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November 17, 1910.—Price One Penny.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

BON-ACCORD

Vol. XLV.—No. 46.

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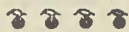
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v. St. Mirren. 2.45 p.m.

THE IMPENDING ELECTION.

Since the month of May the British political stage has been practically deserted. Now the curtain has risen, and an animated spectacle presents itself, not only in front of, but, in a greater degree, perhaps, behind the scenery. The Christmas pantomime at St. Stephens has begun its uncertain course, and no one knows at the present moment what the length of its run will be. Quite the most important figure on that bustling stage is a stout, but diminutive fairy—Mr. John Redmond—with conventional magic wand. Were it not for the amazing fact that the wand had been repeatedly dropped in the past, and not unfrequently at the critical moment, heaven only knows what transformation might come over the motley scene.

On Saturday morning Mr. Redmond arrived on our shores from his transatlantic stumping tour with two hundred thousand good American dollars

for the aid of the Molly Maguires and the tearing down of the British constitution. The fact that these American dollars were extracted almost entirely from the pockets of anti-socialists in order, strictly speaking, to help Socialism is distinctly entertaining. Last year Ireland is believed to have contributed £4000 to the party war-chest, and this year considerably less. In America, moreover, the safeguards against penal taxation and constitutional change are decidedly more powerful than with us. In the States there are the veto of the Senate, the veto of the President, the veto of the Supreme Court, and several other checks. As the Irish leader's policy is to abolish the House of Lords, thereby establishing Single Chamberism, the comedy becomes more exhilarating than ever. The situation, however, has also its serious side. For one thing, Home Rule on this occasion even from Ireland's point of view does not seem to be the only question at stake. What is now proposed is something which affects, not only the Emerald Isle, but every part of the United Kingdom and the Empire. As the "Daily Telegraph" remarks, "the path is to be cleared for Single Chamberism, unfettered Socialism, unlimited Suffragism. The Molly Maguires are to retire triumphantly to their own island after extorting their full claim—and it will be tolerably stiff—from a Government that only exists at their pleasure."

Seeing, then, that Mr. Redmond would appear to be the master of Parliament, that his war-chest has been satisfactorily replenished, and that, as he supposes, the sooner a dissolution comes the better for his purposes, it is tolerably certain the present Parliament cannot last much longer. The Radical Press, foreseeing with their usual political sagacity that the moment is opportune for appealing once more to the country, are quite as impatient as Mr. Redmond for a General Election at the earliest practicable date. The chances of victory are being carefully considered by Liberals and Unionists alike, and the detached and independent observer cannot but be amused at the tactics of the various political parties. The ministerialists for several reasons—principally party ones, we fear—are anxious to precipitate a fight. If the election were deferred, they are doubtless of opinion the Peers would have an opportunity of developing their scheme of reform as an alternative to the Government policy, and such a development would not be desirable from a Radical point of view. Then if Parliament continued to sit, the Finance Bill would have to be discussed, and this would necessitate the "squaring" of Mr. Redmond, with whom, if he can possibly remain obdurate, it will be extremely difficult to come to terms. It will readily be seen, then, that the Government's temptation to appeal to

the country without delay is particularly strong.

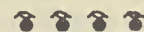
The opposition, on the other hand, with equally nefarious motives, is counselling delay so that the nation may be given sufficient time to think over the great constitutional issues upon which a discussion is to be made. "In the cry for a December election," says the "Scotsman," "one may perhaps discover another conspiracy to force the pace, and commit ministers to action, that, besides being flagrantly unscrupulous, is manifestly injurious to the national interests." There is also a certain amount of weeping and wailing on the Conservative side because of the prejudicial effects which a December election would have upon Christmas festivities and Christmas trade. But when all things are considered it seems more than probable that an election will be upon us directly. Should the Government decide to postpone discussions on the Finance Bill, they will expose themselves to much adverse criticism in view of the nature of the speeches which certain members of the Cabinet delivered on the subject last year. "Financial and administrative chaos" were then predicted if the Finance Bill were not passed. The Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Churchill expatiated on the iniquity of hanging up the Budget. Their respective conclusions on the subject, conveyed though they were in somewhat unmeasured language, cannot surely have altered since then, though in the whimsical world of politics far stranger things have happened.

The Birkbeck Bank.

The present run on the Birkbeck bank is not the first in the history of that institution. In 1892 there was one, though not exactly similar, and on that occasion "Punch" propounded a conundrum, which was as follows:—

"Why were the pick-pockets outside the Birkbeck like Pharaoh's daughters?"

"Because they found a profit in the rushes on the bank."



A Reformed Clerical.

The Rev. D. Melville Stewart, we observe, formerly of Glasgow, Arbroath, Edinburgh, London, etc., is the author of a small volume entitled "Ecce Vir" ("Behold the Man"), about to be published by Messrs J. Clark and Co., London, as one of their "Small Books on Great Subjects" series. We wonder if the title of the book was the remark passed by the Metropolitan policeman when he discovered the clerical gent in a public thoroughfare in a maudlin condition and wearing practically nothing but his shirt?

THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS,

BY

The Man in the Street.

Nothing but Elections.

It looks as if this distressful election business were never to take end. No sooner is one election over than another one commences. If it be not a parliamentary election that troubles the sleep and tries the temper of the democratic electorate, 'tis a municipal one, and between while a Parish Council, a School, or mayhap a Harbour Board election may be set on the stage of events to play their little parts in the great economy of representative government.

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Of all the untoward experiences, surely another political upheaval is about the last thing wanted. It seems so superfluous too, just like could kail heated up again. Why, it is but some ten short months since North and South Aberdeen, East and West Aberdeenshire, to say nothing of other less important places in Scotland, effectually hanged and quartered the House of Lords; and here it is again bobbing up as serenely as ever, displaying a vitality and liveliness which any respectable cat-o'-nine-lives might well envy. Methinks the sonorous cadences of Mr G. B. Esslemont's voice is still ringing in the ears of Aberdeen, as on that hilarious morning last January he delivered the funeral oration of the hereditary chamber.

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Aberdeen had just pronounced its verdict on the issues of that election. The chosen of South Aberdeen was naturally elated at the result. Who could blame him, therefore, if amid the huzzas of friends and the vigorous handshaking of perfervid admirers he fancied that the voice of Aberdeen had the same potent efficacy as the ancient trumpets of Jericho? But, alas! the walls of the gilded chamber seem to be made of more redoubtable material than the walls of the ancient Hebraic city. They obstinately refuse to tumble down at the call of ordinary vibrations, and the lusty siege of January last must needs be renewed with other weapons.

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An Absent Champion.

Whatever the fight may be elsewhere, I am afraid that in Aberdeen it will be

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on a less strenuous scale than on the former occasion. Nothing has occurred during the year 1910 to rouse any expectations of a different result than was chronicled locally in the early days of the year. We shall miss, too, the stalwart form and stirring party cries of dear old Ronald M'Neill. Like many another political invader, although perhaps the best of them all, he found the Radicalism of Aberdeen impervious to attack from within or without. Never man tried more valiantly to turn the tide of battle than he, and where he failed, a few months ago, to make any very visible impression, a less resourceful smiter may well be discouraged at making the attempt.

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A Local Stalwart.

Rumour has it that Mr D. M. M. Milligan, of local legal fame, may be induced to try conclusions with the Liberal champion of South Aberdeen. Certainly, if an electoral battle must be fought, and a Unionist antagonist secured in order to keep the South Aberdeen Radicals from becoming surfeited with conceit, probably no man hereabout can more adequately represent the flower of Unionist chivalry than Mr Milligan. He typifies the best traditions and most uncompromising convictions of the Unionist party. By instinct and training he embodies the settled Conservatism and matured views of Unionist statecraft. He is a patrician in a generation of plebeian tendencies. If political changes and social innovations are necessary, they must be to him of that steady, cautious, slow-but-sure kind

That slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.

☺ ☺ ☺ ☺

Contest Not Wanted.

With Mr Milligan as standard-bearer in the Unionist cause, Mr Esslemont would be assured of hard blows, of subtle parry and thrust, but the written and unwritten rules of the game would be rigidly observed, and the contest would be conducted upon the most approved impersonal lines. In my meanderings about town, I do not find any great burning desire for another electoral contest, not even amongst those who have hitherto carried off the palms of victory in Aberdeen. At best, the spokesmen of all political parties are disposed to regard it as a somewhat painful necessity; and there will be a general feeling of relief experienced when it is successfully over, be the immediate outcome what it may.

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North Aberdeen.

In North Aberdeen, the two chief combatants of last January are again booked for an electoral duel. At pres-

ent it seems unlikely that the Labour forces will try conclusions on this occasion, but even on that event I would not care to hazard too dogmatic an opinion. The Labourists have an enviable knack of rising to an occasion. They delight, above all things, to upset the obvious calculations of the more orthodox politicians. This may be granted, at any rate, that their presence or abstention from the active electoral arena will be determined by their own resources and convenience, and not by any fear that their interference would unsettle the prescribed order of things.

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Shortage of Labour Funds.

It seems to be settled in the meantime, anyway, that Mr Tom Kennedy will not at this time try conclusions in the division where he has already suffered a two-fold defeat. There are those in the ranks who would have dearly liked to see Tom Mann renew his acquaintanceship with the North Aberdeen electors, but Tom has travelled far since he last essayed the role of candidate here, and he is unlikely to be tempted from his industrial furrow. Had the times been more propitious, and the Labour exchequer bulging out as generously as, say, the Irish Party's funds, it would have occasioned no surprise had both North and South Aberdeen been contested in the Labour interest; but as it is, unless the unexpected happens, they may both go by default at this time.

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Local Spoils for the Victors.

Talk about the "clean sweep" of the bad old municipal days! Why, the most effective of them were tame exhibitions of party zeal in comparison with the more modern examples of the "spoils for the victors." The star of the Dee party is at its zenith, and full opportunity is being taken of that fact to obscure every other rival light. If the bench of magistrates was not swept clean the other day, amends were made for that omission on Monday last by the capture of all the important convenerships and a few of the less important ones. Perhaps the edge was taken off the honours' distribution by foreknowledge of the events contemplated. In Stock Exchange parlance, the movement was anticipated, and its effects were consequently discounted.

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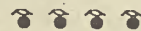
The Convenerships.

