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September 8, 1910.—Price One Penny.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Vol. XLV.—No. 36.

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# Bon-Accord.

September 8, 1910.

[REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER.]

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## THE NATIONAL LOCK-OUT.

One of the most regrettable but cer-  
tainly one of the least surprising dislo-  
cations in the shipbuilding industry is  
that which is now taking place. For  
once, the country has ceased to sympa-  
thize with the men affected, who have  
undoubtedly been guilty of a distinct  
breach of agreement. Even the Labour  
leaders themselves and the trade union  
executive withhold their sympathy, if  
not their diminishing funds, and anti-  
trade unionists everywhere are rejoicing  
over what they declare to be a break-  
down of trade union discipline.

The immediate cause of the national  
lock-out is the sectional strikes on the  
Clyde and the Tyne, but trouble has  
been brewing for some considerable  
time. A few months ago, the trades  
unions on the former river, representing  
about 50,000 men, demanded an increase  
of 5 per cent. in wages. As usual, the  
matter was put to arbitration, the result  
being that an agreement was based on  
the activity of the various shipbuilding  
yards. If at the end of August 70,000  
men were being employed, the increased  
remuneration was to take effect in  
October. One would have thought that  
the men themselves would have been  
shrewd enough to endeavour to stop at  
work till at least the end of August.  
Such, however, has not been the case.  
According to a circular issued by the  
Boilermakers' Society to its members,  
there have been no fewer than twenty-  
seven minor or sectional strikes since  
the month of March! The trade union  
officials, it must be pointed out, did  
their utmost to show the members the  
folly of their ways, but a spirit of  
mutiny which cannot be easily ex-  
plained seems to have overtaken the  
workmen. Here was an undertaking  
accepted by the Shipbuilders' Federa-  
tion and the various trade unions on the  
Clyde, and, therefore, we cannot but  
suppose satisfactory to both organisa-  
tions. And yet, ere a few short weeks  
had elapsed, sectional strikes became as  
provokingly and as tantalisingly fre-  
quent as ever. Small wonder, there-  
fore, that the Shipbuilding Employers'  
Federation, which controls almost every  
yard in the country, should have  
brought about this national lock-out.  
The action of the employers is un-  
doubtedly drastic in the extreme; but,  
considering the breach of agreement,  
they are quite within their rights.

Ere long trade union officials through-  
out the country will be obliged to devise  
some effective method of enforcing dis-  
cipline within the body of their rank  
and file. Time and again within the  
last few months the members of these  
organisations have completely ignored  
the collective wisdom and shrewd advice  
of their executives—a course of action  
which, as the above-mentioned circular  
declared, could only lead to "anarchy

in the society and an inevitable lock-out  
of all the members." How true this is  
is only too apparent. As far as we can  
see, the only method whereby the men  
could be compelled to abide by the de-  
cisions and comply with the instructions  
of their own officials will be to so regu-  
late the finances of the organisations  
that recalcitrant workmen would be  
deprived of any monetary assistance  
whatever. Hitherto this has been done  
to a certain extent as far as the official  
headquarters are concerned, but local  
branches, which have generally a fair  
amount of money in their possession,  
have in various instances ignored the  
instructions from headquarters and  
financed the local strikers. This, we  
think, could be to a great extent pre-  
vented by requesting branches to for-  
ward all funds to headquarters either  
weekly or fortnightly. To provide for  
cases of aliment or legitimate strikes, a  
certain amount of money could regu-  
larly and systematically be provided.  
We present the various trade unions  
with this suggestion—not forgetting, to  
be sure, that the men themselves have  
the appointment of their own officials,  
and could very well elect only such as  
would transact business in accordance  
with the present most unsatisfactory  
methods. This is undoubtedly where  
the difficulty arises, and the whole  
problem of improved discipline is as-  
suredly one not easily solved.

We were informed the other day that  
many of the sectional strikes to which  
the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation  
have taken so justifiable an objection  
have been the result of nothing more or  
less than one man, in a defiant and  
unhappy moment, refusing to obey an  
order. Throwing down his tools, he  
would quit the yard, to be followed by  
his comrades right and left. In this way  
a sectional strike is formed, with its  
train of subsequent evils. It is gener-  
ally a question of pay, however, which  
rouses the indignation and disturbs the  
peace of mind of the average employee  
in the shipbuilding industry.

Meanwhile we observe that 50,000 men  
at least are affected by the lock-out,  
which is singularly unfortunate both for  
employers and men alike at the present  
moment, as the majority of the ship-

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building yards were uncommonly busy; so much so that there are sanguine expectations everywhere that the lock-out will not be prolonged in its duration. Let us hope, however, that the men have already seen the unwisdom of their ways, and that in future there will be no more breaches of agreement, which only result in the adoption of measures both drastic and regrettable.

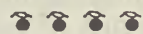
## THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS,

BY

The Man in the Street.

### Our Swedish Guests.

Aberdeen generally does itself proud in the entertainment of foreign visitors, and the series of receptions and treats accorded to the Swedish representatives this week was fully up to the recognised standard. Even the ordinary business of municipal government was for the nonce postponed, and civic dignitaries and ex-municipal lights vied with each other in the unaccustomed role of city guides. With all they saw and heard the Continental guests declared themselves delighted, and certainly their hosts were not less pleased with the good things provided by a munificent corporation.

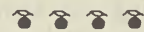


'Tis under such auspices and conditions that the full significance of the Biblical truism is realised—"it's more blessed to give than to receive." Here are the city fathers, in whom for the time being is reposed the hospitable reputation of the Granite City, spreading out before the eyes of foreign strangers all the glories and pomp of Aberdeen and its surrounding haunts. Great are the conveniences of representative government. 'Tis not possible, 'tis not desirable, that the whole community should individually extend the right hand of good fellowship to the visiting sightseers, but they can do so by proxy. The municipal representatives and other favoured citizens are always willing to endanger their digestive organs and to sacrifice time and comfort at the shrine of social duty, and if the ordinary Toms, Dicks, and Harrys of the city cannot perforce share directly in the piping good times, they can do so indirectly by cheerfully paying for them per £ of assessment.



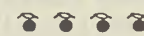
'Twas all too short a stay that was arranged for Aberdeen, but there was concentrated in the brief period such an amount of sightseeing and entertaining episodes that it looked as if a week's festivities and enlightenment had been

crowded successfully into a shortened day. Truly, the master of ceremonies, Treasurer Meff, has well earned the brief holiday which he is credited with desiring, now that the Budget has been safely passed and most of the summer festivities are over. The Swedish travellers were unstinted in their praise of the hospitality shown them on every side, and they fully realised that most of the pleasure and insight which they obtained was due to the orderly arrangements made for their comfort and enjoyment by the keeper of the city purse, Treasurer Meff.



### Mr Lloyd George in our Midst.

Why, oh why, did Mr D. Lloyd George pass through the city gates so hurriedly on Monday? It could not surely be that he was timorous about the reception that would be accorded him in this Radical-Democratic stronghold. It is true that there are some classes in this far northern community who would dearly love to put the wily Chancellor through his political facings. At a time, too, when much midnight oil is being burned in poring over schedules A to Z of land taxes and spirit duties, the assistance of such an authoritative financier would be specially welcome. Surely the indefatigable president of the Licenceholders' Association, Mr G. M. Thomson, was for once caught napping. Else, indeed, might a representative "Trade" deputation have been organised to ascertain his intentions regarding the still suspended Budget.



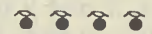
The women, too, missed a glorious opportunity of discussing, face to face with him, his recent House of Commons utterance on the eternal suffrage question. Time was, before the spirit of compromise had daunted the ardour of the militant leaders of the movement, that Mr George would not have run the gauntlet between trains so tamely. Truly, a period of truce has been proclaimed, and although it has its conveniences, and contributes undoubtedly to the travelling comfort of Cabinet Ministers, yet it makes dull copy for enterprising newspapers, and detracts from the piquancy and attractiveness of political affairs. Surely, if not opponents, at least such friends as Mr George possesses in the too, too respectable Liberal Association will do something when the popular Minister returns from Balmoral to show that Aberdeen is politically alive.



### The Local Labour Party.

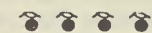
So the Labour Party has ignored the advice so liberally bestowed upon it—to hie itself and its candidates to outlying wards, where a minimum of mischief could be done to ordinary ward authorities. Instead, it has been decided to try the Labour fortunes in the

very hub of the city, where, save for ex-Baillie Johnston's brief period of representation, no Labour foot has previously trod. Truly, the Labour Party is not without courage, and if its success be equal to its assurance, the end may well be held to justify the means. It must be admitted that there are not many, outside the charmed Labour circle itself, who think that St Nicholas Ward—formerly the home of provosts and magistrates—will be a happy hunting-ground for Labour assaults. In municipal affairs, 'tis as often the unexpected that happens as not, and the wisdom or unwisdom of a venture is determined only by the success or failure that attends it.



### Parish Councillors.

'Tis little wonder that staid and peace-loving citizens are fighting shy of the Parish Council as an avenue for the display of their public zeal. The Council has acquired an unenviable reputation for fostering impossible situations. No sooner is it out of one difficulty than it is into another, and not infrequently two or three lively, mirth-provoking themes are being carried on simultaneously. Some of the members, in fact, are like the dear Irishman of classical story—never at peace but when they are at war; and for such militant, belligerent souls the Parish Council is a perfect haven of joy. Their hands are raised against all other hands in the community, and when not spreading themselves out at large and challenging all and sundry, they are usually to be found sparring at each other.



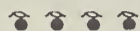
### Oldmill and the L.G.B.

Who would have thought that the innocent-looking suggestion of the Local Government Board anent medical provision for Oldmill Poorhouse would have raised such a far-reaching storm? First it was against the Board for daring to interfere in such a domestic matter as the medical staffing of the Poorhouse; then it was against the Committee for suggesting that a compromise should be effected; now, 'tis the doctors of the city who are coming under the lash of displeasure for refusing the munificent terms offered for medical services at Oldmill. Things are coming to a fine pass, indeed, when doctors presume to know better what their services are worth than thirty odd men well versed in all the intricacies of poor law administration. Instead of

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contemptuously rejecting the terms offered, and arrogantly hinting at a cent. per cent. increase in wages, the members of the medical trust should be pleased rather to get the chance of employment under such a benevolent board.



