker missed the penalty, but its conversion might have meant defeat for the team that had such a decision granted against it.

My own opinion is that the game in Scotland would benefit considerably were the introduction of English referees more frequent. As I have already hinted, we have as good and competent men in control in Scotland as there are in England, but they are very much fewer, and could easily be counted. Then, again, I would like to see neutral linesmen elected in our weekly games. I am told this used to be in vogue in Scotland, and why it should ever have been abolished is beyond my comprehension. I shall tell you why. Attend any match in Scotland, and you will see glaring examples of unfairness in linesmen. Each club puts out its own man, and it is only a human failing after all that, where a delicate point arises, that representative will give it to his own club's credit if it is in his power to do so. Of course, I am ready to admit that dishonesty is not their motive, but the fact remains that these incidents occur week after week throughout the country, and I think the speedier a reformation sets in, it will be altogether better for the game. I hope to see this change introduced before many more seasons come and go, along with a few other changes in the statute book.

I was under the impression that after Lawson, myself, and Mr. Philip had given our evidence that we would get off with a censure, for the three witnesses named were emphatic in denial of the facts as laid down by Mr. Riddell. We were called in separately, and after an individual investigation, we were told to retire. Then we were speedily ushered into the commission's presence again, and the chairman informed us in a rather dignified manner that we were suspended for a month. I was amazed, to say the least of it, and I quickly shook the dust of Carlton Place from my feet, and cleared off to make

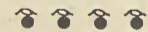
hasty arrangements for my visit across the Channel, and as I passed the referee on my way out, I wished him a merry Xmas—I don't think.

I left Glasgow at eleven o'clock, via Ardrossan and Belfast, for home, and I had a right royal send-off from a number of Irish and Aberdeen friends now located in Glasgow, and they were unanimous in their opinion that the sentence was too severe. I did not sleep on the voyage, nor I did not want to, for a livelier band of Christians I never before fell in with on any of my journeys to or from the "Old Land." We collected in the smoke-room in the saloon section, and soon the arguments began to grow heated. All nationalities seemed to have a representative on board, and the discussions ranged from football to religion. The discussions were rather passionate, but withal a row never seemed imminent, which made things all the more enjoyable. Then, when I entrained for Londonderry I was joined by a Belfast citizen, who was, I soon discovered, a great football enthusiast. He did not know "O'Hagan" personally, but he knew, and so soon too, that "he" had been suspended the previous night. He informed me that he saw "O'Hagan" often perform in international matches, and said that on such occasions he never detected "his" unfair play, but he continued—"He must have turned out a dirty player!" Of course I ventured to agree, and then he showered some strong language on the subject, and gave me as severe a character as it was possible. I never dared to give away the secret until we arrived in Londonderry, when I handed him a card, saying that I would be pleased to see him in my native village should he care to visit me during my stay. And what a look of dismay overspread his countenance when he read my name, and I didn't find out whether he was sorry or angry, but I left him muttering finaudably. I do enjoy these little episodes, and somehow I am blessed with quite a number during my journeyings.

I am sitting here now in luxury and ease, and am not a bit "at war" with the world or its doings, but I soon hope to be back amongst my friends in Aberdeen, and getting in readiness for that trip to Greenock, where we must win the first round, en route to eventually annexing the Cup.

Buncrana, Donegal.

[** Owing to the delay in the delivery of mails, caused by the storm, the above article did not reach us in time for publication last week.—Editor, "Bon-Accord."]



Mr Arthur Bridgett, the well-known International football player, occasionally preaches in Wearside Nonconformist Chapels.

When A. Bridgett is out on the stump,
And preaching with many a thump,
His audiences pray as they fidget;
"Abridge it, abridge it, abridge it."

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

FOOTBALL.

A Bad Beginning.

