

BON ACCORD

May 23, 1907.—Price One Penny.
[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER]

Vol. XLI.—No. 21.

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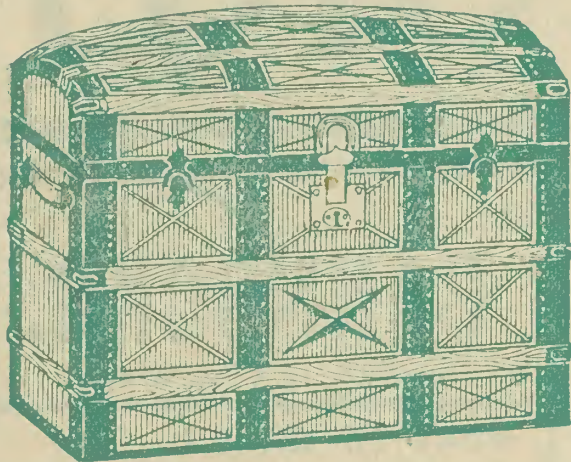
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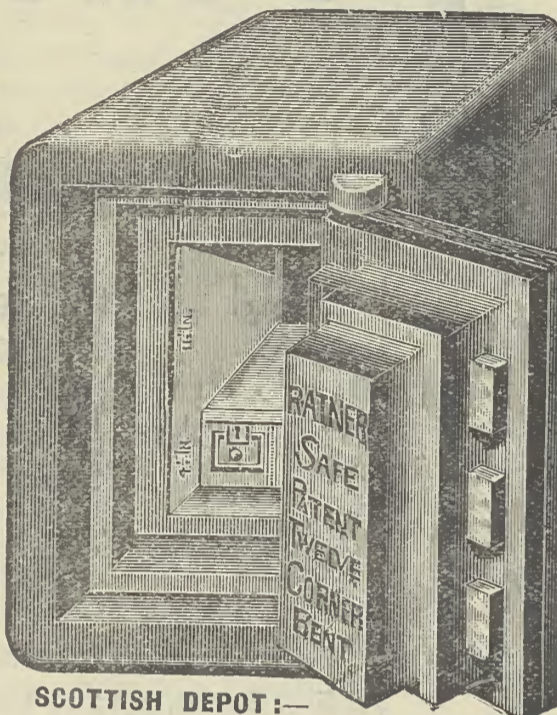
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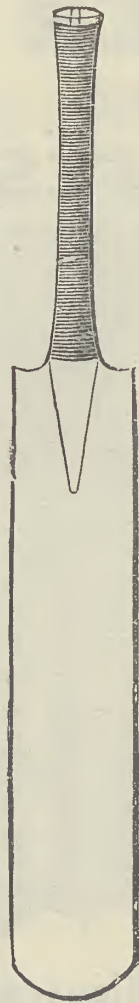
Mr. J. M. HENDERSON, M.P., will Address the Electors as follows, namely—
 CULTER PUBLIC HALL, on THURSDAY, 23rd May, at 7.30 p.m.; and
 INSCH PUBLIC HALL, on FRIDAY, 24th May, at 8 p.m.

TO GAS CONSUMERS.

Parties who intend CHANGING their PREMISES at the ensuing Term must give Notice at the GAS OFFICE, Broad Street, personally or by letter, at least ONE CLEAR DAY before Removal, in order that the state of the meter may be taken, otherwise their liability for the Gas consumed will continue. To avoid the crush, orders can be taken now.

By order.

May 22nd, 1907.



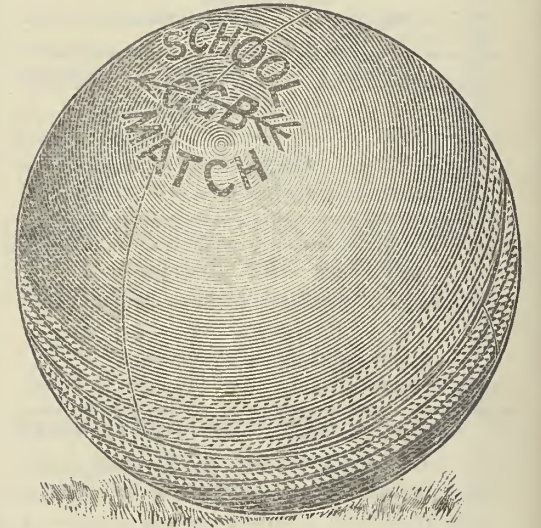
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 Cricket Balls, 6d, 1/-, 1/3, 1/6, 2/9.
 Tennis Rackets, 4/6, 5/9, 7/6, 9/6, 10/9, 14/6, 16/9.
 „ Balls, 9d, 1/-, 1/3. Tennis Presses, 11½d, 1/3, 1/6.
 „ Racket Covers, 2/9.
 Golf Sticks, 4/6 and 4/9. Golf Balls, 6d, 1/-, 1/3.
 Croquet Sets, 25/6, 27/6, 48/6, 49/6.
 India Rubber Balls, 2d, 3d, 4d, 6d, 9d, 1/-, 1/6, 2/9.



.... 5 per Cent. Discount for Cash.

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Bon-Accord.

May 23, 1907.

[REGISTERED AS A
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*News Notes, Paragraphs, and Black and White Sketches are
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The Guardians of the Poor.

Oldmill is now in full occupation. The poor people now in residence in their suburban "Palace" are, it is to be feared, far from sufficiently grateful to those gentlemen who have shown amazing zeal in providing an establishment which nobody seems to want. Aberdeen now possesses the finest Lunatic Asylum and the finest Poorhouse in the United Kingdom—a dubious honour—and the ratepayers are left, with what grace they may, to wriggle out of the sack of debt into which they have been unwittingly pitched. Over a quarter of a million has been spent—call it £300,000—and Aberdonians may have the satisfaction of hearing that other Parish Councils and Boards of Guardians are sending deputations to the enlightened north to get

advice in poorhouse and asylum construction, and also in the gentle art of hoccussing the public.

Oldmill will stand as a lasting monument of the disgraceful flouting of the public interest shown by our Poor Law Administrators. It has been a costly job, but no one who has paid even a "flying visit" to the Poorhouse can describe it as satisfactory. Defects are detectable on every hand, and it is surprising that the Parish Council, which includes so many men of what is vaguely described as "practical experience," has allowed some of the work to pass.

The Parish Council has shown shameful disregard of public feeling, and blunder has followed blunder from the inception of the scheme. Nemesis, however, is at the heels of those who have had a hand in hoisting the ratepayer on the back of this monstrous "white elephant." Such a building is a mockery of the real conditions of city life, and to be consistent the Socialists in the Council ought to insist that an establishment which boasts a dining-hall unequalled in any palace, hotel, or private residence in the North of Scotland, should no longer be known as the Poorhouse.

A "Wit."

* * *

Sir Charles Wyndham, the eminent actor, ought to go out and poleaxe some of his friends. If he allows them to carry on much longer they will effectually deprive him of any reputation for intellectuality that he ever possessed. The following are two samples of his "wit," which have just been put into circulation. An actor—the *Daily Mirror* is my authority—was worrying Sir Charles, the other day, for an engagement. The latter was more worried by the loss of his keys, which, in the absence of his valet, he was unable to find. Suddenly he turned on his tormentor and exclaimed, "Come to me again in a fortnight, when I shall know my plans. Besides, I shall have found my keys." Some time ago, continues the *Mirror* man, a journalist brought him the proof of an article prophesying his knighthood six months before it happened. Sir Charles looked at the bold headline in surprise, and then said, in an aggrieved tone, "Can't you make it a lord?" The publication of this "piffle" would make any person ridiculous, but it is the sort of stuff which delights the class of readers who take in the *Mirror*.

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C. A. THIEM, Proprietor.

The Edalji Scandal.

The "deliverance" in the Edalji case is the most stupid I have ever seen perpetrated even by the stupidest of God's stupid Englishmen. The "Commissioners" have the less excuse for their folly inasmuch that none of them is naturally a fool. One would have thought that, by this time, no person of any sense would attach the slightest importance to the evidence of a "handwriting expert." Yet they accepted the testimony as to the authorship of the now notorious letters which were originally given at Edalji's trial, although they rejected all the other points on which the conviction was based.

A Piece of "Hedging."

The "decision" is practically a preposterous piece of "hedging." These admirable Commissioners were obliged to admit that the principal parts of the evidence led at the trial were untrustworthy, or else forfeit their reputation for sanity, but the "Law" had declared the accused guilty, and though the "Law," in this case, was an ass, it must be let "lightly down," otherwise one of the bulwarks of the British Constitution might be sapped. That is the chief argument with which, in all ages, the blockish have opposed every measure of reform. The excuse given for the "Law" is pitifully thin. It is to the effect that Edalji was, in part, responsible for his own trouble. The theory that he wrote the incriminating letters is repugnant to common-sense. Even though he had, such a childish freak, in most cases, would have been adequately punished by a small fine. Yet, by the police, this unfortunate man was hunted down with a vindictive malice which,

happily, is seldom shown in a criminal case, and he actually endured the tortures of penal servitude for three years. Now he, who is declared an innocent man, receives a "free pardon" without compensation. The "free pardon" is a mockery. The recipient should put it in the fire.

Red Tape.

The Home Secretary, of course, had to accept the finding of the Commission without question, otherwise certain of the passages in his recent letter would have sounded excessively brutal. Fortunately, the Edalji Committee are to continue the agitation unabated. The battle is now half won, and justice and common-sense will surely prevail against red tape.

Winston and the "Myle."

Mr. Winston Churchill has taken the wrong way of dealing with the Harmsworth publications. He has treated them seriously, which, in the language of Euclid, is absurd. The *Daily Mail*, the chief of "comic" papers, has not been known to hold any opinion longer than a week, believing in the principle of "changes being lightsome." I may reveal a small bit of history which has not previously been published. When Mr. Chamberlain sprang his Tariff Reform scheme on the country, the *Daily Mail* was out of its depths. A special commissioner, who began his career in a local paper, was despatched to Germany to gather facts in support of Free Trade. When he returned to London, he found the proprietors of the paper had decided to "plump for Joe." His notes were consigned to the W.P.B.



