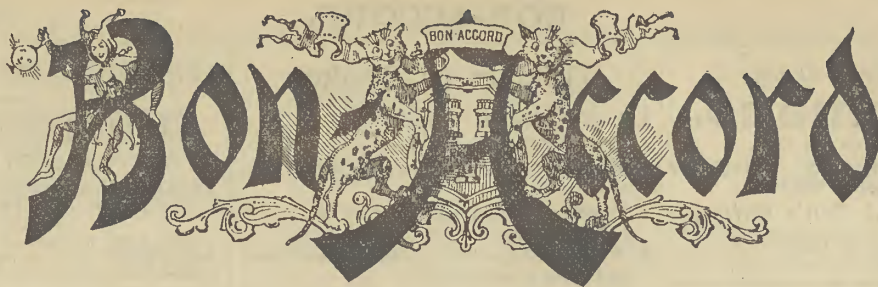


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Vol. XV.—No. 3.]

ABERDEEN, March 25, 1893.

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WHAT TO DRINK  
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SCOTCH WHISKY.  
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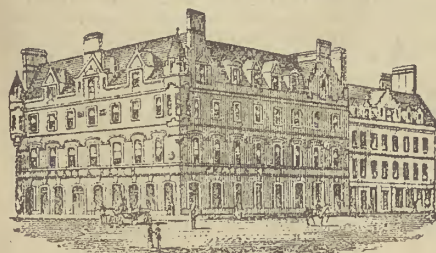
DURING seven years Thousands of these Teeth have been supplied, and in all cases have given unlimited satisfaction. They are at the price Unexcelled in the World. The vastness of the practice need not deter any from paying a visit, as arrangements are made for the comfort of every-body, and all are welcome to FREE CONSULTATIONS, DAILY, 10 to 7.

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WILL SHORTLY CLOSE.

**Gethsemane.**

S. MATTHEW xxvi., 36 to 46.

THIS Sublime PICTURE, by Professor  
HOFFMANN, is now on VIEW at  
Messrs Gifford & Son's Gallery,  
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Admission—10 till 5, 6d; 5 till 8, 3d.

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HATTER, HOSIER, AND CLOVER.

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ALL SIZES, 4/-, 5/-, 5/6, 6/6.

**54 UNION ST.,**

ABERDEEN.

**The Letter Basket.**

J. S. (New Pitsligo).—Simple bosh.

J. C. (Newmachar).—See reply to J. K. G.

J. K. G. (Newburgh).—Sorry, old man, too late.

J. M. (New Pitsligo).—Same reply as we give J. S. from your locality.

A. T. (Banchory).—Too personal, young man. And there is no point in it.

J. S. (Rosehearty).—You've heard the old story about clipping clouts?

G. B. (Kin. O'Neil).—The gentleman is catholic in his tastes. That was why he went.

INTERESTED (Peterhead).—We never do. Be calm, and send on the whisky.

J. D. (Durriss).—Please don't head your communications "Dam Durriss." At least put a comma in.

M. WARDLAW (same locality).—It's not likely you'd sign your right name on a p.c., so we've consigned it to—flames.

T. C. (Murtle).—Couldn't you get a bigger bit of paper to write on? Get an old theatre bill, or something of that sort!

A. R. (Newmachar).—It was not for scraps he prowled. It was for Jennie, and as you say that was better than a thousand conversaziones.

J. C. (Echt).—If that young man out the Kirkton way gets his artificial teeth stuck in the calves of your leg you'll squeal. It's a point that wants revealing.

J. S. (Desswood).—You had better draw it mild, as well as "the worthies of Kincardine O'Neil." We're going to send Jef. on your track. He'll draw you mild.

A. S. W. (Udny).—The *outline sketch* you send is not half big enough for our pages. You should send it on the tarpaulin cover of a waggon, or something of that sort.

SCRUB (Auchnagatt).—Your literary style wants a good scrubbing. Use Sunlight Soap. It may give you some light on the question of what it ought to be, sonny.

W. M. (Longate, Peterhead).—Did you get bold Chanticleer to write your letter for you. It took us exactly half-an-hour to decipher your note—and our labour was not repaid. Go to!

SILAS.—When you send us two letters again kindly sign the *same* name (your real one) on both. Your handwriting is easily spotted, and we're about as fly as they are made—you should know that.

J. A. (New Pitsligo).—Are you not the same as send us a communication signed George Rattray, 22 High Street, New Pitsligo? We think the fist in both letters is the same. In fact, we're dead sure. Don't try that game here again—it won't wash.

A. R. K.—Both your letters received. Your first communication was not answered because we wanted some time to digest and inwardly mark the merits and demerits of your production, and we now come to the conclusion that we can't publish it, for the simple reason that it introduces political matter, which we never allow to appear in our pages. Try another theme.

MASON.—So you are going to cross the briny and are terrified at the prospect, are you? Well, we can give you two very good recipes against sea-sickness. One is to place a bag or big book under the stomach and lie on it; the other is to rub vigorously the nerve behind the ear. The latter theory is the outcome of observation that deaf mutes are never sea-sick. They are deficient in this particular nerve, and by deadening it any other person can secure one of the few privileges of deaf muteness. Cable us how you fare.

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10 to 5, 6d; 5 to 10, 3d. Season Tickets, 5s.  
Season Tickets available for Evening only, 2s 6d.

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ALL kinds of LAUNDRY WORK done  
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ates Rats without causing smell or  
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Pair, and upwards.

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PILLS for females, quickly correct all irre-  
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Boxes, 1s 1/4 and 2s 9d, of all Chemists. Sent any-  
where on receipt of 15 or 24 stamps by the Maker,  
E. T. TOWLE, Chemist, Nottingham. BEWARE OF  
IMITATIONS.



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NO BUSH** neither does  
**THE "REAL"  
SANDY COOK**

THE FINEST,  
**Scotch  
Whisky,**

As shipped to the Colo-  
nies, &c., and recom-  
mended by the Medica  
Faculty as an aid to  
Digestion.

Shipped by  
**A. COOK, JUN.**

Dr. Cook with his new-fangled lymph preparation,  
Consumption's wild ravage may speedily end;  
But we in declining his boon innovation,  
"Sandy Cook" for consumptives must still recommend.  
Abandoned are now all the old-fashioned notions  
Prescribed and compounded in Pharmacy's book;  
Our "ownest" M.D. no'er prescribe nasty potions,  
"But a dram three times daily of real "Sandy Cook"

When finances are low and our feelings are "humpish,"  
When the reins of frail fortune no longer we grip;  
When our broken-down spirits are gloomy and glumish  
"Sandy Cook's" the restorative spirit to slip.  
All (save teetotalized, bigoted thinkers)  
Will not to record in your memory's book,  
The glorified whisky of critical drinkers  
Is that of our Sandy—the Real "Sandy Cook."

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WHERE there is always on Hand a  
Large Assortment of UNREDEEMED  
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Hair Rings, 6s 6d, 7s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d. Gent's  
Gold Signet Rings, 4s, 4s 6d, 5s, 7s 6d, 10s 6d, 15s,  
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MODERATE CHARGES. CAPITAL CUISINE.  
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SPECIAL PRICES FOR BOXES.

43 **ROSS** 43  
SCHOOLHILL. SCHOOLHILL.

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WATCHES EFFECTUALLY CURED.  
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WE are making a special effort  
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We have still on hand a Splendid Selection  
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and all of these we intend to Clear Out  
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NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED.

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Fine Workmanship, Prompt Attention, and Mode-  
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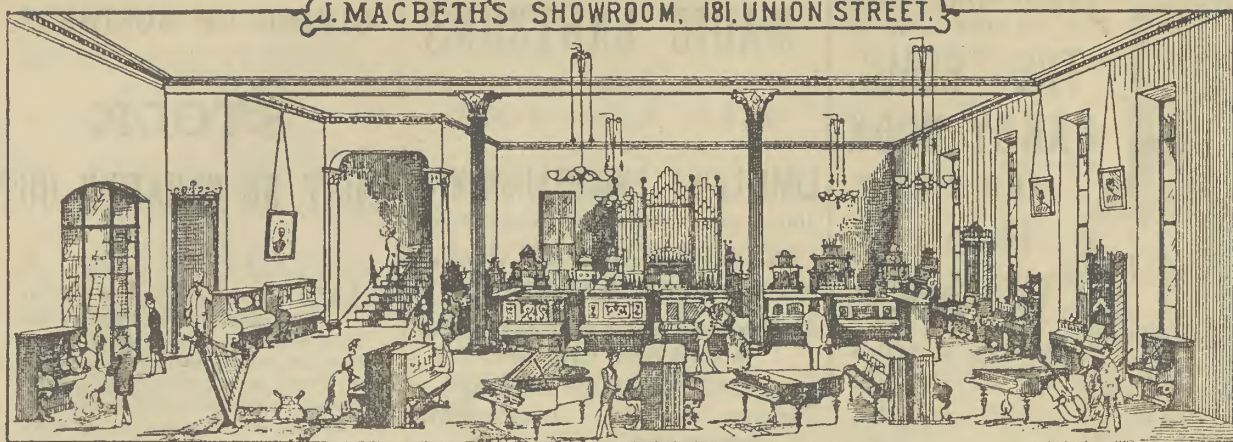
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Waggons of Wishaw and Fife Household Coals,  
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HAVE you Tried CRAIGEN'S SPECIAL  
SMOKING MIXTURE, 4½d per Ounce? A  
Delicious, Cool Smoke, extra fine aroma, having a  
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COUGH NO MORE.

CRAIGEN'S FAMOUS COUGH DROPS  
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SCOTCH TWEED SUITS,  
63/- AND 70/-.

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60/- AND 66/6.

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THE FINEST BLEND IN BRITAIN.

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ONLY GENUINE CHLORODYNE.

Every Bottle of this well-known Remedy for  
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia,  
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\*\* Humorous Sketches and Contributions, Crisp Paragraphs, and Interesting Items of News are invited, and should be addressed, The Editor, *Bon-Accord*, Diamond Street, Aberdeen. Contributions, which *must* be on one side of the paper only, and which *must* have name and address appended, should reach the Office before WEDNESDAY to be available for the week's issue.

Advertisements cannot be inserted if received later than 6 p.m. on WEDNESDAY.

Advertisers guaranteed the Largest Circulation of any Satirical Journal in Scotland.

Proprietors (The BON-ACCORD PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Works: DIAMOND STREET.

REMITTANCES to be made to the Secretary of the Company, A. M. BYRES, 18 Union Terrace, Aberdeen.

TELEPHONE, No. 324.



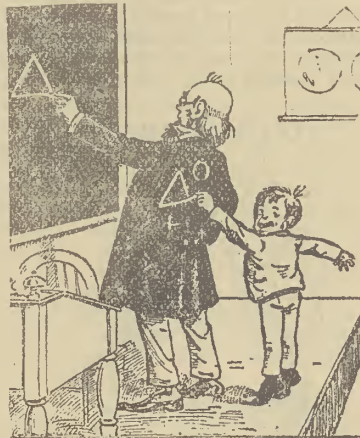
ABERDEEN, 25th March, 1893.

**BOBBIES' BLUNDERS.**

TAKING the law into one's own hands is ever, and under any circumstances, a ticklish job; and it is ten times more so if one is invested with a little brief authority. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, but a little authority, because it has a tendency to induce one to exceed its limits, is dangerous beyond words. Take the case of the two dismissed bobbies who were had up in the Sheriff Court last week for molesting harmless citizens. In our issue of March 4th we published a version of the circumstances of the dismissal of the two policemen—a version, we have to say, supplied by one of these men, and which at the time we did not doubt, for the asseverations and oaths of the story's veracity were fervent enough to satisfy at least an Aberdeen Police Court magistrate. After-events have proved to us—for the men by admitting their guilt have condemned themselves out of their own mouths—that oaths go for nothing with certain people, and that the Father of Lies has reason to be proud of his children in the police force. It is brought painfully home to us that a short sojourn in the ranks of the city police is a liberal education in the gentle art of lying to perfection. This liberal education, however, does not include

instruction in foresight, else the dismissed policeman who waited on us would have seen that our publication of his version of the case would sooner or later bring him to book, as most undoubtedly it did.

Our sole desire in publishing this man's story was to throw light upon the question whether he had been dismissed without getting an opportunity of defending himself or not. He said himself he got no chance. As it was, he had about three hours to plead “on bended knee” in defence of himself. Mr Wyness has often been “hauled over the coals,” to use a vulgarism, for his somewhat autocratic demeanour towards his subordinates, but in this case we think he exercised more judgment and clemency than are generally supposed to belong to Chief-Constables. Mr Wyness has a tough lot to deal with in his police force, and if we are to judge from the specimen that told us his “story,” the Aberdeen Police Force must be the most compact consolidation of living falsehood that ever made earth tremble beneath its elephantine tread. If the members of the police force are all like aforementioned specimen, we are very sorry for Mr Wyness, very sorry indeed.



“DRAWING ON HIS PRINCIPAL.”

HER SOUL.—Carlyle told once of a lawsuit pending in Scotland affecting the succession to a great estate of which he had known something. The case depended on a family secret known only to one old servant, who refused to reveal it, A Kirk minister was sent to tell her that she must speak on peril of her soul. “Peril of my soul!” she said. “And would ye put the honour of an auld Scottish family in competition with the saul of a poor creature like me?”

HAVE YOU A COUGH OR COLD? Then take BUDDEN'S BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND COLTSFOOT. It is the Quickest, Surest, and Safest Remedy known; it will Cure Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any Affection of the Chest and Lungs. Price Is 1/3d and 2s 9d. All Chemists.

**Bon-Accord Ballads.**

**THE NEW QUIXOTE.**

IT was a knight of high degree,  
Who felt himself in fighting fettle,  
That to his Rosinante said,  
“Come here, my steed, of trusty mettle  
A windmill high do I espy  
That stirs my soul to spouting frenzy.  
I'll knock it o'er though I should die,”  
Said Archie Quixote de M'Kenzie.

