

308

BON ACCORD

September 26, 1907.—Price One Penny.

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER]

Vol. XLII.—No. 13.

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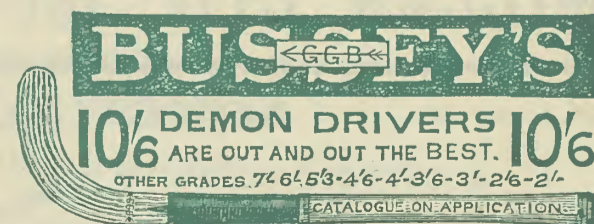
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9 BRIDGE STREET, ABERDEEN.



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SAVE carpets and furniture.

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September 26, 1907.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.]

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222 Union Street. Managers and Treasurers.

IN FREEDOM'S CAUSE.

PETER LORIMER GREEN has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for proving himself a hero in humble life, the inheritor of the spirit of the men that made Bannockburn sacred ground. He has taken his own way to fight the brave fight for freedom, and whatever may be the opinion of persons who breathe the mouldy atmosphere of our Courts of Justice, the greater public, who have fortunately the gift of recognising genius in whatever direction it may be exercised, feel that the honours are all with Peter. No doubt he will obtain the adulation of that large section of the community who delight in the discomfiture of the minions of the law, but the majority of the persons who have been more or less amused by the exploits of the prison-breaker

will not be roused to feelings of righteous indignation over his re-incarceration. All the same, general sympathy is with the prisoner, and we have no doubt that Peter is prepared, given the opportunity, to furnish further amusement in the same line during the "dog days."

When all is said and done, the Law has cut an undignified figure in the present instance, and the sentence of three months looks as if the administrators were determined to inflict a petty revenge for having been made a laughing stock of. Peter Green committed no crime to start with, poaching, after all, being merely a technical offence, which may be laid to the charge of some upright citizens. It is, therefore, perfectly reasonable to argue that Society, having made war on the individual for an offence that is not held in general reprobation, has no ground for complaint if that person defies his jailors. This argument might have to be somewhat modified in the case of a prisoner convicted of a real crime against Society. Peter Green was, therefore, not to be condemned if he took advantage of the "jerry-jailing" at Craiginches. For a couple of months he has made sport of the police and might have continued to do so had not the Glasgow officers, through some unaccountable mistake, laid him by the heels. Sheriff Begg, who passed the sentence on Tuesday, described prison-breaking as a serious offence. It may be serious in the eyes of the law, but the curious thing is that the public, for whose interest the law is supposed to be made, has always a sneaking fancy for the man who "breaks bounds." Even with his unmerited three months, Peter has had the best of the joke.

* * *

Not as Expected.

The principal grocer in a small country town, who is also a baillie, was chatting with several customers, when a discussion arose as to the wonderful sense of touch possessed by the blind. "Here comes auld blin' Henry Park, noo," said the baillie. "We'll test 'im." He took a scoopful of sugar and extended it to the old man. "Feel this, Henry," he said, "an' tell's what it is." The blind man put his hand in the scoop, passed its contents through his fingers, and then said in a firm, confident tone—"Sand."

**Eiffel Tower
MILK PUDDING**

A 1d. packet makes a delicious milk pudding in ten minutes. Try it. You will be delighted.



A CHALLENGE TO SCOTLAND.

AMERICA BOASTS ITS BEAUTY!

The Editor of the *Chicago Tribune* recently issued a challenge to a number of different nationalities, inviting them to produce a woman who would outrival in beauty Miss Marguerite Frey, of Denver, who from among 200,000 American women has been proclaimed the loveliest.

On behalf of Scotland the Editor of the *People's Journal* promptly accepted the challenge, and he is now engaged in the quest of a Scottish lady who will compare favourably with the Denver beauty.

This is really a national contest, and we have agreed to assist the Editor of the *People's Journal* in this locality.

Such a Competition should appeal strongly to our readers in Aberdeen and district, and we invite them to send photographs to us.

From week to week we shall report the progress of the competition, and by arrangement with the Editor of the *People's Journal* will publish a selection from the photographs sent in.

No lady need be debarred on the ground of modesty. Names will on no account be published except with the express permission of the lady herself.

Photographs may be submitted by friends or relatives, and with the view of making the competition one of interest to everybody, we are prepared further to offer a prize of one guinea to the person who submits the photograph that wins the first prize, and to make an award of half a guinea to the senders of other photographs which secure prizes.

Send in your photographs now.

Address them to the Editor, *Bon-Accord*, 10 Crown Street, Aberdeen.

* * *

A Beach "Sensation."

A crowd of people were greatly astonished last Sunday evening to see that very vigilant officer, Constable John Laing, perched on the top of the Zoo, and peering anxiously through a skylight. Meantime, the lion was bellowing furiously; so it was generally surmised that something terrible was taking place inside. On descending, the gallant officer was able to assure the timid that there was no occasion for fear, the disturbance being due to a monkey which had got out of its cage, and was amusing itself by careering round the place. The proprietor, Mr. Sinclair, was duly sent for to Pitfodells. On his arrival at the Zoo, he found that the peccant Simian, of its own accord, had returned to the cage, and that peace was restored all round.

* * *

He Came to Fish.

A man on holiday at an East Coast town was fishing one day at the extreme point of the pier, when, in his anxiety to bring out a saithe, he overbalanced himself and fell into the water. Amid great excitement the angler was safely landed on "terra-firma." "Well, my man," inquired a fussy old gentleman, "how did you come to fall into the water?" "I didn't come to fall in," was the bitter reply. "I came to fish."

THE TEA OF TEAS.

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THE VERY ACME

of Refinement. Delicious
Flavour.

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PASSING
SHOW.**



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PALACE THEATRE.—Manager Mr. Walter Gilbert. 7.45 p.m. Roland, "the World's Greatest Illusionist," Pasquali Brothers, Acrobats, &c.

BEACH PAVILION.—Proprietor, Mr. David Thomson. Marr's Monstre Gramophone and Full Company. Two performances daily—3 p.m., and 7.30 p.m.

BEACH "ZOO."—Proprietor, Mr. John Sinclair. Open all day.

PITTODRIE PARK.—Match on Saturday, Aberdeen and Partick Thistle. Kick-off, 3.45 p.m.

* * *

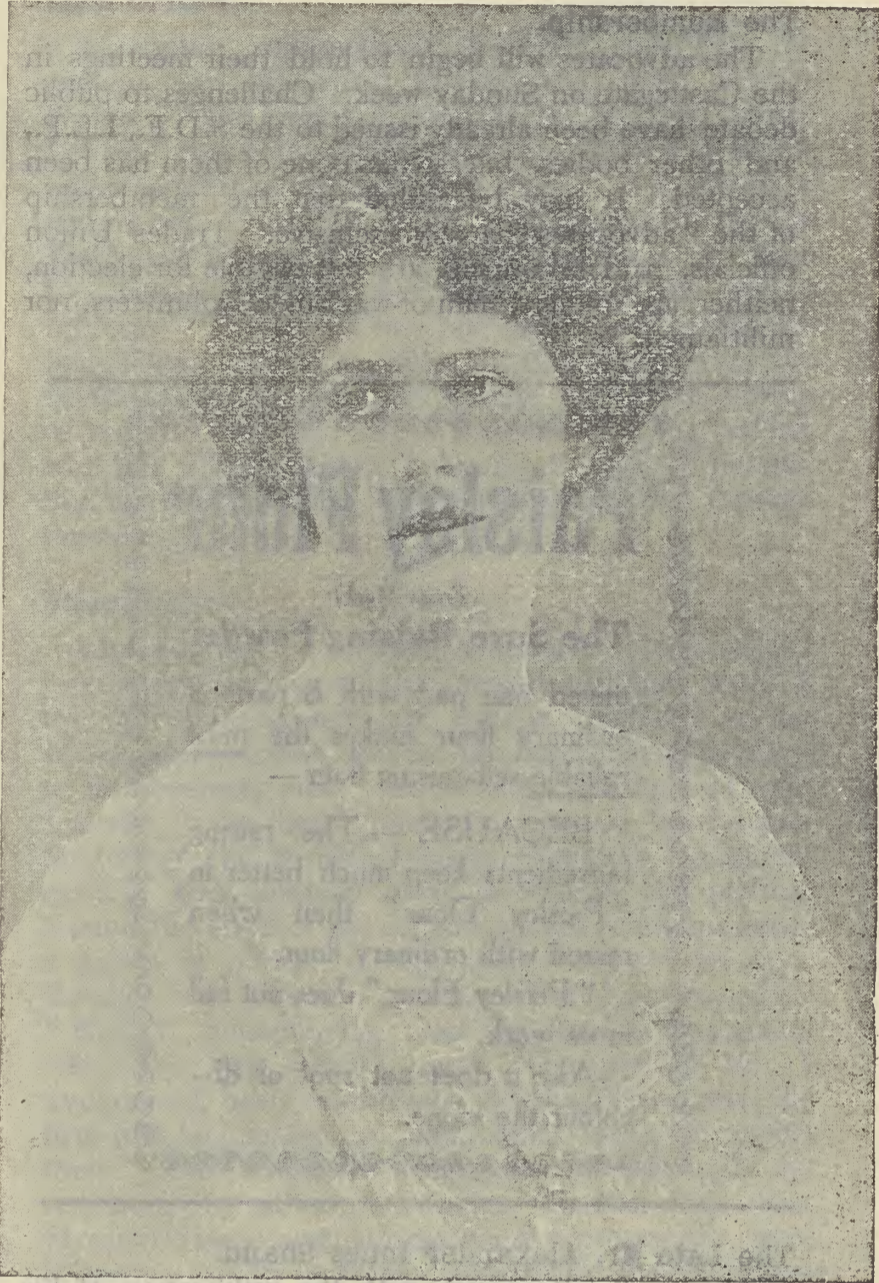
Silence that Dreadful Bell!