THIS BANDSMAN

SAYS:-

"I am writing to you to give you a testimonial to the value of the famous Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. I have had some very heavy work to do lately, and before it was half finished I used to get so tired and languid that I did not know what to do with myself. I took a lot of medicine, but that did me no good. A friend recommended me to try some Vi-Cocoa, which I did, and in a few days I was much better, and now after taking two packets, I can do a hard day's work without feeling tired a bit. You are at liberty to use this testimonial, and I should like you to use it so that other men in the service would see my poor testimony and give Vi-Cocoa a trial."

Don't let the fact that you have not yet tried Vi-Cocoa stand in the way of your sharing in the advantages which follow from its use. Your grocer will be able to supply you with a packet TO-DAY. Why not try it? Or send for free Sample Tin to Vi-Cocoa Ltd., 60 Bunhill Row, London, E.C. (a post card will do).

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THE PASSING SHOW.



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PALACE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. Walter Gilbert. 7.45 p.m. Marino, the Marvel of Daring; Scottie's Waifs and Strays, &c.

BEACH PAVILION.—Manager and Lessee, Mr. David Thomson. Performances twice daily, 3 and 7.30 p.m.

* * *

The East Poorhouse Rumour.

The paragraph in *Bon-Accord* last week in regard to an alleged scandal in connection with the East Poorhouse has created much commotion both in and outside the Parish Council. The matter is one for the Council, in the first instance, to investigate, and we understand that important questions will be raised at the first opportunity.

* * *

"Britons Never, Never, Never!"

"We shall now join together in singing that patriotic psalm, 'Rule Britannia!'" Sir Alexander Lyon almost made this announcement at the Town Council on Monday, and I shall take my solemn affidavit that Councillor George Kemp was ready to strike up. It may be my mistake, but I thought I saw the Councillor feeling in his waistcoat pocket for his tuning-fork. The occasion was the intimation that Charlie Beresford, six battleships, two cruisers, and a due proportion of "boys of the bull-dog breed" are to be in the bay—and other places—for four days in July, the 10th to the 13th. To be sure Aberdeen will do them proud, even in spite of Mr. Nicholas Reilley, who would seem to be prepared to stint or limit our hospitality.

* * *

"We All Love Jack."

"We must not be behind other people in showing that we are fully alive to the importance of the Navy—the backbone of our nation." So said Sir Alexander. Twenty or thirty years it must be since we have had a visit from the Channel Fleet, although other towns on the East Coast of Scotland have had that honour. For recruiting purposes the Fleet

should be more in evidence up north. We are not Germanophobes, and we may have divergent views on the "Blue-Water" policy, but after having digested six battleships and two cruisers, we shall sleep soundly without having Friend William and the German Navy League to give us nightmare. I have sufficient knowledge of Aberdonians to affirm that they will give Lord Charles and his officers and men a welcome they have seldom met with in the British Isles.

* * *

Honour the Brave.

"Heroism rewarded" is one of the most pleasing extra turns at the Town Council. It is a more exhilarating sight to see one modest, brave man come up to the civic chair and receive, at the hands of the Lord Provost, a recognition of heroism than a score of comfortable-looking citizens advanced to the dignity of burgesses. George Frederick Simmons received from Sir Alexander the diploma of the Royal Humane Society, and the sum of 30s. for the gallant rescue of a little boy named William Morrison Petrie, who fell into the harbour near Regent Bridge.

* * *

The Savage Breast.

The ethics of the crowds who attend the musical performances in the Parks are again under review. Perhaps needless solicitude is extended to the musicians on account of the noisy rabbles that congregate in the Parks on band nights. From time immemorial, in theatre and private house, it is regarded as the correct thing to endeavour to talk down the instrumentalist, and much the same attitude is adopted by young Aberdeen out-of-doors. The Lord Provost thinks the blare of brass alone will drown the noise, but I expect that Mr. W. Stavert's Orchestral Band will discourse such sweet music that the rabble will stop to listen.

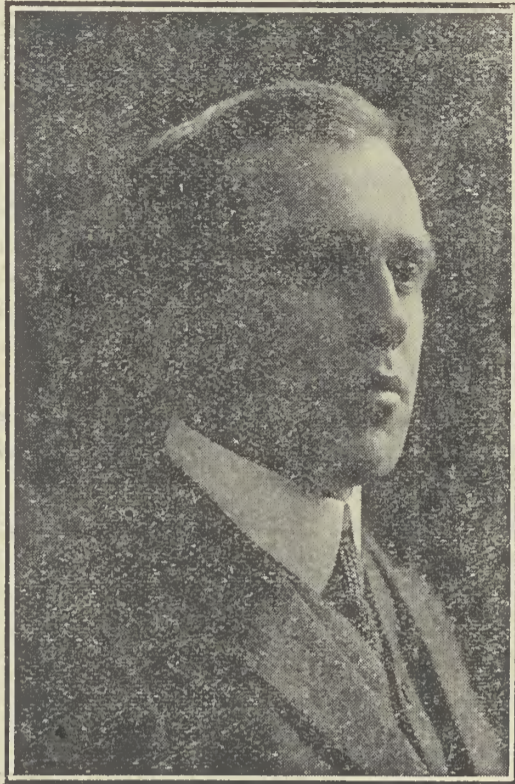
* * *

Mr. G. R. G. Conway.

Mr. G. R. G. Conway, formerly of the Burgh Surveyor's Department, who recently left for Canada, has, I understand, received an important appointment as resident engineer in connection with sewer works at Monterey, Mexico. Mr. Conway's salary in his new post will be £1200, not £1000 as stated in our local dailies. The selection of Mr. Conway for this appointment was primarily due to a former member of the Aberdeen Burgh Surveyor's staff, Mr. David Benzie, who is now city engineer of St. Catharine's, Ontario.

* * *

Can this be another libel on the medical profession? It is said that an Aberdeen professor—I will not guarantee the originality of the answer—was asked about drinking Aberdeen water. His reply was "First boil it, then filter it, and after that—drink beer."



Mr. Dugald C. M. Henderson.

Mr. Dugald C. M. Henderson, organist in Cults U.F. Church, has been offered and has accepted the appointment as organist in Rutherford U.F. Church. Mr. Henderson, who is a member of the Burgh Surveyor's staff, has been making remarkable progress as a musician. On Friday evening the members of the Cults choir presented Mr. Henderson with a very handsome silver "smoker's outfit."

* * *

Physical Pre-eminence.

For the fifth time, in the history of the N.P.R.S. International Competition, the Aberdeen Gymnastic and Rowing Club have become holders, for a year, of the great Challenge Shield. A record is thereby established, and the city should feel happy, as it no doubt does, that in one department of athletics its sons are pre-eminent in the United Kingdom. Perhaps the National Society has not always commanded the amount of support it deserves from representative gymnastic clubs in the country, but, even allowing for the fact that there have been many seceders, it is questionable if any of the clubs that have gone out could have, year after year, produced such a high standard of gymnastics. The story of Aberdeen's success is understandable only to those who can trace it back to the fountain-head, *i.e.*, to Colonel George Cruden, who has done more for physical culture than any single individual in Britain.

An Easy Victory.

The Music Hall was again crowded last Saturday night, as I have seen it crowded at many a final in the years gone by. It is evident that these contests will never grow stale, although the attendance might not have been so great if it had been known how much the Aberdeen lads were ahead of their opponents in the principal items of the competition. An additional attraction was, however, supplied on this occasion by the presence of the stalwart Mr. Ronald M'Neill, a fine specimen of physical development, though I would not care to be in the immediate zone if he were to attempt a grand circle on the horizontal bar. Mr. M'Neill gave a neat speech, rather long for the occasion, maybe, but full of good Irish humour. I beg to second the vote of thanks he proposed to the Gym., and desire to couple therewith the name of Instructor Harry C. Matthew, who brought his team up to the scratch in splendid style.

* * *

Mr. Charles G. Esson.

Mr. Charles G. Esson, who has for some years back ranked as the "champion fighting man," municipally and politically speaking, of Rosemount, is going to try his fortune in a business capacity near the centre of the town at the term. Mr. Esson has, in fact, leased the shop recently vacated by Mr. Greig in Market Street. Fortunately, as he is to continue living at his present address, the ex-Councillor will still be able to keep a stern, hawk-like eye on the Ward Committee and other organisations in this great "Puritan" section of the city. They need it.

* * *

Mrs. Simon Brock.

This lady deserves a paragraph all to herself. Her husband is a stone polisher. Mr. Brock drinks occasionally. So does Mrs. Brock. One morning, a Sunday or two back, the happy couple awoke in the "horrors." What added to the said "horrors" was the fact that the "bottle" was empty. Simon, however, gallantly volunteered to go out in search of liquor. He was successful, and on returning he duly shared the contents of the "cutter" with his partner. On Monday, however, the two quarrelled, and, though there was no assault or breach of the peace, Mrs. Brock's feelings were so exacerbated that she called in the police. Her motive for this step was truly feminine. Simon got the whisky on Sunday, she reasoned; consequently, Simon must have been "doing wrong." Good chance, therefore, of getting revenge by having him taken "doon-bye." The plan, however, miscarried. Instead of arresting Corporal—I mean Mr. Brock—the police, after hearing the outraged lady's tale, and taking possession of the empty bottle as a "production," brought a charge of shebeening against Mr. Wm. Duffus, druggist, the gentleman who had obligingly supplied the liquor. For this misdemeanour, which all persons, with wine-cellars of their own, regard as particularly heinous, the

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latter was fined £40 on Thursday week. The Brocks, of course, were the principal witnesses for the prosecution. Tutored by this experience, I understand that Simon has sworn a solemn oath never again to act as jackal for his charming and affectionate spouse when she is "feeling bad."