Then in his hand he grasped a spear,  
And dipped it in the gall of rumour,  
And buckling on the spurs of speech  
He laughed a laugh of bitter humour.  
He vaulted to his charger's back,  
And swore that he would ride through  
Tophet  
Until he knocked the windmill down,  
And thereby gain immortal profit.

Old Rosinante pricked her ears  
And gaily galloped down the valley,  
While Archie Quixote from her back  
Gave vent to many a quip and sally  
Expressive of the fierce contempt  
He felt for priests aristocratic;  
And all the godly Pharisees  
He barked at in a style dogmatic.

But as they cantered gaily on,  
And as the huge windmill grew nigher,  
Don Archie Quixote was surprised  
To find, alas! that it grew higher  
Than what it seemed when he from far  
First saw it, and that the endeavour  
To cast it down would task a man  
Than him ten times more strong and clever.

His steed he made to stand beneath,  
He soothed her with a cheery chirrup,  
And then he seized his longest spear,  
And stood up tip-toe in the stirrup;  
But though he strove with might and main  
And gyrating gesticulation,  
He could not touch the windmill's arms—  
He doomed them all to dire cremation.

O! then the wind began to blow,  
And set the windmill into motion,  
And at its hands he did not fare  
As Hebrews did in land of Goshen.  
His head was broken, and his breath  
Was sent o'er many lands to roam, O!  
O! let us hope Don Quixote M.  
Went home a sadder, wiser *homo!*

QUIPL.

HARD LINES.—Wife—“And so you got your life insured for my benefit? That's lovely!” HUSBAND—“Yes, my dear; but just remember, if you drive me to suicide, you won't get a cent.”

BUT HE DIDN'T.—“Did Mr Cumso seem annoyed at your calling with his bill?” asked Mr Gaskett of his new collector. “No, sir,” replied the young man; “on the contrary, he asked me to call again.”

They come as a boon and a blessing to men,  
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen. } 6d and 1s per Box, at all Stationers.

## Town Prize Competition.

WE must crave the indulgence of our competitors for our adjudicator this week. He says he is quite incapable of coping with the large amount of work involved in going over the lists of words formed from "Wines." The number of competitions received this week is abnormally large, and as each list has to be gone over separately and very carefully, the labour is very great. We shall therefore announce the result of this competition next week.

For next week try the following:—

From the letters

A A A A D E E E F F H I I L N N N O R R R T  
T V W Y

form a well known proverb, applied usually to desponding lovers. This is easy. The first correct solution gets the 2s 6d.

Competitions must be received by 12 o'clock, noon, of WEDNESDAY, March 29th. This competition is open to all within a radius of four (4) miles from Castle Street.



## WILL O' THE WISP.

\* \* \* Correspondents whose contributions are not inserted will find the reason of non-appearance by referring to the Letter Basket.

[The Labour Party has induced the Town Council to unanimously confirm a report fixing a minimum wage of 20s per week at the Gasworks.—*Labour Elector.*]

### THE LABOUR MEMBERS (Log.)—

WHEN first in the Council we sat,  
We vowed that we'd rub quite a gloss  
On every member  
Who sat in the chamber—  
The show we should certainly boss.  
We'd spout with an eloquence rare,  
Make everything right everywhere.  
Each cloudlet that lies on  
The civic horizon  
To clear, no endeavour we'd spare.  
Humbugs we'd crush utterly flat  
When first in the council we sat.

When first in the Council we sat,  
We determined at once to cut down  
The sovereigns yellow,  
From every fellow,  
Whom we thought overpaid by the town.  
But all we intended, alas!  
Has scarcely as yet come to pass,  
Though we've heightened a little,  
By the veriest tittle,  
The wage of producers of gas.  
Still we thought we would far surpass that,  
When first in the Council we sat.

QUILL-DRIVER.

SYMPTOMS of fatuity are making themselves painfully evident in our Town

Council—indeed we won't be astonished to see the bulk of the Council enrolled among the fatuous poor of St Nicholas. The only thing our rulers appear to be able to do is to talk, and Heaven knows they can do that. Why, at Monday's meeting they consumed more time discussing abstract questions of gastronomic etiquette—all in the interests of the town, mind you—than any of them, perhaps, have given to the unemployed.

\* \* \*

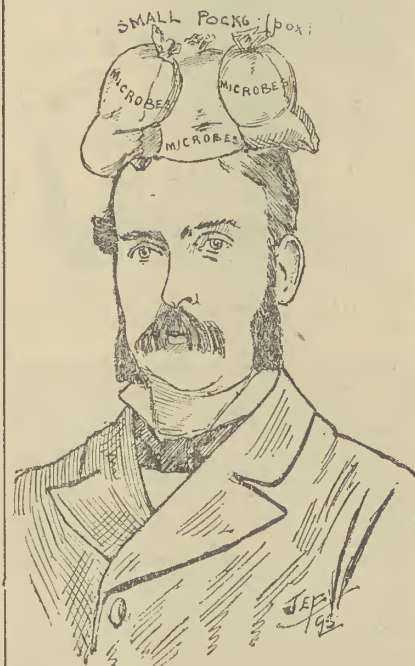
FOLKS have been talking lately of the capacity the House of Commons has been evincing for pure gas, but in that respect, and in the kindred condition of "masterly inactivity," we humbly submit that our Streets and Roads Committee will give Westminster valuable tips. This committee had remitted to them some five weeks ago the question of macadamizing new roads for the purpose of affording relief to the unemployed, and on Monday the Convener, Bailie Mearns, said he was sorry he had unfortunately been from home a great deal since the remit was made, or he would have called the committee together for that purpose. He expected that the work would be through next Saturday.

\* \* \*

WE quite recognise Bailie Mearns' abilities and usefulness as Convener of the Streets and Roads, but that pressing business of this sort should be allowed to hang fire because Bailie Mearns was unfortunately a good deal from home is, to say the least of it, "a work of supererogation." The whole universe is not going to stop because Bailie Mearns has to be at Montrose, and we are sure no one will recognise that truism more readily than the genial Dan himself.

\* \* \*

## ON THE BRAIN.



No. XLV.—DR MATTHEW HAY.

AND then the talk of the day came, all over the paying of an account for luncheon

supplied to the order of a section of the Public Health Committee for the entertainment of a deputation from Leith. There can be no mistake that the getting up of said luncheon was a most thoughtless bungle. Nobody would have said a word about it if it had been gone about in the proper and orderly fashion. But, of course, when a member of a committee goes away, orders a luncheon without consulting his colleagues, and invites practical "outsiders" to the spread—why, there is bound to be a racket. As usual, the account was ordered to be paid.

\* \* \*

MR GLASS gave Bailie Lyon a good name, which is very like to stick to him. "The Arch-banqueter" is the new title. Sounds quite freemasonish.

\* \* \*

THE election of a member for St Machar Ward in room of the late Councillor William Collie will come up shortly. It is doubtful whether Mr Pyper will stand, or whether he will prefer to wait and come out for Greyfriars next November under the wing of Mr Maitland. There is some little difficulty with the Labour candidate, Mr Philip, too, for we understand that two of the most prominent Labour councillors are not favourable to him. If, however, the screw can be properly applied to these two gentlemen, and to one or two waverers, during the next few days, there is no doubt that Mr Philip will go in by something like 18 to 13.

\* \* \*

GOLF is an epidemic. It has reached Aberdeen long since, but its ravages were not widely recognized until lately, when a large section of the feminine society of the town began to be infected. Now they have got it bad. They are going to have a course for themselves, and to assist in defraying the expense of laying it out they last week promoted a couple of concerts and *tableaux vivants*, which, in a word, were artistic and pecuniary successes. The Marquis of Huntly presided at the first concert, and in his speech dwelt at some length on the physical grace the ancient and royal game imparted to the female form divine. In fact he was quite eloquent.

\* \* \*

A GOLFING poet sends us a long ballad on the subject, but we can only find room for one verse.

Croquet is dead,  
Tennis is tame,  
Huntly has said  
"Golf is the game.  
It to the frame.  
Grace gives of siren."  
So, sing the fame  
Of driver and iron!

\* \* \*

THE A. V. R. E. Sergeants' Mess held their annual dinner at Head Quarters on Friday last. The chair was occupied by the Sergeant-Major, while the Q. M. S. fulfilled the duties of croupier; and under the guidance of these two a rattling good evening was spent. The usual patriotic toasts were given, that of the "Sister Corps" being replied to by Sergt. Humphreys of the Ambulance. The enthusiasm with which the health of the "Father of the Corps" was given shows that he is still remembered by his children. To-night (Friday) the Cycle Club have their first "annual."



MR JAMES C. M'LEOD, M.A.

MR JAMES C. M'LEOD, who was last week appointed to the second mastership of King Street School, is a native of Ladybank, Fifeshire, and is only 25 years of age. He is a graduate of Edinburgh University. He has only been engaged in teaching for a year or two, but he has had a brilliant record as assistant master in George Heriot's Hospital School, Edinburgh. He is, we understand, a nephew of Mr P. M. Cran, our respected City Chamberlain.

BAILIE M'KENZIE had what he no doubt considered a high old time of it last Saturday in opening a sale of work in the Music Hall. His stockdologer remarks on that occasion have no doubt delighted a certain section of the large body of society naming itself Christian, but we have grave doubts as to whether his tirade has any backbone in it or not. We are inclined to think that it has not—and that Bailie M'Kenzie knows it has not—from the fact that he indulged in sweeping generalities, and never for a moment condescended to pause in his oratoric flight to point out any particular case of studied neglect of the misery of the East End by the West End clergymen.

We may concede at once that it would have been a somewhat painful, if not impolitic, task for Bailie M'Kenzie to arraign from a public platform the particular clergyman or clergymen he considers guilty of culpable neglect of their East End brethren; but at the same time, from what we know of speeches being got up for occasion, we are inclined to class the Bailie's speech in the ever increasing category of religious fireworks.

If Bailie M'Kenzie's statements did not fall under this heading, and if he had particular cases and facts to back up his statements, why did he eat the leek so readily when Dr Robson went for him? Let Bailie M'Kenzie take a City Directory with him to the next bazaar he has to open, and running his thumb down the list of West End clergymen therein contained, take each apostle by himself, and point out the delinquencies and shortcomings of each. It will be a stiffer job than he imagines.

NOT that we are defending the "Mess Johns" in the least. But then the demarcation of their province is no hard and fast line, and it is because we cannot define what they ought to do, and what they ought not to do, that many zealous folks allow themselves such latitude in abusing them. The line will be drawn when Bailie M'Kenzie and those who grumble at the big salaries of the West End soul-physicians tell us what they want said soul-physicians to do.

It is all very well to say—"Let them go down into the slums of the city!" They cannot do that, for have they not congregations to look after in the West End—congregations composed for the most part of adherents like Bailie M'Kenzie—and if they devote their time to their work there—they have plenty if they do it—they will have little time to spare for slum work. But enough. Let them fight it out among themselves.

THE proprietors of the *Dundee Weekly News* are go-ahead in the best sense of the word. They are at present organizing a Working Men's expedition to the World's Fair at Chicago. The members will be selected by the vote of *bona-fide* working men, and the whole expenses of the tour will be borne by the proprietors of the *W.N.* The practical value of such "A Tour of Observation" (as it is called) is incalculable, and for providing such a boon the *W.N.* proprietors deserve unqualified praise.

THE Blue Hungarian Band have been charming everybody this week with their beautiful playing. It is casting no slur on their former performances to say that the concerts they are giving this week are improvements on those of last year. We only wish the audiences which turn out to hear them were larger. It must be disheartening to a body of enthusiastic artists to have to play to a sparsely filled hall. We do not doubt, however, that ere the week closes the hall will be as fully occupied as the performance merits. It will be well worth the while of such of our country cousins who are musically inclined and can spare the time to take a run in to town to hear them.

It seems that we were premature last week in announcing the demise of the *Northern Evening News*. It is not dead, it is not going to die—it has only merged its identity in that of the *Evening Express*, a process taking no great time for accomplishment. We are sorry for the *N.E.N.*, but it has the consolation that if its existence was short, at least it was a merry one.

THE *Weekly News* will have this week as supplement a gratis sixteen page booklet of Scottish Songs, similar to those formerly issued. It should have a large circulation, for the previous issues have been exceedingly popular.

THE interesting series of three articles "On the Forgery of Antiquities," which appeared recently in the "After Work" column of the *Evening Gazette* was from the pen of Mr James Dalgarno of the Stock Exchange. Mr Dalgarno, it may not be generally known, is a member of the Society of Antiquaries, and takes a great interest in

old-world lore. We have the pleasure of numbering Mr D. on the list of our occasional contributors.

By the way, we learn that the members of the Amateur Opera Company have been specially requested to give other two performances of Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore." An opportunity will thus yet be afforded to the many who were crowded out at the last performances for enjoying the numbers of this ever-green opera in the hands of a really capable amateur company.

At the Jollity an interesting ceremony took place on Wednesday of last week, when the company engaged and a few outside friends took the opportunity of showing the esteem in which they hold the present manager by presenting him with a gold watch and chain as a birthday present. Mr Elmsley made the presentation, and Mr D. Lloyd in a word or two feelingly expressed his thanks to his friends for their kind remembrance of him.

THE bill of fare provided for this week at the Jollity contains two turns less than usual, but the excellency of the artistes engaged amply compensates. A novelty in the shape of a burlesque pantomimic sketch, "The Tandem," performed by Little Levite's (a brother of Mr George (Jolly Little) Lewis) troupe, is a most laughable production. The make up of the Blondin, Gee-Gees, and their fantastic stepping being greeted with rounds of applause. The Sisters Spencer, duettists and top-boot dancers, are a pleasing turn; while Mr D. Lloyd with a couple of new songs takes the place of Mr Fred Harrington—at present indisposed.



Miss Lizzie Ramsden has procured, what few artistes procure here, a re-engagement for a third week. This dainty lady, a member of that well-known family, during her visit to the Jollity has waltzed into the good graces of many. Her charming dancing is the acme of poetic motion, and combined with sparkling music and pretty costumes fails not to catch "the speaker's eye." Mr Alf Gibson, comedian, is "on and off," while Miss Carrie Heaton, a serio of rare power, loses nothing of her last week's popularity. Mr Christie and orchestra play the accompaniments with taste,

### Poor Climate for Spring Poetry.

HE had written a song on the "Gentle Spring,"

Full of purling streams and the gentle zephyr,

And the joyous songs of the birds that sing,  
And the gambolling pranks of the playful heifer.