The Railway Bell is still ringing, but the tone is less jubilant within the last few days. The railway employees are divided among themselves as to the desirability of going on strike, not that the scruples arise from a desire to save the trade of the country from disorganisation, but from a fear that the affair would fizzle out through the attitude of the locomotive men. Locally, I understand there is a strong feeling among the employees to support the action of the Amalgamated Society, but Aberdeen is not likely to have a big say in determining the course of events.

* * *

Franco-Scottish Society.

The Earl of Aberdeen, an enthusiastic member of the Franco-Scottish Society, will take the chair at the meeting of the Society to be addressed by the Duchess of Sutherland, on October 5th. The subject of the lecture, as already announced, will be "The Personality of Benjamin Constant, man of letters and politician, 1767-1830." The life of Constant is a fascinating study, and so many-sided a character will give scope for a most interesting lecture. It is pleasant to hear that the French members of the Franco-Scottish Society who were present at the celebrations in Aberdeen last year still entertain fond remembrances of their stay in "Bon-Accord." M. Emile Boutroux, who received the degree of LL.D. from Aberdeen University, and who, along with M. Paul Mellon, was presented by Lord Aberdeen to King Edward, has prepared a graphic and eloquent record of the celebrations for the French Academy.



THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

Who is to lecture at a meeting of the Franco-Scottish Society next week.

* * *

A New "Labour" Organisation.

Mr. Ernst Mackenna, formerly Secretary of the Gasworkers and General Labourers' Union, is at present engaged in getting up a local branch of the British Society of Advocates of Industrial Unionism. This body is really an off-shoot of the American Society of Federated Workers of the World, which was founded in 1905, and has now branches in France, Italy, and Germany. The membership of the British Advocates' Society will include all classes of workers, skilled and unskilled, and none of the members is to be allowed to speak on any platform that does not endorse the principles of the party. The said principles seem to be mainly to wage war on the S.D.F., I.L.P., and the Trades' Unions. Consequently, the local members will strongly oppose Mr. Kennedy's candidature for North Aberdeen.

NEW GOODS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS FOR AUTUMN WEAR.

ROBERT HENDERSON, Drapery Warehouse, 33 UNION STREET.

The Membership.

The advocates will begin to hold their meetings in the Castlegate on Sunday week. Challenges to public debate have been already issued to the S.D.F., I.L.P., and other bodies, but so far none of them has been accepted. It may be added that the membership of the "advocates" is very exclusive. Trades' Union officials, paid or unpaid, are not eligible for election, neither are soldiers, man-of-war's-men, volunteers, nor militiamen.

'Paisley Flour'

(Trade Mark)

—The Sure Raising Powder—

mixed one part with 8 parts of ordinary flour makes the most reliable self-raising flour—

BECAUSE — The raising ingredients keep much better in "Paisley Flour" than when mixed with ordinary flour.

"Paisley Flour" does not fail in its work.

Also it does not spot or discolour the scone.

The Late Mr. Alexander Innes Shand.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of his last book on "Scottish Soldiers of Fortune," the death is announced of that exceedingly pleasant writer, Mr. Alexander Innes Shand. In addition to much miscellaneous work, Mr. Shand wrote one or two meritorious novels, originally "run," I think, as serials in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The deceased belonged to that branch of the Aberdeenshire family of Shand which was long connected with Garmouth. One of the members made a fortune in the West Indies, and on his return to this country bought the extensive estate of The Burn, otherwise Arnhall, in Kincardineshire. Mr. A. I. Shand's father succeeded to the property, but eventually he became so embarrassed in circumstances that it had to be sold. His wife was a daughter of Alexander Innes of Pitmedden, so that the late gentleman was "cousin" to all the well-known landed families named Innes in the North.

Captain George Graby.

That very famous trawl-skipper, George Graby, continues to keep his name well before the public. This, indeed, he has done so effectively, since settling in Aberdeen, that one might be easily led to believe that he employs a highly qualified "press-agent." As usual, George is at variance with the

"Authorities." On this occasion they wanted him at Lerwick, on Monday, to answer a charge of having trawled within the "prescribed limits" at Fair Isle on the 3rd August. He did not appear, and, in absence, was fined £75, with the alternative of 40 days' imprisonment. The Procurator-Fiscal explained that the case had already been called twice. Owing to the delay, the Sheriff declined to order the forfeiture of Graby's fishing gear. If he does not pay up, however, a warrant is to be granted for his apprehension. I believe a somewhat more serious charge than that of illegal trawling is at present hanging over the devoted skipper's head. According to Fish Market gossip, it arose out of pure devilment.

Royal Favourites.

Among the ladies who enjoy the King's friendship in a very marked degree are Lady Sarah Wilson and the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel. They receive invitations to practically every house where His Majesty goes, and are usually included standing by his side in the numerous photographic groups of which he is the central figure. Lady Sarah is English—an aunt of the Duke of Marlborough—and Mrs. Keppel, an Edmonstone of Duntreath, is Scottish. An Irish lady favourite is only needed to complete the national trinity.

Alleged "Faking" an Article.

Quite recently an article was published in *Answers* which purported to be specially contributed by Lord Ashtown. At the foot appeared a facsimile reproduction of his Lordship's signature. In giving evidence in his claim for compensation case, Lord Ashtown denied that he either wrote or signed such an article. He believed it to be concocted from the details of "interviews" with pressmen which were published in various papers, but he could not tell how the *Answers* people obtained his signature. The reply of the inculpatated organ will be awaited with great interest. Of course no particular harm has been done Lord Ashtown. He admits the accuracy of most of the statements; still, what was practically the forgery of his signature can hardly be regarded otherwise than as a grave offence. Should the "forgery" be proved, it means, at the very least, that somebody on *Answers* staff will be "sacked."

A Charge of Fire-Raising.

When on the way to the Icelandic waters a number of Aberdeen trawl-skipper were in the habit of landing on an islet, where an accommodating crofter usually kept a supply of liquor for their entertainment. Recently the latter allowed his stock to run completely out. This carelessness was so severely reprobated by a party of skippers who called on him that one of them is alleged to have shown his displeasure by setting fire to the house and burning it down. Whether the story is true or not I cannot say, but a charge of fire-raising has certainly been brought against one of the skippers.

SPLENDID SELECTION of LADIES' MOTOR CAPS FOR AUTUMN.

ROBERT HENDERSON, 33 UNION STREET.

That "Epitaph!"

Two or three weeks ago I published a version of the notorious "epitaph" on the Rev. Alexander Low of Keig (which I lifted from a contemporary), with a slight correction of my own. Next week Mr. Andrew Murray wrote to correct both me and my contemporary. Now a friend wishes to correct the whole three of us. He says that the word "breet" in the last line should read "gowk." That was the term, in the version with which the late ex-Treasurer John Morgan, who was a native of Kennethmont, familiarised his friends.

* * *

The S.D.F. as "Shilling-a-Weekers."

The local branch of the S.D.F. has "gone in" for trade. I often imagined that "gentility" was the real root-curse of Socialism and other "advanced" movements, and now I am sure of it. Probably, too, the old Scottish idea of the "fitness of things," which insisted on persons of all classes wearing a different pair of boots on Sundays and week days, may have had something to do with the "new departure." I don't know. Anyway, in order that no member may have an excuse for turning up at a meeting attired like a "Kyard"—a term of obloquy which has been hurled at the present writer who is not a Socialist—the S.D.F. has established a "shilling-a-week" clothing club. The institution, I understand, is being very well patronised. Socialists pretend that the object of their various organisations is to promote the levelling-out of the upper sections of humanity. That is not the real primary object, which is to provide that each member shall dress himself like (say) a Tory huxter, wear a watch and chain, and a teetotal ticket in the riband of his hat.

* * *

Leucocytozoon Lovati.

While in session the Grouse Disease Commission did invaluable work. At one of the meetings was submitted the "discovery," by two doctors, whose names deserve the same measure of immortality as those of Jenner, Simpson, and Lister, of a new and original germ in the blood of the grouse. This germ it is proposed to call "Leucocytozoon Lovati," in honour of Lord Lovat, the chairman of the Commission. This is fame. The names of the truly great men who found the germ are Dr. C. G. Seligman, bacteriologist to the Commission, and Dr. Louis W. Sambon, lecturer to the London School of Tropical Medicine. They are true benefactors to the human race. Through their heroic efforts there is now little danger of our revered upper-classes—our millionaire Manchester brewers and London stock-market riggers—being poisoned by eating diseased grouse.

* * *

Complimentary.

Husband—"The biggest idiots always seem to marry the prettiest women." Wife, sweetly—"Now, you're trying to flatter me."

Lord Orford.

My polite contemporary, *Madame*, says that the present Earl of Orford is descended from Horace Walpole, "the great statesman of the reign of George I.," and mentions further that Sir Robert Walpole was created Earl of Orford in 1742. As a matter of fact, Lord Orford is not a descendant of Horace Walpole, who was not a "great statesman," or from Sir Robert Walpole, but from one of the latter's brothers. His career has not been particularly distinguished. He is, in fact, principally known as the defendant in the notorious Valerie Wiedmann breach of promise case, and as the husband of Lady Orford, who was a Miss Corbin, a wealthy New York heiress. She married him after Valerie had pulled him through the court.

* * *

Ballochmyle.

