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May 4, 1911.—Price One Penny.
REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Vol. XLVI.—No. 18.

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Bon-Accord.

May 4, 1911.

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NEWSPAPER.Published every Thursday by the Proprietors, HENRY
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MUNICIPAL ADVERTISING.

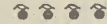
With the recent introduction into the House of Commons of a bill to authorise the use of rates for the advertising of municipalities, there are now a couple of similar measures before Parliament. Both bills, which are intended to give local authorities power to spend an amount not exceeding a rate of one penny in the pound upon advertising the attractions of the resorts they govern, came up for second reading at the end of last week. The measures are backed by members of both political parties, some of them influential men; but the heads of the Local Government Board, it is feared, do not yet see exactly eye to eye with the promoters. Mr. John Burns is believed to argue that, if local authorities are permitted to advertise, they will merely save the railway companies the expense on advertising to which they are now put, and that the bill would inflict injustice upon individual ratepayers. There are others who doubt the wisdom of the proposal, being not yet convinced of the expediency of the step, but many progressive corporations are already subsidising advertisement managers and associations by such devices as permitting them to exploit the shore, and advertising in better-class tourist-guides and similar publications. Most of these towns can advertise in

this fashion without spending much out of the rates; but others, particularly Blackpool, spend large sums annually at the ratepayers' expense. Last year an Act was passed giving resorts in Ireland power to expend a penny in the pound for this same purpose, and the principle was then recognised by both Houses of Parliament. When the Irish measure was passing, Lord Onslow, who then represented the opposition, declared that in future they could not oppose a similar measure for the United Kingdom. The Upper House is now preoccupied in the interests of self-reformation, and we all know the value of parliamentary promises and predictions; but when the present bills go before the House of Lords, let us hope they will meet with a sympathetic reception. That they will become law this session, however, is highly improbable, as there is quite an accumulation of more pressing business.

If the Local Government Board is a trifle incredulous as to the expediency of municipal advertising, the more progressive Board of Trade (with its Exhibitions branch) has already admitted the principle. When the Brussels Exhibition was being held, the latter Board aided individual industries out of revenues to which the entire community contributes. They were British industries, though private ones, nevertheless, but no sane business man would object to the Government's fostering policy. In the case of municipalities the inhabitants undoubtedly benefit, and that more directly than otherwise. On the Continent the practice is a commonplace, every little town having its information bureau or other organisation for advertising its own particular charms and attractions. No ratepayer, and certainly no one with any business interests in a town or its popularity, could reasonably object, and when we come to the question of cost, the municipality can advertise a place vastly cheaper and much more effectively than the individual citizens themselves.

There is also the question of booming local industries or the local potentialities for the same, which widespread and judicious advertising will greatly assist. Our own Town Council, thanks to the business-like acumen of the Industrial Developments Committee, are alive to the needs and possibilities of the situation, and the ratepayers can rest assured, from the happy experience of other municipalities, that that part of their money which is being spent in this particular way is being expended profitably and to the best possible advantage. If it be true that our local men of business are wanting in that aptitude which characterised their forefathers, nothing will lead more to the necessary infusion of fresh blood than advertising the possibilities of the city for the starting of entirely new industries, or the restoration of old ones which have somehow decayed. Aberdeen, we know, has abundant attrac-

tions as a holiday resort, and experts tell us that, industrially, it could be vastly more developed. What more business-like, therefore, than for the Town Council to advertise our virtues and our wants, even though the ratepayer should be obliged to pay for it? The investment, as the phrase goes, will repay us with compound interest.



THE BLEEDING OF SCOTLAND.

"The Bleeding of Scotland"—such is the appropriate but somewhat unhappy title of a depopulating process which is now unfortunately both widespread and far-reaching in effect. In Aberdeenshire, where the galloping consumption perhaps concerns us most, of fifteen districts enumerated together in the recent census, only two show an advance—Clatt an increase of nine, and Oyne an increase of forty-two. The figures show a decrease of 993, or almost 6 per cent. over all. In the West Highlands the same monotonous, depressing story is told, Inverary having lost more than a sixth of its inhabitants during the last decade, and Tobermory 231 out of a population which ten years ago was 1298. In the Kelso district it is stated that "rural depopulation is the prominent feature of all the census returns."

The question naturally arises what are the principal causes of this wholesale and unfortunate movement? Emigration has been rightly mentioned, but behind emigration lies a deeper cause—namely, the land problem. So far, the Scottish members of Parliament have achieved little or nothing. As the "British Weekly" says: "They are returned with great enthusiasm and amidst great hopes. But somehow nothing is done. As compared with Ireland and Wales, Scotland gets very little." It lies with members, therefore, whether we shall wake up and staunch the flow of blood or remain at rest and absolutely unconcerned till practically the whole of the country becomes the playground of the South African mineowner, the diamond mercant, and the "two to van bar van" fraternity generally. If the Registrar General in his statistics with regard to the vitality of Scotland could tell a less distressing tale, there would be a little consolation in the fact. Also, his figures are ominous in the extreme! The birth-rate, according to the latest return, was 25.16 per thousand, which is the lowest ever recorded; while the marriage-rate (6.26 per thousand) is also, with the exception of 1909, the lowest on record. Our one and only hope for the present, at all events, would seem to lie in the rate of mortality, which is also the lowest on record—namely, 14.66 per thousand. But most of us, we fear, must do more for our slowly decaying inheritance than merely postponing the day of our dissolution!

THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS,

BY

The Man in the Street.

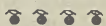
The Spring Holiday.

The holiday was a disappointment. The morning broke bright and cloudless, and to those uninitiated into the vagaries of the northern climate it seemed to betoken a lengthened period of uninterrupted sunshine. Alas, the fickle jade flattered only to deceive. Tempted by the glorious prospect, many holiday-makers left their comfortable homes and hearths—footing it, biking it, motoring it, training it, and driving it—to be caught at last in the Scottish drizzle that is so effectually calculated to damp the enthusiasm and quench the spirits of the most ardent pleasure-seekers.



Abundant Diversions.

Happy they who, by fortuitous circumstances or by happy forethought, shook the Aberdeen dust from off their feet ere the previous week closed. Their sagacity was duly rewarded ere the rainstorm broke, and they had at least the balmy Sabbath day to rest and recuperate from the moils and toils of the springtime pursuits. Notwithstanding the adverse elements, however, the genuine spirit of holiday diversion was abroad. People were determined to be happy, and took every advantage of the opportunities which kind fortune or enterprising entertainers so liberally provided. If "al fresco" entertainments palled towards the close of the day, not so the many indoor diversions with which Aberdeen is now so liberally provided.



Liberal Patronage of Entertainments.

As the shades of evening fell, every hall in town that presumes to cater for the entertainment of the people—and their names are legion—was liberally patronised. From H.M. Theatre to the latest boxing rink, all made hay the whilst the sun was not shining. Some weeks ago a census of church attendance was taken by an enterprising contemporary; it would have been equally interesting and instructive if, on Mon-

day evening, a census of attendance at the various entertainment halls had been taken. The results would probably have swamped the church statistics out of all recognition.



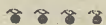
May Day Celebrations.

Where are now the May Day demonstrations that were wont to be a feature at the opening of the summer month? I have seen, even in Aberdeen, the banners flying gaily to the breeze, the stirring bands playing, and the demonstrators making the welkin ring with "their hymns of lofty cheer" and the fervid oratory of May Day lecturers. Alas, other diversions now take up the time and attention of demonstrators. The various sections of the Labour army are now too busy in up-setting each others' reformatory arrangements to pause for a moment in order to marshal common forces. May Day was wont to be a red-letter day in the industrial annals of Aberdeen. Its celebration is now diverted to parlour amusements and entertainment pursuits, and the erstwhile solidarity of Labour has its existence still in the lively imaginations of industrial dreamers.



Week-day Opening of Churches.

"Should the churches be opened during the week?" This subject is receiving more than formal attention from local church authorities meantime. It does seem a pity, in this utilitarian age, that so many handsome edifices stand absolutely empty for six days of the week, and comparatively empty on the seventh. There is waste of opportunity in the present arrangements, anyway, and if by any manner of means these edifices could be made to minister to the week-day wants of the people, they would fulfil such useful functions as are meantime closed against them.

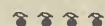


Church and Commerce.

The difficulty is to create the emotional atmosphere generally associated with church edifices in the midst of busy commercial transactions. Some men effect supremely happy combinations between church-going offices and commercial duties, but they do so generally because the two functions are kept rigidly apart. When the ordinary commercial captain prepares to enter the sacerdotal portals, he closes the workroom door carefully behind him. When he takes up again the "deil-tak'-the-hin'most" struggle for industrial ascendancy, with its maxims and morals, its self-renunciatory principles, and its injunctions as to laying up heavenly treasures in preference to earthly, is left, barred and locked, behind.

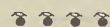
Making the Best of Two Worlds.

There are those who think that the mid-day opening of churches would be in the nature of a light, soothing diversion from the worries and troubles of every-day life. I doubt it much. Disguise it as one will, the two exercises are not supplementary but antagonistic to each other. The constant crossing and recrossing of each other's paths would be calculated to irritate rather than soothe. The dual capacity of making the best of two worlds. Either he would hate the one and love the other, or would so arrange the balming influence of higher things that the intervals given to meditation would be but stimulating periods for the more strenuous activities on which his heart was principally set.



Dee Party Troubles.

The troubles of the Dee Party are never likely to take end. A week or so ago, when the Water Engineer was appointed, it seemed as if a new reign of practical efficiency had been inaugurated; but the inexplicable delay in obtaining the appointed one's acceptance of the honour given him has raised many doubts as to whether the royal road to liquid purity had even yet been discovered for Aberdeen. Meanwhile Mr. Mitchell is laying low and saying nuffin. When in doubt, that is always the wiser plan. For one mistake that is made through the province of a discreet silence, ten are made as the result of a too readily wagging tongue.



The Communal Outlook.

