Insure least ye be Injured.
THE SCOTTISH EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED,
Capital £100,000, Issue Policies for (1) Employers' Liability, (2) Personal Accidents, and (3) Fidelity Guarantees.
Head Office—
9 King Street, Aberdeen.
JAMES DAVIDSON, General Manager.

Bon-Accord

Vol. X.—No. 8.] *ABERDEEN, November 1, 1890.* *[ONE PENNY.*

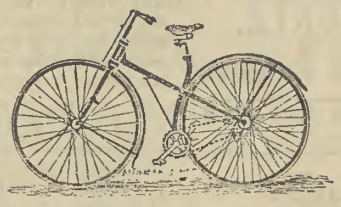
THE
IVANHOE,
VERY OLD SCOTCH WHISKY.
A more Honest Whisky Cannot be got.
To be had from all Grocers and Spirit Merchants in our Labelled and Capsulled Bottles.
Sole Proprietors—
D. A.
RHIND & CO.,
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MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING
COCOA.
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

IMPORTANT TO VISITORS.
THE COUNTY HOTEL
(ADJOINING CALEDONIAN STATION),
EDINBURGH,
Is noted for Comfort, Cleanliness, and Moderate Charges
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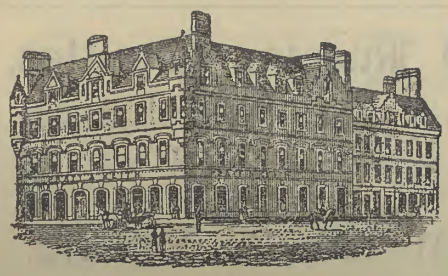
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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S DRESS
ever shown in Aberdeen. FIT AND FINISH WARRANTED PERFECT
INSPECTION INVITED. TERMS—CASH.
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CAPITAL, £50,000.
23 BROAD STREET and 6 GUESTROW.
Branch Office—3 and 5 Seamount Place (off Gallowgate).
LIBERAL ADVANCES given on Watches, Jewellery, Plate, Pianos, Furniture, Napery, Books, &c., &c. Parties sending Goods from a distance can rely on advances being sent per return post.
J. H. SMITH, Manager.
From our ever-increasing business, we would judge of the satisfaction of our numerous clients in Town and country. Please NOTE THE ADDRESS.



WM. BAIN,
9 Bridge Street,
ABERDEEN.
END OF SEASON.
BARGAINS IN SAFETIES AND TRICYCLES.
NEW AND SECOND-HAND.
IMMENSE STOCK OF LAMPS,
SUPPLIED WITH WICK, FROM 3s.
Machines Built to Order—Workmanship Guaranteed.
Great Stock of CYCLEALITIES. REPAIRS.

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PIANOFORTE, ORGAN, AND MUSICSELLER,
82 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN.
A LARGE STOCK OF NEW AND SECOND-HAND INSTRUMENTS TO SELECT FROM.



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Telephone, 234.

Inspection Respectfully Solicited.
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LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S TAILORING DEPARTMENT.
NEW MATERIALS AND EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS,
TO SELECT FROM.
LADIES' TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES,
JACKETS, COATS, INVERNESS CAPES, RIDING HABITS, AND
LIVERIES—*A SPECIALTY.* (HABITS FITTED ON A SADDLE.)
GENTLEMEN'S BUSINESS SUITS, WALKING SUITS,
CLERICAL SUITS, BOY'S SUITS.
OVERCOATS—PERFECT FITTING AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.
Patterns and Measure Forms when Desired.
TRAVELLING RUGS, PORTMANTEAUS, TRUNKS,
AND ALL TRAVELLING REQUISITES.
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INVERCAULD ARMS HOTEL
(Under New Mangement).

Posting in all its Branches. By Appointment. Posting-Master to the Queen

Coaches during the Season to Braemar, Blairgowrie, and Dunkeld.

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A Fine Blend of Matured SCOTCH WHISKY, selected from the Best Distilleries

3/- PER BOTTLE.

No Better Value to be had.

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FAMILY GROCER AND WINE MERCHANT
66 CLAREMONT ST., ABERDEEN.