Aberdeen began their New Year fixtures none too well from a local point of view. That they were unfortunate in many respects will at once be acceded, for they had a pitch all against their style of play; while Halkett early got into trouble with his leg, Low was off, and Mutch sprained his hand. All these troubles combined to let Clyde have a much greater run in play than they otherwise might have had. All the same, a team that can whack Celtic, Aberdeen, and Falkirk in one week are just a trifle above the average, and ought to command every respect from opponents. On the heavy-going pitch, Aberdeen did not play the game suited to the conditions in which they were placed. Clyde drove hard ahead, and even executed some clever bits of combination in front of goal which bewildered the home defence. Scoring was rapid in the first half, Clyde getting past Mutch four times, while Aberdeen only got two past M'Turk. The going took it out of the players, who eased down considerably in the second portion of the game. The defence got the better of the attack, and neither side were able to score, a hot game ending—Clyde, 4 goals; Aberdeen, 2 goals. It will be admitted that the better side won, and that, in spite of the misfortunes mentioned, Aberdeen were certainly not seen at their best. None of the home players gave an exhibition of his true form; while the Clyde were on the top of theirs, and anxious to keep up their reputation.

A Better Result.

With the pitch in better condition, and several radical changes in the team, Aberdeen placed a good win to their credit on Saturday against Port-Glasgow. One could hardly have believed that there would be such an improvement in the pitch as there was, banked round with huge piles of snow, melting under the strong sun. Everybody seemed to be looking for changes in the home team, and the only curiosity was as to who the newcomers would be. Simpson, Halkett, and Mutch were out for the day, and Dalgarno, Davidson, and King displaced the others. Port-Glasgow were at full strength, having had a hard game on New Year's Day with Dundee. The visitors moved swiftly along at the start, getting one or two likely crosses which Coleman and Hume were able to deal with. Lennie raised the enthusiasm first by one of his characteristic runs, beating down all opposition, and sending a warm one to the goalkeeper. Pressing hard after this, the home side got a fine goal through Bert Murray, who had wandered over to the left and slung in a shot which beat the defence all the way. Dalgarno raced through on his own, and ought to have scored, but he passed too strong to Lennie, and a

DAVIDSON, TOBACCONIST,

Opposite Palace Theatre, Bridge Street.

GRAND SELECTION WALKING-STICKS.
FOOTBALL and HOCKEY.

glorious chance went for nothing. Several good openings were missed through sheer anxiety, but no further scoring took place in this half. On resuming, Port-Glasgow had a look-in, but again Aberdeen were at fault with a fine cross from Lennie, which ought to have counted, three of the front men missing the ball in their endeavours to get it through. A burst up the field let the Port get their only goal, a high drooping shot landing in the far corner of the net. Aberdeen went great guns after this, and Dalgarno was the means of piloting through other two goals. The closing portion was rather tame, sustained effort being wanting on both sides. It was gratifying to the Aberdeen supporters to have a victory of 3-1 to their credit—after the previous day's display.

Play and Players

There have been sensational happenings in the closing days of last year, the local management having to enforce discipline to the extent of putting one player on the transfer list, and heavily fining others. It has been apparent for some time that something would have to be done, and we trust nothing more will be required to keep harmony in the camp, which is at all times desirable for all parties. The new players have now been seen and talked over. Bert Murray has justified his inclusion in the team, but it is quite patent that Niblo does not make such a good partner to Lennie as O'Hagan. Nevertheless, there is good football in the player if he could be placed in the proper place, where his powers could be utilised to advantage. Stewart Davidson had a strong wing against him, and clearly demonstrated that he is fit for good company at any time. King in goal got very little to do, and may be said to have never got tested in the struggle. With a continuance of good weather, we will have a better opportunity this week of judging as to a reconstruction of the team.

New Year Form.

Some most peculiar results have occurred in the League competition during the holidays. The Celts beat Rangers at Ibrox—3-1—and then got defeated at Kilmarnock by a similar score. Then Hamilton Academicals go to Airdrie and defeat the 'Onians by 1-0. Only a fortnight ago Hearts at Cathkin beat Third Lanark rather easily, but on Saturday the "Warriors" play the return fixture at Tynecastle, and beat Hearts by 2-1. By far the most consistent form of the season is that shown by Clyde, who defeated Celts by 1-0, Aberdeen by 4-2, and Falkirk by 6-3—a wonderful performance, and one that will take some beating. Dundee have also done well in defeating Port-Glasgow at home by 1-0, and then travelling to Motherwell and beating the Fir Parkers by 4-1. Morton sent the Hibs pointless from Greenock, the score being 1-0 in their favour, while Partick Thistle, who seem destined to remain at the bottom of the League, were defeated by Rangers by 6-0. The Queen's Park maintained their good form by drawing with St Mirren.