Of the flocks that graze, and the "dreamy haze,"

And the "perfect days" and the "vernal rays,"

And every phrase used by bards since Chaucer.

And just then the hoar frost came on, and while carrying up his morning scuttle of coals his left ear was frozen, and swelled up as large as an old fashioned saucer.

\*\*\*

GREAT things are doing, and the latest addition to sporting journalism, *The Scottish Field*, is bent on beating the record in sensationalism. Last week it blossoms forth with the prediction that "Why Not" and "Father O'Flynn," two of the horses entered for the Grand National, are to be hung. Here's the announcement:—

Why Not is progressing splendidly, and is bound to take all the doing in the world. The same applies to Father O'Flynn, and this pair are simply bound to be hung upon the premises.

This double equine execution will certainly be one of the biggest flares-up that the sporting or any other world has ever seen. We are rather curious as to the mode of procedure to be adopted on the auspicious occasion, seeing the bloody deed is to be done upon the premises. Who is to be the executioner—the ghastly minister of death? Is Billington to do it, or will Berry be "called back"? It strikes us that the two gents. just named will be both required, as the amount of "free kicks" knocking around will be enough to make a stiff 'un of any ordinary executioner. In any case we predict for the function an overwhelming house.

\*\*\*

STANDING accomodation will be at a premium, and the "Adelphi" cooks will have their work cut out preparing *entrees* and *courses* for the morbid appetites of the thousands who will throng the *Aintree course*. We hope in any case that members of the press will be allowed to be *pressent*, for we, at least, mean to be there to see the animals take their last leap. The subeditorial and composing staffs of *The Scottish Field* are evidently no great sports, or they would not have "come such a cropper." Oh, it is awful. *Bang* went the drum, and over went the show!

\*\*\*

THE telegraph messenger who wanders down by Fittie in the evening is so much in love with his dear Bell that he took her into No. 7 instead of the right door one night lately. Above information received from his little red headed doggie. Any word of taking her to the dance?

\*\*\*

It was nothing serious, dear, that kept Charlie from attending church on Sunday last, but he had an engagement to frighten dogs out Chanonry way, and could find no one to take his place. Dear me, you will be thinking that boating and running are not enough at one time. What next, "Captain"?

\*\*\*

WE understand Mr W. B. Wood and his

choir are by request to give another performance of "Robin Hood" in a week or two, along with the operetta, "Red Riding Hood," which they so ably rendered last year. This looks healthy, Mr W.!

\*\*\*



THE LATE MR JAMES PATERSON.

THE late Mr James Paterson, whose portrait is given above, died suddenly last Saturday. For the long period of twenty-eight years he was employed in the Sandilands Chemical Works, for a great part of that time as an overseer in the vitriol department. He was an enthusiastic rock fisher, and had been a member of the Rock Fishers' Society from its inception. He was a Freemason, and an Oddfellow, the members of his lodge of the latter order having charge of his funeral arrangements. He was fond of sport of all kind, and was well-known among all sporting classes in town. He was a cheery, genial fellow, who made himself liked by all he met. He was greatly respected by his comrades, who evinced their esteem by sending a large wreath and ornamental globe to be placed on his grave.

\*\*\*

GOOD news for pastry bakers! A "tart" devouring association has been formed lately among the ink-spreaders of a certain manufactory in the vicinity of Loch Street. "Florins" are coming in rapidly, and bid fair to knock the soup kitchen to smithereens. During feeding time the organist booms forth the "Banks of *Allan Water*," and sometimes even something stronger than water may be detected.

\*\*\*

WILL someone kindly take pity on that poor demented youth who nightly disturbs the rest and peace of mind of everyone around Affleck Place by his persistent attempts at singing? Warbling is all very well, but the sound which he makes in his attempts to take high *T*. are really awful.

\*\*\*

AT a bachelor's house in the Aulton on Friday last "Charley" was holding an "at home" on his own hook. The singing (?) which we enjoyed very well was—we have no words to sufficiently commend it. Johnny's dancing was very good, but his method of extinguishing the fire was certainly a novel and a striking one.

THE Free Bon-Accord Choir have a cute way of doing things. The other week they held a supper in the Church Hall, and the festivities were kept up till a late hour. The ladies, of course, were invited to attend, and also, of course, did attend on the presumption that they would not have to pay anything, but that the gentlemen would as usual do the honourable. Judge of their astonishment when a week afterwards each of them received a ticket with the amount they were expected to pay marked on it in pretty legible characters. The amount was rather stiff, too, for they could have got a supper in a first-class hotel for the same money. We would be greatly gratified by learning how many of the ladies had the hardihood to strike out against this unchivalrous extortion. This would not—nay, could not have happened a hundred years ago. But, these were the days of chivalry, you know.

45—ST NICHOLAS ST.—45

(OPPOSITE FLOURMILL BRAE).

HIGH-CLASS TAILORING.

G. SOUTER,

CLOTHIER, HATTER, & OUTFITTER,

IS now showing a MAGNIFICENT RANGE of New Goods for the Season. SPECIAL LINES.

Scotch TWEED SUITS, 47s 6d, 50s, 55s, and 57 6d.

Scotch and English WORSTED TROUSERS, 13s 6d, 15s 6d, and 17s 6d.

Black and Indigo Blue SERGE JACKET and VEST, 40s and 45s.

Black and Indigo Blue WORSTED COAT and VEST, Silk Bound, 47s 6d, 50s, and 55s.

Summer OVERCOATS, 35s, 40s, and 45s.

All made on the Premises by Experienced Workmen, under the management of a First-Class Cutter.

THOROUGH SATISFACTION ASSURED.

Inspection and Comparison Respectfully Solicited.

G. SOUTER,

45—ST NICHOLAS ST.—45

(OPPOSITE FLOURMILL BRAE).

A DAM & CO., 42 REGENT QUAY and CROSS QUAY. Reduction of Prices. Present Cash Prices Delivered in Town. Per Ton.

BEST ENGLISH MURTON WALLSEND COALS, .. 20/-  
LARGE ENGLISH TREBLE NUTS, .. 18/-  
SMALL NUTS, .. 16/-  
FINEST SOUTH HETTON WALLSEND, 21/-  
(Extra Superior Quality.)

SCOTCH COALS, &c., at CURRENT PRICES.  
Agent at Old Aberdeen—Mr Wm. M'WILLIE.  
Branch—Mr GILBERT SADDLER.



BREWERS TO THE QUEEN.

THOMSON, MARSHALL, & CO.,  
LIMITED,  
18 HIGH STREET,  
OLD ABERDEEN.

ON HIRE,

SAFETY BICYCLES, by the Hour, Day, or Week. CUSHION and PNEUMATIC SAFETIES for Sale, 1893 Pattern.

Lamps, Bells, Fittings, &c., at Lowest Prices.

REPAIRS Done Cheaply and Expeditiously at

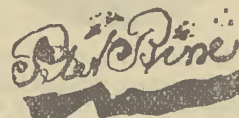
J. FRASER'S CYCLE DEPOT,  
80 POWIS PLACE.

**Birse Billiardizes.**



**DEAR MAISTER EDITUR**—I wis jist on my wye doon Exchange Street the ither nicht tae the Theatre fin fa sud ca' me oot o's door bit Bob Anderson, the billiard man. Says he, "Faur awa', Peter? Are ye nae on for a ggem?" "Weel, Bob," says I, "I'm nae seer awa. I hivna haed a Qintae iny neive this twalmonth o' Sundays, an' it's a gey puir show I wad mak', I'm thinkin'." "Come ye awa' in an' hae a try, min," says he. "Bob Wallace an' ye can hae a ggem thegither." Sae up the stairs I stoiters, an' jines the comp'ny o' gweed fellas that wis eether haein' a ggem or wis lyin' upo' their oars luikin' at the ither skelpin' the reid aff the spot. Grainger an' Charlie Wilson wis haein' a hun'er up, an' I tell ye, Maister Editur, they're fell gweed players the baith o' them. I onlie wis' I wis sae gweed. Jamie Pirie, "Aber," an' Morrison wis haein' a three-some, an' the wye the three o' them yarkit the ba's aboot the table wis somethin' fearsome tae see. "Aber" won the ggem by a heid an' nae an inch tae spare. Pat M'Cann cam' in syne an' wad insist upo' sendin' doon tae Bob Durward's for a donal' tae me—me an' him's been rare an' chums ye ken—an' I kenna futher it wis the whuskie or the proxeemittie o' the tables bit I felt in gran' fettle for a bit birl wi' the ivories. Sae says I tae Wallace, "Fuffy, Wallace?" "Na," says he, "I dinna play fuffies. I'll dae a hun'er gin ye're on." "Weel, weel, a hun'er be it," says I, "bit I'm some thinkin' ye'll think ye've haed anevn o't be the time I'm fuffy." Aff gings my coat, an' selectin' a Q o' rather heavey proportions I broke an' let a dubble bulk. He wint roon' the table, struck five cushions, hit the spot ba', pottit it in the top pocket, an' finishet up be givin' me a miss. "Thank ye for naethin'," says I, "bit I'll pay ye oot yet or I'm a Dutcher." "See ye here, Peter," says Wullie Broom, fa wis sittin' at my back—"see here," he whuspers, "jist ye pot the fite ba' as often as ye get the chance. Ye'll fley 'm l'." "Richt ye are," says I. An', Maister Editur, tho' it's nae a verra nice thing tae dae, I pottit the fite ba' thirty-seven times in that ggem, an' left dubble bulk ivery time aifter it. The ggem endit—Birse 101; Wallace 26. Fanyver the marker cries "Ggem," I says "For

another?" Ye sud hae seen the scowl he gyaun me as he answer't, "Nae wi' you." Then say I, "Is there onie braw champion chielie here 'at wad like tae cross Q's wi' Birse, the Billiard Bouncer?" An' fient the wan wis there 'at sae mickle's *daur't* tae try me on. "Ye're nae fley't, Bob?" says I. "Ye'll hae a thoosan' wi' me?" "Weel," says Bob, "I'm nae carin' for a ggem mysel' the night. I sprain't my thoom yesterday, and the doctir tells me that I maun gie my han' some—" "Wheesht, min," says I, "ye're a' a pack o' cooarts here, an' I've hard aboot that sprain't thoom afore. That story comes fae Sheffield." "I'll tell ye fat I'll dee wi' ye," says "Aber." "I'll play ye a ggem o' *pirrymids* for a ten pun' note." "A richt," says I, "gin Jimmie Pirrie 'll haud the stakes." "O, he'll dae that," says Morrison. "He's aye at hame at dennir time. He'll haud the stakes an' the chops, tee, gin ye'll stan' them." Sae "Aber" an' I played that ggem, an' I won, for I wis like the Heathen Chineese Maister Bret Harte vreet's aboot—my ways they were dark an' my tricks were *not* vau. Min, fat a disgustit luik "Aber" haed as Pirie handit owre the ten pun' tae me. "Aye, min," says I, "this'll come in fine an' handy for my jaunt tae the World's Fair at Shikague. As often as I spen' a shullin' o't I'll think o' ye, 'Aber,' my son, an' I'll pit up a prayer for yer suess." An' then we a' ajurned tae Landle's, an' foo lang we stoppit there I kenna, bit this I ken that fin I got hame the neist morn deil the bawbee wis then in the pockit o' that menseless baldheid,



P.S.—Wallace said tae me neist day fan we met in Market Street that he fan oot that the marker haed pit up *his* pints tae me, an' that wis foo I haed wun the ggem. Bit I ken fine that frien' Haigh, fa's markin' in Bob's i'thenoo, kens his ain bizness, lat nobody say fat they like tae the contrar'.—P.B.



"Ah, they can talk about their Geromes and their Monkeycheese as much as they like, but *that's* my idea of what is what!"

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**Musical Notes.**

THE sacred choral and orchestral concert, given by the combined choirs of Ferryhill and St Georges-in-the-West Parish Churches in St George-in-the-West Church on Monday, was fairly well attended. The voices numbered about 40, and on the whole the *ensemble* singing was satisfactory, although I am of opinion that it might have been much better. The part taken in the programme by the congregation was a very small one, and should in future be dispensed with. Mr Jas. Cassie's violin solo and Mr Curr's organ solo were pleasant reliefs. Mr John Thomson conducted in a careful manner. During the evening the Rev. James Smith made a few remarks as to the place of music in public worship.

On Wednesday, 29th inst., the Aberdeen Choral Union will give a performance of "Acis and Galatea." The soloists engaged are Miss Annie Lea, soprano; Miss Jessie King, contralto; Mr Charles Ellison, tenor; Mr W. H. Burgon, bass. Miss Lea and Mr Burgon appeared in the "Bohemian Girl" last season, and their singing must be fresh in the minds of all. Miss Jessie King is new to Aberdeen, but has had the honour to be engaged as principal contralto for next Worcester Festival. In the second part Miss Lea will sing "The Holy City;" Miss King, "The Three Fishers;" Mr Ellison, the drinking Song from "Cavalleria Rusticana;" and Mr Burgon, "The Deathless Army." A trio will also be sung, and the band will play the "March of Israelites" from Costa's "Eli."

The Aberdeen Orchestral Society will give their second concert in the Albert Hall on Thursday, 30th inst. I have already indicated the instrumental programme, and would now add that a novelty in the way of an oboe solo will be given by Mr Kileen. Miss Norris Adams and Mr James Dunn, medallist, City Hall Concerts, Glasgow, will be the vocalists. Mr James Cassie, jun., will be leader of the orchestra, and Mr Geo. W. Morgan, conductor.

NANKI-POO.



"CINDERELLA."

THE visit of the Burns-Crotty Company to Aberdeen is an event in the theatrical and musical year that has been looked forward to very eagerly, and now that it is here the expectations of the most sanguine are being realized.

