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Vol. XXXI — No 34

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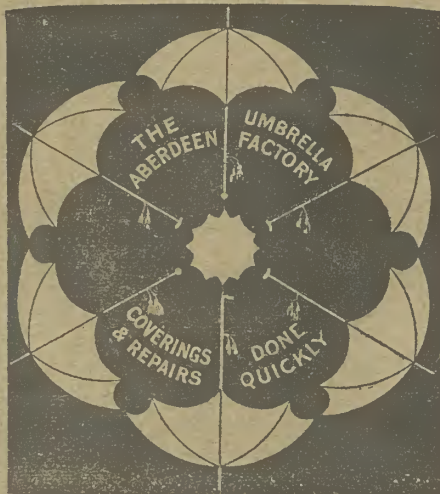
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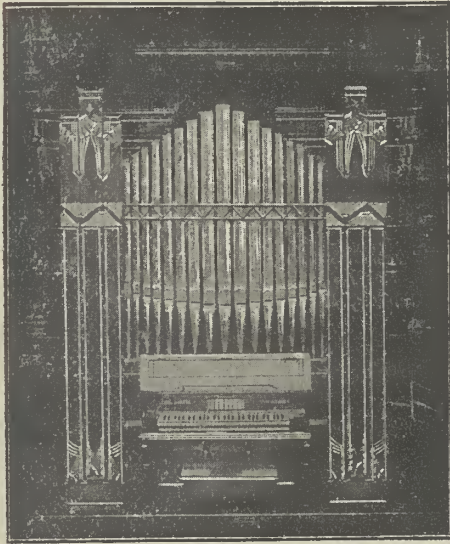
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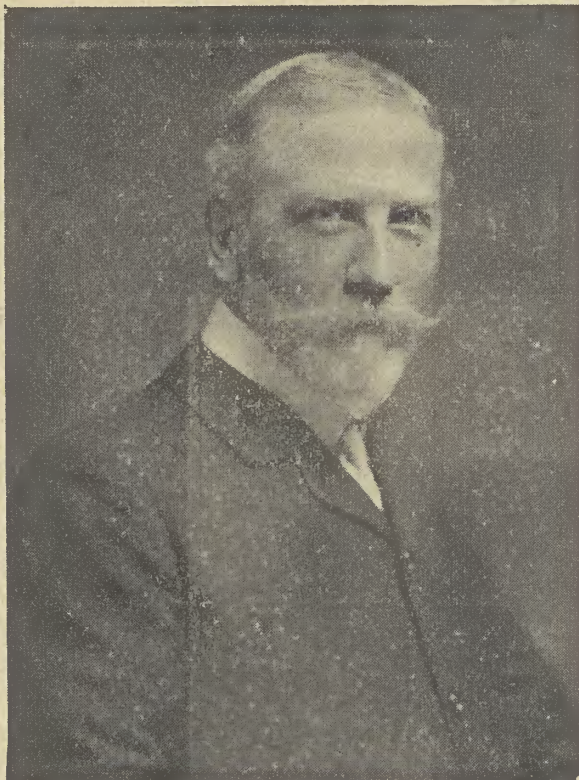
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*Yours very truly,
E. T. Reed.*

A "Prehistoric" Humorist.

A NOTE ON MR. E. T. REED OF PUNCH.



IN a room in a house in a street in London on the 27th of March, A.D., 1860, there was no slight commotion. That was because the as yet unchristened, Edward Tennyson Reed had determined to make a noise in the world, and this was the first opportunity he had of doing so. The disturbance, however, was of a purely local character.

LONDON TOOK HIS ADVENT CALMLY, and there was no undue exhibition of Jingoism. The *Times*, it is true, commented in a prosaic way on the circumstance, and devoted a few lines at the usual prepaid rate to announce the fact, but that was all.

At this time E. T. R. had no intentions of becoming famous, or, if he had, he ought to be ashamed of himself. A man who intends to become famous owes a duty not only to the public, but to his biographer. In short, it requires

A JOHNSON TO MAKE A BOSWELL.

And if there is one thing more than another that a prospective celebrity should see to, it is that the days of his youth are marked by a Crisis. Incidentally, too, it is well that they should have been harrowed by a Wicked Uncle, and that in his manhood he should have had to battle with Poverty—alone. But E. T. Reed, with an utter disregard of the fact that he should have to face an Aberdeen audience, and that a poor devil of a scribe should, at the point of the editorial pen, be compelled to write something about him, did none of these things. Instead, he was content to go to Harrow, and play football. The task of the Egyptians in the manufacture of bricks is as nothing to mine.

It is true he visited the East, both the Near and Far, but with that utter callousness which so ill, from a biographer's point of view, becomes a famous man, he has left no record

either of his impressions of the fair ones of Pharaohland or the Geishas of Japan. Is a celebrity a creature without a soul?

Then things began to happen. *Punch* was looking round for a man who could do comic work, and Mr Linley Sambourne chanced to mention the circumstance to Mr Blake Wirgman. Whereupon the latter immediately suggested their mutual friend E. T. Reed as a fit and proper person for the duties. Mr Sambourne only knew E. T. R., however, as a student of painting, but promised to submit some of his sketches to the Powers that were, in the person of Mr F. C. Burnand. The net result of all this was a request from the editor that Mr Reed should supply a drawing representing "The Parnell Commissioners Enjoying Themselves Up the River," and thus Mr Reed made

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE PAGES OF "PUNCH," on 8th June, 1889.

Thereafter Mr Reed like the busy bee proceeded to improve the shining hour. Among the drawings he produced about this time was the famous "Fancy Portrait (by induction) of my Laundress"—the latter represented by a brawny virago standing over the artist's shirts belabouring them with a spike-studded club. Equally entertaining was the "Automatic Policeman" who controlled the traffic on the penny-in-the-slot-principle. And even at this early period of his artistic career Mr Reed

GAVE INDICATIONS OF THE "PREHISTORIC" TENDENCY in a drawing, "Restored Skeleton of a Bicyclist." Following these came a series of cleverly thought-out "Contrasts," such as a professional Fasting Man making a fortune at the Aquarium while a Balaclava hero was left to starve.

A year later Mr Reed was promoted to the Staff—an appointment over which those wise in their generation shook their heads with solemnity. But that is

MERELY ONE OF THEIR TRIBUTES TO GENIUS.

Some drawings of legal subjects followed several of them based on sketches by the late Sir Frank Lockwood, himself no mean pen draughtsman, as those of his friends fortunate enough to possess specimens of his work will bear witness.

It was in 1893, however, that Mr Reed scored his great triumph. In the Christmas Number of that year appeared the first of his almost

WORLD-FAMOUS "PREHISTORIC PEEFS."

Their evolution came about by a rather curious process. In the previous year he had been doing a series of "exhibits" from the Imperial Institute of the Future, consisting of comic restorations (as imagined by the archaeologist of the future) of common objects of the day. A four-wheeled cab and a policeman had been treated in this way, and Mr Reed was trying to do something with a hansom when he felt that originality of treatment was beginning to be wanting. Then he had a happy thought. Why not picture the hansom as it might originally have been? Three drawings, "The First Hansom," "Primeval Billiards," and "A Quiet Game at Whist in Primeval Times"—posted just in time for the Christmas number, were the result.

In a week London was in convulsions of laughter. The *Daily News* had devoted a "leader" to the drawings, and everybody was talking about them. Others equally clever and even more entertaining followed, including the "Prehistoric Parliament" and

"NO BATHING TO-DAY,"

in which the water was represented as teeming with weird palæontological monsters seeking whom they might devour. Whereupon Mr Reed suddenly found himself famous, but he took it all with praiseworthy composure. Nor was he content to rest on his laurels. "Ready-Made Coats of Arms, or Giving 'em Fits," "Mr *Punch's* Animal-Land," and others have followed, and in 1894 he succeeded Mr Harry Furniss as Parliamentary draughtsman and took his place at the famous Table.

Mr Reed's latest ebullition of versatility is in the role of City Lecturer, in which he appears to-night in the Mitchell Hall to discourse on "Caricatures In and Out of Parliament." In his case the advice to be there is quite unnecessary.



HAS the proposed shelving of evening meetings been shelved in its turn. It looks like it—at least for a time. 'Twas a brave enough motion that stood in ex-Bailie Taylor's name in the card of business of last week's Town Council meeting, but for once in a way the gallant Captain did not stand to his guns. This was an unusual proceeding on his part. To his credit be it said, no matter how ill-directed they may be, the Captain's broadsides usually go off, and if, like the cursing of the famous jackdaw of Rheims, they leave nobody a penny the worse, it is not the fault of Captain Taylor, who can almost always be depended upon to stick to the Town Council deck or lead the most forlorn of storming parties. The real reason of the gallant Captain's "funk" is quite a simple one. He couldn't get the backing of what Dr Rainy used to call "the sufficient number."

IN other words, it looks as if the majority of the Town Council were in favour of evening meetings. But appearances in this case are deceptive. It is pretty well known that several of our City Fathers would gladly forget their November pledges—if they could find a sufficient excuse—and would vote against a continuance of evening meetings. They are willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike. Then there are several City Fathers who think that ex-Bailie Taylor showed an indecent haste in proposing the burial of evening meetings at the very first meeting of the Council. They do not care for these meetings, but they would like to carry out their obsequies decently and in order. So they are prepared to wait till a more convenient season.

"MARTYRED to make a Presbytery meeting" may fitly enough describe the "cauldriif" condition of those devoted Fathers of the Church after they have undergone a sederunt in St. Mary's of the Frozen Floor. Even the jokes of the genial "Rev. C. C." failed to raise the temperature of the place, for it is a nipping and an eager air that plays through the crypt of St. Nicholas, and his playful suggestions as to the improvement of the place fell flat and unprofitable upon the frost-bitten ears of those martyred divines. There is just one ray of hope for them. Dr Macdonald seemed to think that he could get a wooden flooring. We advise him to get the Presbytery to lay their heads together, and the thing would be done at once.