APPOINTMENTS UNDER GOVERNMENT FOR BOTH SEXES.—Boy Clerks, Female Clerks, Men Clerks, &c. Short Hours, Liberal Salaries, Annual Holidays, Retiring Pensions. Full details free from W. STEWART THOMSON, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.G.S., 10 North Silver Street Aberdeen. Special preparation, class or correspondence. Most successful out of London

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PLAYFAIR, Union Bridge.

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PLAYFAIR, UNION BRIDGE.

COALS.

THE NORTHERN AGRICULTURAL COMPANY has arranged to Supply the following English House COALS, delivered into Cellar in any part of the Town, for Cash :—

	Per Ton.
BEST VANE'S WALLSEND	22/6
BEST HETTON WALLSEND	23/-
BEST LARGE TREBLE NUTS	20/6
BEST NORTHUMBERLAND	20/6

Special Quotations for 4 Tons and over, *ex* Ship.

All Kinds of SCOTCH COALS, Direct from the Pit, at Current Rates

J. S. SMITH, Manager.
30 Waterloo Quay, Aberdeen,
August 1890.

GOLF CLUBS AND BALLS.
PLAYFAIR. UNION BRIDGE. Aberdeen.

The Letter Basket.

M. M. (New Deer.)—Your photograph is far too good for insertion in our columns. Try the *Matrimonial News* or the *Police* ditto.

H. G. (Musselburgh.)—The quotation, "a man's a man for a' that" is to be found in the Apochrypha in the tale of "Susannah and the Elders."



JOHNNIE (Queen's Cross). — We are rather at a loss to know how to advise you in the matter what to read. Begin with the study of the "Monthly Visitor" in the morning, changing as the day goes on, from that to the "Black Kalender of Aberdeen." When night approacheth there is nothing better for inducing sleep and pleasant dreams than a perusal of "Poe's Tales of Mystery." Try it, and let us know how it works.

JERRY (Torry).—Your communication shows a woeful lack of knowledge on the subject you would fain dress up. In fact, your paper is *jerry* built, like unto the manner of not a few houses in Aberdeen.

H. B. (Strichen.)—If you say you can write poetry by the yard, your are certainly out of you're sphere in this dull and unpoetic world. You should be up aloft. Yes, that's where you should be ; but don't forget to take your M.S. with you. Call for it with a waggon, and it shall be duly labelled in your name as "Passenger to the Celestial Home."

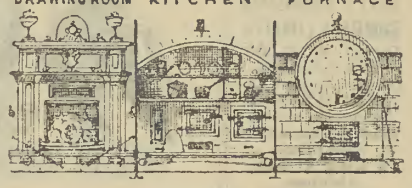
A NOVEL REMINDER

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

An Immense Stock of New and Second-Hand
ENGLISH AND FRENCH NOVELS,
AT
WALKER & COMPANY'S,
19 BRIDGE STREET, Aberdeen.

COALS

FOR THE DRAWING ROOM FOR THE KITCHEN FOR THE FURNACE



ARCHIBALD M'KENZIE,

COAL MERCHANT,

PROVOST JAMIESON'S QUAY.

FINEST LAMBTON WALLSEND, WEAR WALLSEND, and Large KITCHEN RANGE NUTS for Household purposes thoroughly Screened from Dross.

All other kinds of Coal kept in Stock.

Earl of Durham's own Steamers direct from his Pits.

All Coals now charged at a uniform price delivered Free within the Municipal Boundary.

Special Quotations for quantities of a few tons.

Telephones Nos. 4, 18, & 216.

TO TOURISTS.

BAGS, TRUNKS, PORTMANTEAUS, LADIES' DRESS BASKETS, BONNET BOXES, OVERLANDS, and TRAVELLING REQUISITES of EVERY DESCRIPTION. LARGE SELECTION.

NOTE.—SPECIAL REDUCTIONS during this month.

Inspection Respectfully Solicited.

GAUL & WILSON,
SADDLERS, TRUNK AND PORTMANTEAU MANUFACTURERS,
3a BON-ACCORD STREET,
ABERDEEN.

REPAIRS Promptly Attended to.

FENCING BASKET STICKS, 2/- per Pair.
PLAYFAIR, UNION BRIDGE, Aberdeen.

Ulsters.

Jackets.

Dolmans.