The wedding of art and commerce is one of the most fruitful unions of the present day, and some of the best achievements are equally creditable to the skilful draughtsmen and to the enterprise of our up-to-date business men. An excellent example of what I mean is the latest production issued by the proprietors of the far-famed blend of whisky "Ballochmyle." The eloquent story is told in the picture. Round the chair of the jolly-faced old schoolmaster is a group of pupils. "Boy, spell whisky!" he says. Readily the answer comes, "B-a-l-l-o-c-h-m-y-l-e." "Right! Ballochmyle," cries the dominie with gusto, "and the best whisky too." The picture has, I understand, been reproduced post-card size, and the firm will be pleased to send copies to all who wish them. The scholastic sentiment will no doubt be re-echoed by all connoisseurs. Certain it is that Messrs. Watson and Middleton, the proprietors, have to meet a rapidly-increasing demand for the celebrated blend whose name conjures up many romantic memories. Mr. James Dawson, a native of Elgin, on whose shoulders rests most of the responsible work of the firm, is a man of outstanding business ability, and to his fertile brain is due the credit of the idea so happily expressed in the picture already referred to. Mr. Middleton, who is an Aberdonian, is a well-known and popular figure in the west of Scotland, and is *par excellence*, the vocalist of "The Bonnie Lass o' Ballochmyle."

* * *

Eyesight of Motor Drivers.

It is evident that a man who is purblind or myopic is not, with unaided sight, qualified to use public roads, says THE MOTOR WORLD, and it becomes a question whether applicants for licenses should not be required to show that they can, with or without the aid of glasses, discern things a reasonable distance away. There are forms of myopia in which glasses are of no use, and it is plain that people so affected should not be allowed to drive motor cars. It is not enough to say that no man with such sight would undertake the risk of driving.

The "Diamond" French Kid Gloves at 2/6 per pair. Every Pair Guaranteed.

ROBERT HENDERSON, 33 UNION STREET.

Police Controls.

Those who are not motorists may fail to appreciate the force of the automen's objection to police controls. The man on the street thinks the controls are designed to save the motorist from himself, and to prevent, as far as possible, an insane anxiety to court destruction. That is not, however, the way the *Motor World* looks at it. "That the police control had its origin in a spirit of persecution, in the first place, is proved by the fact that those districts which the early cyclists learned to avoid by bitter experience have been the very ones in which police controls have been instituted, and worked in a fashion which might be best described as spiteful, and certainly not in accordance with that sense of fair play and justice that is, rightly or wrongly, supposed to form an integral part of our national character." The journal quoted adds:—"However, at this period the whole question of speed restrictions has yet to be thrashed out, and motorists will best serve their own interests by the utmost consideration for road users and the avoidance of even the semblance of recklessness in passing through populated areas."

* * *

Mr. F. Webster, of Messrs. Bowman & Webster, cork manufacturers, who filled the post of Chairman of the Aberdeen Barmen's Ball Committee, was presented the other evening with a large photographic group of the Committee. Mr. Wm. Gordon (of Messrs. Campbell, Hope & King), presided, and the presentation was made by Mr. A. Niven.

* * *

A Silver Wedding.

There was a nice homely gathering of the family and friends of Mr. and Mrs. George Alexander, of 14 Charlotte Street, Aberdeen, in the Alexandra Café last Friday evening to celebrate their Silver Wedding. Mr. Alexander is well known in musical, football, and friendly society circles, who were represented at the revival and expressed their good wishes to the happy pair. Mr. Macfarlane proposed the toast of the evening, and in doing so conveyed the many good messages that had been sent to them on the 25th Anniversary of their wedded life. The company warmly supported Mr. Macfarlane's remarks. Mr. Alexander feelingly replied, and an adjournment was made to the ballroom, where dancing was engaged in till early morning. The presents were many and valuable, and included from the Rosebery Lodge of Free Gardeners, Aberdeen F.C. directors, and others. Mr. Alexander has been an official of the Free Gardeners for a number of years, and for the past two years has sat on the Board of Directors of the Aberdeen F.C.

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19 CROWN STREET.

Not Full Speed.

The car from Bridge of Don, for various reasons, had travelled very cautiously toward that Sunday night. The inveterate joker, Blair—whose spirits even the horrors of an Aberdeen "Sawbath" cannot depress—made for the door with a feeble, tottering gait when a stoppage was made at the Castlegate. "Your fare, please," said the conductor at the door. "I paid my fare when I got on," responded Blair, the unabashed. "Where did you get on?" "Beside the 'Seaton Arms.'" "That won't do. When I passed there there was only a little boy on the car." "Yes," answered Blair, "I know it. I was that little boy."

* * *

PROMINENT PROFILES.

No. 80.—The Rev. Andrew Brown.

Rumours have been prevalent of late that the subject of our "Profile" would not be "lang to the fore" so far as Aberdeen was concerned. Promotion was certain to come his way sooner or later, the tongues said, and it has come much sooner than the congregation of the West Parish desired. The only consideration that reconciles them to the departure of their minister is, that Mr. Brown is "going up higher," that he has received promotion—in a sense, but only in a sense, for the "West" people are conscious, sometimes painfully conscious that, though the stipend is meagre, theirs is almost the most important church, historically, in Scotland.

Our subject has been a man of commanding note, ecclesiastically and socially, ever since coming to Aberdeen. Few more eloquent preachers have ever been heard from a local pulpit. The matter and the delivery of his sermons were always alike admirable. Their basis was deeply "evangelical," a somewhat sinister term to use now-a-days; but, in spite of that, or, perhaps, because of that, he spoke to sinners like a man and a brother. Sometimes his deliverances slightly alarmed—it is so easy to alarm "warm" men and their wives—by their apparent leaning towards Socialism. There is really nothing in common between the gentlemen of the red tie and Mr. Brown. He simply has never forgotten the teachings of the "Sermon on the Mount." A hard and strenuous worker he is, too, one who leaves no corner of the parochial vineyard unexplored or untilled.

Unlike many other parsons of great force of personality, the "Profile" is blessed with an exceedingly sympathetic and kindly temperament. Particularly successful has he been in dealing with the younger members of the Church. He understood them, consequently they understood him. He is, in fact, the "idol" of the young men of the congregation, probably of the young women, too.

Mr. Brown came from Ceres, in Fifeshire, while still a ministerial youngster, to assume the charge of the West Parish in 1901. He goes to Queen's Park Church, Glasgow, as assistant-successor to the Rev. Donald M'Corquodale, in November. The vote was significant—430 for, 4 against.

FIRST DELIVERY of AUTUMN COSTUMES, SKIRTS, and BLOUSES.

ROBERT HENDERSON, 33 UNION STREET.

The Absent-Minded Professor

Paris has recently been entertained by the case of an eminent old mathematician who, buried in his books, had for years forgotten to take out the pension due to him, and only became aware of his plight when the bailiffs were in his house and the furniture was taken away. The occurrence inspires the *Gaulois* to a few good stories concerning professional absent-mindedness. Thus, the famous mathematician, Sturm, brooding over a problem as he went along, came upon a watering-cart drawn up on the road, and taking a pencil from his pocket, began to scribble figures and diagrams upon the wood. Presently the driver came from the inn close by, and the cart moved on. Absorbed in his calculations and utterly unconscious of his surroundings, old Sturm stepped out behind the vehicle, puzzling and scribbling. The same scientist, a man of extreme modesty and reticence, had to refer in his lectures to the mathematical problem to which his name had been given. "Gentlemen," he began, "I must now touch upon a problem, the name of which I have the honour of bearing."

There are endless anecdotes connected with Ampère's well-known absent-mindedness, but less well known is the little adventure which befell him shortly after his formal reception as a member of the Institute. The President was giving a large dinner, and someone played the practical joke on Ampère of informing him that he was obliged to appear in his official uniform as member of the Academy. When entering the drawing-room he became aware that only ordinary evening-dress was worn; this made him shy and awkward, and, to get rid of the greatest encumbrance, he took off the sword, which hampered his movements. This object having been accomplished, he hid the sword quietly under the sofa-cushions, and, gradually, as the dinner proceeded, lost his embarrassment, and was drawn into a conversation. After dinner a problem occurred to him, and, returning to the drawing-room, he leaned against the chimney-piece, lost in thought. The evening passed, the guests took leave, but Ampère still stood and brooded. The sleepy host crept quietly away to bed, and only the polite hostess sat silently respecting her guest's absorption, while the hands of the clock moved on and on.

At last Ampère aroused himself, saw that all his fellow-guests had gone, and tried to get at his sword and then go quietly away. But, alas! on the sofa Mme. de Fontanes was sitting, sunk in well-earned slumber. What was to be done? The scholar knelt down, trying to draw the sword from under the pillows without disturbing the sleeper. He pulled and pulled again, and then the sword, without the sheath, was in his hand. His groan of despair aroused the hostess, who, seeing a man brandishing a sword at her feet, shrieked desperately for help. The host coming upon the scene, Ampère was before long on his way home.

La Fontaine was another absent-minded savant. One day, when summoned to Louis XIV., for the purpose of presenting his Fables to the Monarch, it

was found that he had forgotten to bring them. Louis, who knew La Fontaine, laughed, and caused a thousand gold pieces to be paid to him. On the way home the poet forgot the money, and left it in his cab.

* * *

Too Professional.

"I don't like that new Dr. Smart," remarked Miss Brownlie tartly. "No," replied her friend. "Why not?" "The other evening he called at our house, and by and by he squeezed my hand and said something sentimental, and just as I was beginning to blush I discovered that he had his finger on my pulse to see whether or not I was really affected by his attentions."

* * *

A certain Railway Company has a regular form of reporting accidents to animals on its permanent way. Recently a station-master had the killing of a cow to report. In answer to the question—"Disposition of carcass?" he wrote, "Kind and gentle."

CEREBOS SALT

||

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—THE LANCET,
16th March, 1907.

The Reason.

Mrs. Muff—"But why did you leave your last place?" Applicant for chief cookship—"I couldn't stand the way the mistress and master used to quarrel, mum." Mrs. Muff (shocked)—"Dear me! Did they quarrel much, then?" "Yes'm; all day long. When it wasn't me an' 'im it was me an' 'er."

