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BON ACCORD

November 2, 1911.—Price One Penny.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Vol. XLVI.—No. 44.

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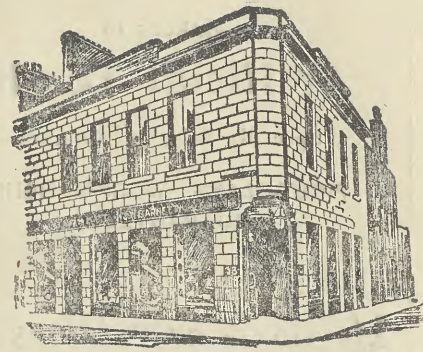
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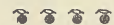
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November 2, 1911.

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NEWSPAPER.]

Published every Thursday by the Proprietors, HENRY
MUNRO, LTD., 10 Crown Street, Aberdeen.
Annual Subscription (including postage), 6/6, payable in
advance.

*News Notes, Paragraphs, and Black and White Sketches
are invited by the Editor. Rejected contributions, if
accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes, will
be returned in due course.*

The Week's Entertainments.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Managing
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THE TIVOLI.—Manager, Mr. Walter Gil-
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THE GAIETY PICTURE HALL.—Pro-
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and 9 p.m.

MUSIC HALL.—CITY CINEMATOGRAPH CON-
CERTS. Promoter and Director, Mr. Dove
Paterson. 2.30 and 8 p.m.

COLISEUM, Belmont Street.—B.B. Pictures.
8 p.m.

PITTOURIE PARK.—Manager, Mr. James
Philip, S.F.A. Aberdeen v. Airdrie. Kick-off,
3.15 p.m.

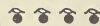
THE APATHY OF THE MODERN CITIZEN.

A Modest Appeal.

In spite of (or is it because of?) our
vaunted civilisation, with what should
be the salutary spread of educational
facilities, the average local citizen has
as yet displayed little active interest in
the choice of suitable candidates who
aspire to represent him in the Town
Council. At the various ward meetings
the attendance has been a miserably
low percentage of voters, many of whom
belonged to other wards, and were out
merely for what jollification a little
breezy heckling might bring them.
Within recent years there has been
taught in many schools "the Duties of
a Citizen," but so far little or no good
seems to have resulted. Mr. Dash is
an intelligent individual, and possesses
a vote, but he thinks less of his vote
than he does of a few square yards of
potatoes. Similarly, Mr. Asterisk, who
breeds prize puppies, is much more
solicitous about their welfare than he is
about the health and prosperity of his
native town. It may be that in the
cultivation of potatoes and the breed-
ing of puppies those estimable gentle-

men may find the summit of felicity;
but if so, our elaborate educational
system is in vain, and their natural in-
difference to their civic duties must be
cured by some other method.

There are men, however, who un-
doubtedly know and feel their civic
responsibilities at a time such as the
present; but with economic society
what it is, they are only too apt to allow
their consciences to be subordinated.
As President Woodrow Wilson of
Princeton University says, "The great
danger of our own day, as it seems to
me, is that men will compound their
conscientious scruples on the ground
that they are not free to move inde-
pendently; that they are simply parts
of a great whole, and that they must
move with that whole, whether they
wish to or not; for they say, 'The
penalty will be that we shall be abso-
lutely crushed.'" Every ratepayer,
however, has the right (and should exer-
cise it) of testing the mental and moral
calibre of aspirants to a seat at the
Council board. The Ratepayers' Asso-
ciation does the town a splendid service
by sounding candidates upon certain
questions, but their inquiries are not
sufficiently numerous, and we should
prefer to see the ratepayer himself bent
upon the catechising process. How
many candidates, we wonder, have
sufficient knowledge of housing and
town-planning affairs to enable them to
co-operate with and to assist that
veritable town-planning expert Coun-
cillor Gibb? Mr. W. Stewart Thomson
should prove an admirable acquisition
to the Council in this respect, and we
look to these two stalwarts and as many
of their colleagues as care to be en-
lightened week by week by our valuable
notes on the subject (by an Expert) to
do their utmost to cleanse and beautify
our far from perfect city. By way of a
start, the Town Council itself might
sweep away every vestige of its own
wretched and abominable property
throughout the town, thereby setting
an example to private owners. It is not
too late, and we appeal to our fellow-
citizens, therefore, to extort a pledge
from every municipal candidate in the
field that the housing conditions of our
poorer classes will receive that earnest
and immediate attention which a
humane and enlightened age demands.



THE IDEAL "PUB."

Clergyman's Address.

Something of the nature of a sensa-
tion was caused at a meeting in Crieff
on Saturday afternoon, when the Rev.
James Ferguson, with an outspoken-
ness which is only too rare in clerical
circles, delivered an address to the
British Women's Temperance Associa-
tion on the conversion of the public-

house. This much-criticised institution
serves a healthy social instinct—that of
enabling men to congregate and discuss
the topics of the day. To many a work-
ing-man it is his only club; and thus the
public-house is possessed of a utility
which the man in the street would sadly
miss if Temperance extremists were
allowed to have their way. This was
the aspect upon which the daring rev.
gentleman ventured to touch, and we
think his remarks well worthy of the
attention both of the total abstainer
and the hardened toper. Extremists
never see more than the half of any
question, and the cry for totally abol-
ishing the public-house is a one-sided
one which the moderate man, teetotal
or otherwise, cannot support. To such
a man the character of the average
drink-house is scarcely to be defended,
and he would like to see it dissociated
from the character of his ideal public-
house, which would be made, if possible,
a modern substitute for the old-
fashioned coffee-houses where the best
wits loved to congregate. "Long years
ago," said the minister to whom we
have been referring, "there existed the
old-fashioned hostelry; that was the
public-house where wits met to have a
chat with cronies, where men gathered
at the close of the day to sharpen their
wits, and incidentally settle the affairs
of the Empire. It was at the public-
house where the precentor sang 'Annie
Laurie,' and where the beadle told his
best ghost story. . . . The rich had
their clubs in which they might enjoy
social debate, but where was the man
to go who had no club? He was at
present driven to the place which
offered him the best, brightest, and
warmest accommodation—the public-
house. Let them then have a try at
getting a converted public-house, and
where men might get drink of the kind
that would not send them home drunk."

We are afraid, however, that such a
public-house which would exist to sat-
isfy the social instinct only would have
little or no chance of prosperity so long
as the present type of "pub." exists.
But improvements could be introduced
gradually, even into the present
familiar type, and one of these, in our
opinion, would be the non-admittance
of women. According to the latest statis-
tics, inebrity is decreasing among
men, but increasing rapidly among
women. The affairs of the parish or the
Empire can be very well discussed
without the presence of the ubiquitous
petticoat. The practice, too, of per-
mitting the fair sex to accompany their
male friends in the lounges of hotels
has its disadvantages (as well as, of
course, its advantages). When the
ruddy wine comes round, the ladies
nowadays are not content to look upon
it. Under the persuasive influence of
their wicked male friends, they usually
drain the cup to the dregs, thereby
sowing the seeds of a habit which they
may find it hard to relinquish.

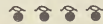
THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS,

BY

The Man in the Street.

The Fight Proceeding.

The fight is now on in real earnest. There has been much skirmishing for positions during the previous weeks, but at last the range of combat has been defined, and the warring factions are in deadly grips with each other. Happy they who have commanded the luxury of the much-coveted walk-over, such as the victors of Rosemount, Ferryhill, Rubislaw, and, of course, Greyfriars. A great deal is said about the joys of battle, about men preferring to fight their ways to place and power, rather than to have greatness thrust upon them. 'Tis pure bunkum. Not one aspirant for civic honours but prefers to have his way made placid and smooth before him. It means such freedom from worry, from uncertainty and expense.



The Guildry Contest.

There is no doubt that the sensation of the election has been the contest for the Deanship of Guild. Truly,

There's many a slip
'Twixt cup and lip.

Here was Treasurer Meff voluntarily retiring from the representation of Torry ward and accepting what at the outset seemed to be a more royal road to the municipal court, only to be reminded at the eleventh hour of the great uncertainty of human expectations. Who would have thought that so many of the douce, respectable, peace-loving Burgesses of Guild would have taken umbrage at the nice little arrangement made for their representation in the civic chamber. They ought, by all the rules of the game, to have been gratified at their exemption from the worry and pother of choosing a representative; but instead of that they worked themselves into a state of holy indignation at the liberties taken in their names, and kicked over the official traces in the most approved democratic style.



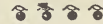
A Former Light.

Who would have dreamed, too, that the revolt would have been crowned by

Eiffel Tower MILK PUDDING

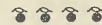
A rd. packet makes a delicious milk pudding in ten minutes. Try it. You will be delighted.

no less important a person than Sir Alexander Lyon, the hero of a score of municipal fights? 'Tis three years since it was fondly imagined that Sir Alexander was laid on the municipal shelf, and that never again would his ripened experience be at the command of his erstwhile colleagues. All precedents and principalities favoured that view of the situation, but custom and orthodoxy are only binding upon him who is not bold enough to break through them. Now that the tables of unwritten laws have been ruthlessly broken, we may still live to see the venerable Sir David Stewart prancing again at the head of a democratic column, Sir John Fleming once more appealing to a St. Nicholas Ward electorate; Mr. Daniel Mearns leading, as of yore, his St. Cement's cohorts; Mr. James Walker again in the van of civic progress; and the present provostorial incumbent, after a brief recuperative spell, emerging from his tent, like a rejuvenated Achilles, in order to lead the Avon hosts to a bloodless victory.



Changes Galore.

'Tis but three years, did I say, since Sir Alexander Lyon retired on his laurels. "'Tis true, 'tis pity; 'tis pity 'tis, 'tis true"; for many changes have been wrought in that short space of time. With the exception of never-changing Greyfriars, not a ward in town but has more or less altered the character of its representation. Three new faces would have been seen from Woodside; three from St. Machar; two each from Ferryhill, Torry, Ruthrieston, Rubislaw; one—or it may be two—from St. Andrew's; one each from St. Clement's, St. Nicholas, and Rosemount. There would have been at least eighteen new members of the incoming Council who knew not Joseph in the days of his pristine glory.

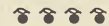


Vanished Hands.

And if changes be writ large in the numerical sense, no less striking must it be in the personnel. Old familiar faces would have been missed, and voices that once rang in well-known accents would have given forth new and unaccustomed sounds. New forms will fill the magisterial benches. Another ruler will occupy the seat from which judgments and rulings are given. A new treasurer will unloosen the civic purse-strings (alas! for the touch of the vanished hand to guide the process). Scarce a committee but will display the form of a new convener, and the leading lights of other days will be seen replaced by other luminaries. It is in truth the Aberdeen Town Council, but a Council which three short years has almost entirely remodelled.

Nine Years' Interval.

Yet, if Sir Alexander Lyon had been returned as Dean, and these changes had appeared striking, what must they be to the prospective head of the Council who returns after an absence of nine years. Apart from the new Dean of Guild, Baillies Kemp, Kendall-Burnett, Mr. Taggart, and possibly Mr. Middleton, not one of the councillors who were members with Mr. Maitland when he quitted office is now a member of the Council. New faces, new forms, new policies will confront him at every turn. He will now rule where once he served. Many of his old opponents will cheer him to-day, and not a few of his former friends will view with some apprehension the altered circumstances 'twixt then and now. Time alone will tell whether the hopes of these or the fears of those will be the more fully realised; but, anyway, it is to a new municipal Council, amongst strange colleagues, and along untrodden paths that the provostorial era of Mr. Maitland's career will now evolve.



Upsetting Plans.