The Town Council may not be a perfectly harmonious body of legislators, but nobody can accuse them, in the main, of a lack of tolerant outlook. There are some well-meaning members of the community who are not content with fashioning their own lines after a particular pattern, but they must needs insist upon others falling into the self-same grooves. Especially true is this in respect of Sunday observances and the entertainments of the people. Men of their own free will elect to spend their Sundays in a certain way and to draw the personal line at patronising certain forms of entertainment. These are commendable enough traits, but when they seek to impose upon others the forms and limitations which they think desirable for themselves, the bounds of toleration and charity are in great danger of being overstepped.

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Commendable Breadth of View.

Not a little discussion has been evoked by the renewed application of the Distress Committee and other agencies for permission to hold Sunday concerts in the parks during the forthcoming season. It matters little if these concerts have now passed their experimental stage and have demonstrated not only their power of attractiveness, but the orderly propensities of those who in their thousands have patronised them. There are those who look upon all such digressions from the old Puritanical use and wont in Sabbath day observance as anathema, and would, if they could, ban them entirely. Happily, the powers that be in high place in Aberdeen take a broader view of their responsibilities in such matters, and are inclined to encourage rather than condemn such healthy methods of spending Sabbatarian hours.



Aberdeen School Board.

The Aberdeen School Board, like similar institutions throughout Scotland, is much concerned at the increasing burden of education placed upon local authorities. Some years ago 'twas the School Board themselves that were held up to public opprobrium for inefficiency and extravagance, but now all parties unite in putting the onus of increasing rates upon the Education Department at Westminster. One of the first acts of the newly constituted Aberdeen Board was to sanction a proposal to unite with other Scottish Boards in bringing pressure to bear upon the Treasury for increased grants, equivalent at least to the new burdens lately imposed on local authorities.



The Treasury's Attitude.

The Treasury was duly approached, and a grand united deputation from Scottish centres of education was resolved upon; but the Treasury has decided to nip the incipient rebellion in the bud, and has peremptorily refused to be deputed. A trifling rebuff of that kind, however, does not deter such determined rebels as Scottish educationists can be. What is the use of appointing deputations, if these modern essentials of public service cannot be

made use of? If an obdurate Treasury bangs, locks, and bars the departmental door on provincial faces, the resources of educational civilisation are not thus easily exhausted; and if a direct attack is impossible, the same object may perforce be achieved by roundabout methods.



M.P.'s to be Interviewed.

So it happens that the leading School Boards in Scotland have decided now to collectively interview the Scottish members of Parliament, and next week express if not excursion trains will be run to accommodate, amongst other travellers, the educational elite of Scotland. Of course, Aberdeen will be handsomely represented. Never yet did the Granite City fail to do its duty in these deputation respects, and though the last Education (Scotland) Act dealt rather shabbily with the erstwhile allowances formerly made to deputationists on public duty, and reduced the fees to the danger zone of starvation, there are yet those public-spirited enough to encounter privation and even destitution, so be it they can screw local benefits from imperial sources.



Popularity of Hore-racing.

So is it with such a universally popular form of outdoor entertainment as horse-racing. Because this "sport of kings" has been used by many questionable people as a means by which an honest or a dishonest penny may be turned, it is therefore classed by many estimable people amongst the forms of entertainment that should be collectively banned; but, though countered and opposed by so many powerful authorities, horse-racing has shown such a splendid vitality that it perhaps stands pre-eminent amongst the popular sports of the world. No really vicious exercise could so effectively have established itself in the affections of men and women of all classes and conditions, and it is not regrettable but the reverse that Aberdeen should once more express an unmistakable desire to have a race meeting within its borders.



A Close Vote.

That the Town Council is sharply divided over the question of the proposed race meeting was evident, not only from the closeness of the vote, but from the general tenor of the discussion. The anti-racers dealt almost exclusively on the evils of betting that are deemed inseparable from race meetings. The pro-racers emphasised the charitable nature of the resurrected sport. Obviously, both sides were out to make arguments rather than to make converts, and whilst plain language was freely indulged in by the opposing ad-

vocates, it seemed to the unattached onlooker that an enormous amount of special pleading was resorted to.



Remarkable Complexion of Parties.

The complexion of the sides, as revealed in the voting, was no less remarkable than the result itself. Councillor Wallace carried with him the Lord Provost in favour of the committee's proposal; but on the other side, the magistrates' bench, the keeper of the civic purse, the Dean of Guild were all on evidence. Nor was the debate itself by any means one-sided. The stalwarts were out in force, and the exchange of courtesies between the various combatants was worthy of a more important occasion and of a greater municipal issue.



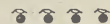
What is Gambling?

What, after all, is gambling? According to Councillor Wilkie, gambling is the order of the day everywhere. The industrial affairs of the country are saturated with it. It invades the home, the workshop, and all commercial relationships. Life itself, to the genial autocrat of Woodside, is one huge, all-permeating gamble. This is the difficulty, indeed, that confronts the opposers of any measure, harmless in itself, but popularly supposed to exude poisonous elements. There is no sport that can be named that will escape the censorious critic, if the abuses rather than the uses of it are to determine its right to exist. It is a trite but a wholesome adage that no virtue under the sun but may become a vice if intemperately pursued. In such matters the matured instincts of the community are more unerring guides than law and logic. 'Tis the few who abuse, the many who cleanly enjoy. That which is chiefly destructive in its essence soon falls a victim to its own propensities.



Sunday Concerts.

As was expected, the opposition to the Sunday concerts was much feebler than that which the race meeting encountered. There were not the same elements to combat each other, and many, very many, who were bitterly opposed to the racing project were warm supporters of the Sunday music-ales. These recitals have certainly come to stay, and even if the active days of Distress Committees are gone, it may be taken for granted that band performances of the kind served up to the community in recent years have become fixed and unalterable institutions in the city.



The City Chamberlain.

It was a stubborn fight that took place over the appointment of a City

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BREAD.

THE CENTRAL BAKERY.

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Chamberlain, but the result seems to have given very general satisfaction. Mr. Sorley seems to possess those qualities of fidelity, tact, and precision that are inseparably associated with the position to which he has been called, and those who know him best are most sanguine as to the success and wisdom of the appointment. It was evident that there were not a few cross-currents pulling this way and that during the voting proceedings. For long the result lay very much in the balance, and it was clearly evident that no pre-arrangement had been arrived at whereby the successful applicant was predestined for the position.

OUR CABLEGRAM GUESSING COMPETITION.

As we fully expected, not a few of our readers entered our cablegram guessing competition which we inaugurated last week. Some of the attempts, however, have amused us much more than we anticipated. Mr. Bryce, it will be remembered, was represented as sitting in his room at the British Embassy, Washington, when a cablegram from Great Britain was handed in. The result was a temporary swooning of the distinguished ambassador, and the problem set our readers was to tell the contents of the apparently highly significant if not ominous message. According to one artful little guesser—his handwriting, at least, indicates juvenility—the contents related to the great and almost unexpected success of Girls' Brigades in this country. Another imagined the terrific news had reference to Mr. Churchill's leading of the British House of Commons; while a third fancied that the Boys' Brigades were the real cause of the ambassador's discomfiture. Other equally diverting guesses might be given, but competitors and others will doubtless be anxious to ascertain what the cablegram really contained.

The exact words were:—"Banffshire Artillery Disbanded."



WHERE'S THE BREAD?

In mighty Rome, when Nero ruled,
The simple-minded plebs he fooled—
Fooled them with royal grace and ease
By scattering bread and circuses.

To-day in Britain Demos rules;
And we, some forty million fools,
With pomp and Parliaments are fed:
We've got the circus. Where's the bread?

—From W. A. Mackenzie's "Rowton House Rhymes" (Blackwood).

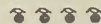
Open Letter to the Aberdeen Public Library Committee.

Gentlemen.—As an applicant for the post of junior girl assistant in the Lending Department of the Aberdeen Public Library, I beg to state that it was not nice of you to allow my name and those of my fellow competitors to be published in the local press. It was pardonable to state that 123 of us were after the self-same job, and the papers were, no doubt, happy to publish the fact; but why permit our names and addresses to be tabulated in a public print for employers and every other body to gaze at? In my own case, other than a little gentle chaff on the part of the office-boy, no damage, I fancy, was done; but a girl friend of mine assures me that her "boss" has been nasty to her ever since. She had been giving good promise of becoming a valuable (and very much underpaid) assistant; and until the above-mentioned list appeared, had received nothing but civility from her employer. Now, however, that her master is aware that she desires a change, the relationship between them is by no means of the pleasantest description. Her unfortunate case is the only one I know, but there must be many more very similarly placed, and all through the more or less thoughtless action of someone associated with your august committee. Gentlemen, in your private positions, when competing for a public post of eminence, may have no objection to their names appearing in the press, in fact they may be proud of the little brief celebrity; and if they are not employers of labour themselves, their masters may delight in the gratuitous advertisement. It is very different, however, with the struggling damsel, who is often more a slave than a servant, and for whom an attempt to better oneself may mean instant dismissal. Though publication of names of applicants for situations may tend to make the evening papers sell, the system is to be severely condemned; for the happiness of a single girl is infinitely more important than a dozen or two extra papers sold. In future, then, gentlemen, if ye be not guilty on this occasion, it is to be hoped you will exercise your powerful influence, and prevent a repetition of this unfortunate and perfectly unnecessary procedure.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

"One of the 123."



"My First Football Match."