The Clearing of Pittodrie

The storm did not overlook that fine open space near the Links, where thousands gather on a Saturday afternoon to witness football

being played. With a fine programme arranged, everything looked well till Monday came, and then the enclosure filled up; till on Tuesday there was not a vestige of woodwork to be seen round the enclosure. On Wednesday it was decided to abandon all the games and the clubs were notified to this effect. The thaw which came on the same night had a wonderful clearing effect and on Thursday it was decided to have the pitch cleared. It took up till Friday at 12 o'clock before this was accomplished with the aid of 100 of the unemployed, under the superintendence of Manager Philip, Trainer Simpson, and Groundsman Munro, who spared neither time nor labour to have the work done. It was a stupendous task, well done, and earned the highest praise from the Southern officials who were present on New Year's Day.

This Week's Programme.

As the new grounds which Partick Thistle are laying out are not quite finished, though it is expected they will be ready next month, the return fixture with Aberdeen has been arranged for Pittodrie, instead of Glasgow. This will save Aberdeen a journey, while it will mean a bigger gate to the visitors than they would get in Glasgow this week. On October 10, Aberdeen had a close game with the Thistle at Pittodrie, which ended in the home team's favour by 3-2. The team to represent Aberdeen will not be definitely fixed till to-night, but it will be selected from the following:—King or Mutch; Coleman and Hume; Davidson or Halkett, Macintosh or Wilson, and Low; Blackburn, Murray, Simpson, Niblo, Lennie, and Dalgarno.

The Reserves travel to Brechin, where they play the Qualifying Cup finalists in a Northern League game. This is their first meeting for the season, the first game having been down for December 5, but owing to cup-ties, the game was postponed. On Saturday there should be a stirring struggle, as the teams are going well, and should put up strong opposition. The team to travel will be selected from the following:—King or Macpherson; Hannah and Stevens; Davidson, Simpson, Macfarlane, and Roberts; Hay, Towns, Newman, Ritchie, and Neilson, or Edgar.

Chatty Bits.

Great credit is due the Aberdeen management for their courage in tackling the clearing of the grounds in such a short time.

The reward came in two good gate on the Friday and Saturday, and they would have been larger had it been more generally known that the grounds were clear.

About £300 were taken on the two days. Just fancy what the club would have dropped, though the expense of clearing was great.

The storm was not realised in the south, and those who came north were amazed at its magnitude in such a short time.

There has been more sensations in the south as to players. Sharp has left the Rangers and gone to Fulham, for whom he will play next week.

It has been well-known for some time back that Sharp was not on the best of terms with his Glasgow friends. At the same time, it came as a surprise that he was going back to Fulham.

To certain clubs who were after the international back, his short stay with the Rangers will be cause for rejoicing.

There has been trouble in several English clubs during this holidaying time. Footballers seem to forget what is expected of them during the festive season.

For another week at anyrate, Aberdeen will be without the services of Mutch, Halkett, and Low unless they make a speedier recovery than is expected.

Low does feel able, but it was the doctor's orders that he should rest last week.

Young Wilfrid Toman of the "A" Team underwent an operation last week, and is now recovering as rapidly as could be expected, though it will be some time before he is able to play.

The number of invalids Aberdeen have at present will make it difficult to get two teams selected, unless there are speedy recoveries before the end of the week.

Macintosh received a wire of the death of a relative after Saturday's game, and left for home immediately. That was the reason of his absence on Tuesday.

Maryhill had a rather hard experience in their northern tour, and got stranded in Aberdeen on New Year's Day—further they could not get.

They appealed to Aberdeen as to what they should do, and, in the circumstances, the home club agreed to increase their guarantee rather than that they should lose both games and money at the same time.

Their play against Aberdeen Reserves on Monday clearly demonstrated them a team above the ordinary run of junior combinations.

They have some clever players who are well worth watching, and we have no doubt Aberdeen were looking on with critical eyes.

Maryhill might have won by more than one goal—a penalty—had they pressed home their advantages. It was a fine game all through.

Macpherson, who kept goal for Aberdeen, is an Invernessian, and his display on Monday stamps him as a custodian of more than ordinary ability.

The rush of holiday fixtures is now over, and clubs will settle down to prepare their forces for the cup-ties.

With the defeat of the Celts on Saturday, the League championship becomes an open question between four clubs.

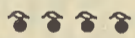
Prior to the Rugby Park failure, the Celts were being looked on as a dead pinch for the flag.