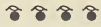
It looks as if there were to be quite as many contested elections as last year. Eleventh-hour surprises have occurred in more than one district. Where contests seemed from the outset inevitable, the timely withdrawal of candidates has cleared the way for the much-desired walk-over. Where, up to the last moment, a walk-over seemed to be the inevitable result, a candidate has sprung up, nobody knows whence; and the combatants are locked in deadly embrace. Mr. W. Stewart Thomson is specially to be congratulated on his peaceful victory. Perhaps, after all, he bullded better than he knew when he left Torry to its wrangling fate and staked his all upon the generosity of St. Nicholas. He now occupies the place from which Lord Provosts—to say nothing of ordinary baillies—have sprung, and who knows but that history

Imperial Society of Dance Teachers

MEMBERS shall be permitted to state in their prospectuses and advertisements that they are members of the Imperial Society of Dance Teachers. But under no pretext whatever shall Members be allowed to append to their names the initial letters of this or any other Society of Dance Teachers. Such artificial aids to gratify personal vanity, and impose upon the public, by implying that the owners of the self-adorned names have received honorary degrees, is not only a breach of good taste, but deliberately subversive to the dignity of the profession they follow.

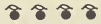
By Order of the Council.

may repeat itself ere many years be past.



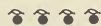
Deceptive Calm.

Mr. Scorgie is specially to be commiserated in St. Clement's. Up to the eve of the nomination everything seemed favourable for another walk-over to the energetic legal luminary, but in a moment the prospects changed and the indications are that he will now have the fight of his life in order to retain his place in the civic galaxy. The aggravating feature, too, is that the contest may interfere sadly with a deputation expedition, in which he and his ward and professional colleague, Mr. Gray, were interested. That is surely the unkindest cut of all; for how could one be expected to do deputation honours in royal style if the fear of electoral vengeance be hanging over one's head.



Avon, Avaut!

Then Mr. A. C. Morrison, who was brought froward to beard an Avonite lion, has now to content himself with a Dee lamb. They are astute electioneers out Woodside way, and love nothing better than upsetting what seemed well-planned calculations. Mr. Morrison is naturally disappointed that so much of his liquid ammunition has been rendered useless. It would have been so delectable an operation to have peppered that outrageous Avon Scheme that has been so often hanged and quartered already but shows such an obstinate propensity for bobbing up again at inconvenient times, when by all the rules of logic and customs of law it should have been content to remain as dead as good Queen Anne of unhappy memory. Mr. M'Kenzie, however, is inclined to out-Herod Herod as an orthodox apologist for the Silvery Dee, and his genuineness in that respect is quite as sincere as that of his outside opponent.



Water Played Out.

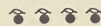
As a matter of fact, it is apparent on all hands that the water question, as a serious factor in electioneering, is about played out. By general consent, nothing can be done until the Water Engineer presents his report; and even then, whether it be favourable or other-

wise to the anticipated notion, it will be subjected to the criticism of the enlightened electorate. After the discussions of the past five years, there are few electors in Aberdeen but can with some degree of assurance lay claim to expert knowledge on this perennial question, and none need fear but that if it survives the sifting of public opinion and can demonstrate how former eminent engineers have gone aggressively awry in their calculations concerning the Dee, there need be little fear of the result.



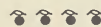
A Peaceful Combination.

It is pleasant to turn from the troubled municipal arena to the serener atmosphere of the Parish Council. There, indeed, is peace and concord to be found. Members love each other like "very brithers." They vie with one another, in fact, in doing kindly deeds and entertaining charitable thoughts towards each other. No unkind word is ever spoken across the hallowed tables of the Union Terrace edifice; and if, peradventure, a fault of omission or sin of commission is brought home to an erring brother, his colleagues endeavour by precept and practice to lighten the load of responsibility. They bear one another's burdens and do good to each other by stealth. Thrice happy are the conveners of Parish Council Committees in that each member works assiduously for the common weal, and is not actuated by any of the frailties that obsess public representatives elsewhere.



Yearly Stocktaking.

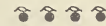
Although the Parish Council tenure of office embraces a three-years term, committees, convenerships, chairmanship even, are subject to review every year. There are people uncharitable enough to insinuate that the zealous regard that is meantime being manifested for the public interest in certain directions of Lunacy Board and Parish Council work is as much actuated by election exigencies as by practical or economical considerations. It will be remembered that on the morrow of the last Parish Council election the principle was given effect to that "to the victors belong the spoils." Committees were made up, conveners appointed, on the dominant faction principle. The usual result followed—that those who were left out in the allocation of places have been as active in opposition as they might have been in promotion had their original plans not so sadly miscarried.



Anticipations.

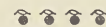
There is talk, anyway, of drastic changes in the composition of some of the standing committees at the forthcoming yearly stocktaking. One or more convenerships may also change

hands, the past year's experience being used to segregate the square men for square holes and round men for round apertures. Of course, not a member of a committee but thinks he would make a better presiding genius than the man who may presently occupy the convenership. The difficulty is in convincing his colleagues of his superior qualifications, especially if these colleagues have inward notions that they themselves are providentially equipped for these useful and ornamental positions. There will be many plans and counter-plans laid during the next few weeks, and he that lives longest will see most.



Scholastic Problems.

The members of the Aberdeen School Board cannot certainly be accused of rushing their Ferryhill scheme, nor of failure to give adequate consideration to all the alternative practical problems on the case. It is years since the present Marywell Street School was condemned, both by the educational authorities and by the force of public opinion; but the difficulty has hitherto been to overcome the displacement obstacle without unduly adding to the expense for site purchase and building cost. The plan finally adopted by the Board is to acquire a vacant space adjoining the present Ferryhill School, and to build thereon a separate annex to the existing edifice. The only practical alternative, without paying a ransom price for property in the district, was to make the new school an entirely independent building, with a head master, infants' mistress, and all the other appurtenances of a fully equipped school.



A Runaway Motion.

Peculiarly enough, although that was the plan suggested at the Board in committee by the larger section of the minority, it was entirely resiled from in the Board itself by all but one of its original sponsors. Instead, a mere negative motion for delay was submitted, which might have possessed virtue had there been any reasonable prospect of time removing the accommodation difficulty. Unfortunately, the evidence was all the other way, with the result that the original scheme has been adopted as the final decision of the Board. Under ordinary circumstances, the largest class of schools is not desirable on educational grounds, although it is by far the cheapest mode of imparting instruction; but in the present case it was the least of several obvious evils.



A Popular Semi-Jubilee.

This week the Rev. Dr. Murray has been celebrating the semi-jubilee of his association with Greyfriars Church. The minister of this historic edifice has

Telegrams—"Central Bakery." Telephone 733.



A. B. HUTCHISON'S

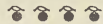
FAMOUS

BREAD.

THE CENTRAL BAKERY.

Shops throughout the City.

been a well-known figure in church and educational affairs for the entire period of his pastorate. He surely was effectually baptised in the Church militant, for throughout the quarter of a century in which he has laboured in Aberdeen, the reverend gentleman has had more than a proportionate share of fighting to do. Withal, the fighting arena has been to him a congenial field. Built upon strong, independent lines, he first satisfied himself as to the course to pursue, and then permitted nothing to divert him one hairsbreadth from his goal. With patient pertinacity he has gone the way which his own judgment commended, and as often as not succeeded in accomplishing the object for which he set out. Dr. Murray has endeared himself to his church and his people, and in the community in general he has deservedly won for himself an honoured and respected position.



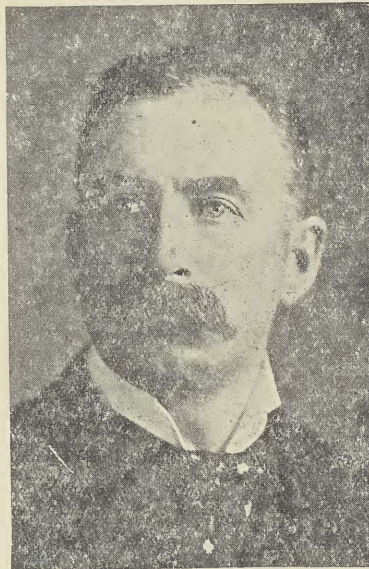
An Indignant M.P.

Mr. D. V. Pirie, M.P. for North Aberdeen, has been again distinguishing himself by his outspoken criticism of the Government at Westminster; but, bless us, the Government do not now turn a hair at the gallant member's outbursts. When the crucial moment arrives, Mr. Pirie seems somehow to find salvation or satisfaction. Anyway, he is too firmly convinced of the advantages of present rule to endanger his own popularity with the exacting Radicals of North Aberdeen by a too strenuous opposition in deeds as well as words. Mr. Pirie is happy in his possession of a sunny retreat in the South of France, to which he may hie himself when overzealous politicians are around. Therein doth his colleague, Mr. G. B. Esslemont, suffer. His home is in Aberdeen, and he is readily accessible to every section of constituents whose interests are affected by threatened or actual Parliamentary measures. He has to lend a willing ear to all tales of woe, and contrive as best he may to return the soft answer that turneth away wrath.

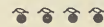
SCIENCE AND POLITICS.

A Practical Suggestion.

Sir William Ramsay, in proposing the toast of "Pure and Applied Science" at the dinner of the Fellows and Associates of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain and Ireland, held in the Hotel Metropole, London, lately, complained of the want of application of science to political matters, and as a concrete instance said that the Stepney Street shooting affair could have been solved by pouring a quart of chloroform down the chimney. (Laughter.) He wondered why Mr. Churchill did not telephone to the nearest scientific man and ask him what he would do in the circumstances.



The New Dean—Dean of Guild Meff.

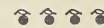


A BOOK OF REVELATIONS.

There has just been published by the Messrs. Macmillan a most captivating volume, which contains even more interesting revelations than those we are accustomed to look for in the orthodox Confessions of some Duchess or other. The book is by Mr. H. M. Hyndman—no ordinary man—and is entitled "The Record of an Adventurous Life." From it we take the following remarkable passage, which is one of many others:—

Mr. Chamberlain, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Greenwood were dining in the Strangers' Room at the Reform Club in May, 1899, when matters in South Africa were reaching a crisis. The question of peace or war hung in the balance. Mr. Chamberlain could, and eventually did, decide which it should be. "If," he said, "I could be sure of public opinion behind me, I would have war in a fortnight." The others expressed their disapproval of such a course, and regarded war in South Africa against the Boers as a very dangerous and doubtful enterprise indeed. "Not at all," was the answer; "the whole thing would be a matter of three months, and would cost about £12,000,000."

The Boer War cost this country £242,000,000, and lasted about three years.



Our Best Wishes.

MAUD.—CONSTABULARY CHANGE.—Among the other police constable changes which have taken place in the county of late, Mr. W. Smith, who has been stationed here for the past 8½ years, was transferred to Rosehearty during the past week. Mr. Smith was recognised in the district as a most efficient and capable member of the force, and the best wishes of the community go along with him in his new sphere of work.

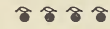
—*Buchan Observer.*

"Bon's" best wishes also go along with him, and we hope Rosehearty will come up to the scratch—not less than three apprehensions weekly.

AN AMUSING POSTER.

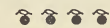
At the door of one of our numerous Picture Palaces this week there is a life-size poster depicting the way of a man with a maid. They are engaged in the more or less familiar art of kissing, and underneath we read:—

7 TWICE NIGHTLY 9.



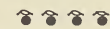
A SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

Between Perth and Blair Atholl on Monday morning a goods train was brought to a standstill by leaves. The question is, were they permanent-way leaves or permanent way-leaves? Or were they leaves from one of "Victoria Cross's" novels!



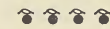
Abnormal Growths.

Mr. John Webster, Cannahars, Udny, unearthed a potato of the Up-to-Date variety the other day which will take some beating both as regards shape and weight. It scales in its jacket 3½ lb. While congratulating this potato, which will also take some eating, we should like it to be known that several other potatoes, equally Up-to-Date, are hopeful of beating this record.



A Sleepy Youth.

