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BON-ACCORD

August 21, 1913.—Price One Penny.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Vol. XLVIII.—No. 34.

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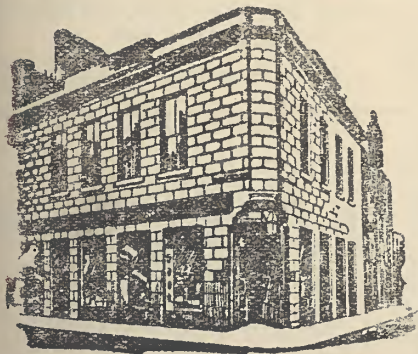
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NELSON STREET, ABERDEEN.

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Shows. They are practically all alike, you say!

Pardon us if we contradict. Our Entertainment
is unique. Our show is not a mere dumb
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Our Pictures speak, live, breathe, as real as
in a play.

Perhaps you didn't know that before. It's
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August 21, 1913.

REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER

Published every Thursday by the Proprietors, HENRY MUNRO, LTD., 10 Crown Street, Aberdeen.
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News Notes, Paragraphs, and Black and White Sketches are invited by the Editor. Rejected contributions, if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes, will be returned in due course.

The Week's Entertainments.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Resident Manager, Mr. H. Adair Nelson. "The Private Secretary." 7.30 p.m.

THE TIVOLI.—Manager, Mr. Walter Gilbert. Each evening, 7 and 9 p.m.

PALACE THEATRE.—Acting Manager, Mr. Fred Clark. Each evening, 7 and 9 p.m.

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THE BEACH PAVILION. Proprietor, Mr. David Thomson. Daily at 3 and 8 p.m.

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GIFT GOODS . . .

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MISS, MISTRESS, OR MADAM?

Protest has been made in several quarters against the use of the word "Miss" as the title for the unmarried woman, and the use is suggested of a universal application of the title "Mrs." or perhaps "Mistress" in its stead.

While "Mrs." is one of the most unmusical words in the English language, the title "Mistress" would fall clumsily from our lips, and the old-world charm attaching to the title would be entirely out of place in this utilitarian age. The use of the word "Madam," however, would be at once euphonious and non-committal, and is at the same time one of the most universal of women's titles.

Little more than a year ago Viennese feminists also deplored the fact that an unmarried woman's title was an undesirable label, and as a result a league called the League of Madame was organised, with the object of bringing the title "Madame" into general use for women of all ranks, married and unmarried. The league exacts a pledge from its members to style themselves "Madame" and also address their feminine associates by this title.

The adoption of the word into the social life of this country would be a simple step, for already it is in common use for commercial and business purposes. The "What is your business, madam?" of the suave shop-walker, the "Thank you, madam," of the shop girl, the formal "Dear Madam" of our business correspondence accustom our ear to its daily usage, so that its more universal adoption would not only be a very easy matter, but would in an incredibly short space of time become customary. Also the inability to differentiate upon first acquaintance between bachelors and benedicts, who by their democratic use of the title "Mr." defy detection, would be met by the equally democratic use of the title "Madam" by spinsters and matrons, while it should kindle (if it is possible to kindle) a finer spirit of camaraderie than at present infuses womanhood.

Another benefit which would doubtless follow in its train would be the extension of many privileges at present only accorded to married women to the unmarried, while it would place men and women in ordinary daily life on a more equal footing.

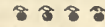
"Have you got any food with you?" Mr. Hawker was asked as he started the waterplane race on Saturday.

"No," he said. "Can't be bothered. We'll get it at the stopping-places."

THE LATEST PUZZLER.

The silly season has brought forth a worthy successor to "How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?" The new puzzler, according to the "New York Tribune," is as follows:—

"Bill had a bill-board and Bill had a board bill, and Bill's board bill bored Bill till Bill sold Bill's bill-board to pay Bill's board bill, and then Bill's board bill no longer bored Bill."

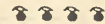


A HINT TO VETERANS.

An ex-Gordon Highlander, who has seen active service with Roberts, speaking to a "Gazette" representative, remarked that all veterans up to 90 or 100 years of age, if they wanted to be recognised, had to join the National Reserve. If war broke out, they would not be recognised unless they were National Reservists.

—"Evening Gazette."

We pass along the information for nonagenarians and centenarians who may still be imbued with the bellicose spirit.



The Jury returned a verdict in accordance with the evidence.

Aberdeen, 0; Clyde, 2.

—"Evening Express."



MUSIC IN THE PARKS.

Band performances will be given in the city parks during the month of August as follows:—

Date.	Band.	Park.
Aug. 22	4th B.G.H.	Bathing Station.
" 25	1st H.B.R.F.A.	Westburn.
" 27	4th B.G.H.	Union Ter. Gdns.
" 29	Postal Band	Torry.

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Send for Illustrated Tariff to

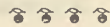
C. A. THEIM, Proprietor.

THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS,

The Man in the Street.

The Civic Banquets.

There has been quite a little dust kicked up by a retired councillor whose desire for anonymity is frustrated by the vigour of his language. There are not many men who can hit out in the same way as the "unknown" did. This time he was on the trail of the Town Council for the way its invitations are issued for public banquets. Not being invited to such little frivolities, and never having been sufficiently interested to inquire who were present, it came as something of a shock to learn that on occasion there were as many as forty officials present. Even if we allow for the usual exaggeration when such scares get up, and put it down at twenty, it is still about four times as many as there are any need for. It is bad enough to have to regale the elected, but to have to feast the salaried is a little too much.



Who Shall It Be?

It is quite an interesting question as to who shall sit at the Civic Board when we are out to entertain the stranger. If we are to include all the councillors, a host of officials, and allow a few others just to relieve the awful monotony of such a performance, it becomes more a demonstration than a luncheon. If we begin to exclude town councillors where are we to stop? Yet if the common or garden councillor is to be included, why not the School Board and the Parish Council? That becomes too awful to contemplate. The simplest way out would be to take all the eligible persons and invite a certain number in strict rotation. If

Funeral Undertaking.

GORDON, WATSON, & MAY, 12 HOLBURN STREET, ABERDEEN.

We beg to intimate that each member of our firm has a very large experience in Funeral Undertaking. Mr. Gordon has been workshop foreman to Messrs. Wm. Cay & Sons for upwards of 20 years, Mr. Watson has been assistant manager with the same firm for 16 years, and Mr. May has also had a wide experience. Those who may be called upon to make Funeral arrangements can rely upon us with the utmost confidence that everything shall be carried out with due respect and at a very reasonable cost.

Telephone No. 2300. Telegraphic Address—
"Undertake, Aberdeen."

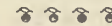
Works—54 Justice Mill Lane.

speeches were barred and the comparatively limited. I might even be anxious to get a turn occasionally myself. But to sit in a mob and plough through a weary menu and listen to the usual speeches is more than I should care to face. I would rather attend an old-fashioned soiree and listen to the clerical gentlemen telling the same stories as they did when I was eligible for the Sunday School



Exhibition Advance Agent.

Councillor Stewart Thomson is back again, and yet the Town Council sat for fifteen minutes only on Monday! What is the explanation? Has the fluent councillor had to take a rest to recover from his strenuous holiday? There were plenty of opportunities of his getting in a reference to Ghent, or of flinging a German quotation at the heads of the admiring councillors. It seems he was acting as advance agent for the proposed Aberdeen exhibition, as well as representing the Town Council. He has got a few hints as to how they do things in Germany, and the versatile member for St. Nicholas is not the man to hide his light under the bushel. When he does start, it is to be hoped he will be merciful, and keep to one language at a time when he addresses the Council.



A Good Templar Onslaught.

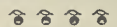
If some of the prophets are to be believed, the Good Templars did more than talk when they were in conference in Aberdeen. We are told they had a consultation with the local leaders, and it was decided to make an onslaught on the Town Council, and particularly on those members who are allied with "the Trade." Well, there are plenty of opportunities for the temperance people if they are spoiling for a fight. Greyfriars is said to be marked down, and Mr. Leith is given notice to quit. Mr. Leith may not be willing to take such notice, and Greyfriars may not be anxious for a change. If I were in the counsels of the temperance party, and were asked to advise in a friendly way, I should say Greyfriars is about the worst ward they could tackle. It is not often, however, that such worldly wisdom counts with the fanatical. Where the enemy is strongest there they choose to go. It is very heroic, no doubt, and it does not hurt the enemy much, and so no one need complain. If all are happy and none are hurt, things are very well arranged.



No Heroic Intentions.

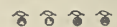
The first two Ruperts who were advertised to take the field hastened to disclaim any such heroic intentions.

Somehow Mr. Esson was suggested as Mr. Leith's opponent. Why Mr. Esson should desert Rosemount, even though it has deserted him, I am at a loss to know. His wooing was so long and arduous, the marriage pleased him so well, that I am certain he will try to re-establish the domestic harmony once again. Greyfriars, too, cannot boast of being the most intelligent ward in the city, and it is surely not suggested that anything less than the superlative in intelligence would be suitable for Mr. Esson. Can it be that Bailie Stephen was growing frightened, and tried this ruse to draw away his opponent? Mr. Esson did not say I would not go to Greyfriars. Cynic people might say Mr. Esson would go to any ward he could get returned to



Sectional Candidates.

It was noticeable that both Mr. Esson and Mr. Middleton denied the story by saying they would not agree to come forward as sectional candidates. Bless you, did you ever hear anyone admit being a sectional candidate? All candidates are sublimely citizens with interest so wide that they can reconcile the most diverse views and appeal confidently for support of all kinds and conditions of voters. In the case of Messrs. Esson and Middleton they have both learned from experience that it does not pay to run a total-abstinence ticket too prominently. If they do, all the fanatics swarm round them, insist on speaking, and do so with such effect that the other candidate is sure to win. After Mr. Middleton's experience in St. Machar ten years ago he will be chary of the crowd who romped round that ward and helped Mr. Thomson so well.



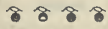
What Next?

What are we to have next? The list of conferences, congresses, meetings, and so on which have had Aberdeen for their venue this year must be something appalling. I have given up the effort to sort them out a long time ago, and when next I see badge-bedecked people in Union Street I shall reckon them all Good Templars or Co-operators. Last week it was German Doctors and their ladies who were not content to be entertained but returned

Eiffel Tower MILK PUDDING

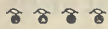
A 1d. packet makes a delicious milk pudding
in 10 minutes. Try it. You will be delighted.

courtesy. Some of the good folks of Aberdeen were said to be rather shocked at the ladies who openly smoked in the company of the guests. "So Continental, you know," and it was forgiven in consequence. The only difference between the Continental and the home product is that the former does not boggle at doing such an innocent thing as smoking in public. The ladies of Britain have not yet emancipated themselves from the snug ypoecrisy of the Victorian era.