The comic opera of "Cinderella" is one of Rossini's brightest, the music all through being full of melody, with all those elaborations of theme and that profusion of roulade so characteristic of this master. The libretto, which has been brought up to date by Mr T. W. Robertson, has more coherency than is usual in comic opera librettos, but we object to the interpolation of rhyming couplets, a *la* pantomime, into the dialogue.

For the company and its interpretation of the opera we have nothing but praise. Madame Burns as Cinderella sings magnificently, and acts in a very charming manner. Her best

number to our thinking is "Once a King there chanced to be." Mr Crotty as Dandini has not over much chance to display his fine voice, but what chance he has he fully avails himself of. His hunting song is well done, but he appears to even better advantage in his duet with the Baron (Mr Campbell Bishop) in Act II. Mr Beaumont as the Prince sings very pleasingly, and Mr M. R. Morand, as Pedro, fairly takes the house down with his clever pantomime. Miss Mullen makes a fine fairy queen, and Misses Barnett and Barth are splendid ugly sisters. In the last act we have a skirt dance by Miss Marie Burdell, and the serpentine dance very cleverly done by Miss Mary Thorne.



MADAME GEORGINA BURNS.

To-night (Saturday), "The Bohemian Girl" is to be staged. We can heartily recommend this company's entertainment as being worth going to see and hear. It is good.

Next week the inimitable Thomas Thorne and the Vaudeville Company in "The Guv'nor and "Confusion."

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Thomas Thorne  
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Second Concert.

ALBERT HALL, 30th March,  
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Doors open 7-15; commencing 8; concluding 10-15.

ARTISTES—

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MISS JESSIE KING, Contralto.  
MR CHAS. ELLISON, Tenor.  
MR W. H. BURGEON, Bass.

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**CALEDONIAN RAILWAY COMPANY.**

AT the HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING of the CALEDONIAN RAILWAY COMPANY, held in the MERCHANTS' HALL, Merchants' House Buildings, 1 West George Street, Glasgow, on TUESDAY, the 21st day of March, 1893.

SIR JAMES KING, BART., Deputy-Chairman of the Board of Directors, in the chair.

The Secretary having read the Advertisement calling the meeting, the Common Seal of the Company was affixed to the Register of Proprietors, in the presence of the meeting, and it was resolved:—

1. That the report of the Directors, together with the Balance Sheet and Statement of Accounts, as audited, now submitted to the meeting for the Half-Year to 31st January, 1893, be received and approved of, and that Dividends be now declared:—

On the Four Per Cent. Consolidated Guaranteed Stock, at the rate of £4 per cent. per annum.

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On the Ordinary Stock, at the rate of £4 5s per cent. per annum, being

On the Preferred Converted Ordinary Stock, at the rate of £3 per cent. per annum.

And on the Deferred Converted Ordinary Stock, at the rate of £1 5s per cent. per annum.

Less Income-Tax in each case, and all payable on the First day of April, 1893.

2. That Alexander Young, Esq., who retires by rotation at this meeting, be re-elected one of the Auditors of the Company.

JAMES KING, Chairman.  
J. BLACKBURN, Secretary.

The thanks of the meeting were voted to the Chairman for his conduct in the chair.

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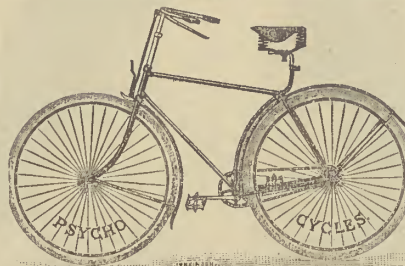
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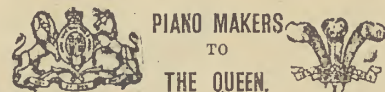
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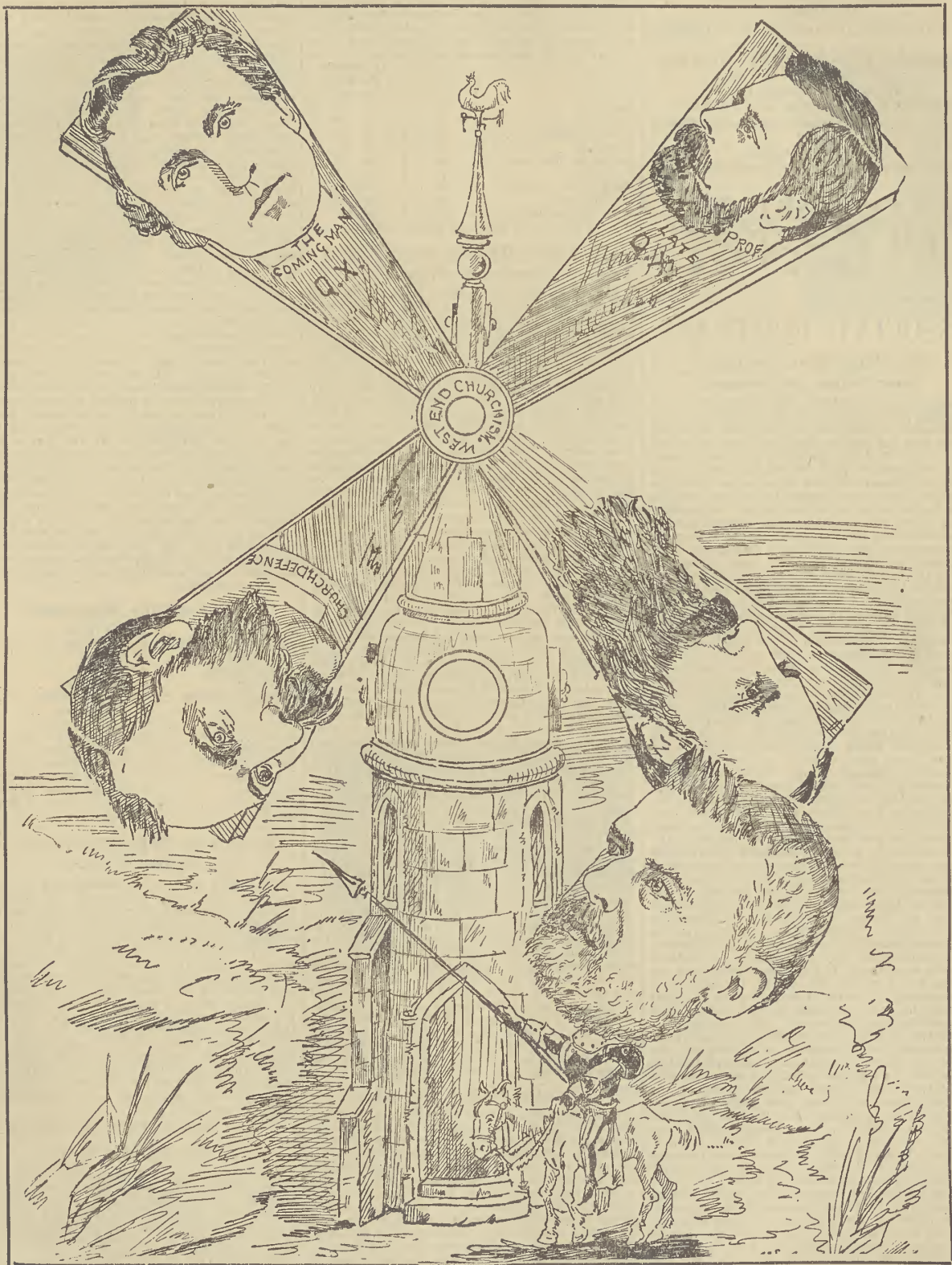
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## ASSOCIAT<sup>N</sup> FOOTBALL.

**The Wise Men Deposed.**  
**Great Victory for Aberdeen.**

Such a scene of jubilation over the victory of a local club has never before been witnessed as that of Saturday evening last on the news becoming known that the Senior Club had vanquished the Dundee East End by 2 goals to 1, and thus deposed them from premier place in the Northern League table. This is also the first occasion on which the Aberdeen has won a match in Dundee, and the East End's first defeat in the League competition. To sit on the wise men at Carolina Port takes some doing, and if the Aberdeen men can only keep up Saturday's form they ought to be able to get to 20 points ere the whistle blows to cease operations. As to the match, from the beginning it was apparent the whites were determined to make it hot for the home team. The pace was a cracker, and for the first 15 minutes play was surprisingly smart on both sides, Aberdeen in front showing excellent combination. The first goal of the match was sent through by White with unerring rapidity. It was a beautiful shot, and a fitting termination to the splendid combined work which led to its being taken. The same player added the second shortly after. The Dundee players were fairly taken aback at the form of the Aberdonians, who continued to send in shot after shot, and had the defence been in less capable hands than Malone, Stirton, and Ferrier, many goals would have been scored, as on several occasions Toman, White, and Brown had extremely hard lines. This was all the scoring in the first half, but after about 20 minutes of the second period had elapsed East End scored, and continued to fight tenaciously, Gilligan going inside left and Longair centre-forward. Despite their herculean efforts, however, Ramsay's charge could not be pierced, and Aberdeen emerged victors as above stated. Ramsay kept a splendid goal, and Singleton and Wood were very safe at deal. Sing, and Colin Ross had a hot couple to deal with in Gilligan and Brown, but they invariably had the best of matters. Stewart played a finished game as centre-half, his kicking and placing being marked by rare judgment. To Ewen and Ross he rendered valuable assistance. In those three gentlemen the whites had a grand trio, Ewen showing great improvement. Forward Toman played a judicious game in the centre, and many a bout had he with Longair, the burly centre-half. His overhead kicking seemed to fairly paralyse the great Forfarshire centre-half. Indeed he could do nothing with the Chanoury centre, who time and again robbed him of the ball in a way that called forth the admiration of the spectators. White, backed up smartly by Murray, played a brilliant game, dribbling round Longair and company in finished style—so much so indeed that Longair often resorted to dirty tactics to hold him in check. Young Fred Whitehead was the surprise packet of the team, and bids fair to outstrip both Frank and Arthur. A sturdy built lad, with any amount of courage, and a capital idea of forward play, Fred spanked along in dashing style, never flinching, but going in on every available opening, and when he saw an opportunity centered with consummate accuracy. The East Enders have a partiality for grassing wee forwards, but the curly haired Cockney withstood all their friendly (?) attentions like a 16-stoner, and never once had to kiss mother earth. He is one of the right sort. Morley was in evidence in the closing half, defending

with his usual energy and determination. Mr James Robertson was referee, but many of his decisions were peculiar, to say the least, and, we opine, will not serve to enhance his reputation.

The other matches resulted:—Forfar Athletic and Arbroath a draw—3 each; Montrose beat Johnstone Wanderers by 4 goals to 2; and St Johnstone had the best of the Fair City by 3 goals to 2. The following is the positions of the clubs:—

	Ply'd.	W.	L.	D.	G's	score'd
					Fr	Agt. Pa.
Arbroath .. ..	14	10	3	1	52	35 21
East End .. ..	12	9	1	2	41	14 20
Montrose .. ..	14	8	4	2	62	30 18
Forfar Athletic ..	14	7	5	2	52	43 16
Aberdeen .. ..	14	5	7	2	43	53 12
Johnstone Wanderers	12	4	5	3	36	39 11
Our Boys .. ..	13	5	7	1	40	57 11
Harp .. ..	10	4	5	1	42	31 9
St Johnstone ..	11	4	6	1	33	36 9
Fair City Athletic ..	14	0	13	1	16	70 1

A win counts 2 points; a draw 1 point.

### The Orion Taken on the Hop Scene at the Finish.

At Central Park the Brechin Club fulfilled its return engagement with the Orion. There was a meagre attendance of spectators, which together with the bleak and altogether North Pole coldness of the weather, rendered matters quite uninteresting. A cold snappish wind blew right down the pitch, and the strangers by a series of long kicks managed to score 4 goals in the first half. Two only were genuine points, as Low fisted one through for them, while Edwards, after kicking off from goal had a talk with Hugh Mackay, and ere he knew where he was the ball was punted through from midfield. On turning over the strangers acted alone on the defensive, seldom making an aggressive effort. We have looked upon many defensive games played, but never before have we seen the goal packed as it was by the Brechin men, the whole eleven crowding round Owl during the entire progress of the last half. Even when they were coaxed a little way out seven players were always in their places at full-back, and do what the stripes could those gentlemen would not quit, and it was indeed a miracle the Orion scored the three points they did. The final score read 4 goals to 3 in favour of Brechin, but really it was a virtual defeat for the Cathedral lads, who are about the poorest eleven we have seen in Aberdeen this year. It is all very well to play a defensive game, but it was childish in the extreme for them to pack their goal and never make an aggressive effort. To show our readers how hard they were pressed, we may state that Dick Edwards played back, half, and sometimes pretty near forward, and on one occasion almost scored a goal. The Orion were without Foote, Low in the first and Wight in the second half filling his place. The high wind interfered with the play to a considerable extent, but the Orion played uncommonly well against the wind, but were in bad luck. Edwards was caught napping on one occasion. As a whole he played a good game, but got meagre support. Mackay battled manfully with the wind. Low was not a success at full-back, but was all there in his old place in the second half, and had many good tries for a point. Wight was good in both positions, but Gordon is not class enough. Leggat was the pick of the front rank, but Glog was disappointing, and Forsyth capped a mediocre show by indulging in a fit of temper, which was resented on all hands. He no doubt was nagged into it—indeed he was very much knocked about—but that can hardly be held as an excuse, and we would appeal to the capable centre-forward to curb his temper, and act the part of a gentleman in future, else he may find himself on the wrong side of the hedge one fine morning. Macfarlane played a good game throughout, and Fraser rose to the occasion in capital style in the second half. Of the winners we can't speak, as, bar some long kicking in the first half, their play was confined to keeping the ball out at any cost.

### Wales Badly Beaten.

Wales has been to the front of late, and the gallant little country is going in for a Suspensory Bill which is to "put the stopper" on the parsons, and has won the Rugby Union Championship, but as to the Association game it is—well, very much off. Last Monday the Welsh team took a record beating from England, at Stoke. On Saturday, Scotland went one better and piled up the agony to the tune of eight goals to none, and the score did not do one whit more than represent the game. The race-course at Wrexham was the scene of disaster, as it has been on many other occasions the scene of other Welsh defeats as well as triumphs. There was a "gate" of pretty nearly 5,000 spectators, which shows that the game has made some progress in that part of Great Britain.