During our Search for Cheap Lots in the Southern Markets, we were fortunate in picking up some

VERY HIGH-CLASS GOODS

at an amazingly small price.



50 Russian Mantles,

To be Sold at less than HALF-PRICE,

9/11 to 22/6

Bundles of

NAP REEFER JACKETS,

3/11 to 10/9

ALL SPECIAL LINES.

T. R. WATSON & CO., 92, TOP OF BROAD STREET.

D. G. (East-End.)—Don't grumble. You are lucky, if you look at it in the right light, to get 18s a week. You run no risk of getting any of the 20,000 bad sovereigns which are said to be in circulation.



W. D. R. (Edinburgh.)—It is highly dangerous to run to catch a train. In the hurry you may break a blood vessel, and this ruins your chances of being a centenarian for ever, not to speak of the possibility of your upsetting numerous cabs in your onward career. Rather drop into the Refreshment Room, and wait till the next train, and also *wet* till the train rolls by.

R. M. (Kingussie.)—We are not up in noseology, at least, not to any alarming extent, and cannot advise you as to the new nose machine you speak of. Be thankful you have a nose at all, and see that you keep it out of other people's affairs.

A. H. R. (Dunfermline.)—As we have often said, we are always open to look at poems with a view to publication, but your effusion won't even bear looking at, far less publishing. Adieu, fair one, adieu.

B. R. S. (Aberdeen.)—If you are an elector and have paid your taxes, you are certainly entitled to vote. For our part, we do not intend voting, principally for the reason that there is nobody worth the trouble of voting for at this election.

FOOTBALLS.
ASSOCIATION AND RUGBY.
FOOTBALLS.

BALLS FROM 6/6 to 10/6

PLAYFAIR'S UNION BRIDGE.
A SPECIALTY.
ASSOCIATION MATCH BALL. 8/6

LARGE STOCK OF FOOTBALL REQUISITES.
Country Orders Punctually Attended to.

"Welcome, keep it handy, Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy."

ASK pointedly for GRANT'S, for counterfeits abound, devoid alike of Cognac Brandy and of the proved health-giving properties of the famed Kent Morella Cherry. Report deceptive substitutes to THOS. GRANT & SONS, Maidstone.

DUMB BELLS, 2/-, 2/6, 3/- per Pair, and upwards.
PLAYFAIR UNION BRIDGE.

ANDREW COLLIE & CO.,
GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS.
AGENTS for NORMANDIN & Co.'s COGNAC BRANDIES, MAX GREGER'S CARLOWITZ AUSTRALIAN WINE Co.'s EMU BRAND. HABANA CIGARS, comprising CAROLINAS, LARRANAGAS, CABANAS, PARTAGA'S &c. MANILLAS a Speciality.
253 UNION STREET.

GEM AIR GUNS, 21/-
PLAYFAIR, UNION BRIDGE, Aberdeen.

REGISTERED NUMBER, 3448. | THE NEW PATENT ORNAMENTAL SKEWERS. | REGISTEEED NUMBER, 3448.
IN ORDER TO MEET A LONG-FELT WANT
TO SECURELY FASTEN THE PAPER FRILLING IN POULTRY, TONGUES, HAM, MUTTON, &c.,
And particularly to avoid the use of common Pins, which are often liable to fall out of their places and get mixed up with the meat served, the thing being a constant source of accidents, these SKEWERS have been invented AS SECURITY AGAINST SUCH.
They are also intended to take the place of the usual needle and thread process, which has always such an untidy appearance. These skewers will also be found to be admirable substitutes for the use of Ribbons, which, besides being a constant source of expense, are only ornamental for the few minutes they are fresh, before they get soiled with the grease. To be had from the Maker, ANDREW W. COUTTS, SILVERSMITH, 450 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN, and from the Principal Jewellers.

1890 WINTER SEASON. 1890.

WILLIAM GARDEN, 9 GEORGE STREET,
ABERDEEN.

BEGS TO ANNOUNCE that Special and Select Stocks of BOOTS and SHOES for the Winter Season have just arrived, direct from the Leading Manufacturers, and will be Sold at Prices hitherto untouched by the trade

Every Pair will be found on comparison to be unparalleled, if Price and Quality be taken into consideration.