* * *

B.B.B.

That enterprising commercial spirit, Mr. Alexander Bruce, the proprietor of the famous East-End Sunday morning tippie, "Bruce's Botanic Beer," has been laid by the heels for six months on a charge of theft. Considering that the fallen magnate is already about £250 out of pocket over the affair, the sentence cannot be regarded as light. But then he had added to his iniquity by flouting the "Majesty of the Law," in "skipping" his bail. I never tasted Mr. Bruce's brew. I understand it is an herbal decoction for which he charges the standard beer-bottle rate of threepence. As his shop is crowded the whole day on Sunday, the profits must be very considerable. Alexander, unfortunately, was in too great a hurry to get rich. Instead of participating in a vulgar theft, he should have laid his plans more skilfully, and gone in for company-promoting.

* * *

Boggie-Rolfe and Wigby.

Either as the fault of a telegraphist or the inevitable comp., my daily contemporaries have been showing a fine line in misprints lately. One morning the *Journal* referred to a certain gentleman as "Sir Kevelin Wigby," while the *Free Press* equalised in the leading columns by quoting the authority of a certain "Mr. Boggie-Rolfe." In the last case "Bogie-roll" would have sounded almost equally natural. The name should be "Boggis Rolfe," and the *Journal's* Dickensian "howler" is corrected by the substitution of "Sir Kenelm Digby." These mistakes, however, will happen. I have been a victim myself, so shake, brothers, shake.

* * *

Mr. J. M. Bullock.

There is a scriptural or a classical phrase, which I regret I cannot quote intact, to the effect that a man is often worst wounded in the household of his friends. This is exemplified by the case of Mr. J. M. Bulloch, whose name I saw given in one of the local dailies the other day as J. M. Bullock. One would have thought by this time that every "comp." in Aberdeen, including the most recently recruited "printer's devil," would have known that in defiance of the habitual Cockney mispronunciation, "J. M." still spells his surname with an "h." I may add that the misprint at the top is quite intentional.

Mr. J. A. Henderson's New Book.

Mr. J. A. Henderson's new volume, "Aberdeenshire Epitaphs and Inscriptions," the contents of which I had the pleasure of reading in the *Aberdeen Journal*, is now in the hands of the subscribers. Doubtless there are a limited number of copies with the book-sellers. The book is one of the biggest publications that has ever been issued by an Aberdeen printing house. In every way it is a credit to the printers, the *Aberdeen Journal* company, and to the author, who has devoted many years' hard work and much money to the compilation. He has his reward in the fact that the "Epitaphs" is one of the most valuable historical and antiquarian works that has been published locally for many years.



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That guests all say
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7d., 3½d. & 1d. packets. A 1d. packet will raise one pound of flour.

The "Poorhouse Flittin'."

The Western division of the Civic pensionaries were safely "flittit" from Fonthill to Oldmill on Tuesday week. Before entering their motors, the departing guests joined lustily in singing "The Auld Hoose." The strains, however, were more suggestive of jubilation than sorrow at the breaking of old associations. Mr. Johnstone, the Governor, Dr. Lisette Wilson, and other Parish Council officials supervised the operations, and under their charge everything passed off "without a hitch," not even a cat or a parrot or an old brass pan being left behind. At Oldmill the company was received by Miss Campbell, the Matron,

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who had the House in "apple-pie order" for the reception of her friends. Nothing notable happened on the outward journey, but at the finish some little amusement was caused by an amiable, though obstinate, old lady, who was so enamoured with the drive that she flatly declined to dismount. Finally the "sweet persuasiveness" of officialdom prevailed, and, though not without grumbling, she descended from her place of dignity, and took her appointed place in the crowd.

* * *

The House-warming.

Castle Forbes, in Nelson Street, otherwise the "East," is likewise now completely desolate, the last of the happy family, with their goods and gear and chattels, having been conveyed to Oldmill Palace last Tuesday. The combined forces will be entertained at a "House-warming" on Saturday night. As the good old times have departed, there will be no "use and wont," which is to say, "cake and wine." Tea and buns, and possibly ginger-beer, there will be in abundance, with, no doubt, a little music and a good deal of oratory thrown in.

* * *

A Slander.

"Big Ben," of Joint Station celebrity, is at present in the hands of the "doctor." His stomach was so badly out of order that he was obliged to stop work a few days ago. Under enlightened remedial treatment it is hoped that before this appears in print he will be once more able to go his daily round. Ben's indisposition is conjectured to have been caused by worry over the threatened railway strike. That the stoppage was due to indisposition to work, as some malicious persons assert, is a baseless slander on this fine, full-bodied, old railway servant.

* * *

Not the Genuine Article.

I do not like the way in which either the Town Clerk or some of the reporters treat the local *patois*. We are coolly asked to believe that the boy who recently incited Mr. George Frederick Simmons to a deed of heroism came up to him crying:—"Master, master, his cap is in the water!" This is a mere translation of the original into a foreign tongue. What the boy, who deserves the utmost commendation for his presence of mind, really did say was:—"Maister, maister, his kep's i' th' watter!" Hereby I enter a strong protest against Town Clerks and reporters manhandling the grand old dialect which was spoken by the sires of the city, and which is the glorious heritage of their children.

* * *

Miss Margaret Edith (Rita) Ellis, daughter of Bishop Ellis, is engaged to be married, in October, to Captain H. P. Travers of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. The Captain is a son of Colonel Travers, Kinraigie, Courtmacsherry, County Cork.

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PROMINENT PROFILES.

No. 63.—Mr. C. B. Williams.

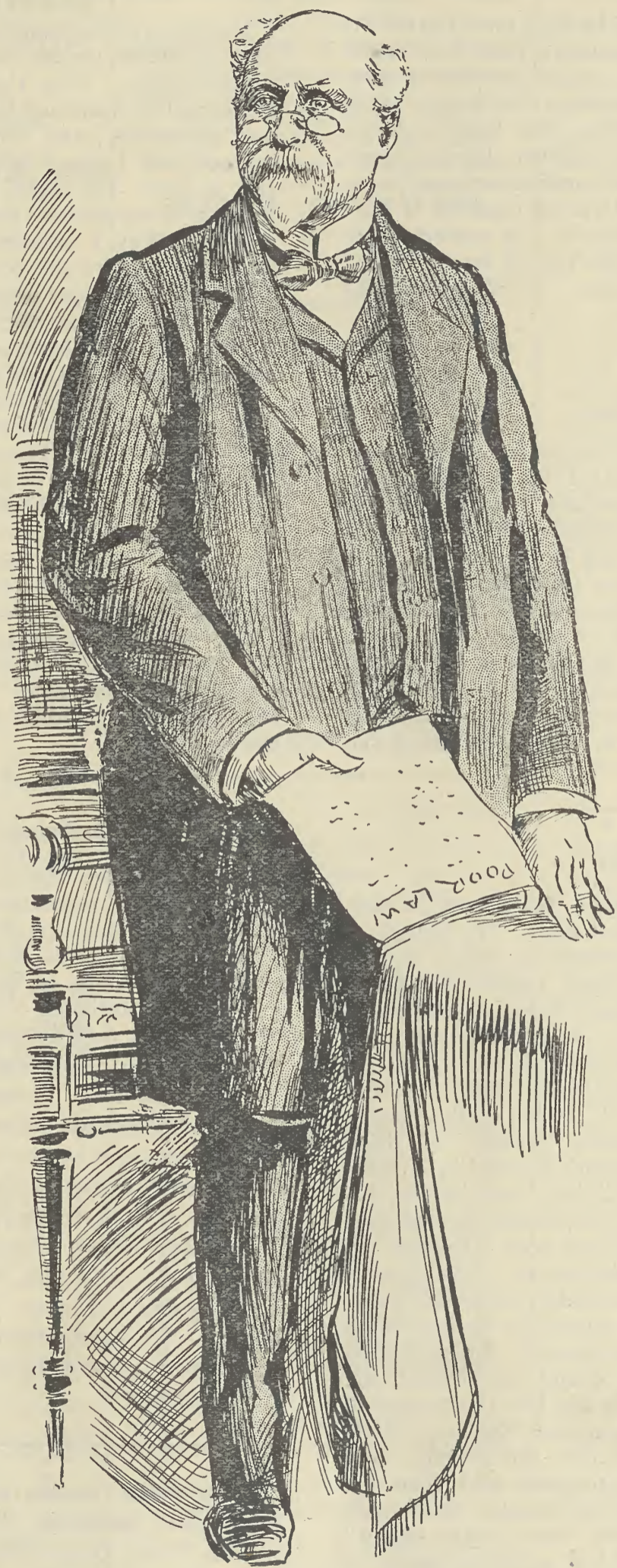
I think I have already said in this paper that though the constitution of Aberdeen's Public Boards leaves "much to be desired," the city is at present in possession of a range of "boss" officials which compares more than favourably with that of any other Corporation in the kingdom. Side by side with the top names on the list stands that of Mr. Charles Bruce Williams, Inspector of Poor, Clerk to the City Parish Council, and Clerk and Treasurer to the District Lunacy Board, the subject of this "Profile." He is not a man who advertises, so, even yet, comparatively few of the rate-payers are aware that it was really he who carried through the vast bulk of the work which has resulted in the peaceable colonisation of the settlement at Kingseat and Oldmill. Of course, as Mr. Williams' shoulders are broad, he was easily able to bear the burden. He has asked for no credit on account of his labours, and, so far, he has got none.

Our subject is a native of Huntly. He began life as a railway clerk, but in 1872 he joined the old Parochial Board of St. Nicholas as an Assistant Inspector of Poor. The venerable Mr. James Wallace, who is now 97, was then Chief Inspector. Mr. Williams' abilities were speedily recognised, and he advanced step by step in the service till he became Collector and Cashier in 1884. Eleven years later, on the amalgamation of St. Nicholas and Oldmachar, he was promoted to the Chief Inspectorship, a position which, of course, carried with it the Clerkship of the Parish Council. (At this time, it may be noted, Mr. David Stuart succeeded Mr. Williams as Collector and Cashier.)