### Raith Rovers Again Defeat the Vics.

Referee Phillip Mobbed.

However good the subs., there is no getting over the fact that Bill Stewart's generalship and Robert Turner's go-ahead play was sadly missed at Wellington Grounds on Saturday, where the gentlemen from the lang toon defeated the Victoria United by 4 goals to 2. The Rovers were vastly superior to the Vics., the only redeeming feature of whose performance was the excellent play of Smyth, McKeown, and Rirls. The others were poor all round—especially Ross at centre-half and Sutherland centre-forward—the forwards throwing aside all attempts at passing, and generally banging the sphere down the field in that reckless fashion which always goes for nothing. The Rovers on the other hand infused some method into their movements, and went along at a great pace. The speedy inside left, who was a constant source of trouble to the Vics. defence, was a good way the best forward on the field. The centre kept his wings well together, and the centre-half created a very favourable impression by his smart tackling and clean kicking. The backs, too, were good, and taking the Kirkecaldy lads all over they are a capital eleven, and on Saturday's play deserved the win. The game was a pretty breezy one, some of the strangers infusing far too much energy into their play, and trips were often resorted to. This roused the ire of the locals, and Ferris and Annand almost forgot themselves on two occasions. Mr James Phillip was referee, but his decisions didn't seem to give satisfaction to the home supporters—a portion of whom mobbed him at the finish, telling him in terms more forcible than polite their opinion of him. We confess there was room for dissatisfaction, as Jim was at times so far removed from the scene of operations that it was impossible for him to see the points of play, but at the same time this was no excuse for the rowdiness indulged in by some of the spectators, of whom we had expected better sense. Their language was disgusting, and it is only a pity some of them were not handed over to justice and made an example of, as was the case at Doncaster the other day when an unruly onlooker was mulcted in the sum of £1 and exes. for giving the whistle-blower a piece of his mind.

### The Other Matches.

2nd Aberdeen ..	2	2nd Orion ..	0
Jun. Victoria United	6	Our Boys ..	5
Thistle Athletics ..	2	Yallaroo ..	1
Aulton Rovers ..	4	Alliance ..	1
Waverley ..	1	Northfield ..	1
Belmont Athletics ..	4	County Swifts ..	2
Unicorn ..	6	Favourites ..	0
St Clements ..	4	Junior Rovers ..	0
Albert ..	3	Crescent ..	2
2nd East End ..	4	Granite City ..	3
Junior East End ..	4	Junior Renown ..	1
Junior Rose ..	6	Junior Victoria ..	2
Peterhead ..	4	P'head Links Ass'n	2
Ellon ..	5	P'head Factory Boys	0
Banchory ..	9	Onlter ..	2

### Go in and Win, Stoneywood.

[To the EDITOR of Bon-Accord.]

Sir,—Just a word to the Stoneywood F.C. The club has been very unfortunate in losing the privilege of playing in the People's Park, and as no other field could be got they have been laid aside altogether, except when they go from home, which is very seldom. They have also lost five of their usual players, which has crippled the team very much, but cheer up, lads, there is good mettle in the club yet if you only knew them. The League is not finished yet, so I would say, "Go in and win!" If I had anything to do with the club I would put the following team on the field for the last match of the League, which I have no doubt would prove victorious:—G. Cruickshank or J. Bisset; W. Coutts and J. Grant; R. Angus, W. Stewart or A. Catto, and R. Burnett; J. Burnett, A. Catto or D. Reid, A. Osdger, G. Dunbar, and W. Stewart or D. Reid.—Yours, &c.,

RETIRED FOOTBALLER, Stoneywood.

### The Rugby Cup

The Thistle went further ahead in the North of Scotland Rugby Cup competition by defeating the Nomads by 2 dropped goals to 1 penalty goal at Holburn on Saturday. The Thistle is improving every match, and if pluck and perseverance can retain the cup, the holders may be depended on to make a bold bid for its retention.

At Holburn, Hall Russell's Engineers played Montrose Academicals, and after a pleasant and interesting game the Engineers came up top by 1 goal 2 tries to nil.

**Mr A. J. Gould, Welsh Internationalist.**

Mr A. J. Gould, captain of the Newport (Wales) Rugby Football Club, and leader of the Welsh Internationalists, has a record which few can boast of. Born a Newport in 1864, he captained the third fifteen when only 14 years of age, and was promoted to the first team when 16 years old, and played full-back for three seasons. In 1883-4, when at three-quarter back, he dropped 20 goals, and got his International cap. He played for the London Welsh, Southampton Trojans, and Hampshire in 1885-6, and for Richmond from 1881 till 1890. For Richmond v. Harlequins in 1887 he scored 2 goals and 3 tries. For Newport he also scored 2 goals 3 tries against Broughton in



1890. In 1892, against Exeter he dropped 1 goal and got in 5 times, and scored 4 tries against Penarth the same year, while he ran in 5 times for Middlesex v. Surrey. In the present season he has done wonderful work, having scored 3 goals and 36 tries up to February.

**Frae a' the Airts.**

The whites acted on our advice, and went to Dundee brimful of confidence, with the result that the finest victory in the annals of the old club was registered.

We were almost alone in the belief that our boys could do the trick, and of course the news gave us intense satisfaction.

The supporters of the club who were waiting for the result at the Waverley with their hearts in their mouths, almost lost their senses on perusing the message, which read—

MISS GORDON,  
Waverley Hotel,  
Aberdeen.

Hip! hip! hurrah!!! Champions defeated!  
WE DID IT!

TAYLOR.  
CUMMINGS.  
STEWART.  
DALGARNO.  
CROWE.

The scene that followed baffles description, and reminded us more of a first fittin' night than anything else, each and all shaking fists up till the arrival of the heroes about 11 p.m., and they did get a right royal reception.

While we don't altogether coincide with the assertion that WE DID IT! there is no possible doubt whatever but that they materially assisted the boys by their encouraging cheers.

Oh, yes, they did jubilate, you bet. But a change came over their frontispieces during the closing scene when the "wise men" were having it all their own way.

Out came the tickers, and their hearts kept bobbing in their throats as they almost gazed the hands off their watches, at the same time going through a sort of St. Vitus dance, and shouting "Time's up, referee!"

The whistle gave them relief—and each heaved a sigh that made the crews o' Chanonry cackle in jubilant cackination.

Bill Stewart, of the Victoria United, assisted the whites for the day, and though he got lamed by Longair early in the proceedings, he played with all his accustomed ability.

Fred Whitehead made a capital first appearance among the Seniors, and, we understand, will get a further trial.

The Vics, and Orion fell at home. There was a great falling off in the form of the Wellingtonians from that of the previous week, and the Orion lost, simply giving the Brechin men too much rope in the first, and having to barricade a stone wall in the second half.

Walter Arnott, the great International back, figured in the ranks of the Edinburgh St Bernards on Saturday, and will hereafter play regularly for that club. The Saints gave the Partick Thistle 7-0, and Wattie played a game worthy of his best days.

A Banchory gent. writes:—"Culter got a proper take down at Banchory. They were shooting goals all the way from the Station to the Park, but they couldn't do it when they got there. They will require their 'Cutters' sharpened before they come back."

Culter is wroth with Banchory, who they assert didn't treat them with the same courtesy as was extended to Banchory on their recent visit to Culter.

Culter desires us to thank good old Dod Rae for his kindness. They'll not forget it in a hurry.

It was a great pity the ambulance waggon was from Peterhead on Saturday, else it would have had plenty of occupants at the Park.

It didna mack(ie) hoo (F)oggie it wis, Sandy Bouffed at 'em until they were feared to come in-aboot tae the posts at a'.

**NICK-NACKS.  
Spokes.**

The Bons, hold a social and dance in their club-room to-night (Friday).

Be good boys, and remember the Mill Inn! Golden Square at 3 15 prompt.

At a meeting of the Northern District of the Scottish Cyclists' Union, Mr Adam Ritchie resigned his position as handicapper, and Mr John Tough is to be asked to take his place. It was agreed to appoint a reporting council, and Mr A. M. Mortimer was delegated to make arrangements. A proposal to have a 100 mile race was defeated. Two evening meetings, one afternoon meeting, and a "meet" will be held during the season, the evening meetings to take place on 9th June and 25th August. The racing committee was instructed to procure an inter-club trophy to be run for at the "meet," and it was resolved to give a bugle to the club having the best mileage at the meeting of 5th August.

Mr Keith McCrae, Stirling Street, is to the front with a fine selection of safeties and other wheels, including the famous "Sanspariel," "Quadrant," "Scotsman," &c. A large number of "out for the afternoon" mounts is also kept in stock, and he is also prepared to put into shape the most dilapidated of cycles.

The Northern Cycle Manufacturing Company in Lodge Walk has in hand some of the finest cycles in the trade. "Large discounts for cash, or supplied on easy terms," is the motto of this firm. You can have your old "hoss" changed for a new one, and those who can't afford a steed of their own may have their choice for as long or short a period as they wish.

Mr J. Fraser, Powis Place, is showing a capital range of mounts of 1893 pattern, while he has also a good selection of machines which he lets out by the hour, day, or week, on easy terms.

**Grand Assault-at-Arms**



Mr Pearson Wylie.

Mr F. A. Lumley.

The feature of the Aberdeen Gymnastic and Rowing Club's assault-at-arms, in the Albert Hall this (Saturday) evening, will be the appearance of the above Scottish champion boxers, who in addition to boxing together, will measure blades with some local talent. Mr Pearson Wylie (who, by the way, is a brother of Mr Harry Wylie of the Aberdeen F.C.) is secretary of the Edinburgh Harriers. He won the middle weight amateur boxing championship in 1891 and 1892, and is considered the best scientific boxer in Scotland. Mr Lumley is a Cockney, and before settling in Scotland was connected with the Orion Gymnastic Club, London. He is President of the Edinburgh Harriers Gymnastic Club, and has won the light weight boxing championship of Scotland three years in succession—1891-2-3. Mr Lumley, like his companion, is an accomplished performer with the gloves, and those who have never seen, but yet condemn, this sport could not do better than have a look at Messrs Wylie and Lumley. They will get their eyes opened. Mr F. Wade, the manager of the Baths,

and other gentlemen will toe the mark in front of the champions.

**Football Association for P'head.**

The young men who follow the globe on the Peterhead Links have formed an association. Mr



Mr J. Aitken,  
Honorary President.

J. Aitken, Royal Albert Dining Rooms, one of the few gentlemen who take a lively interest in sport in Blubberopolis, has been elected Hon. President. The other office-bearers are—Vice President, Mr J. Ellis; Secretary, Mr P. B. Brand, 12 Albion Street. Fixtures are pouring in, but still there is room for more, and local clubs are invited to communicate. This is a step in the right direction, and one that ought to have the effect of giving the game a lift in the district. It is not all plain sailing, however, but we trust the members, now that they have put their hands to the plough, will work harmoniously together, and evade internal dissensions. Here's tae ye a'!

**Bawls from the Bat.**

**Formation of a Junior League.**

Thanks to the initiative of Mr Hamish Beveridge, of the 1st A.V.R.E., a gentleman who takes a great interest in Junior Cricket, a League has been formed among the leading junior clubs. The following are the clubs and their representatives:—

Clubs.	Representatives.
1. 1st A.V.R.E.	Hamish Beveridge.
2. Olyne Mitchell's Eng'rs	John Duncan.
3. Ferryhill Engineers	Wm. Mavor.
4. Hawthorn (Inverurie)	T. L. Morrison.
5. M'Kinnon's Engineers	Alexander Henry.
6. Mugiemoss	Wm. Duff.
7. 2nd Orion	Mr Johnston.
8. Rose	Frank Ironside.
9. Victoria	Joseph Hopkins.
10. Wellington	Harper Mitchell.

The following office-bearers were appointed:—President, Hamish Beveridge, 1st A.V.R.E.; vice-president, Mr Johnston, 2nd Orion; secretary, Harper Mitchell, Wellington; treasurer, Wm. Duff, Mugiemoss.

The rules of the Senior League, with a few necessary alterations, were adopted for the guidance of the combination. We congratulate the Juniors upon the prompt way they have followed the cracks. The members of the executive are all keen devotees of the summer game, and with such an enthusiast as Mr Beveridge at the helm, the Junior League ought to have a successful first season. The formation of the League ought to create renewed interest in Junior Cricket in the city and county, and we trust followers of the game will give it their hearty support.

**Rumpus Among the Gymnasts.**

The National Physical Recreation Society had purposed holding the International Championship in Aberdeen on April 1st, but the meeting has been proclaimed by the Scottish Amateur Gymnastic Association and the Scottish Amateur Athletic Association, simply because Major Cruden (Aberdeen) and Mr E. Weston Bell (Dundee) have been appointed to select the Scotch team, the S.A.G.A. holding that as they were the authority in Scotland the matter should have been left in their hands. The Scottish Society is no doubt right in its contention, but surely a more excellent way out of the difficulty might have been found than this most obnoxious and tyrannical Irish system of stamping out—known as boycotting. The S.A.G.A., it appears, is also to veto the high jump competition. Is this because there is only one Scottish team of gymnasts worth their salt at this exercise—namely, Aberdeen? It certainly looks very like it. However, the Aberdeen club may be trusted to fight this point to an honourable issue—if it is not also boycotted.