"He was born tired, and has never really woke up," said the court missionary at Willesden the other day of a youth of seventeen who was charged with sleeping out. When spoken to by the magistrate, prisoner did not answer, and it was noticed that he was nodding as he stood in the dock. His mother asked that he might be sent to sea. Are there no vacancies at the War Office?



A 20-Dollar Shave.

"Keep the change; it's the best shave I've had in a year," said Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan to a barber at Lenox, Massachusetts, to whom he handed a twenty-dollar note. If the shave was given in silence, it was doubtless worth the twenty dollars.

Aberdeen & Northern Friendly Society.

Assurance and Endowments granted for any amount up to £200.

Endowments payable at any age.

Bonus Additions on Life Assurance and Endowment Assurance Policies 30s. per cent. per annum.

The Funds are very strong, being a reserve of over six years' premiums.

Copies of the Reports and of the Rules may be had from any of the Agents, or at the Office,

213 GEORGE STREET, ABERDEEN.

J. F. MACPAHIL MASSIE, Treasurer.

IMPRESSIONS OF MY FIRST FOOTBALL MATCH.

By Councillor Chalmers.

I had seen them often before, in an absent-minded way, coming from high-way and byway, moving eastward toward the sea, reminding the disinterested subconsciously that the day was Saturday, and that a match was forward at Pittodrie. The human stream increases in volume and animation as it rolls onward to its destination, that destination the common meeting-ground of all, without distinction of class or mass. Taxis, growlers, hansom-cabs, hooting and ploughing a path-way through a thickening crowd of humanity—clerks, tradesmen, labourers—employee and employer—with here and there a daring member of the weaker sex under escort of some male enthusiast. A good-humoured lot, with anticipation in their eyes and animation in their voices as bygone defeats or victories in the football world are recontested, or the merits of various players of renown discussed. Now, however, for the first time, I am one of them—the pedestal of the mere onlooker gone, a tiny human atom, who along with thousands of similar atoms, compose the black, trailing crowd, whose objective is the turnstile yonder. A curious excitement possesses one—evidence to the contagious affinity existing in every crowd. The desire to hurry faster and yet faster grows as one advances, and it requires a real effort of self-restraint to keep oneself in check.

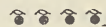
The turnstile passed at last, and a good seat secured by the courtesy of an hospitable director, one has, I believe, the somewhat exceptional experience of viewing a football field, a football match, and a football crowd for the first time at thirty years of age.

First impressions are sometimes erroneous, but frequently lasting in their character. In this case, mine was a happy one. The flat field, covered with green turf, was refreshing; while yonder, where on the earthen slopes the crowd clusters in ever-increasing numbers, there is no covering between the audience and the celestial dome above. The blue reek from many a pipe is caught and swirled away in the passing breeze, leaving all clear and wind-swept; while away to the eastward lies, with face upturned to the grey northern sky, the far-stretching waters of the North Sea. But the players are stepping on the field, clean limbed and stalwart. One can see as they trot to their appointed places the light, swift-footed movement which can come only from perfect health and training. One cannot repress a little feeling of envy of these popular heroes. To men of such physique, the mere animal joy of being alive, to feel the muscles tighten

and the blood leap to the prospect of contest is something not to be entered into by the mere onlooker. Deep implanted in the human breast lies the desire for fame, to excel in something, and thereby receive the plaudits of the multitude. Sweet music must it be, therefore, in the ears of these favourites, who are greeted with a kindly, if somewhat hoarse, shout of welcome from hundreds of voices, spurring them on to greater achievements.

The game commences, the leather sphere is kicked here, there, and everywhere. One soon becomes intensely interested, even without a knowledge of the rules of the game, very shortly realising that this is no mere physical display. The lesson is forced home that to become master of the game requires application and concentration of both brain and body—nay, more, the fire of enthusiasm which men call soul. To watch a player control the ball while two or three opponents are charging up behind, and then by a quick brainy move outwit the lot and pass to a comrade is little short of marvellous, and yet this and similar incidents occur frequently. Then, again, team co-operation is a fine lesson in unselfishness. The temptation fronting a clever player to retain the ball and give an individual display of skill, thereby gaining the praise of the crowd, is very real. Instead, however, a pass is quietly made to a comrade more favourably situated, whose chances of scoring the coveted goal are greater. The opportunity for a skilful individual exhibition is given up, and one thanks the gods for this evidence of unselfishness in order that by united action the final object may be attained. At one stroke it lifts the game to a higher plane. Much might be written about the grit of the players. It is no mean task to face that fierce contest for ninety minutes. Yet none think of surrender. Accidents are inevitable, and here again is displayed that British pluck of which we are justly proud. A player is hit, and stands swaying dazedly till a comrade catches him. A brief moment of waiting, and he trots unconcernedly to his post. Another man hurt, this time more seriously. He is helped to the pavilion. Five minutes later he quietly takes his place on the field, amid the delighted shouts of the spectators. Hard knocks are all in the day's work, and a contempt for physical pain is a quality we might well envy these athletes.

(To be continued.)



The Extent of His Knowledge.

The Tourist—"If you have lived here as long as you say you have, you must pretty well know the ins and outs of the place by now."

The Native—"I know most o' the inns, sir, that I do!"

Notices.

WOODSIDE WARD.

Mr. G. D. MACKENZIE, the Local Candidate, will ADDRESS the ELECTORS at Eight p.m. on:—

THURSDAY, 2nd November, in the BURGH HALL.
FRIDAY, 3rd November, in KITTIBREWSTER SCHOOL.

MONDAY, 6th November, in WOODSIDE SCHOOL.

Addresses will be given by other Speakers.

JOHN CRAIG, Election Agent,
154 Union Street, Aberdeen.

RUTHRIESTON WARD.

Mr. ALEC THOMSON will address Meetings of the Electors as follows:—

ASHLEY ROAD SCHOOL on FRIDAY evening at 8 p.m.

HOLBURN U.F. CHURCH HALL, Great Western Road, on MONDAY evening at 8 p.m.

Councillors FIDDES and SHAW, Ex-Baillie SANGSTER, G. M. COOK, Esq., and others will also take part.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

They are saying that the famous hen-pecking lady novelist in "The Honey-moon" at the Royalty is meant by Arnold Bennett to lampoon Mrs. Humphry Ward. Doubtless he would, if asked, deny the insinuation. Authors always do. When it first got about that "Dodo" was Mrs. Asquith, Mr. Benson sent the future Premier's wife a note denying that she was the original of the vinegary lady in his novel. Mrs. Asquith's reply was—"Dear Mr. Benson,—Have you really written a book? How amusing!"



THE CATCH IN IT.

Anxious Inquirer—"Is it true that for fifteen shillings I can insure my house for £1000?"

Insurance Agent—"Quite true, ma'am. If your house was burnt down we pay £1000 to you."

A. I.—"And do you make inquiries as to how the fire originated?"

I. A.—"Certainly, madam, we make the most careful inquiries."

A. I.—"Ah! I thought there was a catch in it somewhere!"



From a northern contemporary we learn "The anthem, 'He watereth the hills,' was sung with much spirit by the choir." Quite a happy blend.



Not to be Disturbed.

Waiter (to night nurse watching patient)—"Have some coffee, ma'am?"

Night Nurse—"No; I greatly fear that that would keep me awake." —"Le Rire."



Our Lighter Contemporaries

Some of the Thought and
Humour of the Hour.

Nicknames of Well-known Boxers.

"Lil' Artha" and "The Tar Baby" are the nicknames respectively of the two coloured black boxers, Jack Johnson and Sam Langford. "The Assassin," the nickname by which the late Stanley Ketchell, who recently met such a tragic death, was known, was given him by reason of the slaughtering methods he employed to dispose of his opponents in the Ring. Just in the same way the sobriquets "Old Ruffian" and "Young Ruffian" were bestowed upon the two old-time fighting men, Symonds and Firby, who, although, like the American, excellent fellows in private life, were in their professional capacity exceedingly ferocious customers.

"Tom Tough," as Tom Blake was dubbed, gives eloquent expression to the estimation in which the opponent of Cribb and Molyneux was held by the public; while the invincible pluck of Joshua Hudson well merited the nickname of "The John Bull Fighter," by which its possessor was known. "The Game Chicken" adequately described Henry Pearce, whose victories over Belcher and Gully gained for him the championship; while "Nonpareil" and "Phenomenon," names bestowed on Jack Randall and Peace Inglis, proclaimed the quality of those bruisers.

To the accomplished Dick Curtis (says "Tit Bits") the sobriquet "The Pet of the Fancy" was well fitted, as was the epithet "Gentleman" when applied to John Jackson, the "friend and corporeal pastor and master" of Lord Byron and other members of the aristocracy. Superior education and fluency of speech, in much request at benefits and convivial meetings, gained for Henry Holt the name of "Cicero," while "Pompadour Jim" and "Chesterfield Goode" aptly describe the personal qualities of Jim Corbett and William Goode.

Physical peculiarities are noted in such sobriquets as "White-Headed Bob," by which Ned Baldwin was known; "The Spider," aptly fitted to Hoiles, a wonderful light-weight boxer with extraordinary attenuated limbs; "The Stunted Lifeguardsman," bestowed on Massey, a nine-stone fighter, the upper portion of whose frame was cast in a herculean mould; "The Deaf 'Un," James Burke's nickname; and "The Morocco Prince," a title borne by Jim Wharton, an all-conquering black.

"Big Ben" naturally suggests size, which was certainly not wanting in the case of the two fistie heroes on whom it was bestowed—Ben Brain, the fourteen-stone conqueror of the champion, Tom Johnson, and Ben Gaunt, whose battles with Bendigo are among the most famous in the annals of the Ring. "The Stalybridge Infant," however, might be misleading, seeing that it was the nickname of Sam Hurst, a giant of some sixteen stones, who, after beating Tom Paddock, had his pretensions finally disposed of by Jem Mace.

Sidelights on the Stage.

FIRST AND LAST NIGHTS.

"First night, stage fright; last night, sad plight!" In this laconic fashion Mr. Alfred Lester once summed up the feelings of actors and actresses at the beginning and end of a play's run. And then, by way of amplification, he added—"On the first night of a piece you almost wish you had never joined the cast; on the last night you wish you were never going to leave it. And if you are not a big star, with an enormous salary and several hobbies, and you haven't got another 'shop' to go to, and you happen to owe the hero five pounds, and haven't paid your landlady the last week's rent, you feel very sorry indeed to have to say 'good-bye.' Then, again, although you probably make all sorts of silly mistakes on the first night through nervousness, you feel convinced the management is making the most hideous mistake in the world on the last night by taking the thing off, particularly if it hasn't been running quite a week."

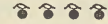
First nights (says "The Saturday Journal") are agonising to many of our most prominent players; everybody's nerves are so strung up to the highest tension.

"There is a line in Shakespeare," Mr. Huntley Wright told me the other day, "which runs, 'Stand aside and let the coffin pass'; and times out of number on first nights that line has been nervously twisted into 'Stand aside and let the parson cough'—much to the joy of an audience."

But it is not only the players that are nervous. Everybody behind the curtain is strung up to a pitch bordering on hysteria. The customary coolness of the stage manager utterly deserts him, and to his discorded mind everything seems to be going hopelessly wrong. At the last rehearsal, probably, he found it easy enough to change from the first act to the second act in seven minutes by his stop watch, but on the night of production the cottage interior displays a galling reluctance to come to pieces, or gets tangled up with the mountings of the second act.

"Chairs and tables are often discovered in wrong positions after the curtain has gone up," Mr. Gerald du Maurier tells me, "and the positions of the players all go wrong as a natural result. But I watched disaster from the stalls once through quite a different sort of blunder. The flexible cable of one of the electric light battens had been left lying across the bottom of a door, and not a soul in the cast failed to fall over it as they made their entrances. They didn't merely trip over it, you understand, but each and everyone of them came a most awful cropper, finishing up with the leading lady, who attempted to float gracefully on in a Paris-made evening frock, and almost turned a complete somersault into the middle of the 'room.' The play was quite a good one, but that 'flexible' finished it. The

audience simply stood up and yelled. Nobody took the slightest interest in the play, but glued their eyes on to that door and waited feverishly for the next victim."