THAT a Radical can on occasion be as intolerant as an intolerant Tory goes without saying. But when the *Journal* lifts up its voice and weeps because Mr Livingston was listened to impatiently on Tuesday night when referring to Mr Pirie, the public does not weep with it. It laughs, and remembers the time, not very distant, when the *Journal* approved of physical force being employed to prevent its opponents' voices being heard. And when some silly-minded and filthy-handed politicians of its own persuasion broke the windows of those politically opposed to them, and then flung into the house the contents of a distant midden, the *Journal* was only sorry that its friends were punished, and exerted itself to gather subscriptions to help to pay their fines. A fellow-feeling doubtless made our contemporary wondrous kind.

"THE Mystery of a Hansom Cab" made not a little stir when it burst upon the gaze of a jaded public in the fetching form of a shilling shocker, and it was only in the nature of things that rows and rows of the novel should have disappeared from our station book-stalls as quickly as the proverbial hot cakes. But, after all, what trifling mystery there was wrapped up in its pages was merely the mystery of a tale that is told, and having served to make the central episode in a somewhat impossible story, it was promptly forgotten by the average reader. In the course of time our local "Mystery of a Four-Wheel Cab" will doubtless have disappeared into the limbo of forgotten things, but meantime it is the subject of all the town talk.

WHEN you enter your favourite caravansery for your mid-day steak or chop, groups of men are seen to gather in the quiet corners of the room, and, to the accompaniment of many nods, and winks, and head-shakings, they let it be understood that they know "all about it," but that, for good and sufficient reasons, they dare not mention names. Of course, there is but one ending to all this "don't duck him in the pond" kind of talk." The names of all sorts and conditions of men are being bandied about from mouth to mouth, and if their owners were all gathered together they would fill, not one cab, but as many cabs as would make quite a dignified funeral procession.

THE names of even highly respectable councillors are getting dragged into this Great Cab Mystery, and Rumour hints that their connection with the *affaire* affords a clue to the hushing-up process that followed that surprising discovery of a capsized cab and a dead horse in a Donside ditch on that recent Sunday morning. What truth there is in all these tales it would be difficult to say, but the Man in the Street gives his shoulders an expressive shrug, and with that twinkle in his eye that meaneth so much, says—

"There's aye some water whaur the stirkie droons," a sentiment that seems to find general acceptance, only in this case a dead horse takes the place of the stirkie of the proverb.

OF course a mystery of this kind would not be considered complete—either inside or outside the boards of a novel—with-out a suspicion of feminine intrigue about it. So there are those who say "*Cherchez la femme*" for a correct clue to the romantic episode of the foundered "four-wheeler." And in this connection one wonders what has come over the Sherlock Holmes of the local press. To say the least of it, their silence is surprising. Would the same discreet reticence have been observed if the "heroes" of this romance had lived, and moved, and had their being in the east-end of the city? We trow not. The sordid use to which a contemporary put the recent death of a poor Causewayend girl rules such a supposition out of court. To make interesting revelations in connection with the Cab Mystery would be a dangerous game to play with men with balances at their bankers. There is no such risk with east-end dwellers. "So these amateur detectives lie low"—very low, sometimes!—"and say nuffin."

IT is doubtful whether all the "out and ins" of the subsequent proceedings connected with that mysterious drive to Donside will ever be known. You ask "Who's Who" who paid for the poor gee-gee and the damaged cab? Well, his name is also figuring in many a "bar," and unless a stop is put to the tales that are flying about town as "thick" as leaves in Vallombrosa that Mysterious Cab will prove the juggernaut of not a few reputations.

IF you are troubled with a Cough or a Cold, take "BUDDEN'S BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND COLTSFOOT." One Dose relieves—One Bottle cures. Insist on having BUDDEN'S BALSAM and don't take Substitutes. 1/1½ and 2/9, of all Chemists

Another Delivery of LADIES' FASHIONABLE ORIENTAL CHAINS, from 1/- to 3/6.
ROBERT HENDERSON, 33 Union Street.

THE members of the Aberdeen Branch of the United Kingdom Commercial Travellers' Association—would that their reputation for common-sense was in proportion to the length of their title!—have so often got up in the morning and found themselves notorious that they must be getting used to the experience by this time. This, we suppose, must be the reason why several of these ultra-patriotic bagmen determined to do something so flagrantly vulgar that they would perforce make their fellow-citizens again aware of their existence. And in this they succeeded, thanks to themselves and the scatter-brained editorials of our local contemporaries. We do not know whose was the master-mind that planned the intrigue that had for its object the removal of Mr Pirie's name from the list of the Association's office-bearers. If he is not in the gas-burner line, he surely must have something to do with gas.

AT anyrate his tongue must have wagged to some tune, for he was able to get a dozen outraged patriots to support him. These twelve apostles of the New Patriotism must be profoundly pleased with the splash they have made in local political circles, and we shall doubtless see some of them take their stand against the members for North and South Aberdeen at the next General Election. Travellers of their type may be expected to go far! Dr Farquharson will indeed be grateful to them for the assurance that they look upon him as a gentleman. Coming from such a quarter, and couched in such delicate language, the genial Doctor must look upon this testimonial as an oasis in the dreary desert of Opposition.

THERE is just one that we sincerely regret. We are sorry that these patriotic gentlemen should have so far forgot themselves as to indulge in undignified cries of "pro-Boer." They should really leave such primitive ways of expressing their contempt for their political opponents to street gamins and Jingo journalists. They are entirely unworthy of the members of the many initialed A.B.U.K.C.T.A. Of course we are quite willing to admit that the exuberance of their Saturday night's oratory was apt to carry them away, but they have a remedy for this state of things in their own hands. They should set their faces like flint against Saturday evening meetings. It is no doubt a grateful and comforting thought to know that Sunday makes a delectable recruiting day, but Human Nature being what it is, there is just a risk that even Commercial Travellers might abuse such an inestimable privilege. We commend the suggestion to the attention of the nineteen gentlemen who voted for the retention of Mr Pirie's name. No one can blame them for what took place. They have our sincere sympathy in their sad affliction.

ACCORDING to the local press, quite a crowd of politicians—more or less Radical—have their eyes on East Aberdeenshire just now. Rumour is making free with the names of several well-known public men, including Mr T. R. Buchanan, who formerly represented the constituency; Mr G. B. Esslemont, the president of the Aberdeen Liberal Association; and Mr James Annand, a native of the Buchan district, who has been in recent years a prominent journalist in Newcastle, where his name is a household word among Tyneside Radicals. And, of course, "there are others." In fact, it looks as if the constituency were to suffer from an embarrassment of candidates.

NEEDLESS to say, this is not a case where there is safety in numbers, and though it may yet be a far cry to the General Election, it behoves the Liberals of East Aberdeenshire to have a man ready to do strenuous battle for the seat that never should have been lost. And in Mr Annand they have such a man. His is not the Liberalism that is qualified by punctuation marks. He has been a life-long Radical, and his political convictions have again and again been tried in the balance and not found wanting. He is just the type of man to commend himself to that ever-growing section of the electorate who are getting tired of Mr Maconochie, his motor-car, and his ostentatiously displayed bank-book.

NEWCASTLE is concerning itself about the colour it should paint its tramway poles, and our Tyneside contemporary *Northern Gossip* suggests that it should be an invisible green. We can gather from this that Newcastle's poles must be made on the same "generous" lines as our own. Unfortunately for Newcastle, we in Aberdeen have little to show in the way of artistic decoration of our tramway poles, but should a deputation of Tyneside Councillors care to pay a visit to the Granite City we could show them what to avoid.

WE have for long had an intimate acquaintance with "The Uncommercial Traveller." No one can resist anything or anybody that has been associated with Charles Dickens. But we frankly admit that we are inclined to "cut" that distant relative the Ungentlemanly Commercial. Last Saturday night's proceedings show that not a few of the latter type are members of the A.B.U.K.C.T.A.

An Interesting Local Book.

OF the making of bazaar books there is no end. But there are bazaar books *and* bazaar books. And it is in a position of honour among those with the *and* in front of them that we have to place "The Book of St. Fittick," a charming history of Torry Past and Present which is about to be issued to the public in connection with the forthcoming bazaar of St. Fittick's Church. It may sound like an Irishism to say so, but the chief charm of this beautiful bazaar book is that it is no bazaar book at all. We are more or less on nodding—too often on yawning—terms with the common or garden type of bazaar book, with its pages of unconsidered trifles in prose and verse and its illustrations with the trail of the amateur over them all. You will find none of these things in "The Book of St. Fittick." What you will find is a delightful description of Torry and its fisher-folk, written by one who has a keen eye for the picturesque, whether in nature or in human nature. As was to be expected from him, Dr Ogilvie has done his work well. The writing of the book has been to him a labour of love, and we pay him the best tribute we can when we say that there is not a dull page in the whole volume. And the illustrations are in keeping with the Doctor's pen-pictures. We have seldom seen a bazaar book so sumptuously illustrated as is "The Book of St. Fittick," and the author is indeed fortunate in getting so many of our local artists to give him of their best. Contributions in verse from those veteran bards of Bon-Accord, Mr William Cadenhead and Mr William Carnie form a fitting ending to this budget of good things. Next week we shall review this interesting addition to local literature at greater length.

Dusk of Day.



SORROWFUL things and things grown old,
I put you by when I lay me down
To watch the autumn twilight fold
Tower by tower the old gray town;

To watch the seagulls wheel and dip
In circles o'er the shadowy sand,
And see the ocean's hungry lip
Caress the white throat of the land.

Then lo! a clock-tower far away
Chimes out the hour of vespers done;
And on my face the flying spray,
And on my cheek the yellow sun

Throws one last lingering touch of gold,
As o'er the sea I look and sigh:
"Sorrowful things and things grown old,
You are with me still for you may not die."

F. P. S.

Warehouseman's Samples of FLANNELETTE UNDERCLOTHING offered at a large discount from Cost Price. ROBERT HENDERSON, 33 Union Street.

Beauty—and the Other Creature.