**Dips.**

**A Jolly Little Gathering.**

The energetic and enthusiastic combination, known as the Thistle Swimming and Athletic Club, brought off its first smoker in the sporting rendez-

vous, the Waverley Hotel, on Saturday evening. There was a capital turn out of members, and a goodly number of gentlemen connected with other clubs were in attendance. Convener Winchester was at the head of the table, and introduced the business in a nice little speech, after which a concert of an interesting and most enjoyable nature followed. Chief among the singists was friend Cooney, who treated us to a parody on "Monte Carlo Walls," the subject of Sandy's song failing to smash the bank. "Billie Grey," however, took well, and the encore ditto. Happy Stewart was in good form, and M'Shane caught on immensely, but the "bun" we award to young Sim, a member of the club, who scored in each of his efforts. The other singers were—Messrs W. Anderson, A. Fraser, P. Harper, W. Donaldson, Ned Mitchell, H. Murray, J. Ogg, Noble, C. Ewen, D. Murray, M. Ewen, R. M. Milne, Willie Duncan, &c. The Thistle boys may congratulate themselves on their first annual—it was a pronounced success. The enthusiastic secretary, Mr Johnston, deserves well of the club, for it is to his indefatigable efforts that the combination has assumed a front position among the city clubs. Keep on "doing it," Mr J., and you'll soon leave the others in the rear.

The Bona. are lamenting the departure of their captain and sub-captain, Messrs Gordon and Farquharson, who crossed the water last week. Good luck to them among the Yanks.

### Puts.

#### The Convicts Bowled Out.

Our Peterhead friends may be very good at putting the large globe between the sticks, but when they try their hands with the Brochers at holling the wee ball they are simply out of it, as on their own rugged golf course at Craigievan the other day Fraserburgh beat them out of shape by a majority of 49 holes—66 to 17! The Herringopolians sit on their ain midden head, and crow merrily, while the Blubberopolians sulk in their dens, and growl revenge.

Last Saturday Mr James Ogilvie carried off Mr James Greig senior's prize of the Bon-Accord Club with a score of 82 (4 off), 78.

The Victoria competitions were postponed, which is hard lines on the Wednesday men, some of them having good scores. This rule is a peculiar one, and ought to be wiped off the statute book.



James Duncan, Victoria Golf Club.

The gentleman whose portrait is given above has been a member of the Victoria since its formation in 1879. While never in the first flight of players, Mr Duncan has always been a very useful member of the club, and both in matches for the club and in press matches for his office has done capital service. He was captain during season 1885-6. As a match player Mr James has been very successful, his steady, all-round play often bringing him in victorious over players of much greater brilliance in some departments of the game. He has also been fairly successful in playing for prizes, though he has never succeeded in finally carrying off any of the club's leading trophies. Of a quiet, obliging disposition, "Jimmie" is a great favourite with every member of the club.

**CRICKETERS** should procure the 1893 Pocket Diary and Companion published by Geo. G. Bussy & Co. It is full of information, and has the requirements of an ordinary Diary. Leather bound, gilt edges, post free 6d, from the Sports Manufacturing, Peckham Rye, London.

## FISHING FOR GUDGEON; THE STORY OF A MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

"**T**RUTH," says the poet, or novelist, or some other irresponsible and impecunious dram-drinking ink-slinger, "is stranger than fiction." I had often come across and cogitated over the bold assertion, and invariably my estimate of its reliability was on the north side of favourable. But, after what I am about to relate, I have, not without at least some show of reason, considerably changed my mind. And if, after a brief recital of the circumstances and facts of the case, any "dear reader" should feel inclined to pronounce the whole thing apocryphal, I would strongly advise the sceptic—as such "ads." are by no means uncommon—to apply to one or two of them in similar or improved terms, and wait results. I shall be very much surprised if in more ways than one he doesn't have his eyes opened. This is the advertisement which appeared some two or three weeks ago in one of our local evening ha'porths:—

**MATRIMONY.**—Spinster, middle-aged, medium height, musical and affectionate; residing in own house in very retired part; income £2160 per annum; being without relatives or friends wishes to marry a kind, Christian gentleman (bachelor or widower) of temperate habits. Honourable answer expected. Address letter to Miss JOPKINS, 50 Ewe's Conduit Street, Holborn, London.

Naturally desirous of bettering my position and securing an income that would lift me above the necessity of earning my bread at the counter or counting-house desk, I welcomed the advt. as a real windfall—and lost not more than two posts in despatching the following reply, which I flattered myself would prove effective in bringing the middle-aged, lovely, and wealthy spinster to my arms, *a mensa et thoro*:—

"Dear Madam,—I have just seen your advertisement headed 'Matrimony' in the *A—E—G—*; and, though I fear my chance of securing a favourable response to this formal offer of my heart and hand is but small, in view of the thousands of such offers you are sure to receive by every post from broken-down sprigs of nobility and gentry on the hunt for cash, and seeking only to accomplish their own aggrandisement irrespective of your comfort and happiness—which should, I think, be the primary aim and object of *all* candidates for the position you are evidently so well qualified to confer on the husband of your choice. None the less, however, I boldly venture to hope, as a true Scotchman, a sincere Christian, and a devoted worshipper of your sex, that, after you have carefully weighed my claims as briefly set forth in the following particulars, you may not be disinclined to at least give me the benefit of any doubts you may be led to entertain as to my moral and physical fitness for the proper discharge of the manifold and often delicate duties which marriage in every case entails on those who assume its bonds and obligations. I am just 50 years of age; a widower left with two children—a son, who, at the age of 19, left the home-roof to get married, and has already become a father; and a daughter, 17, who any day may take the same step; so that I have every prospect of soon being, in a sense, alone in the world. I enclose, to show you that I am not altogether a 'fright,' my latest C. de V., and hope you will like it. My health is good; I am an enthusiastic golfer, and as to tobacco, I have never known what it is either to smoke, or snuff, or chew it. I am also—perhaps in consequence—a good sleeper, and a good 'lady's companion.' It is fortunate that, if you should feel disposed to receive my overtures favourably, you are already amply

well provided for, as my salary here, as cashier to a firm of old established and well-known india-rubber merchants, couldn't well find you in all the comforts and luxuries that many others of your suitors may try to lure you into their meshes with. But, if you do not care to come and share with me the humble half cottage here which my musical and loving little daughter and I occupy, it would be no great sacrifice, but perhaps an advantage, to both of us to make our home at Newton-le-Saugh. Being of a literary turn of mind I would thus have more leisure to devote to my favourite pursuits; and, if you would care to see some specimens of my work in this way, I shall be very pleased to send you cuttings from at least a hundred newspapers and other serials to which I have contributed, both in prose and verse, during the last thirty years. I may just add that, from a first look at the photo enclosed, you may be inclined to think me rather too far advanced in years for a situation such as you offer; but if you have any misgivings on this score I can honestly assure you they are quite groundless. Though not likely to be so brisk and enterprising in some respects as a younger man, my eye is not yet dim to the extent of needing glasses, nor my natural force abated—to the extent of necessitating the use of quack boluses or quack belts; and if, as I sincerely trust, you shall see it to your advantage to entertain this 'tender'—as we call such things in these parts—favourably, you will certainly have no reason to complain of neglect, as, as I have already said, I am by nature a most devoted worshipper of your sex. Pray, look upon my case with a kindly eye and sympathetic heart, and let me have such a reply as will change the whole hue and current of my life from that of humdrum prose and monotony to something more akin to the bliss which poets sing of, and which I am confident our union would realize and perpetuate to us both. Waiting with uncontrollable impatience the favour of such a reply, and C. de V., or other photographic voucher of your personality, in due course, believe me, dear madam, yours very much, and very truly,

PETER PIPER."

P.S.—Have to see a man outside for a minute. Shall go on again with my barrow next week.—P.P.

(To be Continued.)

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

**N**OW is your Chance to Buy a First-Class SAFETY.



**SAFETIES from £4.**  
Large Discounts for Cash, or Supplied by Easy Payments. All kinds of SECOND-HAND MACHINES Exchanged for New Ones.

**THE NORTHERN CYCLE MANUFACTURING CO.,  
37 Lodge Walk, Aberdeen.**

### CARPET BEATING.

**BELMONT LAUNDRY CO., LIMITED,**  
undertake to Send for Carpets and Return same day, if Order is sent by 9 o'clock A.M.  
WASHING.—Baskets sent to Town or County on application. Excellence of work and punctuality guaranteed.

**BELMONT LAUNDRY CO., LIMITED,  
CHESTNUT ROW,  
Telephone 497.**



\* \* \* Correspondents whose contributions are not inserted will find the reason of non-appearance by referring to the Letter Basket.

THE favourite wail of a young Ardoe farmer :—

I have loved thee long, sweet Bessie,  
I have loved thee a year and a day,  
With thee I could live and die, Bessie,  
So we'll get wed some day.  
A farm that is all mine own, Bessie,  
And cows and horses, too,  
And all that is mine shall be thine, Bessie,  
All this weary world through !

PHILORTH says that a gamie and a saw-miller were having a high old jink on Saturday. Take it for *grant*-ed they were all right, but it won't always do to blame the temperance questior their conduct and peeled noses.

HERE's a gem :—New Pitsligo Lizzie has got a pair of spectacles and Oh she is proud of them. Johnie says they become her to perfection.

THE principal function of the St Cyrus season—the flower show concert and dance—came off the other week with great success, thanks to the talented company of artistes from Montrose, who submitted a lengthy programme of vocal music and recitations to a large an appreciative audience. The only drawback to the success of the entertainment was a protest raised by a gentleman in clerical attire against a recitation, "The auld sark," on the ground that it held up religion to ridicule. Bah !

THE worshippers in a certain church 1000 miles from Huntly should give a new hat to their organist, as it is an awful waste of tea cosies and parlour tidies trimming the one she has.

OUR advice to the well-mannered and noble-minded simpleton up Tullynessle way, who employs his time in writing insulting and anonymous letters to his neighbours, is to apply for the vacant chair in some lunatic asylum, as his brainless face and idiotic-looking gape would at once get him the situation.

THE knight of the plane and his friend, the souter from the Square, Cults, will have to pick up a bit if they wish to secure the volunteer decoration. Oh, Peter, upon our *sole*, it was too bad to go out courting when you should have been learning the goose step. The Sergeant says he will not let them off *Scot(t)* free next time.

The joiner and the souter  
Ran away from drill—  
They'd rather go to Culter,  
And mash out little Jill.

WANTED, 7 able-bodied, active, and energetic men to act as policemen and assist in shooting down sparrows. None need apply who have not good guns and plenty

ammunition. Apply to Sandy, Generally Useful Street, Auchinblae.

THE glee party from Banff in attendance at the Linhead concert did exceedingly well. The same may be said of them in their journey home in the sma' 'oors, when crofters within a radius of three miles of the public road for the entire distance were seen taking to the hills and wood fastnesses, the idea having seized them that Col. Cody's very amiable Chocktaws had come on a scalping tour ; but the whoops getting fainter in the distance, as the braves struck the trail for Banff, the frightened folks took heart and returned to their homes.

INQUISITIVE people out Murtle way would like very much to know if it is correct that a certain river-watcher carries his landlady's water, and washes pots, pans, &c., for her, and if so how much he charges her for his services. We ourselves would like to know if he will show this par. to his boss, as we believe he does that when any of his mates happen to appear in our columns ? He ought, too, anyhow !

THE good folks of Strichen were much alarmed to hear the cries of distress that arose from the station on Saturday, but they were glad to hear it was only George getting a noble kick out of the crush. We hope that Pat will use his feet a little more on the tougher class of people, and not on gents. again.

THE Maud folks say that the "Mutual" lecture is now a thing of the past. Great praise is due to the lecturer, and great thanks for the kindly help Maggie frae the "laigh toon" gave in assisting in the evening's amusements.

YOUNG man wanted to escort a certain maid of the range from Ardoe to Ferryhill every second Sunday, as the engine-driver has got the kick. Farmers, joiners, and tramway drivers apply.



A DYCE PIPER.

WANTED, by a laundress in the vicinity of Firth Street, Fraserburgh, a partner for life. He need not be a first-class workman, as the laundress is able and willing to work for both.

A HAT belonging to a Stonehaven youth has gone amissing. The circumstances of the loss have yet to be made perfectly clear. When a fellow goes from home he sometimes (though not always) gets on the spree, and strange things happen. It is *sauid* that the hat was blown off in a northerly gale and crushed up by the wheels of a passing traction engine. It is also said that a hatter in a neighbouring country has taken the wreck in hand, and that it will shortly be restored to the head of the owner. This is all very fine, but we shall see. There is a suspicion that the hat did duty in a political bombardment, and that it is quite beyond the skill of the best hatter in Scotland. The hat is "Gladstone size," but it never contained a Home Rule head.

ST CYRUS notes that the village "Minerva," who in the absence of her "Boy Tammy," spends her evenings in the congenial society of a group of agricultural utilitarians in the vicinity of the *Chemin-de-fer* had better take note that a pair of hawk eyes are upon her.

THE Culter M. I. A. held their annual socialer on the evening of Friday last, and on the whole it was very tame. But why did they throw overboard their usual accompanist ? And yet as Shakespeare says "The cat will mew, the do(u)g(las) will have his day."

WANTED, a few active young men to catch pigs, also a responsible man to drive a pig cart to Lumsden Station. Apply F. and S., Strathdon.

WE have to hand a great many complaints from the Broch anent the mode of issuing the invitations to a dance in Batchan's hall some time ago. After fully investigating the matter we think the committee acted rightly in submitting the names to mother seeing that she supplied the taties.

SOME of the Murtle gossips would like to know why Mac's once burning love for the dairymaids has turned to a frozen iceberg. We say—because they have given him the cold shoulder. Oh, Mac., dear boy, you should learn to know the meaning of the word moderation, and only chum one at a time.

IT would be advisable for those young dressmakers in the vicinity of Auchnagatt to try and conduct themselves in a more ladylike manner when they attend the U.P. Church in the evening, and not create such a noise on the public road. They might then have a chance of escaping our lynx eyes.

THE congregation of the Culter F. C. has been augmenting their staff of managers. Well, well, we are sorry for some of the selections they have made. The day prior to the ordination some of the selection were seen—but of course the Culter folks know their own business best, so if they are pleased we are.