More Male Tyranny.

From a society paper I gather that the curl has again come into vogue, and will be all the rage this coming season.

We all know the curl. It hangs like an inverted note of interrogation upon the marble brow of lovely womanhood, and subtly tries to insinuate that, wayward and daring, it has escaped from its proper tutelage and is seeing life.

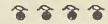
But, I repeat, we all know that curl. We know that when its presence has been commanded by the powers that rule these things, if the fair wearer does not possess a forelock of the proper dimensions, she buys one at the stores and fastens it on with stamp-paper or secotine.

Who set this fashion going, you may ask? Is it Mrs. Pankhurst or some other leader of the down-trodden sex? Is it Tottie Odel of the Gaiety chorus? Or Lady Whatnot of Berkley Square (who, of course, was one of the pretty Miss Toney's and dotes on Petrarch, Puccini, and Pink Pomeranians)? Not a bit of it. Women have no say in the matter at all. It was a man—a plain, be-trousered, blue-chinned male. For the great and far-reaching edict came forth as a result of a hair-dressing competition.

Isn't it stupendous? Enough to make the W.S.P.U. turn to French gardening or taking in washing. Here we see countless thousands of ardent women, "rightly struggling to be free," and that sort of thing; yet, on a question of such grave importance to their sex, they are content to allow their oppressors to lay down the law.

And curls aren't the only thing (says a writer in "London Opinion"). It is a male customier that decides when the hobble is to yield to the kilt; when the blouse is to open back and front instead of according to the present singular arrangement; when the corset is to be in-and-out instead of out-and-in; when the beehive hat shall be used to make the Christmas pudding, and the armchair brand to take its place. And so on with shoes, jewellery, toy-ferriers, and other even more intimate appendages of beauty.

Somebody (no, not Alfred Austin) said somewhere to somebody else on some occasion or other, "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I don't care who makes the laws." The poor man knew no better, or he would have said, "Let me make women's fashions and I'll have a power that would make Caesar, Napoleon, and F. E. Smith look like sandwich-men." The festive male can and does arrange all the details by which women may enhance their natural advantages. (His own sex he ignores.)



Sandy and the Yank.

An American was Americanizing in a loud voice, and instructing a Scotsman in the way he should go. But the Scotsman, to judge by his expression, was not taking the lesson very much to heart.

"We have the finest men in America," twanged the Yankee, "in the world!"

"Mebbe," replied Sandy, puffing his pipe. "We've sent some fine laddies out there fra' Scotland."

"You didn't send out George Washington, I reckon," retorted Uncle Sam—"the man who is the keynote of our national character today; the man who couldn't tell a lie."

"Could he no?" asked the Scotsman. "Mon, there's no muckle to boast about in that. Now, we can lie here in Scotland—but we won't."

The Canadian.

THE MAN WITH THE SMILE.

You can't discourage a Canadian. He is used to facing rebuffs and difficulties. He has not everything at hand as we have at home. He has everything to do for himself. When one shift won't work, he turns quite naturally to another, as though it were inevitable to be met with troubles. Perhaps it is the climate—but whatever the reason be, whether things go like a song, or go dead wrong, the Canadian is the man with the smile. The truth is, no other kind of man would be any use in this country.

"Look here," I heard a Canadian say to a young man just arrived, "take anything you get. If a man wants you for an aviator, tell him you'll do his job. It will be ten days before he finds out that you can't; by then you'll have had ten days' wages, and ten days more to look around. Perhaps in the ten days you will have learned aviation."

The business atmosphere the Canadian lives in is nervous and stimulating. No one is content simply to follow on after his father. There are no successors here—they are all ancestors, tounding their own fortunes.

The Canadian manufacturer at his work is active, aggressive, and able. Above all, he is effective—he gets there.

The Canadian business man (says Alexander Cross in "Lands of the West") goes straight to his point. Here is how he advertises (these are cut from one single day's newspapers):—

Salesman Wanted.—Applicants must be prepared to double the business on the journey.

Lawyer's Clerk Wanted.—None but a hustler need apply.

Artificial Eyes.—We hope you don't want an artificial eye, but if you do, our eyes, once inserted, will deceive even yourself.

Funerals.—Our new fashionable motor hearse is now on the job. Send orders early to avoid disappointment.

Caskets, in the very latest styles; much preferable to coffins, which have quite gone out.

The Canadians do everything in a slap-dash sort of way. They give you the impression that they are always in a hurry, which is really true. You see it everywhere. The street car drivers in starting, don't start with care; they turn on full power at once—the car bounds forward, the passengers are unceremoniously thrown against each other. In stopping they throw on the brakes full power—slap-bang—the passengers are again rudely knocked up against each other. There are no top-decks on those street cars, because the passenger tears some one else may get his job whilst he is spending time climbing down.



A Court "Howler."

In Germany, the home of the Almanach de Gotha, such things ought not to occur as happened the other day in the offices of the "Imperial Gazette." It came out with:—

Schaumburg Lippe: His Serene Highness Prince George yesterday completed his 67th year. The Ruler's birthday was celebrated with rejoicings in town and country.

The actual facts, which are much less cheerful, are that the Prince died on April 29 last, and that the "celebrations" were not rejoicings, but solemn memorial services, which were held in most of the churches in the state.

What happens (says the "Daily News") when anything of this sort appears in the "Court Circular" of the German Empire? The days in which such a fault might have been expiated on the scaffold are not so far behind

in German history, and it is still possible for an editor to be sent to gaol for printing an article in disparagement of Queen Louise of Prussia, who died a century ago. It happened, indeed, only a year or two since. Still, there is often mercy shown when the intention was not evil. Nothing worse than dismissal was the lot of the Hofmarschall who prepared a hot bath for the late King of the Belgians when that monarch was staying at the Castle at Berlin. There being no hot-water system installed at that time, the official placed a lighted gas-ring under one end of the bath of cold water. By the time the King was ready the water at the other end was of a pleasing warmth, and into it he stepped. Then he sat confidently down in the opposite end, where the iron of the bath was the next thing to red-hot. He did not ride to the review next day.



The Wives of Tait.

Here lies John Tait's wife No. 1;
Her toil is o'er, her work is done.

Here lies John Tait's wife No. 2;
The pearly gates she has passed through.

Here lies John Tait's wife No. 3,
In heaven we'll united be.

Here lies John Tait's wife No. 4,
And may I never see her more.

Here lies John Tait's wife No. 5;
To please me she did humbly strive.

Here lies John Tait's wife No. 6;
She, too, has crossed the River Styx.

Here lies John Tait's wife No. 7;
I hope that she has gone to heaven.

Here lies, at last, poor old John Tait.
I got his farm—wife No. 8.

—“P.I.P.”

Ungrateful Poets.

[A writer in the "Spectator" notes that the number of great poets who have paid tribute to their mothers is lamentably small.]

I've pored over Pope, and I've striven with Shelly;

I've waded through Wordsworth, and mastered each play
Of Will the Immortal, who dwelt where Corelli
Is launching her fiery invective to-day;
I've dipped into Dryden, Keats, Homer, and Milton,

But haven't succeeded in running to earth
A world-renowned rhymester whose ink has
Been spilt on
The theme of the one most concerned with
his birth.

I've met with no efforts at twanging the lyre
on

The part of R. Browning, extolling the pains
Bestowed on his bibs and his buttons, and
Byron

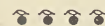
Delighted to warble in passionate strains
Of various charmers, good-looking but flighty
(Of this sort of person his poems are full),
Instead of expressing his thanks that the
"nightie"
That warmed him in winter was warranted
wool.

It, therefore, devolves on a bard of whose talent
The public is slowly becoming aware
To do what's required, and weigh in with a
gallant

Endeavour to sing of a mother's fond care.
I'll start with a stanza in praise of the juicy
Steak pies of my bachelor days, and deplore
The dearth of such cooking to-day; but if

Lucy
Looks over my shoulder there's trouble in
store.

—“M.A.P.”




Very Tidy.

He—"How clean the surf keeps the sea-shells."

She—"Yes, you know, the sea is very tidy."
—“Lippincott's”

**NO DINNER TABLE
IS COMPLETE WITHOUT**

NUTRINA



**Unrivalled for making
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—AND—
Tea-Cakes**

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A SPLENDID FOOD

FOR CHILDREN . . .

AND GROWN-UPS. . .

Recommended by
Medical Faculty.

Easily Cooked.
Easily Digested.

**1d., 2d. & 4d.
PACKETS.**



VALE !

Mr. Wilkie bids farewell to the scene of his twenty-two years municipal labours.

Aberdeen Guildry..



THE GUILDRY VICTORY.

Dean of Guild Meff—"You thought to upset my pail, but I will take a drop of pure Avon back to the Council after all."

Musical and Dramatic Notes.

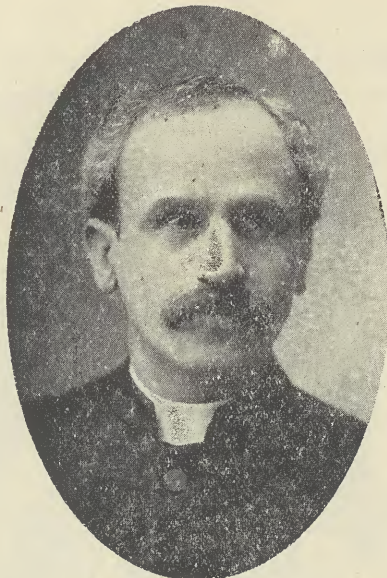
By "Vox."

Mr. Rosetti's Chamber Concert.

Mr. Rosetti's chamber concerts have been growing in popularity every year since they were inaugurated. The audiences have been select, fashionable, and musical—the latter a virtue which is not always present where evening dress is most in evidence. Be it said with pride, therefore, Mr. Rosetti's patrons are musical, and give vent to their enthusiasm in a whole-hearted manner. This was abundantly evident at the first concert, held in the Ball Room of the Music Hall on Tuesday night, when the whole of the programme was sustained by Monsieur Zacharewitsch and Mr. Rosetti. The former is a Russian violinist of brilliant attainments; the latter is recognised as a musician who has given, and is giving, a splendid fillip to the study of pianoforte music in the city. As an interpreter of the romantic school of pianoforte music Mr. Rosetti may be worthily termed a great artist, not only as an executant, but primarily as one whose poetic instinct is finely developed, and whose playing has a freshness and vividness in the realms of romanticism that are quite exhilarating. On Tuesday he did not elect to play Chopin (of whose music he is a master), but in the Weber "Sonata in A Flat," Op. 39, he gave a brilliant rendering—so brilliant, indeed, that we hope he will again give us more of Weber's works.

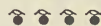
Monsieur Zacharewitsch's playing was full of emotion and virility. There were features in his work which made us feel that behind all the executive brilliancy there was the soul giving utterance to every note of human passion or repose. In the Brahms' "Sonata in D Minor" for piano and violin, the beautiful cadenza, with its tranquil close, came as a very agreeable surprise after the broad, massive colouring of the middle portion of the first movement. The adagio movement brought out the skill of the artist in the production of diapasone tone and in finely contrasted trills; and in the vigorous finale the two artists played magnificently, the brilliancy of colour of the violin being well set off by the heavy chordal device of the piano. It was heavy work which the violinist essayed in the Beethoven "Con-

certo in D Major," but throughout he played with remarkable skill, his execution of the many beautiful trills with which the concerto abounds showing how entrancing the ornamentation can become in the hands of a perfect musician.