Our subject, who has also been Clerk and Treasurer to the Aberdeen District Lunacy Board since its formation, is a walking encyclopædia of "Poor" and "Lunacy" Law. Owing to this, and the fact that his natural acumen and sagacity are fortified by a wide and valuable experience of life's realities, whatever opinion he may deliver on any point submitted to him is invariably accepted without question.

Mr. Williams is an ideal public official, as kindly of heart as he is courteous in manner. His temper is perfect, he is always cheerful and *debonaire*, and he can heartily appreciate a good joke. Than our subject, no "master" could be more highly respected or more genuinely liked by his staff. He trusts his subordinates, and they fully appreciate that trust.

In years gone by, Mr. Williams was a prime "musicianer"—in turn leader of the psalmody in the North and Free South Churches, with choirs which ranked among the best in the city. He was also at one time a keen angler and cyclist, in fact, a good, all-round sportsman; but with the accumulation of his official duties he has had to give up most of the sports in which his heart formerly delighted.



PROMINENT "PROFILES."

No. 63.—Mr. C. B. WILLIAMS.

A Current Joke.

The latest joke circulating in local circles takes the following form:—You—I suppose it to be you, reader—go into a warehouse or an office with a most lugubrious countenance, and when the person asked for comes forward you shake your head and say, mournfully:—“The young Spanish Prince hasn't lived long.” “What!” is the horrified exclamation, in cases where the joke takes, “is he dead?” “No,” you reply, with a gleeful chuckle, “he was only born about a week ago, so he hasn't lived long. See?” The victim, of course, does see. He would also like to see the joker poleaxed.

* * *

The Late Mr. John M'William.

Only those who knew the date of his graduation at King's would have thought that the late Mr. John M'William, M.A., sub-editor of the *Evening Gazette*, who died so suddenly in a tramcar on Monday, was in his 57th year. To the last his figure was erect, and outwardly he appeared the embodiment of robust physical health. In appearance Mr. M'William looked what he was—a man of culture, with quiet, scholarly tastes, rather than the forceful, “scoops-at-any-price” type of modern journalist. His death will be sincerely regretted by his colleagues. They only could appraise him at his true value, as he mixed not at all in circles outside.

* * *

The Late Rev. David Macrae.

The late Rev. David Macrae was a man of considerable merit in a variety of ways. He thought a good deal, his sense of humour was keen, and he spoke and preached with much vigour and point. Of course, his literary output counts for nothing, even though it did include a hundred pound prize temperance story. The deceased, however, had at least two fairly valid claims to recognition. After being hunted out of the U.P. branch of the Presbyterian Church, he was elected “Pastor”—I think “Pastor” is the word—of the kirk founded in Dundee as a memorial of “Gifted Gilfillan,” and he was also either the first, or among the first, Scotsmen to protest against the impudent use of the word “English” to cover the whole of the British Empire. His protests, though they attracted considerable attention, were, of course, ineffective. The grievances against which he complained are still unredressed. Indeed, Scotland, as a whole, seems to be well content with the degraded position into which she has sunk—that of a mere province or dependency of England. It is only when he goes South that the average Scot develops any feeling of patriotism, and then his method of expressing it is usually thoroughly obnoxious. In milder cases, the “braw laddie” contents himself with speaking a vulgar patois of Scotch which is as repulsive to the ear as the “old vatted” which he patronises is repulsive to the palate.

A Scotch Complaint.

Scotsmen often complain that, struggle as they will, they can never master the pronunciation of English proper names. How, they ask indignantly, are they to know that Beauchamp and Bouchier are vulgarised into “Beecham” and “Bowcher,” that Broke is called “Brook,” St. Leger, “Sellinger,” Runcorn, “Runkin,” and so on? I'm afraid I am not particularly sympathetic in my answer, which is in the nature of a *Tu quoque*. Why, I enquire, do they not first take the trouble to acquire the correct pronunciation of their own country's proper names? There is justice in the retort. Every day my ear is offended by hearing people, who ought to know better, sounding the “l” in Calder, or speaking of M'Combie and Crombie, instead of “M'Com'ie” and “Crom'ie,” or of Moir as Moi-er, instead of “More.” Of course, I am told, these forms are now obsolete. That, to a certain extent, is true. They are obsolete so far as the middle-classes are concerned. The latter, however, do not count for much. Their tongue has been vulgarised hopelessly, but in a thoroughly “genteel” fashion, by English influences. As we import all our “culture” and “polish” from England now-a-days, I suppose most of the inhabitants of the “English Empire,” living in the Northern Province, will continue meekly to accept the dictation of their masters, and pronounce “z” as “s,” sound the “n” in Milne, and the “d” in Findon and Findochty, till the end of time.

* * *

Keith School Headmastership.

Mr. Alexander Emslie, who has made a high “educational” reputation as Rector of Fordyce Academy, is to go to Keith as Headmaster of the Public School there. No doubt he will be successful in restoring Keith to its *status quo* as a Bursary-catching institution. While at King's Mr. Emslie was generally regarded as the ablest undergraduate mathematician of his years. He graduated in 1905, with second-class honours in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. That he did not take a “first” came as an unpleasant surprise to his friends. Perhaps he “spread” himself a little too much in going in for honours in both departments. Mr. Emslie was also an excellent singer, with a place in the Chapel Choir. His runner-up at Keith, Mr. J. C. Murdoch, was also a distinguished student. He and Emslie were class-fellows. Mr. Murdoch, who is a man of fine literary taste, is at present headmaster of Alva Academy, Clackmannan.

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21st May, 1907.

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 - 5 Rosemount Viaduct—3 ROOMS, £12 5s, £12
 - 11 Rosemount Viaduct—3 ROOMS, £13 10s, £12 10s.
 - 11 Rosemount Viaduct—4 ROOMS, £17 10s, £14.
 - 17 Rosemount Viaduct—3 ROOMS, £12 5s.
 - 17 Rosemount Viaduct—4 ROOMS, £17 10s, £16 10s, £14 10s.
 - 23 Rosemount Viaduct—3 ROOMS, £11 10s.
 - 16 Whitehouse Street—2 ROOMS, £8 10s.
 - 153 Skene Street—4 ROOMS, £15.
 - 20 Whitehouse Street—3 ROOMS, £12.
 - 35a Union Street—OFFICES 1 and 2 ROOMS—£6 10s, £18.
 - 12 Wallfield Crescent—3 ROOMS, £12.
 - 14 Wallfield Crescent—3 ROOMS, £12.
 - 56 Esslemont Avenue—2 ROOMS, £9 10s.
 - 32 Powis Terrace—3 ROOMS, £14.
 - 375 Union Street—FLAT, 6 Rooms and Bathroom.
 - 375 Union St.—OFFICE, 4 and 6 Rooms and Strong Rooms, £14.
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"FLYING FROM JUSTICE."

Melodrama is still going strong at His Majesty's Theatre this week, where Messrs. Fred and W. H. Morgan's Company are playing Mr. Mark Melford's "Flying from Justice." The sensational element is more than usually accentuated, and the superabundance of "probable improbabilities" is larded on to a hair-standing-on-end degree. The *Police News* standard of taste must evidently be catered for so long as there is a public to demand such fare. Everything theatrical must, of course, have its heightened effect. The paint and the powder must go on to stand the glare of the footlights, but the necessary artificiality is only art when it shows us reality; anything more or less is unacceptable from an artistic point of view. The leading players in those plays are all, without exception, accomplished, clever people, worthy of better things. As it is, they make "characters" out of the scantiest material, and every "unity" that will possibly join is slung together with the skill that betokens all-round ingenuity and talent. "Flying from Justice" has all the merits and demerits of this class of play, but it is made interesting, and, as far as possible, attractive, by being in the hands of capable actors and actresses. Miss Mary Raby has the principal part; she is an actress of experience, and plays with power and distinction. Mr. Story Gofton and Mr. Wilson Blake act their parts with the greatest success, and other members of the company keep the piece alive with their capable acting.

Next week—"Mice and Men."

* * *

THE PALACE THEATRE.

The strong man again tops the bill at the Palace Theatre this week, and in Marino, a German athlete, we have a performer who shows phenomenal muscular development. He measures no less than 60 inches round the chest, which is more than the ordinary tape will span. With one hand he raises a triplet cycle with three men on it over his head. His most daring feat is that of permitting a genuine 40 h.p. motor car to be driven over his body. Marino does not turn a hair under the ordeal. R. C. M'Gill, the favourite Scottish comedian, gives a capital account of himself, and gets plenty of applause. Otto and Olga have a very successful turn; Otto is a first-rate comedian, and Miss Olga a gifted performer on trombone and cornet.

Scottie's "Waifs and Strays" constitute a pleasing item, and the three Florodora girls—a well-known name—are good singers and dancers. Among the others are R. C. Note; Brindall and Cooper, comedians; and Daisy Devonport, comedienne and dancer. "Whizzing the Whirl" provides much amusement, the competitors boxing on a revolving bar.

* * *

THE BEACH PAVILION.

Variety and freshness characterise the programme at the Beach Pavilion this week, and all the performers enter with spirit and zest into their work. Mr. David Thomson has an apparently inexhaustible repertoire, and Miss Violet Davidson is specially happy in her "Zuyder Zee" parody song. Messrs. James and Alexander, who are clever comedians and clog dancers, Miss Lou Maby, vocalist, and Montague, ventriloquist, conjuror, mimic, and vocalist, are a host in themselves. The Pavilion Cinematograph pictures are always interesting.

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The Redskin is now being exploited for London's edification. Two Indian romances are running in metropolitan theatres. "Strongheart" has a pulsating human interest in the complicated red and white sex question, but "The Last of His Race" is a more fanciful sort of melodrama.