* * *

Mr. James Taylor, who has been completely exonerated from the charge of exporting cattle affected with tuberculosis from the Argentine to this country, is a son of that well-known stock-breeder, ex-Baillie Taylor, Pitlivie. He was at one time manager of the coal-branch of his father's business in Aberdeen.

* * *

Mr. G. B. Harper, whose admirable verses frequently appear in these columns—one of the sets it will be remembered, greatly took the fancy of Lord Charles Beresford—has been spending his holidays in Aberdeen this year. Mr. Harper, who is a Banff man born and bred, has been connected with the *Banffshire Journal* practically all his lifetime.

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SATURDAY, 28th September.

1.0 p.m. to Strathspey, - -	2/6
1.15 p.m. to Ballater (for Balmoral)	2/6
1.20 p.m. to Alford, - - -	1/6
1.30 p.m. to Cruden Bay, - -	1/6
1.30 p.m. to Ellon (for Collieston),	1/-
2.15 p.m. to Banchory, - -	1/-
2.40 p.m. to Inverurie, - -	1/-

Strathspey Tickets, extended till Monday
for 2/6 extra.

N.B.—Last Excursions of the Season.

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J. J. Moore

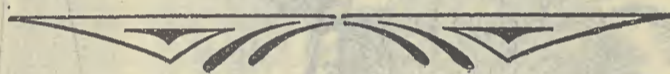
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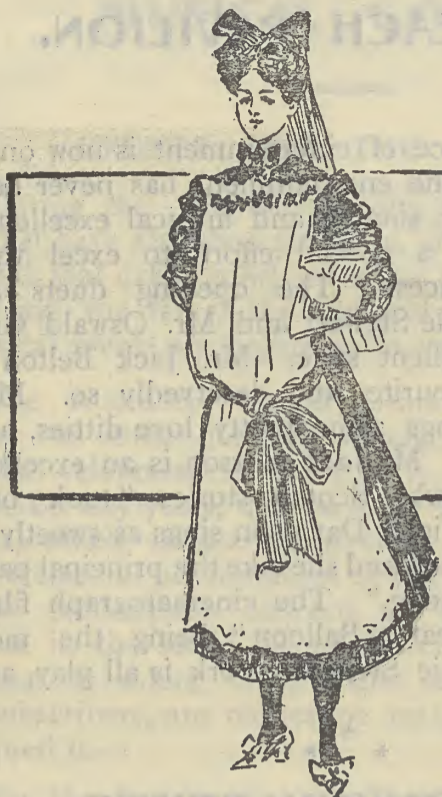
The Railway Bell.

OTHELLO (Sir David Stewart)—Silence that dreadful Bell; it frights the isle from her propriety.



Scenes from the "Blue Moon."

His Majesty's Theatre Next Week.



PLAYS & PLAYERS

"THE WALLS OF JERICHO."

The playgoers of Aberdeen seem to be satisfied with the fare supplied this week at His Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Alfred Sutro's remarkably clever satire on modern society has been played to large audiences. The play was originally produced at the Garrick Theatre by Mr. Arthur Bouchier three years ago, and was revived again, with equal success, this Spring. Throughout the provinces, and in Australia, America, and South Africa, it has done enormous "business," and Mr. Dauncey and Mr. Leveaux made a hit by taking it to Holland, where it was played in the Royal and State Theatres in the Netherlands.

Mr. Wilfred E. Payne, who takes the leading part, is a brilliant actor, and his role of high censor of the morals of the smart set gives him the opportunity of showing his fine powers. Miss Dora Hole acts effectively in the part of Lady Alethea. Miss Elsie Ross makes an excellent Lady Derenham. Among other members of the company who give good support are Mr. E. Spencer Geach, Mr. W. Kingsford Pearce, Mr. Charles Fancourt, Mr. Alexander Cassy, Miss Margaret Murray, and Miss Margaret Nybloc. The scenery, dresses, and mounting are identical with those of the original production at the Garrick.

Next week—"The Blue Moon."

* * *

Miss Lallie Forsyth recently completed a tour of seventeen weeks as "lead" in "The World's Great Snare." She has since been engaged to play the part of Fanny Flounce in "A Trip to the Highlands."

* * *

Mr. Bernard Shaw is to write a play on the subject of "Marriage." Very probably it will make the hair of all "genteel" married persons stand on end. His views on marriage are already pretty well known. They are certainly startling in their crude brutality.



Miss DORA HOLE.

* * *



Miss ELSIE ROSS.

THE PALACE THEATRE.

The company at the Palace this week is well up to the usually high standard. Roland mystifies the audiences completely by his remarkable conjuring feats, in the course of which Miss Mayne Russell appears and vanishes most inexplicably. Another of the great attractions is the turn of the Pasquali Brothers, who are acrobats of remarkable grace and skill. Natalia and Diana, aerial gymnasts, give a striking exhibition of dexterity, the Society Quartette are equally popular as singers and dancers; and that fine old favourite, Mr. Jimmy Shields, is as usual warmly applauded in all his roles. Among the other artists who find favour with the crowds are the Cosman Couple, a pair of clever comedians; Mr. George Acre, a comedian with a future; Receo, who cleverly blends acrobatism with comedy; and the Three Sisters Glenn, acceptable vocalists and burlesque actresses. Among the other prime attractions are Glenny's Marionettes, the gramophone selections, and the bioscope pictures.

* * *

THE BEACH ZOO.

Though the number of visitors to the beach on Monday holiday did not by any means make a record, between 3000 and 4000 of them visited the Zoo, which, on the whole, must be regarded as very good business. Mr. Sinclair is pressing forward his arrangements for the opening of the season at the Alhambra (otherwise the Winter Zoo), on Monday, 14th October. Among other attractions to signalise the event, Mr. Dove Paterson, the popular entertainer, has consented to give a fortnight's exhibition, for the first time in Aberdeen, with his Electro-graphic Cinematograph. This splendid "machine," I understand, he has brought to the highest pitch of perfection by the introduction of certain "safety patents" of his own invention. Perhaps the most striking of his series of pictures will be that showing Carl Hagenbeck's world-renowned "Animal Park" at Hamburg. The series alone takes a quarter of an hour; but all the very latest up-to-date cinematograms will also be thrown on the screen during the fortnight.

THE BEACH PAVILION.

This popular place of entertainment is now on its last week's run. The entertainment has never been surpassed for clever singing and musical excellence. The artistes make a special effort to excel their previous performances. The opening duets are played by Miss Lottie Stewart and Mr. Oswald Gray in their usual excellent style. Mr. Jack Belton is always a prime favourite, and deservedly so. Miss Minnie Osborne sings some pretty love ditties, and dances very neatly. Mr. Jack Marson is an excellent singer, and his pawky Scotch stories "took on" immensely. Miss Violet Davidson sings as sweetly as ever, and Mr. Thomson and she take the principal parts in the "Rajah of Bhong." The cinematograph films are capital, the great "Balloon" being the most popular. Miss Lottie Stewart's work is all play, and very good play it is.

* * *

MISS BRANDON-GOWER.

Miss Brandon-Gower, that promising young actress who recently made her debut at His Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen, has been engaged by Mr. Percy Hutchison (a nephew of Sir Charles Wyndham), to play a part in "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past." This shows that Miss Brandon-Gower's talent has been recognised in the profession, as the Hutchison Companies are among the best "on the road." "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past" will be here in November.

* * *

Lady Rosslyn (No. 2).

The Countess of Rosslyn is to return to the stage under her maiden name of Anna Robinson. Her reappearance will be made as heroine in Mr. Roy Horniman's play, "The Education of Elizabeth," which is to follow "The Three Kisses" at the Apollo. "The new piece," says the *Era*, "is described as a modern drawing-room comedy, and the chief part is that of a simple, unaffected girl." Miss Maude Millett is also included in the caste.

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MUSICAL GOSSIP.

EVENTS FOR THE SEASON.

During the summer months bowls, tennis, and cricket have absorbed attention, and the only musical events that drew crowds were the band performances. But with the fall of the leaf and the darkening days, musical events are beginning to arouse interest.

The Aberdeen Choral Union are this year in sight of their jubilee, which, I understand, is to be celebrated in fitting style next season. For close on fifty years, they have given their choral concerts, which, of late years have been enhanced by the orchestral performances of the Scottish Orchestra. Their subscription concerts are now a very potent factor in the social life of the city, and the Choral Union, in asking for a liberal response in the way of subscribers, are requesting no more than they are entitled to.

For the first concert on Tuesday, 15th October, which will be of a varied nature, they have an exceedingly strong party, which includes that magnificent artist, Mr. Charles Santley, whose superb vocalisation at his recent Jubilee Concert, in the Royal Albert Hall, London, aroused the audience to great enthusiasm. At the first subscription concert he will sing "I rage, I melt, I burn," and "O Ruddier than the Cherry," from "Acis and Galatea," and probably one of his favourite old English songs. The other artists include Madame Ada Crossley, the famous contralto; Miss Evangeline Florence, one of the most accomplished sopranos of the day; John Harrison, whose success in Covent Garden Opera has been so noteworthy. The pianist, Mr. Percy Grainger, the Australian pianist, is an artist of the highest calibre. The late lamented composer, Grieg, selected him specially to produce his new pianoforte concerto. Sametini, violinist, and S. Liddle, accompanist, complete the party. The Choral Union will sing Purcell's "Come, if you dare," from "King Arthur," and "Britons Alert!" (epilogue from "Caractacus") Elgar. The solo in the Purcell number will be sung by Mr. John Harrison; Mr. Burwood Nicholls will preside at the organ, and Mr. Arthur Collingwood, F.R.C.O., the enthusiastic conductor of the Union, will wield the baton.