BANFF notes that the sun didn't stand still, nor did the moon forget to shine, during the awful suspense created in the expectant issue of the recent election contest. From the tone of the *Banffshire Journal* leaders, however, one was led to believe that some such mighty revulsion of Nature would result from the awful crisis; and it seemed as if the attention of the civilized world was centred on the fight, and that it was fully alive to the vastness of the importance of the crisis. That *B.J.* tirade, however, was generally accepted as the dying yell of a "busted biler." The northerner had to stay "out," as events proved, and Nature smiles again, though we guess the *B.J.* doesn't. The main cause of the defeat is attributed to the absence of the—hush! The black lum was much in evidence, however, but the owner would require to get himself raxed a bit to have some chance to be seen or heard at an assembly of big fairmers.—*Birkie & Co.*

YOUNG men are surely very scarce at Dinnert when a certain tailor has to escort 3 fair maids every Sunday night. Annie says one's enough at a time.

GREAT was the mirth and merriment of the Broch fair ones over the return of the bootman, but many of them have changed into wailing and gnashing. The Cross Street lassie has carried off the brave heart. Hurrah!

SUNDAY concerts are something new in Elgin, as could be seen by the crowd that were stationed outside the Town Hall on Sunday last waiting till the doors were opened. It must have been that hundreds did not go to church in the afternoon to have the chance of a front seat, as when those who had been in church arrived the hall was filled. Such a crush has not been seen in it since the "Wizard" gave an exhibition of his magic powers. The squalling of infants in arms was pitiful, but fortunately no lives were lost.

NEW PITSLIGO.—"Georgie" to the front again! This time in connection with the Mutual Improvement Society's coffee spree! Particulars of programme—just arranged by the Ladies' Committee—can be had on application—to whom? Why, to "Georgie," of course; head boss of the committee. N.B.—Subscriptions for proposed pension to "Georgie"—long-looked-for reward—for public services, can be handed in at our office.

THE Buckie Choral Union, as far as the last concert in aid of it is concerned, is still in embryo, and must remain so for a long time, if there are so many demands to satisfy of the drawings.

THE weather out Cults way was something remarkably fine on Sunday last, owing no doubt to the fact that the Kirkhill horticulturist had on his new suit for the first time. It is a beautiful suit, and rain or snow might have spoiled it. Why was it that he had his sister out for a walk in the afternoon, and not his missing rib?

PHILORTH is in a great state over the non-appearance of the Sunday boots and cap. Where were the tacketies? And Echo answers—"Where?"

## SETTLING A POLITICAL ARGUMENT AT BANFF.

WHISKERS V. GOATEE.



AGITATION.



IRRITATION.



APPLICATION.



AGGRAVATION.



GRATIFICATION.

THE amount of wearing apparel left in Buckie by the disappearance of an eminent peer is stated to be sufficient in quantity to make a well-known Aberdeen dealer green with envy. The only reasonable supposition why it was not carried off is that a man can't easily take away with him a couple of dozen suits of clothes and twice as many shirts.

THE concert at the Fourmile School the other Saturday evening would have been a better affair had it not been for the braying of the cuddy and his brethren, who did their utmost to drown the music and the singing.

It was hardly expected that the latest dabbler in "fine art" in Buckie would let the sweet-voiced milliner leave the town, but in this expectation was wrong. His action in not allowing anyone but himself to play her accompaniments at Friday night's concert was excused in view of the near approach of the parting.

WHAT attraction has the knight of the needle from the Bridge of Alford way that he is so often seen down in the lower end of Montgarrie. Is it to see the miller's fair daughter, or is it to get a lesson on house-keeping from Maggie while mother is away?

LOST, or eaten by squirrels in the woods while awaiting their lady-loves coming from the evangelistic meetings at Montgarrie, a litter scatterer and a loaf heaver. Any information regarding them will be thankfully received at the toll. Courage, birkies, courage! You will have no toll to pay.

THE debate which came off in the Lonmay district last week was duly patronised by gentles and simples, including the local "vocalist," who as usual finished up the proceedings by entertaining the company to one of his bucolic performances.

THE "unity of the Churches" at Stonehaven just now is a pleasant thing to see, but it is doubtful if the local differences on the disestablishment question will be in the least bit altered in consequence. However, to the credit of Stonehaven be it said, the different sections have no apparent bitterness toward each other—there is no fighting, though the Free Church, all by itself, is presently having a "brush with a painter."

THE folks about Tarves advise a certain young lady to bring a larger muff with her to church, because the telegraphing with one eye during the time of prayer to the fellow upstairs is too easily seen by *Bon.'s* boys.

THE folks of Dunecht are very glad to hear that the old bachelor hailing from the vicinity of Denwell has not given up hopes yet of getting a wife, for he was seen the other night escorting an old lady home to her croft. We would advise you, Joe, to be true to her. Perhaps you will get her and the croft too, although you are on the borders of seventy.

LOVEMAKING in the Braemar Old Zion seems to be very prevalent. Terms of endearment addressed to the popular *fille-de-chambre* may be heard quite audibly during the time of the sermon. "O! darling Annie."

ANOTHER ball has just passed off at Nethermuir, and it would have been the smartest event of the season had it not been that the M.C. introduced a Leap Year dance. No doubt Jim's head had been "throwther," seeing that his fair one was absent; we presume not having recovered the shock of adorning our pages at last one.

THERE is great heart-burning down the Nethermuir way as to what lady was belle of the ball. What say you to Jake's?

OUR Skene correspondent is enjoying the joke of Macstudent, being blamed for his worked immensely. Wrong bird shot at this time. Try again. Yes, we believe in ruling the spirit, too; but when the *spirits* come to interfere with sense of a Sunday, we draw the line. As for the Latin, it is all right—if it could be translated. We sincerely advise that it be insured, in case it die a second-hand death. Sorry we haven't any Hebrew to trot out.

WE have it on the authority of a most reliable correspondent that while one of the Peterhead medicos was passing along the street the other afternoon, by some unexplained process of disintegration, a sovereign happened to make its way down one of the what-do-you-call-ums of his unmentionables. A young lad, following in the steps of his highness, spotted the coin on the pavement; and, feeling sure that it couldn't have lain thus at large for more than ten seconds, naturally concluded that it must have been dropped by ambulator in front. On stepping up to that gentleman and asking if he had lost anything, he felt his loose-money pocket, looked over its contents and said—"Good gracious! certainly—he missed a sovereign. This must be mine, no doubt of it. How fortunate!" Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon—of the handful of coins of the realm from which he professed to have missed the twenty-bob piece, the youthful gold-finder received not even a bronze copper for his honesty! If he hadn't promptly given up the coin, you know, he would have been liable to pains and penalties! It is convenient sometimes, and often saves one's pocket, to be a T.C. and an embryo Bailie, and to know the law.

"WHEN the cat's away the mice will play" really seems to be a true maxim out Inchmarlo way just now, for every forenoon about a dozen slaveys may be seen escorting the postman, or pic-nicking on the green while postie looks on in speechless amusement. Awful, ain't it?

It was rather unmannerly of that eligible young lady of Braemar on Sunday last when walking on the Deeside road she met the smith and souter, of last week's record, to choose the company of the former, giving the cold shoulder to the latter. Two's company. So is three sometimes.

OVERHEARD at the Culter Hall after a concert the other week:—1st Worthy—"Well, Wullie, fat did ye think of the concert?" 2nd Worthy—"O! it was a gey dry business. I thoct we were getting something great by the way they were speaking about it." 1st W.—"O! well, but what could you expect? It was the Free Kirk choir!"

SIX days shalt thou labour, and on the seventh day learn to dance "La Va." Such is the way of some of the blacksmiths out Fedderate way. Jamie wasn't up to the whistling of it over, and it required Sandie to put on the finishing touches.

FROM whence came that angelic charmer

who induced the modest and retiring farmer of Gallowhill to leave his rustic abode and perambulate the classic and Sylvan Craig? The pleasant meanderings and endearments were noted by the gamie, who at first suspected poachers; but why, oh! why, that sudden parting? We imagined you better acquainted with the locality than to detour so for the railway station. It was ungallant of you, Jamie, not to see her on the train. One of your experience should have known better, and we hope it won't be repeated.

THE Ellon glass ball shooting comes off soon, and great expectations are centered in the Doo.

No more dogs wanted in church out Belhelvie way. Please leave them at home, Lizzie, as they are rather annoying.

THE concert arranged by Mr Donald Munro and given in the Town Hall, Banchory, on Friday 17th inst was a huge success, and on all hands admittedly the best ever given in Banchory. Quite an array of Aberdeen talent appeared, Misses Annie Anderson, Jessie G. Robertson (whose singing was one of the features of the evening), J. E. G. Cosgrove, solo violinist, Messrs M. M. Stevenson, George Beddie, David Thomson (who was the hit of the evening), George Melvin, Highland dancer, Master George Melvin, the little wonder. Mr Munro gave a couple of humorous readings and sang a comic medley. Messrs Beddie and Thomson appeared in their inimitable duologue and created roars of laughter. Messrs Stevenson and Beddie and Miss Cosgrove ably officiated as accompanists. Mr Munro purposes giving another concert later in the season, for which he has already made several important engagements. With a programme as good as that of Friday he ought to fill the Town Hall to overflow.



A CULTER LOON.

OVERHEARD in Duff Street, Macduff, last week. A question asked of one of the leading fleshers in Macduff, "What is the relative value of salmon and beef?" Answer may be obtained at the terminus of the Macduff penny 'bus.

DANCES are got up on a queer footing in Buckie very often. Young men are invited

as if the hop were free, and are then mulcted pretty severely. This was the case with the two strangers at the choral dance, but the vocal young men who attended the class struck against the demand for eighteenpence. One of the strangers endeavoured to take his money's worth out in lemonade and buns, but there is only one man that could attempt that with any hope of success in Buckie, and that is—2s 6d is offered to the man who doesn't guess!

NEW ELGINITES had a chance of a good thing on Friday evening last, and they seemed to know that, and if it would be said that they did not appreciate it the truth would not be told. The dance also was most heartily enjoyed. "Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again, and all went merry as a marriage bell"—and no calamity followed.

"PARADISE LOST" has indeed been a dire reality to a certain Stonehaven lover for the last few weeks. The golden edge which was wont to brighten each worldly cloud seemed lost for ever. That seventh day also of Guild meetings and Sabbath schools, on one of which, alas! the Paradise was wrenched from him, has now for him none of its sweetness. But now let all rejoice! though each day since the "Loss of Eden" may have seemed more like a year, the Paradise has been regained. Oh, poetic spirit! is there not here a theme for thy muse grander and more romantic than is wont to happen every day? Why not delight the nation with a second "Epic" and make thy name immortal!

A CERTAIN limb of the law in Cullen, who dabbled considerably in the recent election, was not successful in his latest equine transaction. It is still a sore point with him to ask him what has become of the horse he bought and the machine he borrowed.

ABERDEEN SELECT DRAMATIC CLUB.—Our Banchory correspondent in stating that the above club went to Banchory to pay off an old debt must have been labouring under a misapprehension. Such was not the case. Our correspondent also said there was no dance. This was also a mistake, for though there was a dearth of ladies the light fantastic was tripped till two in the morning. We trust the Aberdeen Select will consider this sufficient.

Country Prize Competition.

MR GEO. BARCLAY, 39 High Street, Fraserburgh, takes the prize this week with the following epigram on

THE SEX.

What is lighter than a feather?  
Dust, friend Bon, in windy weather.  
What is lighter still? you say—  
The wind that blows the dust away.  
But lighter far than all we find  
The lightness of a woman's mind.

O the bad man!

Next week the 2s 6d goes for the best definition of

AN APRIL FOOL.

Competitions must be received by 12 o'clock, noon, of WEDNESDAY, March 29th. This competition is only open to those residing outside a radius of four (4) miles from Castle Street.

THE  
MAN THAT BROKE THE BANK  
AT MONTE CARLO.

The History of an Artful Card

BY KIPLIE BARRING.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

INTRODUCTION.

WELLS saith the adage that the Wells of Truth are undefiled, and yet the Wells of Labby's Truth is not, for from a child he studied every knavish trick that honest life retards, and though 'tis true he broke the Bank he badly played his cards. Ye who would know the reason why peruse this moving tale, which tells of how his little game was trumped by Bow Street Jail, and how this gentleman went Nap his fortunes for to mend, and yet—*mirabile!*—he was caught napping in the end.

CHAPTER I—CHILDHOOD.

HEREDITARY PROGNOSTICATIONS OF HIS FATE—WONDERFUL PRECOCITY—ANECDOTE THEREOF—EARLY LOVE FOR BOOKS—YOUTHFUL RESOLUTIONS.

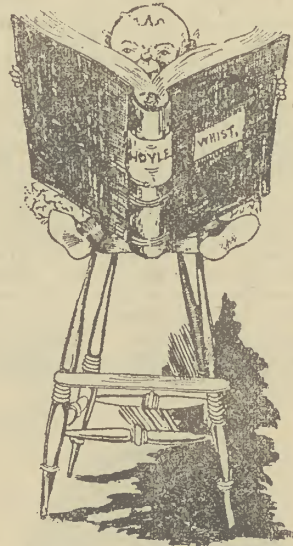
The place was Seven Dials and the time was frosty morn, when unto Hookey Walker Wells a man-child there was born, and strange to say—a fact o'erlooked by other comic bards—this Hookey Wells a maker was of common playing cards, so that did Darwin live he might exclaim in accents true, "Heredity! Heredity! What crimes are done by you!" They called the baby Charles, they did. The doctor in alarm cried, "Do me heyes deceive me, or—wot's that upon 'is harm?" It was no vaccination mark—it was an ace of spades, picked out in Indian ink of brightest rainbow tints and shades, showing that he was yet to be a very knowing file, and that he was to go the pace in regular rattling style.

He was a most precocious *kid* as this nannygoat will show. One morning his dear Ma unto the Market had to go, and as Charley had the teething bad and his gums were very hard she gave him—what d'chew think?—to chew a common playing card. She left him for a half an hour and when she did retrace her steps she found him quiet



with a look upon his face of mighty concentration, and she heard him thus remark, "Of all the rummy goes I've seed this is the rummiest lark! 'Ere, Mar, I say, your optics cast acrost these bloomin' 'scarts,' and tell me, mummy dear, if that is not the dooce o' 'arts?" "You ickle cherub! yuss!" she cried. "'Ow did you know 'twas that?" "Oh! well, you see," he answered, "the notion struck me pat, and it struck me that when I am big and take to mashin' tarts, this shows 'ow I will play the dooce with their little flutt'r'in' 'arts." Now wasn't that most wonderful for such a tender youth? If it's a lie you bet your boots there's no such thing as Truth.