"I was fifty years old before I ever saw a stage play," writes Mr. W. T. Stead in the 'Chronicle.' "I am now sixty-two, but I never saw a football match till Saturday, when Mr. G. R. Sims lured me to the Crystal Palace to see the cup tie between Newcastle and Bradford. I have not yet seen a horse race. I am keeping that experience until I complete my three score years and ten. The one really impressive thing, the thing which draws Lord Rosebery and many another staid and serious observer to the cup tie—that is the crowd. The immense sea of faces reminded me of nothing so much as of a shell-stream, pebbly beach, rising shorewards; and every shell and every pebble on that living beach representing a human soul, intent that afternoon on nothing so much in heaven and earth as whether zebra coat or orange and crimson should kick a leather-covered bladder between two white posts. Seventy thousand of them! The whole British garrison in India, upon whose discipline and valour depends the Roman peace, which we maintain among 350,000,000 of Asiatics, is just about as numerous. Just twice as many are all the bluejackets by which Britannia rules the waves. Rome gathered 80,000 into her Colosseum, and 250,000 into her Circus Maximus.

Properties for Sale.

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4 KING'S GATE, containing 4 Public Rooms and 7 Bedrooms. Very large garden. Feu-duty, only £4 4s. Assessed rental, £52 10s.

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Also, Self-contained HOUSES in QUEEN'S ROAD, ARGYLL CRESCENT, BEECHGROVE TERRACE, GRAY STREET, MURTLIE, Etc.

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For further particulars, apply F. J. SCOTT and MORRISON, Advocates, 129 Union Street, Aberdeen.

FOR SALE, by Private Bargain, that Substantially Built TENEMENT of SHOPS and OFFICES immediately opposite the Fish Market, Nos. 162 to 166 MARKET STREET, Aberdeen. The Building is about seven years old, and is electrically lit and equipped with every modern convenience throughout.

Rental, £341 10s Feu-duty, £70 0s 11d.

A Very Moderate Price will be accepted to induce a Sale. For further particulars apply to F. J. SCOTT and MORRISON, Advocates, 129 Union Street, Aberdeen.

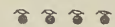
39 RICHMONDHILL ROAD.

THIS PROPERTY, which is in Excellent Order, is for Sale, with Entry at Whitsunday. Cash Price, £100. Balance on Bond if desired. For further particulars and Cards to View, apply F. J. SCOTT and MORRISON, Advocates, 129 Union Street, Aberdeen.

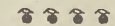
FOR SALE, Desirable PROPERTY in the West-End of UNION STREET. Apply F. J. SCOTT and MORRISON, Advocates, 129 Union Street, Aberdeen.

ALLEGED HUMOUR.

There is occasionally much virtue in a hyphen. "Local Players Re-sign," says a newspaper placard.



George Long, 75, locksmith, and Emma Brooker, a Croydon widow, 72, both old-age pensioners, have just been married. Love, of course, laughs at locksmiths.



A number of men in Pasadena, California, have formed a club called the Ananias Club, and its object, it is claimed, is to afford them an opportunity to meet and "swap lies." Its only novelty is apparently its name.

Blushes.

Full many a rose is born
To bloom and blush unseen;
Full many a hose on woman's cheek
Is not a blush, I ween.

New York Judge."

THE COMIC HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

Chapter XVII.—Mary, Queen of Scots (continued).

When England learned at the breakfast-table one morning that the little girlie for whom it had been fighting had been smuggled to France, it barked and snarled worse than ever for a couple of unhappy years. On the 20th of April, 1550, peace was proclaimed at Edinburgh, Mary's future father-in-law being primarily responsible for the quelling of a disturbance which had lasted nine long years. After the restoration of tranquillity, the queen-mother's laundry-maids began to complain of overwork. Petticoats which had not seen the light of day since the Trades Holidays in 1538 were turned out for washing; luggage-labels were requisitioned; and tradesmen's bills left unpaid—all of which went to show that she intended to take a considerable trip. Early in September, having ordered the rabbits to be fed during her absence, she embarked at Newhaven for her native country, France, telling her friends and enemies that she was only on a visit to her daughter. What the saucy minx was travelling for, however, was to consult her relatives as to the best mode of appropriating the regency job. Among other feeble-minded individuals who interested themselves in her rotten case, Harry the Second of France used his powerful influence to induce Jamie Hamilton to resign. As it happened, Jamie's principal friend and adviser, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, was at the moment grievously indisposed and far too ill to advise the Regent either the one way or the other. Whether the latter consulted his milkman or his baker we cannot tell, but he stupidly agreed to relinquish the post.

The great object of the queen-dowager's Continental trip being accomplished, she bought a hat or two in Paris, and returned to Scotland, fully expecting to seize the reins of government. Alas!

The best-laid "traps for" mice and men
Gang aft agley.

In the interval, Jamie's reverend pal, by dint of hanging certain hours in the day by the heels, being used at times with extreme heats, and having a devil put within him "given him on credit," had recovered sufficiently to advise his friend to stick to the regency, come what may. Through the primate's instrumentality, Arran retracted his promise and made it clear that his resignation was little other than a drunken frolic. By this time the regent was practically discredited by the people of the country, and almost the only other man at court was the man possessed of a devil—namely, the primate. The farce at last came to a timely end, when, at a meeting in Edinburgh on the 12th of April, 1554, Jamie solemnly abdicated the regency in favour of the queen-dowager. To keep him from wearying, he was appointed governor of Dumbarton Castle, and to satisfy his pride he was declared second person in the kingdom. Mary of Guise, the new regent, made several unfortunate blunders at the commencement of her novitiate. She began by "sacking" several Scotsmen who filled high offices of state, substituting Frenchmen for them. Then she insulted the country by attempting to introduce into Scotland a "standing" army, when every army hitherto had been mobile! And, thirdly, she endeavoured to overawe the nobility. Her plans, however, were thwarted almost everywhere, and, whatever she may have thought, she was little more than regent in name alone.

We now come willingly to the royal French palace, where Francie the Dauphin and Mary, Queen of Scots, were almost perpetually in each other's company. She was now in her fifteenth year, and, when not doting or cooing, occupied herself with business incidental to the making of a royal trousseau. On the 14th of April, 1558, the two were joined in holy

wedlock in the cathedral church of Notre Dame. The ceremony was attended by the King and Queen of France, four cardinals, the princes of the blood, lady representatives of "Le Matin" and "Le Journal," and the most august personages in the realm. If her wedding-gown was not made by Worth, it was certainly worth a great deal. To prevent her being compelled to sign away her country—there was felt to be a possibility of this, as she was very young, and Frenchmen are Frenchmen—eight Scottish "toffs," men of light and leading, were deputed to journey to France to look over the articles of the marriage contract. The commissioners were the Earl of Cassillis, Lords Fleming and Seton (who doubtless desired to learn how their lassies were behaving), the Earl of Rothes, Jamie Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow; Bob Reid, President of the Court of Session; Lord Jamie Stewart, Prior of St. Andrews; and Jockie Erskine, Provost of Montrose. On their arrival, after two of their vessels had been wrecked and a number of French dictionaries washed away, they found that the King of France and his officers of state had been guilty of that particular species of dirty work "which a pail of fresh water will not wash away." Mary had been induced, only ten days previously, to sign a secret document embodying a declaration to the effect that, should she herself die without issue, she conferred the kingdom of Scotland in free gift upon the King of France. A beautiful arrangement, assuredly—for the French monarch—but the braw and couthie Scotsmen (to their everlasting glory, be it said) "weren't having any." They stoutly refused to recognise the document and everything in it, with the natural result that, in accordance with the methods of the day, four of them died suddenly at Dieppe, not without a suspicion of having been poisoned. What eventually happened was the passing of an Act declaring that, during his marriage, the prince's title should be King of Scotland; "that all letters (possibly to prevent secrets) should henceforth run in the style of 'Francis and Mary, King and Queen of Scotland, Dauphin and Dauphiness of Vienne'—either being allowed, we presume, to open all correspondence; and that the current change of the realm should be changed.

From their honeymoon days, the couple were a source of much uneasiness in England. So dangerous, in fact, did they become, that Mary Tudor, who occupied the throne of England, was driven to marry King Philip of Spain for the sake of having a man about the house. On the death of Mary, "Sloppy Lizzie" succeeded her on the English throne, but as no Catholic would acknowledge her legitimacy, Francis and Mary actually assumed the arms and style of King and Queen of England, even the bathroom towels being so embroidered. Lizzie, however, was nothing if not energetic, and she soon demonstrated to Europe who was the real boss. When not too busy buying shares in the New River Water Supply Company, her young adviser, Cecil—Lord Hugh's progenitor—assisted her as much as he could, but Lizzie was by nature so prudent and sagacious that she really required no counsellors, male or female. She was, in short, a sixteenth-century "Swankhurst." Simultaneously, the Roman Catholics and Protestants were behaving themselves badly in Scotland. So much bad language was floating around, even in church hours, that at a convention of the clergy at Edinburgh in March, 1559, it was found necessary to enact that "no language should henceforth be employed in the public services of the church except the Latin." This, we are told, awakened indignation and alarm in the minds "of the lords of the congregation," but the reason we shall not specify. A sharp collision occurred between the two religious parties at Perth, where there was a public embracing of Reformed opinions, and Queen Mary ordered the provost to appear before her. After a hot half-hour, the chief magistrate with-

drew, though not before he had reminded her wrathful majesty that a body is one thing and a conscience another. How he escaped being hanged with his chain of office, history does not record. All that is known is that the betting at the Perth and Strathardle Presbytery meeting was 7 to 1 that he would never again come out alive, and even that tiny morsel of information seems to have been unknown to the majority of Scottish historians, from George Buchanan to Andrew Lang.

Ecclesiastical affairs were now rapidly approaching a crisis. Empty beer-bottles were being secretly stored; huge quantities of vitriol were manufactured weekly; "Dictionaries of Swearing" could only be purchased at a ransom; "Old Nick" was busily reinforcing his "Recorders' Department"; while his clerks were engineering a strike. At the same time, publishers of Biblical mottoes saw nothing but the workhouse in front of them. Just then, who should return to his native cockpit but Jockie Knox, one of Scotland's greatest exponents of the knock-out blow, when a "holy war" was being engaged in. His first act was to repair to Dundee, where, we fancy, his services were most required. He then travelled to Perth, tarrying at the Half-way House for spirituous refreshment, and, Jacob Primmer-like, delivered a powerful discourse against idolatry. A riot in the town ensued, but Jockie does not seem to have either instigated or approved of this behaviour on the part of the rioters, whom he termed the "rascal multitude." When the news of the destruction reached the queen, she was transported with rage. "Raze the town of Perth to the ground," she said, "and sow it with salt, as a monument of perpetual desolation." The order was apparently carried out, for what industries there are even to-day are principally dy(e)ing ones. Now and then Queen Mary would enter into a treaty of peace, but she never abided by the articles of the treaties, giving as her excuse that she was not bound to keep faith with heretics.