The Rev. Dr. Gordon J. Murray,

Who this week celebrates his ministerial semi-jubilee.



Humour in Advertising.

For Sale—Baby carriage slightly used. Going out of business.

Just received a fine lot of Ostend rabbits. Persons purchasing will be skinned and cleaned while they wait.

No person having once tried one of these coffins will ever use any other.

Wanted—A labourer and a boy; with grazing for two goats; both Protestants.

Wanted—A competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine that will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker.

Lost—Near Tipperary, on or about Tuesday morning last, a large pig. Had no marks on his ears except a short tail, and a slight limp in one leg.

Personal—If this should meet the eye of Lewis J. Smith, and he will send present address to old home, he will hear something to his advantage. His wife is dead.

Personal—Edward Jones has opened a shoe shop on Front Street. Mr. Jones guarantees that anyone can have a fit in his establishment.



PETERHEAD'S GREAT FIGHT.

CLEVER DRAW AT INVERNESS.

—Buchan Observer.

Congratulations. Some draws have nothing clever about them.

MICRO-COSMOGRAPHIE: OR A Piece of the World Characteriz'd, By JOHN EARLE, JUNIOR.

VI.

A RAILWAY PORTER.

HE is Lord of the Broom and Master of the Baggage, wherewith he juggleth with little ceasing, and much blaspheming of his Creator. As a Ship tosseth upon the Ocean, so the Quid rolleth from side to side within his Mouth, and he expectorath freely if his Masters be unobserved. Like unto the Sun when it sinketh in the West is his crimson Nose, for he searcheth beneath the seats of the People for the Dew of the Mountain, and is seldom disappointed. In the Lavatories, moreover, he continueth his Search, and if the Bottles be nil, his heart droopeth within him. When the Train draweth up he looketh assiduously for the silk hat and the plume of the Osprey, and to the owners thereof he openeth the carriage door obsequiously, and enquireth for baggage. Whereupon he ransacketh the compartments for the news of the day. No man possesseth more diverse prints, and he peruseth the "Pink 'Un" as he doth "The Christian Commonwealth." Yea, he hoardeth up the same, and if he be cute he retaileth them to the dealer in potted-head and tripe. If a traveller be in need of him he requireth no Cue, yet nevertheless he expecteth a Tip, and though a Tip without a Cue profiteth no man at Billiards, it profiteth at all times a Railway Porter. He is the Succour of the Middle Class and the Friend of the Rich. He is likewise the mainstay of the Inns hard by. On the Lord's Day, if the spirit(s) moveth him, he besprinkleth the Nose with the Flour of the Larder, and betaketh himself to the Mission Hall, where he booketh a carriage "for Company's workmen only" for the Better Land. Peradventure he keepeth his Nose as it is, and goeth to a meeting, where he agitateth for a higher wage and a shorter day, and thinketh naught of the Life hereafter. With a light heart he beholdeth all things—the kiss of the lover, the tear of the emigrant, the "swank" of the "commercial," the language of the drunk (who knoweth not what he sayeth), the blubbering of the sister, the crying of the child, the missing of a train—yea, even a box of fish cannot be delayed without his being moved to jollification. He only waxeth wroth if a trunk be handled without his palm being judiciously oiled. The Station is his platform, and the Platform his station; and though he now affecteth green Corduroy, in a little while he may be numbered with the white-robed Cherubins.

— FOR —

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FRED HARDIE,

416 Union Street,

ABERDEEN.

Telephone No. 851.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

H.M. Theatre.

MISS GLOSSOP-HARRIS AND HER COMPANY.

One cannot fail, in considering the programme presented by Miss Florence Glossop-Harris, Mr. Frank Cellier, and their Shakespearean company, to be struck with the ambitious nature of it. It is unlikely that seven different Shakespearean plays have ever been presented in Aberdeen before in one week. "The Taming of the Shrew," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Macbeth," "Twelfth Night," "Loves Labour Lost," and "Othello" are indeed a formidable list, and it is greatly to Miss Glossop-Harris's credit that she should give the public an opportunity of seeing so many of the master playwright's productions.

Miss Glossop-Harris herself is an excellent actress, and she puts in a very hard week's work, taking the principal role in each play. As Katherina in "The Taming of the Shrew" and Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet" she is good. Mr. Frank Collier is a clever and painstaking actor, and his Petruchio and Romeo are excellent pieces of work.

The company includes several excellent actors of both sexes, who do their parts in a praiseworthy manner, while the various plays are well produced. There is, however, a something wanting in the work of certain members of the company, who, having a good enough interpretation of their parts, fail to make a complete success by being too easy-going in their methods, and not putting enough pith into their work. Still, to actors who have to play seven separate parts per week, something must be forgiven.

"THE CINGALEE."

The dainty and chic musical comedy "The Cingalee," to whose credit must be placed a long and extremely popular tour of seven years' duration, will be presented at His Majesty's Theatre next week by a powerful company, which includes the following well-known and popular artistes:—Misses Pauline Hague, Dorothy Doveton, Barbara Allen, Dora Courtney, Peggy Leslie, Maud Gardner, Ida Ernest; Messrs. Harry Emeric, F. W. Ford, Scott Cullen, Carl Beechey, and Reginald Thomas, supported by a powerful chorus under the direction of Richard Boyce. "The Cingalee" is too well known to be minutely described in the course of this notice, therefore suffice it to throw out a short reminder that the original production at Daly's Theatre represented Mr. George Edwards at his best as a metteur-en-scene, for the glimpse of fascinating Ceylon was contrived with delightful picturesqueness. The music has all the "snap" and sparkle characteristic of Mr. Lionel Monckton's melodies, and the humour, supplied in the main by a "Baboo" lawyer—one Chambhuddy Ram—is quite of a distinct (and extremely laughable) type. Then there are the girl, the pearl, and the obese noble of Kandy who covets both, but is sent empty away. That, in a nutshell, is "The Cingalee," which pleases the eye and ear rather than taxes the intellect—the object of musical comedy generally.

The Tivoli.

Many smart Transatlantic "turns" have been seen at the Tivoli of late, but one of the best so far is a comedy sketch, entitled "The Adventures of a Happy Tramp," which is being presented this week by Howard and Harris.

Their exuberance of spirits is fortunately contagious, with the happy result that the audience is moved to irrepressible merriment. An altogether admirable contribution to the programme is given by the Zigeuner Quartette, who greatly delight with their vocal and instrumental performance. Special praise is due to the lady vocalist, whose rich soprano voice is of magnificent quality. "Something for Nothing" is the promising title of a most diverting farcial absurdity, submitted by Fred Conquest and Company, and it meets with great popularity. Clever acrobaticism is displayed by The Tenni-Kait Japanese Troupe, and their singing and dancing are both graceful and refined. The 'turn' altogether appeals both to ear and eye. Victor Newmann is an impressionist of great ability, possessed of rare elocutionary talent. His dramatic pieces are exceptionally well chosen. As a wonderful barrel spinner, Charles Ulrich has no superior, and his performance is vociferously cheered. Dan Daly excels as an eccentric comedian; while the Tivoli pictures complete a first-class and most attractive programme.

The Palace.

This week sees another most enjoyable entertainment at the Palace, Bridge Street, where the artistes and pictures are invariably of the best. A first-rate comedy speciality act is presented by the Comerfords, whose acrobatic evolutions and antics generally are hugely diverting and greatly tickle the fancy of the audience. Alix, Lukos is a character vocalist, who took America by storm, and who promises to do likewise in this country. His delightful scene, "Pictures in the Fire," in which he introduces a popular song, should not be missed by anyone. Billy Oswald and Madge Locke present a Scotch comedy sketch, entitled "A Children's Quarrel," which is very successful indeed, their efforts being loudly applauded. Pictorially, as of yore, the programme leaves nothing to be desired, and includes a judicious blending of the grave and the gay. "The Two Brothers" is an entrancing drama which cannot fail to "get there," as also is a far-west story, "The Squaw's Love." In lighter vein, "Wifely Jealousy" and "The Physician's Monkey," in addition to a number of others, are highly diverting and exceptionally well presented, the Palace's silver screen being conducive to the finest work. As a travel picture, "Ports of Oberland" is one of great interest, not to say value. From first to last the entire programme, cinematographic and otherwise, is of a high-class nature and worthy of an extensive patronage.

The Electric Theatre.

The Electric Theatre, programme as most patrons are aware, undergoes a change twice weekly, an entirely new set of pictures being shown each Thursday. To-day, to-morrow, and Saturday the popular Gaumont Graphic will comprise "Trafalgar Day Celebrations in London," "Competitors in Model Yacht Racing," "Scenes in the Terrible Tram Accident near Manchester," "Paris Fashions," and the "Brussels Competitions for Balloons." In addition to these topical films, there is an excellent range of dramatic, comic, and travel pictures. "The Backwoodman's Suspicion" is an exciting story of an episode in Montana. "Proving His Love" tells of a touching actress-journalist romance; and a beautiful travel picture illustrates scenes on Siamese rivers and canals. To excite one to laughter there are "Abduction of Jane," "Teaching M'Fadden to Waltz," "The Reporter," and "The Lost Horse." The vivaphone selections are of a highly popular variety, and Mr. Harry Scott's pianoforte accompaniments are rendered with his customary skill. In the afternoons high-

class orchestral selections are given by Mr. J. M. Taylor, M.T.S.A. (Lond.), and a talented company of musicians.

The Coliseum.

Thanks to the excellence and variety of the B.B. Pictures, as well as the ideal qualities of the local manager, Mr. Gillespie, packed 'houses' continue to be the rule at the Coliseum. "The One Hundred Dollar Bill" is the title of a superb drama, which no one should fail to see. Another good 'dramatic' is that of "The Recruiting Sergeant," and "A Fair Exchange" also meets with much approval. Other good films are "The Arrow Head," "Two Overcoats," "Left in Trust," and "Commy the Canvasser." The B.B. Budget of Scottish News, as usual, is a collection of intensely interesting pictures, one of which illustrates the recent rectorial fight at Marischal College. The singing pictures are "You taught me how to love you" and "Queen of the Earth," both of which are particularly tuneful ditties. Very valuable assistance is rendered throughout by Mr. J. M'Kenzie Fraser, Jun., whose efforts are greatly appreciated.

The Gaiety.

Several first-class "dramatics" are being shown at the Gaiety this week, but the principal film is that entitled "The Diamond Smugglers," a thrilling Mexican picture of great power, which rivets the attention from start to finish. The story deals with the history of a sack of jewels which have been smuggled across the Mexican border, and the sacrifice which one man makes for another. The speaking in it by Mr. and Mrs. Dove Paterson, as in another great "dramatic," "The Sky Pilot," is particularly fine. "Run to earth by Boy Scouts" is another capital entertainer, and does not belie its entrancing title. The humorous pictures are both numerous and varied, and include "Not Guilty," in which an Italian comedian figures; "The Subduing of Mrs. Nag"—an unusually long film to be a "comic," and brimful of fun; "Tweedledum's Monkey"; and "Kelly as Billnooster." This week's cinephone song is entitled "Whist! the Bogie Man"; and the Pictorial Trips and Lloyds' Wire News are also part of what is a marvellously good and in some respects a unique programme.

The City Cinematograph Concerts.

On Saturday evening the second of Mr. Dove Paterson's popular cinematograph concerts was given in the Music Hall, there being again a crowded "house." The picture programme, as it will continue to be throughout the winter, was a specially good one, and embraced travel, comic, and dramatic films. Specially good was a travel picture entitled "Beautiful Switzerland." Solos were rendered by Master Archie M'Alister, whose every effort met with a rousing reception. An illustrated song "Mona" was very beautifully sung by him, as also was "Queen among the Heather." The afternoon matinee was also well patronised.