The visits of the Scottish Orchestra are among the most important musical events of the season. The orchestra will give two concerts in the city. Excellent programmes have been selected by Dr. Cowen, ranging from Mozart to Richard Strauss. At the first orchestral concert, Dr. Cowen makes one of his rare, but more than welcome, appearances as a pianoforte soloist, in a delightful Mozart excerpt for piano, winds, and strings. Mr. Henri Verbrugghen will conduct this particular item. At the second orchestral concert Mr. Frederick Lamond, one of the world's greatest pianists, is to play a concerto with orchestra, and the Choral Union are to join the orchestra in the production of a new choral ballad for chorus and orchestra, by that talented native composer, Mr.

David Stephen, professor of music to the Carnegie Trust, Dunfermline. The work, a setting of "The Laird of Cockpen," is a piece of excellent and effective musicianship. Mr. Stephen, it is interesting to note, is having a violin concerto produced this season, in London, by the Queen's Hall Orchestra. Mr. Collingwood and his chorus are to be complimented on their courage in bringing forward a choral work of such magnitude as the "Requiem," by Brahms. It is one of the great master's most impressive works; it is of great difficulty, both chorally and orchestrally, and acknowledged by all musicians as one of the finest choral productions. The two soloists engaged for this work are Mr. Francis Harford, bass, and Miss Betty Booker, soprano. Mr. Harford was specially selected to sing this work, in Berlin, at the memorial performance given on the anniversary of the death of Brahms, the conductor being the late Dr. Joachim, who specially complimented Mr. Harford on his magnificent reading of the important part allotted to the bass. At this concert, Mr. Collingwood has arranged to include a concerto for organ and orchestra—Mr. Nicholls as organist. This is almost a unique event. I do not remember an organ concerto being produced before at any concert in Aberdeen. For the "Messiah," the following artistes have been engaged:—Miss Ada Forrest, soprano; Miss Phyllis Litt, contralto; Mr. James Davis, tenor; and Mr. George Campbell, bass. The chorus is fast approaching full strength, and, at the recent practisings, have been working with an enthusiasm and determination that must be a joy to their forceful and alert conductor, Mr. Collingwood. The following are the dates of the Choral Union's concerts:—October 15th, first concert; November 13th, Scottish Orchestra; December 3rd, Brahms' "Requiem"; December 27th, "Messiah"; and January 30th, Scottish Orchestra.

The first of the Harrison Concerts will not take place till December, and full particulars of these high-class events will be given later.

Quite a run of musical comedy will be seen at His Majesty's Theatre. Next week, "The Blue Moon"; on October 7, Mr. George Edwardes' company in "See-See"; October 14, "The Spring Chicken"; October 21, "The Dairymaids"; and October 28, "The Little Michus." The event of the greatest musical importance, however, will be the visit of the Moody-Manners Opera Company in March. And it is No. 1 company, with the best artists. Rumours to the contrary may, therefore, be dismissed.

Opera will receive attention at the hands of local musical societies. Mr. J. S. Jackson intends producing the ever-welcome "Yeoman of the Guard," and Herr Pokorny, "Il Trovatore."

Early in November, Mr. R. Buchanan Morton will give a pianoforte recital, and the programme will include compositions of Schumann, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Saint-Saens, Liszt, &c.

The Musical Institute, under Mr. Litster, have Elgar's "The Apostles" in practice, but it is doubtful if it will be performed this season. The work is very difficult, and Mr. Litster never does things by halves. The usual Burns' concerts, however, will be given in January.

The City Concerts and Trades Hall Concerts will be continued, the former under the direction of Mr. W. T. Forrest, and the latter under Mr. George Park.

The following are prospective engagements at His Majesty's Theatre:—November 4, "Peter's Mother"; November 11, "Beauty and the Barge"; November 18, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal; November 25, "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past."

* * *

Mr. Jackson's Choir in "Haddon Hall."

The performance, by Mr. J. S. Jackson's choir, of "Haddon Hall" claimed my attention on Saturday. In the daily Press the "story" of "Haddon Hall" has been well enough told; no more, then, need be said. I must, however, add my quota of praise to the admirable performance of this melodious work. Where energy was required on the part of the chorus it was not lacking, the sopranos and tenors showing brilliancy of tone and of power. None the less gratifying was the more delicate work. The chorus was in grand form, considering this was their first appearance for the season. From beginning to end their singing was characterised by freshness and artistic finish. Premier honours, vocally and histrionically, must be accorded to Miss Nellie Riach. The music given to Dorothy Vernon is of a trying nature, and Miss Nellie Millar sang it well, but in her upper register on Saturday there was faulty intonation, attributable, no doubt, to fatigue from the previous performances during the week. Miss Ritchie was dignified, as befitted the part. Mr. W. M. Johnston made up in voice what he lacked in action. I have never heard him sing better, his upper notes being of a Turner-like quality. The major part of the work fell to Mr. A. B. Stewart, and he gave it substantially, physically and otherwise, while his singing was always perfect in articulation. Mr. J. Wiseman's mellow voice was heard to good advantage as Sir George Vernon, and Mr. G. B. Rickart was most effective in duet with Miss Nellie Riach. To Mr. Mackay, as M'Crankie, a great measure of the success of the opera was due; he had the "grand manner" in his defence of the kilt, and, on his conversion to the "breeks," he was extremely grotesque. When Mr. Jackson produces "The Yeoman of the Guard" he should have an excellent Jack Point to his hand in Mr. Mackay.

Vox.

* * *

A Heart-Breaking Experience.

One of the most celebrated Music Hall artistes, in addition to many other letters, writes M.D. (U.S.A.), after his name. Once he was performing in a small town, said to be near the Highlands, anyway in the region vaguely known as the "Back of Beyond." A theatrical company arrived at the same place on a Sunday. As the "pubs" were all shut, some of the members felt completely stranded. The Doctor, however, came to the rescue. Pulling out a notebook he addressed a requisition to a hotel keeper for a bottle of brandy, duly signing it with his name and title. The joy of the players, however, was very brief. Shortly afterwards their messenger returned with the sad intelligence that the hotel keeper refused to give him the bottle because the Doctor's name was not on the Medical Register.

Although the King has been on Speyside lately, he is by no means the "Strathspey King." So say some of the more enthusiastic of Mr. Scott Skinner's admirers.

* * *

"A Pair of Spectacles," which is inseparably connected with the name of John Hare, did not always find favour with playgoers. A Yorkshireman who had seen it went away saying, "A thowt it rot. A dunno what's coom to tha theayter lately. Thar's been na good moorder thar for last sax moonths."

* * *

"Will it be long before you're ready to go to the church concert, pa?" "Won't take me a second." So saying the old man stuffed two large pieces of cotton wadding into his ears, and then announced—"I'm ready, my dear."

* * *

A Correction.

After a good dinner in a fashionable restaurant, the diner said to the waiter, who had been most attentive—"I'm sorry I can't give you a tip. I find I've only just enough money to pay the bill." The waiter seized the bill hurriedly. "Just let me add it up again," he muttered. As a result, he found himself a shilling in pocket.

* * *

Mr. Guy Thorne has gone abroad, and in a little village in the Italian Alps is writing a story on a theme which he considers much more powerful and fascinating than that of "When It Was Dark." The new story, "The Christ Arisen," has been secured by "Good Words" for publication in its columns, starting on October 1st.

* * *

The Wrong Mixture.

First-class misdemeanants are not always easily satisfied with their food. Recently a prison governor, while making his rounds, was signalled to the cell of a prisoner. "Taste this, sir," exclaimed the latter, holding out a mug. "Just taste it. That is all I ask." The governor, who is an exceedingly kind and humane man, was so impressed by the captive's earnestness that he took a sip. "Well," he said, "there's no cause for complaint. This isn't at all bad soup." "Soup!" echoed the prisoner disdainfully. "Yes, it may be all right as soup, but it's what they're giving us for chocolate."

* * *

"Why, Bridget," exclaimed the mistress, "I can write my name in dust there." "'Deed, ma'am," replied Bridget admiringly, "that's more than I can do. There's nothing like education, afther all; is there, ma'am?"

* * *

"This shopping is a nuisance, Amy." "You need not complain, William. I do all the shopping; you only carry the parcels."

* * *

A strong platform has been arranged for the Suffragette Meeting, on Tuesday, in the Albert Hall. The speakers will be Mrs. Despard, Mrs. Billington Greig, Miss Pethwick Lawrence, Miss Christobel Pankhurst, Miss Helen Fraser, and Mrs. Pearce.

SPORTS and PASTIMES.

FOOTBALL.

A Welcome Revival.

Most of us at Dens Park on Saturday were prepared for anything, and more especially were we concerned as to how many goals the Dundonians were to score. Aberdeen's reconstruction was adversely criticised, but after-events proved that the side played the best game they have done this season, so far as we have seen. If Saturday's form can be maintained, we may have a bit of that football in store which some of the local critics assert there is not a particle of in the team. There was a great crowd present when the game started, both sides receiving a hearty reception. Quiet play opened the first half, the home side making most ground. Steady footwork brought the ball amongst the Aberdeen forwards, who gave Dundee's defence a touch up before relief was found. It was evident that W. Low was making a difference in the middle line, for Dean was not having the picnic he had on the 15th May. The unexpected always happens, and great was the surprise when the referee signalled a penalty for the ball being kicked against W. Low's arm. To us it appeared accidental, but the full penalty was awarded, Dean scoring. Wilson was within an ace of getting through when he got bowled over rather unceremoniously, play becoming brisker as time wore on. More than once our hopes rose as we thought the equaliser was to come, but Crumley kept out several very tasty shots. The second half was very much a repetition of the first, with the exception that the home side found their equal in every move, Aberdeen play deserving to cry quits at the finish, many splendid efforts being got rid of just in time. Instead of a win by a penalty goal, and better reflex of the play would have been a draw, and no injustice would have been caused to either side.