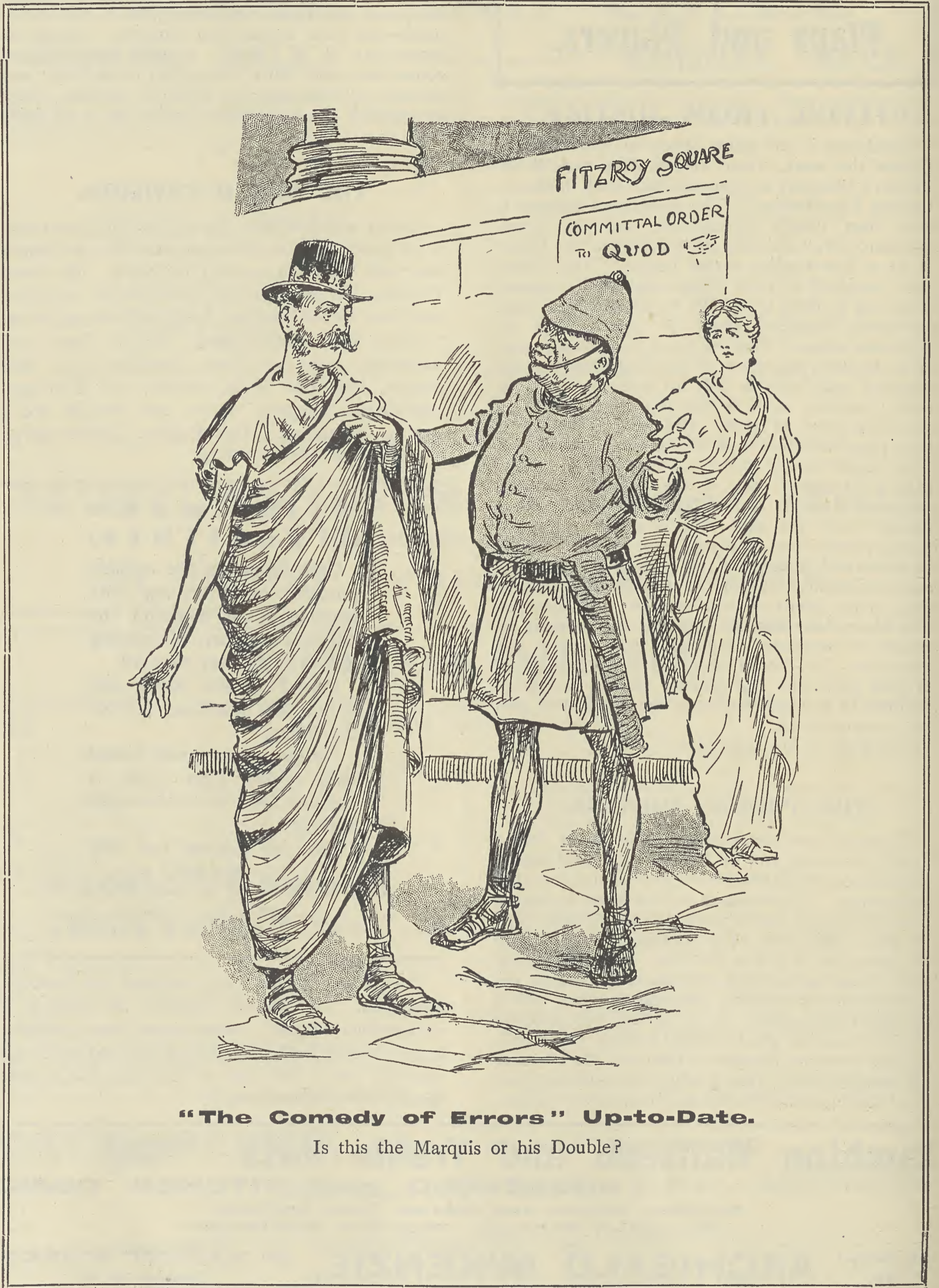
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"The Comedy of Errors" Up-to-Date.

Is this the Marquis or his Double?

"Oh, What a Fall was There!"

A sensational story comes from America, relating the tragic death of Mr. Tumble, who fell in a skating-rink and brought down Mrs. May Tumble, with fatal results to himself. May is a giddy young thing, turning the scale at 30 stone, and the deceased Tumble was her eighth husband. Most of the other seven came to premature ends owing to mishaps through May's unwieldiness. The report of the skating-rink fatality is very American in flavour, and we have not yet received details as to the strength of the ice or skating-rink floor, or as to why precautions were not taken for fear May might tumble.

* * *

The Scouringburn.

Dundee is not usually cited as an illustration in any exposition of the doctrine of "Sweetness and Light." It appears, however, that the tender flower of culture has taken firm root there, and is now burgeoning with the spring. As a proof of this I note that the shopkeepers in that world-famous thoroughfare, the Scouringburn, are to present a petition to the Town Council to have the name of the street, which they regard as a bye-word and a reproach, changed into something more mellifluous and dignified. As a substitute for Scouringburn they suggest "Earl" or "Regent." Now this is altogether too modest. Earl, or, preferably, Mount Earl, sounds well enough, but the ideal name is undoubtedly "Prince Regent," the adoption of which would be a tribute to the sainted shade of George IV., the monarch on whom so many of the modern Scouringburnites have "formed" themselves. Or, alternatively, the names of the Marchioness Conyngham or the Countess of Jersey might be honoured. Both these ladies enjoyed George's private friendship in a peculiar degree, and to honour them would be indirectly to honour their illustrious patron.

* * *

Where Lies the Bitterness?

The United Free Church Congregation of Rayne are so very pleased to see any of their "Wee Free" friends in church that their deacons never give them a chance to give their alms. They are allowed in, free, gratis, and for nothing.

* * *

One Way of Telling.

A couple of travellers found themselves detained at a certain village inn not far from Aberdeen, and inquired whether there was any amusement to be had at the establishment. "Oh, yes," replied a waiter with palpable pride, "we have a billiard room." At their request the travellers were conducted thither, and found a badly-lit room, with one small table, which had evidently seen better days. Their attendant produced a set of balls which matched the table for wear, and were of a uniform dirty grey colour. "But how do you tell the red from the white?" asked one visitor. "Oh," was the reassuring reply, "you soon get to know them by their shape!"

Her Third "Offence."

Miss May Yohe, who belongs to Pittsburg, and is partly of Dutch and partly Red Indian descent, has entered the married state for the third time. A dozen years ago she was paragraphed into notoriety as a musical comedy star in London. For two or three years her photograph occupied a foremost place in the "gallery" of stage and society "beauties" adorning every reputable print dealer's windows. While at the height of her fame she horrified his relations by marrying Lord Francis Hope, the heir-presumptive of his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, who had then nearly got to the bottom of the barrel financially.

* * *

Lord Francis Hope.

The marriage was not a triumph. Lady Francis became enamoured of Captain Bradley Strong, the son of a former Mayor of New York, and after Lord Francis divorced her, the two became as one. This second union was not of long duration, and now the lady has chosen, as a third partner, one Mr. Newton Brown, who, as the *Era* puts it vaguely, "is engaged in commercial pursuits." Lord Francis Hope has done much better with his second marriage than his first. The lady was an Australian heiress, and their first child, who will probably be Duke of Newcastle some day, was baptised, with "all the honours," last week.

* * *

Another Philanthropist.

Here is a case of another millionaire in dollars practically disinheriting his family. The late Mr. C. T. Yerkes, who was well known on this side through his scheme to buy up and run the London electric tram-car system, has left £640,000. Of that amount his wife and a son and daughter receive £40,000 each; £160,000 goes for the erection of a Yerkes Hospital in New York, and £20,000 to the "Yerkes Observatory," while, subject to his wife's life-use, all his works of art and other collections are to be handed over to the New York "Yerkes Museum and Art Gallery." The deceased apparently wanted to make sure that his name should not die with him. Probably in this case, as in so many others, vanity was the real root of the philanthropy.

* * *

Leng's Guide to London.

This penny Guide, which extends to nearly a hundred pages, is certainly the most convenient to carry that I have ever seen. It is also arranged on a thoroughly enlightened scheme, and in addition to much well-digested literary matter, the booklet contains a number of very clear sketch-maps of all the districts the visitor is likely to traverse in search of amusement and instruction.

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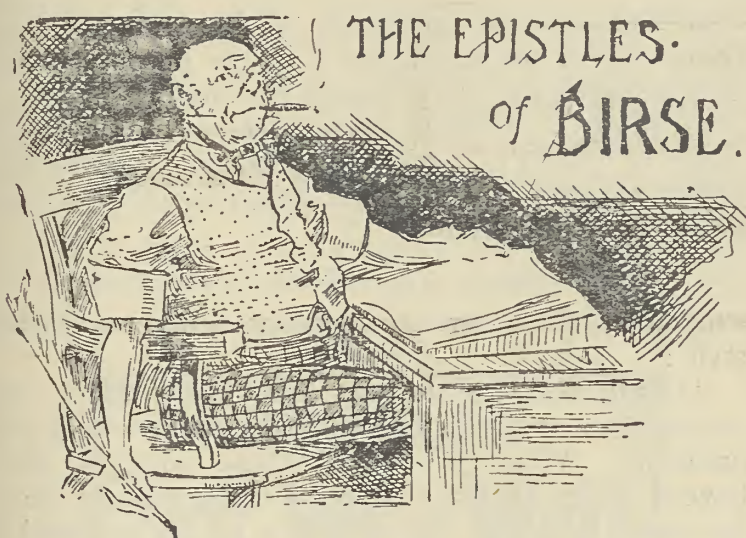
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A "Kirstenin'" at Oldmill.