At this time the whole country was in a highly disorganised state. The "rabble multitude," who were probably neither Papists nor Reformers, toured the country spring-cleaning the churches, and removing unnecessary ornaments; Frenchmen, Queen Mary's auxiliaries, also roamed at large; Knox continued to shake the dust from pulpit cushions and to beg for military assistance from Lizzie. One dull afternoon the Frenchmen received what must be considered a very big surprise. Marching along the Kirkcaldy and St. Andrews turnpike, discussing things in general and the diabolical surface of the road in particular—the Fife County Council was not yet in existence—the foreigners observed a powerful fleet sailing up the Firth of Forth. As they were expecting assistance from home at the time, they concluded that these were the ships which a thoughtful country had sent them. Helmets were tossed in the air; songs were sung; a large number of cannon were fired, and the rest of the day was devoted to the exchange of mutual congratulations. Alas, the fleet was from England! So alarmed were the Frenchmen or so ignorant of the country that they fled to Leith via Stirling, and on arrival at the port took the Sailors' Home by storm. A treaty was then concluded between Queen Bess and the Scottish Reformers, by which Her Majesty promised never to abandon her allies, and to furnish them with money and a tip-top army. This may have the appearance of a gracious act on Lizzie's part, but it was as much to her benefit as to that of the Reformers to have the French driven out of Scotland. We seriously question if she would have been seen in a public thoroughfare arm-in-arm with Mr. John Knox, who would probably have objected to be seen with her.

Soon after this, Queen Mary's mamma, who had not been enjoying good health for some time, expired in her forty-fifth year. She died on the 11th of June, 1560, and teetotalers will be grieved to learn that she was buried in the Benedictine monastery of St. Peter, at Rheims, in Champagne. An event of much greater importance, however, was the death of Francie the Second, Mary's youthful "hubby," who breathed his last at Orleans on the 6th of December, 1560. "For the space of fifteen days after the death of her said husband, she admitted no man to come into her chamber, but the king, his

brethren, the King of Navarre, the constable, and her uncles." It is pleasant to record that the last-named visited her as one usually visits them, but what the bobby was wanting we cannot tell, unless the presence of the Spanish ambassador, who was admitted shortly afterwards, and who is said to have been with her over an hour, "which is thought to be far more than the ceremony of condoling required," gave rise to the necessity for police surveillance.

After the death of her hubby, who was only sixteen, Mary, in compliance with the solicitations of her subjects, prepared for her departure for "bonnie Scotland." Already there had been three distinguished bidders for the hand of the lovely widow—the King of Denmark, the King of Sweden, and the Prince of Spain—but all of them, presumably, had some sort of drawback. In order to secure a safe conduct into Scotland, Queen Lizzie was asked to extend this particular favour. This, however, she refused to do, as the two queens, like quarrelsome neighbours on the same stairhead, had no special love for each other. It was indeed a pity that the two she cats should have been contemporaries. What Mary, of course, should have requested was a refusal to grant a permit. One would then have been immediately given. Lizzie sent one of her agents, Throckmorton by name (though he was usually known as "Throckie"), to Mary to explain the reasons why she had been refused a safe conduct, one of the principal being the assumption by Mary of the title of "Queen of England." On the 25th of July, 1561, the Scottish Queen departed from St. Germain, arriving at Calais on the 9th of the following month. Here she learnt that "Sloppy Lizzie" was endeavouring to intercept her passage—a piece of intelligence which induced Queen Mary to try her hand at subterfuge. She despatched Lord Harry Stewart to the English court with a second request to be favoured with a safe conduct; but before he could return with the answer, Mary embarked and put to sea. "Wind NE. to SW.," said the forecast; "sea rough or smooth." In the course of the voyage a pea-soup fog enabled the royal party to escape the vigilance of the English ships, although one of the vessels was captured and carried into port. At length, at 10 a.m. on the 19th of August, 1561, after an extremely pleasant passage, the Queen of Hearts arrived at Leith, looking somewhat demented, for she had left her beloved France with the greatest reluctance. The Weather Clerk, who was probably in the pay of the Reformers, was not in happy mood. Jockie Knox says that "In the memory of man that day of the year was never seen a more dolorous face of the heaven than was at her arrival, which two days after did so continue; for besides the surface wet, a corruption of the air (which we can well believe), the mist was so thick and dark that scarce might any man espy another the length of two pair of buttis. The sun was not seen to shine two days before nor two days after." All of which simply means, of course, that the weather was not only seasonable but typically British.

The arrangements made for her journey to Holyrood were of the most miserable character, and the wonder is that she was not feted en route in one of the wayside fish-and-chip shops. Her eyes filled with tears as she beheld the state hacks, hired by the hour from a neighbouring cadger. Being obliged to dismount before the Palace was reached, she naturally inquired the reason why, and was answered that the hour had nearly expired. Once in her apartments (which occupied the ground-floor) at Holyrood, she was greeted with so much amateur minstrelsy that there was nothing for it but to feign delight and remove on the quiet to a quarter of the palace less accessible to the sound of the vilest of open-air concerts. A week after her arrival, a card was handed in by "one who never feared the face of man"—Jockie Knox, who possibly looked in, in the passing. They argued together for some considerable time, principally on matters of religion and the iniquities of petticoat government, Mary in the end bursting into tears, thereby closing up the great Reformer. Any reader desirous of studying a verbatim report of the interview will find the same in volume II. of Jockie's own history, pp. 277-286.

(To be continued.)

AMUSING REMINISCENCES OF Mr. JAMES GOWER,

Buchan Actor and Dramatist,

"PRINCE OF STROLLING PLAYERS."

"THE SEA KING'S VOW,"
OR, "DANE VERSUS SAXON."

One Saturday night, the bill at a large wooden theatre in Cradley Heath was a strong one, the play being "The Sea King's Vow." The plot deals with the Danish invasion of England. There were four leading parts in it. Shakespear Walton, of course, being in the leading part, "Wild Eric of the Hills"; "Here-ward," the Saxon leader, a Mr. Davenport, a big man of six feet two inches or more, a good actor, and a great favourite in Staffordshire; "The Sea King," a Mr. Woody, a fine old actor, who in his time had been one of the great Macready's company—he could tell many rare stories about the great star when he made his memorable flight from America, and in his ill-humour called the actors beasts. There was another actor, whose part I cannot remember for certain; but it does not matter. He was a special favourite with the gods of the gallery, but it was more on account of his good looks and agility in such parts as the Dumb Man of Manchester and of making good backfalls. The gods of Staffordshire were as fond of backfalls as the Scotch. In Stafford and Lancashire they called it "drap." "Eel by gum, he can drap," they would say when ever the actor fell straight backwards. "Bravo! How he can drap. That's my fancy, Bill. He can storm and roll his eyes," such was the way they expressed themselves in the theatre during performances. They called ranting storming. The player was no good to them unless he could tear a passion to tatters, and die howling like a mad dog. But unlike the Scotch, they did not demand the actor to die over again for an encore. One Saturday morning at a rehearsal the manager, being in good humour and foud of a joke, said that he would stand a gallon of beer and a pint of rum (and wine to the ladies) to the one that got the most applause. The play was just the thing. The event came. The house was crowded, and, as they say, hundreds were turned away. The Danes and the Saxons were all dressed in their glittering armour, eagerly waiting for the curtain to rise. Mr. Taylor stood at the door, drawing in the needful. He never used his money-box on Saturday nights. With a slouch hat on his half-bald top, and a pair of clogs on his feet to keep off the damp, and buckled in a large white apron with endless pockets, he looked something between a pork butcher and a knife grinder on the tramp.

The doors closed, money refused, the noise deafening, and the band exhausted, the curtain rose. The cheers increased, the ginger-beer corks flew, and all was silent till each favourite appeared to receive his honour. Then the play began in real earnest. The Danes received the execration of the gods. The Sea King got pelted with corks; and they even threatened to throw the bottles. Mr. Taylor stood at his post watching the scene, his stomach heaving like a pot-lid with suppressed laughter. The gods cheered on the Saxons to glorious deeds of bravery. It took great restraint to keep them from rushing on the stage and driving back and killing all the Danes, they seemed so excited. Davenport was winning all through the play. His fine figure in armour, his right hand brandishing a sword of rusty iron, he was bellowing like a roaring lion for a gallon of beer. Old George kept quiet. He was sullen till the beer came. Battle after battle took place. The clash of swords, the shouts and the agonising cries of the dead and dying

were awful to hear. For a while it was hard to tell who was to win—the Danes or the Saxons. One utility actor, a bow-legged, fat little chap, was killed six or seven times; but in every front scene he was alive and rushing or shouting. Notwithstanding all that were slain that night, there was not a drop of blood spilt, while the stage should have been in streams. Gower had a splendid part for the audience—Rollo, a Saxon general—and shared the honours of the battlefield. But to the dismay of the sympathising Gods, he was killed by an arrow in a front scene. It mattered little to Gower; for his dying thoughts were on the gallon of beer and the pint of rum. He was, however, very much annoyed at having to die, being so close to the footlights that it was a marvel that he was not burned to death. But he died game, with a good backfall in the centre of the stage, to the tune of thunders of cheers. As Gower was lying dead, thinking of the rum and the beer, "Wild Eric of the Hills" came on from the right wing. He, too, poor devil, was mortally wounded by a fatal arrow from the cruel Danes. The band played music so sad that one fancied that one saw the tears running out of the gallery into the front seats. The old veteran, Walton, was at his best; not for the sake of the rum and the beer—he despised such tomfoolery—but all for the love of acting. He placed his hand upon his breast. The left side, where the wound seemed to be, looked towards the setting sun. He made speeches, sad speeches about the Saxons and his poor bleeding country. "Ah me! Ah me!" he said. Then he prophesied the fall of the Danes and the rise of England. He looked round for a place to die; but found no room on the stage—Gower had it all to himself. The guttural curses came inwardly until they reached his quivering lips—"Damn! Damn!" he said; no room to die," still looking round in vain. He sank slowly in despair behind Gower, saying, "You might have left room enough for me to die." At this Gower lost his temper, and although he was dead, rose up and said, "Look here, if you talk to me on the stage while I am dead, I will rise up and go off. The position is mine. I died first; you die anywhere you like. If you snpeak to me again I'll go off!"