The holiday fixtures have hit Everton pretty hard. They have lost their commanding lead, and are now only one point better than Newcastle United with the same number of games.

Sunderland have done well in their holiday games. Henry Low was playing at centre-half, and gave a great display quite surprising his friends. He was easily the best half on the field.

Charlie Thomson was in the back division, and gave the team greater confidence than they have had for some time.

We note that Aberdeen is not the only club having trouble with their players. Leith have had to take drastic steps.



JUNIOR FOOTBALL.

By "THE ROVER."

This Week's Matches.

A full League programme is on the card for this week. Both Inverurie clubs will be at home, Thistle entertaining St Andrew's Athletics, and Loco. Works will have a visit from Mugiemoss, the prospective champions.

Culter will make their first appearance on Haudagain Park, Woodside, where Aberdeen's solitary representative in the national trophy competition may depend on getting a close game.

Shamrock will have Parkvale, their old rivals of the Bon-Accord League, at Central Park, where a great fight should take place.

East End will replay their unfinished match with Bydand at Seaton.

Glenlivet are due to oppose Favourites at Central Park, and this match should provide the best tussle of the day.

Morison Thistle should manage to account for North End at Central Park.

The Inter-City Match.

The much-talked-of inter-city Boys' League match between Aberdeen and Inverness took place at Pittodrie on Saturday, and ended in a draw of two goals each.

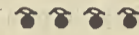
Inverness Boys had the better of matters almost throughout. Their defence was superb, and the three halves gave a display such as is seldom seen even in a senior match on the ground. The backs were very safe, and the goalkeeper gave one the impression that, if he retains his abilities, he should turn out a splendid hand. The forwards were, however, only mediocre, and did not work very well together. Macdonald (outside left), the smallest player on the field, who was good-humouredly styled "Lennie" by the spectators, gave a captivating display, and to the circumstances he adapted himself admirably.

The forwards were the best part of the Aberdeen team. In the first half most of the aggressive work came from the left. In the second period, however, the right wing predominated, and Charles and Mavor had some beautiful runs, the inside man feeding his partner excellently. At half-back the side was poorly served, and in consequence a deal of work fell on the backs, who, although they played steadily, were not, as a pair, up to the standard of the Highland backs. Sellar, in goal, gave a captivating display, and one save of his in particular in the first half was really marvellous. Taking play all over, however, Inverness were masters of the situation, and the game proved that in the matter of football, as far as the coming generation of players is concerned, Inverness has nothing to learn from Aberdeen.



A Smallburgh (Norfolk) pauper named Jeary has been sent for trial for getting drunk recently and doing damage in the workhouse to the amount of £2. The man, it appears, was paid 10s a quarter by the Guardians for killing the rats in the house. The Chairman suggested that this money was really the cause of the unfortunate rat-catcher's trouble. Jeary himself said it was delirium tremens. Probably his occupation had got on his brain. Instead of keeping to killing rats, he took to seeing them.

Like Mr Crummles, we wonder how the following paragraph got into the leading theatrical paper:—"Miss Beatrice Wilson has sustained a heartfelt loss by the death of her Japanese spaniel Kara, to which she was greatly attached. The animal, which was only four years old when he died, was given to Miss Wilson by Mr Norman V. Norman, and was her constant companion." We respectfully ask our playgoing readers to mingle their tears with Miss Wilson's, and venture to hope that Mr Norman will do the right thing and present the bereaved lady with another little dawg.



HANDICAPPED.

I know a youth—he lives close by;
Alas! I see him every day—
Who tempts me to profanity
In quite an unaccustomed way.
I hardly do him justice when
I call him a perennial fool:
He's worse than that—a lot; but then
He was not kicked enough at school.

He thinks himself a perfect sage,
Although he's only twenty-three,
And he would readily engage
To teach his grandmamma—or me.
His life is one long cigarette,
A delicately gilded puff,
With here and there a sporting bet—
At school he was not kicked enough.

No honest, manly game he'll play;
Hard work, he vows, is "infra dig."
He loafs about in fine array
And ogles girls, the little prig;
Then pity we his hapless fate,
Poor empty-headed derelict,
And, to excuse him, simply state;
"At school he was not duly kicked."

GRAND BUSINESS CONCERT,

AT

P. DAVIDSON & CO.'S,

41 Castle Street, Aberdeen.

PROGRAMME.