The Beach Proposals.

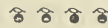
They are still throwing out large schemes for the Beach improvement. The welter of absurdities the question of providing some place at the Beach where one can get something to eat and drink in comfort is beginning to get more serious consideration. For years the Beach has been the most arid place in a land that is often dry and parched. A half-hearted attempt was made to improve the restaurant, but it is all too much of a cross between an ice-cream shop and a tea-room which has never got going. A demand is being put forward for a licensed place, and there is a good deal to be said for it. Why not get the Town Council to run a licensed place itself for an experiment? If it was found that the presence of a licensed place was militating against the Beach pier it could easily be stopped, if there were no licensee to consider. It would be easier, too, to keep the thing within strict limits if the Council was completely responsible.



Living Well Alone.

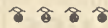
The Local Government Board's interference on the Parish Council's expenditure on travelling expenses to the Chairman attending some conference or other has been followed by the auditor disallowing the payment. This roused the ire of several councillors, and a proposal was made to change the auditor. That was worthy of the Parish Council, although it was not liked by Mr. Murdo Robertson to be found on the side of the splutterers. One could have quite a happy time if one were allowed to change the auditors every time they disallowed payments. The defalcating cashier would be saved much worry, and would not require to bother about devising ingenious

ways of receiving if he could always move for the resignation of the auditor. The members of the Council who proposed letting things stand were wiser. It is always safe to play 'possum.



School Books.

With the opening of the schools there has been the usual plaint from the parent whose quiver is full of the wickedness of changing books, so that Johnnie's dog-eared reader cannot be handed down to Jimmie. It does seem a reckless waste of money to buy a book which only serves one person. If one is to judge from some of the books issued from public libraries, it seems as if the ordinary rules of sanitation were suspended so far as books are concerned. The sensible course for the schools is to place the cost of books on the school fund, just as desks, slates, and other necessary articles are. Why we should go as far as free dental aid and deny free books does not seem evident on the face of it. The average ratepayer is not given to thinking consistently, and probably that is why.



A Foolish Sacrifice.

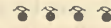
The alternative of persisting with the same books from year to year is surely a foolish sacrifice of efficiency to economy. If the teacher has to go on with the same book, listening to the same old sentences in the same old way, the teaching is bound to become more mechanical than it unfortunately is now. It is difficult enough in all conscience to keep alive interest and to preserve the zest necessary to teach where one has to go year year after year over the same kind of thing. But if we are to insist they are actually to go over the very same thing we are bound to lose much of what we are aiming at with our educational system.



Halfpenny Fares.

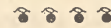
The Town Council has got the halfpenny fares settled once again, and this time the distances are more rational than was formerly the case. I suppose it will never be possible to please everybody until all are allowed to go on the cars when they like, pay what they like, and come off when they like. Even then we should have people

objecting to paying at all. The next improvement we might get is a transfer system such as they have in Edinburgh, and which works so well. Why should not one be able to travel say from the top of Union Street to the Fish Market for a penny, or from the foot of Crown Street to the corner of Holburn Street. There are many such transfers that might be arranged which would always bring revenue. The great art in running cars seems to be to place such a service on the streets that no one will feel inclined to walk. Mr. Pilcher is doing very well that way, and we may be sure he is not at the end of his resources.



Kill That Fly.

Among the many subjects dealt with at the recent International Medical Congress none perhaps was of greater importance than that relating to the mischief which the common house fly may cause to health. In these northern climes the fly pest may not be so serious as in the more genial atmosphere of the south, but there is no gainsaying the fact that even in Scotland the housewife cannot be too careful in guarding against the fly horde. Spring-cleaning time is a good time to "swat the fly," that if allowed to breed and come to maturity will multiply itself many many times, and maybe bring death to the home as he leaves his typhoid trail across the butter, or bathes his dirty feet in the cream pitcher. The only safe fly is the dead fly, or the one that has not been allowed to come into being. The cleaner you make your surroundings in the spring-time the fewer flies you will have in August. The cleaner you keep your back-yard and the environment of your out-buildings, the more care you take to see that all refuse is ment of refuse is destroyed or carefully covered, the less will be the menace to health when the fly horde gets busy in midsummer.

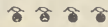


The University Gift.

A gift when it comes as unexpectedly as that which the late William Robbie has given to the University from far-away Ballarat is all the more welcome. There seems little doubt as to the authenticity of the bequest, which is certain to prove a boon to many students who in future years will have cause to thank or perhaps even bless

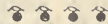
CURR'S COFFEE ESSENCE.

Wm. Robbie, the Finzean shoemaker. At the same time, valuable and acceptable though the bequest is, the citizens generally would have preferred had it been given for the development of the University equipment or the establishment of chairs, for the students are really not in so much need of assistance as the University itself, and much beneficial work could be done in the way of providing instruction in subjects which at present receive either little or no attention, simply because of lack of funds.



A Socialist Outburst.

It was scarcely to be expected that the Socialists in the city would let the visit of Lord Roberts pass without having their usual outburst. The Socialists are not the only members of the community who are opposed to conscription, but why the conferring of the freedom of the city upon such a distinguished personage as Lord Roberts should be regarded as implicating the citizens in a propaganda of conscription it is difficult to comprehend. The resolution which the Socialists have passed is not likely to damp the ardour and enthusiasm of the thousands who will turn out to welcome Bobs when he honours our fair city with a visit.



Our Royal Visitors.

It is many years since there was such an assemblage of Royal personages on Deeside as at present. In the Royal pews at Crathie Church last Sunday there were, besides the King, no fewer than three queens, five princes, and three princesses, so that, with the large number of the aristocracy present, it is questionable if the picturesque edifice has ever honoured a more distinguished congregation.



Another Record.

It was indeed a feather in the cap of Messrs. Hall & Company, and also of the port, when within thirty-six days of the laying of the keel the Footdee firm last Saturday sent out the drifter Poseidon on her trial trip. In these days of hustle one is not surprised at even a steam drifter of 86 feet being constructed in five weeks, but this sort of hustling is a new experience even for go-ahead Aberdeen.

ABERDEEN—"Star and Garter," 6 Crown Street. Speciality—Pure Glen Grant Whisky, guaranteed 10 years old. Private Buffet.

JOHN WILSON, Proprietor.

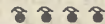
SIDE-WALK ETIQUETTE.

Two girls who had been friends in school met at the corner of two busy Aberdeen streets. Some years had passed since they had seen each other, and the delight of the unexpected meeting was mutual. For fifteen minutes they occupied the middle of the sidewalk, chatting about old times, and making inquiries as to the whereabouts of different schoolmates. As a result of this friendly reunion passers-by had fifteen minutes of inconvenience.

The frequency of scenes like this suggest that a great many young persons, as well as some who are older, need information on the fundamental rules of sidewalk etiquette. A public thoroughfare is not the place for friendly chats, and those who insist on having their talk out, even though a few hundred people are crowded off the sidewalk, show painful lack of good breeding.

The people who always want to know what is going on are very apt to violate important rules of sidewalk etiquette. There is an accident somewhere, and at once a throng pushes toward the point of disturbance. Very likely there is not one out of the number who expects to be of any assistance. And yet mere idle curiosity, that root of so many evils and of nothing good, is sure to call a crowd together, even when an unobstructed thoroughfare is of the utmost importance.

There is no need of a manual of sidewalk etiquette for the girl who goes to the city. The rules are so short and simple that very few words are sufficient to express them. One who mingles with a crowd should have some object in view, and yet not make it of such supreme importance as to be quite indifferent to the comfort and convenience of other people. He should neither loiter nor hurry unduly. He should be careful not to interfere with those about him, and should be good-natured over the little annoyances which are inevitable. It is easy to assume good manners for some social occasion, but the crush and hurry of the streets show with unmistakable plainness the gentleman and gentlewoman.



A Barrister's "Find."

A barrister passing a shop near Chancery Lane happened to see a water-colour painting which took his fancy. He gave a sovereign for it, and, in his chambers a few days afterwards, he showed it to a friend, on whose advice he consulted an expert. The latter has pronounced the picture to be a genuine Birket Foster. The days of unexpected "finds" are not yet over.

THE ABERDEEN STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.

SPECIAL CHEAP TRIPS TO LONDON BY SEA

EVERY WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY

9-DAY TRIP FARES. 5-DAY TRIP FARES
1st Cabin.....£4 15s. 1st Cabin.....£3 15s.
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Including Meals on Voyage and Hotel Accommodation in London.

Coupons issued for Cook's Sight-Seeing Tours in LONDON and SUBURBS.

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Special £2 15s. Fare.

Full Particulars on Application to ALEX MURRAY, 261 Union Street; MACKAY BROS. and CO., 48 Union Street; or ERWARD J. SAVAGE, Manager, 87 Waterlo Quay, Aberdeen.

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By the well-appointed Steamers of the North of Scotland and Orkney and Shetland Steam Navigation Company.

Six Times Weekly,

ABERDEEN TO LEITH.

First Cabin 7s. 6d.
Second Cabin 4s. 6d.

Return Tickets available for three months as issued on Board at the rate of Single Fare at a Half.

SHORT HOLIDAY CRUISES

To the

ORKNEY AND SHETLAND ISLANDS.

From Aberdeen by the s.s. "ST. NICHOLAS" every Monday, returning Thursday evening and by s.s. "ST. ROGNVALD" every Friday returning Tuesday evening. Passage Money including First-Class Sleeping Accommodation, Attendance, and Meals—

£3 7s. 6d.

TEN DAYS' HOLIDAY £6 5s.

Being the above Cruise by the s.s. "ST. NICHOLAS," with a week's board at the Magnus Hotel, Hillswick, which is beautifully situated amidst the finest scenery, and has both Loch and Sea Fishing Free.

The above charges include everything necessary.

For further particulars and programme sailings apply to

WM. MERRYLEES, Manager
Northern Steam Wharf, Aberdeen.

Scented A Rival.

"The equator is an imaginary line, running around the earth," said the boy who liked to tell what he has learned at school.

"An imaginary line," repeated the great railway financier, absent-mindedly. "Who's promoting it?"

WE WONDER.

Who is to unveil the King's Statue.

What Mr. Pilcher means by "reduced children's fares."