Walton was then carried off to the accompaniment of the Dead March. The last scene was like the others—blood and thunder. The Saxons got the best of it, and the leader the pint of rum. But all got a share of the beer as well; even old George partook of it, and condescended to speak and be happy.



Pressmen and the Scottish National Exhibition.

On Monday last, the capital of the west, or, at least, that small but aristocratic part of it which is known as "Kelvinsighed," was the Scottish Journalists' Mecca. England, too, as well as Ireland, sent their contingent of scribes, the attraction being the Scottish National Exhibition of History, Art, and Industry. On the invitation of the Executive Council, representatives of practically every newspaper in Scotland were present, and at the luncheon table the company of editors, sub-editors, descriptive (as well as transcriptive) reporters, artists, and photographers numbered over two hundred. At the gathering Mr. Pettigrew, of the great firm of Pettigrew and Stephen, presided, while speeches were delivered by the Marquis of Tullibardine and several of Glasgow's civic dignitaries. Prior to the Marquis's arrival, an admirable speech was given by Mr. Woodbridge, of the editorial staff of the Manchester

"Sunday Chronicle," he being deputed by his colleagues to reply on their behalf. It must be doubted, however, if the Englishman would have made quite so happy a speech had he followed instead of preceded the Perthshire laird, who, in the course of his felicitous remarks, referred to the highly sensational element which pervaded some of our journals at the present time, and which tended to mislead the public. During this criticism the "Chronicle" man looked the picture of placidity, but we would have given much to have learned his inmost thoughts, or the state of his seemingly uninjured feelings. As could only be expected, however, most that was uttered concerning the Fourth Estate was of a highly complimentary nature. Councillor Nichol, in the course of his speech, said that he represented a paper which was well known from Johnnie Groat's to Land's End, but as the name of the journal was not forthcoming, there were cries of "Name," "Name," "Circulation," etc. In reply, he stated amid the loudest laughter that it was the "Caithness-shire Courier." Some of the company took the councillor seriously. Others did not.

On the conclusion of the luncheon the company adjourned not to the smoke-room but to the Scenic Railway, where it might be said that many a man was

"Unmoved by mountain peaks sublime
Amidst the most romantic greenery,
Because he's thinking all the time
Of his inside, and not the scenery!"

There, side by side, enjoying themselves like veritable children, sat the "Scotsman" and the "Herald," the "Advertiser" and the "Courier," and many other friendly rivals. Scotland so far has not yet enjoyed the delicious thrills incidental to a trip upon a railway of this description, but we feel certain that it will prove the most popular attraction at the "X." The main object of the exhibition is the raising of a sufficient sum of money to endow a chair of History in Glasgow University, so that if the necessary amount be raised, as it undoubtedly will be, the authorities and people of Scotland should not forget the Scenic Railway—giddy and, perhaps, frivolous though it is.

Much of the success of the pressmen's visit was undoubtedly due to the splendid arrangements which Mr. John Grant, the popular and energetic press-agent, made for the comfort and edification of his colleagues. The slow, strictly speaking, was by no means ready for their visit, but this was certainly not the fault of Mr. Grant.



Modern Eve.

He—"Would you scream if I kissed you?"
She—"Yes; of course, I would."
(Silence.)
She—"George—"
He—"Yes. What is it?"
She—"F-father's deaf."
(Tableau.)
—"University of Pennsylvania Punch Bowl."

What to Do in Sea Sickness.

"My husband is particularly liable to sea sickness, captain," remarked a lady passenger. "Could you tell him what to do in case of an attack?"
"Tain't necessary, mum," replied the captain. "He'll do it."
—"Mariner's Advocate."

Queer.

Reuben—"Josh says thot city feller gev him a hundred an' some odd dollars fur thot horse o' his'n."
Silas—"You ain't heerd the hull of it. When he took them dollars to the bank, he found they was all odd."
—"Catholic Times."



THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL EXHIBITION.

St. Mungo (to the people of Scotland)—“I’ll be very gled tae see ye—
the more the merrier.”

[The Scottish National Exhibition of History, Art, and Industry was opened yesterday by
H.R.H the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn.]



INTERNATIONAL "FOOTER."

The Aberdeen Football Club, having gained several "moral victories,"
prepare to attack "Bohemians."

[The A.F.C. set out next week for a tour in Bohemia, where a number of matches will
be played with the natives.]

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

To-night the long-looked-for Musical Festival opens its proceedings, when (at 8 o'clock) choirs from works, clubs, and guilds, numbering 350 voices, will compete. To-morrow afternoon—children's day—there will be a performance of the cantata "Vogelweid" at 5 p.m.; and in the course of the day competitors from the Aberdeen High School for Girls, King Street School, Bucksburn Public School, Newhills Public School, etc., will be heard.

On Saturday afternoon some interesting events will take place, there being competitions for orchestras, church choirs, mixed voice quartets (a new feature this year), mixed choirs from small towns, female voice choirs, etc. The local church choirs competing are Gilcomston Parish Church (J. Hutcheson, M.T.S.C.), King's College Chapel (Elizabeth Christie, L.R.A.M.), and St. Fittick's Church (G. A. Innes). On Saturday evening there is a grand concert by winning choirs, and the adjudicators will award the various prizes. The Church Choirs Festival Service, in which 500 voices will take part, falls due on Sunday afternoon. At that service, Mr. David Stephen, director of the Carnegie School of Music, Dunfermline, will conduct his "Festal March," and Mr. Ivor Atkins will conduct his own anthem, "There is none that can resist Thy voice." Professor C. Sanford Terry conducts the other choral pieces. Tickets admitting to whole Festival cost 5/- and 2/6; single sofa stalls (reserved) 2/6, 2/-, and 1/-, the box office being at Macbeth's, 181 Union Street. There is also admission at 1/- and 6d.

Mr. Granville Bantock.

Stories of Philistines at the Musical Festival last week are being told in Sheffield, but nothing so good has been heard as the remark of a lady at the rendering of Mr. Granville Bantock's "Omar Khayyam" by the Musical Union. When Mr. Bantock, who acts as an adjudicator at the Musical Festival in Aberdeen this week, came on to conduct his score, the said lady sweetly inquired, within hearing of several delighted neighbours in the balcony, "Is this gentleman the author of the words or of the music?"

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142—Note Change of Address—142

ENTERTAINMENTS.

His Majesty's Theatre.

"THE GREAT GAY ROAD."

"The Great Gay Road" is yet another of these delightful comedies we have had so many of in H. M. Theatre this winter. It is one of those charmingly fresh, light, perfectly written, and perfectly produced plays which put one into the happiest possibly frame of mind. Many people will, of course, have read Tom Gallon's book, and it may be said at once that the play, as played here, is even better than the book.

There is something very touching about the theme of the story. The idea of the light in the window to guide the wanderer home is not new to Tom Gallon—Dickens used it among others—but the way the theme is handled is perfectly fresh. Sir Crispin Vickery quarrels with his son Hildebrand twenty years before the story opens, and the boy leaves him in anger, to see the world. Year in, year out, a window is left open all night for him to return by, with a candle burning brightly inside. Hilary Tolfrey Kite, a man who has played many parts in life, but through many trials has retained his refinement and his higher instincts, enters the house seeking food, drink, or anything else he can find; and on being caught, daringly pretends to be the missing son. For three months he lives with the Vickery household, and then he is found out; and though he has grown to love Hilary as his son, Sir Crispin in his anger turns him out with very bitter words. But here comes the beautiful part of the play. Hilary has endeared himself to everyone in the household. His fit of anger past, Sir Crispin bitterly regrets parting with him. He replaces the light in the window, not for his own son, whom he now realises is dead, but for the wanderer who had taken his son's place in the hearts of the household.

There are only nine in the cast of "The Great Gay Road," and they are all excellent. In such a beautifully balanced production it is very difficult to praise anyone in particular, and one and all of the company deserve the highest praise for a really first-class performance.

Next week, "The Return of the Prodigal."

The Palace.

For a holiday programme, a mirth-provoking company is a sine qua non, and the Palace management has done well to procure such a combination this week. Ike and Will Scott are a versatile Weary Willie and Tired Tim, though their friends and acquaintances would seem to belong to the aristocracy. Their 'turn' altogether is diverting in the extreme. Another highly popular item is contributed by Jack Marks, who, though a young and comparatively inexperienced entertainer, completely captivates his audience with story and song. He also appears as a lady endeavouring to manoeuvre a hobble skirt, and creates much hearty merriment. As comedy acrobats, Messrs. Briff, Bruff, and Broff—names reminding one of the conjugation of a German verb—are exceptionally clever, with seemingly nothing to learn in their own particular line. Much of their performance is of a droll and grotesque character, but nevertheless rare agility, and an enviable amount of muscle are displayed. A most amusing sketch, entitled "The Chambermaid," is presented by Clara Reid and John Power; while Harry Morris, who tops the bill excels as a popular comedian and raconteur. As a juggler, Charles Hera gives a first-class exhibition of his wonderful talents. To come to the ladies, Miss Hazel Glade is a sweet and tuneful singer, with whom

the audience are greatly delighted; and Miss Florence Esdaille is well received, her songs being very well chosen. On the Palascope, the management has lately been showing each evening pictures of the interesting events of the day, and the commendable policy, we are pleased to observe, is still being continued. Altogether, the programme is of a most varied and attractive character.