MRS WATSON ON "THE OLD ADAM AND THE NEW EVE."

IT was with no lusty broadsword of crushing sarcasm that Mrs Watson (better known, perhaps, as "Deas Cromarty" of the *British Weekly*), belaboured poor old crushed man at the City Lecture last Thursday, but with the delicate rapier touch of a woman's wit. But Mrs Watson is not one of those daughters of Eve whose little bit of apple has disagreed with them. She views the world in general and mere man in particular from a rather superior, yet very gracious, point of view. She corrects him prettily, with a certain motherly more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger sort of air that is very grateful and comforting. She takes him off his high horse gently, and she gives him his pill sugar-coated and with a suggestion of jam.

The Council came gallantly and in numbers. As if uncertain whether the bright little lady in a dainty frock of a colour which I know not (for I am not the City Concerts critic) would break them on the wheel or only laugh at them, they solemnly filed in at the wake of Bailie Taggart as he bravely, yet with evident trepidation and an air as if he were carving his own monument, led the lady lecturer to the platform. One notable absentee there was in the person of Bailie Adam Maitland. One can only conjecture at the reason, but the title of the lecture may have had something to do with it. And really it would have been rather embarrassing to have been continually reminded of the frailties of the Old Adam.

Mrs Watson realised the importance of her subject. At the outset she admitted that since men and women first kissed and quarrelled and kissed again, and Adam got the last word, and, as a consequence had to take Eve with him through the Wilderness, these two had been very much taken up with each other. Even if woman refuses to see anything heroic in man, she loves him all the same, while he, on the other hand, appears to be very fond of the misery which she causes him. All of which is very true—if somewhat foolish on the part of man.

Then an anecdote. Said a Little Brother (who realised, if he did not appreciate, the inconsistencies of womankind) to a Big Sister, "Sometimes you call me a bother—sometimes a dear. I don't mind. Call me a bother if you like, or, if you must, a dear, but don't, please, don't call me a Little Angel." Now Adam is not a bit like that—he likes to be called a *perfect treasure*.

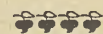
Then, woman-like, Mrs Watson tried to throw the shortcomings of Eve on Adam, for, she argued gaily, was not Adam the father of Eve? But for the real character of Adam there are any number of works of reference—the Bible, the Greek and Latin Poets, the Lives of the Saints, the Memoirs of Others, even (and we bow to the touching reference) the Press. For a dozen milleniums that incorrigible man has been rampaging about the world painting it red. Incidentally, too, he is a man of many inventions. But it is in the Poet, the man who writes verse—it may be to Moira or it may be to Mary in Heaven, or it may be merely a Ballad—that the Old Adam is most strongly represented. We have, at considerable risk, we admit, for he is terrible in his wrath and swears in the Latin tongue, put the point, delicately and lovingly, as one would offer him a cigarette, to our own particular bard, but he says it is a gross libel. But then he is no ordinary Poet.

As to the New Eve. She is, among other things, wonderfully pretty and well dressed. Also (according to Mrs W.) she is like a bird. Her profession or business sits as lightly upon her as she does upon her bicycle—in fact it is rather to oblige the public that she sells you a postage stamp or amputates a leg. Further, she has a way of turning upon you a glance, and cheerily, yet firmly, putting you right.

Occasionally, however, she is a bit of a Dragon. That is when she wears a stiff collar and a pink chrysanthemum. But the eternal feminine in her disposition remains like the Cupid who *would* come through the whitewash. She likes a Cavalier

in attendance, though she may regard marriage as the refuge of the Destitute. Further, she likes to be taken out, to look smart, but insists that man shall leave his high horse in the coal cellar. She is willing to play fair, but the Miltonic point of view, where Adam sits his high horse with the assistance of an affable archangel while Eve genuflects in a series of salaams is abolished. She is no longer the weaker vessel. In fact, give her a chance and she will do anything. She has cycled out to see the world and doesn't intend to come back. Which, of course, will be a sad loss to the world and all that therein is.

X.



The City Concerts.

THE AVERAGE MAN AND HIS BEST GIRL COMPLAIN.

SINCE *Bon-Accord* put in a word with the City Concerts Committee for the poor overworked pressmen—who have now placed at their disposal seats as luxuriously upholstered as any ottoman in the Yildiz Kiosk itself!—we have been inundated with protests against the seating arrangements that are made by a well-meaning committee for the accommodation of the Average Man and his Best Girl, who, as everybody knows, are very much in evidence at the Saturday Pops. Now the Average Man, when he has the moral support of his Best Girl, is not a person to be trifled with, so we hasten to make his grievances known to a Municipality that is nothing if not grandmotherly.



AND the trouble is this. He and his amorata complain that they have to be at the door of the Music Hall the night before the concert if they are to have a "look-in" at all. And even though they get a "look-in" they often—too often!—don't get a seat; and if they do get a seat, it is only after a struggle that ends in the survival of the fittest. Minor grievances they may have, but that, to put it shortly, is the head and front of the Committee's offending. Now, it is easier far to state a grievance than to suggest a remedy. And for the life of us, we can't see what a sorely-tried committee can do to please the people in the Sixpenny Seats. We live in a democratic age; the Concerts Committee are democratic representatives; the concerts themselves are democratic—some say too democratic, in tone, but what can you expect for tuppence?—and the dearest seats can be hired for the democratic "tanner." When all these things are taken into account, we are constrained to ask the Average Man what he and his Best Girl expect for their money? Of course, the Music Hall Company might see their way in the dim and distant future to provide a ninepenny dress circle for our Upper Circles, and "bob" boxes for the *élite*, but in the meantime the directors think that it is better to lie low till those fine frescoes are finished, for the sight of which they charge nothing at all.



As to the wear and tear at the doorways—the crumpling of fine feathers, and the trampling on favourite corns—all these things will have to be endured so long as the average Aberdonian behaves like a barbarian when seeking an entrance into his places of entertainment. In this respect he takes his pleasures madly, and has to take the consequences of his folly. We have often wondered when the people of Aberdeen will in these things emulate the manners of the Gay Parisians, and enter their temples of pleasure singly and not as battling battalions. This is certainly one of the things that they do better in France.

ONLOOKER.

BROWN'S MILLINERY.

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

Old-Time Traders and their Ways.

No. XVI.

George Street: Old-time Traders: Changed Conditions:
Summary Punishment: Novel Shot in American
Civil War: Value—What is it?: Juvenile
Criminals: More Humane Treatment.



SIXTY years ago George Street was the leading thoroughfare from Union Street to the North of Scotland; and rather a dull road it was—almost all old-fashioned houses. Since then, however, its character has greatly changed. Large and elegant shops, public offices, halls, and handsome buildings have given place to the small, low-roofed, and plain houses of a former time. With electric cars and the crowd and bustle of vehicular and foot traffic it is now one of the busiest streets in the city. Fifty odd years ago there were only four shops from Union Street to North Broadford where a pennyworth of needles or a reel of thread could be bought, or the smallest requirements of drapery goods for domestic use could be purchased. The four shops were tenanted by John Barker, 63 St. Nicholas Street; George Tough, 134, Robert Angus, 154, and James Ross, 192 George Street; and these employed, including the proprietors, about twelve persons. In the same street, instead of four, there are now upwards of seventy shops; and instead of a dozen hands, there are now nearly seven hundred male and female assistants in the drapery and clothiers trades. Eighteen of the firms employ from 8 to 104 hands. This will give some idea of the vast commercial importance which the locality enjoys, and the progress it has achieved as a centre of enterprise and business success.

Of the four clothiers and drapers in 1844, Mr George Tough is the only survivor, and all the shops they occupied are so altered and improved in appearance that their original tenants, were they permitted to visit the locality, would not know them. In one of them a lady of great shrewdness and business ability was successful in commencing a trade which ultimately, under the management of her relative and successor, Mr Tough, became one of the largest and best equipped in the district. In its earlier stages, and when occupying a small half shop, there were some interesting experiences in dealing with doubtful customers.

One afternoon a woman wearing a long, loose duffle cloak with a hood, and carrying a reticule basket in her hand, covered by the cloak, made some trifling purchase. As she was leaving she had to pass out alongside a pile of worsted which occupied the counter near the door. With great smartness she took a head of worsted from the pile, and quickly conveyed it to the reticule, and was marching out. The lady shopkeeper saw what was done, and hurrying smartly along, seized her as she was on the doorstep, and made her come back, and took her to the end of the shop. Charging her with the theft, the woman stoutly denied it, but the lady took the cloak aside, and there was the worsted on the top of the basket. Turning her round, the shopkeeper said, "Let me see if you have any more in the hood of your cloak," and nimbly lifting a large tankard filled with water, she poured the contents down the back of the culprit, who realised the wet bath to which she was subjected, and cried, "Oh, bit this is an awfu' trick you've played upon me," and quickly left the shop, and marched along the pavement with the water dripping from her underclothing. The distinctive marks she left behind her were a source of infinite amusement to onlookers. A clever punishment, and well deserved. Such cases of stealing were not at all uncommon, and a sharp eye had

to be kept on many who would not neglect the opportunity of pilfering.

In the same place, a girl who was selling fish, and carrying a small basket over her arm, as she was leaving the shop took a silk neckerchief from some that were hung up near the door. This, too, was witnessed by the same old lady, and with equal smartness she seized the offender, first taking the neckerchief from the basket, and then turning her round gave her a good thrashing. As she was wearing a thin wrapper, the sturdy blows which fell upon her shoulders and back make her yell out, "Stop, you beggar, or you'll murder me."

During the time of the American Civil War there was a great advance in the price of cottons. In a George Street shop an old woman entered and hurriedly said to one of the shopmen, "Gie's a tippeny pirn." "They're three-pence, noo," he replied. "Mercy, fat wye's that?" asked the buyer. "Oh," responded the smart salesman, "it's the war. They're sheetin' ane anither with them in America, that's the wye they're scarce." With this explanation she stumped down the threepence, evidently quite satisfied with what had been told her. A George Street merchant made a considerable purchase of hats, and was telling his brother he had done so, and that he was selling them wholesale at double the price he paid for them. The brother looked amazed, and told him he was charging far too much, and that his customers were not getting value for their money. "Well, William," replied the seller of hats, quietly, and with intense earnestness, "the value of an article is just what it will bring."