If the complaints in regard to the neglect on the part of the tramway motormen and conductors to show the proper destination signs on the cars are not without foundation.

Where the cat came from that interrupted the service in a certain city congregational church last Sunday evening.

What was the purpose of the gathering of young men at the Wallace Statue about midnight on Monday, and why their conversation was so carefully hushed when passers-by appeared on the scene.

What the facts are about an elopement which is causing a good deal of talk in city cinema circles.

If any of the waterplane experts will really be seen in Aberdeen, and if the only person who was not thoroughly disappointed on Monday was Mr. Bucher, the tramway manager, who believes in the truth of the old adage, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Who the "knut" was who got an unoffending molar extracted at a certain dentist's establishment the other day, and if the pretty assistant was really the draw.

How many people will benefit by the first halfpenny stage on the Rosemount tramway route, and if the committee would not be well advised to extend the distance.

If the tit-bit of Monday's Town Council meeting was not the somewhat amusing method which Baillie Young adopted of letting his colleagues know that although late he was entitled to an attendance mark, and if he really knew what he was seconding.

BROKE ALL RECORDS.

An Irish athlete, who was training for a mile race, which he had very high hopes of winning, went one day, accompanied by his man, Pat, to have a trial in a field convenient to his own house.

"Now, Pat," said the master as he handed him his watch, "mind that you note the correct time in which I start and finish."

Pat, who, by the way, was very proud of his young master's prowess in the athletic arena, assured him that he would make no mistake. Now it happened that by some unlucky chance the watch stopped at the precise moment in which the master started to run. Having put his best efforts into the race, the athlete finished almost exhausted.

"The time, Pat?" he shouted breathlessly.

Pat immediately pulled out the watch, and, on looking at it for the first time since the start, an expression of surprise, mingled with pride, overspread his features.

"Begorra, sir," he answered, "you have broken all records—you have done it in no time."



MARY UP-TO-DATE.

Mary had a little lamb,
Potatoes, and green peas.
When asked is she would have some more,
Said Mary, "If you Please."

She did not gain her appetite
Through tennis, golf, or bike;
For Mary was a suffragette,
Home from a hunger-strike.

FROM THE COURTS.

Prisoner (at Willesden)—"I will not be so rude as to call the policeman a liar; but, all the same, he is one."

Charged at Highgate with being drunk and disorderly, defendant pleaded "guilty half-way—disorderly, but not drunk."

Told by the magistrate that he was the head of the house, a husband at Blackburn ejaculated—"What! Me? No fear—the wife's boss."

"He wasn't noticeable drunk. He wasn't as drunk as most people are drunk when they are drunk," said a witness in a case at the Thames.

During the hearing of charges of drunkenness at the Thames Court one defendant told Mr. Leicester, the presiding magistrate, he "would plead the aggressor," while the next defendant said, "My moderation went too far."

In a case recently brought before Mr. Plowden, the husband, who was a commercial traveller, complained that "his wife never kissed him except when she wanted some money."

"That would be often enough for most married men," was Mr. Plowden's terse comment.



When A Man's Married.

Husband—"Well, what have you got for supper? I'm as hungry as a wolf!!!"
Wife—"A couple of nice chops, dear."
Husband—"Chops, chops, chops! Can't you ever prepare anything else? I'm going down to the club to get a regular meal."
(At the club).—Husband—"Ah, waiter, what are you going to give me for supper?"
Waiter—"Nothing much, sir; but I might fix you up with a chop!!!"
Husband—"Good! Make it two!!!"

MILK SUPPLY.

We have spared no Expense in having all the Latest Methods and Appliances for the Handling and Delivering of Milk.

IMPORTANT.

In addition to the Inspection by the Sanitary and Health Authorities, we have all the Cows supplying our Dairies periodically Examined by a Qualified Veterinary Surgeon.

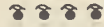
FINDLAY'S DAIRIES,
457 Union Street.

Branches and Carts throughout the City.

Telephone—No 1750.

THE FOES OF BEAUTY.

"If I were asked," says a well-known medical woman, "what is the greatest foe to beauty in both man and woman, I would say, not errors in diet, not lack of exercise, not overwork, nor any one of these, but from bad mental states? I mean anger, fear, worry, anxiety, irritability, regret, envy, jealousy, lack of trust—all these are bad mental states; and all these destroy beauty, not only by interfering with the action of the vital organs, but by directly disfiguring the expression on the face.

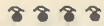


A Lament.

The sunshine comes, the sunshine goes,
But grief sits on and sighs.
It chills the heart, and mikes it smart.
Oh! to forget. Oh! to forget.

The daylight comes, the daylight comes,
Yet grief can see no change.
It chokes the root, it kills the shoot.
Oh! to forget. Oh! to forget.

But life must end, and it will send
The grief to sleep for ever.
Oh! God, I pray for that last day.
Then to forget. Then to forget!



Seasonable.

In a certain co-educational institution the male students are not permitted to visit the resident lady boarders. One day a youth was caught in the act, and court-martialled. The headmaster, addressing him, said—"Well, Mr. Blank, the penalty for the first offence is two shillings and sixpence, for the second five shillings, for the third seven shillings and sixpence, and so on, rising half a crown each time up to three pounds."

In solemn tones the tresspasser said, "How much would a season ticket cost?"



Cemetery Antipathies.

A speaker at the International Congress of Medicine is reported to have said that "a good dose of whisky and water will make a man go to bed and sleep very well, especially if he is an abstainer. This recalls the story of the two farmers who chanced to visit a new cemetery. "I'd rather dee than be buried in sic a place!" remarked one. "Weel, it's the verra reverse wi' me," retorted the other, "for I'll be buried naewhere else if I'm spared."

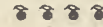
The Paradox.

"A man I know and yet know not at all,
Is one who ever stands at beck and call,
Responsive always to my slightest whim,
No matter what the task I set for him.
My friend he would be, yet most truly he
Of all my foes is my worst enemy—
A riddle past all solving—loving, warm,
Yet daily in some way he doeth harm.

Control him? I have trie dwith some success,
Yet often he eludes me, and distress
Incalculable follows in his train,
And leaves me fact to face with bitter pain.
His thoughts I know, and yet within his soul,
He carries as it were a mystic scroll.
That, try how hard I may to penetrate
Its meaning clear, I never can translate.

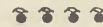
Why this good deed he does, or that of ill,
The deeds that dull all hope, or haply thrill
My heart and soul, I cannot comprehend—
My enemy to-day; to-morrow, friend!
With joy and shame, alternately, through life
He's filled my days with happiness and strife;
My love and hatred form his worldly pelf,
This man I know, yet know him not—
Myself!

—"New York Sun."



Something Like A Drink.

The most invigorating of all drinks, according to George Steevens, was the "Abu Hamed," which he sampled when marching "With Kitchener to Khartoum." It was compounded of gin, varmouth, angostura, lime-juice, and soda, and its effects were wonderful. "It spread blessedly through body and spirit," he wrote, "not swirling through like the Atbara, but irrigating like the Nile. It is soil in the sand, substance in the wind, life in death. Your sap runs again, your muscles take an elasticity, your mummy bones toughen. Your self has sprung up alive, and you almost think you know how it feels to rise deranged."



Will Ragtime Endure?

Discussing rag-time in a London evening paper, Mr Max Pemberton says:—"Men tell me every day that the craze will be over in a few months' time and that we shall be back on waltzes and jigs. Why that should be so they do not appear to know. Ragtime, after all, is an addition of a novel tempo to the existing stock employed by musicians for the purposes of variety entertainment. It is unrivalled in the vigour which it imparts to a show and the quickness of the appeal which it makes to the public. There is no more reason why rag-time should disappear than that we should abandon the waltz or any other measure which musicians have employed. Nor, in my opinion, shall we abandon it, and I shall be surprised if it be not a feature of every revue for some years to come.



In The Woods.

"That idea of rubbing two pieces of wood together must be very useful when you are camping," said the tourist at Banff.
"It is," replied the ghillie. "I've known it to provide occupation by the hour for a man who otherwise would have been all over the place making a nuisance of himself."

NUGGETS.

A joke, like an egg, is never the same.
Men are born, but husbands are made.
A silent husband sets the wife talking
Riches have wings, but poverty is always with us.

Life is always worth living if you're worth a lot.

Look before you sleep, especially at the sea-side.

Better late than never is the old maid's motto.

Being ground down sldom makes a man sharp.

Love is never humble unless it has something to gain.

It is better finance to flatter a live man than a dead one.

Worry is interest paid on trouble before it becomes due.

All's fair in love, if you don't happen to prefer brunettes.

Men who can be bought imagine that they can't be caught.

We never see ourselves as others see us, or as we see others.

Two years of widowhood is equal to a university education.

Philosophers give love many names, but the result is always the same.

The physician tells you that you need change, and then takes all you have.

The pitcher who goes off to the mound is batted out of the box at last.

An ounce of wisdom at the right moment is better than a pound of silence.

Flattery is the best cure for a stiff neck. It will turn almost anybody's head.

Some girls don't care if they are not taken seriously so long as they are taken.

Some people tell the truth to shame the devil, and only succeed in shaming themselves.

From a masculine point of view it would be heresy to question the sex of the devil.

There is no such thing as solitary happiness. If you object to matrimony, try a dog.

Men get rid of one trouble and find others, and then grumble that women are changeable.

There isn't a man alive who doesn't admire gilt-edged securities, so why shouldn't a girl?

A woman has no use for a secret that she may not tell, or money that she cannot spend.

Wine and woman should never be grouped together, for only the wine improves with age.

A quadruped means something with four feet, and a religion means something that commits a man to some doctrine about the universe.

Before the average man reaches the age of 25 he has either made a fool of himself or has employed some woman to do it for him.

According to the papers, the wife of an aviator is about to sue for a divorce. Oddly enough, she doesn't allege that her husband is a high flier.

ABERDEEN—Bon-Accord Restaurant,
17 and 19 Market Street. Under new management. Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners, and Teas. La gest Dining Hall in the City. Ladies' Room Weddings, At Homes, Dinner and Supper Parties catered for.

WALTER DEANS, Proprietor

By Rail to Parliament.

Mr. Marshall Hall, the well-known advocate and politician, has expressed his intention of retiring from the House of Commons when the next general election comes along. His retirement will be a decided loss to the Tory party, though he has never met with the same success in Parliament as at the Bar.