* * *

The Players.

We said last week, in going over the players of the Aberdeen, that several of them had not touched last season's form. On Saturday the whole front line worked well together, and though their shooting was straight there was plenty of life behind it. We should not care to individualise where all did well. W. Low had a hot lot to stop, and he could do it to a nicety, there being little danger of the right wing doing much. Halket and Davidson also played well. The backs were sound, without any show, and "Rab" was in his best mood. Crumley, M'Kenzie and Chaplin saved Dundee, the latter being the better of the bunch. The halves were good, but were imbued with the idea that they had to stop the forwards at any cost, and this was not done in the orthodox manner. Though a fine built lot, the forwards were very disjointed at times, and just gave a fair exhibition.

* * *

A Bad Drop to the A's.

Though expected to get beat at Lochgelly, the number of goals was never estimated to be 6. Aberdeen's discarded (Haxton and Mackie) were bent on making a reputation for themselves at the expense of the visiting side. With the exception of Hannah, at right back, the defence let them get through rather easily, while one or two of the goals were of the doubtful category. One thing was exemplified, and that was the experiment which was tried with playing Macintosh as a forward. He can shoot, and really made an impression that he was being wasted as a back, and a trial ought to be given him in the first team as a half or forward. Otherwise, the A's did not give a good account of themselves at all, while the home lot got

alot going which ought to have been stopped. As the score indicates—6-2—there were plenty of goals going, but that was all.

Elgin give the Harp a * Fright.

There was quite a change in the appearance of the teams at Pit-todrie, Harp having the use of the grounds to play the Qualifying Cup tie with Elgin City. The public do not seem to relish changes, for they did not turn out to appreciate the fare set down in such large numbers as expected, the gate amounting to only £25 all in. Harp opened well, and were within an ace of scoring several times in the first ten minutes. Then the northern lads got going, and but for the agility of Duffy Herd, would have opened their account. The City were particularly strong on the left, the outside man having a rare turn of speed, while his crosses always looked dangerous. The first half wound up without scoring, but what honours were agoing were decidedly favourable to the Elgin City. On resuming, the Harp put a lot of life into their play, and their first goal was the result of the best bit of play they had shown, Lawrie scoring with a great shot. The visitors took a long time to settle down after this, but towards the finish they made a gallant onslaught on Herd, and, from a corner in the last minute of the game, they equalised. The play was value for a draw, and the replay will take place at Elgin on Saturday. Prominent on the Harp side were Ferries, Findlay and Lawrie in the front line, while Bell was easily best behind. Herd was the saviour of the side, his clearances being clever and daring. On the Elgin side both backs kicked well, and the centre-half took our fancy in the middle line. The inside-right and centre were both good, but the outside-left was most prominent. Play was always exciting, and hardly a dull moment was seen in the ninety minutes' play.

Aberdeen lead the way.

After their display at Dens Park on Saturday there was a quiet confidence amongst the players of the Aberdeen that they could do better, now that they had got into their stride. The crowd was a typical holiday one, numbering close on 8000, when the teams took the field. A fine athletic looking lot those Celts are, just the build for a hard, rousing game, and the conditions on Monday were favourable for such. Nimble and fleet were the Aberdonians in comparison when the sphere was set agoing. Lennie raised great hopes amongst the local supporters when he beat Hay and Orr with ease and centred accurately, but the ball was got behind without danger resulting. By the way, we should mention that there were two alterations in the Aberdeen team, while the Celts were reported at full strength, with the exception of Templeton and Young. Mackintosh relieved Stewart Davidson at half, while Wilson had to stand down owing to injuries at Dundee, Macdonald going on at outside right, and Tom Murray at centre forward. Halket stuck to Quinn like a leech, getting in front in the nick of time to prevent the Celt from having full force behind his shot. The pace was terrific at times, and great was the jubilation of the crowd when Lennie

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shot ahead with O'Hagan in attendance, parting to each other with perfect precision. The cross was well met by Macdonald, who had the ball in the net before McLeod knew where he was. There was no lying down with the Celts, and an adroit movement by the inside men let Quinn get the necessary momentum on the ball, which passed Macfarlane on the wrong side. Still another for Aberdeen, Macdonald doing the needful, and at half-time the locals were pressing for more. Aberdeen resumed briskly, a topper from Macdonald causing the Celt's custodian some trouble. A corner or two proved fruitless to the home side, and then the Celts demonstrated that they were an important factor in the play, plying Macfarlane with some terrific shots. Coleman and Hume put in some great work, clearing in fine style, while the halves stuck in as hard as they could. The only fault to be found with Aberdeen occurred at this time, when they indulged in unnecessary kicking out. It would have paid them better to have kept the ball in and peppered away at McLeod. Macdonald had one brilliant run which ended in his being unceremoniously pulled down inside the line, but the referee had a knack of not seeing anything serious inside the line. A desperate attack was made by Quinn and his men to equalise, but without effect, a great game ending 2-1 in favour of Aberdeen.

* * *

Amongst the Players.

Never has a revival in form come so opportunely as the present turn which Aberdeen took on Saturday and Monday. The Celts would have liked it otherwise, and would have been pleased with a draw. As a whole, the Celts gave a fine display. Orr found Lennie a big thorn in his side, the little man tricking him too often to his liking. It was here where the Celt's weakness lay, while the halves punted too strong for the forwards, who could not reach the ball in time. All the forwards worked hard, but some of their shooting was wild at times. Lennie was the star of the home side, with O'Hagan, Macdonald, Murray, and Muir following close up. W. Low and Halket were in top form at half, while Macintosh was clever and has the makings of a half. Coleman and Hume, though never brilliant, were always sure, and put in good work. "Rab" was in the mood for work and did it to perfection.

* * *

This Week's Programme.

Aberdeen will be at home this week, when Partick Thistle will furnish the opposition. Last season this game resulted in a draw of no goals, the Thistle putting up a stubborn opposition throughout the game. With a little care Aberdeen ought to improve on this result, but they have to contend with a set of players who will never let them settle down to a good passing game. They must adopt different tactics altogether from that which they played on Monday, and keep the ball lashing well ahead. The Aberdeen team will not be definitely fixed up till to-night, but there will be little change, bar accidents, from the following:—Macfarlane; Coleman and Hume; Mackintosh, Halket, and W. Low; Macdonald, Muir, Murray, O'Hagan, and Lennie.

At the time of writing nothing definite had been fixed up for the A team. Owing to the Qualifying Cup draws, nothing could be arranged till it was seen who were free. No doubt a Northern League fixture will be got to fill in the afternoon, or else the team will be sent north for the day.

The Harp journey to Elgin to meet the City in the replay, and they fancy that they will give a better account of themselves away from home. Practically the same eleven as last week will travel.

FOOTBALL ENTHUSIASTS

HAVE SIGNED ON

LITTLEJOHN'S

'Black and Gold' Whisky

FOR ALL TIME.

39 Green, Aberdeen.

FOOTBALL COMPETITIONS.

The same weary tale again! None of the competitors successful. Another horse has to be saddled with the blame this week—please pardon the mixed metaphor. That particular horse is Aberdeen A, which fell before the Lochgelly miners like Saul and his host before the Philistines at Mount Gilboa. However, as the senior team has at last come into form, the same good fortune may attend our coupon senders in future.

Now for a brief reference to a personal matter. Doubtless a good many readers who are not of a sporting turn were mildly shocked to read in the papers the other day that 104 "Bon-Accord Coupons" were found on the person of a bookmaker who had been arrested. Now these coupons were not cut from this paper. It is preposterous to suppose that there could be any gambling in connection with our coupons. The "bookie" simply used "Bon-Accord"—the motto of the city—as a trade mark for his betting slips—hence the absurd mistake. That the slips should have been described as "Bon-Accord Coupons" is simply due to grossly careless reporting or grossly indiscriminating evidence on the part of the police. There let a matter which has caused us some slight annoyance rest.

This week an old and valued competitor, Mr. J. Watt Farquharson, M.A., sends a letter in which he says:—"Owing to the repeated reverses which the local football team have received of late, I cannot refrain any longer from expressing my regret for, and sympathy with, the players and management alike. I accordingly give the annexed line in Latin, which describes accurately my present feelings:—"O, infelix Alexander! quando fortuna tibi favebit?" Mr. Farquharson obligingly supplies two alternative translations, the one, "O, unfortunate Alexander! when will fortune favour thee?" and the other and more popular, "O, unlucky 'Ecky! when will your luck change?" Our correspondent encloses no less than five coupons, the nearest of which reads 1-0 4-2. He will, no doubt, be consoled for missing a place in the prize list—not a bad bull that—by the fact that his friend "Ecky" played one of the games of his life on Monday.

Next week **Four Prizes of 7/6** are again offered. Cut out and send in the Coupon.

	GOALS
ABERDEEN	
Scottish League—1st Division.	
PARTICK THISTLE	
ABERDEEN HARP	
Qualifying Cup—2nd Round.	
ELGIN CITY	

Signature.....

Address.....

The Coupon to be cut out.

CONDITIONS.

- 1.—Correct scores must be given in every case to win the prizes. The goals on each side have to be noted in figures.
- 2.—The competition will be decided by ballot. Four of the correct guessers will receive **7/6** each this week.
- 3.—Coupons will not be received later than two o'clock on Saturday of each week, and must be lodged at the offices, 10 Crown Street, in an envelope, marked "Football Competition."
- 4.—The decision of the Editor in all matters of dispute will be final.

Chatty Bits.

The Aberdeen directors have been wearing a ten foot broad smile this week.

Their dejected look has disappeared, and quite a jaunty air is to be seen on these much-abused officials.

At last the team has touched its form, and there is rejoicing in the camp once more.