Meantime, only one practitioner has signified his willingness to accept the position offered on the Council's terms, and the impression prevails that no satisfactory appointment can be made when it is but a case of Hobson's choice. There are those, of course, who, out of sheer cussedness, would maintain the position already taken up; but there are others, less sticklers for dignity, who do not quite believe in the cheapest man theory, but hold that every man—even a doctor—is worthy of his hire. The spirit of economy in a public board is worthy of all commendation, but when it can be exercised only at the expense of continuing a sweating system of medical attendance, it ceases to be a virtue and becomes a tragedy instead.



#### Harbour Engineer's Salary.

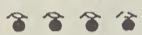
What a pity the Harbour Board is maintained under such a limited franchise! Were it cast in a democratic mould, there would be all the elements of a classic row meanwhile over the proposal to raise the Harbour Engineer's salary from a trifle of £800 per year to a beggarly pittance of £1000. The Commissioners of the Harbour, however, are large-minded men—generous to a degree. They think no more—if, indeed, as much—of throwing around hundreds of pounds as the Parish Council representatives would of halfpenny rolls. They are convinced that Mr Nicol, Harbour Engineer, would be a cheap asset for the harbour at almost any price, and they cheerfully propose to raise his salary to the four figures. Why they should restrict themselves to £1000 a year is difficult to realise. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and a doubling of present salary, or at least a modest £1500 per year, would seem more in keeping with the eternal fitness of things.



#### Band Performances by Seaforths.

The weather may not be particularly propitious for outdoor entertainments, but certainly Aberdeen is having ample opportunity of rising above such petty discomforts. Last week it was the turn of the Lifeboat Committee to demonstrate what could be done in the way of a massed band performance; this week another Committee, working in sweet Charity's name, is to go, not one better, but several times, in connection with a series of performances by the Seaforth Highlanders Band. It may be taken for granted that, given anything like

favourable skies and balmy air, the performances of this famous band will be popularly attractive. No one, at any rate, need raise the excuse of want of opportunity. There are chances galore for hearing the Fort-George musicians, and if one chance should slip, there are others plentifully provided throughout the three days set apart for the unique performances. It is an ambitious venture that this Committee has undertaken, but its very boldness deserves success, as, no doubt, it will achieve it.



#### Sabbath Trading at Fraserburgh.

They are strict Sabbatarians in Fraserburgh—or at least they observe all the signs of being so. We have heard of the enterprising burglar who would on no account ply his trade on Sunday. The fish buyers and sellers of the ancient "Broch" are not quite so straitlaced as that. The other week, owing to inclement weather, some of the fishing-boats of the port were unable to land their catches on Saturday. On Sunday, however, they made harbour, and unique sales by silent auction were carried through. Not a word was spoken throughout the transactions. A slight nod of the head, a wave of the hand, a number of fingers held up to view, and the fish were preserved from deteriorating waste, with the very minimum of disturbance to the Sabbatarian calm of the town or the orthodox scruples of the parties to the transactions.



#### Local Illiteracy.

How can the good people of Aberdeen and its "twal'-mile radius" help being a "leettle" bit conceited? Fact accumulates upon fact to confirm their impressions of self-satisfaction. The latest and by no means the least significant of the indications that make for collective complacency is the established fact, founded upon statistical authority, that there are fewer illiterates in Aberdeen—town and county—than in any other division of territory in the United Kingdom. Hence the editorial blushes and the municipal back-scratching indulged in at sundry wet functions. In South Aberdeen we are told that not a single illiterate voter voted at last election, and in North Aberdeen only one was found bold enough, or candid enough, to admit the soft impeachment of illiteracy.



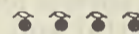
Not that the test of intelligence is set upon a particularly high level. Indeed, it is left pretty much to a man's sense of honour to declare whether or not he can laboriously sign his name. And, after all, the single illiterate voter who exercised the rights of free citizenship in North Aberdeen may have had as true a sense of political knowledge as

thousands of other partisans who could sign their names, if called upon, with many flourishes and wavelets. In politics, as in no other line of activity, are the determining tests of intelligence so incongruously drawn. Men think in concert and act in battalions. Individuality is lost, and he that can shout loudest and assert himself most aggressively is the greatest success. But, meantime, thank goodness, there is a truce in politics.



#### The Lock-out.

The lock-out of boilermakers is providing splendid opportunities for the preaching of theoretical homelies to the perfidious sons of toil. Of course, it is very wrong of workmen to indulge in sectional strikes, or indeed to betray any symptoms of individuality whatever; but, after all, working men are human, and, like all other sections of the community, love at times to kick against the pricks. I have never been able to share in the one-sided volume of denunciation and advice that is always directed against the Ishmaels of labour. The men are always in the wrong; the employers invariably the oppressed and downtrodden section of industrialism. The onus of every petty disturbance or national crisis is laid to the workmen's charge, and only rarely is it realised that there are two sides to every question, including industrial warfare.



More often than otherwise it is in the interpretation of rules and agreements that friction arises, rather than in the establishment of such. From time immemorial, the functions of interpretation have been usurped by employers. Notices are posted, ultimata are issued, and the men affected are allowed no voice nor part in the matters dealt with. Representatives of employers' federations and workmen's colossal unions meet in some far-off swagger hotel and draw up certain indefinite conditions of labour that may or may not work out satisfactorily when the test of practical utility is applied to them. They are often but dimly understood even by the parties to agreements, and it is only when the rules come to be applied that the practical men in the workshops and offices see how much is left to the individual traits of those empowered to administer them.

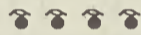


'Tis then that the employer has the advantage. He issues his orders, and

## Eiffel Tower MILK PUDDING

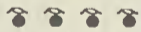
A rd. packet makes a delicious milk pudding in ten minutes. Try it. You will be delighted.

the power of the paymaster does the rest. All modern conditions of industry conspire to the advantage of the employer, individually and collectively. If arrangements are such that employers do not think it worth while to continue the struggle for industrial existence, they can suspend operations, and, no matter what the disastrous effect may be on employees and dependants, they are powerless to resist. By the modern reading of international rules, aggrieved workmen have not even the ancient privilege of ceasing work, voluntarily or otherwise. They must needs saw wood or perform other occupations on the terms set down, or come under the lash of collective displeasure—employing and employed alike. 'Tis a one-sided arrangement, and I am convinced that if there were fewer attempts at arbitrary definitions and autocratic authorities there would be fewer repudiations of agreements on the part of men.



#### Visit of Mr Sydney Webb.

Mr Sydney Webb, the eminent Poor Law Commissioner and author of the much-advertised minority report, is to be in Aberdeen within the next week or two, and will deliver an address upon the prevailing topic. Mr Webb has achieved a measure of fame in connection with the reform of the poor laws that might well turn a less firmly poised head. 'Tis no fitful and temporary consideration, however, that Mr Webb and his talented wife have given to this all-important social subject. Long before the late Royal Commission was formed, they were regarded as pre-eminent authorities on such matters as came under the purview of this Commission, but naturally the mass of information obtained during the prolonged investigation into poor law affairs have appreciably increased their knowledge and influence respecting such matters. Mr Webb will be assured of a cordial welcome in Aberdeen and an attentive hearing.



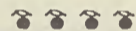
#### School Board Affairs.

After the long vacation, School Board affairs in Aberdeen have again resumed their wonted appearance. With the advent of September, committee meetings have been resumed, and as some specially important questions await the attention of the local educational authority, some stirring events are expected to develop in the near future. It is some time since the pressure of population was such that the building of a bran-new school was considered necessary. The last undertaking in that line was the much-discussed Ruthrieston School. It is said now that not even yet are the requirements of the Ferryhill locality adequately met, and that in the very near future the Board will have to face the building of an entirely new



THE GAY GONDOLIER CONCERT COMPANY now appearing at the Beach Pavilion.

school or a large addition to one of the existing establishments.



Then arrangements have to be made for the inauguration of the employment bureau that was resolved upon just previous to the holidays. Since then an ukase has been issued from the Education Department in London, suggesting action in the various localities of the country, pretty much on the lines decided upon already by the Aberdeen Board. The medical policy of the Board will also be developed on broader lines than ever, and it may be that during the coming winter the compulsory powers of the Board will be brought into requisition so far as requiring the attendance of certain pupils at evenings up to 16 years of age. The remaining portion of the Board's term of office is certain at anyrate to be well filled with stirring educational incident, including some of more personal importance that may arise therefrom.

Telegrams—"Central Bakery." Telephone 753.



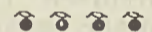
**A. B. HUTCHISON'S**  
FAMOUS  
**BREAD.**

**THE CENTRAL BAKERY.**

Shops throughout the City.

#### ALLEGED HUMOUR.

A London firm of musical-box dealers has just imported two novelties in the form of a lager beer jug and a decanter which play melodies when raised. The act of lifting the jug releases a catch and sets the mechanism going. We have long heard a bass producing a musical sound without being "raised."



According to a Reuter's telegram from Brussels, experiments made with Dr Ehrlich's "Preparation 606" point to its efficacy as a remedy for malaria, sleeping-sickness, and recurrent fever. Another doctor is studying the effects of the preparation in the Congo, and though his experiments are not yet concluded, he is stated to have already expressed the belief that henceforth it will be possible to combat the scourge of sleeping-sickness with its aid. A correspondent writes to ask if the name of the preparation was chosen because of its reading "Sicks. No sick."



"It is expected," says the "Free Press," "that the Swan Drawings recently acquired for the Art Gallery will be opened for exhibition next week. The drawings are twelve in number, and form an excellent group. They show the deceased artist in different mediums—crayon, charcoal, chalk, pastel, and water-colour." The exhibition of a deceased artist in charcoal is, in our opinion, a trifle hard on the artist.

## THE WAIL OF A SEPTEMBER "SWANK."

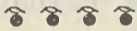
September's sun is shining bright,  
No clouds bespread the autumn sky;  
The sea is smooth—as well it might:  
The wind doth not so much as sigh.  
But yet a tear doth dim my eye.  
I look in vain for belle or minx.  
The sands have not a single "guy"  
As I perambulate the Links.

Where is my Rita's summer hat,  
And Ella's sweet angelic face?  
Where are the star-like daisies that  
Bedecked the park in ev'ry place?  
Where's Alice, Bab, and t'other Grace?  
Gone like the summer's rose methinks,  
Or like the maids of Grecian race,  
As I perambulate the Links.

'Tis all in vain I don the socks  
Of verdant green or purple hue.  
I might as well go buy a box  
Of common black or navy blue!  
I dress not for the vulgar view—  
Plebeian maids or travelling "tinks."  
I love to please the favoured few  
As I perambulate the Links.

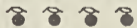
The favoured few! But where are they,  
And where are all the summer 'gals'?  
Alone I skirt the sandy bay,  
While fishermen in dirty yawls  
Delight to hail their fishing 'pals,'  
And laugh at me—a gilded Sphinx.  
I might as well have over-alls,  
As I perambulate the Links!