Decidedly curious was the manner in which Mr. Marshall Hall entered on a Parliamentary career. He was asked to stand for Southport, and was very undecided as to whether he should accept. At the time he was departing from Liverpool Street for Norway, and his attention was attracted to a goods train which was running parallel with the one in which he was travelling. As he passed the engine he noticed the name on it was Southport, and it was travelling in his own direction. Here was a happy omen, so he promptly telegraphed his acceptance, and in due course gained the seat.



Who'll Tend the Baby?

"Who'll take care of the baby?"
Says Joe to Sam, in fierce debate
Upon the woman question;
"You've answered well all other points,
Now here's my last suggestion:
When woman goes to cast her vote—
Some miles away, it may be—
Who, then, I ask, will stay at home
To rock and tend the baby?"

Quoth Sam—"I own you've made my case
Appear a little breezy;
I hoped you'd pass this question by,
And give me something easy,
But since the matter seems to turn
On this one as its axis,
Just get the one who rocked it when
She went to pay her taxes!"

E. E.

A GOOD APPEARANCE

Artificial



Teeth.

is secured by our careful matching of the
Natural Teeth and perfect fit.

Call for free advice.

A. McIntosh McBain

Dental Surgery,

15 George Street, Aberdeen

Phone 2296.

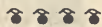
THE FLOWER SHOW.

All that is required to make the Aberdeen Flower Show, which opens in the Duthie Park to-day, a success is favourable weather, and present indications point to the conditions being fine. The exhibition of flowers, fruit, and vegetables is all over an excellent one, and a visit to the Duthie Park is certain to be amply repaid by the feast of attractions provided. In addition to the display of flowers, fruits, and vegetables, there is a splendid exhibit by the Aberdeen Beekeepers' Association, while the outdoor attractions include music by the band of the 93rd Highlanders, an al-fresco cinematograph, and dancing. In the evenings the park will be brilliantly illuminated. The opening ceremony to-day will be performed by the Right Hon. Lord Shaw of Dunfermline.



A Journalist's Retort.

Arriving in Paris recently, Mr Carnegie was met by the usual army of reporters. They had come to hear his impressions of Paris, his recollections of his voyage, and anything else that might fall from his lips. The millionaire received them very cordially. "What an interesting profession is yours," he said to them; "it keeps you in touch with the wonders of daily life as nothing else can. I very much regret that I did not become a journalist myself." To which one of the band replied—"To be sure, Mr Carnegie; but you may depend upon it, we regret even more that we did not become millionaires."



Heather Beer.

Heather, brought pleasantly to mind by the Twelfth, has long been utilised among the Highlanders for many purposes, including the manufacture of ale. Tradition avers that the recipe for heather ale was lost when the last Pict jumped over a precipice rather than reveal the secret, but in the Island of Islay—and probably in many other places also—they still brew heather beer of excellent quality from one part of malt and two parts of the young tops of heather.



The Prize Winner.

Credit where credit is due. Our compliments to that one-every-minute specimen who, instead of rocking a boat with five or six persons in it, concluded to look into a gasoline tank with a cigarette in his mouth.



A Dunfermline journal has a sad story to tell of the vanishing courtesies of Scotland where journalists are concerned. Four reporters (presumably hungry) attended the presentation to Vice-Admiral Lowry recently of a silk flag at Rosyth, in recognition of his appointment as senior officer on the coast of Scotland. After the ceremony the quartette of the press were courteously invited into the Admiralty's office, where a champagne luncheon was provided. To their amazement, however, they were invited as spectators only of this feast, and to complete their chagrin they were asked to send "gratis" to the Admiralty a copy of their papers containing the reports of the proceedings. No wonder many Scottish journalists go south.

**CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.
WEEKLY EXCURSIONS**

TO
**LONDON (Euston),
AND ENGLAND GENERALLY**
By Express Corridor Trains

Every THURSDAY—JUNE to SEPTEMBER

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO THE
CONTINENT ON SAME DATES.

Tickets may be obtained in advance at
Stations and at Tourist Agencies,

HENRY MUNRO, 10 CROWN STREET, or
PATON'S, 74 UNION STREET.

THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.

Delightful Afternoon Outings

ON

Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Cheap Excursions to

**Muchalls, Stonehaven, Laurencekirk,
Montrose, Brechin, Edzell, etc., etc.,**

and Drives in connection through

The Gl-n of Drumtochty

AND

The Howe o' the Mearns.

EXPRESS TRAIN FROM ABERDEEN
TO

BRECHIN AND EDZELL

at 1.50 p.m.

ON SATURDAYS.

Fares—

Brechin 1/6. — Edzell 2/-.

Handbills, with all particulars, free at Booking
Offices, and at

Munro's, 10 Crown Street;
Paton, Lithgow, & Co.'s, 74 Union Street.

"On His Native Heath."

A bag of earth has been brought from Lisbon to London for ex-King Manuel, so that he may stand on his native soil when he is married in Germany to Princess Augusta Victoria next month.



Though Mr Winston Churchill could hardly be described as a humorous speaker he possesses a very keen sense of humour. He tells the story of a speaker who did his best to be funny, but who was quite unable to provoke a smile amongst his audience. He was very disappointed at this state of affairs, and after an attempt at a facetious remark, he paused and said—"I had hoped you would have laughed at that."

The silence was broken by a small and lonely voice crying plaintively from the back of the hall—"I laughed, gov'nor."



CIVIC BANQUETS.

First Eminent Teetotaler—"Only large ratepayers ought to be invited to Civic Banquets."

Second do. do. —"We surely are the people who would best represent the Citizens on these solemn occasions."



THE CAT AND THE MICE.

The Cat (Mr. M'Kenna)—“I'm fed up with this plague of mice.”

[Joy reigneth in the official mind at the departure of Mrs. Pankhurst for France.]

A REST FROM TALKING.

A curious experiment has just been made by a Government official residing in London who, while his wife and family were away on holiday, has passed five whole days without speaking.

"No one spoke to me," he said on Saturday, "and I spoke to no one, except on one occasion to buy an ounce of tobacco, and then I only stated my want. In diary form my experiment would read like this:—

First Day—Have seen many people I know, but beyond a nod of recognition all seemed too intent on their own affairs to trouble about me. Remarkable feeling of peace and contentment.

Second Day—My friends still intent on their own business and I well content with my pipe. Papers give me sufficient to think about.

Third Day—Horribly bored. Relieved to see a friend. Make as if to speak, but with a nod he passed on.

Fourth Day—People seem to think I have ceased to exist. Tired of my own thoughts. Depressed.

Fifth Day—Positively miserable. Cannot stand it any longer. Am going to office to talk."

His conclusion was that the experiment was much too depressing to repeat.



A Keen Stab.

This is the fashion in which the Toronto "Mail and Empire" jabs holes in the atmosphere of municipal headquarters:—"An insane man was found wandering about the City Hall. It is remarkable that anything peculiar was noted about his behaviour."

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ABERDEEN.

GRAND

FLOWER SHOW,

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday,

21st, 22nd, and 23rd AUGUST,

IN

DUTHIE PARK, ABERDEEN

(By kind permission of the Town Council).

To be opened on Thursday Afternoon, at 2.30,

BY THE

Right Hon. LORD SHAW of DUNFERMLINE

Splendid Exhibition of

FLOWERS, FRUIT, AND VEGETABLES.

Exhibit by Aberdeen Beekeepers' Association.

Band & Pipers of the 93rd Highlanders.

GRAND AL-FRESCO CINEMATOGRAPH ENTERTAINMENT.

Large Dancing Floor.

Brilliant Illumination of Park and Marquees by Electric Light.

ADMISSION:

THURSDAY—2 p.m. to 5 p.m. 1s.

5 p.m. to 10 p.m. 6d.

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, 12 to 10 p.m. 6d.

AN ADVERTISING STORY.

A speaker at a Sphinx Club dinner told an advertising story the other evening.

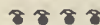
"A man," he said, "entered a shop one bitter cold day and bought a woollen muffler, inside of which he found the photograph of a beautiful girl, together with a note saying, 'If you are single, please write to me.'"

"A name and address followed, and the man smiled. He was single, and he put the photograph on his sitting-room mantle. There every evening, looking up from his book, he beheld it. It was very beautiful, and in a week he had fallen head over heels in love.

So he wrote to the girl. Another week passed, a week of anxious nerve-racking suspense. Then the lovesick man received this crushing letter—

"Sir.—The Mary Smith to whom you wrote was my grandmother. She died nine years ago, aged 66. Yours truly."

"Our broken-hearted bachelor, on looking into this strange matter, found that he had foolishly bought the muffler from a dealer who didn't advertise."



Not the New Jerusalem.

A Highlander in the North-West of Scotland having heard a man say recently that he had written to a friend in Jerusalem, expressed great surprise, and asked—"And will they be heffing a post-awffus in Jerusalem?"

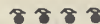
"Yes, of course they have." "And can you be sending letters there?"

"Why, certainly." "Well, well, well. Iss that so? And I would be always thinking that it wass in Heffen!"



Fortunes in Complexions.

The news of the failure of a London beauty doctor, a man, gives further point to the increasing evidence that in this business at least women do better than the other sex. Several fortunes have been made by women beauty doctors in this country, but I find no record (says a London correspondent) of a really successful male professor of the art. One famous lady complexion expert in the West End, it was not so long since, had a turnover of £25,000 a year, which gives a good idea of the kind of fees that are paid.



Manager—"The critics say that in the play 'A Wronged Wife' you do not exhibit enough emotion when your husband leaves you, never to return."

Popular Actress—"Oh I don't, don't I? Well, I've had two or three husbands leave me, never to return, and I guess I know as much about how to act in those circumstances as anybody."

Established 1843.

WM. CAY & SONS

Funeral Undertakers,

415 UNION STREET

AND

209 GEORGE STREET.

Telephones 54 and 92.

Funerals

Conducted in Town or Country at Most Reasonable Charges.

Coffins and Grave Clothes

Sent to Country on the Shortest Notice by Road or Rail.

Largest Stock of Coffins and Funeral Requisites in the North of Scotland.

Removal Shell

For use in cases of Death by Accident, etc.

Experienced Undertakers

Always in Attendance.

DISTRICT AGENTS—

(Connected by Telephone).

Ferryhill—

Messrs. G. ANGUS & CO., 14 Bank Street.

Bridge of Dee—

Mr. WILLIAM DEY, 660 Holburn Street.

Union Grove—

Mr. W. ANDERSON, 124 Union Grove.

Great Western Road—

Mr. T. R. GORDON, 364 Great Western Road.