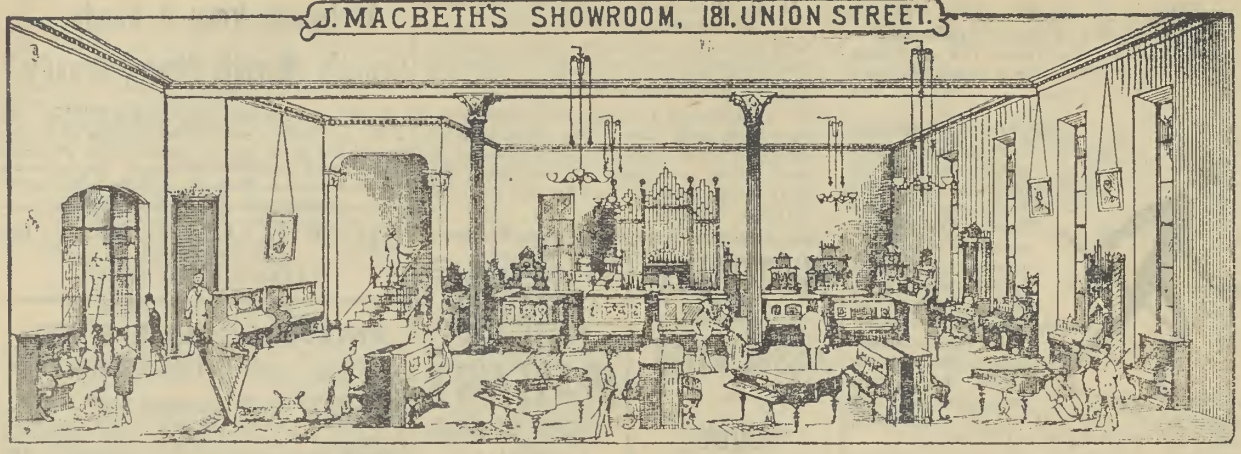
CALL AND JUDGE, OR SEE THE DISPLAY IN WINDOW.

BOOTS and SHOES MADE to MEASURE at Old Prices, notwithstanding the great advance in prices of leather. Repairs of all kinds Promptly and Properly attended to.

Family Boot and Shoe Warehouse,
9 GEORGE STREET,
ABERDEEN.

Orders by Post from the Country will receive the same Attention as heretofore.

J. MACBETH'S SHOWROOM, 181 UNION STREET.



PIANOS—Largest Selection at MACBETH'S.
ORGANS—Best Value at MACBETH'S.
SECOND-HAND PIANOS at MACBETH'S.
PIANOS and ORGANS for Hire at MACBETH'S
PIANOS on the Three Years' System at MACBETH'S
ORGANS on the Three Years' System at MACBETH'S

DON'T BUY until you see the Selection at

MACBETH'S, 181 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN.



Reid & Bain

BEG to intimate LARGE ARRIVALS of

AUTUMN DRESS GOODS,

FURS, ULSTERS, TRAVELLING CLOAKS,
PLUSH JACKETS,
TRAVELLING WRAPS AND SHAWLS,
FELT AND STRAW HATS, &c., &c., at

LOCHEND HOUSE.

DRESSMAKING, MANTLEMAKING, and MAKING-UP MILLINERY
Largely done on the Premises.

WAREHOUSE OPEN TILL—SATURDAYS, 9 P.M.; WEDNESDAYS, 2 P.M.: OTHER DAYS, 7 P.M.
54-56 George St., and 30-32 Loch St., Aberdeen.

The Armour Packing Co.'s

KANSAS CITY

Compressed Corned Beef

IN 14 LB., 6 LB., 2 LB., AND 1 LB. TINS.,
AND
Kansas City Ox Tongues
IN 2 LB. AND 3 LB. TINS,
ARE UNDOUBTEDLY
THE BEST IN THE MARKET,
And can be had from all respectable Grocers.

Be Sure you Get KANSAS CITY.

Quotations for Wholesale Quantities may be had from

A. C. RIDDELL,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
16 HADDEN STREET,
ABERDEEN.

SLEEPING OR WAKING.

DR JAEGER'S

SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM

PRESERVES HEALTH AND COMFORT,
AND
PREVENTS DISEASES.