It has seldom happened in municipal history that there were so many important convenerships to fill, and certainly, if the positions did not call the men, the men were quite ready to call the positions. And yet it is said that there have been keen disappointments even among the victorious host. 'Twas ever so. Too much success was always more trying to the temper and more disintegrating than most failures. Failures are but stepping-stones to success, if taken in the right spirit; but the vaunting ambition that oversteps itself leaves room neither for repentance nor improvement. For the most part, the defeated Avonites took their discomfiture with quite philosophic grace. They perhaps realised the truth of what David Hume characterised as the essence of all philosophy—"What can't be cured must be endured."



A Caustic Critic.

Even Councillor Gray, although he could not forbear having a sly caustic dig at the interesting proceedings, addressed his wayward colleagues in a tone characterised more by irony than anger. A sharp tongue and a rapier-like command of cynical observations has the Footdee representative, and it was evident that some of his allusions were anything but relished by those to whom they were pointedly directed. The outspoken flippancy of Mr Gray is at once the charm and the despair of his municipal reputation. One never quite knows—it is doubtful if he is sure himself—whether he takes the ebb and flow of municipal life seriously or as part of the lighter and more humorous side of life. Certain it is that few men in the Aberdeen Council are better equipped mentally for municipal work than he, and when his wilder oats are sown, and he cares to apply himself seriously to the civic tasks of the day, he may well go far.



A Magisterial Eclipse.

Nothing can exceed, however, the thorough sportsmanlike—I might almost say statesmanlike—manner in which Lord Provost Wilson has comported himself in his hour of civic adversity. I know only one parallel in recent local

history to his silently dignified attitude since the memorable defeat of a week or two ago, and that was the manner in which the late Professor Robertson took his dethronement from the chairmanship of the Aberdeen School Board after the Westfield election. True, Lord Provost Wilson still has the civic chair, but 'tis the shadow rather than the substance of power and authority that is now at his command. Those who know the inside history of his accession to the provostorial chair realise that there was never a clearer case of the office seeking the man rather than the man seeking the office.

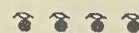


It is admitted by friends and opponents alike that Lord Provost Wilson's espousal of the Avon water scheme was the result of sincere conviction and of a disinterested desire to promote the best interests of Aberdeen. In no unmistakable terms, the community has, meantime, decided against it, and though abating not one jot or tittle of confidence in the cause he has so markedly made his own, he has uttered no repining word, but by precept and example has buckled to the municipal work pertaining to his office in the best possible spirit and temper. The path of communal service is strewn with alternate success and failure. He that never fails is he that never attempts to succeed. The men who have written their names most indelibly in municipal or imperial history are they who at divers times have felt the bitter sting of defeat and realised the full fury of popular opposition.



As gold is effectually separated from its grosser surroundings by the fiery crucible, so are the reputations and achievements of men gauged by the unerring and remorseless sifting of time. In the multitude of leaders that civic life has revealed, the memory of those only are deemed worthy of historical preservation who have risen superior to the passing vicissitudes of the day, and out of seeming wreckage have built up monuments of permanent stability that endure for all time.

There's a divinity that shapes our end,
Rough hew it as we may.



An Enterprising Board.

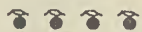
It would seem as if the members of the present School Board realised that they had but a limited time in which to build up a reputation for good works, and they must needs make the best of it. The Board has only been in existence for about eighteen months, and will demit office in the spring of next year; but when accounts are reckoned up it will be found that there have been concentrated in that short period an energy and audaciousness that has seldom been equalled in the educational

annals of the city. The present Board has instituted an extensive medical department; it has installed, or resolved to instal, an industrial and educational bureau; it has given the subject of food reform an abiding place in the curricula of continuation studies; and, last but not least, has established a course of domestic economy on the most practical lines possible.



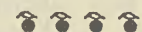
The Housewifery Course.

The latest departure in educational development has much to commend it—as, indeed, have all the other innovations referred to. An ounce of practice is worth tons of theory. The insight obtained from the actual demonstration and handling of domestic materials is of infinitely more value than whole libraries of text-books devoted to different phases of this most interesting and essential feature of life. Perhaps no more appropriate centre could be obtained for experimental purposes than the Middle School, Gallowgate, and although a revolution in the domestic habits of the community cannot be expected to materialise at once, there has probably been no step taken by this or any other previous board more calculated to achieve good ends than this illustrative method of imparting domestic knowledge.



The A.D.C. and Relief Works.

So the Aberdeen Distress Committee is contemplating the restarting of relief operations. I understand that a representative of the Local Government Board was in Aberdeen last week and had an interview with the members of the Committee in connection with the proposal to reopen Dancing Cairns quarry for stone-breaking purposes. The Local Government Board appears to be by no means enamoured with this early resumption of relief work. Nor are the members of the local Committee, for that matter. It is realised, however, that there is a considerable amount of distress in Aberdeen, due to the winding-up of ordinary outdoor labour, to the boilermakers' lock-out, and to the prolonged depression in the building trades.



It is only too true that the experience of the Distress Committee is the same in Aberdeen as elsewhere—that a large proportion of the applicants for relief are of the chronic or regular order; but even to such suppliants the door of com-

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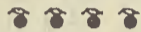
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J. F. MACPHAIL MASSIE, Treasurer.

munal hope cannot be too rigidly closed. It is a heart-breaking problem, this of providing succour for the unemployed. The dictates of common humanity will not permit the community to ignore the problem and to allow the wheels of industry to work out their own purpose; and yet it is realised that much of the work done in this direction is of a wasteful and unhelpful nature. Although the methods of relief instituted by the Distress Committee are anything but ideal, they seem to be the best that have yet been evolved in this connection, and being such, their suppression would be calamitous.



Harbour Election.

The Harbour Election has come and gone, and nobody seems to have been much concerned at the outcome. Notwithstanding the apparent indifference, however, there has been a considerable amount of excitement in the inner circle of things, and the work of importance to electors has been carried on in a manner that would have reflected credit on electors of a more imposing kind. The Harbour Board is essentially exclusive in its nature, and anything that savours of popular incitements is sternly tabooed by the limited electorate. If it were possible at one of these stray elections to incorporate a Croll or a Milne amongst the elect it would add to the interest of meetings, if not to the value of the work; but such innovations have no place in this highly esteemed board. They are reserved for more ordinary associations.



Architect for Technical College.

It is expected that this week the architect for the extensions to the Technical College will be chosen. It is deemed highly probable that Mr. J. A. Ogg Allan, of School Board reputation, will be successful in securing the appointment. 'Twas his provisional plans, in fact, that were submitted to be accepted by the Education Department, upon the strength of which the Government subsidy of £40,000 was guaranteed. Mr. Allan has had unique experience in the planning of educational buildings, and may be depended upon to put his best foot forward on this occasion.

ABERDEEN ARTISTS' SOCIETY.

EXHIBITION IN ART GALLERY.

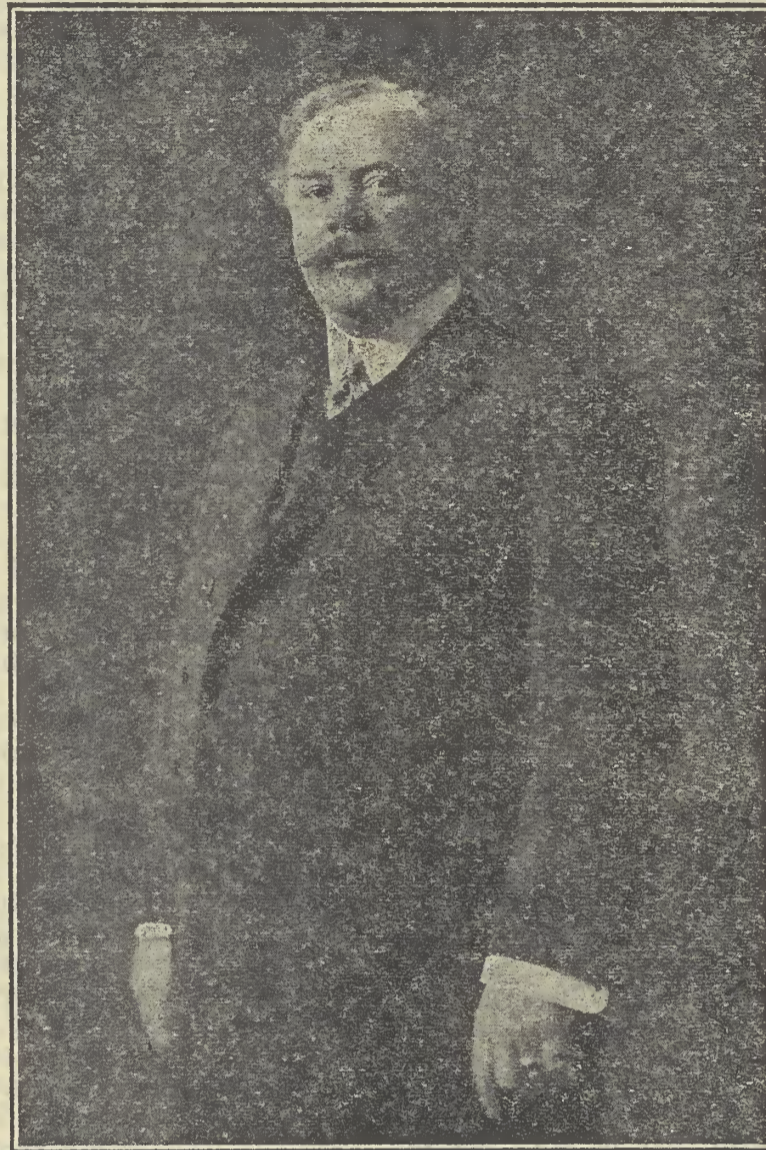
Admission—10 a.m. to 5 p.m., 6d.

Friday Afternoons, Tea and Band, at 3.30 p.m.

Wednesday Evening—7 p.m. to 10 p.m., 3d.

Saturday—10 a.m. to 10 p.m., 3d.

Popular Concerts on Saturday Nights.



Interview with Mr Herbert Austin, Manager, Electric Theatre.