Queen's Cross—

Mr. T. R. GORDON, 17 Fountainhall Road.

Rosemount—

Mr. ALEXANDER HALL, 21 Mid Stocket Road.

Westfield—

Mr. ROBERT STOTT, 53 Albert Street.

Kittybrewster—

Mr. A. W. SHIRRAS, 35 Powis Terrace.
Mr. JOHN BYTH, 80 Great Northern Road.

Spital—

Mr. GEORGE KEITH, 45 Spital.

East End—

Mr. J. C. GORDON, 67 Urquhart Road.

Footdee—

Mr. JOHN WATSON, 32 Wellington Street.

Torry—

NOBLE'S STORES, 52 Victoria Road

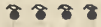
Telegrams—"Cay, Aberdeen."

ENTERTAINMENTS.

His Majesty's Theatre.

Although "The Private Secretary" and his eccentricities have delighted the play-going public for well-nigh thirty years, there appears to be no diminution in the popularity of the ever-green comedy. "The Private Secretary" is one of the few plays which can be served up to the public year in year out without fear of their even becoming monotonous, until to-day the funniness of the Rev. Robert Spalding and Mr Cattermole are as bright and fresh as they were a quarter of a century ago. The large audiences that have patronised His Majesty's Theatre this week provide ample enough proof that "The Private Secretary," despite the march of time, still retains its hold upon the public taste. The famous old comedy without Mr W. Hargreaves would almost be like "Hamlet" without the ghost. The more one sees of Mr Hargreaves as Mr Cattermole the more can one appreciate the true value of his portrayal of the part of the affable old uncle from India. Equally interesting is Mr Arthur Claremont as the Rev. Robert Spalding and Mr James Skea as Mr Sydney Gibson, the Bond Street tailor, while Messrs Philip B. Barry and P. Hunt Lewis are very successful as the scapegrace nephews. Mr Martin J. Moar, Miss Fna Douglas, Miss Cicely Wade, Miss Josephine Middleton, and Miss Margaret Withers make the most of their respective parts, and altogether the production is highly amusing and entertaining. Messrs Lewis and Barry and Miss Douglas are responsible for a clever curtain raiser, "Box and Cox."

Next week—"Charley's Aunt."



The Tivoli.

There is a decided air of mystery and sensationalism in the entertainment provided by Signor Arvi at the Tivoli this week. It is in the mysteriousness that attaches to its presentation that the fascination lies, and little purpose would be served by endeavouring here to describe the performance. Signor Arvi's show is one which must be seen to be appreciated, but suffice it here to say that seldom has a more gorgeous or more enjoyable turn has been presented in the city. Edwin Barwick is a recognised favourite at the Guild Street house. Not only is he a comedian with an excellent voice, but he is possessed of undoubted histrionic ability, and the combination makes his contributions most entertaining. The Motley Four appear with much acceptance in a series of well arranged concerted pieces, pleasingly interspersed with a judicious amount of humour, while Mr Claude Anderson and Miss Clare Addison submit a number of operatic selections in a manner which cannot fail to please. The equilibristic feats of the Four Miradors are skilful and daring, while Valmore and Collins present a somewhat extravagant ragtime "turn." Allan Shaw displays considerable cleverness in his manipulation of cards and coins, while the cinematograph films are as attractive as ever.



The Palace.

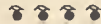
Mr Clark is to be complimented on the splendidly arranged programme which he presents at the Palace Theatre this week. Outstanding among the variety turns is that provided by King and Carson, a pair of really clever comedians, whose patter is no less amusing than their singing is catchy. The quarter of an hour during which they occupy the stage is certainly a lively one, and as laughter-makers they will take some beating. In a different line but none the less acceptable is the contribution of the Kingston Trio, who

display musical and vocal ability of a distinctly high order. Quite a feature of the "turn" are the solos of King Kingston, the famous Australian tenor, while the scena "In the Twilight," in which the trio take part, winds up a most delectable entertainment. The exhibition of cycling by Les Cycluminas is enhanced by the beautiful stage setting and electrical effects. "The Accusing Hand" is the leading attraction in the picture programme, and, dealing as it does with crime detection in America, is a film which from start to finish rivets the attention of the audience. Another excellent dramatic item is represented by "The Weapon," while the beauties of Jersey are graphically depicted in the travel picture. For a good hearty laugh nothing could be better than the comedies, "A Crazy Motor Ride" and "Dupin Fires a Lamp," while the selections and accompaniments, for which Mr Denham and his orchestra are responsible, add in no small measure to the all-round enjoyment of the show.



Electric Theatre.

Delightfully cool and comfortable, the Electric Theatre in these warm days is the rendezvous of many who find that an hour or two spent in this cosy theatre is both pleasant and profitable. The prominent picture in a well varied programme this week is "The Face at the Window," a drama of great interest, showing how a moneylender, in attempting to steal a will left to a young girl by her aunt, falls into a trap which is set by the police. A beautiful travel picture is shown, giving magnificent views of Siam, and a comedy, with a novel plot, is witnessed in "Red Hicks Defies the World." "Softy's Legacy" is another laughable film, depicting the exploits of Softy in a motor car. Other pictures of great interest are—"The Eagle's Claw," a rare drama; "On His Wedding Day" and "Polidor a Hero," two rollicking comedies. The music supplied by Mr J. M. Taylor is all that could be desired.



The Queen's Cinema and Tea Rooms.

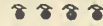
Ever anxious to please their many patrons, the management of the Queen's Cinema have, as usual, a grand programme on view at their commodious and handsomely appointed house. There is a judicious blending of dramatic and comic pictures, while the music is quite a feature of the show. "The Banner" is an intensely dramatic picture dealing with the love story of an army sergeant and the colonel's daughter; while "A Frightful Blunder" has as a theme the mistake made by a druggist's assistant, and the timely rescue of the young woman for whom the prescription is intended. Another excellent drama is provided in "The Hero Coward." The worries of a waiter whose restaurant has been invaded by flies are most amusingly portrayed in "Polidor and the Flies"; while other comics calling for special mention are "Tweedleum Suffers from Sleeplessness" and "Billy Joins the Band." "The Baby Bow-Wows" depicts in interesting fashion the successive stages in the youthful career of a litter of puppies.



The Beach Pavilion.

Although the beach season is gradually drawing to an end, there is little, if any, diminution in the patronage bestowed upon the Pavilion, where one can always rely upon an entertainment of the highest order. Mr Alec Chentrens, the clever Anglo-French comedian, is appearing to much success in several new numbers, while his French versions of popular ragtime and Scottish songs continue quite a feature of his contributions. Mr Jack Hayworth is still on the programme, and Pavilion patrons know

what that means. Mr Harry Gordon is going as strong as ever, while Miss Minnie Mearns, Mr Latimer Murray, Miss Violet Davidson, and Mr Thomson himself continue to meet with the most cordial of receptions.



The Globe.

The pictures at the Globe picture house this week are of a most interesting character. For Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, a splendid two-part drama will be presented in "The District Attorney's Conscience." This story tells of a husband who thought his wife guilty of murder, and whose profession made it impossible for him to shield her. The way in which he saves his wife is finely shown, and the elocutionists from the Star picture palace will be in attendance to speak to the picture, which is sure to be a success. "Ski Running" is a "cool study for hot students," and "Just Kids" emphasises the old adage, "Boys will be Boys." The programme includes several other dramas and comedies, which will delight patrons. For next week a special attraction is promised.



The Gaiety.

Mr Dove Paterson continues to keep his Gaiety patrons well supplied with attractive pictures, and the bill of fare presented this week will quite hold its own with anything previously seen at this popular hall. A magnificent wild animal drama, entitled "Alone in the Jungle," which has been the leading attraction during the earlier part of the week, is substituted from to-day onwards by a splendid comedy drama, "A Regiment of Two," which is undoubtedly one of the Vita Company's masterpieces of comedy drama. "The Faith of a Girl" is an intensely human picture, greatly enhanced, as all the Gaiety pictures are, by the speaking accompaniment provided by Mr and Mrs Wilfred Ewing. "The Switch Tower" is a thrilling railway drama, portraying in wonderfully realistic fashion a story of the railway, in which the switchman's little son plays the hero's part. "Her Little Pet" has the reputation of being the funniest doggie picture of the year; while "His Infant Prodigy," "Dupin's New Coat," and "Sticking to the Saddle" are comics bound to tickle the risibilities of the most staid patrons. As usual, the piano selections contributed by Miss Nelly Ambler are quite a pleasant feature of the Gaiety show.



TRY
NUTRINA

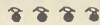
STACHAN'S
NUTRINA
JOHN STRACHAN & SONS
ABERDEEN,
LONDON & GLASGOW.

FOR
PUDDINGS.
AN IDEAL FOOD
WITH DELICATE FLAVOUR.

1 2 & 4 PACKETS OF ALL GROCERS

THEATRICAL NOTES.

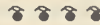
Alfred Butt is enjoying a holiday in France—buying music-halls and engaging stars.



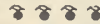
Mr George Lestocq has taken over the rights of "The Yellow Jacket" from Mr Gaston Mayer, and will tour it round the country, commencing in September.



Mrs Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, who was recently at the London Hippodrome, has arrived in New York, and wishes to be known professionally in the States as Evelyn Nesbit. Her engagement at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre promises to be phenomenally successful, the house, or rather the roof garden, being practically sold out for the next fortnight.



Mr Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton have brought to a close a triumphal tour of Australia extending over 63 weeks. The receipts at Perth, where the popular pair made their final leave-taking, broke all previous tour records.



Miss Elise Malpass, who was starring at the bottom of the bill of the Empire, Belfast, last week, was very delighted at her great success at the Empire, Leeds, where she was the recipient of baskets of flowers, chocolates, and other gifts. She was a great favourite at the Leeds Grand last Christmas, and has been rebooked for 1913-14 pantomime by Mr John Hart.



The death has occurred in Vienna of David Popper, a distinguished violoncellist. He was born at Prague in 1846, and received his musical training in the Conservatorium there. He figured in London at the Popular Concerts in 1891. In 1896 he was appointed professor at the Royal Conservatorium in Buda Pests, a post which he occupied to the end. David Popper has given to 'cellists several compositions, which are heard frequently at concerts.



The half hour of waiting between the opening of the doors and the rising of the curtain is to be done away with at the Comedy Theatre, when Mr Arthur Chudleigh produces "The Scarlet Band" on August 27. The orchestra will start immediately the doors open, and having thus been played in, the audience will be entertained with a variety show lasting until the regular piece is about to start. The principal parts in the new play are allotted to Miss Doro and Mr Fisher White.