SWANKIE.



## Performances by the Band of the Seaforth Highlanders.

The performances, which are in aid of Children of Distressed Citizens, Public Soup Kitchen, and Orphans' Home, will be given daily; on Friday in the Duthie Park at 2.30, and in the Westburn Park at 7.30; on Saturday in the Duthie Park at 2.30 and 7.30; again in the Duthie Park on Sunday afternoon at 2.30, and in His Majesty's Theatre on Sunday evening at 7.30. Another feature of the entertainment in the theatre is the engagement of an Aberdeen vocal quartette—Misses Burt and Riach, and Messrs Johnston and Wilson, all of whom are vocalists of repute. Great credit is due to the promoters of the concert and band performances, namely, Messrs J. F. Donald, convener, A. Silver, secretary, and A. Taylor Brown and R. S. Donald, joint secretaries.



## An Irish Bull?

A witness at the Blackpool Police Court the other day in a case of using threats, caused a good deal of amusement by saying that the defendant had waved a stick about "like a mad bull." He seemed rather confused when the clerk asked him if he had ever seen a mad bull waving a stick. Endeavouring to explain, the witness stated that he meant "like a mad bull in temperament." It looks something like an Irish bull, does it not?

## Open Letter to the Sporting Editor of the "Evening Gazette."

Aberdeen,  
Sept. 8th, 1910.

Dear Sir,—That was an excellent photograph entitled "The First of September" which appeared in your estimable paper the other evening, but methinks it was a trifle premature. In the background was a group of trees, into which one of the sportsmen was busily firing, which indicated that the shooting of pheasants and not partridges was being indulged in. Pheasant shooting, however, as every sporting editor should know, does not commence till October 1st. The picture, therefore, if a date is to be introduced, should be entitled "The First of October," and as such could easily appear next year or the year after. Knowing you to be a genuine sportsman, and not forgetting that the best of us sometimes make a mistake, I have no doubt you will readily accept the 'tip' in the same spirit in which it is given.

Yours very truly,

CRIPPEN.



## "Round the Empire."

INTERESTING LECTURE BY MR SANDON PERKINS,  
F.R.G.S.

Mr Sandon Perkins, the well-known lecturer, told a most entertaining story entitled "Round the Empire" in the Ball Room, Music Hall Buildings, on Tuesday evening. Last year we had the pleasure of hearing Mr Perkins lecture upon Arctic exploration—a thrilling and never wearisome tale—and resolved not to miss the repetition of what we knew to be a genuine oratorical treat. Needless to say, we were not disappointed. From the Boat Express in Euston Station to the traveller's destination, via Canada, China, New Zealand, and Ceylon, the audience remained spell-bound. His personal experiences are both numerous and varied, while their interest is equally undeniable. The animated pictures which accompany the address, are as delightful to witness as they are unique, and our only regret is that Mr Perkins does not visit us oftener, as explorers of his calibre and elocutionary abilities, to say nothing of his exquisite sense of humour, are lamentably few and far between. Such a tour as the lecturer described can be done for a couple of hundred pounds.

## She Tamed the Tamer.

Said the lion tamer's wife,  
As bold as bold could be,  
"My husband tames lions,  
But he can't tame me!"  
—"Birmingham Age-Herald."

## The Recipe.

Pessimist Jones—"How is it, Smith, that you look so hale and happy and well?"  
Optimist Smith—"Every time I sit down to worry I fall asleep."—"Wasp."

## Worse.

Dick—"There's one thing about Louise—she never repeats stories about her woman friends."  
Ethel—"Repeats! No, indeed; she starts them."—"Christian Advocate."

## More Serious.

He—"We'd have won the football game if our captain hadn't lost his head."  
She—"Mercy! Was it as bad as that? I heard it was only an ear."  
—"Boston Transcript."

## Coming To Terms.

Possible Boarder—"Ah, that was a ripping dinner, and if that was a fair sample of your meals, I should like to come to terms."  
Scotch Farmer—"Before we gang any further, was that a fair sample o' yer appetite?"  
—"Presbyterian Standard."

## Nothing New.

"No news is good news," quoted the Wise Guy.  
"Huh!" snorted the Simple Mug, "it's very evident you never worked in a newspaper office."—"Philadelphia Record."

## The Other Kind.

"Willie, does your teacher try to impress you with the Golden Rule?"  
"Nope. She just used a plain wood one, but it works just fine."—"Red Hen."

## A Wonder Worker.

Sapleigh—"Ah, speaking of electricity, that makes me think—"  
Miss Keen—"Really, Mr Sapleigh? Isn't it remarkable what electricity can do?"  
—"Boston Transcript."

## She Explains.

Husband—"Say, Lottie! What have you been copying Blankem's catalogue for?"  
Wife—"I haven't been copying Blankem's catalogue at all—that's just my shopping list."  
—"Harper's Bazaar."

## Distinguishing Trait.

"How do you distinguish the waiters from the guests in this cafe? Both wear full dress."  
"Yes; but the waiters keep sober."  
—"Cleveland Leader."

## Transmigration.

One morning Jenkins looked over his garden wall and said to his neighbour—  
"Hey, what are you burying in that hole?"  
"Oh," he said, "I'm just replanting some of my seeds; that's all."  
"Seeds!" shouted Jenkins angrily. "It looks more like one of my hens."  
That's all right. The seeds are inside."  
—"Christian Work and Evangelist."

## The Back Stair.

Rocks—"What do you do when you come home late at night and your wife meets you at the door with a threatening stare?"  
Knocks—"I try the 'back stair.'"  
—"University of Pennsylvania Punch Bowl."

## Mother Goose Cooked.

Little Bo Peep  
Has lost her sheep,  
And I know where she'll find them—  
On cold-storage pegs,  
With skewered-up legs,  
And a government stamp behind them.  
—"New York Judge."

## A Slight Mistake.

Mrs Young—"I want to get a divorce from my husband."  
Lawyer—"What are your charges?"  
Mrs Young—"My charges? Mercy! I thought I'd have to pay you."  
—"Boston Transcript."



#### CHAPTER V.—Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries— (continued).

Meanwhile, Harry Beauclerk was touring in France, and stuffing his effete anatomy with lampreys. So many of them did he eat one day, while sojourning in Rouen, that his "little Mary" struck work and refused to continue her functions. Vomiting, he gave the world of his best—which, we suppose, was stale lamprey—and departed this life, December 1, 1135. Before his death he arranged for his daughter Matilda to succeed him on the throne, and most of the influential men in England swore allegiance to her. As soon as the breath was out of her illustrious papa, however, many of the wicked scamps who had sworn allegiance—and particularly William, Archbishop of York, and Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, who ought to have known better—assisted Stephen, Earl of Boulogne, to obtain the crown of England. Some day, we have a shrewd suspicion, we shall meet these ecclesiastical rogues, and, if they be not over-busy stoking, we shall ask them what they meant. If wireless telegraphy be sufficiently advanced, the explanation may appear in a later edition of this History. As Davie, King of Scotland, was, of course, Matilda's uncle, he naturally resented this sudden change of tactics, and prepared for warlike operations. Leading an army across the Border, he advanced to Durham, where Steve and his army were drawn up in martial array. For fourteen days the two monarchs beheld each other through their binoculars; but, tiring of the sight, they concluded a peace. Once more in Scotland, Davie considered that, while engaged in supporting his niece's claim, he might as well appropriate a county or two in the North of England, and even set himself on the English throne. In his younger days, when his brother-in-law Harry was in the heyday of his glory, Davie very probably had played at sitting on the throne of England while his regal friend was washing his hands or bringing up coal from the coal-cellar, and he may have found the temporary occupancy a delightful enough sensation. At any rate, he coveted the job now, and considered himself as good a man for the English crown as Stephen or any other body. So, in 1138, David the First, King of Scotland, together with the men of Lothian and Teviotdale, the flower of the Norman knighthood of the Lowlands, the Border troopers from Lid-desdale and Cumberland, the fierce and barbarous "Scots of Galloway," reinforced by a bodyguard of men-at-arms under

the command of Eustace Fitz-John, and, last but by no means least, the Highlanders and Islesmen, drew themselves up in battle array on the classic field of Northallerton. Here was fought, on the 22nd of August, 1138, the memorable Battle of the Standard, where the English gave us such a "drubbing" that we cannot but marvel how, even in the twentieth century, so many Scotsmen have the heart to set foot in England. They even assist the Sassenach to win his football matches, thereby displaying, in our opinion, a magnanimity which is beautiful to behold.

We have dipped into half a score of more or less reliable histories in an attempt to discover, for the mollification of our readers, the real cause of the Scottish defeat. Fortunately, we have been successful. It was due to the disgraceful want of an ecclesiastical arrangement on our side whereby all Scotsmen slain on the field of battle would immediately enter into heaven. The Englishmen managed things incomparably better, for a representative of Archbishop Thurstan delivered an energetic speech for the encouragement of the troops, in which he assured them that "those who fell in this holy war should immediately pass into Paradise." We can never forgive David for this deplorable overlook. His piety would seem to have forsaken him in the hour he needed it most. If there be any budding generals among the readers of this History, we take this opportunity of cautioning them not to engage in battle without first acquainting their troops of some such celestial arrangement as was made by Thurstan's representative at the Battle of the Standard. Had Davie taken the same precaution, it would have meant a busy day in heaven, for we read that the Scots are said to have lost 10,000 men.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,  
And nodded o'er his keys; when, lo! there came  
A wondrous noise he had not heard of late—  
A rushing sound of wind and stream and flame.

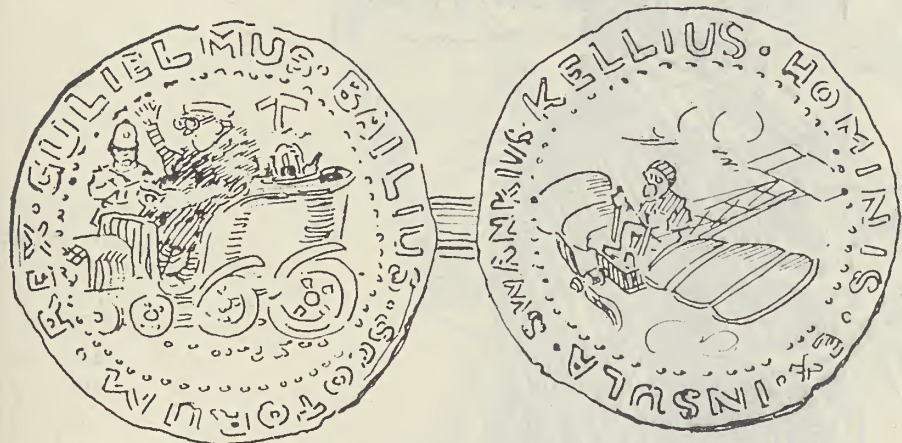
(BYRON: "The Vision of Judgment.")