DEAR MAISTER EDITOR,

Confoun' you an' yer letters! I'm nae t' blame that th' members o' th' Rosemount Ward Committee stole a mairch on Kettybrowster, an' veesitit Aul'mull last week. Ye're intimaishin wis th' first moyen I got o' th' expedeshin. Hoo is't explain't, ye speir? Easy aneuch. Murdo himsel's a denizen o' Rosemount, an' weel ye ken he'd never 'a' dreamt o' sendin' me an' invitaishin, or you ayther. Forbye, if he hid, I widna 'a' gaen, as I hae a strong personal objecshin t' meetin' th' Puritan boddies o' Rosemount itherwise than on terms o' open enmity.

A Rosemount character, ye see, aince ca'd me a leear, an' tho' I may sometimes forget a name or a face, I never forget an insult or an injury. Assuredly, some day a han'fu' o' fouk in this toon 'ill ken that t' their cost.

Weel, seein' that Birse, th' Kettybrowster weasel, wis, in a menner o' speakin', catch't asleep, I determin't, athoot ony loss o' time, t' equaleese on behalf o' m' ain destrict. Accordin'ly, in spite o' th' caul' an' inclement weather, I journey't t' Aul'mull last Seterday. Mine bein' i' th' naitur o' a surprise veesit, I wis

NEITHER SURPRIS'T NOR OFFENDIT

that there wis nae triumphal welcome w'itin' me at th' gate. Raither wis I pleas't at th' absence o' th' offeeshils an' th' inmates, for I mortally abhor onything i' th' wye o' feastin' an' feetin' an' vulgar public advertesement.

As I steppit jauntily owre th' Viaduc' towards th' main biolding, I cudna help thinkin' o' th' awfu' cheenges that 'd ta'en place hereaboot sin' I wis orraman at th' a'jaicent ferm o' Newpark five an' thirty year afore. Cheenges are aye sorrafu' t' contemplat', tho' I cudna bit admit that th' tower't romance in grey granite which met m' een wis arkitectrally consider'ta big impruv'ment on th' venish't Reformit'ry, faur sae mony o' Aiberdeen's maist respectit ceetizens receiv't their upbringing'.

Th' aul' hoose, hooiver, wis awa', an' a' that remain't o' Maidenraig wis a reeffless ruin an' th' giant mull-wheel. That an' seemilar solem' thochts occipiet m' min' till I reach't th' portals o' th' pallis.

Jist as I wis about t' ring th' alairm bell, I heard some ane ahin' me say:—

"Good afternoon, Doctor. What brings you here?"

On turnin' roon', I recognizeest th' smilin' visage o' m' ackwantance, Murdo Robertson, th' Cheerman o' th' Aul'mull Hoose Committee.

"Hullo, Murdo," I replet, shakin' 'im b' th' han' cordilly. "I sippose I'm here wi' th' same objec' as ither ratepeyers—jist t' hae a look at m' propperty."

"And you'll admit it's near perfection?" said Murdo eagerly.

"Mebbe aye, mebbe no," I answer't cowshishly. "Near deid never deid disna full th' kirkyard nor th' bellman's pooch. It micht be a hantle better, an' it micht be a hantle waur."

"You're too critical, Doctor. You've only seen the outside of the place yet. Of course, there's a number of little things still to do, but—"

"Oh, aye," I said, cuttin' 'im short, "I believe ye there. It's mair o' th' ratepeyers' siller ye wint. Like a' Public Boords, there'll be nae peace wi' you sae lang's th' haggis is i' th' aum'ry."

He jist gied a bark o' a lauch at that thrust, dootless ha'ein' naething apposeet t' say in reply.



Murdo showing Dr. Birse around.

Under Murdo's expert guidance I wis duly shown owre th' hail concern. Nae doot ye've read a' about th' place in th' peppers, so there's nae need for me t' vreet onything i' th' wye o' descripsh'n.

IT'S RAELLY A GRAN' PLACE,

man, a gran' place, an' weel worth th' hun'er an twenty thousan', or wis't a hun'er an' twenty million poun's? —expendit in'ts erechshin. Of coorse, I didna admit that t' Murdo, merely contentin' mysel' wi' giein' a grumph, which nicht signify ayther assent or dissent, at appropriat' p'int's in's elokwent discoorse.

Finally, we stoppit afore a block o' vera comfortable-lookin' hoosies outside. For some time m' guide steed lookin' at them in admirin' silence.

"Fa's t' bide there," I speir't at last. "The Governor an' th' Warders?"

"No," Murdo answer't, wi' a touch o' asperity. "Oldmill isn't a prison. These houses have been set apart for th' reception of the married couples. That is," he added quickly, "for those who can show their marriage lines."

"Was that your idea?"

"It was."

"It's a credit t' ye onywey," I return't warmly. "Faith, Murdo, ye're a better chiel' than I ever thocht ye wis. Has th' block ony speceefic name?"

"Well," said m' frien' wi' modest hesitancy, "some people insist on calling it after me."

"The Robertson Cottages?"

"Exactly."

"I cudna siggest ony impruvement on that. Robertson's a braw Hielan' name. Baith laird an' kyard—" I stoppit abrup'ly. A plan for gettin' eyven wi' th' Rosemounters hid flash't in on me, an' I concludit by speirin', "Ha'e they been formally kirsent yet?"

"No, of course not. No need for that."

"Heely, heely," I criet. "That's faur ye're wrang. There is need for a kirsenin'. Th' neist Cheerman o' th' Hoose Committee nicht rob ye o' th' honour. A bairn hisna hauf a legal richt t' its name till its kirsent. Man, it's lucky I put th' questyin t' ye. Noo that I'm here th' operaishin s'all be cairriet thro' forthwith, an' a' thing reduc't t' th' proper *status quo*."

Ye see m' idea? Rosemount nicht 'a' allocatit a name t' th' cottages, bit Kettybrowster, as representit b' m' unworthy self, wid hae th' honour an' glory o' kirsenin' them b' that name.

B' this time th' governor, Wullie Johnston, hid come up, bit sae intent wis I on' m' purpose, that I only acknowledg't his presence b' a nod.

Heedless o' Murdo's protestaishins, I drew oot th' cutter o' "Golia'h" which I aye cairry as a protecshin ag'inst th' caul', an', graspin't firmly in m' richt han', began th' ceremony b' th'

DELIVERY O' TH' FOLLAIN' ORAISHIN,

which, as ye'll observe, is cooch't in m' best English style:—

"Gentlemen, we are met here to-day on a very important, a very momentous, and a very awe-inspiring occasion. When I behold these cottages, these havens of rest that are to be, I recognise that one of the most beautiful characteristics of the unplumbed depths of the human heart has been materialised in stone and lime. Need I name that characteristic? Need I say it is that innate feeling of reverence for the aged, the infirm, and the married which we find implanted, not in the soul of humanity only, but also in that of the birds of the field, the conies of the mountain, and the beasts of the wilderness?"

"Gentlemen, I ask you to believe that there is a pregnant significance in this building. It is not a mere erection of dressed granite blocks held together by lime and wood, by nails, and putty, and paint. No, my friends. The cottages are symbols of faith and hope, of love and charity, and all the other Christian virtues. More than that, they are an adumbration of the Golden Age of perpetual pensions, that happy time when the lion shall lie down with the mouse in brotherly harmony and sanctified content.

"These cottages, gentlemen, are, morally speaking, one of the bulwarks of our beloved country. That they stand there modestly but firmly defying the elements is as a silver thread in the sober-hued warp and woof of circumstances. There where the stormy winds cease to blow, and the troubled seas are calm, scores of the weary shall find repose. No longer will the once-afflicted wife, with hot words and blows, and even oaths, upbraid her errant partner, as in the days of old when, on returning to the bosom of his family late on Saturday night, he produced only five out of his weekly wage of twenty shillings, and refused to account for the balance which, as his breath proved, he had squandered in the purchase of strong waters. No, gentlemen, no—the scene is changed, the hearts of husband and spouse are softened, and the matron's

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Dressmaking and Millinery a Specialite.

tongue is still. There, far removed from the din and squalor, the smoke and dust, and the sin and sorrow, the city shall, such of your married couples as can show their "lines," devote the golden hours of their life's millenium to the chastely healthful cultivation of their fruits and their flowers, their cabbages and their potted-plants. There, I tell you, gentlemen, they shall force two blades of grass to grow where only one blade grew before, and make the wilderness blossom like the rose.

cutter, and the wine-glass, or as a talented poetic friend of mine touchingly sings :—

'No longer drouths encount'ring drouths
Shall floods of beer downpour,
They've smash't their pint-stoups on the wall,
And shout for drinks no more.'

That, gentlemen, will be the Oldmill of the future—an earthly apotheosis of a poet's and a painter's dream. And whom have we to thank for the realisation of this beautiful vision? Even as I speak he is here standing by my side. Gentlemen, I ask you to drink—no, d---it, I mean, I baptise their dwellings by the name of their revered and honoured founder—

THE MURDO ROBERTSON COTTAGES."

[Note.—This speech is not "set up" from Dr. Birse's "copy." In preference, we choose an allegedly "verbatim note," surreptitiously taken on the spot by an inmate of Oldmill, who was at one time editor of the "Scottish Pigfeeders' Gazette," and patentee of a brand of hogs' wash, which long held its place on the market. The discrepancies between the reports of Dr. Birse and that gentleman are very marked. Though now "fatuous," the distinguished and unfortunate journalist continues to write shorthand. Dr. Birse never did write shorthand, which probably explains why he is still sane. The same fact explains why his report was deleted.—ED. *Bon Accord*.]

As I utter't th' last wirds I threw th' cutter wi' a' m' force in th' direcshin o' th' wa'. Unfortuna'tly, m' aim wis far frae straucht, an' instead o' strikin' th' stanes, it gaed crashin' thro' ane o' th' windas. Th' Governor leuch heartily at this *counter-tramps*, which he cud weel afford t' dee, as it's th' ratepeyers an' nae him that hiz t'

MAK' GWEED TH' DAMITCH.