"Old Internationalist" appears on the scene once more, but his remarks seem to have fallen flat, and are a little belated in appearance.

It's a strange world this. Only a week or so ago these players were hooted and yelled at with derision. On Monday they were applauded to the skies.

One player we know asserted that the players, as a body, were more dejected at their want of success than the spectators were, because they were triers all the time.

It says a lot for Trainer Simpson's methods that he could turn out his men so fit after the punishing game they had at Dundee.

Aberdeen would not have minded the penalty at Dens Park so much, but thought they were due one also.

Without unduly touching W. Low's play, he had a very steadying influence on the play.

There is no gainsaying the fact that he has made the left wing go better together than we have seen them this season.

Macdonald, who has been somewhat disappointing this season, came away very strong on Monday.

We are sorry to hear that J. J. Simpson is still suffering from his injury, and will be out of the team for another week.

Wilson and R. Simpson are both on the injured list, but are progressing rapidly and expect to be fit again this week.

The Celts spent the week-end at Muchalls and came on to Aberdeen on Monday forenoon.

While they expected to have a hard run for victory they never counted on defeat.

This is the first reverse they have suffered this season, and they did not altogether relish it, though they took it like sportsmen.

Till a collapse occurs again all the failures of the Aberdeen will be forgotten for the time being.

All the same, it was a great achievement, and has been a long time in coming, for Aberdeen deserved to win on the last two occasions the Celts were at Pittodrie.

The gate on Monday totalled £204 all in.

If the team stick in there is plenty of time to make up the leeway lost.

The A team will have to buck up—a 6-2 defeat is not their true form. They complain bitterly of the pitch they played on.

This week the second round of the Glasgow Cup is due, and there should be some good ties. Celtic and Queen's Park meet in this round.

The first round of the Qualifying Cup is now finished, all the clubs having got a settlement, Arbroath mastering Montrose at the third attempt.

Over the Celtic match we hear there is a hatter who has a big order for headgear this week.

* * *

JUNIOR FOOTBALL.

By "THE ROVER."

Scottish Junior Cup.

Two ties in the first round of the above were decided at Central Park on Saturday.

The match between Parkvale and Shamrock Athletics produced one of the best junior games witnessed in Aberdeen for many a day.

It is generally recognised that Shamrock Athletics are a smart lot, but not even their most sanguine supporters were prepared for the brilliant and dashing display they gave against their heavier and more-experienced opponents, Parkvale. The latter could practically do nothing right, and they were even lucky in not having a bigger score registered against them than the result of 3 goals to 2 in the Shamrock's favour. Play of the standard of that served up in this match is just what is required to attract the public out Central way.

Considering the occasion, there was a disappointing turn out of the public, and it is to be hoped that the ensuing Scottish ties will be better patronised than those of Saturday were.

It was generally expected that Mugiemoss would rise to the occasion, and this they did, defeating North End, who are not, by any means, a formidable combination, by 3 goals to 0.

The other ties will be played off on Saturday.

There will be a great turn out at Inverurie to witness the tussle between East End and the Thistle. The city team have requisitioned a number of brakes for their supporters, and a great game is assured.

Central Park will also be occupied by two Scottish ties this Saturday.

Shamrock will have on their best team against Woodside, and a grim struggle should be witnessed. The former will require to be on their mettle, for the 'Side boys are a stiff lot to beat.

The other Scottish tie, that between St. Andrews and Favourites, should produce a class game. The Saints mean to give the "Greens" their first defeat.

* * *

Junior League.

Shamrock Athletics will travel to Inverurie, and if the Locos find their visitors in their last week's form they need not expect to keep a point.

Parkvale will endeavour to retrieve themselves at Mugiemoss, and in this they should succeed.

North End will have Victoria Thistle at Central Park, and it is not unlikely that the Thistle will get their first win.

Last Saturday's League matches were evenly contested. Woodside had a visit from Inverurie Locos., and a give and take game ended in the ground team's favour by 2 to 1.

Shamrock had out a strong side against Victoria Thistle, and won comfortably by 4 goals to 1.

* * *

Lovie Shield.

Although beaten, Culter are to be congratulated on their good fight in this competition. After their draw at Inverurie the previous week it was generally anticipated Culter would win at home, but this they just failed to do. The home team had a formidable lead at half-time, but they had evidently tired themselves out, and were entirely unequal to the occasion in the second period, and the Thistle succeeded, after a determined game, in carrying off the honours by 4 goals to 3.

* * *

Bon-Accord League.

The match between Stoneywood and Donside resulted in a win for the latter by 3 goals to 1, after a good game in which Donside showed their superiority. They are a good side and should do well in the competition.

The League matches on Saturday are:—

Rubislaw Athletics v. St. Nicholas.

Morison Thistle v. Stoneywood, at Stocket.

Bridge of Dee Ash v. Albert, at Bridge of Dee.

Hawthorn v. Crescent, at Links.

Balnagask v. Argyle, at Craigshaw.

Richmond v. Royal Stanley, at Stocket.

Some good games should be witnessed. That between Richmond and Stanley should provide a rare tussle as the clubs are equally matched.

* * *

Granite City League.

Carlton had a visit from the League leaders, Glenlivet, who had no difficulty in disposing of the "Toffs" by 5 goals to nil.

Bon-Accord provided poor opposition to the strong-going Ashfield, whose victory was the one-sided one of 4 goals to 0.

Stafford Thistle won a hard match with Norwood by 5 goals to 4.

Victoria had a poor team out against Parkvale A, who won by 8 goals to 1.

Corinthians got a much-needed win over Orion by 5 goals to 2.

The matches for Saturday are:—

Carlton v. Grange, at Stocket.

Bon-Accord v. Glenlivet, at Craigshaw.

Victoria v. Albert Athletics, at Links.

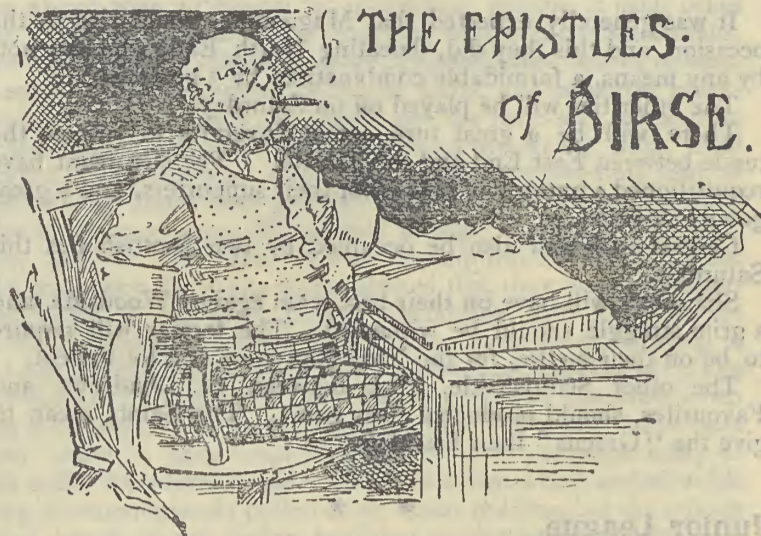
Parkvale A v. Corinthians, at Links.

Stafford Thistle v. Clyde, at Links.

Royal Oak v. Orion, at Links.

Ashfield v. Norwood, at Links.

Thistle v. Garfield, at Albury Road.



A Deal in Horse-Flesh.

DEAR MAISTER EDITOR,

That evil associations corrup' gweed menners is a proverb weel worthy o' acceptance. But faur, I wid like t' ken, is th' inherent evil connectit wi' a horse. That animal is ane o' th' noblest o' quadrupeds, yet fin it comes t' sellin' a horse there's hardly a man breathin' that widna swindle's ain father. I kenna fat's the rizzon. It's a kin' o' a cycological puzzle, which I prefer t' leave athoot ony attemp' at a scienteefic solution. That there's trowth in m' contenshin, hooiver, will be clearly shown b' th' follain' personal narration o' a

RECENT EXPERIENCE IN HORSE-COUPIN'.

This occurrence, which has landit me in a loss o' near sax poun', took place on the Mononday holiday.

Sae gryte is m' dislike t' croods that, on sic an occashin as a public holiday, I never leave th' toon, bein' perfetly weel contentit wi' an airin' i' th' eftirneen, fin a'boday's awa' takin' their beer i' th' kwintry. Th' idea o' purchasin' a horse has been i' m' heid for some time back. As I've explained previously, there's about an acre a girss attached t' m' lairdship at Ketybrowster, an' as th' cattle-dealer that ees't t' be tenant threw't up as the result o' a quarrel three weeks syne, th' park's been lyin' derelick on m' han's ever since. I ken, of coorse, it's nae a mowse undertakin' for an amyture t' keep a horse. I dinna, hooiver, rank i' the class o' amytures. A' m' life I've been mair or less accustom't t' horse, first in fat ye micht ca' theory as an orraman, an' second in actual practeese as th'

PROFESSIONAL DRIVER O' A COAL-CAIRT.

That, needless to say, maks a' th' peculiarities o' th' beasts as clear t' m' as print. I never wis a dealer, of coorse; still there's nae doot in m' min' that if I'd enter't th' field early aneuch, I cud 'a' mair than held m' ain wi' th' wiliest cowper that ever swore a false oath. That I sud 'a' been ta'en in sae completely as I wis on the present occashin is partly t' b' attributit t' th' fac' that I hinna hid a horse thro' m' han's for years.

Weel, t' proceed. Eftir denner-time on Monday I strolled leisurely oot Printfield wye. Th' road wis practically desertit, which made m' walk a' th' pleasanter. Twa or three loafers, of coorse, surroundit th' Fountain, amo' them a certain Jamie

Peerie, an aqua'ntance o' m' coal-cairtin' days, fa's noo establi'd i' th' Field as a horse and general dealer.