The Tivoli.

Monday night's "houses" at the Guild Street establishment reminded us forcibly of the opening week at this popular place of entertainment. Both at 7 and 9 the crowds were enormous, which clearly testified not only to the superior nature of the bill of fare, but also to the high reputation which the Tivoli enjoys. Topping the bill, Mr. George French, who is not a stranger to the Granite City, sings one or two catchy ditties, one in particular—a football song—taking specially well. Equally popular is his up-to-date ditty entitled "The Working Classes." Another first-class entertainer is Dalton Payne, who, at the piano, sings humorous songs, and gives a most realistic imitation of the well-known call of street vendors. A racing comedy by France and Stewart, entitled "The Hundred-to-one Chance," offers excellent opportunities for first-class acting, which are anything but lost. Mr. Walter Barrett is a tip-top baritone vocalist, who meets with a good reception, as also does Mabel Costello, "the miniature Clara Butt." Harry Lawson and Dorothy O'Dell charm the audience with their dancing and singing; while Waldo and Wade give a good display in acrobatic, pantomimic, and comedy pot-pourri. We have jugglers and equilibrists in abundance in the vaudeville world, but few can equal the marvellous exhibition given by Severus Schaffer. Argo excels as a remarkably clever imitator of the singing of birds, the sounds of beasts, and the noises of musical instruments and machinery. A most amusing picture on the cinematograph completes a programme which is filling the theatre nightly.

The Beach Pavilion.

With the arrival of May, the various seaside places of entertainment have been opened for the season. None are more popular with the visitor, tripper, or local concert public, than Mr. David Thomson's Beach Pavilion, where a first-class company is always engaged by an enterprising management. Of the ladies, Miss Violet Davidson, soprano, is the most popular, but Miss Marie Stockdale is certainly not far behind. Messrs. Walter Williams, Alf Harlin, Charles Simpson, Percy Forde, Tom Hanlon, and David Thomson are the male contributors to the programme, and as the names indicate, a capital entertainment is the inevitable result. One of the most refined and charming items takes the form of a duet by Miss Davidson and Mr. Williams—"If I had the world to give you." As of yore, Mr. Percy Forde shines as a female impersonator, and as he appears in all the glory of a harem skirt, there are both interest and amusement. Special mention must be made of a humorous ditty by Mr. Thomson, entitled "Behind Me," and Mr. Williams' fine rendering of "Thora," the latter possessing a rich baritone voice of excellent calibre. As a couple of knockabouts and funny men generally, Messrs. Hanlon and Harlin are responsible for much of the gaiety of the evening. On Monday the popular proprietor promised his patrons a first-class season, and he will easily fulfil his promise, as he is closely in touch with Queen's Hall and other society singers and entertainers.

The Electric Theatre.

Several first-class films are being exhibited at the Electric this week, but the finest of all will not be presented till Saturday evening, when the Funeral Procession of the late King Edward the Seventh will be thrown upon the screen. The day, of course, is the anniversary of his late majesty's death. Among the dramatic pictures there are the following—"Old Norris's Gal" (a story of Idaho), and "Love's Awakening" (the old but entertaining tale of a damsel with a couple of lovers). Among the "comics," "Calino as Entertainer," "Captain Barnacle's Chaperon," "Bobby's Sweetheart," and "An Arizona Revenge" are calculated to raise a laugh in the most melancholic individual. Patrons are reminded that the Electric management change the programme twice weekly—on Mondays and Thursdays, and a complete change is made on the evenings in question.

The Gaiety.

Monday being the Aberdeen Spring Holiday, enormous crowds visited the Gaiety Picture Palace, where four shows were given. The programme is an uncommonly good one, and in several of the pictures the popular elocutionists, Mr. and Mrs. Dove Paterson, undoubtedly excel. A thrilling story of the "Wild West" is unfolded in the film entitled "Lynch Law"; and "The Old Water Jar" is an Indian play where the speakers have an excellent opportunity, of which they take the fullest advantage. A third dramatic, "A Brother's Redemption," tells the story of two brothers, the one a careful, thrifty saver, and the other a good-for-nothing, and how the prodigal succeeds in redeeming his character. To suit the holiday mind, an abundance of 'comics' are also being exhibited at the Gaiety, among them being "Kept at Home," a screamingly funny farce by a Parisian comedian; "Bertie Foolshead at a Soiree"; and "A Big Joke." The cine-phone musical song is that catchy ditty entitled "Maggie M'Indoo"; while Lloyd's Wire News and the pictorial trip also serve to entertain as well as instruct the Gaiety patron. Mr. George Donald, the talented pianist, having left this country for Vancouver, received a presentation the other day from the management

he has served so well, and from other friends. His successor at the Gaiety is Mr. Alexander Clarke, who comes with an excellent reputation.

The Bijou.

As at the Gaiety mentioned above, an enormous number of people—local and otherwise—visited Mr. Dove Paterson's marine establishment on Monday, where a feature of the show is a continuous entertainment from 11 a.m. daily. The pictures are both good and up-to-date, while the price for admission—chairs 2d, children half-price—is marvellously low. The little Bijou is a delightfully unconventional, free and easy establishment, where, as the management say, one can bring one's "pram, pipe or bicycle." A most successful season is practically assured.



Good Weather Bad.

"Oh, would that these mild, pleasant days
Might each and all be glummer!
Fine weather's not the kind that pays,"
Quoth Billy Blubs, the plumber.
—"New York Judge."

Good Working Mottoes.

Aviator's—Onward and upward.
Real-estate Man's—Deeds, not words.
Blacksmith's—Keep forging ahead.
Tailor's—Dun or they'll do you.
Money-lender's—Never a day without an advance.
Burgular's—Do your work quietly and without ostentation.
Politician's—Never give in till the offices give out.
—"Blue Bird."

Her Little Flat.

Mrs. Noobridge—"Yes, dear, I was married last month. I'd like you to call on me and see the pretty little flat I have."
Miss Jellus—"I've seen him, my dear."
—"Sacred Heart Review."

When the Teacher Blushed.

"What is it," asked the teacher, "that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature?"
"Corsets, sir," piped a wise little girl of eight."
—"Red Hen."

The Musical Festival.

- Tonight at 8—Choirs from Works, Clubs, Guilds: 350 Voices.
Friday Afternoon—Children's Day: 1000 Voices. Performance of Cantata, "Vogelweid," at 5 p.m.
Saturday Afternoon—Orchestras, Church Choirs, Choral Contests.
Saturday Evening—Grand Concert by Winning Choirs; Judges' Awards.
Sunday Afternoon—Church Choirs' Festival Service: 500 Voices.

Serial Tickets (admitting to Whole Festival), 5/-, 2/6;

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Footdee—

Mr. JOHN WATSON, 32 Wellington Street.

Torry—

Mr. ANDREW NOBLE, 52 Victoria Road.

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OUR AMERICAN MAIL.

Regular Rates.

M'Cool—"What's my bill."
 Clerk—"What room?"
 M'Cool—"I slept on the billiard table."
 Clerk—"Fifty cents an hour."
 —"Chicago News."

Explained.

"Now they claim that the human body contains sulphur."
 "In what amount?"
 "Oh, in varying quantities."
 "Well, that may account for some girls making better matches than others."
 —"Pittsburgh Post."

A Sleeping Apartment.

Scott—"Any sleeping apartments in the club you belong to."
 Mott—"There's the reading-room."
 —"Rer Hen."

Faith Cure.

Towne—"Do I understand you to say that Spender's case was really a faith cure?"
 Brown—"Yes. You see, the doctor and the druggist both trusted him."
 —"Medford Drum."

A Young Cynic.

Tom—"They say that every woman is beautiful in someone's eyes. Do you believe it?"
 Jack—"Certainly—if you include her own."
 —"Boston Transcript."

The Sequence.

"It was very romantic," says the friend.
 "He proposed to her in the automobile."
 "Yes?" we murmur encouragingly.
 "And she accepted him in the hospital."
 —"Life."

RALEIGH:

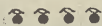
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THE CLOAK OF CHARITY.

"Fine thing charity, Bill: without it there would be no bloomin' horse-race on the Links."

"Exactly, Freddy. No charity, no bloomin' 'Darby.'"

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

FOOTBALL.

THE LAST KICK.

Saturday closed the season 1910-11, and the wearied players and officials are thankful that the end came at last to what has been a strenuous season. The honours of the campaign have gone to Glasgow, the Celts winning the Scottish Cup, while the Rangers have the League flag. In both of these competitions the provincials fought hard to wrest them from the west, but in vain, Hamilton Academicals being runners-up for the cup and Aberdeen run second place in the League. Hamilton were decidedly lucky to get so far in the ties in view of their League results, which are far below what we should expect from runners-up in the national trophy. The fact that they ousted Dundee gave them a fillip, which only lasted till the final was past, their only success being against Aberdeen in the League during the interval between the semi-final and final ties. The Celts began very moderately, but rallied; and till they came to Pittodrie were working hard to retain the League honour. On failing at Aberdeen, they set themselves out for the cup; and that they won it was due more to their defence than their attack, which has been very erratic. In the League race Aberdeen and Rangers have kept a neck to neck pace till the last fortnight, when the Ibrox men gained the verdict. The Aberdeen players went stale just at the time they ought to have been strongest, and the points they lost against Hamilton, Partick Thistle, Hibs, and Morton would have placed them leaders instead of second place. A glance, however, at the table is interesting. They rank second in the number of goals scored against them, Celtic, having fewest with 18, the leaders third with 34, and Clyde next with 36. Though Aberdeen have not been so great marksmen as some of the teams, their 53 goals looks well, against 28, the best scorers being Rangers 90, Falkirk 65, Third Lanark, 59, and Dundee 54. Aberdeen have the satisfaction of being the only club that has taken full points off the leaders, beating the Rangers at Ibrox and Pittodrie, and thus taking four points, a performance which no other club has been able to do during the past season. Morton came nearest doing this with three points. From these salient points it will be gathered that Aberdeen have done consistently well throughout the season, having achieved much greater prominence in the football world than ever they have done since joining the League. Their play throughout has been beyond reproach, and now that they have made a good name we trust they will be able to maintain it.