It was Miss May Leslie Stuart, who is appearing as the Flower Girl in the Drury Lane drama, "The Hope," and whose romantic marriage to Mr. Cecil Cameron, who is also appearing in that play, has aroused so much interest, who inspired her father, Mr. Leslie Stuart, the well-known composer, to write "Sweetheart May, you will be old some day," which has been a favourite song in all parts of the world. Miss Stuart was her father's Sweetheart May.

THEATRICAL CHAT.

Sandy M'Nab, whom Palacites will not have forgotten, sailed on Saturday for South Africa to open the new hall, The Orpheum, in Johannesburg, on December 2.

Mr. J. Bannister Howard's "The Belle of New York" company is at the new theatre at Wimbledon this week, and his autumn season at the Crystal Palace opened on Monday with "The Bad Girl of the Family."

Miss Florence Glossop-Harris, who is appearing at His Majesty's here this week with her Shakespearean company, is a daughter of the late Sir Augustus Harris, who was so long associated with Drury Lane Theatre. At his death he left, according to Mr. James Glover, close upon £1,000,000. She is the wife of Mr. Frank Cellier.

Rinaldo, the famous "wandering violinist," who some time ago visited the Tivoli, Guild Street, is back again in England—to be exact, in London and at the Palace. He is also in trouble, for his car ran over a dog the other day, and the owner is demanding untold gold as compensation.

Last week's "M.A.P.," which is now known, by the way, as "The Watchdog," contained an apology to Miss Margaret Cooper for publishing an article which purported to have been written by her. The article was not written by her at all, nor was it published with her sanction or by her authority!

A little bird is twittering just now that a very famous London manager is on the look-out for fresh talent. As soon as he has discovered a rival in popularity to his present leading lady, the pretty thing is to receive her immediate "conge." This will cause a great deal of heart-burning. But—as people "in the know" say in the gentleman's defence—"there really are limits."

It is a curious irony of fate that the manager who, as it were, turned his back upon Oscar Wilde at the moment of his disgrace should be the one manager who has literally minted money out of his plays. One can remember the day, years ago, when the Wilde scandal came out, and "The Importance of Being Earnest," then at the height of its first success, was billed with the author's name blotted from the announcement. It is only fair, however, to say that later on, when that masterpiece of modern English farce was revived, the name of the dramatist was reprinted.

Since then "The Importance of Being Earnest" has been reproduced several times, and now plays in the St. James's repertoire the money-making role that "Monsieur Beaucaire" plays to Lewis Waller, and "The Scarlet Pimpernel" to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry. Last Saturday, however, "Lady Windermere's Fan"—an earlier Wilde success—was again revived, and again received with the utmost enthusiasm. Of course it has "aged"—such a purely artificial and theatrical piece of work was bound to become passe. It belonged to a time when to utter an enigma was a sign of intellect, and when the Sardou technique was the only technique upon which to write a comedy. But the wonderful cleverness of the dialogue and the famous scene in the third act between Lady Windermere and her mother will always remain things of joy. And as long as

Miss Marion Terry is available to play her old part, so long will "Lady Windermere's Fan" well repay a visit.

Mr. Jimmy Glover, in "His Book," tells a typical tale of Bohemian life. A certain Duchess objected strongly to the association of her husband with a music-hall star, the leading low comedy lady of the eighties, who had afterwards another lover entitled to sit in the House of Lords. To bring matters to a point, she addressed the following note to the artiste in question—"The Duchess of — presents her compliments to Miss — and wishes to state that if she will allow the Duke of — to return to his own home, the Duchess will pay all his debts and allow him £20 a week." To this the comedienne replied—"Miss — presents her compliments to the Duchess of — and begs to state that she is now working the Pavilion, the Met. (i.e., Metropolitan Music Hall), and the South London, at £20 a turn, so she can allow the Duke £30 a week; and he is £50 a week better off as he is."

Mr. Harry Emeric, who is a leading member of "The Cingalee" company which visits Aberdeen next week, says that flying machines are expensive playthings; for a few years ago he owned one, and with the help of a minister sent it heavenwards from Turnham Green (just outside London). Attached to it was a brick, also a note, with his address; and the message asked for information of where the flying machine dropped. To prove it successful, it dropped in Sydenham; and before so doing, the brick attached succeeded in hitting a cyclist with such effect that he was taken to the hospital. The note, however, was discovered by the people, who went to his assistance; and the brother of the injured man very soon after the accident informed Mr. Harry Emeric (personally) of the fall of the machine, which ended by paying a doctor's bill and other things.

Mr. Emeric (who plays Chambhuddy Ram) has played principal parts in nearly all the musical comedies, and his success is well known. His experiences in America are many and varied. One he will never forget was when only fourteen years old: a cyclone at Louisville, which succeeded in nearly wrecking the whole town, with three exceptions—the theatre, hotel and prison. The experience made the company so ill, including the light comedian, that Mr. Emeric at very short notice played a leading part that night, and continued to do so till the end of this, his first American tour.

"PEOPLE'S JOURNAL" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The extra Christmas Number of the "People's Journal," in its bright red cover, is now to be seen on every hand. Its cheerful pages are filled with the most fascinating Christmas reading. There are Christmas stories by such famous writers as Guy Thorne, Edwin Pugh, and George Edgar, while sketches by Sir Ernest Shackleton, the great explorer, and by the one and only Harry Lauder also appear. There are the most clever puzzles with which to amuse a Christmas party, and a catchy comic song, "The Wag at the Wa," with music in both notations. There is a grand Prize Competition, in which twenty-five well-filled Christmas hampers are offered, and there are four delightful prize stories contributed by readers of the "People's Journal." This is truly an indispensable Christmas annual for readers at home and abroad. It is now on sale everywhere, price one penny,

ELECTION ITEMS.

Town Council candidates may withdraw up to four o'clock this afternoon. There are expected to be contests in six wards.

We understand that as Mr. Mackenzie is resident in and an elector of Woodside Ward, neither Councillors Scott nor Smith are to address meetings on behalf of either of the Woodside aspirants.

As we stated last week, the contest "par excellence" looks as if it might be fought in Ruthrieston, though a magnificent battle-royal is being waged in St. Machar. Mr. Alex. Thomson, who was unanimously adopted by the Ruthrieston Ward Committee, is leaving no stone unturned in explaining his views. Being a splendid business-man, he would doubtless see that the various departments under the control of the Town Council were efficiently and economically managed, and that the interests of his constituents and the citizens generally were well looked after.

AN APPLICATION.

Attention! In view of the fact that applications must now be properly filled out and signed whenever a person wants to do almost anything, it is probable that applications similar to the following will shortly be in order:—

Application of a Young Man Desirous of Entertaining the Assembled Company by Singing.

- State your full name, age, and size of collar.
Have you ever been arrested for disturbing the peace or as a public nuisance? If so, when and where?
Have you ever had sore throat or had your tonsils cut?
Have you ever sued for divorce on the grounds of abandonment?
What particular "little thing" are you thinking of inflicting on the company at the present time?
Did your parents die natural deaths?
How often do your neighbours move?
Would you sue for damages if you were forcibly ejected from the house?
Would you accept a couple of cigars and forget it?
Is there any particular enemy of yours in the crowd?
In case of accident, who would you like to have notified?
In case of death, how shall your body be disposed of?

Unimportant.

"Charley dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "the cook we took without a recommendation has left us."
"I suppose," was the weary reply, "that is because we are among the things she didn't consider of sufficient value to take with her."
—"Washington Star."



FOOTBALL.

GREAT FORWARD PLAY.

The weather was far from inviting when Aberdeen arrived in Glasgow on Saturday forenoon, but it cleared up fine before the team went down to Paisley. The pitch was fast, and had been held by frost during the night, so that it was extremely hard, and foothold insecure accordingly. In talking with the Saints' officials, it was learned that their team had undergone a lot of alterations owing to injuries and one thing or another, so that the eleven were completely transposed from the previous week. Aberdeen, however, relied on the same team that did so well against Partick Thistle, and were rewarded for their persistency. One of the best crowds that have ever turned out at Love Street when Aberdeen have been there witnessed the contest, and judging by their applause got value for their money. Colman had the choice of ends by naming the right side of the coin; and away went the play, speed being sacrificed to control. The Saints set the pace, Bobby Kyle being prominent with a fine feint, and Husband raced off. We held our breath till the left winger hit the wrong side of the post. Midfield play was the feature for a little, till Soye broke away, Walker sending in a beauty. Wood followed shortly after with another, and then we saw visions of goals coming. Nor had we long to wait. Main fastened on about twenty yards out, dodging the centre-half in fine style; he feinted for position with the right back, and eluding him nicely, he banged the ball in the net, with Duncan helpless. It was a beauty of a goal, well taken and worked for, by a centre-forward who can play the game. Once through, Aberdeen put in some lovely forward work, and they had Paisley's defence in a knot. The second goal was a prettier one than the first, got by a movement in which Main was so prominent that everyone wondered how he would finish. When well held by a back, he slipped the ball along; and following up on being released, he shook the rigging of the net and no mistake. We should have got a penalty after this; but as the referee was not so obliging, Soye did the trick by screwing in from a bad angle, and putting us three up. With such a fine lead, we adjourned to the pavilion quite contented and confident of victory. There was a reshuffle of the Saints' team when they came out, and once they started one would not have thought it was the same lot. Down they came on Aberdeen's defence like one man, but in their eagerness they failed to reach the net. Greig, Colman, and Hume were having their work cut out now, and had anyone faltered, there is no saying what might have happened. Greig was brilliant between the posts, Colman gave nothing away; and after Kyle had scored with a grounder, the goalkeeper could do nothing wrong, and he held the fort without further

WILLIAM DAVIDSON,

TOBACCONIST AND SPORTING OUTFITTER.

(Opposite Palace Theatre).

25 Bridge Street, Aberdeen.

FOOTBALL.—Best Stock in the North, under Makers' Catalogue Prices.

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

trouble till the whistle sounded. Soye and Lennie were often in the picture now, but Paton saw that none of the wingers' work would tell. Main was shadowed like a leech, and a hard, gruelling game ended 3-1 in favour of Aberdeen.

PLAY AND PLAYERS.

Duncan kept a fine goal for the Saints; but we were not impressed with the backs, who were easily beaten when the middle line was passed. The halves as a whole did nothing special till Paton came amongst them and made them put on a different style of play. Kyle was their star artist forward, none of the others being able to shoot. Aberdeen had three valiant defenders in Greig, Colman, and Hume. How they defended in the opening ten minutes of the second half words fail to express; but they were there, and broke up the spirit of the Saints' rush. Once this was done, Aberdeen came into their own again. Davidson and Wylie were easily the best halves on the field. Low did uncommonly well in the first half, but was not so good in the second. Prettier play in the centre one could not wish to see than that of Main's on Saturday. He not only kept his wings going, but went through on his own whenever a chance presented itself. Soye and Walker were a trifle better than Lennie and Wood, but there was not much between them. Aberdeen deserved to win; for their fine work in the first half was the finest we have seen this season. The gruelling they got in the second half was only temporary, but had the Saints succeeded the result might have finished differently. It was a fine game all through, and contested in a good sporting spirit.

THE LEAGUE SURPRISES.

Another list of surprise results falls to be chronicled this week. The success of Dundee at Tynecastle and the defeat of Third Lanark at Kirkcaldy afford fruitful topics of discussion to those who give time and thought to the form of clubs in this competition.

The most important game in the League series on Saturday was that which took place between Rangers and Partick Thistle at Firhill Park. On their own enclosure the Thistle have enjoyed immunity from defeat for some considerable time, and they were unlucky on Saturday to get their colours lowered and their record broken by one goal to nil. Reid scored the only goal of the game, which gave the points to his team, and thus preserved their unbeaten record so far as the season has gone.