"Hullo, Jamie!" I cried on recognisin' 'im. "I thocht ye wid be oot o' th' toon th' day."

"I wid 'a' been, Peter," he replied, separatin' 'imself fae th' mob, an' comin' in aboot, "gin it hidna been for an app'intment wi' a man fae Keig that wintit t' buy a horse. Th' brute hisna turn't up, and here I'm left strandit. It's a' th' mair aggravatin' 'cas I've been specially reservin' th' beast for 'im. Ye're nae thinkin' o' buyin' yersel'?"

"Me!" I cried, simulatin' gryte astonishment. "Me! Fat th' deevil pit that daft idea i' yer heid?"

"I ken you an' Shan', the cattle-dealer, hid striven, an' that ye hinna gotten a tenant for yer girss-parkie."

"Bit fat earthly eese wid a horse be t' me?"

"D'ye never think o' ridin' or drivin'—a rich man like you?"

"Sometimes," I admittit, "but I dinna think, Jeems, fae fat I've aye heard o' th' condeeshin o' yer stock, that ony animal ye cud supply wid be suitable for either purpose."

Would you realize

how nice a

Blancmange can be?

Then make it simply
with Brown & Polson's
"Patent" Corn Flour and
good sweet milk.

More—For Summer fare, it
provides nourishment without
overheating the system or
overtaxing the digestion.

But only "Brown & Polson's
Patent" please.

"That's perfit scandal. C'wa doon t' th' stable an' judge for yersel'."

Nae a'th'gither loath I accompani't Peerie doon t' th' dilapidatit tim'er shed that he ca's his stable. Jist as we enter't m' frien' whisper't:—

"I aye keep a dram here for m' aul' aqua'ntances an' customers. I dinna suppose ye're a teetotaller?"

"Nae me," I repliet, wi' a lauch. "A gweed drink, and gweed drink in moderaishin's m' motto."

While I wis speakin' Peerie brocht oot a

BLACK BOTTLE AN' TWA TUM'LEERS

fae a disuset corn-kist. Ane o' th' glesses he near full't t' th' brim; th' licker which wis intendit for himsel' scarcely conceal't th' boddam o' th' ither. I made some remark on this, bit Jeems pass't it aff wi' a baur, sae, wus'in' 'im th' best o' luck, I took aff m'

dram. I dinna desire t' set doon groundless sus-
peechins here, but I'll swear that though th' immediat'
effec's warn a obveeous, that fuskey wis droggit. Hoo
ither cud I 'a' made th' extraordinar' mistak' that I
did? Fat that wis ye'll fin oot at th' eyen o' this
epis'le.

Th' beast which Peerie took me ben t' exemine wis
a piebald, probably 14 han's high. I didna think
muckle o' th' look o' th' animal, so I said, b' wye o'
creeticism:—

"His hin'-quarters are far fae bonnie, an' his belly
jist looks like fat th' whaul's micht 'a' been eftir
swallowin' Jonah."

Peerie gied a lood laugh.

"It's nae a he, man—it's a mear in foal."

"Aye, of coorse," I repli't hastily. "I wis only
jokin'. Hoo muckle d'ye wint?"

"I cudna tak' a penny oonder ten poun', an' eyven
at that it's clean throwin' th' beast awa."

"I'll gi'e ye five," I respondit immedi'tly.

Peerie leuch ageen, an' syne th' bargainin' begood.
At th' eyen o' hauf-an'-oor, an' twa ither recoorses t'
th' black bottle, I made 'im m' ultimatum.

"Sax poun'," I said firmly, "an' de'il a copper
mair."

Th' couper threw up's een, wi' an expresshin o'
despair on's face, syne he said resignedly:—

"De'il tak' ye, Birse, she's yours. I'm gled I ha'e
fyow fowk as ill t' deal wi' as you. Faith, ye wid skin
a flint an' mak' soup o' fat wis left. Bit, lod, dinna
tell onybody doon th' toon fat I loot 'er ging for.
Th' foal's due in sax weeks' time, an' it'll be weel
worth th' siller."

M' purchase wis stabl't at Kettybrowster that same
eftirneen. Seein' David Courage passin' later on, I
hailed 'im in 'aboot, an' insistit that he sud gi'e me his
opinion o' th' mear.

"How much did ye pay?" he speir't, eftir a cursory
an', as I thocht, rather contemptuous look.

"Sax poun'," I repliet.

"Not worth it," he respondit laconically.

"Nonsense," I criet, "th' foal itsel' 'ill be worth
sax poun'."

"The foal?" he said interrogativ'ly.

"Aye," I return't. "Th' seller warrantit th' brute
t' be in foal."

"Did he?" said David, wi' a smile. "Well, let
me tell you, Birse, that's a horse you've bought, not
a mare."

Yours truly, PETER BIRSE.

* * *

Mrs. Sharp—"Children should never see the dark
side of domestic life. Whenever I quarrel with my
husband I send them out of the room." Mrs. Blunt
—"Oh, that's the reason they're always playing on
the street."

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tains, and Architectural Work. Designs and Prices post free on
application. Telephone No. K47.

Irony.

This happened before the "electrocution" of the
tramway system. Driver of horse-car, whose way was
blocked by a cab—"Get out of the way wi' that
rabbit-hutch o' yours." Clergyman (putting his head
out of the cab)—"Drive on, cabby; don't bandy
words with an impertinent ruffian like that." Tram
driver—"What O! Bunny's at home, is he? Give
him some parsley." The parson hastily pulled in his
head.

* * *

Not so Bad a Fellow.

Taylor—"Oh, well, Webster isn't such a bad chap,
after all." Souter—"What makes you think that?"
Taylor—"He wouldn't lend me the £5 I asked him
for, but he didn't take advantage of the opportunity
to give me some good advice."

* * *

"Father," said the small boy earnestly, "what is a
scientist?" "A scientist, my boy, is one of those
humbugs who call ordinary things by such long names
that you can't recognise them."

* * *

Another Word to the "Wasps."

(FROM A HOLIDAY SPECTATOR).

"Come, begin," counselled *Bon*. Was the tip taken?
What?

"Can you win?" Ask the Celts—they'll go bail,
boys, for *that*!

Did we doubt it? Was't strange, 'mid the prevalent
wail?

Still we *hoped*,—and "Hope told *not* a flattering tale!"
When the Celts took the field, you could spot at a
glance

A win in their cake-walk, the "points" in their prance;
But they got a surprise when our boys held them in
In a way not *quite* flattering to burly Jim Quinn.

What a change from the team that succumbed to the
"Saints!"

Was it *you*, my dear boys? Then your critic relents,
Tho' he hates in the dust of dejection to lie,
Or grovel in sawdust and eat humble pie.
Like a Samson, at last you arose in your might,
And the Pittodrie pittites went wild with delight
At the way their bold "Wolfer" and "Eckie" held in
The redoubtable Jimmy. Oh, *didn't* they grin!

And Lennie? Oh, crumbs, 'twas a "fair bloomin'
treat"

The way he ran Orr "off his head" and his feet.
Who said Willie was done? Bah, such pure hanky-
panky

Must surely from "Rum" come, with crack-brained
M'Crankie!

Hurrah, boys! We're now on the move: keep it up.
You'll have few stiffer hurdles to leap e'er the Cup
You can grasp. Excelsior ever, and may you ne'er stop
Till you mount the League-ladder right up to the top!

G.B.H.

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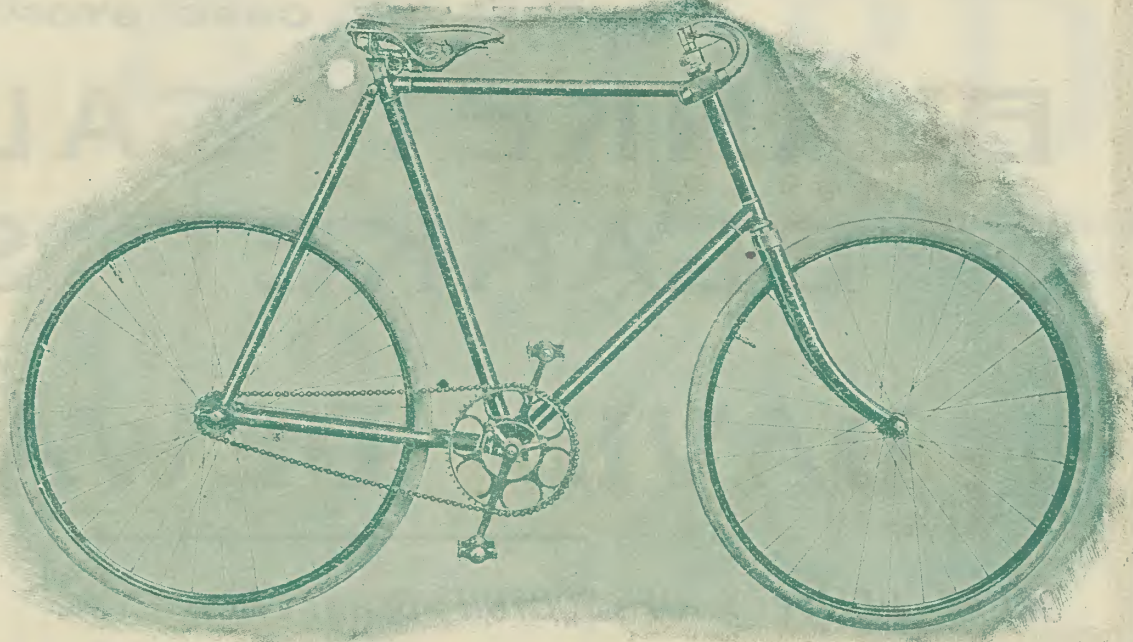
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