Interesting Explanation sent Post Free by

WATT & GRANT,
225—UNION STREET—227
SOLE AGENTS IN THE NORTH.

A NEW START.

DON'T MAKE TWO BITES OF A CHERRY.

BUY your WATCHES, CLOCKS, and JEWELLERY for CASH, and Save Trouble and Money.

HALF-A-DOZEN PURE NICKEL SILVER TEA SPOONS
Presented to Every Buyer of Our
10s CHALLENGE WEDDING RING.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, and JEWELLERY REPAIRED AT REDUCED PRICES.

TRIAL SOLICITED.

CASH JEWELLER,
72 BROAD STREET, Aberdeen.

W. M. M'PHERSON,
FAMILY BAKER, CONFECTIONER, AND PASTRY COOK
15 FOUNTAINHALL ROAD.
BRANCHES—
9 Union Buildings,
18 Guild Street,
110 Bon-Accord Street.

GOLD MEDAL COLLECTIONS.

Roses and Hardy Herbaceous Plants.

IN answer to many enquiries, J. C. & SONS beg to intimate that their New CATALOGUES of above are now in the Press, and will be sent to all applicants when ready.

JAMES COCKER & SONS,
THE NURSERIES, ABERDEEN.

MONEY.—PERSONS requiring from £20 (not less) to £1000 are invited to write or call on W. H. COHEN & Co., 21 Grainger Street, W., Newcastle-on-Tyne. Prospectus free. Est. 1870. Send stamped envelope. State amount required.

BOXING GLOVES.
PLAYFAIR, UNION BRIDGE, Aberdeen.

RANDOM RHYMES.



No. III.—THE LEGAL LIST.

I ADMIT that I—with trembling—
From that there's no dissembling—
Take the matter of the lawyers, for this my random rhyme,
I've no wish to be offending,
Which might bring me to defending
Some hundred libel actions, so one, please, at a time.

There's Wilsons in abundance,
And Milnes' names in redundance,
There's Messrs Jopp and Cochran, who as tax-collectors pose,
And Milligan the *Walker*,
And most prolific talker,
And a couple of good *Gardens*, where there only blooms one *Rose*.

There's a *Thain*, though not of Cawdor,
The last "passed" through the law-door,
There's the Mitchells of Adelphi, Mr D. and Stodart J.,
With ways ecclesiastic,
And Booth who's quite gymastic,
And who's "Commander of the Bath," though in a civic way.

To *one Lamb* are four *Collies*,
Two—beg their pardons—"Crollies,"
A *Spark* that burns with *Rae* serene, a bright and shining light.
There's cute young Charles Ruxton,
And Meffet from Pitmuxton,
And J. A. Hadden, P.F., and Alex. Forbes Wight.

There's bibliographic Morrice,
And *quondam* shooting Horace,
Who in the legal brotherhood are sharp as any *Fildes*.
There's Alexander Duffus,
Who, we well believe, could stuff us
With trawling laws and statutes for over three good miles.

In the field of all that's legal
Is a Parker and his vehicle,
There's Robertson and Lumsden, great factors in the law.
There's a *Brander*, ever ready
To *toast* the lord or lady,
And Craigen, who's as good a soul as mankind ever saw.

There's *Keith*, though not a marischal,
To long debates is partial,
There's Ledingham and Jeffrey, and Ferguson to boot,
Who *court* the public favour,
And strive to all endeavour
To satisfy their clients, and "fecht the maitter oot."

There's a trio of clan Gordon—
Whose good *deeds* are accordin'
To the principles and forms laid down by Mr Bell—
A clan as old as Adam,
Or Mistress Eve—his madam—
Well up in legal knowledge, and who do their duty well.

There's an *R.D.* Lawyer Leslie,
Who *Reids* up law expressly,
To give his clients "service"—a "yeoman" one you'll *Grant*—
Is a very well-known fellow,
With his hat and umbrella,
And one who'll see his way clear when another fellow can't.

There's the Y.M.C.A. Fraser,
And a Ross as sharp's a razor,
And a curious combination, which reads as *Edmond Yeats*,
But that worthy's name we've Butchart,
As in rhyming matters such art
Is allowed unto the poet, though that's a thing he hates.