- Grand Selection.....Of Children's Millinery.....By the Best Makers.
- Recitation.....Vote for Davidson's Blouses..... By a Suffragette.
- Solo (so low)Our Prices..... By Comparison.
- Sketch.....P. D.'s Pinafore(s).....By the Little Folks.
- Song.....Off to Davidson's.....By One and All.
- Recitation..... A Yarn.....By a Cut of Wool.
- Chorus..... Let 'em All Come.....By the Staff.
- Grand Finale..... Satisfaction Given.....By our Goods.

Conductor.....P. DAVIDSON.

DOORS OPEN AT 9 A.M. DAILY.

ADMISSION.....FREE.

MRS. SMITH'S SUCCESS.

Mrs Smith has all the troubles that usually fall to the lot of a doctor's wife. She catches glimpses of her husband at irregular hours, she eats many of her meals in lonely state, and she has to attend most parties in tow of some good-natured friends.

A few weeks ago she made a vow that she would not go to another function this winter unless the doctor went with her, so when the Simpsons issued invitations to a duplicate whist party on December 20 she told the doctor he must go with her, whatever happened. The doctor replied that he wanted to go just as much as she did, and that the only thing that could prevent his presence was a very sick patient.

"Well, there must not be any very sick patient," Mrs Smith returned.

After that she considered the matter as settled. The doctor was home early on the night of the party. He laid his dress suit out on the bed, and was just looking up his pearl studs when the telephone bell rang. The heart of Mrs Smith sank, but she said—

"Now, remember, you promised to go to the party whatever happened."

The doctor was gone a long time. She could hear his voice raised in expostulation. He said repeatedly that he couldn't possibly do it, that his wife would never forgive him. At last he said—

"Well, hold the wire while I go and speak to my wife."

He re-entered the room, with his brow corrugated like an iron roof.

"My dear," he said, "that pneumonia case of mine is a lot worse. I told Sammy to go there, and he's just phoned me that we'll have to give oxygen and saline injections. He doesn't dare to undertake it unless I'm there with him. Now, won't you go alone, just this once? You know I meant to go. See, there's my dress clothes all ready, and I hurried home on purpose."

Mrs Smith sat down and let a few tears trickle down her nose. She vowed she would not go alone.

"I'm tired of being just like a widow without the fun," she said. "I won't go without you."

"Oh, come now," the doctor expostulated. "This is an unusual case. I'll just call a cab, and you'll be all right. Besides, if you'll go without me I'll get you a pearl brooch. If you go and make my excuses to the Simpsons it will be all right, but if you stay away, too, they will never forgive us."

So Mrs Smith yielded, and went alone to the card party. She was home when the doctor returned. He said that he was "dog tired," and that a physician's life was "nothing but slavery without chains." Mrs Smith really pitied him, for he looked

completely fagged out, and he was as hoarse as a crow.

The next morning she noticed a bit of yellow paper on the floor of the hall. She picked it up. It was just a torn bit of a seat cheque; but she noticed that it was of the yesterday's date and said "Balcony, Dec. 10." She wondered how it came to be in her hall. The more she thought it over the more suspicious she became. The hall had been swept the day before. There had been no one in yesterday, either. The seat cheque must either have been dropped by the cook or the doctor. She called Katie.

"Were you at the theatre last night?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," Katie answered. "I was at home all the evening."

The amateur detective next called up the house of the pneumonia patient. His mother answered the telephone. Mrs Smith asked how he was resting. The answer came back clear and firm.

"Oh, he's ever so much better. Last night he actually had a bowl of chicken broth."

Mrs Smith smiled. She looked over the papers to see what had been the amusements of the night before. She discovered that the "latest London sensation" had arrived. Now she penetrated the depth of the doctor's perfidy! He had bribed someone to call him up on the telephone. All his anxiety about the party had been a blind. The dress suit on the bed! Mrs Smith laughed again.

When the doctor came home to dinner she laid the little scrap of yellow paper beside his plate.

"I think, my dear," she said, very quietly, "that instead of a pearl brooch I will take a diamond ring, and I would like to buy it myself to-morrow."

Mrs Smith is wearing the diamond today, and the doctor has promised to accompany her to a lecture to-morrow evening on the "Ethics of Buddha." Mrs Smith does not care for Buddhism herself, but she believes that the lecture will be good discipline for the doctor.