Dropping into the Electric Theatre the other afternoon, a "Bon." representative had an interesting chat with the local manager, Mr Herbert Austin, whose photograph we reproduce above. Over a cup of afternoon tea, which no "man about town" can now do without, our representative was tempted to inquire if the fragrant Bohea and the toothsome biscuits were such as the public received gratis from 3 to 6. "Precisely, I assure you," said Mr Austin; "cook was not aware who the recipients were to be when these were sent up." While on topics gastronomical, we further inquired if the dainty array of chocolates, sweets, etc., were for sale, or simply displayed as an advertisement. "They are for sale," he replied, adding that his company also sold cigars and cigarettes.

"And what do you think of Aberdeen?" was our next question.

"Well," said Mr Austin, "with a very large experience of towns and cities, I must say that the very first thing that struck me—I came down with Mr Bannister Howard, the general manager and lessee, on October 17th—was the marked ability of every business man with whom we came in contact. They were ever ready to introduce us to the best people for everything we desired. 'Very smart city this,' said Mr Howard, whose knowledge of cities is also, of course, very extensive; and I fully agreed with him."

"And how is business?"

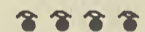
"Remarkably good," said the genial manager—who, by the way, is a specimen of the best type of Londoner. "What is particularly gratifying is the fact that the West-End patronises us so well. The theatre and the lounge of an afternoon present quite an aristocratic appearance. Romeo and Juliet enjoy their romantic tete-a-tete, while the latest creations in the

fashionable millinery world are often in evidence, indicating that ladies of quality are finding the Electric a congenial rendezvous for a chat, a glance of the society papers, or a little light relaxation afforded by the cinematograph and its gifted pianoforte accompanist."

"And do you think you will like Scotland, Mr Austin?"

"Well, that question amuses me greatly. Although I have said nothing about it, it is nevertheless a fact that I have been touring all over Scotland for the last fourteen years, taking round such musical comedies as 'Gentleman Joe,' etc. There are few Scottish towns I have not made friends in. As for Aberdeen, I am making them daily."

Here Mr Austin was hurriedly called away, so we bade him "Good afternoon."

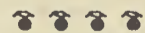


Overheard in a Bridges Car.

First Gent.—"Crippen, I believe, has received a letter from his wife."

Second Ditto.—"Never! What on earth does she say in it?"

First Gent.—"Nothing. She is too cut up to say anything!"



A New Part Song.

Music-lovers as well as lovers of poetry will be pleased to learn that that charming poem by the late Mr Algernon Swinburne entitled "If Love were what the Rose is" has just been set to music. The composer is Mr Arthur Stericker, and he has done his work exceedingly well. The publishers are J. Curwen and Sons, London, W.; and the price of the song is only twopence.

ABERDEEN ARTISTS' XIVth EXHIBITION.

Room I.

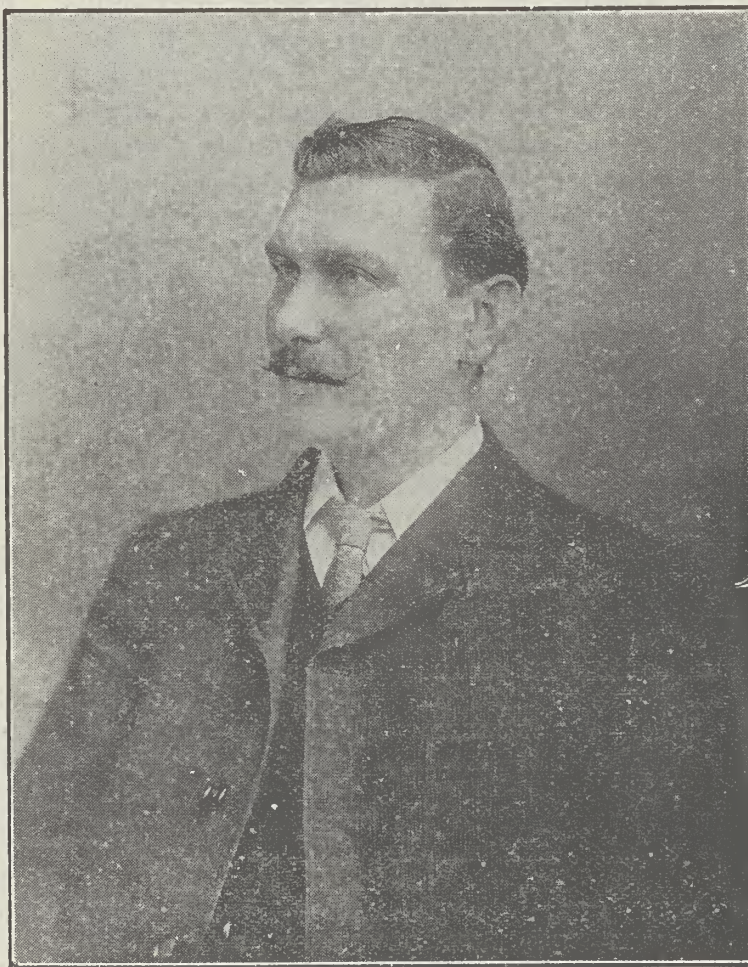
The following random notes on the above-mentioned exhibition are not those of an art-critic, but simply the reflections of an ordinary lay mortal who likes to look at pretty things. Those pictures, therefore, which he praises most are in all probability not by any means the best, but merely the works which please him most. Very probably, too, his vision may be at fault, and his judgment worthless; but his remarks nevertheless may interest both artists and the public alike, as they show the working of a comparatively untutored mind, which is typical, we fear, of the average visitor to any of our picture galleries.

Entering Room I., where all the paintings are in oil, the first picture which takes our eye chances to be the first on the catalogue, Mr John Hay's "Portrait of the Artist's Mother." The flesh tints are singularly good, but it seems to us that the lady's left hand and wrist have been imperfectly treated. The wrist, in our opinion, looks abnormally thin, and we do not like to think it is true to nature. However, we are perfectly open to correction, as we cannot say we ever met the lady. Close by is Mr John Aiken's "Namora," composed of colours which are pleasing to the eye, but the drapery somehow looks a trifle stiff. A. K. Brown's "Evening—Rannoch Moor" is a pleasing production, depicting a scene which will appeal very strongly to a certain type of mind. We have seen better work, however, by the same artist, and hope to see better in the future. Fiddes Watt's portrait of Professor Ogston cannot fail to waylay the most listless passer-by, as the subject, of course, is so very well known and the canvas so extensive. The artist has put his finest work into the picture, and though the distinguished Prof. appears in all the glory of a regimental uniform, Mr Watt has not laid on that prodigality of scarlet and red which Herkomer roguishly did in his portrait of a pompous Lord Lieutenant, which hangs in a picture-gallery not a hundred miles from the Tay. If Mr Fiddes Watt ever paints with his tongue in his cheek he certainly did not do so in his masterly portrait of Professor Ogston. Those who interest themselves in comparisons are referred to the artist's other painting of the doctor—No. 463 in Room IV. No. 7, "The Shadowed Stream," by James Taylor, is a clever piece of work, but too mosaic in appearance to be altogether effective. The late Robt. Macbeth's "In Clover," has a melancholy interest in view of the artist's recent demise, and perhaps it is not yet too late to suggest to the Art Gallery curator that a black crape bow or a border of black cloth might be affixed to the painting? It is a common practice in picture-galleries in the south, and we could copy it without harm to ourselves or any other body. A little way off Mr Allan Sutherland exhibits a couple of portraits, the better one being that of the lady. In it the colouring is superb, and altogether it is one of the pleasantest works in the room. As for his portrait of James Walker, Esq. of Richmondhill, the likeness is excellent, but Sir George Reid, we think, could give our young friend a wrinkle or two as to depicting a dress-coat. R. C. Crawford's "Mrs Finlay" is another fine portrait, and the treatment of that part of the dress which is seen through the lady's fan is very skilfully done, and suggests a little trick of which Raeburn was a perfect professor. Miss Bella Barclay's "A Grey Morning" strikes us as being deficient in surf for the state of the waves, and a little Chinese white would work the oracle; while Miss Esther Mackinnon's "The Mirror" depicts a lady in an unnecessarily curious attitude. The image in the glass, however, is particularly good, the difficult light problem being wonderfully well

tackled. Miss Leys Collie, as represented by her "Venice," reminds us of E. A. Hornel in her method of applying the pigments. No. 18, "Sundown on the Harbour Bar" (I. M. D. Smith), well illustrates the fact that the sea derives its colours from the sky; while Thomas Bunting's "The Valley of the Dee—from Banchory-Devenick" testifies to the artist possessing an artistic eye, the site being exceptionally well chosen. Near by, Norman Garstin's "A Watch Tower in the Low Countries" is a night scene, but the light, we think, or rather the darkness, might have been better managed. "The Auld Hoose," by M. M. Wilson (No. 25), is a charming little picture—one such as we could live with for a life-time. To local eyes

the structure of the house will seem peculiar, and may even spoil an otherwise dainty little conception; but a sunny picture atones for a lot! An exceedingly clever work is that entitled "Souvenir de Vernise," by Patrick W. Adam. Someone has said that artists long ago were wont to use their skill to show certain things; now they choose certain things to show their skill. We do not say, however, that Mr. Adam did any such thing. We do not even suggest it; but there will be critics, we fancy, who will incline to believe the opposite. The treatment of the floor in the picture in question is superb, but the whole picture, in fact, excites our admiration.

(To be continued.)



Mr. FRED WEBSTER (of Messrs. Bowman & Webster).

Enterprising Business Firm.

In these days when many businesses can scarcely be said to be flourishing it is pleasant to hear of a prosperous concern, and that in our midst. Messrs Bowman and Webster, cork manufacturers, South Constitution Street, owing to increasing business, have been obliged to extend their premises to almost twice their former size. To mark the auspicious occasion a company of 250 sat down to supper in the firm's establishment on Friday evening. Previous to the function, which was of the pleasantest description, and under the personal supervision of Mr A. D. Macpherson, of the County Hotel, King Street, the company were shown the improvements that had been carried out. The hall in which the supper was served was beautifully decorated with plants, etc.

Mr Frederick Webster, sole partner of the firm, it is interesting to relate, acquired some years ago a forest in Spain. So rapidly did the cork manufacturing business develop that the proprietor, with characteristic shrewdness, resolved to supply the aerated water and licensed trades with all assortment of glass, bar fittings, beer engines, etc.