Another reason for our pitiful defeat may be found in the fact that, while our English adversaries were fully equipped and well-appointed men-at-arms, the Scottish soldiers were more like men-in-arms, and less prepared for mortal combat than our celebrated "Village Boys." It is one thing fighting in armour, and quite another thing fighting in one's shirt-

sleeves. As a matter of fact, it was a case in those days of a survival of the over-dressed. In a contemporary print we observe the Scottish troops are so imperfectly armed that an impartial and altogether unbiassed onlooker cannot help reflecting that the Caledonian troopers must surely have been of opinion that they had only to march up to the enemy, and exclaiming "Crippen, I want you!" take them prisoners one by one! There have been various explanations of how the Battle of the Standard received its name, one of which is that the "London Standard" was the first newspaper to publish the result of the fight. If this be the case, our only comment is that the paper nowadays seems to be under an entirely new management. After the battle, a Scottish warrior, seen by a representative of the "Standard" (we presume), declared that the shooting of the English archers was occasionally so wide of the mark that they were bound to exclaim—as, indeed, many of them did:—

Full many a shaft *on purpose* sent  
Finds mark the archer never meant.

Towards the end of the struggle, which had continued for two hours with the utmost fury, King David brought up the reserve and made a stout resistance, but was eventually repulsed. Another officer seems to have taken his place, for we read that "terror and confusion became general."



Coin of David I.

Next day, according to the most reliable authorities, the field of battle was covered with women. This was "Remnants Day," and they had come out, we suppose, to look for bargains among the remnants of the Scottish army. We have reason to believe another "Battle of the Standard" was fought on the same bloody field, but the majority of historians, for some reason or other, tell us little or nothing about it. We shall follow their excellent example, and if there be any of our readers sufficiently curious to learn details, we can only refer them to any reliable account of a cock-fight at "the Cock Pit Royal, south side of St James's Park." We take this opportunity, however, of denying a very mean and scurrilous rumour.

'Twas whispered in heaven,  
'Twas muttered in hell,

that the married women arrived at the scene of the previous day's engagement for the purpose of indulging their diabolical habit of going through the pockets of the men! The mere suggestion looks decidedly libellous, and we cannot possibly entertain it for a single moment.

Three days after the memorable struggle, Davie reached Carlisle, where he may have put up at "The Bug and Blanket." Those of his shattered army who were unfortunate enough to have buttons without shirts and braces without trousers were duly succoured and sympathised with; though a ton of sympathy will no more clothe a trouserless man than wrapping himself in thought. Much doubt prevailed among the youth of Carlisle as to whether a circus or a menagerie was visiting the town, and not a few believed that both were in their midst. Meanwhile the king was in a state of uncertainty respecting the fate of his foolhardy son, who had allowed himself to be carried away by his impetuosity and a warlike charger. At the end of three days the lost "laddie"

safely arrived, and shared his father's double-bedroom in the "Bug and Blanket."

During their stay in Carlisle a council of war was held. A meeting of the various prelates and nobles was called, with Alberic, Bishop of Ostia, the papal legate, in the chair. The principal business seems to have been to try and persuade the King of Scotland that, instead of listening to the overtures at the "Jollity" or the "Alhambra," he should listen to overtures of peace. They also induced the Scottish army to enter into a solemn engagement that they would not in future ransack churches (in search of collections, we fancy), or murder old men, women, and children. From this we can readily see that Master Butchers' Associations would seem to have been flourishing well, and that our barbarous forefathers fought with great ferocity. Immediately after the conference, Davie set about raising himself in the estimation of his troops and his Scottish subjects, the majority of whom were considerably upset on hearing the result of the battle at Northallerton. This he successfully and speedily achieved by laying siege to the castle of Wark, where, as his troops said, "he hid his wark cut oot." The fortress was reduced by famine; and Davie, says Lord Hailes, "returned into Scotland more like a conqueror than like one whose army had been routed." So much for bluff, which seems to have flourished as well in the twelfth as it does in the twentieth century. For the move we have much pleasure in awarding David I. a second-front seat in our immortal waxwork. This way, Davie! Cap off, please, and sword in sheath!

In the following year—9th April, 1139, to be precise—peace was concluded with England. Just as we ratify a peace treaty nowadays by constructing another Dreadnought, so Matilda, Queen of England, sent her son Henry, afterwards King of England, to Carlisle to Davie, the Scottish monarch, that he might be instructed in feats of arms. Two years later, 'Tilda, who was still at variance with Stephen, for a short time triumphed, and David, her uncle, thought fit to repair to the English Court to give his niece some necessary and excellent advice. She was rather a haughty dame, with "swankish" proclivities, and the people of London rose in arms against her. She was obliged to fly (whether by biplane or monoplane we cannot say), and, together with her uncle, took refuge in Winchester Castle. After a few spirited renderings by Matilda of "Don't take me home," and divers other adventures equally startling, Davie once more reached his beloved Scotland. Henceforth he seems to have spent his whole time applying himself assiduously to the improvement of the country, the encouragement of agriculture and manufactures, the establishment of towns, the erection of churches, monasteries, and other public buildings, and the composure of his own soul. As George Buchanan tells us, the king was now "lingering under a disease that was judged to be mortal, and he foresaw his time could not be long in this world." He was blessed with a contemporary scribbler who seems to have been an excellent shorthand-writer, as several of Davie's orations have been reported verbatim, particularly that one on the death of his son Prince Henry, which is as packed with philosophy as a "pub." is full of beer. This "knight of the pen," Aldred by name, who seems to have been a tutor in the royal household, also speaks of David's great attention to his gardens, buildings, and orchards. At one time he was planting herbs; at another he was grafting shoots; one day making cider; another day making history. By fair means or by foul, but generally by fair, David was determined that, whatever his earlier life may have been, he would have all men speak good of him when he died. Even in his preparation for departing this life he was specially particular. Feeling the end near at hand, he struck a devotional attitude, on bended knee, with his hands across his breast and his head towards heaven. A cynical young scamp about Court, who should have been dipped in petrol and set on fire, endeavoured to impress upon his colleagues that their royal master in his final moments was merely examining the roof. After a reign of over twenty-nine years, missed by all his subjects and hated by none, King David the First of Scotland died at Carlisle on the 24th of May, 1153.

(To be continued.)



A BENEFACTOR OF THE RACE.

Sir J. Crichton Browne presents the Diploma of Public Health to the hitherto much abused Fried-fish Shop Italians.



LLOYD GEORGE ON DEESIDE.

George V.—“Of course, you know how to handle this weapon?”

The Minister-in-Waiting—“Well, your Worship, in my poaching days all we could rise to was the old muzzle-loading shoulder-kicker.”

## AN AMERICAN FOOTBALL MATCH

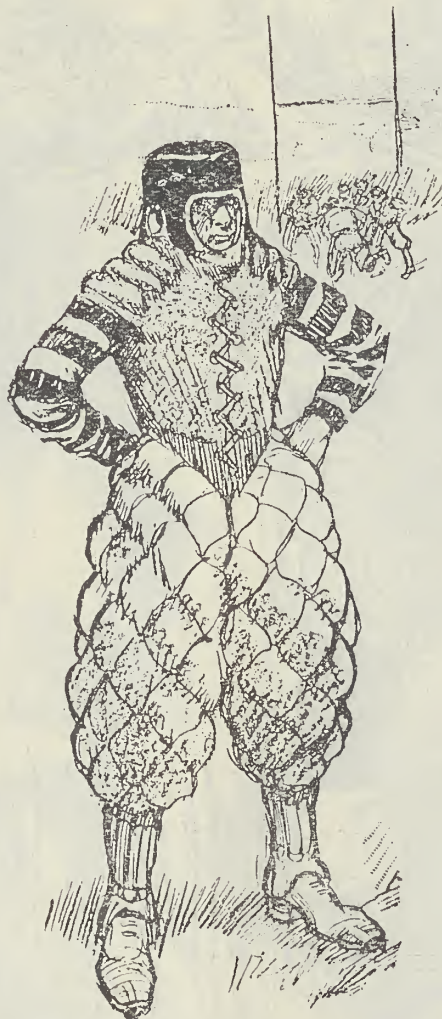
Pittsburg University v.  
Carlisle Indians.

"Alleghanee genak genak boorah boorah Pitt!" "Alleghanee genak genak boorah boorah Pitt!" Such were the words, or more strictly speaking the sounds, that fell upon the ears of Messrs Wright and Macpherson, two Aberdeen Post Office youths of globe-trotting propensities, as they sat in a grandstand in the world-renowned city of Pittsburg one afternoon in the late autumn of 1909. It was not an open-air meeting of exiled Caucasians, nor was it an International Congress of Esparantists. No one was lodging a complaint in a Polish dialect or singing a Balkan song, and the sounds were certainly not proceeding from an intoxicated gramophone. It was an American football match they were witnessing, and the cream of Pittsburg University had come forth to battle with the flower of the North American Indians who were domiciled in Carlisle University. Spick-and-span America, exuberant as the morning lark, was pitted against the beautifully built descendants of an old and warlike race. All Pittsburg had come forth to witness the spectacle,

And even the ranks of Tuscany  
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

Unlike the devotees of the great national pastime in this country, who take up their positions indiscriminately at a football match, the American spectators range themselves up according to the team they are going to support. One side of the ground at the match in question was occupied entirely by the supporters of the Pittsburg University men, while the opposite side was reserved for the supporters of the Carlisle Indians. This arrangement has its advantages and its disadvantages. One of the advantages is that all possibility of horseplay arising is eliminated, as a man is always surrounded by others backing the same team as himself. On the other hand, however, the separation of partisans can only have the effect of robbing the spectators of an extraordinary amount of what is very often the smartest of repartee and the subtlest of wit. Football enthusiasts are notoriously disputatious, especially when supporters of rival combinations come on the scene, and although their conversation invariably contains much dross, there is now and then a nugget of gold sufficiently valuable to buy up a Celtic Football Club. But not only do the football enthusiasts in America prefer to be kept separate, each side actually brings a large instrumental band with it! No sooner does one start to play some popular air than the other commences one totally different. The louder the one plays, the louder the other responds! These instrumental selections are only given, of course, be-

fore the commencement of a match, at half-time, and at the conclusion of a game. Each team, too, brings a megaphonist, who shouts through a huge speaking-trumpet the name of any player who excels, and the supporters at once take up the college yell, such, for instance, as the one we mentioned at the beginning of this article—that is, of course, if the team be a collegiate team, as the best football combinations in America are. By the side of the megaphonist stands a mascot of diminutive size, and dressed as a rule in piebald fashion. Whenever his team score a goal or perform any achievement worthy of special notice, the mascot, who is invariably an acrobat of considerable ability, gives an exhibition of his powers, to the great delight and amusement of his fellow-supporters.