There's a *Hood*, whose name's not *Robin*,
Who driveth now a cob, an'
There's also one called Little-john, and there are *Sheriffs* too,
To complete the thing there's "Allan,"
A coincidence ap-*Paull*-in',
In regard to Mr Robin Hood and all his merry crew.

There are *Campbells*, aye a-*Cumming*,
And Grierson, whose "summing,"
Whose summing up a Jury case is really his strong forte,
There's Leask and there's T(h)om Shives,
Fast cronies both, believe us,
And Rutherford the auditor, who "figures" at the Court.

Now, who will rhyme with Ogg? oh!
I have it W. Foggo,
A gent. who's known to poachers, and all that kin and kith,
There's Messrs Scott and Blacklaw,
Who for whole hours will talk law,
Who can hit the nail right on the head as well as any *Smith*.

There's two Websters and a Taylor,
A Thomson and a Sellar,
Who'll sell you legal knowledge for the sum of "six and eight,"
And Provident J. Mackie,
A gentleman who'll tak' aye
With the temperance party in the town for all time, sure as fate.

There's Alexander Kemlo,
As modest as a Twemlow,
A Falconer and a Hunter, and as a thing of of course,
His Gillies, *a la* Lonach,
And decent Sandy Stronach,
And a *Bar-clay* who will *pipe* his voice with considerable force.

There's six feet J. C. Willet,
Who'll spout as well's a Tillet,
There's *Sim* and likewise *Sim-son*, although not partners joint,
There's a Watt and there's a Wat-son,
And Cattanach with his spats on,
And a gentleman who'll hold his own, aye at the *Bennets* point.

There's one *Brown*, two *Reids*, three *Whyte* ones,
In legal circles right ones,
There's a *Grub* who is a book-worm, aye at his law book-stall,
And there's my good friend Burnett,
Who can stop a ball, or turn it
In the cricket field, and there is a *Marquis* in his *Hall*.

There's a Bain who did so cani'ly
Good service to H. Stanley,
There's Youngson, an artilleryman, whose up to legal war,
There's two *Yetts* to the profession,
Through which the law procession
Can reach an upper *Storie* where there two *Chalmers* are.

Of "Macs." there are Mackinnon—
Rigged out in *British Linen*—
Macpherson, and *M'Combie*, the latter up to *Snuff*,
Macdonald and Maclennan,
And still there is no kennin
How many more we'll have yet, but I think we've quite enough.

There's a Davidson a "C.B.,"
And whatsoe'r his fee be,
He'll carry through your business in a satisfactory way,
There's Cadenhead who'll thunder,
And ne'er commit a blunder,
And who ne'er leaves for to-*Murra* what can be done to-day.

There's Peterkin Board Tradey,
And Colonel Duncan's "Steady,"
An Anderson and Mollison among the legal *Hans*,
And there's Duguid who won't *Nicoll*,
To any legal pickle,
And whose opinion is as good as any other man's.

There's an *ore* that's not a *Crud'un*,
Who's a gymnast and a good 'un,
There's a Robb, Munro, and Robertson, who lately have begun,
There are Davidsons who'll tide you,
And always stay beside you,
Until the work entrusted them is satisfactorily Dunn.

But as my head is Aiken
Most *Sorley* with rhyme-makin',
And I fancy I've gone o'er the list, I think I will be *Dean*,
So I'll put past my papers,
And my random rhyming capers,
And seeing that I'm just *A. King* I'll home and seek Ma-queen.

DOT.

TELEPHONE Nos. 324 and 374.

Bon-Accord.

Proprietors { The BON-ACCORD PRINTING and PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Office: PALACE BUILDINGS, Windmill Brae.

"BON-ACCORD" is forwarded regularly to subscribers at the following Prepaid Rates, including Postage:—

One Year,..... 6/6
Half-Year,..... 3/3

Foreign Postage extra.

*** Sketches, Short Stories, Humorous Contributions, Crisp Paragraphs, and Interesting Items of News are invited by the Editor. Contributions must reach the Office before Wednesday, to be available for the week's issue.

We guarantee Advertisers the Largest Circulation of any Satirical Journal in Scotland.

Advertisements cannot be inserted if received later than 3 p.m. on Wednesday.