Summary punishments for petty thefts were not infrequent. The parties wronged were unwilling to give the delinquents into custody, believing that personal chastisement would probably be a more effective and certainly a quicker punishment than that of the Magistrate or the Sheriff.

At that time the penal code was cruel and oppressive. For offences which are now punished with fine or imprisonment, transportation was a common sentence. The Circuit Court was often a most painful scene. Young boys, very young boys, were frequently tried for theft, and had there been former charges against them, they received a sentence of banishment for a lengthened period. In 1841, at the April Circuit Court, a boy of twelve years of age was charged and convicted for stealing a grate. When he came into Court he cried "Hurrah," and on sentence of seven years transportation being passed upon him he gave three hearty cheers. Such scenes caused much thought and anxiety amongst many as to the wisdom or propriety of treating juvenile offenders in this manner. The subject was discussed by a few, and the attention of Sheriff Watson and other philanthropic gentlemen was enlisted to devise some other method of dealing with juvenile criminals, which was a scandal to our Christianity and civilisation. The result was that the Industrial School was organised in the city, and such was the excellent effect on the juvenile population that crime became amongst that class in Aberdeen very much reduced, and the benefit to Society was seen and appreciated. Our criminal laws are much more humane now, and every encouragement is given for the prevention of crime and the reformation of the criminal.

A. S. C.

(To be continued).



DOCTORS and nurses everywhere recommend RIZINE. A packet will be sent post free to any address from "Rizine" Works, Henry Street, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C. for three stamps, and you can then try the most delicious invalid pudding you have ever tasted. It is made as follows:—Ingredients: Two tablespoonfuls Rizine, 1 teaspoonful castor sugar, white of 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk. Mode: Boil the Rizine and milk 7 minutes, whisk the white of egg to a stiff froth, stir into it the sugar, then add to the cooked Rizine. Beat lightly and serve in a glass dish. Rizine is sold everywhere in packets only.

FASHIONS of TO-DAY at the MILLINERY, MANTLE and DRESS WAREHOUSE.
ROBERT HENDERSON, 33 Union Street.

Her Majesty's Theatre,

GUILD STREET ABERDEEN.

LAST THREE NIGHTS AND MATINEE
on SATURDAY at 2.15 of the New and Original
Romantic COMIC OPERA—

The Fisher Girl.

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

MONDAY NEXT—

THE SILVER KING.**New Palace Theatre,**

BRIDGE STREET ABERDEEN.

General Manager, - - MR ERNEST SHELDON

MONDAY, 25th November, 1901,

*Last Three Nights of***Harry Lauder**

and

Star Company.**SEIVWRIGHT'S**

For UMBRELLAS.

MUSIC HALL.

TUESDAY, 3rd December, 1901.

HARRISON CONCERT.

Vocalists—Miss LOUISE DALE, Miss ADA CROSSLEY, Mr BEN DAVIES, Mr ROBERT
RADFORD. Piano—Miss EVELYN STUART. Violin—Mr WM. HENLEY.
Accompanist—Mr G. H. MANTON.

Reserved Seats—6/-, 4/-, 3/-; Unreserved—2/-, 1/-. Tickets and Plan at J. MARR WOOD & Co., Ld.

A. M. SUTHERLAND

Has Returned from London with the

**Latest Styles of Hairdressing and
Newest Novelties**

for the Coming Season. Several Improvements
in ORNAMENTAL HAIRWORK, of which
Samples can be seen. Large and Choice Selection
of Up-to-date Ornaments, including a well-
selected lot of Real Shell-side Combs, Back
Combs, etc. My Special 10d Hair Net can still
be had.

Engagements are now being booked for the
following specialties:—Marcel Waving and
Hairdressing for evening, etc.; Hair Dyeing
and Linting Manicure, and Face Massage;
Electric treatment for the Hair, and Elec-
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Application.

GENT'S DEPARTMENT.

Large Staff of experienced assistants in attend-
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such as Razors, Strops, Sponges, Combs,
Brushes, Mirrors, etc. at Moderate Cost. In-
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DANCING & CALISTHENICS

MUSIC HALL BUILDINGS.

MR A. COSMO MITCHELL will BEGIN
his SECOND QUARTER on MONDAY,
18th November.

Prospectuses at the Book and Music Sellers,
or Springbank, Dee Place.**Stamp Photographs.****Your Photo in Miniature on
XMAS CARDS.**

Large Variety of XMAS MOUNTS for
Midget, Carte-de-Visite, and
Cabinet.

— BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS. —

Taylor, Schoolhill.**STAR AND GARTER Restaurant and Bar**

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Mrs. WEBSTER has the honour to announce that The Bar (6 Crown Street)
of her New Premises

☀ IS NOW OPEN. ☀

The NEW BAR is now on Up-to-Date lines, which ensure to every Customer, Old or New, the maximum
of Luxurious Comfort. The Highest Class of Refreshments only will be Purveyed at Popular Prices at
Buffet and Bar. Civility will be Guaranteed. Everything that Modern Science has devised in the way
of Mechanical Appliances to Secure Quick Service has been installed.

Restaurant and Bar, STAR and GARTER.

* * ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE OPENING OF THE RESTAURANT WILL
BE MADE SHORTLY.



Her Majesty's Theatre.

"The Fisher Girl."

NOTHING is sacred to writers for the stage. Victor Hugo has been lately used as a maker of melodrama for the English stage, though with very little success, either critical or popular. The legend of the Flying Dutchman needs delicate treatment if it is to be effective. This piece is a curious cento of many things, of melodrama, musical farce, a little of genuine comic opera, and a good deal of pantomimic clowning. There is also a little pantomime, in the real sense, and it is cleverly done by Mr J. M. Jones. The piece is almost everything by turns, and nothing long. Miss Agnes Molteno, who plays Elsbeth, Mr Colin Bryce, who plays Hendrick, and, above all, Miss Lottie Siegenberg, who plays the part of Hannah, are those who have most nearly strayed out of comic opera. Miss Molteno is a singer of experience, and she has caught some of the style, and some of the mannerism, too, of romantic opera as it was played when very intelligent persons went to the theatre. Miss Siegenberg makes the piece delightful by her perfectly dainty and roguish acting and dancing. She has an excellent voice, too, and her singing is very pleasant. Mr Colin Bryce plays and sings the lover effectively, and Mr Frank Land, who represents a pedlar, has a vigorous voice of good quality. Miss Nell Gilmore, a pretty woman, plays the innkeeper's wife vivaciously. Fun of an active kind, which greatly amuses the house, is supplied by Messrs Arthur Gallimore and Stockall Ward. Mr Couch, the burly innkeeper of the comic operatic stage, enters into the knockabout fun with spirit. And Mr Edward Kipling plays the Baron cleverly and certainly with a sense of humour. There is some agile dancing by four girls, one of whom at least is very graceful. "The Fisher Girl" will be played at a matinée on Saturday.

Next week: "The Silver King."

The pantomime, "Robinson Crusoe," will be produced on Monday week. Mr Cavanah tells me that Miss Alice Oppitz, who has been a member of the company at the Savoy Theatre, will play a leading part in the pantomime.

Miss Siegenberg is going to play in "The Fisher Girl" until Easter. A portrait of this charming young actress will appear in our Christmas Number.

Mr J. M. Jones, who has done clever work in pantomime, and does the real thing very well in "The Fisher Girl," has been engaged by Mr George Alexander.

DENTISTRY.—G. P. CRUICKSHANK, Surgeon-Dentist, 300 and 302 George Street, Aberdeen, supplies ARTIFICIAL TEETH of best quality and Workmanship, set on Vulcanite, Platinum, or Gold, with all the latest improvements, at moderate charges. TEETH PAINLESSLY EXTRACTED, Stopped and Scaled. Extractions by the aid of Nitrous Oxide Gas or Chloroform when desired. Consultations free.

Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Cecilia Loftus.

Miss Ellen Terry has thought it worth while to deny the American tale of cock-and-bull that she was going to leave Sir Henry Irving, and that her place at the Lyceum Theatre was to be taken by Miss Cissie Loftus. However, Sir Henry has chosen Miss Loftus to play Margaret in the revival of "Faust" at the Lyceum next summer. It is only the parts of young heroines that Miss Terry will no longer play. Miss Terry, it is said, intends to play some Shakespearean characters at the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon.

Miss Cecilia Loftus is playing one of the leading parts in Mr Justin Huntly M'Carthy's play, "If I Were King," which Mr E. H. Sothorn has produced in America. Mr George Alexander has bought the English rights of the play for production at the St. James's Theatre.

Miss Marion Terry is going to play Little Lord Fauntleroy's mother in the revival at Wyndham's Theatre.

The Revival of "Iolanthe."

"Iolanthe" will be revived at the Savoy Theatre on Saturday week. It is curious that "Iolanthe" is one of the few most successful of the series of operas that have not been revived. "Iolanthe" was produced on the 22nd of November, 1882. It was in the part of Private Willis that Mr Charles Manners became popular. Mr Durward Lely was one of the principal members of the cast, and Miss Fortescue played the Fairy Celia.

New Plays at the Theatres.

New plays will be produced, during December, at the Haymarket, the Vaudeville, the Globe, Terry's, and the Great Queen Street (Penley's) Theatres. At the Duke of York's Theatre and the Avenue Theatre there is no play. Much better plays than "Sherlock Holmes" have failed, but "Sherlock Holmes" is very successful at the Lyceum. By the way, in January three companies will play a version of "Sherlock Holmes" in Antwerp, Hamburg, and Vienna. The piece will be produced in Cape Town during the holidays, and in France early in February.

Dramatic Critics and Theatrical Managers.