An American Footballer in Conventional Dress.

The scoring of a goal in America is the signal for a tremendous noise, which often continues for five long minutes. The little flags which every enthusiast carries are waved; the college yell, coupled with the name of the scorer, rends the air; the megaphonist on the scoring side shouts himself hoarse; and everyone in general on that particular side bawls himself nearly outside in! In a forgetful and happy moment the brass band will even sometimes enter the nosy contest, and then the sound is like nothing else on earth.

But the most alarming spectacle to a British observer is undoubtedly the

brace of medical officers and the scared and excited-looking row of reserve players sitting behind the goal-posts. Twenty-two players take the field, and there are no fewer than twenty-two reserves ready to supplant the dead and the dying. If the British rule of keeping an injured man's place vacant till he returns were applied in the United States of America, the game would almost always cease for want of men! Another functionary who cannot be overlooked in this article is the man who careers along the touch-line with a sponge and a bucket of water. Even while the game is proceeding, this Samaritan gent. throws a moistened sponge to any player who may desire it, and the sight to a Britisher is, needless to say, divertingly funny. Besides those we have mentioned there is a perfect army of doctors' assistants, nurses, ambulance men, life-restorers, stretcher-bearers, bandagers, surgeons, bone specialists, quacks, etc., etc. Scarcely a match is played without a procession of stretchers from the scene of battle to the hospital or club-house quarters underneath one of the grand-stands. At the conclusion of a game, we understand, the number of times the club-house flag is raised half-mast indicates the total number of deaths, but practically nobody takes the slightest interest in the signals.

Let us have an imaginary glimpse of the field, then, at the moment of the kick-off. The playing-part is marked off in squares in much the same fashion as our tennis-courts, and each player occupies a certain space. Curiously enough, the goalposts resemble our Rugby posts in shape and appearance, although there are only eleven men on each side. The ball, too, can be handled, and in fact carried, pushed, or kicked towards an opponent's goal in almost any fashion possible! This is precisely where the danger comes in. Taking a look at the participators, we find they are well protected, a vast amount of padding covering various parts of their anatomy, notably the legs. There is a referee, of course, and the usual number of linesmen. Behind the goals at each end are the reserve eleven, who take the field, if need be, according to their position on the form on which they sit. At various points outside the touchline are the doctors and their assistants, for their services may be required at any moment. Near the touch-line, too, and close to their fellow-supporters, the megaphonist and the mascot side by side take up their respective positions, while the instrumental bands are generally located between the grand-stand and the playing portion of the field.

In the Pittsburg University v. the Carlisle Indians match, which was graphically described to us by Messrs. Wright and Macpherson, half-time arrived with the score 6-3 in favour of the local 'Varsity. The victors' supporters left their grand-stand to a man, and filed out into the field. For a minute or

two their movements to a stranger were decidedly baffling, but ere long the mystery was effectively solved. Standing in Indian file they formed the figures comprising the score—viz., 6-3! Meanwhile the conquerors' band was playing a merry tune; the Pittsburg men were waving their little flags, and well-nigh wakening the dead with their babel of sounds; and the temporarily vanquished were motionless and still. But if the half-time score provoked an earthly sound, what can be said of the noise which followed the final score, which chanced to be 14-3! Pittsburg could scarcely restrain itself; and little wonder, for the Carlisle Indians had hitherto invariably defeated them, and were quondam champions of the League. Five men were more or less seriously injured; but this, comparatively speaking, was nothing to speak of. On the whole, we rather fear the average Scotsman will still prefer to see the game played as it was played in the days of his boyhood, and will continue to forego the extra excitement, if only to witness less brutality.



THE GAY GONDOLIER CONCERT COMPANY  
at the Beach Pavilion.

## ENTERTAINMENTS.

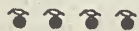
### H.M. Theatre.

#### "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY."

It is not necessary to describe the characteristics or plot of "The Private Secretary." The play has been here before, and if the appreciative reception it has had this week is any criterion it will be here again. "The Private Secretary" has undoubtedly in its humorous elements of a lasting nature, and its undiminished popularity is the best tribute that can be paid to its merits.

The present company is quite a good one. Mr W. Hargreaves as Mr Cattermole is the bright particular star, and his acting—and more particularly his get-up—are at once exceedingly funny and quite natural. He is very well supported by Miss Wade, who is so good in the first act as Mrs Stead, that one cannot help being sorry that she doesn't come on again. Mr Hussey is quite good as the Rev. Robert Spalding, his portrayal of the character being quite on the conventional lines. As made up he reminds one in a most ludicrous fashion of a well-known young divinity student of sporting proclivities who recently left Aberdeen for a wider sphere. Mr Horace George and Mr Claremont fill the parts of the young men of the play with distinction, while Miss Mallalieu and Miss Blythe play up to them well. Altogether, with the company quite up to the standard of former ones, "The Private Secretary" wears exceeding well, and is just as good as ever.

Next week, Wilson Barrett's famous play "The Sign of the Cross."

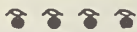


### The Palace.

At the Palace this week Chanteclair, a most amusing burlesque on the well-known play of M. Rostand's, is the chief attraction. Seldom do we see so large a company on the Palace stage, there being no less than fifty performers. The production is a complete novelty, and, on the whole, extremely clever. Topical allusions succeed a piece of boisterous fun, and a charm-

ing dance follows some highly diverting dialogue. There are three very picturesque scenes—(1) A Poultry Run—Sun Sets; (2) Owl's Roost—Home of the Fox—Moon Shines; (3) Another part of the Poultry Run—Sun Rises. Mr Jack Martin as "Chanteclair" and Miss Madoline Rees as the "Hen Pheasant" are a couple of talented artistes, their love-making in the most approved farm-yard style being a most fascinating and clever performance. Mr Ernest Sefton as the "Boosy Rooster" is an admirable "bird" of convivial proclivities, who keeps the audience merry from start to finish, with his humorous sallies and his invitations to his feathered friends to "come and have something." Altogether Chanteclair, with its fifty gorgeously-dressed performers, is a production which no one should fail to see. Reichen and his Dogs are a clever and entertaining 'turn,' the balancing of the animals on their master's head and hands being particularly smart. The Curtis Four, in a novel vocal and comedy scena, provide another item of a polished nature. One of the quartette is a most accomplished pianist, while the other three are dainty dancers. A handsome singer of "catchy" and original ditties is Carlotta Levey, one of her most popular songs being entitled "Dear Old Pals." Equally good is the concluding item on the programme—Viviana and Company, in an original dancing act in a toy shop. On the cinematograph screen the Palascope depicts a thrilling incident in the island of Corsica. A number of bandits waylay a mail-coach containing a considerable quantity of booty, and convey the plunder to their retreat among the hills.

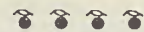
This afternoon there will be a special Flying Matinee at 2.30, when a classical art performance and matinee musicale will be given.



### The Tivoli.

Quite the best turn at the Tivoli this week is Madame Vonetta, one of the most versatile actresses who have visited Aberdeen. She is a quick-change artiste, conjurer, plastic poseur, and dancer, her performance being a really wonderful affair. Her representation of classical figures is both graceful and refined, and the exhibition is exceedingly well

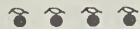
received. Special mention must be made of the music and the scenery, both of which added considerably to the success of the item. Various London street entertainers were cleverly burlesqued by Violet Lloyd and Horace Lane, while a musical professor and his pupils were equally well and as amusingly imitated by the Aeolians. The seldom-seen but much-discussed "hobble skirt" has for several weeks been ridiculed in southern music halls. At the Tivoli this week much merriment is evoked by one or two artistes who appear in slightly exaggerated specimens of that diabolical garb. One of these is Miss Rosie Lloyd, who is much too charming a young lady for anything so ridiculous as a hobble skirt. Her song, "Who'll see me home to-night?" takes the form of a rather embarrassing query, which the gilded youth in the stalls, if called upon, could doubtless answer to their own satisfaction. Griff & George are a humorous pair, with no end of amusing patter; while Tom Franks, a ventriloquist, and Marie Beresford, vocalist, also help to sustain a really tip-top programme. George Rapley as a vocalist and comedian, is similarly received. The programme concludes with the Tivoli pictures. Large houses are the order of the day, but, considering the excellent nature of the fare, this occasions no surprise.



### The Beach Pavilion.

At the Beach Pavilion this week Mr George Robins, who is recognised as one of the most versatile humourists of the present day, presents his "Gay Gondoliers" Concert Company, who were recently appearing at Margate. There are quite a number of excellent features attached to the entertainment. One of them is the charming singing of Miss Beatrice Rowe. Her rendering of "Sweet Early Violets" is really an exquisite performance, which invariably meets with the loudest applause and shouts of "Encore." Another lady member of the company, Miss Mina Lorenga, is quite an adept on the mandoline, and is equally well received. Among the gents, special mention must be made of Mr Robins himself, and his amazing memory feat. Thirty different words

are given him by the audience, with a certain number attached to each. Only once is Mr Robins informed of the word and the number, and yet he can give either with the greatest rapidity. No more than half a dozen people in the world, we understand, have mastered this marvellous feat, so that Pavilionites and the public generally should not fail to patronise the show this week. Over and above the memory test, he gives an exhibition of imitation instrumental playing in addition to the provision of no end of fun. Without a doubt the gifted Mr Robins could run an entire show "on his own." Messrs Alf Wharton and Norman Grieve are vocalists of rare ability, who never fail to charm their audience. A duet between Mr Grieve and Miss Rowe is exquisitely rendered, and few, if any, listeners can withhold applause. As a whole the Gay Gondoliers Company is one of the ablest and most versatile ever seen at Mr Thomson's Pavilion.