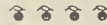


George Dance is rapidly making a corner in the provincial rights of successful plays, and whatever other people do, Dance, who started life as a Nottingham journalist, and first entered the playhouse as a writer of pantomimes, finds business quite satisfactory.

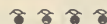


Bertram Wallie, the idol of the flappers, is to play the leading part in "Once on a Time," the new musical comedy, due at the Lyric on September 3, and Charlie Pounds is to be the bright particular "star" in "The Laughing Husband" at the New.

A modern play with music is the description which has, after much thought, been evolved for "Are You There?" with which the Prince of Wales's will reopen next month. The novelty is the work of Albert De Courville and Leoncavallo, and will be right up-to-date. A "modern music-comedy" would be a briefer term, and would have the advantage of alliteration.



The position of the touring actor under the Insurance Act is at length to be defined, if we may rely on a promise made to Mr. Graham Moffat, who is sending out two companies with "A Scrape of the Pen" in the autumn, and wrote to the Insurance Commissioners asking what benefits they were prepared to grant to the members of his companies. The reply received was to the effect that "the Insurance Commission have under consideration special arrangements for the provision of medical benefit for insured persons who frequently move from place to place."



Dr Walford Bodie has just finished a highly successful engagement at the Olympia, Liverpool, and Empire, Sheffield. At both houses he had a great ovation. He has been playing to packed houses, and several nights at the Empire, Sheffield, many were turned away. He has booked three dates in Glasgow next year—a week at the Pavilion, a week at the Lyceum Theatre, and two weeks at the Palace Theatre. The doctor is at present on his annual Scotch tour with his own company, and opened at the Opera House, Dunfermline.



Sir George Alexander has brought his twenty-third season as a manager to a close at the St James's, and in a brief resume of his successes and failures for the year found the former in a majority of three to one. The successes were "The Turning Point," "Open Windows," and the play witnessed that night—and the failure was "Turandot." As he was not acting in the last-named piece he had the advantage of seeing its many faults from their side of the curtain, and he had determined to have it altered and re-written in the hope that he might still be able to make it acceptable to his audiences.



A charter has been granted to the Submarine Film Corporation of Norfolk, Virginia, permitting it to take moving pictures under water. The company is capitalised at £20,000, and will have its headquarters in Norfolk. Mr Ernest Williams, who recently took pictures at the bottom of Hampton Roads, is general manager, and says that he has been offered a large sum to produce Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."



Sir Herbert Tree, in his forthcoming production of "Joseph and His Brethren," will appear as a character who is 106 years of age. The character is that of Jacob, and is believed to be the oldest impersonation ever attempted on the stage. Sir Herbert, who is 60, has frequently evinced a partiality for characters which require all his dramatic art and the cleverest of make-up to be convincing, and Jacob will test his capacity in these respects to the utmost. On his entrance at His Majesty's Theatre, the Jacob of Sir Herbert Tree will be 86, and the action of this Biblical play, which, contrary to precedent, has received the permission of the censor, will extend over 20 years.

Pat Rooney Dilemma.

Pat Rooney, having been to the fair, was driving home when a great drowsiness overcame him, and he lay down in the cart and went to sleep.

The horse, finding himself free to do as he wanted, promptly kicked through the traces and ran away.

When Pat awoke he found no horse. While he was wondering over the situation a stranger came up.

"Am I Pat Rooney or am I not?"

"I'm shure I dunno," answered the stranger.

"Well," said Pat, "if Oi'm Pat Rooney Oi've lost a horse, an' if Oi'm not Oi've found a cart."



Revue v. Musical Comedy.

The reduced dividend paid by one of the best known musical comedy theatres in London is attributed to the competition of the revue, a form of entertainment based somewhat on musical comedy lines which at present is enjoying a tremendous vogue at the best music-halls. The manager of one of the leading "halls" thinks that the reason for the decline in musical comedy profits is that the people are bored with this class of entertainment. The average musical comedy has only a few good and catchy numbers; as for the rest it is often poor stuff. On the other hand, the revue is an entertainment containing the best of everything on the theatre stage and the music-hall. Instead of one artiste appearing all the evening, as in musical comedy, he or she appears for ten minutes. The continual variety keeps the audience thoroughly interested and amused, and the result is that they vote the revue as infinitely better entertainment. This opinion is given for what it is worth, but the box office seem to confirm it.



A Better Meal.

The waiter rubbed his hands as a stout lady followed by a family of seven hungry-looking boys and girls, entered the restaurant.

The head of the flock looked at the bill of fare, and selected steak as being fitted to his requirements.

"Steak for you, Reginald?" she inquired of the biggest boy.

"If you please, ma."

"Steak for you, Bertha?"

"Please, ma."

"Ah!" she said, when all the seven had fallen in with the steak idea. "Bring me one more steak, waiter—and eight plates."

The knight of the serviette gasped.

"Do you hear me?" inquired the lady.

"Yes, ma'am," stammered the waiter. "Was only a-thinkin' that if your family sat at the table next the lift and sniffed 'ard they get more of a meal!"



"That's a fine-looking old gentleman Bleater's father, isn't it?" asked a collegian of a friend.

"Yes," was the answer; "but he is a champion at breaking his word!"

"You don't say so?"

"Yes—he stutters!"



FOOTBALL.

OPENING SENSATION.

Many supporters of the game rely on the opening game as to whether their support is to be whole-hearted or spasmodic. Hence it is the duty of those in charge of teams to get their men well away at the start, for points gained are never lost, and are a valuable asset at the end. Curiosity perhaps more than sincerity prevailed in the large crowd at Pittodrie on Saturday, and the management must now feel that drastic changes will have to be made in the forward line before points can be gained. Whoever was responsible for the colossal blunder of pitching Joe Walker into the outside berth ought to be convinced of their mistake now, and it is curious to learn that nobody who should know takes the responsibility for the innovation. We were sorry for Walker, and wrath at his sponsors. There was little in the game requiring serious criticism. Everything that well-seasoned management ought to know was on the surface. Both sides possessed a very crude knowledge of combination, the kick-and-rush being predominant. The defence dominated the game, and there were by far too many free kicks by huge punting, leaving the forwards inactive, to make the game interesting. Most people were getting prepared for a goalless first half, when Wilson allowed Low, the ex-Dundee Hib winger, to get away on the run, and with a fine oblique shot he hit the far post and into the net outside Greig's reach. Aberdeen fumbled up a bit, and a fine effort by Walker from far out was tipped over the bar. These were the only really good efforts at scoring throughout the first forty-five minutes, which ended with Aberdeen a goal down. Our fault to the home forwards in the opening stage was that the inside forwards lay too far back amongst the halves, and this was tabooed for a short time, but fallen back upon after the equaliser came. A penalty, not without cause, for we thought there was one prior to that given, and Main scored. It was a mistake to take matters easy at this stage, for the Clyde wing men were always on the outlook for a stray pass, and from a corner Clyde took the lead. The flag kick was well taken, but we thought Greig was illegitimately dealt with before the ball came to him, thus nullifying the point, but the referee thought otherwise, and the goal stood. Aberdeen tried to get away once or twice, but feebly, and were deservedly beaten by 2-1.

PLAY AND PLAYERS.

The game did not provide any thrill for the spectators; there was too much individuality for

WILLIAM DAVIDSON,

TOBACCONIST AND SPORTING OUTFITTERS

(Opposite Palace Theatre).

25 Bridge Street, Aberdeen.

GREAT CLEARING SALE.

Cricket and Tennis,

Hockey, Tennis, Cricket, Golf, etc., etc.

that; the halves were too worrying to let combination shine. As usual, the Clyde defence put up a strong game, and were equal to all demands made on them. Especially were the halves in good form, but the forwards, though fast as a line, will require to know each other better before they will be a success. Aberdeen's defence was on a par with Clyde's, but the intermediate line could be improved on. Wilson did not anticipate the play as he usually does, and Brewster should be made to kick first time, which would improve his spread-eagle habit of gathering the ball. Low was the best of the bunch, even if he was a trifle forcible at times. Of the forwards Main was the solitary player who tried to play. The others, had we not known them, were like novices. Soye never touched his usual form, and Travers should be relegated to the middle line. Wood was not nearly so nippy as he can be, and we have all ready excused Walker. Fortunately Aberdeen have very capable reserves to fall back on in the front line, and we expect to see this done at once, and if not, the supporters of the club have just cause for complaint. In the next time we take it that changes will be tried, and if this is done we have no reason to fear the game at Easter Road this week.

THE LEAGUE.

There could be little doubt as to the earnestness with which the Scottish League season was opened on Saturday. All the clubs were out to win, and in the ten games played only one draw took place, while the ground club, with three exceptions, had the verdict given them, very narrowly in some cases. The outstanding victories were achieved by Rangers, Celtic, Hearts, and Dumbarton, when the margins in their favour left no doubt as to the superiority of the sides engaged. One unfortunate incident marred the series in the game at Rugby Park, when Brown and Dickie got marching orders.

In the game at Rugby Park, Rangers came away with their usual bag of goals for a start, and Kilmarnock had to suffer to the extent of 6-1. With so many of their old players on the list, Rangers were in great form, while the Ayrshire lads were rather crude to start with, and were only getting into their stride when the game was about over.

At no time could it be said that Ayr United were in the same class as their opponents at Parkhead. The Celts were never stretched, and their young recruits got a splendid chance of going through their baptism without serious opposition.

Hearts have found their form early, and if they do not take a lapse as they did last season they are sure to make a bit of history this campaign. It was expected that Airdrie would stretch them, but a 3-1 win quite pleased the Tynecastle critics.

Evidently the Hibs have not the well-balanced team they had last year, or else they cannot raise their true form to beat Third Lanark. The "warriors" secured the verdict by 3-1, thus repeating last year's sequence of meetings between these old rivals.

Against a weak team of Queen's Park, Dumbarton got off with a bang on Saturday, and it would be unfair, as some papers have done, to extol their opening performance as a great triumph. They will meet stiffer opposition

this week, when a better idea will be got as to the strength of their combination and the worth of their 4-0 win over Queen's Park.

At no time could it be said that Hamilton had the pull over Falkirk, or that the "Bairns" were a better side than the "Acas." A draw was the best possible result in the circumstances.

There are better prospects in store for Partick Thistle this season than last, and their win over Motherwell will do them a power of good to be going on with. True, a 2-1 win is not convincing, but it is nice to have the points all the same.