Bank Drafts, Cheques, and Money Orders to be made payable and transmitted to the Financial Secretary, A. M Byres, C.A., *21 Bridge Street, Aberdeen.*

THIS WEEK'S CONTENTS.

The Letter Basket, pages 2 and 3; Random Rhymes, No. III., page 5; Local Gossip, pages 6, 7, and 8; A Trip to Edinburgh, concluded, page 9; Sport pages 14, 15, and 16; A True Hero, page 16; By the Way, pages 16, 17, 18, and 19; Bon-Accord Ballad and Peter Birse, page 20.

ILLUSTRATIONS

On pages 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, and 23.

NOW READY, TITLE PAGE of Vol. IX. of "BON-ACCORD." Price One Penny.

WILL O' THE WISP.

The annual municipal campaign commenced in dead earnest on Monday last, when as usual on such occasions intending candidates made the usual platform promises with the view of reaching the hearts of the electors.

* * *

In St Clements Ward, under the chairmanship of Mr Mearns, Dr Robertson and Mr Skinner showed their hands to the electors. The meeting perhaps was the most orderly held in all the Wards. As to the outcome, we have no hesitation in saying that the Doctor will win the trick with honours—municipal honours.

* * *

At St Andrews Ward Meeting—generally of a frisky nature—Messrs Moconnachie and King were duly catechised by the hecklers, the proceedings being further enlivened by a passage at arms between Mr Findlay (the chairman) and Mr Maconnachie.

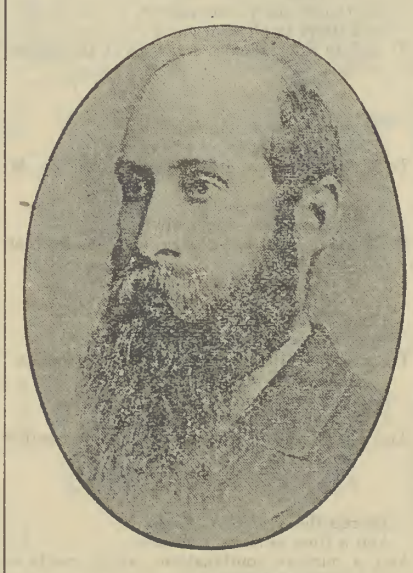
* * *

It seems that even in the Ward meetings certain members of the young party must of necessity fall foul of the ancients. It is, however, perhaps part of their creed to do so on all and every occasion. Still prejudiced remarks coming from a chairman in a Ward meeting is hardly the thing, gentlemen.

* * *

After the nomination and heckling of candidates in St Machar Ward, Councillor Pratt took the opportunity of defending the recent action of the young party. We do not consider that the time of a meeting specially called to hear the opinions of would-be Town Councillors should be monopolised in such a way as the hero of the gas did. If Councillor Pratt wanted to defend the young party—and they want defending badly—he should have called a special meeting for the purpose. Take the hint, Adam, in view of your future proceedings.

* * *



Dr ROBERTSON,

Candidate for St Clement's Ward.

* * *

Greyfriars Ward is to be contested after all, and that by Mr J. M. I. Scott, solicitor, who will prove a formidable opponent to the present representative Baillie Byres. Ferryhill Ward also has put forward a man of law in opposition to Mr A. H. Taylor. In Rosemount the battle will be keen one.

* * *

Let's wish the "temperance party"
A good-bye,
And accord to them a hearty
Long good-bye,
With the hope we'll ne'er again
See such a lot of men;
Next week we'll wish them then
A good-bye.

And gallant Baillie C.
Now good-bye,
A long farewell, say we,
And good-bye,
No more we'll sing in praise
Of your well-known civic ways,
And to your Baillie days
Say good-bye.

And now good Baillie L.
Adieu, good-bye,
You've had your twelve months spell,
So good-bye,
To your golden chain you may
For many, many a day
With tears of sorrow say—
Well, good-bye.

To Baillie B. we'll add
A good-bye,
But we don't say we are glad,
But good-bye,
For you've done your duty well,
As everyone can tell,
Be content now with your spell,
And good-bye.