In the game at Parkhead between Celts and Hibs there was plenty of dash shown by both teams, the finer elements being discarded for the kick-and-rush game. In marksmanship only were the Celts a superior side to their opponents; for they scored through Brown, M'Attee, and Donaldson, while Rae got the only goal for the Hibs. It may be said that the forward line of the Celts have yet to get more practice in combination before they can expect to be the power they once were in the competition.

There is a strange mix up in form in the result between Motherwell and Kilmarnock. The former on the previous Saturday defeated Falkirk hollow at Brockville, while the latter were beaten by Queen's Park. It would naturally follow that Motherwell were the better side of the two; but on Saturday the lads from Ayr scored the only goal of what was a very fast and clever game, and thus secured both points. On the general run of

play, Motherwell deserved a division of points, as they were clever forward, but their defence was not so sound as the visitors', and this was all the difference between winning and losing.

For the second week in succession Falkirk failed to earn a point. On this occasion the "Bairns" were visiting Airdrie, and the home side proved to be the better goal-getters. The result—2-1 in favour of Airdrieonians—shows that the game was a keen one, and puts the Falkirk in a better light than the reverse they received at home on the previous Saturday.

A welcome return to form was Dundee's lot at Tynecastle on Saturday. The result will do the Dundonians a power of good, for their home fixtures were likely to be affected by the reverse which they suffered from Morton. It was really good work to go to Tynecastle and win by 4-1; but what of the Hearts, who made such a promising start and were regarded as the team most likely to run the champions hard for pride of place. Something has gone wrong in the forward line.

Following up their success at Dundee, Morton rubbed it into Hamilton Academicals to the tune of 3-1, and now occupy third place on the table. This is the reward of consistency, and the team ought to receive loyal support for the results they have attained this season.

Again the Queen's Park have risen to the occasion and delighted their supporters at Hampden Park. Most people were giving the Clyde two points as a gift on Saturday, but they only got one with difficulty. To make a draw of two goals is sure proof of what we have said all the season—that the Queen's Park have a capital side if the "poachers" are kept away; and they demonstrated this on Saturday against Clyde.

It will take Third Lanark some time to recover from the shock they received on Saturday at Kirkcaldy. To get 4 goals rattled up against them in the first half is not what the "Warriors" are accustomed to, and they did not like it. The Rovers were on the very top of their form and did not spare themselves to get into the good graces of the home crowd.

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

Raith Rovers	... 4	Third Lanark	... 0
Hearts	... 1	Dundee	... 4
Celtic	... 3	Hibernians	... 1
St. Mirren	... 1	Aberdeen	... 3
Morton	... 3	Hamilton Acas.	... 1
Airdrieonians	... 2	Falkirk	... 1
Queen's Park	... 2	Clyde	... 2
Partick Thistle	... 0	Rangers	... 1
Motherwell	... 0	Kilmarnock	... 1

ABERDEEN RESERVES' FINE WIN.

The meeting of St. Mirren A and Aberdeen A at Pittodrie on Saturday gave Aberdeenians a glimpse of the capable reserve team they have, many of whom are fit to take their place in the League eleven if occasion should require it. It also afforded an opportunity for Macintosh and Millar to get a chance of proving their strength before they start anew their work in the League team. There was really only one team in the game on Saturday. St. Mirren tried to force the pace several times, but they were met by a defence which they could not get past. They got a goal which never should have been scored after Aberdeen had opened their total. To add more goals seemed quite a simple matter for the home side, and the only wonder is that they did not put on more than 4 goals. For the home side, Millar was in a class by himself in the middle

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line. Wilson and Watson came next in order, while both backs were as sound as could be. Wilson was best in front, with Edgar, Dickson, Macintosh, and Douglas in order. The pity is there was such a small attendance, for the play was really good.

THE QUALIFYING CUP.

At last a decision has been arrived at, between Clachnacuddin and Peterhead in their drawn ties in the Qualifying Cup Competition. This was the third time of meeting, and the replay took place in Elgin City's pitch. The teams have been so evenly matched that it is quite possible another game would have been required but for the unfortunate affair between Herd, Peterhead's goalkeeper, and one of the "Clach" forwards who came to loggerheads, and were ordered off by the referee. After this the "Clach" played desperately and scored a good goal; and though Peterhead had several chances of equalising, they failed to take advantage of their openings, and had to retire defeated by 1-0. There was really very little difference between the teams, and had the sides remained intact there is no saying what might have happened. As Herd has been before the A.F.A. before, the chances are that he will be severely dealt with; and his services will be missed by the Peterhead club, for he is a clever custodian.

THIS WEEK'S PROGRAMME.

There will be a rearrangement of fixtures this week on account of the Glasgow Cup ties, which upset the League schedule to a certain extent. Aberdeen will be at home to Airdrie, when we are sure to be entertained to a good game. It will be recollected that Aberdeen just got the better of the 'Onians by 1-0 at Pittodrie last season, when Ewart almost defied them from getting more than one point. Their record this season has been prominent for the number of draws they have scored, and reads—played 12! won 3, drawn 5, lost 4; scored 12 goals, and lost 15; 11 points. Aberdeen have thus a stiff hurdle to get over, but with their side steadily improving there is no reason why they should not get a point at least. The side will likely turn out as follows:—Greig; Colman and Hume; Davidson, Wylie, and Millar; Soye, Walker, Main, Wood, and Lennie.

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ABOVE
THEM ALL.

LET HIM MAKE
YOUR NEXT SUIT.
QUALITY, FIT, STYLE,
AND WORKMANSHIP
GUARANTEED.

4 SCHOOLMILL,
ABERDEEN.

CHATTY BITS.

The more we see of Greig in his away matches the more we are convinced that he has come to stay in the first team.

Some of Greig's work on Saturday when St. Mirren put on the screw bordered on the marvelous. The more he got to do the better he did it.

With the team getting round the corner of their bad luck, so the players who are on the injured list appear to be getting fit for play.

Millar and Macintosh both asked to be included in the Reserve team last Saturday in order that they might test their injured limbs before starting in the first team.

So far as the test was concerned, we should say that Millar is fit for his place but Macintosh displayed signs of weakness in his shooting, which are foreign to him when thoroughly sound.

By another week "Mac" should be able to don the "black and gold" jersey once more. He will have to be thoroughly sound before he can expect to oust Walker, who has done remarkably well as an understudy.

That Aberdeen's popularity is not on the wane in the west may be taken as proved when it is known that they had the largest share of a gate they have ever received at Paisley.

Main's work as centre-forward was the main topic of conversation amongst the Paisley "buddies" on Saturday night. They have not seen two finer goals scored on the Love Street enclosure.

A repetition of Saturday's form against Airdrie, and Aberdonians will know what it was like.

After this week, Aberdeen are away from home for three weeks. This is surely a bad arrangement. They go to Glasgow, Kirkcaldy, and Edinburgh.

Dundee's victory at Tynecastle is just the tonic that was wanted to rouse the Dundonians as to what was in the team. Hitherto Dundee have not been receiving that support they were entitled to.

It was no secret that Dundee were anxious to part with some of their players. Dave Muir's departure for Motherwell was only one of more that may go.



AMONGST THE JUNIORS.

THE SCOTTISH CUP.

One of the best contested games in this competition on Saturday was that between Mugiemoss and St. Andrew's Athletic at Bucksburn. The "Saints" have an unbeaten certificate for the season, and they were determined to keep their slate clean. For a time on Saturday there was little to choose between the teams, neither side being able to score at the interval. The defence on both sides put in a lot of good work, and the spectators were receiving splendid value for their money. Well on in the second half Gray got his foot on a beauty, giving Anderson not the slightest chance to save. This was the only goal of the match, so that Mugiemoss enter the next round. Gray, Silver, and Knowles were easily the best forwards on the field, while the two backs on the visiting side were the best defenders.

At Central Park a ding-dong tussle was witnessed between Parkvale and Favourites. At the end of ninety minutes' hard football they had to cry quits with 2 goals each. The 'Vale never got settled, the opposing halves being too well aware that if they allowed this, there would be a lot of goals. Excitement was too pronounced at the start, and though it wore off a bit as the game progressed it was responsible for many mistakes. There is sure to be a tremendous fall in the replay on Saturday.

Richmond had an easier passage into the next round than most people imagined they would get. Hawthorn were not at full strength, but all the same they did not expect to get

a 3-1 defeat from Richmond. It must be stated that the winners played in a much more confident style than did the losers, whose mistakes were more frequent than should have been in a team of their experience.

THE LEAGUE.

There were no surprise results in the League on Saturday, though the scoring showed an equality that has been run this season.

Banks of Dee had a really hard game with Inverurie Loco. Works, who rose to the occasion, and kept the "Deecites" going for all they were worth. In the end Banks of Dee won by 2-1, though on play a division of points would have been a fair reflex of the form shown.

A fine struggle was seen between Balnagask and Shamrock, and the difference at the finish was 1-0 in favour of the Torry men. The goal was scored from a penalty given against the Shamrock, otherwise there would have been no scoring. The game was worth a draw, for one side was as good as the other.

Abergeldie and Glenlivet were both in a scoring mood. The latter scored 4 goals to former's 3, so that the spectators had plenty to enthuse over.

Argyll got the better of Cattofield by 2-1 on Saturday.

FIXTURES FOR THIS WEEK.

REPLAY—SCOTTISH JUNIOR CUP.

Favourites v. Parkvale—Central Park.

DISTRICT LEAGUE.

Mugiemoss v. Glenlivet—Bucksburn.

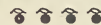
Balnagask v. St. Andrew's—Craigshaw.

Argyll v. Shamrock—Kincorth.

Loco. Works v. Hawthorn—Inverurie.

Cattofield v. Richmond—Central Park.

Abergeldie v. Banks of Dee—Central Park.



GOLF.

J. H. TAYLOR'S VISIT.

Quite a furor has been caused by the ex-open champion's visit to the Granite City in connection with the Links course. Though the report will not be submitted for a short time yet, the Town Council received valuable information from Taylor, who sees possibilities of making the Links course one of the finest in the Kingdom. The natural hazards are abundant, and there is every chance, with the greens being properly looked after, of the course being made what Taylor says it should be.

On Friday and Saturday Taylor enjoyed the privilege of playing on the Balnagask course, and showed very fine form, considering the greens were practically all new to him. He was also round the Bieldside course on Monday, so that his visit has been made the most of by those clubs interested in the ancient and royal game.

The number of tickets issued for the Links course last week was 583.

Mr. G. L. Gibb beat Mr. P. Hutchison for the Seaton Cup on Saturday by two holes, after some splendid play.

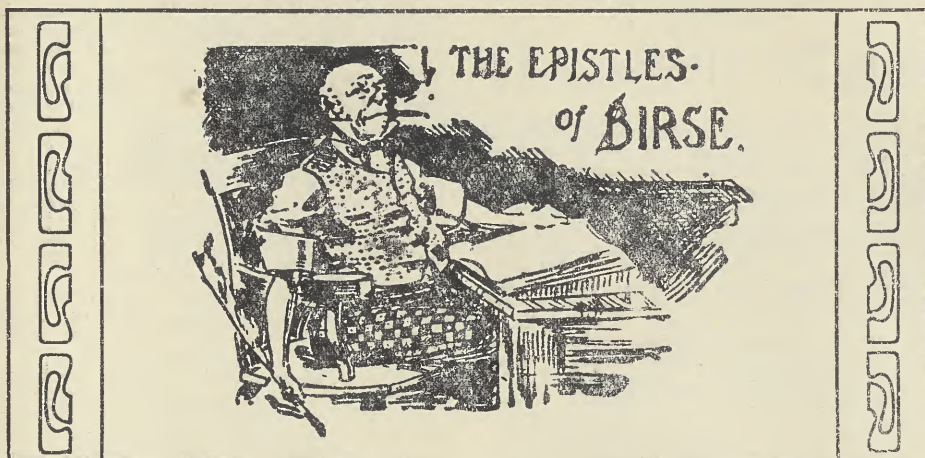
Messrs. Stedman and Macbeth meet Messrs. F. Whitehead and Duguid in the final for the foursomes of the Murcar Club on Saturday.