Provost Hay, Alford, on behalf of Mr Webster's friends, presented him with a gold watch, and Mrs Webster with a gold bangle. The Provost voiced the sentiments of everyone, when he said that "Mine host" was as straight and as respected in business as he was esteemed as a friend in social circles. The remainder of the happy evening was spent with song and recitation.

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THE COMIC HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

CHAPTER VI.—INTERREGNUM AND JOHN BALIOL.

Women since the world began have been the cause of many stupendous disasters, from the effects of which mankind is still patiently suffering. But for Eve's pitiful folly this history would never have been written, and Helen's atrocious frailty led to serious commotion even among the gods; while gentle Christabel to-day is sowing, we fear, the same pernicious seeds. No greater calamity ever befell the kingdom of Scotland than the death of the Maiden of Norway, whose greatest mistake was dying at the wrong time. A prince, no doubt, would have used more circumspection; but over this we need not ponder. No sooner had the Maiden departed this life than Scotland began to suffer from want of 'hairs,' intestine broils, a feverish constitution, and the introduction of foreign matter. The Bishop of St Andrews at once perceived that a doctor would be necessary, and without further delay proceeded to call in a veritable quack, who was as unscrupulous as he was merciless—in fact, another Dr Crippen. This was no other than Ned the First, King of England, surnamed Longshanks. Long before His Majesty was consulted he had prepared a medicine of unmistakable English manufacture, and now that he was called in, he indicated clearly that little or no recovery was possible unless the patient were handed over unconditionally to his charge; in other words, Ned was bent upon styling himself Lord Superior of the kingdom of Scotland. He seems to have been absolutely certain that the appointment would be made, and we are only too willing to believe that he ordered his notepaper to be stamped with his new designation. He had taken Home Rule from the kingdom of Wales, in addition to a fancy title. What more natural than that he—a thirteenth century Imperialist—should appropriate Scotland as well?

Writs were accordingly issued to his barons and military tenants to assemble at Norham on the third day of June, twelve hundred and ninety-one, at eleven of the clock precisely. Their duty was to enable the English monarch to take speedy advantage (if necessary) of an emergency exit. At the same time he invited the clergy and nobility of Scotland to a conference at Norham on the 10th of May. As Ned's relief force was not due till the 3rd of the following month, he discreetly absented himself from the first meeting, which was opened by an address in a fine flowing style by the Lord Chief Justice of England. In this speech, which was reported verbatim, the English Justiciary announced that his master, King Ned, meant to regulate the succession to the throne of Scotland as Lord Paramount of that kingdom. ("Lord Superior" was apparently not good enough.) History does not record where the Scots requested His Majesty to go, but they promptly informed him, through his legal representative, that his title was spurious, and that they wished to consult "the old folks at home" before giving an answer. At first they were given only till next day; but as Grahame White was not yet born, this was manifestly preposterous. At length three whole weeks were allowed them, by which time Ned's trusty barons would have rendered the emergency exit door almost useless through incessant opening and shutting.

On the 2nd of June, 1291, the adjourned meeting with the clergy and nobility of Scotland took place on a green plain called Hollywell Haugh, near Norham Castle, which was recently painted by Sir George Reid, and now belongs to Mr. James Murray of Glenburnie Park. The plain may have been named Hollywell Haugh, but it was "bally well" chosen in order to parade the English barons, clad in armour, in front of the Scottish barbarians, and to show what Ned could do in the tin-plate business. Among the Scotsmen present there

were no fewer than eight who under various titles laid claim to the throne. Whether this was only a short leet or not, we cannot say. The Bishop of Bath and Wells, anticipating some fighting perhaps, opened the proceedings with prayer, and in the course of a lengthy speech emphasised the fact that Scotland was in a bad way, and could not be too grateful to Edward the First, their Lord Paramount, for offering his services gratuitously. Ned then requested them to show good reason why he should not be appointed Lord Paramount, Lord Superior, Overlord of Scotland, Emperor of Britain, etc., etc. This they could not do, and Edward thereupon announced that his title was undisputed, and that he would take up his new duties immediately. The eight competitors for the Scottish throne were then obliged to seal their consent by letters patent. With the usual vote of thanks to the chairman, the meeting terminated.

As the self-appointed Lord Superior, Ned's first duty was to select an easy-going "soft-mark," who would be the nominal King of Scotland, and do everything which the English monarch desired. A meeting was called, and twelve of these obliging gents. came forward, bringing their credentials with them. Laden with ministers' testimonials, marriage lines, church membership cards, pawn-office tickets, Sunday-school prizes, medals, tokens, certificates, dog licences, receipts, and a mass of heterogeneous rubbish, the twelve good men and true appeared before a number of commissioners at Berwick on the 3rd of August, 1291. The names of these would-be kings were as follows—John de Baliol, Robert de Bruce, John de Hastings, John Comyn, Florence, Earl of Holland; Patrick Dunbar, William de Vesci, William de Ross, Robert de Pynkeney, Nicholas de Soulis, Patrick Galythly, and Roger de Mandeville. Soon afterwards a thirteenth was added, to introduce a certain amount of luck into the contest—that of Eric, King of Norway, who claimed the crown as the heir of his daughter Margaret. For some reason or other nine of these worthies were disregarded from the outset—they may never have been in the Boys' Brigade, or their noses may have been against them. The commissioners, however, could reduce the leet no further. Time rolled on, and still no decision was arrived at. Meeting after meeting was held, till Ned declared "he would consult the learned all over the world." At length the number of competitors was reduced to two—Messrs Bruce and Baliol. As the latter seemed the weaker claimant, Ned very shrewdly selected him, but the choice did not benefit Scotland. Eventually the commissioners, imagining, poor souls! that they and not Edward were the real selectors, made the same choice. Baliol, of course, was Ned's man from the first, and the meetings and re-meetings had only been a piece of characteristic bluff. Like a certain Government department, he selected a man for promotion, and then invited names of applicants to fill the vacancy.

As Dr Mackintosh points out in connection with the above-mentioned proceedings, their most peculiar feature was the complete elimination of any reference to the people of Scotland. The Socialists, perhaps, did not want a king at all; but what were the Liberals and Conservatives doing? The prolonged sittings of the commissioners must surely have been conducted on the lines of a Veto Conference, with every member muzzled.

Mr John Baliol was declared by Ned at Berwick-upon-Tweed a fit and proper person to ascend the throne of Scotland. On St Andrew's Day (November 30th), which chanced to be a shopkeepers' half-holiday, John was crowned at Scone, thereby becoming the first and last King John of Scotland. At the same time the designs of the English king had been crowned with success. One would have thought a vote of thanks to Edward would have been passed; but such was not

the case. As a matter of fact, the people thought little of Baliol, and decidedly less of Ned, who bossed his northern colleague in a tyrannical, not to say a childish fashion. Whenever a Scottish case came up in the English Appeal Court, John received a summons to attend, and he was invariably obliged to undergo a searching cross-examination. On one occasion Ned found the Scottish monarch at fault, and appropriated three beautiful castles which were then in an excellent state of repair, together with the towns in which they were situated. Finding this an extremely lucrative business, and knowing that every Scotsman has a personal grievance, he plastered the whole of Scotland with bills encouraging the people to appeal to him for the redress of their grievances, imaginary or otherwise. For weeks poor John was seldom out of the Appeal Court, and he must have lamented the day he aspired to be a king. In his tempestuous reign the Court

obedience he flew into an extraordinary temper, which nothing could appease.

He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, and winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying!—
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise to no little surprise—
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

In the twinkling of an eye, and before his wrath could evanesce, Ned pounced upon Berwick, then the richest town in Scotland, which possessed an enormous commerce, and was considered by a contemporary chronicler a second Alexandria. With him he brought a well-appointed army of 30,000 infantry and 4000 horse. Meeting on the way a Mr Anthony Beck, the military Bishop of Durham, he beckoned on him, and gave him a little tit-bit in the shape of 1000 foot (with arms) and 500 horse (with feet). The attack then commenced both by land and sea. Scottish armies in those days were somewhat handicapped without the assistance of Boys' Brigades, and the navy was often at sea and occasionally in a contingency for want of a Boys' Naval contingent. It is no surprise to learn, therefore, that the fortress capitulated, though not before a stubborn resistance had been offered. Ned himself, like a veritable Lloyd George, led on the land attack in person, and mounted on his warhorse Bayard, was the first to stick his dirty nose into the town. But if he was brave, he was likewise somewhat Crippenial. The inhabitants were butchered without distinction of sex or age, and for a couple of days the drains were flushed with blood. "Painting the town red" was the sole comment of a barber in the High Street, who lost his head soon after. With regard to the total number of casualties, the estimate is variously stated, and each reporter seems to have based his guesswork upon the amount of reputation which the paper he represented enjoyed. Langtoft, who probably represented "Truth," states that 4000 perished; Fordun ("Glasgow Herald"), 7500; Wyntoun ("Scotsman"), 7500; Hemingford ("Dundee Advertiser"), 8000; and Knighton ("Daily Mail"), 17,000. The Berwick "Daily Journal" news-bill came out in red, bearing the single letter "O," though "L" would perhaps have been more appropriate. One of the first to read the paper was Ned himself! "Terrible Massacre in Berwick. Town Blotted Out. Thousands Slain!" had no interest for him. What pierced him to the heart was the news that a panic prevailed in Throgmorton Street, and that Consols had dropped a couple of points in twenty-four hours. Never high when Ned was away from home, as his absence invariably indicated a war somewhere, the Funds were now said to be almost as low as they were when Mr Julius Caesar arrived in Britain, thirteen hundred years before. As His Majesty had his all in Consols, he was almost as depressed as they were, and had it not been for the diabolical advice of the military Bishop of Durham, who preferred the canteen to the tabernacle, the war with Scotland might have ended.

On the 5th of April, while Ned was still staying in the Border Hotel, Berwick, Henry, Abbot of Arbroath, arrived on the scene, and announced that King John refused to be subservient to the king of England any longer. Another fit of anger overcame the English monarch, and the wonder is the "Red Lichtie" did not have his light extinguished, for nothing was sacred to the irascible and hot-blooded Ned. "Ha," said His Majesty, "ce fol felon, tel folie fait! s'il ne vult venir à nous, nous viendra à lui," which our fair young readers must not criticise too harshly, as the French is very old, and Ned had no Leaving Certificates, though the people of Berwick would gladly have given him one to make him leave. "The foolish traitor, of what folly is he guilty! but since he will not come to us, we will go to him!"