### The Gaiety.

This year marks the commencement of the third year of Mr Dove Paterson's highly successful and ever-popular show at the well-known Shiprow establishment. To celebrate the auspicious event a programme of unusual excellence is being submitted, together with a new and very pleasing feature—the engagement of a gifted lady elocutionist from London. Her name is Miss Marie Pascoe, and she is an actress of considerable repute. Doubtless Mr Paterson's characteristic enterprise will be amply rewarded. The principal film this week is entitled "The Awakening of Bess," a dramatic of the most thrilling description. Here Gaiety patrons will have their first opportunity of hearing Miss Pascoe, who is undoubtedly a very talented elocutionist. Bertie Foolhead's latest—"Let us die together"—is a picture which, notwithstanding the ominous-looking title, contains much genuine humour. Bertie, who is particularly well known to Gaiety patrons, has the usual run of misfortune, but his predicaments are generally such that they produce little else but merriment on the part of onlookers. An American dramatic film of great power and pathos is that of "The Bellringer's Daughter." "Where is Mulcahy" is an uproariously funny 'comic' which is positively side-splitting. The troubles of a policeman are usually made much sport of by the average youth, but when that policeman chances to be bothered with "a superfluity of adipose tissue" the fun is invariably fast and furious. "Tried and Found True" is a sensational drama of convict life, which tells the story of an assisted escape from prison; while "Never Again" is a delicious 'comic,' laughter-provoking throughout. A beautiful travel picture—one of the loveliest we have ever seen at the Gaiety—illustrates life in the West Indies, where most of us can travel only in imagination. In view of the fact that the Swedish visitors have been in our midst this week it was a particularly happy idea of the management to arrange for exhibiting a pictorial trip to Sweden. "Two Eyes of Gray," by Ernest Pike, is the title of the cinephone musical song, and a tuneful ditty it is. Altogether the Gaiety third anniversary celebration

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J. F. MACPHAIL MASSIE, Treasurer

week is being fittingly and adequately observed by the submission of a programme of outstanding merit.



### The Beach Bijou.

September is now at hand, but the Bijou continues to keep its doors open all day long. The range of cinematograph views is changed weekly, and there is certainly no better entertainment in the city at the moment. This week among the principal pictures may be mentioned "A Costly Gift," "The Despatch Bearer," "His Week's Pay," and "The Lake of Como."



### The Empire.

Now that the dark evenings are upon us a pleasant night can be spent, both with profit and amusement, at Mr Montague's George Street establishment, where the range of cinematograph views is always up-to-date and sufficiently varied. Comic films succeed dramatic, and travel views succeed topical. The prices of admission are moderation itself. With regard to the safety of the hall where so many children congregate, it is worthy of note that the cinematograph is outside the building altogether, and therefore the chances of fire are considerably reduced. There is one house nightly at 7.55, and two on Saturdays—at 7 and 9.

The notorious "Spanish prisoner" is now in Madrid, and his intended victims are the Italian proprietors of restaurants in London. Four Italians have just received a letter each. The prisoner "begged to beseech" each Italian restaurateur "whether you wants to come here to take away my equipages seizure in order to seize upon a trunk containing a secret in which I have hidden a document indispensable to you to come in possession of £48,000 that I have in Brusells. As reward I yield you a third part of the aforesaid sum." The swindlers have apparently heard that Italian restaurateurs can well-nigh swallow anything.

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SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT 3.....DUTHIE PARK.

SATURDAY EVENING AT 7.30.....DUTHIE PARK.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT 3.30.....DUTHIE PARK.

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| " " in Walnut, by LOGAN'S, iron frame, full trichord, check action, marqueterie and pearl panel .....     | Cash | £15 0 0  |
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|                                                                                                  |          |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
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| " " in Rosewood, by LOGAN, 8 stops, mirror back, knee swells .....                               | £7 10 0  |
| " " in Walnut, by MILLER, 8 stops, 2 sets reeds, mirror back, knee swells .....                  | £9 9 0   |
| " " in Walnut, by WEAVER, high mirror back, 11 stops, 4 sets of reeds, knee swells Cash .....    | £13 10 0 |
| " " in Walnut, by THOMAS, mirror back, 11 stops, 4 sets reeds, beautiful carved case, Cash ..... | £15 0 0  |
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# SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

## FOOTBALL.

### SPOILED BY THE "BREEZE."

In reviewing Aberdeen's second game at home the fact must be borne in mind that the wind had a larger say in the play than the players had. Before the play started it was quite common amongst those who had played football what an important faction such a breeze as that experienced on Saturday had in the manipulation of the ball. It was also noted that if any combination was to be seen it would be more apparent against the wind than with it, but to this there was little regard paid, and hence the consequent loss of points. Hamilton was out to win after their success over Falkirk, and they were also first on the field with a view to finding out their bearings before the play commenced. When Aberdeen appeared they were hardly recognised from the change they had made in their wearing apparel. From horizontal striped shirts they had donned vertical hooped jerseys with white neck-band, and white knickers. The change seemed to bewilder the crowd, who took some time to distinguish the players in their new garb. Colman having won the toss, set Hamilton the task of playing against the wind and sun, and the advantage was soon apparent. Though the visitors were first to get within shooting range they failed to gather the ball, so that the defence had little anxiety in clearing. After Soye's initial run and corner, we thought the home players adopted the wrong tactics altogether, in view of the troublesome wind. It was certainly easier to get the ball propelled to the right, but it would have paid far better if they had forced the sphere to the left, where time and again the wing were unmarked and free to act had they got the chance. For a long time Lennie never touched the ball, and might have never done so but for the foraging tactics of Travers, who worked like a Trojan to get something tangible. No fault could be found with what the right wing did. Usually they crossed right enough, but it was after the defence had concentrated round them and there was little chance left of shooting. This was demonstrated when the first goal came after thirty minutes' play. The whole five took part in the movement, so that the defence got bewildered, Lennie being unmarked when Soye's cross came over to him, and the left-winger capped the run by heading into the net. It was claimed that Brownlie, the back, drove into the net; but the ball was sufficiently over the line before the back got at it. Shortly after, Tom Murray capped another fine run by scoring the second goal with an unsaveable shot. In our opinion this was the best goal of the match, and Tom might have tried one or two more on his own if he had started earlier. It was not a big enough lead to have at half-time on such a day, but without leaving the field the teams went at it again. Travers

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failed to reach a lovely chance which Lennie sent over, and had he got it Aberdeen were winning sure. Tom Murray also raised the hopes of the home crowd by a hard drive, which Montgomery easily held. Hamilton now forced themselves more into the picture, and crafty old Peter Somers eluded the home defence, and opened the score with a straight drive, which, if King's vision was not obscured, he could have saved. By this time Hume was in the "wars," and his failure to hold the right wing threw a lot of work on Colman, who had a great pair to watch himself. From a corner the equaliser came, and though Aberdeen pressed almost continuously to the finish, the game ended with a division of points—2 goals each.

### THE PLAYERS.

Hamilton had the best-balanced team out on Saturday that has ever worn their colours on Pittodrie. Fault might be found with the middle line, who were inclined to kick out at any price, without regard to placing. Montgomery was clever in goal, with a pair of rattling backs in front of him in Brownlie and Davie. Forward, Leckie and Somers were always on the move, and the ex-Celt proved he has not lost any of his cunning, and also that he can shoot when an opening occurs. No fault could be found with King in the home goal. In the first half he saved two splendid shots; but he did not get half the work that his vis-a-vis got. Colman was best in the back division, while Hume should have lain off in the second half. Wylie and Millar gave of their best all through, and the centre-half has established himself as a first favourite with the home crowd. Wilson was erratic at the start, but steadied down considerably in the second. The worst fault that could be found with the forwards was that they did not shoot often enough, for their outfield play deserved more than two goals. In the first period the right wing were best, because they got more of the ball, and in the second the left wing was seen to better advantage. The whole line, however, worked better together than on the opening match, and if they continue to improve they will do better yet.

### HEALTHY SIGNS.

Never in the history of the League has there been so many surprise results in the first few weeks of the season. This is healthy for all the clubs. It is not good for the success of the competition when one club starts off with a commanding lead and makes it appear as if none dare come near them in search of points. For the third week in succession the champions have had to bow the knee and acknowledge defeat by the odd goal. Surely it is changed times with the Celts when Quinn, McMenemy, and Co. cannot score one goal in a match. The other clubs do not object, and all will trust, for the sake of the competition, that it will remain so for a few weeks yet.

The surprise of the afternoon was at Ibrox Park, where the Rangers were beaten by Dundee 2-1 in a game where Crumley saved his side from defeat. "Bob" was in great form, taking his team out of many tight corners. Lindley, who took Fraser's place at outside left, scored both goals for Dundee, and will now be regarded as a safe man for the position. Motherwell take top place, and their victory over the Hearts must be regarded as one of

the best results they have yet achieved this season. To beat the present Hearts team by 3-2 stamps the Fir Parkers as opponents to be respected.

It was expected that Third Lanark, having once got a start to count, would go on, but they got another set-back on Saturday from the Clyde at Shawfield, where the "Warriors" were defeated by 2-0. In a hard game at Hampden Park, Airdrieonians defeated Queen's Park by 1-0. The "Amateurs" tried hard to equalise, but they had too stiff a defence to get round.

Drastic changes were made in the Falkirk team on Saturday, and for a wonder the remodelled team pulled through. Partick Thistle were the visitors at Brockville, and they got the "Bairns" in rampant mood, and were defeated by 3-0.

Easter Road is not a happy hunting-ground for visiting clubs this season, and St Mirren will have cause to remember that they lost two valuable points and two goals there on Saturday.

### RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

|              |         |   |                 |         |   |
|--------------|---------|---|-----------------|---------|---|
| Rangers      | - - - - | 1 | Dundee          | - - - - | 2 |
| Queen's Park | - - - - | 0 | Airdrieonians   | - - - - | 1 |
| Falkirk      | - - - - | 3 | Partick Thistle | - - - - | 0 |
| Kilmarnock   | - - - - | 1 | Celtic          | - - - - | 0 |
| Motherwell   | - - - - | 3 | Hearts          | - - - - | 2 |
| Hibs.        | - - - - | 2 | St. Mirren      | - - - - | 0 |
| Clyde        | - - - - | 2 | Third Lanark    | - - - - | 0 |
| Aberdeen     | - - - - | 2 | Hamilton Acas.  | - - - - | 2 |

### THE QUALIFYING SURPRISES.

More than ordinary interest is usually attached to the first round of the Qualifying Cup competition. The clubs being all drawn in districts, there is always keen rivalry before the competition is broadened as the clubs grow gradually less. All over Scotland the ties were conducted with great spirit, and the usual number of surprises have to be noted. In the eastern district of Fifeshire, where Raith Rovers—now promoted to the First Division of the League—had to meet Dumfermline Athletic at Carnegietown, all records went by the board, and the home side won by the only goal of the match. Raith Rovers will fare badly by this reverse, which must be a serious matter financially for them. Not that the Qualifying tie may have meant much to them, but they are also out of the Scottish Cup competition too. The cupholders and runners-up met at Leith, but failed to come to a definite decision—Leith and Bathgate will thus have to meet again. Morton made sure of their game with Dunbarton Harp. Coming nearer home, the surprises are equally great. Dundee Hibs., who have had an eye on the cup, were defeated by Arbroath 2-1, so that Tannadice Park will again be practically deserted when the National competition is on. Peterhead have

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hitherto done well in this competition, but they had evidently taken their neighbours too cheap, or the "Brochers" must have a strong side to have beat Peterhead by 3-0. Forres Mechanics could only draw with Buckie Thistle (4 goals each), and they may expect short shrift when they travel to the coast town. In the far north Inverness Caledonia defeated Elgin by 3-2, and the Inverness Thistle and Clachnacuddin had a drawn game of 1 goal each.