Two dramatic critics have recently done their duty at the sacrifice of their bread and butter. The dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph* severely criticised a musical comedy which was recently produced. He was dismissed next day. A few months ago the dramatic critic of another daily paper lost his situation because he dared, from the advertising manager's point of view, and the point of view of the actress's husband, to criticise a popular actress.

I am glad to see that Mr Beerbohm Tree and Mr Henry Hamilton are organising a performance for Mr Yorke Stephens's benefit. Mr Stephens has had very bad luck of late.

The principal girl in "Dick Whittington" at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, will be Miss Katie Vesey, one of the best of the Gaiety dancers.

Mr Walter Scott has been kind enough to send me copies of his new edition of Ibsen, which is edited by Mr William Archer. The Introductions by Mr Archer are historical and not critical. It is all that is necessary. This is an excellent edition of a master whom Mr A. B. Walkley lately put in the same rank as Sophocles and Shakespeare.

W. M. BRECHIN,

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

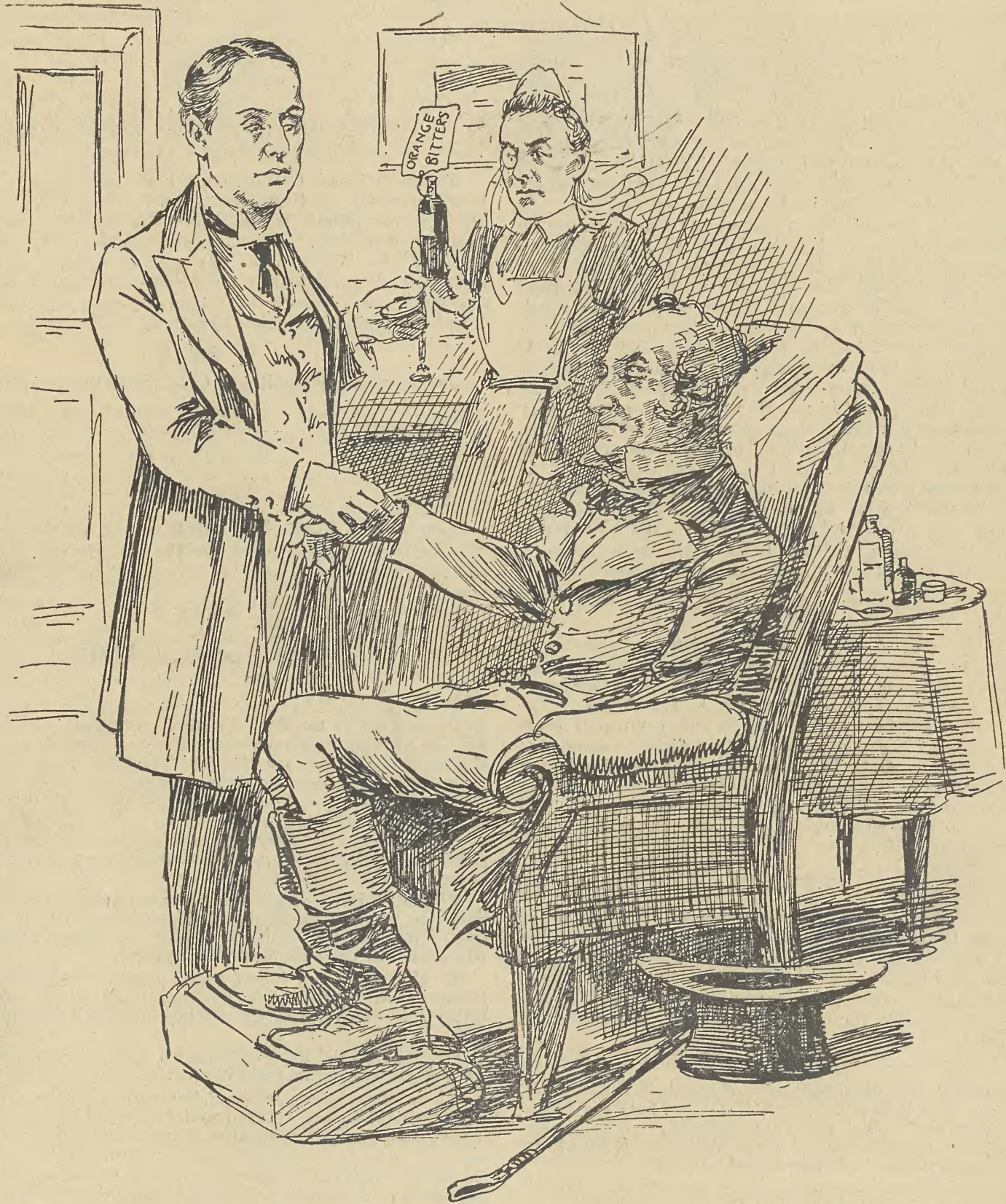
English House Coals; Large Treble-Screened Nuts; Best Scotch Coals, Delivered by own Carts Free into Cellars. Orders Promptly Executed, TELEPHONE No 630.

"They are a Treasure." Standard. } "They come as a boon and a blessing to men, The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen" } 6d. and 7s. per Box, at All Stationers. Oban Times.



A Fellow of Infinite Jest.

During his fortnight's engagement Harry Lauder has kept the patrons of the Palace in a roar.



The Impatient Patient.

JOHN BULL—"This South African fever is playing the deuce with my health, doctor. Can't you do anything for me?"

DR ROSEBERY—"You do look poorly, John. What do you say to a change of nurse?"

NURSE JOEY (*aside*)—"Change indeed! I knows a good place when I gets it, and mean to stick here."

Performances of "H.M.S. Pinafore":

MISS MURIEL NORRIS-ADAMS'S CHILDREN'S CHOIR.

THE two performances of "Pinafore" pleased the audiences at the Union Hall in no uncertain fashion. They were, indeed, on the whole, creditable to Miss Muriel Norris-Adams's training, and to the intelligence of the boys and girls who sang in them. A brief visit on Saturday evening proved that certain defects of the first evening had been removed out of the way. Nervousness and want of experience were less seen at the second performance. The children enjoyed the fun of the thing, and took it as seriously as children know how. They moved easily, in harmonious groups, about the stage, and, in the case of the younger performers, with the elusive grace of childhood. Miss Muriel Norris-Adams directed the performances, and Miss Alice Murray was the pianist, Miss Mutch the organist, and Mr Smith the violinist. The most delightful thing was the singing of the choruses. They were sung with vigour and with commendable harmony. The performances owed a good deal to the intelligence of Mr W. A. Mackenzie, who was the stage manager. Mr Mackenzie was at one time the Editor of *Bon-Accord*, and he was for three years the Editor of *Black and White*. He will leave London to-day for Paris, where he is going to spend some time. The scenery was lent by Mr Robert Arthur, the managing director of Her Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen.

The most notable thing, perhaps, in the performance of "H.M.S. Pinafore" was the acting of Miss Minnie Garrow. This young lady played Ralph Rackstraw at the second performance. She proved that she has an instinct for the stage, and I believe that she is anxious to see what the real thing is like.

GALLIO.

"PHYLLIS" (the farmer's daughter), a charming operetta by G. F. Rofot will be performed in the Gilcomston Parish Church Hall on the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of next week under the direction of Mr J. Hutcheson. The choruses will be rendered by a large and competent choir numbering over 50, accompanied by an efficient orchestra of picked instrumentalists. The fun of the piece is afforded by one Chappleigh, a city dandy, one of the eyeglass, and collar, and cuff species, a regular "There you are, dwash it all, don't you know" sort of chap who is not familiar with the manners and customs of country life.

WE have just time to call attention to the opening of the new Star and Garter Restaurant and Bar in Crown Street. The handsome and stately building in which it is situated is a magnificent addition to the architecture of the city, and luxurious comfort, the highest class of refreshments, and every attention will be obtained by those patronising Mrs Webster's new establishment.

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

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



Sporting Notes.



Rugby.

University v. Grammar School F.P.s.

(NORTHERN RUGBY CHAMPIONSHIP.)

Played at King's College, on a hard and slippery ground. In the first half the University pressed most of the time and scored twice through Welsh and A. Milne, but none of the tries were converted. In the second half play was more even, but still the 'Varsity had the best of matters and scored through T. Robertson after a brilliant run, and J. W. Milne converted, the 'Varsity ultimately running out winners by 1 goal and 2 tries (11 points) to nil.

The following is the Rugby Championship up to date:—

	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Points.
University	3	3	0	0	6
Grammar School F.P.s....	3	1	1	1	3
Aberdeenshire	3	0	2	1	2
Nomads.....	2	0	1	2	1

Last week in the North v. Midlands match we mentioned that A. W. Milne had scored for the North, but this was a printer's mistake. It should have been A. M. Bisset who scored.

Junior Football Notes.

The honour of being the largest winners this week belongs to the 1st Coy. of the Boys' Brigade, who in playing against the 4th Coy. won by the large margin of 8-1. Such a score shows how well the 1st Coy. can play when in their proper form, and when once that cup comes along we warn the other companies that they will have to practice hard before they can hope to equal the 1st Coy.'s play.

The Free South travelled to Mugiemoos, where they were only able to draw their game with the papermakers, the score being 2 all.

The F.S. have played many a better game than they did on Saturday, their forwards in particular being a little bit off their usual form. Other teams, however, have their off-days, and why shouldn't the Free South have theirs?

In the third-class junior league game between the Glenfield Reserves and the Shamrock (Bankhead), played on the latter's pitch, the feature was the amount scored, 11 in all finding the net.

Of this total the Reserves scored 6, and along with them the two points, which puts them in a better position on the table.

The win was hardly expected, but on the play it was deserved. The Glenfield forwards played well, but would have done better if they had combined instead of going in so much for individual play.

The Stafford Thistle were not equal to the task of beating the Shamrock of Aberdeen, though they might, had they not lost their opportunities, been able to draw with them.

They need not be ashamed of being beaten by 1-0, for though their opponents undoubtedly showed the best form, theirs was not far below that of the winners.

Pittodrie, not *the* Pittodrie, was the venue of the game between the Junior Melrose and the Junior Aulton Rovers. This game, which was a close one, and in which both sides played good football, ended in a draw of 2 goals—a very satisfactory finish to both teams.