This letter, I see's, rinnin' oot till an extortionat' length, so I'll conclude wi' th' follain' swatch o' dialogue that pass't atween me an' Murdo as we pairtit at th' gate :—

"So"—it's me that's speakin' — "there's nae luncheon providit for veesitors?"

He shook's heid.

"Nae eyven a sangwitch or a bap?"

Anither shak' o's pow.

"Weel I ca' that dam't meeserly, espeeshily fin I've jist plaister't th' fleer wi' a shillin's wurth o' fusky."

"I'm sorry, but it's th' rules."

"Confoun' yer rules," I criet. "I'll swear noo th' Rosemount fowk didna ging awa athoot full bellies."

"They had nothing but what they brought with them."

"Vera weel, Is'e tak' yer wird. Meantime, hae ye ony message for yer freen, th' Editir o' *Bon-Accord*?"

Withoot vouchsavin' a reply, Murdo turn't sharply on's heel an' march't aff, whereupon I roar't efter 'im :—

"Fa pawn't th' silver-barra?"

"Th' silver-barra? Man, tho' Murdo hiz naething t' dee wi't, I can tell ye a fine baur aboot the silver-barra. This is the wye o't. . . . (Deleted.—Ed. *Bon-Accord*.) Did ye ever hear onything mair excruciatingly funny?"

Yours truly, PETER BIRSE

**YOU ARE
Not Very Well**

or someone dear to you is not very well. Now what is the trouble? Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, or just that run-down, out-of-sorts feeling? *Mother Seigel's Syrup* cures all that. Try it; you will not be disappointed.

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January 4th, 1907.

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**Mother Seigel's
SYRUP**

IT CURES
INDIGESTION

STRENGTHENS WEAK
STOMACHS

The 2s. 6d. bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size.

Thus shall they spread abroad the glory of the Oldmill. There shall they supply the ratepayers with succulent grosarts and toothsome green stuff; thus shall they lay up treasure where thieves do not corrupt nor moths and rust break in and steal. Gentlemen, will anyone dare say that this picture is drawn in colours too roseate of hue? No. And why? The answer is simple. In this unpolluted Eden the teapot shall have replaced the pewter measure, the



SPORTS and PASTIMES.

FOOTBALL.

The Charity Final.

Permission having been granted to play the Charity Final last Saturday, Aberdeen had to undertake to place two teams on the field. It was easy enough to get those who had signed on for next season to turn out, but with those who were hanging off for better terms, or who were not to be re-engaged, the difficulty was great to overcome. However, with the assistance of several amateurs and others, two teams were got together and an enjoyable game was the outcome. There was none of the do-or-die element usually associated with a cup-tie, for the players took everything in good part, and the decisions of the referee were seldom questioned. The A team had easily the best of the first half, as they were aided with a strong wind, but they had to contend with a pair of good backs and "Rab" Macfarlane, who kept them out from time to time, when they had broken down all other opposition. Runs and counter runs were the order of the day, and at the end of ninety minutes neither side had scored. Manager Philip ordered another seven and a half minutes each way to be played. The first period of extra time was just finishing when M'Kenzie got "Rab" unawares and scored the only goal, though the League XI. very nearly equalised. Of the players, MacIntosh, the new back, earned golden opinions for his play, while Hay was a strong support with a difficult wing to deal with. Young Toman has all the qualifications for a good player, but seemed a trifle nervous. On the winners' side the halves were best, while Mutch enhanced his reputation as a custodian.

* * *

O'Hagan Stays.

It will be good news to many that on Saturday the Aberdeen directors came to terms with Charles O'Hagan, and he will remain at Pittodrie for another season. The difference was purely one of terms, which the club officials felt they couldn't look at, but it is satisfactory to know that these points have been adjusted and O'Hagan will give his services next year for Aberdeen. The front line will now be:—Macdonald, Murray, Wilson, O'Hagan, and Lennie. It ought to prove as strong as any that has yet worn the "black and gold" jersey. Strang and Boyle have both thrown in their lot with Bristol Rovers at the end of last week. It was quite understood that the right back was not to be re-engaged at Pittodrie, but the going of Strang, it seems, was a case of discipline, when on the northern tour. We may expect to hear of further captures at any moment, as the manager has been on the outlook, and has several men on his list who are worth looking after.

* * *

The Curtailment of the Season.

While we are entirely in agreement with the season being curtailed by a fortnight, we are of opinion that it would have been better for the game had the lopping-off been in August instead of May. As has been the case this year, the weather is often more suitable for football in May than it is in August, both from a spectator's and player's point of view. When they were at it, the season should have been brought into line with England, starting on 1st September, and ending on 30th April. If it can be done in one country, why not in the other, and so let cricket and other games have a fair chance of being played and patronized? Hence our opinion, which we hold strongly, that the August portion would have been by far and away the best part to cut off. The difficulty mentioned about the players and their agreements is infinitesimal compared with the interests of spectators, and they should be considered a little.

Chatty Bits.

The A team were photographed on Saturday, with all their trophies—County Cup, Dewar Shield, and Fleming Charity Shield.

The A's were a proud lot, with three trophies all to themselves. "Gowie" Robertson has been a most successful pot hunter.

At the supposed presentation, "Gowie" said he was tired accepting "trophies." All the same he did not like to lose them.

We are glad to learn that "Gowie" Robertson, J. J. Simpson, and Stewart Davidson have all signed for next year. They are a powerful line, and a smart lot altogether.

The gate, on Saturday, almost touched £50. It was a poor response to the call of charity, but the weather was dead against a big crowd.

We think the public are about fed up with the game for a season. They want a rest for a little, and would like to tread in pastures new.

With another class back like M'Intosh, Aberdeen should be well-off for players next season, and, in our opinion, make a good start, which is half the battle.

It seems that the complaint by Aberdeen against West Ham has now reached another stage, and the Scottish Association will have it up before them again. It looks to us a complicated affair altogether.

Most of the players have left for home this week, and will not be back till the roll-call in July.

There will be a lot of new faces for the old then, and we shall miss the familiar figures of Boyle, Gault, Henry Low, Strang, Paul, Edgar, J. Robertson, M'Kinley, and some of the A team.

We hope our readers will not forget the Juniors at Central Park on Saturday. They are giving a treat.

* * *

JUNIOR FOOTBALL.

BY "THE ROVER."

As the season nears its close the race for the Junior League Championship is proving keener than ever.

Two great surprises were furnished on Saturday. Mugiemoos travelled to Torry and sustained a 2-0 defeat from Victoria Thistle, who on the day's play deserved their win.

A battle royal was witnessed betwixt East End and Shamrock, the latter carrying off the "honours" by 2 goals to 1. The dropping of these valuable points have proved a very serious business for the losers, and the chances of either gaining the Championship are not now so rosy as they once were. As it is, Mugiemoos and Shamrock are now equal at the top of the table, and East End follow close behind with a point less.

FOOTBALL ENTHUSIASTS

HAVE SIGNED ON

LITTLEJOHN'S

'Black and Gold' Whisky

FOR ALL TIME.

39 Green, Aberdeen.

Dee Athletics gave an improved display against North End, and won easily by 3 goals to nil.

On Monday night Mugiemoss put another couple of points to their credit at the expense of Favourites, by 2 goals to 1, after a keenly contested game.

* * *

Charity Cup.

To-night, at Central Park, the Shamrock and Mugiemoss will contest their first round tie. The last occasion these great rivals met was in the "Scottish," when the Shamrock triumphed. A repetition of that great game may be expected to-night.

* * *

Aberdeenshire Association v. Glasgow Association, at Central Park on Saturday, kick-off at 3.45. A class game ought to be witnessed, and for their enterprise the Association deserve the encouragement and patronage of the Aberdeen public. Several Junior Internationalists are in the Glasgow team, and this fact alone ought to draw the public. A Glasgow correspondent writing says:—"We are sending the most powerful team at our command." The teams are:—

Glasgow Association:—Thomson (Cambuslang Rangers), Cook (Vale of Clyde), Frame (Rutherglen Glencairn), Neilson (Benburb), Thomson (Benburb), Morrison (Petershill), Greenaway (Shettleston), Kyle (Petershill), Duncan (Rockbank), Francis (Cambuslang Rangers), Ramsay (Parkhead).

Aberdeenshire Association:—King (East End), Hannah (East End), Slessor (Victoria Thistle), Ironside (Shamrock), Macfarlane (East End), Rhyness (Victoria Thistle), Murphy (Favourites), Gray (Mugiemoss), Innes (North End), Sim (Shamrock), M'Gungle (East End).

* * *

Victoria United Cup.

The two losing Clubs in the semi-final of this competition having each had their protests sustained the replays have been fixed to take place at Central Park on Saturday after the Glasgow v. Aberdeenshire match. Although the kick-off has been timed for a somewhat unusual hour, 7 p.m., it is hoped there will be a large turn-out of the public. The ties are:—Hawthorne v. Garfield; referee, Arthur Watt. Grange v. Footdee Rangers; referee, P. Gillespie.

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Hunter Cup.

To the Clyde F.C. has fallen the honour of having its name first inscribed on this beautiful trophy. On Thursday night they gained possession of the Cup for a year by defeating Garfield in the final by 4 goals to 2.

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CRICKET.

Fine Score by R. G. Tait.