Kirkcaldy people were somewhat disappointed on Saturday with their team. Their departures were out of all proportion to their successes, and on the whole Morton won by 2-1 deservedly.

The win at Den's Park will do the Dundee Club a world of good, even though there was an element of luck about it. On the run of play Dundee were quite equal to St Mirren, and once their players get settled, should make a good show in the League.

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

Rangers	...	6	aKilmarnock	...	1
aCeltic	...	5	Ayr United	...	1
aDumbarton	...	4	Queen's Park	...	0
aHearts	...	3	Airdrieonians	...	1
aThird Lanark	...	2	Hibernians	...	1
aPartick Thistle	...	2	Motherwell	...	1
Morton	...	2	aRaith Rovers	...	1
Clyde	...	2	aAberdeen	...	1
aDundee	...	1	St. Mirren	...	0
aHamilton Acas.	...	1	Falkirk	...	1

a Denotes ground club.

THIS WEEK'S PROGRAMME.

There will be another full list of League games this week, but there is no outstanding meeting between any of the leaders. Perhaps Dumbarton and Kilmarnock will excite just as much attention as any of the others, for we expect Rangers to prevail over St Mirren and Celtic over Motherwell, and the first visit of Hearts to Ayr United should encourage the new-comers. Falkirk entertain Partick Thistle, and Morton have Third Lanark as their guests, and we fancy the home club in each case to bag the points. Clyde and Dundee should be a good draw at Shawfield, and so should Airdrie and Raith Rovers, while Queen's Park entertain Hamilton Academicals. These should provide interesting games, and perhaps some sensational results.

THE COMPLETE LIST.

The following is the League games arranged for Saturday, the ground club being mentioned first, with the referee's name after—

Airdrie v. Raith Rovers (J. Birmie, Falkirk).
Clyde v. Dundee (D. Kerr, Glasgow).
Ayr United v. Hearts (G. H. McKenzie, Glasgow).

Aberdeen Football Club, LIMITED.

SEASON TICKETS

Are on Sale at PITTODRIE PARK on TUESDAY and THURSDAY EVENINGS.

Also during business hours at

HENRY MUNRO, 10 Crown Street.

PRICES—20s., 15s., 10s., 7s. 6d.

J. PHILIP, Secretary.

Dumbarton v. Kilmarnock (J. Lyons, Hamilton).

Falkirk v. Partick Thistle (J. Winter, Dundee).
Hibs. v. Aberdeen (Sergeant-Major Vicks, Glasgow).

Morton v. Third Lanark (R. J. Kelso, Hamilton).

Motherwell v. Celtic (R. T. Murray, Stonehouseuir).

Queen's Park v. Hamilton Academicals (J. Bell, Dundee).

Rangers v. St Mirren (J. W. Hamilton, Motherwell).

ABERDEEN FOR EASTER ROAD.

The local League eleven pay their first visit to Edinburgh on Saturday, when they meet the Hibs. at Easter Road. Last season Aberdeen lost both games to the Hibs. by the same score (3-1), and the tussle on Saturday is sure to be a keen one. The Hibs. were beaten on Saturday at Cathkin Park and will endeavour to please their home supporters at the expense of Aberdeen. The eleven to represent Aberdeen may not be definitely fixed till all the men are reported fit; as we know they are anxious to play Scorgie on the left, but only if he is thoroughly sound. We will not be surprised to see the following selected to travel—Greig; Colman and Hume; Wilson, Brewster, and Hannah; Soye, Travers, Macintosh, Main, and Scorgie.

ABERDEEN A AT PITTODRIE.

Aberdeen's Reserves will show their paces for the first time this season at Pittodrie. Clach-na-oudin will furnish the opposition in a Highland League game. Judging by their goal-scoring abilities at Peterhead last Saturday, when they won by 5-3, Aberdeen A will have as good a side as last season. This game should be a good one, and the following team will be turned out:—Barclay; Keith and Munro; Chatwin, Munro, and Walker; Ross, Walker, McLeod, Robertson, Brown, or H. Smith.

GEORGE WILSON'S BENEFIT.

Next Thursday George Wilson takes his benefit, when Falkirk supply the opposition. This will be the cupholders first appearance in Aberdeen since they won the "Coop," and we trust there will be a big muster, for the "Brora" lad deserves well of the Aberdeen public.



Among the Juniors.

THE LEAGUE.

Pittodrie proved too big an attraction for the spectators on Saturday, and the consequence was that the junior games were very sparsely attended. The principal fixture was that between Mugiemoss and Parkvale, and it was thought that a draw would be the result. Looking at the play impartially a division of points would have in no way harmed either side, but the 'Moss were the most dangerous marksmen, and were able to claim the lead at the finish by 2-1. Despite all the defections by

GREAT SALE.

50 TENNIS RACKETS

To be cleared out at Throw Away Prices.

THE SPORTSMAN'S EMPORIUM.

50 BRIDGE STREET.

'Phone 1094.

Opposite Sub. Station.

last year's players, the 'Moss do not seem to have lost any of their old vim, and we believe they will again occupy the foremost place in junior circles. The 'Vale played up to their last season's form, and were quite a different side from that which were defeated by St Andrew's on the previous Saturday.

At Central Park the two best teams on view were Banks o' Dee and St Andrew's Athletic. The Saints had made a reputation the previous week by defeating Parkvale, and were anxious to show that the win was no mere flash in the pan. The "Deeites" caught them on the hop before they got settled down to their game, and were away with a goal before the "Saints" quite realised the fact. There was some spirited play after this, and the defence on both sides were called on repeatedly. Equality reigned for a short time only, for the "men of water" came away strongly in the second half, and won a fair game by 3-2. There was no sparing of themselves, and we fancy to see these two teams do well this year.

So far as one can judge, Cattofield do not appear to be so strong as last year, or it may be that they have not got all their men together. They put up a very poor fight against East End on Saturday, the "Blues" going under by 4-0.

Another game that had a bit of spice in it was that between Favourites and Glenlivet. The former club was supposed to have a very poor side this season, but they came away with a 4-1 victory over the "Glens," which goes to prove there is life in the Favourites yet.

Away in the Stocket, Richmond and Hawthorn met. This proved to be a ding-dong game, and in the end finished all square with three goals each. As yet Richmond have not fulfilled the early promise made of them.

At Inverurie the Loco, men met Shamrock, where a draw of two goals each resulted.

SATURDAY'S FEATURES.

East End v. Mugiemoss—Central Park.

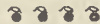
Parkvale v. Cattofield—Central Park.

Favourites v. St Andrew's—Central Park.

Richmond v. Inverurie Loco. Works—Stocket.

Argyll v. Hawthorn—Bleachfield.

Banks o' Dee v. Glenlivet—Mannofield.



CRICKET.

DRAWING TO A CLOSE.

There were few games of any importance on Saturday, friendlies bulking largely on the programme. Though late in the day, we are glad to see W. Webster turning out for the 'Shire, and his presence is always a source of strength to the side. The serious side of the game locally will be settled this week, when Aberdeenshire go to Alloa, and Iremonger will then return to Nottingham to start his football duties. The final tie for the cup is also due at Mannofield, when the contestants will be St Ronald and Fraserburgh. The last game ended in a draw, and we expect to see a capital exhibition this week, should the fine weather prevail.

Aberdeenshire played a strong eleven of the Westburn on Saturday, when, after losing five wickets for 225, they sent in Westburn with only about 45 minutes to bat. The visitors made good use of their short stay, and put on 127 for the loss of two wickets. W. Webster on the one side and Tom Jackson for the visitors delighted everybody with their sparkling display, and we only regret they were not at it earlier in the season.

In Grade I. St Ronald played Inverurie on Saturday at the Links, and won the points quite comfortably. Inverurie batted first, and put on 63, St Ronald scoring 70 for the loss of seven wickets.

Crescent made a very poor show with the bat at Montrose on Saturday. After dismissing Montrose for the paltry score of 65, they were all bundled out for 28.

Inverurie Loco. Works beat Sunnyside Asylum on Saturday. Sunnyside made 74 and the Loco, men 107.

Ellon Gordon dismissed 2nd Crescent for 29, and then made 70 for nine wickets, in a Grade II. game on Saturday.

Whitehall were in great scoring mood on Saturday. After allowing Kintore to put on 107 for nine wickets, they went in and knocked up 114 for the loss of only two men.

2nd Balmoral beat St Andrew's by 68 to 47. Woodside Congregational beat St Clement's by 135 to 52.



Golfing Topics.

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES CUP.

Royal Dornoch No. 1 have held a monopoly of this trophy for the past ten years, and we are sure it gave golfers the greatest of pleasure when they saw this formidable quartette dismissed from the competition last Friday. Decided were represented by Dr Chalmers and A. Cooper, jun., and A. Cooper, sen., and H. B. Stedman, and this quartette carried all before them, beating the holders and then the University by 10-0, and then carried off the cup by 4-2, Moray being their opponents in the final.

OTHER GAMES.

The Commercial Travellers visited Aboyne on Saturday, when 19 players a-side took part in a friendly game. Aboyne scored 12½ points to the Travellers' 6½.

Mr Francis Millar's prize was competed for by the members of the Bon-Accord last week. Mr George S. Grant returned the best catd. with 39 (less 11), 78.

The Links course is still as popular as ever, 1899 tickets being taken out last week.

Muchalls and Balmagask engaged in a friendly game on Saturday, there being 15 players a-side. Muchalls won by 11½ points to 5.

The North Bank players enjoyed a fine afternoon at Kintore last Saturday.

The Latest Freak Picnic.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's fifty-dollar picnic, according to despatches from Newport, will furnish a succes de nouveante not less entertaining and original than the famous "billion dollar ball." All the ladies will be attired a milkmaids, and the gentlemen as rustics. It will be a real old-fashioned outing in the open country, to which the guests will ride in farmers' waggons littered with hay, the ladies carrying milkpails and the gentlemen pitch forks. Each guest will contribute £10 to the general expenses of the outing, and a magnificent luncheon will be carried in automobile waggonettes, fitted with stoves and ice-boxes. There will be dancing on the greensward, and a cabaret show will be provided by amateur talent.

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A LIGHT-FINGERED KINSMAN.

Dear Mister Editor,

On makin' the astoundin' discovery that I'd pickit up the wrang hat in Shanahan's Shebeen an' left my ain ane wi' a five-poun' note deposited in the linin', I wis for some time as mad as a hatter or a Mairch hare. M'Queerie says my wrath wis sae pestuuous that he fully expected me t' burst a blood vessel.