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

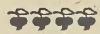
The Hearts are the Stoneywood's latest victims, having been defeated by them on Saturday by 2-0.

The Stoneywood at the rate they are going will have a fine record to show at the end of the season. Hurry up, you city clubs who have not been defeated. Stoneywood is prepared to meet you all, and beat you into the bargain.

The Rosebank did a smart performance when they beat the Richmond at the Stocket by 2-1. The Richmond have a good name for their play, but the Rosebank were able to show them that they also knew a bit on Saturday. The change of name has brought good luck to the Rosebank.

The 2nd Balmoral just got home winners and no more in their match with the Violet. The scores were more like a cricket match than a football game, 13 goals being scored, 7 of which fell to the Balmoral and 6 to the Violet.

The goalkeepers on both sides must have been frozen to their posts before they allowed all these goals to be scored.




Senior Football Notes.

For the third week in succession.

Interest in this tie was as great as ever when the teams lined up on Saturday. The Stripes had intended playing another Keith man, Balgowan, in place of Thomson at back, but at the last moment he, along with Fraser, who made a successful debut in the previous match, preferred to play for their own club, as they also were engaged in a cup-tie. The difficulty was got over by playing Willox at back, and introducing Campbell and Prophet at centre half and inside right respectively. Shiach was shunted, and Massey, who played for the Whites a fortnight ago, got a trial. As the result of an accident in the last game, the Aberdeen Committee were afraid to risk Brash on the hard ground, and an old favourite, in the person of Davie Gray, was played at outside right, Livingstone taking up his old position in the centre. The Whites kicked off, and at once made tracks for Ritchie, but were easily repulsed. The hard ground was responsible for many slips on both sides, and good shooting was at a discount. The Orion forwards were the first to find their feet, but their shots were all from long range, and Bisset had no difficulty in dealing with them. Gradually the Whites got into their swing, and with a nice overhead kick, Charlie Mackie landed the ball in the corner of the net, Ritchie being completely taken by surprise. This goal was the means of making the game faster, but the play of the backs and halves on both sides was so strong that neither goalkeeper was really tested. Thompson, Prophet, and Massey were bearing the brunt of the attacking work for the Stripes, while for the Whites, Fullarton, Mackie, and Livingstone were conspicuous, although all exhibited a slackness, probably attributable to the condition of the ground, in front of goal. The Whites continued to have the major portion of the play, but the teams crossed over without any further scoring.



The Stripes resumed in fine style, and Bisset was early called upon. Massey was putting in some good work on the left, but his old fault, viz., weak centring, was very apparent. The Whites, however, were not long idle, and soon shots were pouring in upon Ritchie from all directions. The goalkeeper did his work well, but only the hardest of hard luck kept Aberdeen out. Nothing daunted, the Whites pegged away, and after a succession of shots, Fullarton scored with a fast grounder. A few minutes afterwards Gray missed a grand chance just on the post, and then again, from a centre by Charlie Mackie, Fullarton found the net, but for some reason or other, presumably offside,

HOCKEY. If one firm of manufacturers more than another keeps abreast of the times in the matter of Implements for Sport, that firm is Geo. G. Bussey & Co., of London, who are leading the way again with their Hockey Clubs and Balls which bear their well-known trade mark . Ask the local Sports Dealer for G. G. B. & Co.'s Special Hockey List. If not procurable, apply to 36 and 38 Queen Victoria Street, London. Factory—Peckham, S.E.

the referee disallowed the point. Till within a few minutes from time, the Stripes were for the most part defending, until, getting rid of the pressure, they were granted a foul near Aberdeen's lines, and after a scrimmage in front of goal, Prophet scored. Immediately afterwards the whistle blew.



Two goals to one by no means indicates the superiority of the Whites. They were all over the better team, and the Stripes never looked like winning. The Orion's light forwards did very well in the open against the bulky defence, but were seldom dangerous when near goal. The Whites on the other hand shot hard and often, evidently on the assumption that some of them were bound to tell. It is many years since Aberdeen have had such a pull over the Orion as they have had within the past three weeks. We remember, some six or seven years ago, upon their meeting on three successive Saturdays, but then the boot was on the other foot, the Orion winning handsomely on each occasion.



For the Stripes, Ritchie brought off several smart saves. His action in throwing the ball in Fullarton's face, when the Aberdeen man was appealing to the referee for the disallowed goal, was childish in the extreme, and he may consider himself lucky in not being ordered off the field. Willox shaped well in his new position, although his breaking-up work at centre-half was missed. Thomson was the most dangerous forward.



For the Whites, O'Brien was the best back, his kicking in any position being a treat to witness. Dakers showed an improvement on his former display, his speed time after time proving an advantage to his side. Gray was the only failure among the forwards, but considering his long absence from the football field this is not to be wondered at.



The Aberdeen's team against the St. Johnstone at Perth on Saturday first will be Bisset, O'Brien, Dackers, J. Mackie, Thompson, Robertson, Brash, C. Mackie, Livingstone, Davidson, and Fullarton. The only doubtful starter is J. Mackie, who may be unable to get away from business. It is hoped he may so that the team may travel complete.



Grand Win for the Vics.

Lochee United have been doing so well at home recently that the Vics' supporters were a little doubtful about their pets being able to bring off a win. The ground was on the hard side, but the referee declared it playable.

The home team started in good style, but the Blues were not long before they were having a say in the game. Shortly after the start, Knowles sent across a good centre, which Burnett negotiated all right but he was pulled up for off-sides. Play was then confined to the Vics' territory for a considerable time; the homesters attacking with great persistency. Fortunately for the Vics, Lochee's shooting for the most part was wild, and only one shot from Fleming took effect. The Vics tried hard to equalise, and obtained one or two corners, but half-time arrived with the score unaltered.

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Large Selection of LAMBS' WOOL SHIRTS and PANTS
from 2s 9d to 7s 6d.

Special Purchases for all Departments. **ROBERT HENDERSON, Drapery Warehouseman,
33 Union Street.**

On resuming a great change was observed in the tactics of the Vics. Their forwards discarded close dribbling and adopted the long passing game, and, being well supported by their halves, it was not long till success came their way. Duncan had the honour of drawing first blood, and a few minutes afterwards Knowles added a second. Lochee appeared completely surprised at this turn of events, and their forwards, headed by Fleming, tried hard to raise the siege, but it was of no avail. Back came the Blues in a body, and twice in quick succession was the ball rushed into the net. Four goals in less than half an hour was decidedly good business. Lochee now asserted themselves, and were awarded a penalty kick, which was the means of reducing the lead against them. Still keeping up the pressure, their right wing had a good run, and from the centre the ball was rushed through. Almost immediately afterwards the whistle was blown and the Vics retired winners of a hard game.

The play of the Vics in the second half was a revelation compared with that in the first. To the dash and speed of their forwards is the win mainly attributable. For some time there was no holding them. This win should do the Vics a lot of good, and should also be the means of increasing their gates at home matches.



The 'Varsity Meet Arbroath Reserves.

The Maroons have now got so many players on their list, that with the view of keeping them in practice, they have started a Reserve eleven, and they made their first appearance on Saturday. This team comprises such well-known names as Hannah, Petrie, Mollison, Leuchars, and Axford, and it can be called by no means a weakling. The students started well, and had the better of the opening changes. Gradually, however, the Reserves pulled themselves together, and before the first half closed they had scored three goals to the 'Varsity's nil. The latter had more of the play in the second half, but, though they scored 2 goals, other 3 were chalked up against them, so they had to admit defeat by 6 goals to 2.



Northern League Notes.

Three League games were played on Saturday, and except at Lochee, the home teams proved easy winners.

Our prediction some weeks ago that, if the Vics kept up their form, they would soon occupy a respectable position has come true. With a match to play they are at present a point above the Stripes.

St. Johnstone made a bold fight against the A's at Dens Park, and at half-time there was no scoring. Latterly, however, the homesters wakened up, and in the end won rather easily by 3 goals to love. Howes, Cowie, M'Geoch, and Barron, who have all lately been playing for the first eleven, appeared in their team. Dundee have now no fewer than 29 players on their list, and there are some rumours that some of them will be disposed of. If so, we hope the playing strength of the A's wont suffer.

Forfar Athletic never appear to have got over their heavy walloping from Arbroath, and once more had to acknowledge defeat, this time from the wooden spoonists, the Wanderers. The score here was also 3-0.

Our congratulations to Arbroath on their draw with Stenhousemuir. The game was a scorcher, and the Maroons were in brilliant form. They found the net five minutes from the start, but off-sides robbed them. There was no scoring at half-time. Arbroath were the first to score, but the 'Muir equalised shortly before the finish. Weather permitting, there should be both a grand game and a grand gate at Gayfield. Good luck to the Leaguers.



	Plyd.	Won.	Lost.	Drwn.	Pts.
Aberdeen	10	7	1	2	16
Dundee A.....	13	6	4	3	15
Arbroath	8	5	2	1	11
Forfar Athletic	10	4	3	3	11
Raith Rovers	7	4	1	2	10
St. Johnstone	9	3	3	3	9
Victoria United.....	9	4	4	1	9
Orion	10	3	5	2	8
Montrose	9	3	6	0	6
Lochee United	10	3	7	0	6
Wanderers	11	2	8	1	5
Cowdenbeath	4	2	2	0	4

Cricket Notes.

The annual smoking concert and presentation of prizes held by the Aberdeen Junior League, took place on Friday evening, Councilor Booth presiding, supported by Councilor Milne and Mr Wm. Jaffrey. The concert was one of the most successful yet held by the League, the musical part of the programme being well sustained by the various gentlemen who contributed to it. The 2nd Crescent were the winners of the cup this year, and to Mr Brown of that club the trophy was handed over for custody till next year. The prize-winners of the league were Mr Wm. Boice (2nd Crescent) for best bowling average; and Mr Wm. Watt (Thistle) for the best batting average. Mr Cruickshank of the Bon-Accord Hotel attended well to the creature wants of the company.