We have seldom had the pleasure of witnessing such a fine display of crisp batting, with one or two lusty strokes thrown in which delighted all spectators, as that given us by that young batsman, R. G. Tait, on Saturday. Arbroath have seldom failed to make a good show at Mannofield, but when they have failed it has always been to their great loss of reputation. Briefly put, Arbroath struck a bad patch on Saturday, and were all dismissed for 72. Boyes and Chisholm made a fairly good start, but in a bowling change none of the others faced the deliveries of Tait and Mortimer with confidence. Unfortunately, Boyes got his hand damaged, and had to act as a spectator for the rest of the game. Webster and Tait made a fine start, the latter, once he got his eye in, scoring fast and with freedom. Webster had only got 20 to his credit when he was clean bowled by Ramsay. Cobby was Tait's next partner, and a merry partnership it was, every other ball going to the boundary, and it was not till he had 70 to his credit that the prof. was held by Leslie off Chisholm. R. S. Clark was next in, and he kept his end up while Tait quilted the bowling all round the ring. Just on six o'clock, R. G. lofted a ball which was held by Ramsay, and the innings finished, Clark taking out his bat for 15. In Tait's innings of 214, which is the largest score he has yet made, and is a record for the grounds, was included two sixes, one five, twenty-nine fours, and thirteen threes. These figures speak for

themselves, and go to show that Tait's play was of the finest. In fact, we have never seen it equalled in these parts, and we trust to see this youngster give us a few more exhibitions of the same class during the season.

* * *

The All-Conquering Saints.

Following up their recent victory over the 'Shire, St. Ronald visited Union Park, Montrose, on Saturday, and made their presence as much felt there as on the last occasion. The home side got on a fair score, just short of the century by 3 runs. J. Berry and E. Gibb were again the successful trundlers. On going in, Frank Baxter and Geo. Gibb set such a good example that the rest put the issue beyond doubt. The first two batsmen had 39 and 20 respectively, J. T. Baxter following up with a useful 12, and then J. Berry scored the chief contribution with 40 not out, and with five wickets down for 143, time was up, and another splendid victory chronicled for the Saints.

* * *

The Senior League.

Kintore had Huntly as their visitors on Saturday, when a close game was the outcome between these rivals. The pitch was entirely in favour of the bowlers, and the home side only got 47, Hynd and J. Scott dividing the wickets. As in the bowling, these same players shared the honours in the batting, for after their dismissal for 20 and 16 respectively, wickets fell fast, and Huntly were only two runs ahead with a wicket in hand when time was called. Caledonian found the pitch at Duthie Park not at all to their liking, and but for a timely innings of 21 by J. Clark would have cut up badly. As it was, they were all out for 45, and for the loss of five wickets the Crescent passed this total with 54 on the board, C. Webster, W. Duncan, and L. Duncan all reaching double figures. St. Ronald A visited Inverurie, where they met the Loco. Works in the League tourney. It was one of those fluctuating games in which first one side and then the other looked as if they were to win. The Works scored 68, the three Raes all contributing double figures, to which the Saints replied with 89, Fenton and Middleton being top scorers with 30 and 20 respectively.

* * *

Other Games.

A weak team of the 'Shire got a big whacking from the University at Kings on Saturday. The 'Shire were all out for 59, and for the loss of three wickets the students put up 85.

* * *

Facts and Fancies.

The South Africans commenced their programme this week against Leicestershire.

It is asserted that Kent are stronger in all departments this year than they were last. If that is really the case, they should keep the Championship again.

Yorkshire made a great effort to avert defeat on Saturday, and just failed. It will give encouragement to Worcester when they are able to beat the "Tykes."

The injury to A. N. Hornby has turned out more serious than was thought, and the specialist he has consulted takes a very gloomy view of the case.

Lancashire can ill afford to lose such a good player as Hornby. E. L. Wright, the Oxford captain, has agreed to play as often as he can for his county.

R. H. Spooner is henceforth to devote his energies to Saturday cricket. He commenced last Saturday with a century.

N. A. Knox, the Surrey fast bowler, writing on cricketers' diet, says:—"Avoid whisky. Dry ginger ale is the best lunch drink in my opinion."

Haigh is showing better form with the ball this season than he has done for some years back.

The month of May has been entirely a bowlers' harvest so far. Arbroath have not had such an afternoon's leather-hunting as they got at Mannofield on Saturday.

Bobby Tait, as he is familiarly called at headquarters, had two sixes out of the grounds against Arbroath.

He is a wonderful batter for his size is R. G., and he can bowl too.

Aberdeenshire have come to their proper level, and their victory on Saturday will bring them better support than if they had been defeated.

They ought to do well in the County Competition, if they can maintain Saturday's form.

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GYMNASTICS.

DETERMINATION v. DAINTINESS.

GYMNASTIC SHIELD FINAL—ABERDEEN BEATS LONDON.

In the final round of the N.P.R.S. International Competition, the Aberdeen Gymnastic and Rowing Club defeated the Zizka (Bohemian) Club, London, in the Music Hall, Aberdeen, by a larger majority of points than has ever formed the difference in the scores of the finalists in any previous contest. The Hall was filled to overflowing, and the audience included many prominent patrons of gymnastics. The Chairman was Mr. Ronald M'Neill, who adroitly avoided saying which team had his sympathy. The sole judge was Sergeant-Major Noakes, late chief instructor in the British Army. His awards were never called in question.

The Bohemians, who showed fine arm and chest development, made a favourable impression as they marched round the platform, and all gave evidence of the outward smartness of military training. The horizontal bar exercises were taken first, and some surprise was created by the brevity of the stay of the first two or three visitors on the bar. The exercises were the perfection of grace and daintiness, and had they displayed more variety, higher marks would have been earned. What seemed of most importance to the Zizka was neat finishing, and they all came off without a fault. It would have been better had they stayed on longer. Josef Severin, the "skipper," and Josef Kucera gave the finest performances. The marking was possibly on the high side all through, and if Sergeant-Major Noakes had been more grudging in the distribution of points, he would have been able to discriminate among the three Aberdeen men who received 20 points each.

With a lead of 24 points on the horizontal bar, Aberdeen went more confidently forward to the next item. The Zizka gave a novel and much more dramatic exhibition of mass drill than the Aberdonians, but the judge seemed more taken with the steady, continuous exercises of the latter, and at the close the local "eight" had improved their position by four points more.

The concluding item, high jumping, proved a fiasco. The Aberdonians, who did not know the strength of their opponents in this department, put forth abnormal efforts, and succeeded in beating their own previous record by 10 points. They risked the breaking of their necks in clearing heights which they thought they could not look at before. It was a case of "do or die," and the effort was all the time quite unnecessary. All cleared 4 ft. 10 in. Three dropped out at 4 ft. 11 in.; Reid failed at 5 ft. 2 in.; Angus at 5 ft. 3 in.; Scroggie at 5 ft. 4 in.; while J. Nicol and P. Hutchison only came to grief at 5 ft. 5 in. The average was 5 ft. 1 in. The Zizka began at 3 ft. 10 in., and everything was sacrificed to grace. Rehacek was the only one to clear 5 ft., but he got no higher. The detailed scores were:—

ABERDEEN.

	Hor. Bar.	High Jump.	Total.
J. Nicol, - - -	10	19	29
J. S. Reid, - - -	15	16	31
Arthur Thomson, - - -	16	13	29
J. Duncan, - - -	18	13	31
W. Scroggie, - - -	18	18	36
J. R. Angus (cap't.), - - -	20	17	37
P. Hutchison, - - -	20	19	39
Angus Davidson, - - -	20	13	33
Free movements, - - -	-	-	162
Grand total, - - -	-	-	427

ZIZKA.

	Hor. Bar.	High Jump.	Total.
Josef Rehacek, - - -	6	15	21
Jaroslav Tronciek, - - -	13	6	19
William Barvir, - - -	13	9	22
Francis Hlavacek, - - -	13	13	26
Josef Severin (capt.), - - -	19	10	29
Venuslas Skokan, - - -	13	6	19
Josef Tuna, - - -	16	11	27
Josef Kucera, - - -	20	8	28
Free movements, - - -	-	-	158
Grand total, - - -	-	-	349

Majority for Aberdeen—78 points.

At the close the shield and gold medals were presented to the winners by Mr. M'Neill, the Zizka receiving bronze medals. The strangers were subsequently entertained by the "Gym." in the Royal Hotel.

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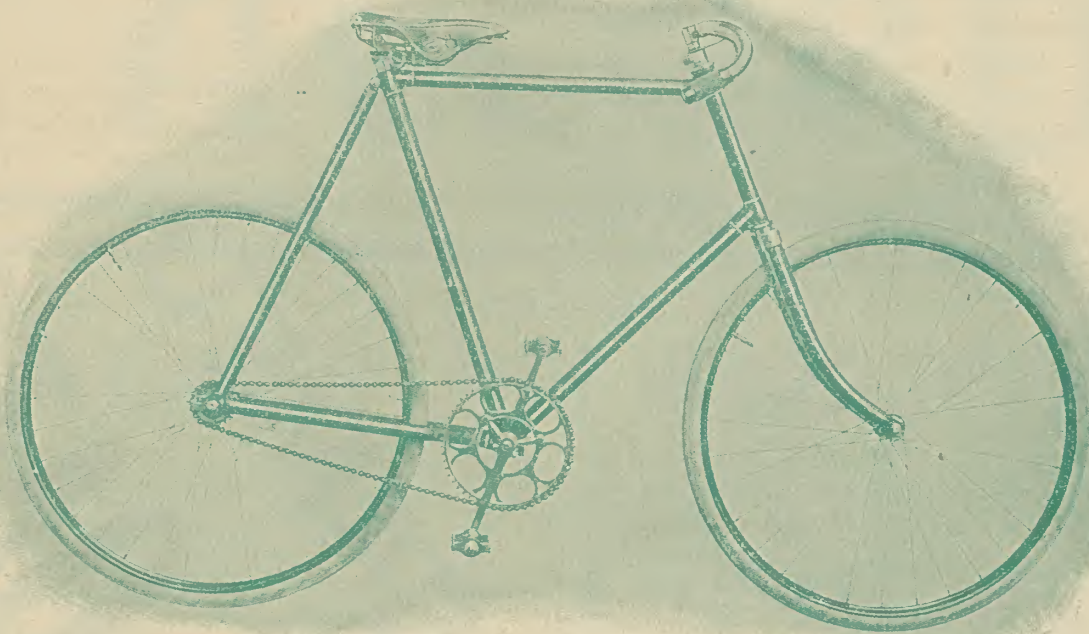
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