Presently, hoovever, on recoverin' my equanimity t' some extent, I left the hotel an' returned t' Meuse Lane. The shebeener readily admitted me. By this time the hoose wis clear o' company.

"Faur's my hat?" I demanded fiercely as seen's I wis inside.

"Yer phwat?" said Shanahan. "Sure an' isn't that thing ye've got on yer heid a hat?"

"That," I cried scornfully, throwin' the dilapidated article o' headgear on the floor an' jumpin' on't; "no, that's nae my hat. D'ye think I wid walk the streets o' Glesca wearin' a hat that a tink wid turn up his nose at?"

"Faith, now, I dinna. Indade, I've heard it said that wan can always tell a millionaire by the

Appearance ov his Hat."

"Rubbish."

"Faix, it's not rubbish; his hat is always so bad."

"Nae doot ye're takin' me for a million-aire." I cudna resist this subtle stroke o' irony.

"Phwy not?" said Shanahan, simply.

"Weel I'm nae," I replied, shortly; "an' in Aiberdeen onywyve we mak' nae mistake o' that kin'. The credit o' a merchan' or a professional man 'at appears wearin' a shabby hat is irretreivably ruined."

"Sure, then, you'll have to buy a new wan befur ye go back."

Wi' that Shanahan laucht he'rtilly.

"Nae mair o' yer nonsense," I cried, an-

grily. "Lat's see back my hat." Dinna preten' that it isna here."

"Upon me sowl, I'm not pretendin'—"

"If I dinna get that hat in twa ticks there'll be murder committed in this she-been."

"Howly smoke, but that's blood-thirsty talkin'. Sure an' there needn't be any murder about the business, or even the smallest dhrop ov bloodshed. I haven't got your hat, an' I haven't got wan av me own, for I always wear a cap."

"D'ye ging t' the Chapel in a kep?" I spired, sceptically.

"Sure."

"D'ye atten' fun'erals in a kep?"

"Phwy not?"

"An' nae doot ye sleep in a kep?"

"Indade, I do—in a noight cap."

The shebeener's glib answers completely nonplush't me for the meenit.

"Weel," I resumed eftir a pause, "admittin' the hat isna here, the question is which o' yer veesitors took it awa wi' 'm."

"Phwat visitors d'yez mean?"

"The three bla'gairds that wis loafin' about here fin me an' my frien' cam' in."

"Phwat," cried Shanahan, his v'ice shrill an' excited. "D'yez mane to suggest that any wan ov them foine gentleman is a thafe?"

"Fat for no?"

"Then I tell yez that ye're a loiar an' the spawn ov a loiar, a schname in the grass, a

"Dinna get excited," I interrupted, I

Ca'd nane o' them a Thief.

I merely suggested that one o' the three wis wrongfully in possession o' my hat."

"I accept yer apology," said Shanahan, kweelin' doon. "But are yez sure it's wan ov my gentleman friends that tuk yer hat?"

"It's plain as a pike staff that if ye hinna the hat, some ane or ither o' the three maun hae't."

"Phwat about your own friend?"

"My ain frien'?"

"Yes."

It wis noo my turn t' lauch, which I did in spite o' my extremely exacerbated state o' temper.

"He's as innocent o' the theft as a robin sittin' on its eggs," I replied. "Man, yon's a native o' the pairis o' Pyketillim, faur

Thief never yet wis Born.

I come fae the place mysel', an' so can speak wi' authority. Forbye, the lad's honesty is further voocht for b' the fac' that he's a far-awa' cousin o' my ain."



An attractive way of serving summer fruits.

Now, when the fruit is ripe and juicy, stew it to get all the juice and goodness, strain, and add just sufficient of

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to set a dainty jelly—three oz. to two pints juice, boiled three minutes.

Gooseberries, currants, cherries, raspberries, and plums, all make splendid jellies, full of flavour and refreshment. All the salts of the fruit, so good for the blood, are retained.

"An' I suppose ye see 'im every ohter day ov yer loife?"

"Na, faith; I hidna clappit een on 'im for five year till we foregither't at the Paisley Show."

"Did he tell yez phwat he was doin' for a livin'?"

"There wis nae concealment. He taul' me he'd a gran' seetuation as conveyancin' clerk wi' a big firm o' vreeters in West George's street, an' wis drawin' a hun'er an' fifty a year, wi' the prospec' o' an early increase t' raise 'im abeen the Insurance swindle limit."

"He tould yez that?"

"He did."

"Well, now I'll tell ye the trowth. Yer cousin's the biggest loiar that ever crossed my dure-step. He never had more than twenty-four shillin's a wake since he come to Glasgow, an' he hasn't drawn a cent av that for the last twa mont' because he got the sack for dippin' his fingers into the cash box. Now, phwat d'yez make ov that?"

"It's nae true—it canna be true," I protested, feebly.

"Just as ye plaze. But it's moighty quare that he should come in here wearin' a cap an' go out wearin' a hat. Moighty quare."

For an instant I remained silent, clean bunbaiz't at Shirras's treechery. That he wis the thief I cudna doot. Shanahan's tone caurred conviction. Forbye, there wis the dammin' fac's that the clerk wis the only person 'at kent

Faur the Note wis Hidden,

an' that he refused t' accompany me back t' M'Queerie's eftir we left Meuse Lane.

"It was yer cousin that sneaked yer hat," continued Shanahan, layin' veeshis emphasis on the wurd "cousin." "So yez had better apply to him if yez want it back."

"Bit, faur am I t' get 'im?"

"Begobs, but that's a puzzler. Sure an' he hasn't got any permanent address now. Luk here though, yez moight try the Salvation Army Home in Argyle Street. They may know something about him there."

"Fat's the number o't?"

Shanahan obleegingly supplied full particulars as to the location o' the institution, an' I at aince hurried doon the hill t' Anderson Cross. On application at the Home, I wis informed that Shirras hidna sleepit there for near a fortnicht.

Beyond question, my five-poun' note is irretrievably gone. As its loss reduced my capital t' less than three shillin's, I wis obliged t' telegraph t' Aiberdeen neist forenoon for a remittance o' ten poun' t' keep my pooch.

Yours truly,

PETER BIRSE.

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HOUSING AND TOWN-PLANNING NOTES.

By an Expert.

When the universal cry seems to be for more cottages it is strange to read that in Essex those provided by one rural district council cannot find tenants. Such, however, is the case at Great Burstead, near Billericay, where the Council, in response to a local agitation, provided cottages, some of which, after being erected for two months, are still unlet. Two points seem against them; one is the fact that the rent fixed is 4s 6d per week, whereas the normal rate is half-a-crown. Apart from this economic difference, however, the houses are built in rows with easement windows, and people of that part of the world prefer an air of detachment as well as the bay-window. The latter gives the idea of a front parlour, and in many rural districts is associated with a respectability that cannot otherwise be claimed.

A statement has been going the round of the press to the effect that "Hampstead would be faced with a powerful rival if the County Council scheme now afloat materialises." As a matter of fact the County Council never contemplated the provision of Garden Suburbs, and its efforts have been mainly in the direction of block dwellings. At the same time it may, in conjunction with the local authority that plans the roads, do something in the way of housing the people, but one can hardly expect a great public body to experiment with the ratepayers' money in a way that a private Corporation infused with true public spirit can do. At Hampstead the developments have proceeded to a successful issue because those responsible have not been hampered by the delays and red tapeism often associated with official bodies. There is more hope that smaller authorities than that of the London County Council may do even more for housing their folks.

While houses are waiting for tenants in some parts of Essex prospective tenants are clamorous for houses elsewhere. In some Surrey districts which, a few years ago, were largely agricultural and have—thanks to the motor car—become residential the value of land has gone up to an extraordinary degree, and rentals of cottages which recently were only 3s 6d are now 6s or even more. In such places the need for energetic action on the part of the local authorities is clearly apparent.

The report of the Board of Trade on the cost of living gives some interesting comparisons showing how greatly the rents of London exceed those of other towns. Taking the average of London as 100, the nearest approach in the Midlands is Birmingham, where the rental equivalent stands at 61, Coventry 60, Stoke 56, Nottingham, 55, Wolverhampton 52, Leicester 52, while Gloucester is only 47 and Kidderminster 42. The rents of the three latter towns are therefore not more than half of what they are in London. Looking at this list of Midland centres it is interesting to find that Birmingham, Stoke, Wolverhampton, and Leicester have each of them been taken in hand by the Co-partnership Tenants' movement, a Co-partnership Tenants' Society having been formed at each of these places. Thus substantial help is being rendered to working-class families in helping them to find houses kept

at fair rentals and amid surroundings no likely to be found elsewhere in the same towns.

Now that the Medical Congress has sought to draw attention to Britain as a health resort some of the seaside towns will have to set about putting their houses and streets in order. While we love ancient buildings and admire the picturesqueness of narrow lanes, they do not seem in keeping with the character of up-to-date health resorts, where it is necessary to keep as high a standard as in inland towns.

Town planning seems from all reports from the United States to have caught on in America, and many of the leading towns and cities are obtaining reports as to the improvement of their areas. Some of the plans are being made under the direction of the commercial associations, and for the Commercial Club of Chicago a plan of city buildings has been prepared at a cost of about £15,000, the area dealt with covering a radius of 60 miles and provision being made for the co-ordination of transport and industry as well as for other phases of industrial life. The authorities at Newark and Jersey City have also prepared plans well in advance of suburban development and it would appear that America, having long neglected the planning of her cities, has, at length, thoroughly awakened to the importance of the matter. The citizens are beginning to realise that the problems of housing and transport are so closely interwoven, and that the layout for the development of suburbs must include ample provision for the growth of the community—not only in the provision of dwellings, but also in making the roads in varying grades so as to fit in with the requirement of traffic.

The Innocent Punished.

"How did that case in which you served as a juror turn out?"

"The defendant was acquitted; but the juror was imprisoned for seven hours."

Trouble in Ireland.

A wealthy Montrealer was motoring through a remote district in Ireland, when he came upon a poor woman seated, with all her humble furniture about her, in the middle of the road before her little cabin. He was profoundly moved. Here, before his very eyes, an eviction, a real Irish eviction, was taking place. He got out of his car and gave the old woman a £5 note. "Tell me," he said, "what is the trouble, my poor friend?" Bobbing and curt-seying her gratitude, the old woman replied—"Sure, sir, the ould man's whitewashin'!"

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