The Sunnyside C.C. crowded the Waterloo Rooms on Friday last on the occasion of their annual "At Home." Mr John Brown, of Redhall, hon. president, occupied the chair. Throughout the evening, songs were rendered by Miss Fraser, Miss Thomson, and Messrs Mutch, Christie, and Manning, while Miss Todd ably acquitted herself at the piano. At the close of a humorous speech the chairman presented the prizes for the battling and bowling averages. The club, which joined the Bon-Accord League only last season, had an excellent League record, losing only one match. George Douglas, captain of the club, carried off the batting prize, and John R. Wilson the bowling prize. Douglas, who played in 17 matches, and scored 170 runs, batted very consistently throughout the season, reaching double figures no fewer than 7 times, while he also dismissed 8 of his opponents by catches, and ranked third in the bowling averages. The second place in the batting was taken by Alec Mackay, who got thrice into doubles, and accounted for 5 of the "enemy" caught. In the bowling, no fewer than 5 bowlers obtained 20 or more wickets, at an average of not more than 5 runs per wicket, while Wilson, who, it ought to be mentioned, was third in the batting averages, had an average for bowling of 3.3 runs per wicket. We give his analysis, and also that of James Sellar, who came in second for the bowling prize, as they certainly speak well for the club. Wilson—Bowled in 15 matches; runs scored off him, 211; wickets taken, 63; average, 3.3. Sellar—Bowled in 15 matches; runs scored off him, 208; wickets taken, 46; average, 4.5. Wilson's best performance in any match was 8 wickets for 11 runs. The prizes consisted of two handsome bats, with suitable inscriptions.

The whole arrangements, which were very satisfactory, were under the charge of an energetic committee, with Mr John Doig, Jun., as secretary. "Mine Host" Clapperton purveyed an excellent tea, and altogether a most enjoyable evening was spent. We consider it right also to mention that the bats—which, in addition to being handsome, were useful "weapons"—were supplied by our friend Mr Davidson, Bridge Street.

2/6 Our Sport Prize. 2/6

"Bon-Accord" Coupon, November 28, 1901.

VICS.....Goals.

WANDERERS.....Goals.

Coupons must be sent in addressed "Sport Competition," Bon-Accord Office, 18 Union Terrace, Aberdeen, by SATURDAY, 30th November, at One o'clock. Any coupons received after this hour will not be opened.

Should a number of competitors give the correct results, their names will be balloted for, and the first name drawn will be entitled to the prize. There is no limit to the number of coupons that may be sent in.

NAME

ADDRESS

Twelve gave the correct score. The winner is Alex. Adams, 33 Powis Place, Aberdeen.

A few coupons came through the post, but as they had only half-penny stamps attached, and as the postman demanded one penny before delivery, we had to decline them with thanks. If coupons are posted they must all have penny stamps attached. We refuse all others.



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Gent.'s Tailored Suits	19/6	to	42/-
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Gent.'s Lambs'-Wool Underwear	2/6	to	6/6
Gent.'s Cardigan Jackets	3/6	to	7/6
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CHEAP,

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The Purest · The Cheapest & the Best.

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Harry Lauder at the Palace Theatre.

AN INTERVIEW.



HE enthusiastic reception that has been awarded Mr Harry Lauder on the occasion of his present visit to the Palace having eclipsed any of his former appearances here, I thought that a few notes on his interesting career would prove acceptable. Accordingly I ventured the other evening to interview the now famous comedian.

Time was when his name was hardly visible on the bill; but things have changed since then, however, and it was with no great idea as to my reception that I found myself—after a somewhat adventurous wandering—outside his dressing-room door, on which, by means of eight-inch letters, I was made aware of the fact that the great Lauder dwelt therein *pro tem*.

Any doubts as to my manner of being received were at once dispelled by the courteous way in which Mr Lauder put himself at my service. I at once commenced my inquisitorial campaign, and elicited the following facts as to his career.

Portobello claims Mr Lauder as one of its bairns, he having first seen the light of day there in 1870. While he was quite young, the family migrated to Arbroath, where the youthful Harry was employed as a half-timer at the mill. Again striking their tent, and leaving the cliffs, the common, and the old Abbey ruins (this romantic outburst emanated from Mr Lauder!), we find them settled in the busy little town of Hamilton, in the centre of the coal industry, where our hero worked as a collier.

It was here that Mr Lauder's career as a singer commenced. After working all day in the pit, sometimes up to his waist in water, he used to take engagements at night in adjoining towns and villages. He had always to carry his basket and props on his head to and from his home to the halls, sometimes a distance of a few miles, all for the munificent remuneration of 7/6 a night. Such, then, was his rather humble start nearly twenty years ago at the bottom of the ladder. Slowly but surely his abilities became known, and his chances were still further improved by his winning a competition for comic singing at the Glasgow Harmonic Society's Concerts in 1893, for which he was awarded a gold medal. From this time dates his first appearance as a professional vocalist at one of the Society's subsequent concerts.

Aberdeen was among the first of the places he visited outside Glasgow. His path was certainly a little smoother now, but he had still a few more obstacles to surmount. It was about this time that Mr Lauder originated the inimitable "Calligan." This song is his own—words, music, and all—and it has brought him fame and fortune. His success was now practically assured. Engagements at all the principal provincial halls in Scotland and England followed in quick succession; and throughout the length and breadth of the land "Calligan" became famous.

Not content with this, Mr Lauder early this year determined to try his luck in the great Metropolis, and contrary to the belief of all his friends, both in and out of the profession, his visit has proved a phenomenal success. No Scotch character comedian has ever made such a palpable hit in the London halls. So severe a critic as "Dagonet" of the *Referee* recently said of Mr Lauder that he was the funniest and most amusing droll he has seen. This from G.R.S. is praise indeed. During an eleven week's engagement he appeared at the Tivoli, Pavilion, Oxford, Royal Holborn, Gatti's, Canterbury, Hammersmith, and Paragon, and his receptions at these places of amusement have quite exploded the idea that a Scotch comedian could not be appreciated in London—his opening song at all the above mentioned halls being "Tobermory," sung in the broadest of Scotch dialect. As a further proof that he scored a success, Mr Lauder holds return dates for all the above and several of the suburban halls up to 1904. He makes his first return visit on 23rd December for a run of thirteen weeks. He has also had recent offers to go to America, Australia, and South Africa, but as he is fully booked up to 1905, he cannot, meantime, see his way to accept them.

On being questioned as to who writes his songs, Mr Lauder informs me that several of them are written by himself, and that all the ideas for them are also entirely his own. As a character comedian he stands entirely alone, and his attention to details in make-up and mannerisms is carried to a point as

near perfection as possible. His whole career shows what can be done by pluck and perseverance. These, combined with undoubted ability, have raised Mr Lauder to the proud position he now holds on the music hall stage to-day.



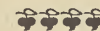
The other members of the company appearing at the Palace this week all do well in their respective lines, and the best of the lot is the Max Wessley Trio of jugglers.

TABLEAU.



MR BEN DAVIES,
THE CELEBRATED VOCALIST,

Will sing at the second Harrison Concert, which takes place in the Music Hall on Tuesday evening. The company includes a large number of distinguished artistes. The vocalists are Miss Louise Dale, Miss Ada Crossley, Mr Robert Radford, and Mr Ben Davies. Miss Evelyn Stuart is the pianist, and the violinist is Mr William Henley. Tickets for the concert may be had at the Royal Music Saloons (Messrs J. Marr Wood and Co. Ltd.), Union Street.



An Improved Soda Scone.

THE soda scone, the stand-by of Scotch home-baking, does not always do credit to the national taste. It requires skill to strike just the exact amount of soda to the butter-milk, and scones are often either spoiled with too much soda and soda-lumps, or sour with old butter-milk, doughy and unattractive. Now you can make a very much improved scone by using Brown & Polson's Raising Powder—"Paisley Flour" trade mark—and sweet milk, instead of soda and butter-milk. Mix 1 part "Paisley Flour" with 8 parts ordinary flour, make into a soft dough with sweet milk, and bake on a hot girdle, and you will have an evenly raised, very light, and pleasantly flavoured scone, with never a lump of soda or any sourness in it. These scones are so light that they can be eaten safely when new, and next day reheating makes them almost as good as new. Little skill is required to bake them, so that even beginners in baking get good results. And they are so quickly and easily made that many bake them daily for breakfast or tea. Try the "Paisley Flour" scones next baking day—others are delighted, you will be too.

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CASHMERE GLOVES lined with Silk are a good imitation of Kid. For the colder days they are fully warmer, and at the prices we offer them are very cheap. All-Wool Cashmere lined with Silk, 8½d, 10½d, 1/-, and 1/3. Unlined, 6½d, 10½d, and 1/-

A Lot of Real **GAZELLE GLOVES**, bought a bargain on account of their being dyed Beaver instead of Brown as ordered. These are usually sold at 3/6. Our price 1/11½, every pair guaranteed.

Two Special Lines in Fine All-Wool **STOCKINGS**, well dyed, long leg, seamless feet, spliced heel, 1/0½ and 1/3½ per pair. These are grand value.

New Stock **TIES**, all colours, 1/1½, 1/11½, 2/3, and 2/6. Best Value in the Trade.

This Week we are making a Special Display of **UMBRELLAS** in Three Lots, 5/11, 7/6, and 10/6. Steel Tube (or small folding) and Ordinary Frames, Buffalo Horn, Enamelled, Pearl, Gold, and Silver Mounts, durable Covers in Gloria, "Satin-de-Chine," and Union Silk.

We hold a large and well-assorted stock of **BELTS** in Satin, Stitched Silk, Jet, Elastic Studed Steel, &c. Newest Shades at Popular Prices.