(To be continued.)



Conference at Norham Castle between Representatives of England and Scotland.

Circular was really a court circular, and almost a summary of the proceedings in the law courts, while the history of Scotland was practically the history of England.

In 1294 the King of France having a crow to pick with the King of England, war was declared. To strengthen his army, Ned summoned King John and the Scottish nobles to join him at once, but instead of complying with the English monarch's characteristic request, they held a parliament at Scone, sacked every Englishman from the Court (under the pretence of lightening the public burdens), and appointed a committee of twelve to govern the country. Like the Scotsman who reached Berwick on horseback from the south with newly purchased harness, Baliol was determined to throw off the English yoke. In 1295 an alliance was negotiated between Scotland and France—a treaty which was "the groundwork," as Lord Hailes says, "of many more equally honourable and ruinous to Scotland."

Needless to remark, when Ned heard of Baliol's dis-



HOOP DRILL! HOUP-LA!

What we may see when the Boys' Brigade take the British Army in hand.



THE SHOWER OF DOLLARS!

John Redmond—"I may not make a lovely Venus, but how's this for Danae and her Golden Shower?"

[Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., said that Mr. John Redmond had risen from the foam like Aphrodite, but less lovely.]

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W. WALKER, Managing Director.
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The Latest in Hymns.

A couple of hymns by Miss Marie Corelli—Nos. 112 and 365—are included in the new Methodist School Hymnal which has just been completed. Mrs Ormiston Chant also contributes a hymn—"Amid the Splendours of the Spring." Not to be outdone by these gifted ladies, Mr Harry Lauder—a new light in the literary firmament—who was recently appointed Joke Editor of the "Peoples' Journal," is, we understand, about to issue a prayer-book; while Mr Hall Caine is publishing a collection of Scripture Paraphrases, which will be published simultaneously in London, New York, and Douglas (I. of M.). Mr Pett Ridge is also, we believe, engaged upon Hymnology, and we have been privileged with an advance copy of one or two of his sacred effusions, which remind us at times of Miss Corelli's. Here is one of them:—

"What are your hands for—little hands?
To mix Ma's sugar with the sands.
What are your feet for—busy feet?
To run from 'bobbies' on the beat.
What are your lips for—rosy and sweet?
To mess with toffee I get to eat.
What are your eyes for—starry bright?

For Ma to rave o'er night by night.
What is your nose for—little nose?
To run all day and mess my clothes."

A new hymn (the work of Harry Lauder, we believe) breathes a tender and beautiful sentiment. The following are five of the verses:—

"In our hearts celestial voices
Softly say—
Overdue are rents and taxes,
Let us pay.

Factor we obey thy summons;
Hear our cry;
Bring us lots of whisky-sodas—
We are dry.

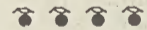
Coming morrows you may never
Live to see;
Hang the rent and come and join us
In our spree.

We are only little children
Kneeling here;
Though we're old enough to swallow
Pints of beer.

Give us, heavenly factor, give us
Of thy grace.
Soon enough we'll meet the broker
Face to face."

A Local Naturalist.

Mr Seton Gordon, son of our worthy Town Clerk and Mrs Ella Mary Gordon, has this week an extremely readable article in the London "Graphic," on the haunts of the golden eagle. The article, which is superbly illustrated, is a notable contribution to contemporary natural history, as little is known as to the position and nature of the eyries of the "king of birds." The author, who is at present studying at Oxford, purposely withholds the habitats of these rare birds, as their eggs are so highly prized. Mr Seton Gordon is also, we understand, an occasional contributor to "Country Life."



A Mystery Explained.

"Why do widows almost always marry again?"
"Because dead men tell no tales."
—"Cleveland Leader."

Telegrams—"Central Bakery." Telephone 753.



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ENTERTAINMENTS.

His Majesty's Theatre.

"THE NEW LADY BANTOCK."

There must be something wrong nowadays with the taste of Aberdeen playgoers. The best-written plays lately have been receiving most inadequate support, and "The New Lady Bantock" is no exception. A better-written play has not been here for some considerable time, and it is to be hoped that the public will show better taste in the later than in the earlier part of the week. Fanny, the new Lady Bantock, is an English girl who has been earning her living on the stage in Paris. She meets an English artist, marries him, and is horrified to find, on arriving home with her husband, that, wishing to be loved for himself alone, etc., he has concealed from her the fact that he is Lord Bantock of Bantock Hall. Her horror does not arise from the fact that she has become a person of title, but from the somewhat embarrassing circumstance that there are in attendance on the Bantock family a mere trifle of twenty-three servants of the Bennet family—who, unknown to her husband, are all her own cousins and aunts. To make matters worse, the Bennets take rather a peculiar view of the situation, and conceive it is their duty to shape and mould their new mistress into a proper descendant of former holders of her title. This process, to say the least of it, is uncomfortable for Fanny. All through the play bristles with smart dialogue and repartee, and the situations are amusing in the extreme. Altogether "The New Lady Bantock" is a play which should not be missed. The cast is distinctly a strong one, with two brilliant individual performances. Miss Beatrice Moreau as Fanny, and Mr. Horace Lingard as Martin Bennet are both really "extra special," while the other members of the company back them up well indeed. To-night "The New Lady Bantock" will be repeated, while on Friday and Saturday "Is Marriage a Failure?" a play of a somewhat broader type of humour, will be staged. Next week—"The Emerald Isle."

The Palace.

A programme of all-round excellence is that provided by the Palace Theatre management this week, and the entertainment is greatly appreciated. Topping the bill, Cambo and Castelle are an amusing couple, and "the musical monkey" is one of the cleverest and most mirth-provoking of animals. The Eight Frolics are a talented little band of juvenile performers, who sing and dance in a charming manner. Much genuine training must have been necessary before so much precision could have been arrived at. As instrumentalists, the Corcoran Brothers give a good exhibition of themselves, their versatility being greatly admired. The number and variety of the instruments they play upon is certainly marvellous in the extreme. A talented combination, styling themselves the Elsa Satanella Trio, are both acrobats and comedians who are exceptionally well received, as also are Messrs Clark and Mostol, who are eccentric dancers of considerable ability. Music-lovers this week are well catered for at the Bridge Street establishment, quite the most entertaining of the various musical turns being perhaps Edward Crossland's Melody Makers. Their concerted singing is of the pleasantest description, and the picturesque scena "The Burglar's Dream" is both novel and delightful. Another turn of superior excellence is that provided by Miss Annie Schubert, who appears in "The Deputy: or A Private Rehearsal." Her rendering of "I dreamt I dwelt" is charmingly given, and meets with the heartiest applause. Vera de Astra also delights the audience in her novel act entitled "A Shepherd's Dream of the Year," the various tableaux being cleverly staged. Fred Dunstone also takes well, and the Palace pictures are as diverting as ever.

The Tivoli.

Tivoli patrons will find the Guild Street establishment this week housing as versatile and excellent a company as they could reasonably wish for. An entertaining sketch entitled "The Squire's Dance" heads the list, and while it occupies the boards the audience is moved to considerable merriment. In addition, the musical trio who take part in the sketch display much genuine skill. Both the scene and the costumes are wonderfully picturesque, the period being a century ago. Another excellent turn is provided by the D'Arc's marionettes. This style of entertainment is now a trifle antiquated, but as the persons impersonated include Harry Lauder, Vesta Tilley, R. G. Knowles, etc., the turn is unusually attractive. The skating-rink season is at hand, and therefore the Milfons, a couple of expert skaters and comedians, give an exceedingly popular turn. Perhaps the most entertaining feature of their exhibition—it is certainly the most amusing—is the representation of a couple of rinking novices. The Four Janowskys display much skill in their daring ladder feats; as also do the Chunn Trio in their wonderful juggling performance. Another trio—the Norman and Leonard Trio—also captivate the audience with their harp and violin playing and their graceful dancing. A local vocalist, Mr Brown M'Gill—who takes the place, we understand, of an absentee—scores a great success with his rendering of various songs, especially "The Lea Rig" and "Come back to me." Syd Crossley is not unknown to the Granite City, but as "the long comic" he comes this time as something new, and is quite as laughter-producing as ever. Other good turns are provided by Gena Manon, a ballad vocalist, and Julian Ross, comedienne. Each and every item in quite up to the Tivoli standard, and the programme is most enjoyable.

The Gaiety.

Sensational in the highest degree is the picture topping the Gaiety programme this week—Lieutenant Rose and the Chinese Pirates. The scene is laid in the China Sea, where the gallant hero and a couple of English girls are captured by pirates. Their adventures are the subject of this thrilling picture, which in our opinion is superior to the Lieutenant's exploits on the submarine which was recently witnessed at the Gaiety. "The Puzzle" is the title of a film depicting the highly amusing experiences of an amorous comedian. Another love story—A Broken Symphony—is thrown upon the

screen, but this one is decidedly more dramatic and remarkably realistic, as Mr Dove Paterson does the speaking. A second "comic" entitled "A Collego Chicken" is screamingly funny, and keeps the audience vastly amused for all too short a period. Another humorous film, "The Coquette's Suitors" is also highly entertaining, while "Lea," the female Peter Pan, is a tom-boy "comic" of a mirth-provoking character if ever the Gaiety had one. Miss Pascoe has played many parts in the course of her stay in the Granite City. This week she has one of the most delightful imaginable, that of Dora in a touching and dramatic tale from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." A new collection of "Sights of the World" is being exhibited, and old and young alike are greatly delighted with them. The cinephone musical picture song is entitled "The Top of the Morning," while Mr George Donald continues to charm the audience with his tasteful selections on the pianoforte. Now that the winter season is at hand, Gaiety patrons are reminded that the first house starts at 7.45.

The Electric Theatre.

Quite the most popular feature of the "electric" picture programme this week is the marvellous reproduction of Gounod's "Faust," with music supplied by the animatophone. The film runs for 33 minutes, eight scenes in all being depicted on the screen. Much praise is due to the enterprising management for bringing so high-class a film to the city, and well-filled houses are only a well-deserved reward. In lighter vein "The Magic Flute" and "The Three Faithful Husbands" give rise to much merriment; while "Fire Brigade Movements in Australia" is the subject of another picture, which is as instructive as it is interesting. Several of the films are enthusiastically cheered, which testifies to the audience's high appreciation. The programme is most judiciously varied, and one of the best yet seen at this popular rendezvous, where tea can be obtained free, gratis, and for nothing between the hours of 3 and 6. Next week the principal films will be "Chinese Art Pottery"—a fascinating study—and "A Trip to Scotland," which illustrates a journey from the metropolis to various Scottish sights and cities.