THE ENGLISH HONOURS.

After a most thrilling game, Bradford City won the F.A. Cup from Newcastle United at Manchester last Wednesday by the only goal

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of the game. This is just what it should be, the honours going round, and to none more worthy than the "Citizens," who have put up a good record throughout the season. The League championship was a great struggle, Aston Villa and Manchester United entering the last lap neck and neck, the Mancunians winning on the tape. Aston Villa had to beat Liverpool outright or draw to be equal with the United, though the Villains had not such a good goal average, which counts here. Manchester United had to meet Sunderland; so that it could not be said that either had a soft affair on. Villa failed to beat Liverpool, and the United scored heartily against Sunderland, which put Manchester United top of the table by 1 point, Aston Villa, last year's champions, being second. The struggle for the bottom two places was also keen. Notts Forest were firmly anchored a week ago at the bottom, but Bristol City and Bury had a run for the next bottom, and the western city was doomed for the Second Division. Equally keen was the race for promotion in the Second Division, the two top clubs going into the upper circle next year. For some time back the struggle has practically lain between Bolton Wanderers, West Bromwich Albion, and Chelsea. All have been in the First Division before, Bolton only being relegated last year, so that their speedy return is commendable to the management. West Bromwich Albion have been out for some years, and have made many valiant efforts to get back, and only succeeded last week to establish their claim safely. Chelsea and Bolton, however, had to fight to the bitter end; the "Pensioners" lost their last game, and they will have to wait another year; while Bolton go back to the "charmed circle," which with their present team they ought to do very well.

ABERDEEN'S LAST GAME.

There was little or nothing to win or lose in the game at Parkhead on Saturday. Unfortunately, the weather broke down before the match began and left the pitch in a thoroughly sodden state, so that good play was out of the question. The feature throughout the whole ninety minutes' play was the superb defence on both sides. We have frequently remarked on the fine work which King has been doing of late, and without any exaggeration he saved the situation at Parkhead on Saturday. Aberdeen's policy in the first half was a mistaken one, their close passing and dribbling being out of the question on such heavy turf and the footing so insecure. Opening out the play in the second half, their shots had more telling effect, and Adams had greater difficulty in dealing with them. There were no goals scored during the game, a tribute to the two best clubs' defences in the League. It was a most interesting game all through, and the only regret about it is that it was not the deciding match for the championship, which many had prophesied it would be.

NORTHERN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Aberdeen A finished their Northern League programme on Saturday, when they tackled Arbroath at Pittodrie. The "red lighthouses" have invariably put up a good fight for points, and their display on Saturday was no exception to the rule. Aberdeen A had to make sure that their home record was not to be tarnished, and the way they set about it led us to believe there were to be lots of goals before the finish.

Right away the Reserves went down the field, and never gave the visitors a chance to touch the ball till it was in the net. Towns was the marksman, though there was no great accuracy required. Arbroath were staggered for a bit; but they came away in fine style several times after that, their right-wing being very nippy and clever. They got on level terms before the interval, and deserved the point on play. In the second period Aberdeen took a better grip of the game, and scored twice; and run out winners by 3-1. This gives the championship to Aberdeen A, whose play throughout the season has been a credit to themselves and the club. When the fact is taken into account that the first team has always been recruited from the Reserves in times of accident or otherwise, the winners of the Northern League flag deserve to be congratulated on their success. Their defence has been sound; their halves splendid; while the forwards could not be expected to be a model line, with hardly two weeks the same five playing together.

THE SIGNING-ON BUSINESS.

Very slow progress has been made in securing the services of the present players for next season. It is said the players want increased terms, and the management are not inclined to pay more than they can reasonably do and run the club on sound lines. So long as their wages were coming in the players did not seem anxious about next year, but once the pay stops they may be easier to talk to. Rumours are rife that several have been touched up to go to other places, but Aberdeen is not the only club that is being treated in this way. All the clubs complain of their players being in no hurry, but a spurt is sure to be made for a deal, and those who want pastures new will be ready to make known their intentions. Dundee were never in such a stress as they are at present, and the fact that they had to abandon their charity match at Pittodrie is proof of the backward way they are in for signing-on. This may be altered by another season; for there is a proposal to allow players to take part in a charity game during the month of May without being signed on. If this is carried at the A.G.M. of the Scottish clubs will be able to furnish their charity engagements, (if the players agree to play. We should rather prefer to see all the charity games played before the season closes, and when the enthusiasm is at its height, instead of the fog end, when the gates do not come to within half the ordinary Saturday drawings.

THE FLEMING CHARITY SHIELD.

Aberdeen will play the final for the Fleming Charity Shield on Pittodrie on Saturday, when their opponents will be Buckie Thistle. What the composition of the Aberdeen team will be it is difficult to say, but they have now got together a selection which will carry them through. They had signed on at the beginning of this week the following:—Greig; Colman and Hume; Low, Watson, and Millar; Macintosh, Nichol, Edgar, and Neilson, so that only an outside-right is required; so that by the time these notes appear, we expect Soyé will have given his signature, so that a good team is assured to meet the northern men on Saturday.

CHATTY BITS.

The Charity Competition this year has been the worst on record.

The gate drawings have barely paid expenses, and the loss of the holiday match is a serious matter for the Charity Committee.

Annual meetings will now be the order of the day. Aberdeen's is not due till June.

The Continental trip is due to start next week, so the management had better be up and doing.

We hear there is a strong effort being made in the south and west to keep the wage bill within reasonable bounds.

The players have hitherto got all the benefits, and the clubs have been left stranded. Fancy some players with over £5 a week all the year round, and three months holidays thrown in. Even £4 a week all the year round is very high remuneration, and more than some clubs can pay.

The applications for admission into the Second Division of the Scottish League is likely to be very keen this year.

It is taken for granted that Port-Glasgow will not be included next year, and Dumfermline Athletic and St. Johnstone are already in the field for support, while other western clubs are expected to be on the move likewise.

St. Johnstone have strong claims this year, being the Consolation Cup and Dewar Shield winners, and on play have a very strong team for playing with.

A meeting to strengthen the present Northern League was held on Saturday in Dundee. It is the intention to raise the membership to 14 clubs.

A strong effort is to be made to get the clubs enrolled before the annual general meeting next month.

The Northern League flag will fly at Pittodrie next year, this being the second time the honour has come since the amalgamation.

The District Charity final between Buckie Thistle and Fraserburgh was played on Saturday, and resulted in a draw of two goals each. A date in the close season will have to be found for this competition.

The annual meeting of the Scottish Association will be held on Tuesday at Carlton Place, Glasgow.

Quite a number of alterations are proposed in the rules, and it is expected the meeting will be a pretty lengthy one.

As showing that the enthusiasm has died down for a year, Dundee's two new players failed to draw more than 2000 to Dens Park on Saturday.



AMONGST THE JUNIORS.

A BUSY TIME.

Now that the senior season is closed the juniors enter on their harvest; for they can always get decent "gates" during the month of May. The principal attraction this month is the inter-city game between Glasgow and Aberdeen, which this year will be played at Pittodrie on the 13th or 20th May, the exact date will be announced next week. There will be a keen canvas for places in the local eleven, as there are so many clever players all eager for a chance in this or some important game like it. The locals have an unbeaten record at home, and the Glasgow people think if they could get them off Central Park they could notch a goal or two off them. The Glasgow Association are very anxious to win this game, and will put north the strongest team they can get to travel.

On Saturday the semi-final for the Lovie Shield was played at Central Park, and it proved a splendid draw, as the games were full of interest from start to finish. The principal tie, or the one that attracted most attention, was that between Richmond and Hawthorn. The Duthie Cup holders had the incline in their favour during the first half, but their shooting was very poor, and the Hawthorn defence was sound. There was a clean sheet at the interval, and on resuming the Richmond saw that they had to do something desperate to keep up their

reputation. They pressed hard for a time, and ultimately were awarded a penalty, from which they opened the scoring. Richmond now had the upper hand to the finish, the Hawthorn falling away in their attack. The cupholders scored again before the finish, the result being Richmond 2, Hawthorn 0.

Parkvale and Loco Works played their tie also on Central Park, and the result—4-0 in favour of the 'Vale—hardly represents the run of play. At once let it be stated that Parkvale were the better side on the day's play, for the reason that they made good use of their opponents whereas the Loco. players lost many golden chances in front of goal, while their play was very much below what they can do. Richmond and Parkvale will now contest in the final for this lovely shield, and we predict a great game.

THE LEAGUES.

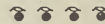
Two games were played in the District League on Saturday, and in each case the home teams proved the victors. At Bucksburn, Mugiemoss had as their opponents St Andrew's Athletic, and the home side won by 4-0. The Moss were in great form forward, and were a vast improvement in what they have been for some time.

At Haudagain, Shamrock were the visitors, and Woodside had an easy passage, as the score indicates, when they won by 4-1. Shamrock were never allowed to settle down to their game, Woodside's halves being in rampant form, and keeping their own forwards well supplied they won by the margin stated.

There will be two very good games at Central Park to-night, when Woodside meet St. Andrew's Athletic, and Balnagask play Banks' of Dee. Both games start at 6.45, and should be worth seeing.

In the Silver City League, Ashfield and Ardenlea played a drawn game of 1 goal each on the Links. The 'Field were a trifle lucky to draw, as Ardenlea monopolised most of the play, and had very hard lines in not winning. East End meet St. Ninians this week on the Links.