#### THE REFEREE SCORES.

In the game at Elgin in the Qualifying Cup, a correspondent informs us that the first goal of the match—scored by Elgin City—was an unique one. The referee was busy watching a tussle between a back and a forward, when the latter got rid of his opponent and swung the ball across, striking the referee in transit, and going into the net. There was a how-de-ye-do about it, but the official had no option but to give the goal. Very rarely does this happen in a game. It is rather a fine point, and one which seldom occurs or has occurred for some time, so far as we are aware. As the goal was counted to the losing side, nothing further will be heard of it, but if it had been the other way about something would have been done to test the legality of it.

#### THISWEEK'S PROGRAMME.

Very few League games will be played this week, owing to the Glasgow Cup Ties—the first round being played. The combatants are Clyde v. Queen's Park, Partick Thistle v. Celtic—Rangers and Third Lanark receiving byes. To meet the difficulty of getting good League fixtures on that date, the eastern clubs have decided to contest for the North-Eastern Cup on the same dates as those occupied by the Glasgow clubs. Dundee will play the Hibs. at Dens Park, and Raith Rovers will have the Hearts at Stark's Park, while Aberdeen play Falkirk at Brockville Park. Free from League excitement, Aberdeen will journey to Falkirk, where they will have a stiff job to overcome the "Bairns." The second round will be played on the corresponding date of the Glasgow ties. Bar accidents, Aberdeen will send away the same team that has represented them since the season began, viz.:—King; Colman and Hume; Wilson, Wylie, and Millar; Soye, M'Intosh, Murray, Travers, and Lennie.

In the Reserve League competition, Dundee A will play Aberdeen A at Pittodrie, when an exciting struggle should be witnessed. From all accounts we hear that, had Neilson, Hendry, and Hay not been injured early in the game on Saturday, Dundee could not have had such a one-sided victory. If the men are fit, the same team will likely turn out, but it may happen that a change will have to be made for some of those on the injured list. The team will not be fixed up till to-night.

#### CHATTY BITS.

Hamilton took away the first point from Pittodrie on Saturday—a feat they have never done before.

The "Acas" were proud of their team on Saturday, and they have reason to be so, for they are a good side.

The Celts could be doing with old Peter Somers in the front rank just now, for they are badly in want of good scorers, and Peter can do that same trick.

Charlie O'Hagan has been attached to many clubs of late by the newspapers, but, though

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nothing definite has been done in the beginning of the week, we believe he will sign for Greenock Morton, if he did not do so on Wednesday.

We know that Morton have made a good offer, and Charlie will be unwise not to accept it.

In Huddersfield's opening match, Mutch received great praise for his custodianship. "His only failing is a tendency to run out with the ball. He was penalised once for this on Saturday, and kicks in goal-mouth are dangerous. He hugs the ball too much, but all the same he is a capture." So says a contemporary.

Bobby Simpson does not come in for the same favourable comment, but is accused of "lying among the halves." This was not Bobby's play at Pittodrie.

While Sunderland have stuck their form, and their men are keeping all right, Newcastle seem to have lost the knack of beating a goalkeeper.

The opening has been sensational with some of the clubs in England, but the real form of many of the teams will not be found till the end of this month.

Manchester City have made their presence felt already, but their rivals at Old Trafford have not yet got into their scoring.

The newly-constituted Fraserburgh team is going to make things "hum." They have got together a good side, and expect to make a good show in the Qualifying ties.

Peterhead must have felt a bit sore at being defeated on their own pitch by their new rivals. The keen rivalry which exists between these two places ought to make the game go well in future.

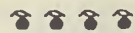
The Scottish League have still some points to clear up with the Southern League, as to the transfer of players. On some points it is expected outside assistance will be required to settle the matter.

#### QUALIFYING CUP.

The draw for the second round of the Qualifying Cup competition was made on Tuesday evening at a meeting of the Council of the S.F.A. held in Glasgow. The draw resulted thus:—

Aberdeen Harp v. Fraserburgh; Aberdeen Varsity, a bye.

Inverness Caledonian v. Forres Mechanics or Buckie Thistle; Clachnacuddin, or Inverness Thistle, a bye.



#### GOLF.

J. F. Macdonell, with a card of 84, was the winner of the Royal Aberdeen monthly medal on Saturday.

The monthly medal was the principal item of competition last week in the Bon-Accord and Murcar Clubs. Charles Fraser (scr.), with a round of 80, was declared winner for the former, while M. Henderson, with a score of 88 (less 6) 82, was winner of the Murcar's prize.

The preliminary rounds for the Murcar Club championship will be played on the 17th and 24th September.

Twenty-nine players representing Upper Deeside, and a like number from the Deeside Club played at Bieldside course on Saturday. The result was a win for the Upper Deeside men by nine points. Scores—Upper Deeside 19, Deeside 10.

In the match between R. Mearns, jun., who is professional at Aboyne, and Smith of Balnagask, Mearns won the prize presented by E. T. Heaven of Aboyne.

## CRICKET.

#### CRESCENT'S SUCCESSFUL SEASON.

With Saturday's victory over the Inverurie Loco. Works, Crescent wound up their season, which has been a most successful one in every respect. They have played seventeen matches, of which twelve were won, one drawn, and four lost. The victories were over Stoneywood, Aberdeenshire Y.M.C.A., Asylum (twice), Stewart Park, Mannofield XI., St. Ronald, Aboyne, Kintore, Huntly, and Inverurie Loco.; the drawn game with Huntly, and the losses to University, St. Ronald, Huntly, and Mannofield XI. The Association Cup was gained for the first time in the history of the club, while five League games were won and three lost. Perhaps the most noteworthy victory was that over the full county eleven of Aberdeenshire in the beginning of the season. Season's bowling and batting averages:—

|               | BATTING.      |                |           | Most in inngs. | Aver. |
|---------------|---------------|----------------|-----------|----------------|-------|
|               | No. of inngs. | Times not out. | TL. runs. |                |       |
| C. H. Webster | 15            | 1              | 271       | 52             | 19.36 |
| W. S. Catto   | 6             | 0              | 115       | 38             | 19.17 |
| W. Duncan     | 10            | 0              | 174       | 52             | 17.4  |
| L. Duncan     | 15            | 2              | 201       | 36             | 15.50 |
| A. S. Catto   | 15            | 1              | 188       | 48             | 13.45 |
| R. Findlay    | 13            | 2              | 141       | 45             | 12.8  |
| G. Duncan     | 12            | 0              | 106       | 28             | 9     |
| A. S. Kyd     | 15            | 4              | 87        | 22             | 8     |
| W. R. Wishart | 17            | 1              | 112       | 26             | 7.6   |
| J. R. Wright  | 8             | 3              | 36        | 10             | 7.2   |
| R. Gauld      | 13            | 1              | 65        | 20             | 5.4   |
| J. Telfer     | 5             | 1              | 21        | 13             | 5.25  |
| B. Brown      | 4             | 1              | 13        | 4              | 4.25  |
| G. Lowe       | 9             | 1              | 32        | 15             | 4     |
| F. Boddy      | 5             | 1              | 8         | 6              | 2     |

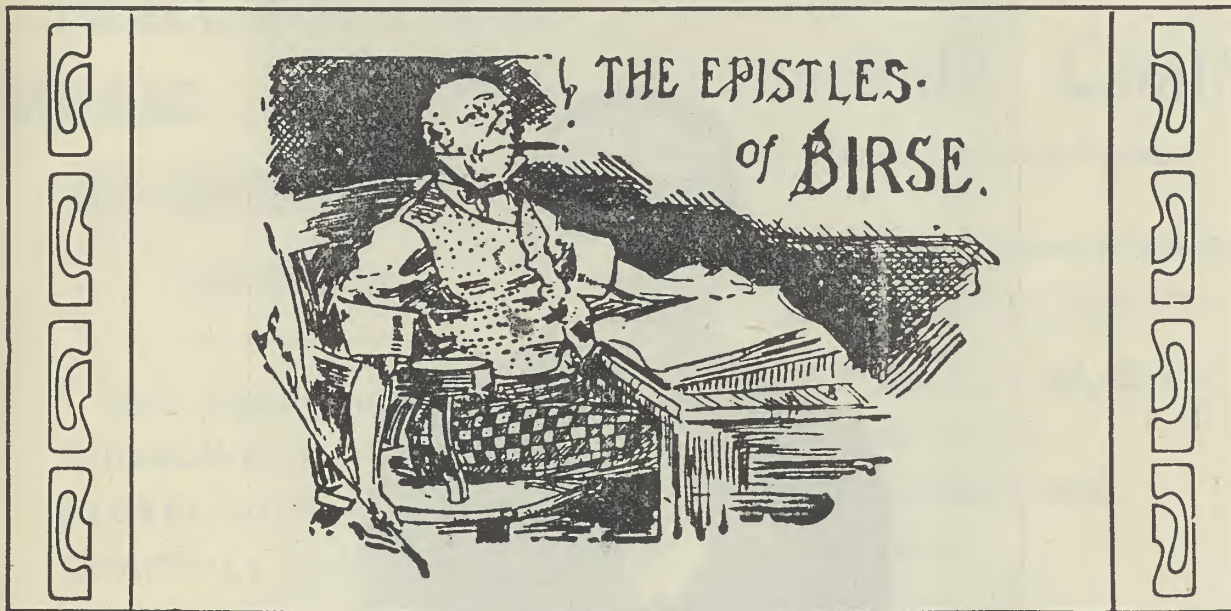
Also batted—A. Reid, C. George, and A. G. Walker.

|               | BOWLING. |    |     |    |       |
|---------------|----------|----|-----|----|-------|
|               | O.       | M. | R.  | W. | Aver. |
| J. Telfer     | 9        | 2  | 16  | 2  | 5     |
| W. Boice      | 15.2     | 4  | 42  | 8  | 5.25  |
| J. R. Wright  | 36.4     | 6  | 76  | 12 | 6.33  |
| L. Duncan     | 8.4      | 2  | 21  | 3  | 7     |
| A. S. Catto   | 160      | 45 | 287 | 38 | 7.55  |
| R. Findlay    | 104.5    | 20 | 263 | 33 | 7.9   |
| W. S. Catto   | 9        | 1  | 35  | 3  | 10.5  |
| W. Duncan     | 55       | 10 | 158 | 14 | 11.3  |
| A. S. Kyd     | 95.5     | 6  | 358 | 29 | 12.34 |
| F. Boddy      | 24       | 2  | 77  | 6  | 12.6  |
| C. H. Webster | 35       | 6  | 112 | 6  | 18.66 |

Also batted—A. Reid and W. B. Wishart. R. Gauld took 10 catches, A. S. Kyd 8, and A. S. Catto, R. Findlay, and L. Duncan 6 each. W. B. Wishart, who took part in every match, caught seven and stumped six men.