We have much pleasure in supplying our readers with a reproduction of a photograph of the highly esteemed local manager of the Electric, Mr Austin, together with a few biographical details, which will doubtless prove of interest.

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The Principals of Mr. J. S. Jackson's Amateur Opera Company, "The Emerald Isle," appearing in His Majesty's Theatre next week.

Musical and Dramatic Notes.

By "Vox."

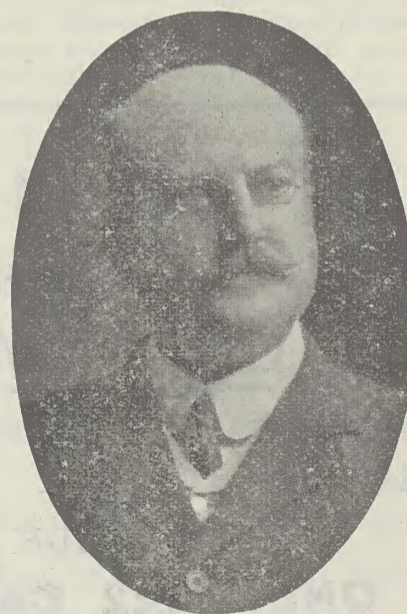
"The Emerald Isle."

Encouraged by the success of their performances of "Merrie England" in His Majesty's Theatre last year, Mr J. S. Jackson's Amateur Opera Company decided to face these footlights again, and next week they are to give performances of "The Emerald Isle," the opera which the late Sir Arthur Sullivan left unfinished at the time of his death, and which was completed in a most able and sympathetic manner by Mr Edward German. Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote nearly all the numbers of the first act to the lyrics of Captain Basil Hood, but most of the second act is the work of Mr Edward German. The story is a characteristically Irish one—Ireland's wrongs, secret meetings of "patriots," haunted caves and "fairy tales," superstitious soldiers, a haughty Lord-Lieutenant and his equally haughty Countess, their charming daughter and her "patriot" lover, and a ventriloquising professor getting into and out of all sorts of dilemmas. The pretty scenes of Irish "lake and fell," castle and cabin; brightly-dressed "colleens" wheedling the English soldiers with their witchery; and the piquancy of the Irish wit make "The Emerald Isle" a charming opera.

Mr J. S. Jackson's chorus has proved in the past that amateurs are as good, if not better, than some professional choruses, and next week they may be depended upon to keep up their

end with credit, for the chorus is large, consisting of 60 voices. The principals are well known, and are not strangers to the footlights. There is Miss Molly Smith, Miss Rachel Munro, Miss Nelli Esson, Miss Netta Urquhart, and

and Mr A. M. Dudgeon. Scenery has been specially painted and arranged by the staff of His Majesty's Theatre, and the costumes are by Messrs Simmons and Company, London. Mr Jackson will give the opera, it will be seen, in a complete manner, and his enterprise should be rewarded by a completely-filled theatre each night next week.



Mr. J. S. JACKSON.

Madame Shirley Jackson and Mr W. M. Johnstone Mr William Arthur, Mr John Forsyth, Mr David Taylor, and Mr Frank H. Homan. Miss Jeanie Hendry will be the premiere danseuse, and the stage management will be in the hands of Mr Fred Hamilton, Edinburgh,

Second Chamber Concert.

Those who heard the St Petersburg String Quartet at Mr Rosetti's concert last season will not have failed to mark that they pay a return visit at the second Chamber Concert next Tuesday, when the J Major Quartet, Op. 59, of Beethoven will be player; Borodine's Quartet No. 2; and Brahms's Piano Quintet in F Minor, Op. 34.

Champion Prize Band.

I fully expect that Saturday's City Concert will have a full house, when the Arbroath Brass Band, which won the championship, will appear, and will play among a big programme of pieces those with which they carried away the prize. Mr A. C. Kidd and Miss Hope Glen are the soloists for that concert.

Chat.

Mr G. P. Huntley, who has been in America, will return to London soon.

It would appear that "The Quaker Girl" will bring gold to the coffers of Mr George Edwardes. Mr Monckton's music is delightful, and Miss Gertie Müller and Mr Hayden Coffin are the right people to have in a new opera.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

FOOTBALL.

THE NORTHERN "DERBY."

With regard to the first serious meeting of Dundee and Aberdeen we remarked that anything might happen, so far as the result was concerned. Form in football is very unreliable when local rivalry plays an important part. We were prepared for a hard, strenuous game, and saw it; though at the same time we saw individual features on both sides. That the tussle was expected to be keen may be judged from the fact that Dens Park housed the biggest crowd it has done since the present season began, quite 15,000 having been present at the start. The pitch was adamant, and the ball played queer tricks on the hard surface; and while the home players appeared to have good foothold, the Aberdonians slipped and fell in unaccountable fashions, and always when they were in a good position for shooting. Crumley had double the work to do at the start that King had at the other end. The 700 Aberdonians present expected that once the forwards got into their stride scoring was bound to come. In this they were disappointed for instead of getting better the front line slackened down, Dundee's halves getting the better of them on almost every occasion, while Lawson justified his inclusion by his dash and judgment when Soye got in position. The first corner came to Dundee after the first period had gone about 30 minutes, and kindly forced a second off Colman shortly after, with the result that Hamilton scored a fine goal which King was helpless to stop. This was the turning point in favour of Dundee, Hamilton leading out his men in grand style, but poor finishing by Bellamy and then Lindley allowed the visiting defence to heave a sigh of relief. To review the first half unbiased, there was not a goal between the teams on outfield play, the point got by Hamilton being of the kind that may never occur again though it showed capital judgment by him to meet it as he did. On resuming, Aberdeen came away strong, and the hardest of luck followed them. Macintosh made an excellent attempt, but got the wrong side of the post, with Crumley beat to the world. It was a fine effort—one of the best—but the inside-right unfortunately fell when he made the effort, otherwise it might have converted. Had Aberdeen drawn level then there is no saying what would have happened; but worse luck followed when Travers, shooting straight and true, got his shot rushed down by Neal. Lennie met with a similar fate twice in succession. Hamilton has the true instincts of a centre, ever ready to poach on the offensive rule; and when he did get away there was danger. His shooting, however, left a lot to be desired; for he had only King to beat from a yard's range and shot high over the bar, while he sent over a beauty to Lindley, who beat Colman and ballooned the ball so high as to make the crowd yell. Nor was this the worst offence, for Bel-

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lamy missed a gaping goal; and when least expected Macfarlane shot from 20 yards out of a crowd of players, King being taken by surprise and unable to save. He saved a couple of beauties from Hamilton and Maclachlan later, but all to no purpose; for by this time Aberdeen were a beaten team, and never looked like scoring. Dundee deserved their goal in the second half, and were worthy winners on that period.

PLAY AND PLAYERS.

Several incidents that occurred throughout the game led us to imagine that Aberdeen did not seem to be so well prepared for the tussle as usual. Their tactics were wrong. We thought Wyllie gave Hamilton too much rope, and had he shadowed the centre and put him off his game, the wings appeared to us to be impotent without the ex-Rangers' touches. Hamilton got far too much latitude to our liking, and we wondered that Colman did not advise Wyllie to do the same as Dainty was doing to Murray. It is not often that the Aberdeen men slip and fall as much as they did on Saturday; for as a rule Trainer Simpson is alive to this, but something seemed to be wrong on Saturday. Dundee were best served by Hamilton in the attack, and he alone on Saturday was the star turn in the front rank. Dainty and Comrie were the stalwarts in the middle line. Lawson gave a fine display at back, while Crumley was agile and safe in goal. For Aberdeen, King was not to blame for the two goals, though we heard many who thought he could have saved the second one. To us it appeared unsaveable, the way it came about. Colman and Hume were reliable, but we have seen them tackle better. Millar was best in the middle line, with Wyllie close up, the centre-half's only fault being that he wished to act more in the attacking line than in the defence. Wilson worked hard, as usual, but a lot of it went for nothing, and he did not recover so quickly as is his wont. Soye and Macintosh were the best wing, and Murray was good in centre, though Dainty kept a watchful eye on him; and when he changed places with Macintosh the centre-half got a lot of work to do. Travers put in a lot of sound work, both in feeding Lennie and trying to shoot on his own; but Lennie was "off colour." The left-winger could do nothing right, and we have never seen him play so poorly against Dundee as he did on Saturday.

THE LEAGUE.

Quite a change has come over the League since our last notes appeared. To-day there is no undefeated team in the Scottish League, Clyde coming by their first reverse on Saturday, when Partick Thistle beat them on their own pitch by 2-1. It was a hard game, and few expected anything else, with the young Thistle players in fine condition. The ground was on the hard side to begin with, and they found the net twice, to the surprise of the Shawfield brigade. Try as they could, Clyde were up against a side that could hold them out, and this the Thistle managed till six minutes from time, when Clyde got a suspicious goal. For the most part the Thistle were the more dangerous side at close quarters, while the Clyde, with greater weight, often threw away chances that they ought to have used to better advantage.

With the Clyde amongst the beaten, the Rangers show the way with a clever win by 3 clear goals over Kilmarnock, and are now coming into the running for championship honours. There is no getting away from the fact

that if the provincial teams fail, the Rangers will be the one team in Glasgow to win the fancy for the championship.

It was expected that Celtic would easily manage full points against Airdrieonians, but they had to be content with a draw—no scoring. The Celts could make nothing of the Airdrie defence, who were in better form than against the Rangers on the previous week.

Another team that is forging ahead, and will require watching in this competition, is Third Lanark. On Saturday they beat Falkirk by 3-1 at Cathkin, a performance that stamps them as a combination commanding respect. From a bad beginning they have come away wonderfully, and will make a lot of points yet.

The Hearts accomplished the best bit of work they have done this season, when they beat Hamilton Academicals by 2-1 at Douglas Park. A hard game, in which the now constituted Hearts team as we saw them a week ago gave of their best, and won as stated.

At Easter Road there was plenty of scoring, but the play was not so good as many thought it would be. Morton have always been a good draw against the Hibs, who had a good "gate," and the score of 3 goals each fittingly represents the run of play.