The semi-final ties for the Ross Cup were played on Saturday, when Windsor United beat Glenmorton by 1-0, and Royal Albert and Crescent drew with 2 goals each. There was little between the latter teams in their tie, which will have to be replayed on Saturday. The United were worthy of their win against Glenmorton.



BOYS' BRIGADE FOOTBALL.

MUNRO CUP FINAL.

The replay in the final of the Munro Cup competition will take place on Saturday evening at 6 p.m. at Pittodrie Park. Both teams will be at full strength, and a good game is assured, so it is hoped there will be a large turnout to encourage the boys. Extra time will be played if necessary to finish the match. The Cup and Medals will be presented to the teams at the Sergeants' Club Social Evening at Headquarters.

A Way for the Will.

Being requested by the disconsolate, weeping widow of one of his late fellow-townsmen to place on the slab of her dear departed the words—"My sorrow is greater than I can bear," he took care to space the sentence so that room was left for an addition.

A few months later she called to inquire how much it would cost to efface the inscription and substitute another.

"No need of that, marm," he answered soothingly. "You see, there's jes' room to do 'alone.'"

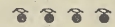
—"Red Hen."

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AN EXTRAORDINARY HOAX.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Nae win'er ye hid t' telephone compleenin' about the late arrival o' this article. The miracle is that ye've gotten't ava. Thank ye for inquiren' efter my health. Na, I didna fa' an' brak' m' heid gaun hame on Monday nicht. It wis only yer ill-thochtitness that siggestit this absurd idea. Eyven if I hid fa'en, my heid's ower hard t' brak'.

Nevertheless, I admit that it's something the maitter wi' my heid that's caused the delay in the reseat o' this bit "copy." That need cause nae surprise. I didna sleep a wink last nicht. I cudna look at my brakfist the day; my "mornin'," though o' the primest an' fieriest "Mossdew," tastit as warsh as castor-ile, an' later, fin I took up the pen, my han' quivered an' shook like that o' a man on the

Verge o' Deleerium Trimmins.

Fae this ye can easy see that my customary high degree o' mental stability hid been seriously affected. Indeed it wis. Yesterday I thocht I wis gaun clean dementit. In fac', sae grave did I consider my condition, that in the evenin' I sent for Dr. Fraser, an' instructi 'im t' diagnose my symptoms, wi' the view o' haecin' mysel' certifeet as insane an' sent t' Elmhill, gin he thocht that extreme step advisable in the interests o' the safety o' the public. Greatly t' my relief, the Doctor said there wis naething partic'larly the maitter wi' me. I wisna sufferin' fae a brain storm or mental brakdoon, as I feared—only my nerves hid gotten a shak'. Efter makin' oot a prescription, which in my agitativ state I neglectit t' sen' t' the droggist, he left me wi' the cheery assurance that I would be "perfectly well by to-morrow morning."

In that he wis mista'en, though fortunately, efter bracin' mysel' up wi' three hauf-gill, I wis able t' pen this

epis'le, an' so avide forfeiture o' this week's pay.

Ye may weel speir fat a' the

Steer Wis About?

That question's nae difficult t' answer. On Tyseday I wis made the subjec' o' the cruellest an' biggest hoax that's ever been perpetrativ in the haill len'th an' breeth o' the country atween the Printfield an' Jerusalem. I'm ower agitativ t' enter int' full details. Sufficient be it t' say that, atween the 'oors o' aucht i' the mornin' an' fower i' the efterneen, ninety-five coal-cairts, fully loadit, drew up t' the hoose an' wintit t' sheet their rubbish on me; a hun'er an' thirty taxi-cabs, an' about a thoosan' tradesmen—penters, plumbers, j'iners, an' the like—called within the same period; an', at a roch estimate, afore a' wis deen, at least aucht hun'er bottles o' fusky and an equal number o' acceptance. The host o' grocers' loons fae a' quarters o' the ceety that swelled the procession wi' packit baskets is incalculable. A' the veesitors taul' the same story—namely, that they cam' here b' instructions fae their maisters.

Sae dense wis the throng roon an' about the hoose that the traffic in the Clifton Road an' surroundin' thoro'fares wis completely suspended for several 'oors. A verra ugly temper wis displayed by the majority o' the persons hoaxed, in particular the coal-cairters. Naething wid convince them that I wisna personally

Responsible for the Ootrage,

an' if I hidna ta'en the precaution o' summonin' the polis early in the day, I honestly believe the hoose wid 'a' been seckit an' mysel' immolated till a cinder in the flames.

The nuisance, as I've indicativ, lastit till fower o'clock. Till nichtfa', however, a mob continued t' hing about the premises. I wid 'a' turn't the fire-hose on them, only I didna daur show my face outdoors or eyven at a winda. In only case it widna been safe t' leave my

domestic, as she didna recover fae her tenth fit o' hysterics till the street lamps wis lichtit.

Meantime the polis hid been makin' inquiry as t' the origin an' perpetrators o' the hoax. A' they've discovered up t' the time o' writin' is o' little consequence—simply that typewritten letters wi' a vilely executit forgery o' my name attached hid been postit broadcast

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through the toon. Ilky ane o' the receipients appearantly actin on the instructions therein contained. That's the warst consequence o' bein' a man o' credit, wi' a reputation, possibly nae a' thegither undeserved, o' possessin' considerable wealth.

"But," objected a detective t' ane o' the victims—a leeshent grocer—"you surely didn't imagine that Birse, who's a whisky man himself, would have ordered anything from you."

"I fancied it peculiar," replied the merchan'. "But then it's well-known that he has a whole skep-ful of bees in

badly spelled that I just thought it possible he might have sent the order when he was half-d—. There's no telling what the man won't do when he's in that condition."

The offisher leuch as he taul' me this, an' I leuch tee, kennin' fine that he wis either a lear or that the merchan' had spoken oot o' disappointit malice.

Gin onything turns up within the neist fyou days I'se lat ye ken.

Yours truly,
PETER BIRSE.

THE SCOTTISH EXHIBITION

Duke of Connaught and the Opening.

While there was a good deal of anxiety felt when it became known that for reasons of health the Duke had cancelled all his public engagements for April, and also on the recommendation of his doctor had decided not to attend on 5th May a meeting in the Mansion House, London, on European and Eurasian Education, it was generally felt that no news was good news, and that had His Royal Highness and his medical advisers entertained the idea that the important engagements in Glasgow could not be kept, there would have been word forthcoming to that effect. The opening ceremony took place yesterday, and the auspicious event was of a most happy and successful character, which augurs well for an ideal season.

The heraldic collection is now finally arranged in the Palace of History. Captain Swinton, March Pursuivant of Arms, has lent a charter by Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas, granting the lands of Culter, in Lanarkshire, to Sir John de Swinton, dated 5th July, 1402. Two reproductions of the early sixteenth century stained glass in the Magdalene Chapel, Edinburgh, have been lent by Mr. Graham Ross. This glass shows the arms of King James V. and his Queen, Mary de Guise Lorraine. A number of interesting exhibits have been received from Sir James Balfour Paul, Lyon King of Arms; Mr. Francis Grant, Rothesay Herald; and Mr. Graham Johnston, Herald Painter. The four Scottish Universities have sent shields charged with their arms, and some twenty shields or paintings of arms are being received from cities and burghs. The honest town of Musselburgh sends a panel painting of the Royal Arms of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland of the reign of Charles II. The Clan MacKay Society is lending the celebrated Bratach Bhan, or white banner, of the MacKays; the Stewart Society is lending several heraldic items, including the armorial badge of the president; and Mr. John Stuart contributes the Culloden flag of the Appin Stewarts, an interesting relic of the '45. The Clan Lindsay Society, the Clan Lamont Society, the Scottish Patriotic Association, and the St. Andrew Society are also lending articles of interest. A large banner with the Royal Lion and treasure of Scotland is displayed in proximity to the Royal Banner of Norway, sent by King Haakon to the Norwegian section, and the two flags should be of interest; for the Scottish Lion is said to have suggested to King Magnus Bareleg the idea of making a golden lion on a red field the Royal Arms of Norway.

In the Palace of Fine Art the galleries are already beginning to have a brave appearance, and celebrated pictures, well known to every lover of art in the country, have already been allocated to their permanent positions in this unique collection. There is a magnificent portrait of the Marquis of Tullibardine by Sir James Guthrie, P.R.S.A., and one of the Marchioness of Tullibardine by George Henry, R.S.A., with many fine examples of Sir Henry



Miss HAZEL GLADE, a sprightly comedienne, who appears at the Palace Theatre this week.

Raeburn's work. As to the other features of the Exhibition, similar rapid progress is being made. The native villages are now nearly intact, and many and curious are the huts; and the black and white population have duly arrived.

ARRIVAL OF LAPLANDERS AT KELVINGROVE

An advance party of Laplanders, accompanied by their wives, children, and reindeer, arrived at Kelvingrove, Glasgow, the other morning.

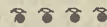
Their progress through the streets attracted very considerable attention. Both men and women wore their ordinary native costumes,

being covered in fur from head to foot. Their shoes are also made of the untanned leather of the reindeer.

On arrival at the Exhibition Grounds, the reindeer, which were conveyed in floats, were at once led to the Lapland Village by their respective owners, the females of the party and their little ones having reached the encampment a little in advance. They were not long in making themselves at home in their new quarters. As they desired to erect the tents themselves, the women and children squatted on the grounds and watched the gambols of the reindeer, when they found themselves at liberty to crop the green grass. While large quantities of moss—their native food—have been brought from the snowy regions, the reindeer—small, skittish looking animals, about the size of a full-grown calf—seemed quite satisfied with the grass. In one corner of the grounds a very young baby was to be seen lying quite content in an upright fashion in a wooden cradle, not much larger than the proverbial Mother Hubbard's shoe; while the other children played round in great glee, one or two attempting acrobatic feats until they were brought to order by a word from their elders. Both the Arctic and Equatorial Camps received their full complement of residents on Sunday evening.

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