CITY CONCERTS.

ANNUAL

SOLO-SINGING COMPETITIONS

Saturday, 30th January.

Conditions and Forms of Entry to be had from the MUSICSELLERS, or Mr. W. T. FORREST, 135 Union Grove.

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND PRESENTS.

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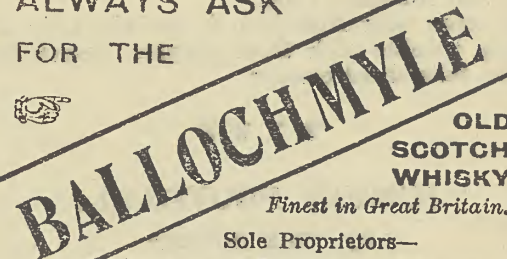
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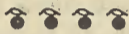
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A "Happy" New Year.



DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I duly received yer postcaird wishin' me a Happy New Year, an' I suppose I ocht in some form or ither to receepricat' the compliment. Sae far as my gweed wushes are concerned, ye hae them. O' that ye may be seer, though I dinna feel equal to the task o' investin' my felicitations wi' ony o' the species o' verbal flummery that's usually considered suitable to the occasion. I houp ye spent the day discreetly, and got hame at nicht decorously sober. It wid 'a' been aufu' unseemly in a

DEACON O' THE FREE KIRK

like yersel' to dee otherwise. That, I deeply regret to say, I didna manage mysel', tho' my meesrable condition wisna due to over-indulgence in poisonous alcoholic fluids, bit to the maleeshis trickery o' a couple o' villains that I'd aye thocht to be my frien's. I wis droggit, man—droggit. Nae a doot aboot it. Fat think ye o' that as a specimen o' depravity in a couple o' seemin'ly reputable coetizens, baith burgeses o' their trade an' probable candidat's for election to the Pairis' Cooncil? "Shamefu'!" I can hear ye say; "past speakin' aboot!" Weel awite, that's true.

It wis only the unlucky accident o' the gryte snawstorm that keepit me in Aiberdeen owre the New Year. My action against the Lost Dog's Home having been settled on the basis already mentioned, I'd arranged to traivel Sooth last Monday. It's lucky, hooiver, that, on seein' fat like a mornin' it wis, I decided to keep to my bed. I may mention that, tho' the soleecitor's bill wis extortionat', I cam better oot o' the law plea referred till than I ever expected. In fac', efter settlin' a' the accounts in connection wi' Kirsty's funeral, I'm

£16 17s. 4d. TO THE GWEED.

This amount wis like sae muckle fun' siller. Ye see, it saved me drawin' on the bank for the expenses o' my holiday, on which I determined to spend ilky copper, an' dee

the thing richt royally, as became an Aberdonian and a gentleman. My satisfaction at the recovery o' this portion o' Kirsty's means, I'm sorry to say, wis the prime factor in inducin' me to brak' the teetotal, which I'd rigidly observed for ten days. This

TOOK PLACE ON HOGMANAY.

Efter my long abstinence, a dram tasted like nectar. I drank in the strictest moderation, hooiver, stickin' to my ain fireside a' the evenin', and retirin' to rest on the back o' ten o'clock. Atween twal an' ane, repeated knocks—dootless fae first-fitters—soondit at the door, bit I loot the roysome vagrants knock. Only aince wis I sairly tempted to rise, an' that wis on hearin' a member o' ane o' the gangs say till's confederates: "C' wa', lads; there'll be nae fun the nicht. The aul' deevil's either lyin' drunk in's bed or nae at hame." Fortunately I refrained, tho' the provocation to get up an' gie the impident kyard a piece o' my min' fae the winda wis almost overwhelmin'.

On feenishin' brakfest neist mornin', I wis in twa min's whether I'd ging doon the toon or no. Efter pledgin' my health and prosperity for the sizzon jist begood in a donal' or twa, hooiver, I snoddit mysel' an' took the road. This wis aboot twal' o'clock. As I didna meet a single acquaintance a' th' wye

DOON GEORGE'S STREET,

I wis naething loth, fin I'd gotten to the Queen, to turn intill a Market Street public on my ain accoont. Here, of course, I wis speedily recognised, an' I micht 'a' been filled up like a tank by the gratuitous gifts o' my admirers gin I hidna pitten in the pin an' made my escape efter consumin' the maitter o' hauf a dizzen nips or some sic-like trifflin' am'unt. Syne I made my waus up Union Street. Sae lang hid I steed laygin' wi' my frien's that by the time I reached the Back Wynd the St. Nicklas clock registered a quarter to twa. On hearin' the clock chime, I gied a sich o' relief. "Weel, Birse," I said to mysel' approvin'ly, "ye've run the gauntlet an' exposed yersel' to temptation, bit for wint o' time, if naething else, there's nae fear

o' ye noo. Birse, ye're a perfect hero t' 'a' resisted the deevil o' desire sae successfu'!"