The draper (says the "Drapery Times") has as much to lose as anybody else if the country is invaded, but he will not recognise that the Territorial Army is the last resort of a War Office which has tried many experiments for obtaining an efficient defensive system for the country. After the Territorial Army comes conscription. The draper, however, should not be too hard on the War Office, as the latter may cease at any moment to deal in red tape.

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### He Wishes it to be Understood that He Was Not "Fou."

Dear Mister Editor,

Aw'm nae hame at Ketybowster yet. I fully intendit t' tak' Seterday's train, bit b' a concatenation o' unfortnit accidents I'm still confined t' Glesca. I dinna mean confined to jile, bit confined t' my hottle, which is jist about as bad. This is hoo that happens. Last Freday night I hid a meetin' wi' some North Kwintry billies in a fash'nable change-hoose in Renfield Street, wi' the result that it wis strikin' elaiven on the Tron afore I won t' the Sautmarket. I wis in the blithest o' humours as I steppit eastward doon Argyle Street an' the Trongate; in fac', the plainstones oonder my feet seemed t' be as elastic as Indy-rubber mattin'. I only mention this t' intensify the gloom o' the calamitis tragedy which folla't.

Hid Mrs O'Rafferty been at hame that evenin' this peetable story michtna been taul'. Unfortnitly she an' an acquaintance—Mrs M'Carty—an 'oman wi' a tongue 'at wid clip cloots, an' nae a geniwin Coonty Cork M'Carty, bit a mongrel iae about Derry—wis absent on a veesit t' the Theatre roon the corner, in Stockwell Street. I forget the name o't, bit ye'll min' the place fine. It cest t' be the

#### Scoshia Music Hall.

The Scoshia! Lord, man, fat deev'lish splores I've enjoy't in that hoose mair than twenty year syne. Splores, quo' I. Haud yer tongue. Weesht!

The aul' cat, sae t' speak, bein' awa', the mice, b' which I mean the mair raffish o' the boarders, started, naitrally, t' play themsel's. Onywe, fin I enter't a concert appear't t' be in progress in the principal room, an' I cud judge fae the audience's vera unmelodic renderin' o' the charmin' ditty, "I do like to be beside the sea-

side," that the feck o' them wis gey weel on, an opinion which wis strengthened b' the fac' that somebody waur than the lave—a profeshnal Protestan' lecturer, nae doot—wis alloot athoot check t' interrump' the fluence o' the sang b' roarin' oot, "T' hell wi' the Pope," at frequent intervals. This character's immunity fae ass'ult 'ill bear oot the testimony I've already borne, that O'Rafferty's is a

#### Staunch Protestan' Hoose,

an' frequentit b' the cream o' the Orangemen that veesits Glesca in the prosecution o' the egg business—in short, men fa's ancestors mingl't their bleed wi' the water o' the Byne, an' slauchter't Paupists as sportsmen div a covey o' pairtricks, in defence o' the glorious principles o' Christianity—hum'le mind't men tee, in spite o' their splendid historic record, fa, fin quite sober, aye treat me wi' the scrup'lis respect due t' my poseetion as a scholar (M.D., U.S.A.) an' a gentleman.

Fearin' the proceedin's nicht eyne in a fecht—the weeda nae bein' there t' maintain order—I deem't it advisable t' proceed t' my ain room on the third floor athoot unnecessary delay. Tho' the stair wis in darkness I successfully gropit my wye t' my apartment. It wis then the tribble begood. Of course the gas wisna lichted—Mrs O'Rafferty bein' a scrapin', savin' 'oman that manages her establishment in accordance wi' the most rigid an' commendible principles o' ekonomy. I ripit my kwite pooches for spunks, bit got neen. Kennin' there wis a box on the mantel skelf, I startit to cross the flier to get it. In deen' this I tum'lt owre a cheer, an' barkit my shins. The pain wis excruciatin', nevertheless I hirpl't t' my destination, an' put oot my han' for the box. It wisna in the place I expectit it t' be. This, combined wi' the feesical tortur' I wis sufferin' fairly raised my birrs. The consequence wis that the hunt endit in my accidentally knockin' a vailable imitation marble knock off the skelf. In its fa' it cairried a chastely designed cheena dog an' ither ornaments along wi't, a' o' which I sub-

sequently discovered lyin' in fragments inside the fender.

Runmagin' ageen thro' my vestments I did at last get a match, wi' which I kin'Pt the gas. This deen I mournfully survey't the ruins o' the marble knock, which I carefully pickit up an' placed on the sofa. This took me some meenits. In the interval, stealthily an' unannounced, the big gray

#### Hottle Tom-cat

enter't the room, an' takin' a mean advantage o' my preoccupation, loupit on t' the table. Afore I hid adisence o' the outrage at least three quarters o' a pun o' the caul roast beef laid oot for my supper wis in the brute's belly. As seen's I saw 'im I made a dart forwards. Trippin' on a has-sock in my hurry I stum'lt heavily against the table, which coupit completely owre an smash't a' the dishes t' crockaneeshin. Baudrons triumphantly cleared himsel' o' the wreckage an', wi' fur standin' on eyne, flew to the open door. I purshoot. Jist as his tail disappeared I let bleeze wi' my bootit fit. I wis owre late, hooever. Instead o' kickin' the cat, I sent my fit richt thro' the lower panel o' the door. I daurna repeat fat I said fin this happen't, an' my mortification at the accidents which, I realeest wit cost me a bonnie penny, wis further intensified b' the sounds o' revelry fae aneath, which floated up the staircase.

Reduced till a state o' coma b' the succession o' blows, I sat doon helplessly in a cheer. Waur than hid yet happened wis still t' come. Efter the marble knock mishap I lichtit my pipe, bit in giein' chase t' Baudrons I unconsciously put it int' my pooch. I'd mebbe been sittin' still for the maitter o' five meenits fin I felt a terrible strong smell o' burnin'. It wisna, hooever, till the smoke wis in my nosrils that I institutit an investigation. Then t' my sair dismay I found that ae side o' my jacket wis completely charred an' spilet. The clait, which hid catch't fire fae the lichtit embers o' the pipe, wis lowin' dully like match pepper jist aneath my elba fin I tore aff the garment, threw it on the flier, an' danc't on't. A verri nairra escape that fae martyrdom, bit oh the peety o't! Ma bonnie new sheppard tartan jacket sae sair blaudit that I canna pit it on ageen or eyven pawn't.

I repeat that I daurna set doon on pepper the langwitch I used at this crisis. Eyven if I did ye widna daur publish it athoot serious risk o' tribble wi' my frein' Wullie An'erson, the Chief Constable, fa, like the new

#### Editor o' the "Journal"

is death on onything that savours o' rudeness or vulgarity or eyven obseenity, which last, if I'm t' believe the Aiberdeen peppers, is the only langwitch in which the average Aiberdonian can freely express his thochts. That is allooin' he has ony thochts t' express, which in common wi' the average fouk o' ither toons, he vera seldom has. Weel, I didna use ony obseen-

ity, bit takin' ilky oath I utter't during the neist five meenits at the finable value o' a shillin', I maun a' run up a

#### Polis Coort Bill

o' at least a thoosan poun. They wisna terrible coorse curses. Fye na, jist gweed, roch, ilkyday, mouth-fillin', Scotch oaths. I'm clear on that heid, bit if ye doot me here's some o' the choicest speeshiments. (Specimens deleted—Ed.)

Feelin' terrible weary and disjaskit b' my experiences, I finally set mysel' the problem whether it wid be best for the recovery o' my moral an' feesical tone t' ging t' bed or hae a dram. Sittin' like Maria amo' the ruins o' Cartridge I gied the matter a lengthy and profound consideration, ultimately decidin' in favour o' the dram. As I'm in the habit—an' a vera sensible, plesant habit tee—o' takin' a gless o' toddy ilky nicht at hame afore retirin' t' rest, I'd instructit Mrs O'Rafferty aye t' hae the fire set an' a sma' kettle wi' water handy, sae that if I cared I micht hae a' the comforts o' Ketybrowster in the Saut-market. Of coorse I'd taen care mysel' t' hae a drap o' prime "Mossdew" concealed in my carefully lockit carpet bag.

Accordingly I lichtit the fire an' set on the kettle. As paraffine hid been sprinkled on the sticks the water wis bilin' in nae time. Unsuspectin' evil, I grippit the han'le wi' the intention o' liftin' aff the kettle. The han'le wis sae het that it near

#### Burnt m' han' t' the bane.

In an agony o' pain I let it slip fae my grasp. The vessel lichtit on my richt fit. Gin my boots hidna been aff nae muckle hairn micht a' been deen. As it wis, however, the fluid scaldit my fit sae severely that it's still bein' laithert hauf a dizzen times daily wi' carbolic an' lime watter. At the time o' vreetin' I've never aince been able t' ventir' our the thrashle. A' I hae t' pass the time is my pipe an' an occasional dram, an' a life o' that aninted saint an' Protestan' herro, King William, the Orangeman.

Mrs O'Rafferty's said naething as yet about the bill o' damages. I ken fine fae the roguish wye she sometimes smiles at me that she thinks I wis fou the nicht I scaldit mysel'. Be sure I'll tak' steps t' disabuse her min' o' this scandalous notion—the verra siggestion o' which is aneuch t' scunner a' richt thinkin', moral-livin' fouk—as seen's I'm restor't t' my full fightin' wecht.

Yours truly,

PETER BIRSE.

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