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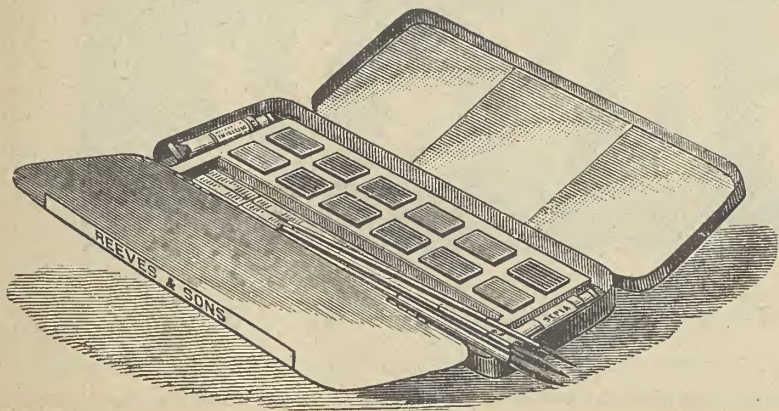
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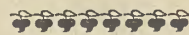
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*Specially Dedicated to the Female Members
of Charlotte Street U.F. Church Choir.*

YOUR harps, ye female saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

Though here in Bon-Accord,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to the altar rails
We every moment come.

His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor Skibo skirls, nor session clerks
Shall quench our Spark divine.

The ladies of his choice
He will not cast away;
We do not always here expect
In vestal choir to stay.

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly guide,
Then is the time to trust our guide,
And muse upon the same.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

Wait till the shadows flee,
Wait till the pipes subside,
Wait till the bridegroom of our hopes
Reveal his chosen bride.

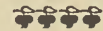
Tarry his leisure then,
Although he seem to stay;
If we walk home with him from church
We're happy all the day.

WM. WATSON.



AN appreciative audience assembled at the pianoforte and violin recital which was given by Herr Reiter and Herr Pokorny in the Ball Room of the Music Hall on Monday evening. The programme was a high-class one, and included selections from the works of the great composers. Both musicians gave an excellent account of themselves, Herr Reiter's contributions to the programme including, among other items, three of Mendelssohn's songs without words—"The E Flat Major, No. 9," "The Spinning Song," and "The Hunting Song." The veteran pianist fully deserved his recall. Herr Pokorny's violin-playing was characterised by all the brilliancy which Aberdeen audiences now expect from this clever violinist, and he received a most enthusiastic reception. The vocalist of the evening was Miss Lena Duthie, who made a specially good appearance in a new song, "The Rosebuds," composed by Herr Reiter to words written by Mr Arthur King. Mr Clemens (Queen's Cross U.F. Church), deserves to be congratulated on his playing of the accompaniments, and altogether, Herr Reiter has cause to be pleased with the success that attended his first Recital of the season.

MR ALEX MURRAY, bookseller, 261 Union Street, has now his Christmas and New-Year display laid out, and as usual the goods show a large and magnificent range, suitable for the season in cards, books, presents, games, etc. Parties should make an early call so that they may not be disappointed. One of Mr Murray's windows is entirely given up to a display of Chambers's Encyclopedia, which can be obtained for cash at specially reduced terms or on the deferred payment system. A set of these volumes is a complete library in itself.



A YOUNG LADY earns her living, and much more, after having taken a Shorthand and Typewriting Course at The Aberdeen School of Shorthand (C. M. Lawrence), 19 Crown Street. Prospectus on application. Telephone 875.



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HOSPITAL FUND,
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Bovril is "the stitch in time"

when epidemics of any kind prevail; when changeable weather makes "catching-cold" easy.

At the least sign of fatigue, chilliness, or faintness, take a cup of hot BOVRIL. It will give instantaneous vigour and lasting energy.

BOVRIL is just as good as a preventive as it is as a restorative.



"VIROL" is recommended as a fat food for the young.

Amazing Bile Bean Cure.

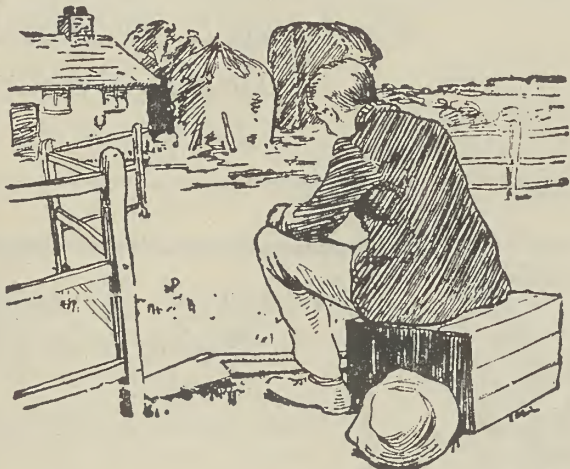
A MAN WHO COULD DIGEST NOTHING!

DOCTOR SAID HE WOULD HAVE TO BE A
VEGETARIAN!

TO-DAY HE CAN ENJOY ROAST BEEF!

FROM all quarters of England are coming reports which illustrate the amazing curative powers of the great vegetable medicine, Charles Forde's Bile Beans for Biliousness. One such report from Malpas, in Cheshire, deserves special attention. Mr Samuel Hewitt, of Walk Cottages, Malpas, is the subject, and the facts of the case were told by him to a Cheshire reporter. He said:—

"For many years I suffered agonies from indigestion, biliousness, and headache; and I tried all kinds of so-called remedies without receiving any benefit. Fourteen years ago I had a sharp attack of rheumatic fever, and another one over four years ago. This latter illness left me in a very weak state. My digestion was so impaired that I seemed as if I could digest nothing. Day after day I felt so weak and low spirited that I



had to give up all thought of working. During five or six years this sort of thing was going on. I consulted no fewer than four doctors, who prescribed for me, although in the end they said they could not do anything more for me.

"One of them told me that I should have to give up eating meat altogether and become a vegetarian. Not a week passed without my complaint asserting itself. One day an uncle from Manchester told my mother about the wonderful properties of Chas. Forde's Bile Beans, and I was advised to take a course. Well, to my great delight, I began to improve gradually with each box, and after a thorough course of the beans, I felt quite a different being. To-day I am, as you can see for yourself, enjoying the best of health. I am able to eat my food, and always feel ready for my meals, never fearing any of the ill effects I used to have. I wouldn't be without Bile Beans in my house on any account. I firmly believe that they alone are responsible for my cure. Other medicines did me no good at all. I am all right now; in fact I never felt better in my life. There are many people about this neighbourhood who have been acquainted with my case, and who will tell you that every word I have said is true."

Cures equally as astonishing as Mr Hewitt's are constantly being performed by Chas. Forde's Bile Beans for Biliousness. They are absolutely unequalled for indigestion, liver and kidney disorders, constipation, piles, debility, nervousness, female ailments, anæmia, headache, pimples, face sores, colds, chill, rheumatism, pains in the chest, sleeplessness, palpitation, the after-effects of influenza, and blood impurities. All chemists stock Bile Beans, or you may obtain post free from the Bile

Bean Manufacturing Co., 119 and 120 London Wall, London, E.C., by sending price 1s 1½d or 2s 9d per box (2s 9d box contains 3 times 1s 1½d).

The Bile Bean Manufacturing Co. will send you a free sample of Bile Beans if you forward this coupon to their Central Distributing Depôt, Greek Street, Leeds (Yorks), along with full name and address and a penny stamp to pay return postage.

Free Sample Coupon.

BILE BEANS.

Bon-Accord.

November 28th, 1901.



The Choral Union Concert.

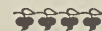
THE first Choral Union Concert of the season will be held to-night in the Music Hall. The following is the programme, which will be taken part in by the Scottish Orchestra and Madame Sobrino, who is the vocalist of the evening.

- Overture....."Leonora," No. 3.....Beethoven.
- Vocal (with Orchestra) "Jewel Song" (Faust).....Gounod.
Madame Sobrino.
- Unfinished Symphony.....Schubert.
- Chorus....."Ave Verum".....Mozart.
- Prelude and Liebestod (Tristan and Isolde).....Wagner.
- INTERVAL.
- Air and Variations from "Suite," No. 3 in G..Tschaikowsky.
- Vocal.....(a) "Absence".....Berlioz.
(b) "Love me".....Chopin Viardot.
Madame Sobrino.
- Rigadon de Dardanus.....Rameau.
- Choral Epilogue....."Golden Legend".....Sullivan.
- Overture....."William Tell".....Rossini.



A Cairo "Traveller."

THOSE who can afford to take a trip to Cairo will find the current number of *The Traveller*—one of Messrs Newnes's brightest weeklies—as good as a dragoman. Those who can't, will find a perusal of this special Cairo Number the next best thing to doing *in propria persona* the Nile, the Pyramids, and the sights of this city of many marvels. The number is simply full and running over with travellers' hints as to where to go, what to see, and what to do in Cairo. We have got accustomed to expect fine illustrations in *The Traveller*, but nothing finer, from a pictorial point of view, has ever appeared in the pages of even this beautifully printed magazine than these charming views of Cairo and the Nile. The number is in every way a credit to those responsible for its production.



At Portlethen.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night in the Jubilee Hall, when the members of the Guild—at least these members who happen to be in the good graces of the powers that be—held their annual "At Home." Verily the inhabitants of our village seem to be renewing their youth, for young and old mingled in the giddy throng and tripped it on the light (or otherwise) fantastic toe, winding through the mazes of that intricate dance known as "hankey-ring." Yet, alas! the "At Home" was somewhat dull, for those present felt far from at home. However, they did their best to be at home by breaking up a little after nine o'clock. The catering left little to be desired—in fact if you had desired anything you would not have got it. The tea was very good, for to use a local phrase "Mary made it." Although we wanted nothing, we were not happy, because we got nothing except, of course, work to do for the Guild.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.



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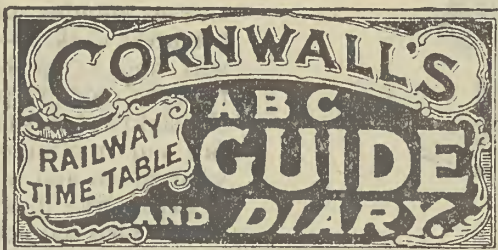
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