It wis a glorious reflection this, an' on the strength o't I decided to stan' mysel' anither dram. This I did. Jist as I wis comin' oot o' the bar, fa the deevil did I meet bit m' acquaintances an' neipours, Tam Geils, the plumber, an' Jamie Spence, the plaisterer. Tho' by nae means fou, Tam wis in an unco jovial, sizzonable mood.

"Hullo, Birse," he roared, grippin' me b' th' han like a vice. "C'wa' back an' hae yer New-Year."

"Aye," said Jamie. "C'wa' in an' stan' yer han'. Seein' the bank loot ye aff sae easy, ye can seerly—"

"Na, na, boys," I protested. "I'm completely slockit. Deil anither drap o' drink for me, wus'in' ye a happy New Year a' the same."

"Weel, Birse," put in Jamie, "gin ye winna stan' a roon, I suppose me an' Tam 'ill hae t' dee't wirsel's, for aul' lang syne. C'wa' in."

"Aye, c'wa' in, ye aul' bottle-nosed shark," added Tam cordially. So sayin', he feet'rally shoved me int' the bar. Richt

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willin'ly I wid 'a' refused, bit, as ye ken yersel', there's nae eese o' argyin' wi' twa

SIC COONTERMASHIS CHARACTERS

as the plumber an' the plaisterer, especially fin they've siller in their pooch.

Tam steed the first three donal', an' jist as the glesses were set doon in response to Jamie's call for anither roon, the clock struck twa. "Praise be!" I said to mysel'. "That saves my pooch."

Afore I cud lap up the second drink, a Torry curer ca'd Jock Leiper, fa' wis a' bit paralectic, insisted on shakin' han's wi' me, tho' I hardly kent 'im fae the Archangel Gabriel. Gettin' rid o'm at last, I hastily coupit owre my gless. Man, I thocht there wis something queer i' the taste, bit as I wis vera anxious t' get awa' for fear m' twa frien's micht try to rin me in for anither drink, I said naething aboot

it, an' made for the door. Tam an' Jamie follat.

Nae seener wis I oot in the caul' air than I gied a hotter to the side o' the street an' ran full clash

INTO THE KIRKYARD WA'.

Syne reboundin', I went stot, stot, stotter up the road like an Indy-rubber ba'. A' th' time my heid wis perfectly clear, bit haud my feet I cudna.

"Boys," I cried in desperation, as Tam clutched me b' the airm t' keep me fae fa'in', "I'm blin' fou. Hoo am I to get hame?"

"We'll see to that, Birse," replied Jamie. "Here, cabby!"—he signalled a passing cab.

Wi' gryte difficulty I wis hoisted into the masheen. That's the last I min'. On Seterday mornin' the domestic taul' me I wis cairried t' my bed mortal, an' that she hid to ripe my pooch for siller to pay the cabman.

As seen's I wis fit, I begood to coont up hoo mony drinks I hid ta'en the previous day. The total only cam' to fower donal' an' mebbe a dizzen nips—nae aneuch, in my estimation, to hae fullt an able-bodied monkey. Fae this it wis evident the fussy I'd drunk wis either unco coorse or that I'd been droggit. Droggit I finally decided I maun 'a' been, for I min't perfectly weel Tam wis smokin' a big Marcella sigar in the bar faur the mischief wis deen, an' that I commented on the

FIRMNESS AN' FITENESS O' THE ASH.

Fin I turned roon fae speakin' to Jock Leiper the ash hid disappeared. Faur hid it gaen? Into my fusky, of coorse. The villain! an' to leave me to pay the cab-hire as weel! His conduc' wis as atrocious as it is incredible.

Yours truly,

PETER BIRSE.



O'Flanigan came home one night with a deep band of black crape round his hat.

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