Raith Rovers made a powerful effort to get a point from Motherwell, but they failed at the critical juncture. Motherwell scored the only goal of the match, and thus gained full points, when a draw would have been a fairer result.

The two bottom teams had a stiff tussle on Saturday, and St Mirren proved successful by 3-1. Truly, the Amateurs are not doing well yet, and if they do not make a strong pull altogether, nothing can save them from the bottom place.

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

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

THE A TEAM DRAW.

While the League teams were battling at Dens Park, the Reserves of Dundee and Aberdeen divided points in the Northern League at Pittodrie. The local team had to undergo several alterations, Edwards being drafted into the forward line, and Neilson, a brother of the outside left, played for Scott at inside right, the Peterhead player being still unfit to play. Fast play ruled throughout the first half, and the locals got no more than they deserved when Nichol scored a beauty. Philip was in evidence with some clever saving, and but for him his side would have gone down badly. It was not till well on in the second half that Dundee scored, from a melee in front of goal. On play this was hardly deserved, but it served to make the Aberdeen put in a lot of good work, which went unrewarded through over-excitement at goal-mouth. Play was carried to the last minute in Dundee territory, and but for mis-kicks and the slippery condition of the pitch, the local Reserves ought to have won, instead of dividing the points. The new men acquitted themselves well, but the feature of the play was the fine work of Aberdeen's halves, who were all in splendid trim.

THIS WEEK'S PROGRAMME.

Aberdeen play St Mirren at Pittodrie on Saturday, when a fight for points will be seen. The Saints have got their team pulled together again after many mishaps in the opening stages of the season, their success over Queen's Park last week being the outcome of really good play. The Saints are anxious now to make up the leeway they have lost, and will stretch Aberdeen to their utmost for the points. It has been de-

cided to make no change in the Aberdeen team this week, which will practically be the same as has worn the "Black and Gold" since the season started. They will turn out as follows—King; Colman and Hume; Wilson, Wylie, and Millar; Soye, Macintosh, Murray, Travers, and Lennie. Referee—Mr J. Bell, Dundee.

The Reserves travel to Paisley, where they play St Mirren Reserves in the Reserve League competition. Aberdeen will experiment with a new outside right from the west, who will be given a trial in this game, and the team will be—Greig; Hannah and Harper; Davidson, Macfarlane, and Robertson; "Brookes," Towns, Nichol, Edgar, and Neilson.

The following are Saturday's League games, with the scores of the corresponding games last season—

Aberdeen (2) v. St Mirren (0). Mr J. Bell.
Celtic (2) v. Third Lanark (0). Mr J. B. Stark.
Falkirk (—) v. Raith Rovers (—). Mr J. B. F. Stark.
Htarts (0) v. Airdrieonians (1). Mr J. Ferguson.
Kilmarnock (0) v. Clyde (2). Mr R. T. Murray.
Morton (1) v. Dundee (0). Mr J. S. Muir.
Motherwell (3) v. Hibs (1). Mr W. Grieve.
Partick Thistle (2) v. Hamilton A. (3). Mr Hamilton.
Queen's Park (3) v. Rangers (2). Mr J. Lyons.

CHATTY BITS.

Dundee had the biggest home gate they have had this season on Saturday. The "gate," without stands, was £324.

The Dundee team have not been drawing well at home this season, but their display on Saturday should re-establish their claim to increased support.

If Comrie was severely hurt in his collision with Murray, he has only himself to blame for the way he was throwing his weight about.

Some 700 Aberdonians took advantage of the cheap excursion, and had a run up to Dundee on Saturday.

The run up was fast with the N.B. special, but the journey home was a tedious one, and very much behind time.

St Mirren is the fare for Pittodrie on Saturday, when a good game should be served up.

It is expected that the great Rugby trial game will be played at Pittodrie on December 10. This will give the "Soccer" patrons an idea of the carrying code.

The Aberdeenshire J.F.A. celebrate their majority this year, but the game they had decided on with a Glasgow select team will not be played till January of next year.

"Brookes," a new outside right whom Aberdeen are to give a trial to on Saturday, has a great reputation, and will show his paces against St Mirren A.

Along with Clyde's defeat on Saturday, Middlesbrough also came a cropper, so that Sunderland occupy the enviable position of being the only undefeated team in the League competitions.

There is every chance that both the semi-final ties will be replayed this Saturday again. The tie between Johnstone and Leith was stopped owing to darkness, and in that between Galston and East Stirlingshire a protest has been intimated against the Stirlingshire club, who won by 2-0.

English agents are very busy again this month prospecting for players in view of the cup ties.

The draws for the Scottish Cup proper will be made next month at the first meeting after the Qualifying final.

AMONGST THE JUNIORS.

THE DUTHIE CUP.

The semi-final round for the cup was reached on Saturday, and as the teams were keen opponents, the crowd was beyond expectations. The fact that the Aberdeen team was away from home helped to swell the "gate," many desiring to see the Hawthorn and Mugiemoss tie.

While the latter are well known, the form of the Hawthorn has been a revelation to most this season, as they have gone straight to the front by sheer merit, and commanded the respect of all opponents.

The play in this tie was characteristic of most cup ties, both teams showing a certain amount of reserve at the start, and then going for all they were worth. Up the incline dashed the bold Hawthorn, and when they met with success, it was only their due, for it was clever work that led to the scoring. The Moss did not take this lying down, and some exciting work was seen till they got on level terms. In the second half, Mugiemoss were awarded a penalty, and from it they scored the winning goal, and thus qualify for the final round.

Richmond and Favourites provided the other tie, and there was a marked difference here both in style and attack. While the Favourites may lay claim to having most of the play, their work near goal was very poor. On the other hand, Richmond made full use of their opportunities, and scored two splendid goals, their shooting being superior to that of their opponents. Richmond enter the final for the first time, and are sure to put up a great game against Mugiemoss.

THE LEAGUE.

Five games were down for decision on Saturday, but only four were finished, that at Haudagain being stopped before time owing to darkness.

Shamrock, with only ten men, were able to take full points off Cattofield by 2-1. Handicapped as the Irishmen were, they had no fears of losing.

Balnagask were the visitors at Inverurie, and had to return home without the points, the Loco. Works winning by 2-1.

Woodside and Parkvale were rather late in starting, with the result that the light was gone before the finish arrived, Woodside being in the lead by 2-1.

A hard struggle was witnessed between Argyll and Glenlivet, and the result of one goal each fairly represents the run of the game.

A stirring ninety minutes' play was that between Abergeldie and Banks o' Dee, two goals each being the final result. It was anybody's game to the finish, with the "Deeites" slightly the better side.

In the Granite City League, only two games were down for decision. Ferryhill beat St Margaret's by 2-1, and Glens beat Smithfield by 2-0. Craigshaw had an off day.

Four games were down to be played in connection with the City Boys' League, and their results were all of the closest nature, showing that the teams were very equally matched. The results were—Bon-Accord A 2, Riverdale 1; Woodbine 2, Bohemians 0; Clarendon 3, Glenfield 0; Saltoun 2, Richmond A 1.

The Central League was in full swing on Saturday, the whole of the clubs being engaged. The results were—Clarion 1, Westburn 1; Royal Albert 2, Crescent 0; "Boys" 2, Gafac 1; Fernlea 4, Granley 2; Windsor United 3, Holburn Thistle 1; Glenmorton 2, Bon-Accord 1. The latter game was stopped owing to darkness.



GOLFING TOPICS.

The weather is now becoming very unsuitable for a good game, and several of the clubs announce the close of their competitions for the season.

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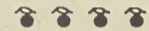
In the foursome competition of the Murcar Club, the final was played on Saturday, when Messrs W. Hendry and Hay beat Messrs Stedman and Anderson by 1 up.

Thomas Prosser (17) and Fred Douglas (5) played off the final for the "Golfing" Challenge Cup in connection with the Bon-Accord Club on Saturday. Prosser won by 2 up and 1 to play.

The final for the Victoria Club foursome competitions will be played this week between Messrs G. Crookshanks and G. Simpson, who give a stroke at three holes, and Messrs H. B. and J. B. Wood.

ALLEGED HUMOUR.

In a pocket-book found upon Richard Bass, who committed suicide in a field near Bristol by taking laudanum, it was stated at the inquest, were found the following words:—"People say a man's a coward to take his life. But let me tell them it takes a good nerve and a good man to do it. I have tried the water, the rope, and the knife, but I have not failed with the bottle." A bottle, of course, was the right thing for Bass.

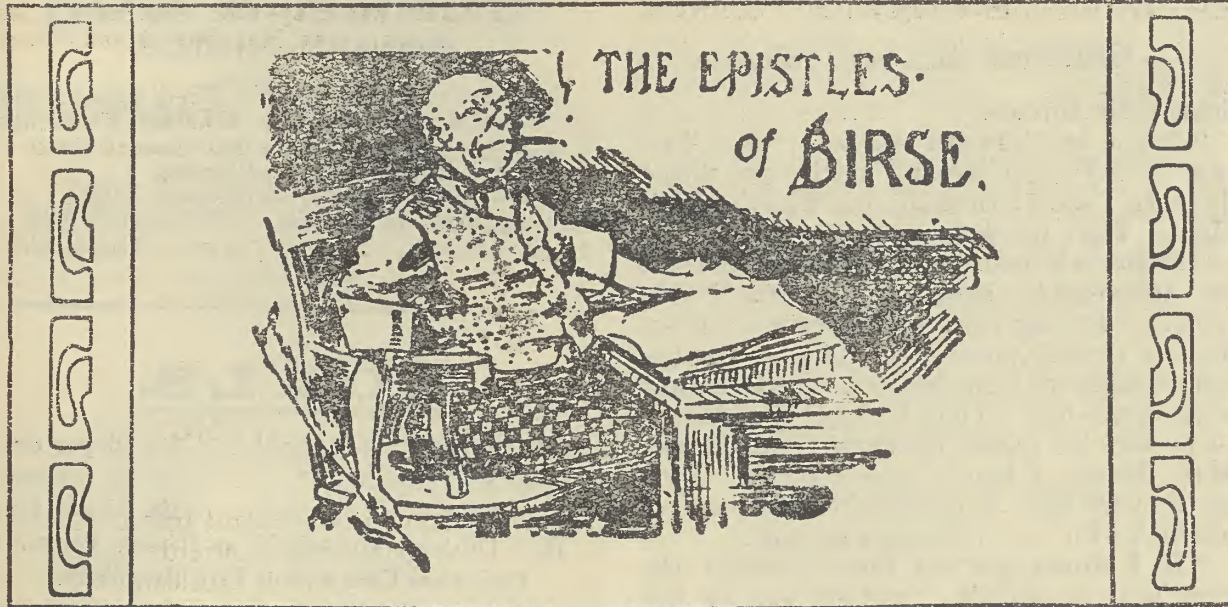


A New Thought Church has been opened in London by Dr Julia Sears, of Boston and New York. Admission to the church is conditional on the payment of four guineas. One of the three basic principles is "Thoughts are creators, and man can create an environment of vitality and immortality by the exercise of that thought." The thought of the four guineas, however, will be enough, we fancy, for most people.