His father was just fond of books—why, bless your heart alive, he was a learned man, he was, and on Sundays used to dive in *Reynold's* and the *Pink 'Un*, and every evening after toil he burrowed in a ponderous tome—"The laws of Whist by Hoyle." Well, one day Mister Hookey Walker Wells came home to tea; and you may take your dyin' bath he was surprised to see young



Cholly sitting in his chair, this volume in his fist, a-probing of the mysteries of double dummy whist. "H'lo, Cholly," says old Wells, "'ow do yer like yer book?" The young 'un *crowed* with glee and said, "I'm learning how to *rook*, but I see as 'Oyle with hall 'is tips a blunder 'ere 'as made—he played a club—the bloomin' fool should 'ave led hoff a spade." The old man looked, and glared, and cried, "The kid is right I think," and Cholly answered, "'Corse I is, so strike me bloomin' pink." Then from his pocket forth the old man drew his cotton wipe, and for sheer gratitude began his paternal eye to pipe. "'Eed not those weeps," the old man said. "I am too full to speak," when Cholly ups an' says, "Hullo! the guv'nor's sprung a leak. 'Ere, stop your snivel, stow away your hankie damp and dank, for I've made up my mind to break fair Monte Carlo's Bank when I am big. I'll give you then, my parent, wot you axes. I'll stand you booze, and *pay* your *rent*—likewise, *oof* course, your taxes,"



Now how he kept this youthful vow, hereafter will be shown in a style I trust you will admit is peculiarly my own.

(To be Continued.)

A Concert.

TWO concerts were held the week before last at K—ngsw—lls. On Friday the concert was good—that is, the audience made no sign. Saturday's concert was on the co-operative system—the audience supplying the accompaniment, vocal and pedal, the performers being seldom heard. The following conversation was heard during pauses, *not* marked in the score:—

What is this, mother? A concert, boy,  
By the Free Church Choir with large alloy  
Of friends from town, who are singers all.  
The choir itself, love, is very small—  
As you grow older, dear, you'll know  
Some sounding names are only for show.

Who is that, mamma, with staring eyes,  
A big shirt front, and hair on the rise?  
That's the ———, dear, who can sing—  
Or says he can—it's the very same thing.  
Why does he rush like fire to the door?  
To get the bobby to quell the uproar.

Where is the chairman? Yonder, my dear;  
You can see him now, though you cannot hear.  
He's not the parson—but then, you know,  
Some folks make a plunge where angels don't  
go.

Parson was last night; a bit of a "do"  
To hand the job over at concert two!

Come away, mother, those men so wild—  
Those sneers, jests, cheers, quite frighten your  
child.

Why do they howl so? Why do they roar?  
Why not run them out quick at the door?  
Few would be left, boy. Here is the squeeze:  
Oof or hoof? Pelt? Pelt? A ticket's six *d's*.

A SPRING POET,  
(After Swin(e)burne).

WHY REMAIN DEAF?—Deafness, Head Noises, Discharges, &c., no matter of how long standing, completely Cured by the New Scientific "Electric Aural Battery," by Royal Letters Patent. Artificial Ear Drums, Rubber Discs, &c., entirely superseded. Pamphlet and advice free. Professor KEITH-HARVEY (Rooms B. L.), 8 Pall Mall, London.

Appointed  
by Special  
Royal  
Warrant



Soap Makers  
to  
Her Majesty  
the Queen.

**JUST A LITTLE.**



Just a little Sunlight,



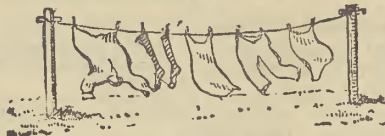
Just a little tub,



Just a little water,



Just a little rub;



Just a little drying  
Outside in the sun,



Then the great eventful  
Task of washing's done.

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

## WELCOME ALWAYS, KEEP IT HANDY GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY.

Have you ever tasted this delicious Liqueur, which is made from the famous Kent Morellas?  
**QUEEN'S QUALITY** for general use.  
**SPORTSMAN'S QUALITY** for exercise in the open air.  
 Sold everywhere. Ask for GRANT'S, and don't be put off with inferior makes.

THOS. GRANT and SONS, Maidstone.



## Keith McCrae's CYCLES.

ANDREW'S "SANSPARIEL,"  
 "QUADRANT," "SCOTSMAN,"  
 "VIKING," "WULFRUNA,"  
 "BONNICK."

Pneumatic Tyres a Speciality.

BEST VALUE GIVEN FOR CASH.

Repairs and Accessories.

### 11 Stirling St.,

ABERDEEN  
 (Opposite Imperial Hotel).

ELLIS & M'HARDY, Coal Merchants,  
 21 REGENT QUAY & 132 UNION STREET.

Present Cash Prices for Delivery within the Old Municipal Boundary:—

ENGLISH WALLSEND,.....20/ per Ton.  
 TREBLE SCREENED NUTS,....18/ "  
 SCREENED SMALL NUTS, ....16/ "

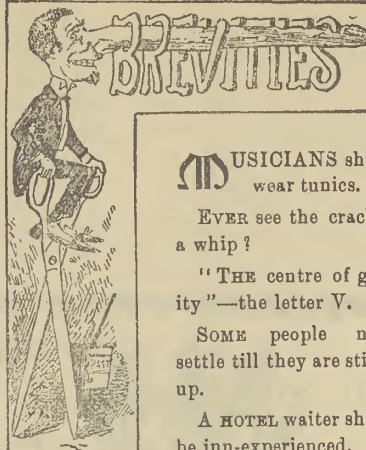
All other Qualities at equally Low Prices.  
 Special Quotations for Quantities.

J. HUTCHEON.  
 SCULPTOR.

KING STREET.



NEAR KING STREET CEMETERY, ABERDEEN  
 ALWAYS A LARGE STOCK TO CHOOSE FROM



**M**USICIANS should wear tunics.

EVER see the crack of a whip?

"THE centre of gravity"—the letter V.

SOME people never settle till they are stirred up.

A HOTEL waiter should be inn-experienced.

STOWAWAYS—Gluttons.

A MIEN ADVANTAGE—False teeth.

"CARPET"—BEATERS—Union Street policemen.

MEN WHO USUALLY GO FAST TO THE BIER—Undertakers.

TO THE MANOR BORN(E)—The squire's son after a spree.

THE smallest bridge in the world—the bridge of the nose.

A ONE-EYED schoolmaster always has a vacancy for a pupil.

VERY few coal-dealers go out of their weigh to be charitable.

LADIES who wear cotton dresses do not object to appearing in print.

WE sometimes call the burglar a bird of prey; but after all he's only a robbin'.

THERE is at least one article of which the common sort is always the best—sense.

WHEN the mongrel escaped with some pounds of beef, it may be granted that it had raised a stew.

THE Pope's jubilee presents were enormously valuable. His Holiness occupies a warm place in the pockets as well as the hearts of his people.

A WAG at the Royal Northern Agricultural Show last Friday says that a man who would steal hay would probably do so with the hope of getting out on bale if arrested.

THE chief of the Paris police was originally educated for the Church. He might have gathered in sinners as a preacher, but probably not so many as he gathers in now as a detective.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, where the Queen held the Drawing Room on Thursday of last week, is the cheapest palace ever built. It was erected for one sovereign and furnished for another.

A WRITER in the *Daily Chronicle* says there are thirty kinds of fleas in England. This illustrates what Spencer calls the extravagance of Nature. One kind would have been quite enough.

GRUB FOR GRUBBERS.

For Joiners—Joints.  
 For Moulders—Sandwiches.  
 For Combmakers—Bones.  
 For Detectives—"Chessers."  
 For Plumbers—"Lights."  
 For Shoemakers—Soles.  
 For Compositors—"Pie."

HOP-o'-My-THUMB.

## MEMORIAL WREATHS.

### "IN MEMORIAM" CARDS.

LARGEST VARIETY } IN THE  
 LATEST PATTERNS } NORTH OF  
 LOWEST PRICES } SCOTLAND.

## WILLIAM GAY & SONS,

215 GEORGE STREET,  
 432 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN.

Patterns of "IN MEMORIAM" CARDS sent to any address on receipt of two 1d stamps.

## SAFETIES FOR 1893.

### PNEUMATICS, &c.

Sole Agent for the Renowned  
 "KING OF SCORCHERS" SAFETY.  
 THE LIGHTEST, STRONGEST, AND SWIFTEST  
 MACHINE IN ABERDEEN.

Balls all over. Guaranteed Weight, from 21 to 35 lbs., all on. Call and See it.

Special Line in Cheap LAMPS and BELLS.  
 FITTINGS, &c., of all SORTS in STOCK at Lowest Prices.

MACHINERY AND LATEST APPLIANCES  
 FOR BUILDING MACHINES.

REPAIRS DONE CHEAPLY AND EXPEDITIOUSLY.

## GEORGE BRUCE,

12 and 14 HOLBURN ST., Aberdeen.

N.B.—A Few First-Class SAFETIES, Second-Hand, slightly soiled, from £5 upwards.

Further Reduction on Prices.

## FINEST HOUSE COALS.

THE ABERDEEN COMMERCIAL COMPANY, LIMITED, deliver into Cellars within the City, for Cash:—

Finest Tunstall WALLSEND.....20s 0d per ton

Finest HETTON COAL .....20s 6d "

Nut COALS, from .....18s 0d to 19s 0d "

Special Quotations for Considerable Quantities.  
 Various kinds of SCOTCH COALS—Prices according to quality.

Orders sent to Branch Office, 140 UNION STREET, will receive careful attention.

ALEX. COPLAND, Manager.

Provost Blackie's Quay, Aberdeen.

## HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT

ARE ACKNOWLEDGED BY ALL TO BE  
 THE BEST MEDICINES  
 FOR FAMILY USE.

MANUFACTURED ONLY AT

78 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

And Sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Advice Gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of Eleven and Four, or by letter

A FEW VOLUMES of *BON-ACCORD*, Bound in Cloth, may be had at the Office DIAMOND STREET.

# CATTO'S

## VERY OLD

# Highland

# WHISKY

IS THE

## OLDEST AND BEST

TO BE HAD.

### Prize Medals

PARIS, 1878, & LONDON, 1884.

For MEDICINAL PURPOSES this WHISKY is superior to the Brandy now offering.

IN ONE, TWO, THREE STAR, AND "SPECIAL" QUALITIES.

Of all Licensed Grocers and Spirit Dealers.

In my Labelled and Capsuled FULL-SIZED Bottles.

WHOLESALE OF SOLE BLENDER,

## James Catto,

WHISKY MERCHANT,

21 ADELPHI, ABERDEEN.

## Land Rollers.

## Land Rollers.

TO those desirous of making up their own LAND ROLLERS, we offer CYLINDERS at the undernoted low prices:—

### CAST IRON CYLINDERS.

Size.	Weight about		Per Pair.
	Owt.	Qrs. Lbs.	
36 in. x 18 in. dia. ...	4	1 9	37 0
36 in. x 20 in. ,, ...	6	2 8	52 0
42 in. x 18 in. ,, ...	4	3 21	42 0
42 in. x 21 in. ,, ...	7	3 7	59 0

### MALLEABLE IRON CYLINDERS.

36 in. x 20 in. dia. ...	66s 0d	Per Pair.
36 in. x 24 in. ,, ...	70s 0d	"
36 in. x 27 in. ,, ...	80s 0d	"
36 in. x 30 in. ,, ...	86s 0d	"
42 in. x 24 in. ,, ...	77s 0d	"
42 in. x 27 in. ,, ...	90s 0d	"
Cast Iron Brackets ...	15s 6d	Per Pair.
Malleable Iron Brackets...	17s 6d	"
Axles for 6 ft. Rollers ...	4s 6d	"
Axles for 7 ft. Rollers ...	5s 3d	"

These Prices are subject to a discount of 7½ per cent. for cash with order. 5 per cent. for cash in one month. Or 6 months current account nett.

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46 COMMERCE ST. AND 39 JUSTICE ST.,  
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JOHN ALDERSON (from the WEST-END, London) begs to announce that he has taken over the Business of the Late JOHN STEPHEN, PICTURE FRAME-MAKER and ARTISTS' COLOURMAN,

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MARQUIS & HALL, 222 Union Street, Aberdeen.

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A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes.

Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these distressing diseases are rapidly and permanently cured by a few simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of 2½d stamp by A. HURTON DIXON, 43 & 45 East Bloor St. TORONTO, Canada.—*Scientific American.*

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# IMPORTANT.



**JAMES ALEXANDER,**  
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,  
113 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN,

**D**ESIRES to thank his Customers and Friends for past favours, and to inform them that he has Disposed of his Business to MESSRS JAMES WATSON AND SON, WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELLERS, 81 UNION STREET, Aberdeen, for whom he bespeaks a continuance of their patronage and support.

**W**ITH reference to the above, we beg to intimate that we have bought the Whole Stock, Fittings, and Goodwill of the Business so long carried on by MR ALEXANDER at 113 UNION STREET, and that we intend conducting a High-Class Watch and Jewellery Business at that Address. We will remove as much of our own Stock to 113 UNION STREET as we can find room for; but, as the shop there is already well filled, we will have to reduce both Stocks largely before we can get them into one shop. To enable us to do this, we will Commence, on

**Monday First,**

A

**GREAT CLEARING SALE**

OF

**BOTH STOCKS,**

AT

**113 UNION STREET.**

All MR ALEXANDER'S Goods are Marked in Plain Figures, and we will give a Discount of from 20 to 40 per cent. off his Prices, and the Remainder of our own Stock we will Sell Equally Cheap. The Public will do well to take Advantage of this opportunity of getting the pick of two of the HIGHEST CLASS JEWELLERY STOCKS in the City at **ENORMOUSLY REDUCED PRICES.**

**James Watson & Son,**  
**81 AND 113 UNION STREET,**  
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