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A MISTAKE AS TO CHANGE.

Dear Mr. Editor,

The failure o' ony sufficiently numerous an' responsible section o' the Printfield electorate t' bring me forrit as a candidat' for that ward his completely disgustit me wi' the present election. In fac', sae deeply div I feel the slur that it's dootfu' if I'll even tak' the tribble t' record my vote. I'm perfectly conscious that the ceety 'ill be the lossor thro' my absence fae the comin' Council, bit tho' I widna 'a' grudged the cost, it's perfectly clear that I wid never 'a' been able t'

Conduc' the Campaign Single-handit.

Ye maun be the nominee o' some pairty noo-a-days, wi' frien's sufficiently enthusiastic t' dee a' the dirty wark o' the contest, or ye've little or nae chance o' success. At first my prospects o' nomination appeared partic'larly fair. Dizen's o' my acquaintances doon the toon assured me that, baith as regards moral fitness an' general capacity, I wis the ideal man t' folla Cooncillor Wilkie; bit later, fin I made inquiry int' the rizzon foo I hidna been selectit for the poseetion, some o' them hintit darkly that the force o' opposition t' my return wid be ower strong. The Tec-totalers an' the Trade alike, I wis assured, objectit t' me strongly on personal gruns—the first for the vera ob-veeously cause that I sometimes professionally occipeet mysel' as a speerit traiveller, an' the second interest on accoont o' the fac' that my recent Polis Coort record, tho' involvin' naething in the natur' o' moral turpitude, hid lowered my prestige in the constituency t' the vanishin'-p'int. That last statement I, of coorse, absolut'ly deny; still, I admit it t' be a

Specially Regrettable Circumstance

that sae mony o' my appearances afore the Shirra durin' the last fyoun years hae been at the instance o' the Sanit'ry

Inspector in respec' o' allegations involvin' the neglec' or mismanagement o' various o' my tenement properties in the Printfield an' elsewhere thro'oot the toon. That, of coorse, widna maitter't muckle if convictions hidna been recordit in the majority o' the prosecutions. As I cudna deny this, I at last reluctantly recogneesed that my advisors micht be richt in their opinions, an' that it wid be better for me t' avide a' active interference wi' ceevic or politickle maitters till the force o' the prejudice engendered ag'inst me hid dee'd doon an' I cud enter the arena wi' a clean sheet. A' the same, if Horatio Bottomley's name cud be pitten forrit for the Rectorship o' the University, an' if he can conteena t' sit in the Hoose o' Commons efter fat the Lords said about him, I think I micht hae been nominated as a wid-be member o' the new Toon Council.

Ane o' the results o' this deceesion is that in order t' hae something t' dee I've resumed active operations as a canvasser for "Mossdew." Sae far my calls hinna been productive o' mony orders, bit that wis hardly t' be expectit, as I've been practically aff the road for the last three month. Indeed, on the occasion o' my first veesit, I wis the victim o' a shamefu' ass'ult, which nicht 'a' been attendit wi' vera serious consequences. Thinkin' I micht be able t' open up an accoont wi' the proprietor o' a central ceety bar, wi' whom I'm nae personally acquainted, I called at his premises the ither foreneen. As the publican himsel' wisna at hame, I didna waste time explainin' my business t' the heid barman. For the gweed o' the hoose, hooveer, I order't a gless o' beer, an' laid doon fat I took t' be

A Geniwin Saxpence

on the coonter. I wis duly supplied wi' the liquor, bit t' my intense surprise the barman only returned me three bawbees change.

"Here, my man," I said ceevily, "ye've made a mistak'."

"Fat mistak'?" he speired gruffly. "Ye've only gien me back three bawbees instead o' fowerpence hap'ny." "It wis a thrippenny ye laid doon." "It wis a saxpenny bit," I declared firmly.

"A thrippenny bit, I tell ye—an' nae mair lip about it."

"I gie ye warnin', my man," I cried warmly, "that ye winna cheat me sae easy as ye think. Gie me my proper cheenge immedit'ly, or I'll straightwy ludge a chairge wi' the polis."

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that so firmly establish Paisley Flour in every home where once it is tried.

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light well-raised cakes, short and crisp pastry, there is one standard rule to follow,

and that is to every 8 parts of ordinary flour, mix well, dry, 1 part of Paisley Flour before adding the other ingredients.



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7d., 3½d., and 1d. packets; the 1d. packet raises 1 lb. of flour, the others in proportion.

This threat appeared t' cove the man considerably.

"The cash register," he grumbled, "ill seen settle the maitter."

"Ye needna tribble, mate," interposed a bar-loafer at this p'int. "I saw fat the mannie pey't—it wis only a thrippenny."

"Haud yer tongue," I commandit, "an' dinna interfere wi' fat disna concern ye."

The loafer wis silenced. Meantime the barman hid

Exemin't the Cash Register.

Certin'ly, if that masheen's t' be trustit—an' I've nae doot it is—the man wis richt in's contention. Hoo the mistak' occurred I canna yet mak' oot, bit the incident jist shows ye hoo unsafe it is t' be positive on any subject under the sun. Afore, hooever, I cud mak' a gracefu' apology, the barman turned t' me truckulently—

“Drink up yer beer,” he roared, “an' oot o' this place. I winna be ca'ed a thief b' you or ony ither man. D'ye hear me? Look slippy noo.”

I drank the beer, as ordered, an' wis proceedin' t' read the barman a lecture in civeelity, fin suddenly he loupit the bar, ran me oot at the open door, an' landit me on my back on the pavement. Fort'nately I fell saft. I dinna think that ever in my life afore wis I subjected t' a mair unprovoked ass'ult, an' at present I'm engaged skaimin' hoo best t' obtain reparation for the ootrage. Somebody 'ill hae t' pey for't, bit fither the publican or his assistant is a p'int for the Law t' decide.

Yours truly,

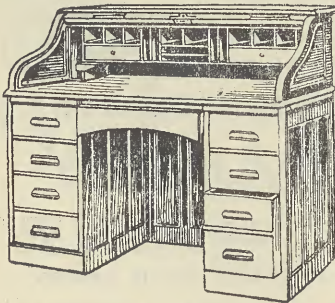
PETER BIRSE.

He Knew.

Teacher—“Now, Tommy, what is a hypocrite?”

Tommy—“A boy that comes to school with a smile on his face.” —“Lippincott's.”

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HOUSING AND TOWN-PLANNING NOTES.

By an Expert.

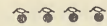
The popularity of housing reform and of the system of town planning inaugurated by Mr. John Burns' Act was made more manifest than ever in connection with the November elections. Men of all shades of opinion—Conservative, Liberal, Socialist—are viewing with each other in their advocacy of improved housing and sanitation. No doubt this competitive interest must ultimately tend to the improvement of housing conditions, but at the same time there is a danger attached to it. The garden suburb is becoming so fashionable that the builder of the ordinary class of dwelling is doing his best to attract attention by calling his property a garden suburb. Consequently, the man who would obtain the genuine thing must be on his guard against imitations. It is more than a platitude to say that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, but flattery will not contribute to the growth of the human frame or to the natural development of the race. The numerous criticisms which have been passed upon the garden cities and garden suburbs mainly apply to the class of dwelling here referred to. The buildings erected by such bodies as the Co-partnership Tenants and those affiliated to the Garden City Association may generally be taken as being exempt from any such complaint. The co-partnership tenants' houses and many others are built under such financial conditions that it is to the interest of the builder to make their property as substantial as possible in order to avoid liability for repairs.

A very important stimulus is being given to local authorities by the provision for the appointment of health committees under the National Insurance Bill now being considered in the House of Commons, and the average humble member of the public ought to be rather well pleased than otherwise by the introduction of a central authority to protect him from undue expense consequent upon the maintenance of unhealthy conditions in his own or any other neighbourhood. I hear that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is turning a deaf ear to those local authorities which desire to be relieved of the liabilities which will justly fall upon them in consequence of their not having adopted precautions for maintaining a healthy state of affairs within their own areas. Mr. George's intention is to make slums a bad speculation, and from the moral standpoint it is perfectly clear that they ought to be a bad speculation. Unfortunately at the present time it is abundantly evident that in most cases slums are a good speculation. It is difficult to find anyone who will support the retention of slum property except those who are personally interested in it. The British race is naturally slow to adopt any scheme which will penalise those who have unwittingly become possessed of anything which is injurious to their fellows. The line must be drawn somewhere, and the greatest difficulty which housing reformers have to meet is that principle which Daniel O'Connell emphasized when he said he could drive a coach and four through any Act of Parliament. The only real barrier to the perpetuation of the evil which is in the world is to be found in the education of public opinion.

The German deputation which has recently completed a tour of this country in search of ideas for improving their own housing has been in communication with some of the leaders of the garden city movement here since they have returned to their own country. I understand that they were so delighted with what they saw during their visit that they are scouring the advice of British experts that the Fatherland may be provided with the best housing obtainable. In the German co-partnership

movement the partners receive a lower rate of interest on their money than is the case in England, and the dividend on rents is unknown. The new volume published by the German Garden City Association shows that it is the aim to avoid land speculation. This form of speculation has interfered to a great extent with German housing development. Yet while it is clear that from the point of view of the building of a building of a dwelling house, Germany has much leeway to make up, this country has still something to learn from her system of town planning. In the space at my disposal, it is impossible to give in detail what has recently been done in Germany, but there is no doubt her experience shows that it is extremely necessary to preserve open spaces between the masses of dwellings which are being erected in the neighbourhood of our large towns.

Earl Grey, whose period of office as Governor-General of Canada has exceeded in length that of any of his predecessors, has been remarkably successful in stimulating housing reform in the Dominion. With such rapidly growing cities as are to be found there, it would be more than wonderful if the creation of bad housing conditions had been avoided, and at the complimentary dinner to be given to Earl Grey on the 17th by the Co-partnership Tenants Society, his Lordship will be able to say much by way of encouragement as well as warning on this subject. Since his return he has already shown that he intends to take an active part in the housing movement here. As an instance, I may mention that though he had not finished speaking at the Colonial Institute Dinner given in his honour until 10.30 p.m., he was paying a visit of inspection to the Hampstead garden suburb before 9 o'clock next morning. He was anxious not only to see for himself, but to show some friends he had brought with him the advance which had been made on the subject since he saw it on his visit to this country in the early part of last year. There is no doubt that the additional influence brought into the movement by such a statesman as Earl Grey cannot fail to have useful results.



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This (in a list of Vacancies in the “W.T.”) should be a good appointment, as Banchory-Devenick seems to be flourishing.

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THE CARRIDEN COAL CO.,
 COLLIERY PROPRIETORS,
 100 MARKET STREET, ABERDEEN.



LIKE WALKING ON AIR!

In an hour's walk your heel strikes the pavement from 10,000 to 15,000 times. Think what this means in a day.

The difference between the heel letting soft instead of hard, accounts for the extraordinary influence on health exercised — by —

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels

They are money savers too. They wear four times as long as leather, thus saving repairs and keeping the boot in shape.

They save at least ten times their cost in the boot bill. Look for WOOD-MILNE



on the heels, as they are the only ones that can be depended upon for reliable wear.



When you see a man with dirty boots—What do you think? Good positions have been lost before to-day—on dirty boots.

The coming of

WOOD MILNE SHOE SHINES

leaves NO excuse

Time—trouble—expense—reduced to the absolute minimum.

As much as you get of other polishes for 4d., WOOD MILNE SHOE SHINES give for 3d.

3^d

Get a tin to-day and prove what it can do.

Brown or Black—equally good. In Tins, like the picture. Ask for Wood Milne Shoe Shines at any bootshop.