Much self-congratulation was recently indulged in by certain people in this country when news came from the Far East that a number of girls had been sold at an average of 3/9 each. These good people found much satisfaction and righteousness in the fact that human beings were not bought and sold in this merciless fashion in Great Britain. In an advertisement in a local contemporary the other day, however, we learnt that the prices of the following workmen had been considerably reduced:—meat carvers, fish servers, sugar sifters, waiters, egg boilers, fish eaters, and bottle holders. We cannot, therefore, afford to criticise the habits and customs of the Orient.

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Of all Chemists, 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6.



CONCERNING THE HEIRESS OF TULLYBEAGLES.

Dear Mr. Editor,

This mornin' that futtrit-faced aul' vratch, Mosie Cruickshank, the merchan', cam' here in an awfu' state. Says he t' me abruptly:—

"Birse, ye're a dam't rogue, an' I'm gaun t' sew ye in coort for saiventy-five poun', thirteen an' aucht pence."

"Are ye tho', Mosie," I said contemptisly; for tho' we're nominally frien's, I thoro'ly dislike an' distrust the nesty little taed. "Fat nicht that be for?"

"Didna ye aince tell me," he demandit in a vice suffus't wi' venom, "that that 'oman Birnie in the 'Field wis a brither's do'ther o' the

Aul' Laird o' Tullybeagles?"

"Certainly I did," wis my instant reply.

"D'ye mean t' dispute the fac'?"

"I div that," he shreikit. "I believe her an' you's been in co. t' swin'le me, an'—"

"Be carefu', Mosie," I interruptit warmly. "Dinna us sic a wurd as swin'le in my hearin', or ye'll get yersel' intae tribble. Fat cause o' offence hae ye aginst Mistress Birnie?"

"Cause o' offence, ye belt-heidit, skirmshankit hogmahoch, ye—"

"Quate noo," I commandit sternly. "Nane o' yer lip, ye misbegotten snipe. I winna ha'e't. Ayther tell me ceevily an' conceesely fat yer drivin' at, or there's jist ae step atween ye an' the fit o' the stairs."

Seein' I wis in deid earnest, Mosie calmed doon considerably.

"She's gotten credit fae me," he explain't, "t' an extent, which wi' interest addit—"

"At the rate o' 200 per cent.," I interpos't.

"Which wi' interest addit comes t' the amount I've mention't. Noo ye ken fine I widna trustit 'er the len'th o' a penny-

piece gin' it hidna been for your recommydation—"

"My recommydation." I cried. "Ca' canny, Mosie. I never recommendit 'er or ony speeshiment o' the female sect t' you or ony ither man, ayther for purposes o' credit or mairritch. I hae a consheens, an' wid

Scorn the Notion."

"Mebbe nae in sae mony wirds," retortit the merchan'; "bit if ye hidna said fat ye did I widna been deludit int' believin' 'er t' be an heiress."

"Heiress o' fat?" I speir't, noo genwinly interestit."

"Heiress o' the lan' o' Tullybeagles."

"I never taul' ye onything o' the kin'."

"Ye implied as muckle. Wisna't you 'at inform't me that accordin' t' the deed o' entail the estate passed t' the next o' kin, male or female, in the event o' the aul' laird deein' athoot lawfu' progeny."

"I did."

"An' isna Tullybeagles deed?"

"I dinna deny't."

"Weel, hoo comes it that a twenty-first cousin has entered int' possession o' the property fin there's a niece livin' in the person o' Mistress Birnie? If that's 'er relationship t' the defunct, as ye assertit, she cudna been deen oot o' 'er inheritance. Bit ye deelebrat'ly leet t' me, Birse. She's nae mair niece t' Tullybeagles than I am."

"Fa taul' ye?" I speir't quately.

"The femly lyar."

"Ye've been in communication wi' him hae ye?"

"I wus. I've been in communication wi' 'im fae the first. Ay, I vrote 'im, an' got's reply this post. The randy nicht 'a' been cheatin' me yet if my sispeecious o' 'er bony-feedies hidna been aroost b' the fac' that tho' fully sax weeks has elaps't since the laird's death she's made nae muv t' leave the garret in the Printfield."

"Naitrally, that wid 'a' made ye sispeeshis," I said drily. "An fat did the lyar say?"

"He said she hid nae connection fatsom-ever wi' the Tullybeagles fouk."

"He's a leear," I retortit. "As I've already taul' ye, the oman's a do'ther o'

aul' Tullybeagles' scrapegrace brither that wis

Drumm't oot o' the Army

for pu'in' his cornel's nose an' slappin' a genril's chafts ae day he wis fou'. T' gie'm's due, the scamp never denied the bairn."

"She a bastard than!" cried Mosie furiously.

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"Nae doot about that," I replied placidly. "The mither hid sax ither geats, an' ilky ane o' them gied b' a different surname. I kent 'er weel; for she bade aside my father's at Pyketillim. Dinna look shockit, merchan'. Ye ken fine that sort o' thing's nae ferlie ayther in the conty or the toon o' Aiberdeen."

"In that case," said Mosie, e'ein' me malignantly, "the lyar wis richt. She's nae relation."

"I repeat," I put in angrily, "that the lyar's a leear. Nae truthfu' man cud possibly hae the impidence t' deny the physiological fac' that a bairn, illegitimat'

or itherwise, is the son or do'ther o' it's ain father."

For the instant this stric'ly logical presentation o' an interestin' bit little insisted on trowth silenced my veesitor, bit he wisna lang in recoverin' his tongue.

"Foo didna ye tell me that at first?" he criet fev'rishly.

"Ye never speirt. Forbye, I didna wint t' scandaleese an

'Oman fae my ain pairis'

b' mentionin' the fac' 'at she wis born on the wrang side o' the blanket."

"That's proof positeev oot o' yer ain mou'. As I thoct, ye're naething mair nor less than 'er accomplish in the swin'le."

"In fat respec'?" I speir't, my e'en flashin' dang'risly.

"Ye suppressed information that as an honest man ye wis bound t' tell me fin I cam' t' ye inquiren' if it wis safe t' gie 'er credit. If I'd kent the trowth she wid 'a' gotten naething oot o' my chop, or oot o' my pooch ayther. Bit dinna think, Birse, ye'll get aff wi't. I'll hae baith you an' her expos't afore the Shirra."

I leuch at the orra mongrel's discomfitur'.

"Ye think ye're safe," he snappit, "'cas ye didna commit yersel' t' vreetin'. Bit I hae a witness—Jamie Bengie, the vricht—ready t' sweer that aince fin the three o's wis in company ye boastit that you an' Mistress Birnie wis cousins."

"That's perfectly true," I replied, wi' a superior smile. "Ye're as ignorant o' pedigrees as a hog i' the stye, sae I may inform ye that me an' the last o' Tullybeagles wis ninth cousins through the mairritch in 1627 o' my revered ancestor, Abraham Birse, fiar o' Muckytoon an' tenant in Little Pitdoolzie, wi' a do'ther o' the Tullybeagles o' that day. Consequently I stan' in the same degree o' relationship t' Mistress Birnie's father, Colonel Leith, though, as a maitter o' fac', I'm nae sae

Prood o' that Cousinship

as I am o' the ither. Mair nor that, there's various ither lines o' connection atween the Birses an' the Leiths, partic'larly thro'—"

"Wull ye pay up or ging int' the coort?" roar't Mosie impatiently.

"I'll dee nayther," I answer't sharply. "I repudiat' a' connection, direc' or indirec', wi' the business. As far's the 'oman's concern't ye overreach't yersel' completely thro' yer infernal greed. Ye kent fine 'er man wis only a mullworker at saxteen shilin's a week, yet fin ye heard me mention as an interestin' jennylogical fac' that she wis the niece o' the representative o' ane o' the aul'est fem'lies in Scotlan' ye concludit in yer ignorance that as Tullybeagles hid nae bairns or nearer kin she wis the heir t' the estate. Oonder that impression," I contineet relentlessly, "an weel awaur that the laird wis sufferin' fae an incurable disease, ye call't on the Birnies fin the man wis oot o' wark

an' preten'in' t' be their best frien' an' sorry for them, lestrally forced yer dirt o'

Groceries an' yer Siller

doon their throats."

"It's a lee," raspit Mosie. "She first cam' t' my chop seekin' credit, an' didna deny fin I speirt that she wis Tullybeagles' niece. That wis a fause pretence."

"There wis nae fause pretence in that, ye abominable shark. She taul' the trowth. In ony case 'er bill cam' t' 'aboot five an' twenty poun', for which ye got the stupid body t' sign peppers t' the amunt o' saiventy-five. That b' itsel' is sufficient to protec' 'er fae a prosecution for fraud. Man, Mosie, I ken a' 'aboot it, an' I tell ye t' yer face I'm delightit to see ye punish't for yer villanous avarice."

"If I dinna get my dues," snarl't the merchan' veeshishly, "ayther you or her 'ill be jilet for't."

"Ye're mair likely t' be jilet yersel' " I retortit scornfully. "Ye min' supplyin' my domestic wi' a pun' o' margarine instead o' prime Danish butter as requested yesterday mornin'. Weel, I've sent it t' the Food an' Drogs Inspector t' be anal-ees't, an' ye'll dootless get a polis summons in due coorse. Noo, oot o' here ye' dirty, swin'lin' swab. I'm sick o' the face o' ye. Oot o' this I tell ye."

Sae purposefu' wis my tone that Mosie depairtit swiftly an' silently athoot anither wurd.

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