Let's say to Baillie R.
Now good-bye,
You ne'er were popular,
So good-bye,
On the bench no more you'll pose,
And deal out the legal dose
To prisoners in rows,
Then good-bye.

And Baillie Archie Duff,
Now good-bye,
Of you we've had enough,
So good-bye,
Though you've got an honest heart,
You have not got the art
Of a Baillie cute and smart,
So good-bye.

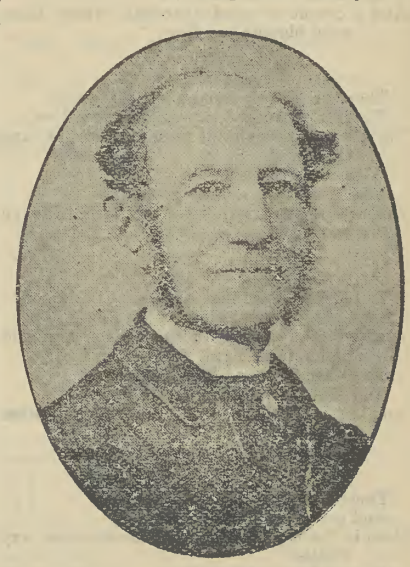
And lastly Baillie Brown,
Say good-bye,
From the Baillie's bench step down,
And good-bye,
For you've not been that success
Which you thought you'd be, we guess,
We love you none the less,
But good-bye.

* * *

To show how much interest there is in the elections, there will be a fierce contest in each Ward. Both the Old and the New Parties are sanguine of victory, the Old burning to wipe out that insult of a "clean sweep" which took place last November, while the Young are devoting all their energies to keep what they at that time gained. Starting the battle as they do in dead earnest, the different parties are putting their best foot formost, while endeavouring at the same time not to put the foot in it.

* * *

A well earned compliment was paid to



Mr Thomas Skene, Inspector of Poor, Oldmachar, on Saturday last, when the inspectors of Poor Association entertained him to

dinner in the Palace Hotel. For forty-five years, Mr Skene has devoted his energies to Poor Law questions, and it would indeed be difficult to find in this quarter a more reliable authority than Mr Skene on parochial matters. As a citizen, Mr Skene is held in high estimation.

* * *

Both the old and new party want an ally in Mr G. Mair Hood, who is contesting Ferryhill. This is not possible, as Mr Hood is running his candidature on purely independent lines.

* * *

It is certain that the Council would be all the better of men of such business capabilities and legal training as Mr G. Mair Hood, Solicitor. There is nothing like law and order, and the Town Council badly want both just now.

* * *

Election literature this year is conspicuous by its absence. Time was when the merry squib and the merrier cartoon were the essential adjuncts to an election. Alas! these have gone now, and there places are filled by the dry reading of election addresses and tickets inviting the votes of the electors.

* * *

Estimates wanted to supply the party known as the young with a full rig-out of *sack*-cloth and ashes. Tenders to be lodged at the Town House on Wednesday.

* * *

In fact, we shall not be a bit surprised if the old party, besides holding their own, will, with the aid of the independent candidates, score a victory all along the line.

* * *

We are very glad to hear that the erstwhile candidate for Ferryhill Ward has had the good sense to take the sound advice given him a few weeks ago by us, viz., "Sooter, stick to yer last." We cousider this to be the very Ess(o)ence of wisdom for all parties concerned.

* * *

Rats are surely numerous in the vicinity of Hutcheon Street, when the hard wrought booksellers and instrument makers have to turn out after their day's work for the purpose of training their pet dogs in the mysteries of rat catching. When, however, they succeed in lessening the number of rodents there we hope they will transfer their enemy to a certain "Mill" up Rosemount way.

* * *

We have always admired the beautiful song "Mary of Argyle." But we are safe to say that we have never heard it sung with more *spirit* than we did one morning last week in Marywell Street. In fact, *Mary*well Street is just the place for "Mary of Argyle," and it was sung in the *Rale*-way too.

* * *

We would advise that King Street quill-driver and his student friend who makes a point of visiting a Dunecht mansion, to call a little earlier in future, as the good folks of Dunecht think twelve o'clock at night a rather late hour for love-making at the window.

* * *

Woodside Whispers.

That a young farmer cleaned his harness on Sunday afternoon.

That a certain gardener had his whiskers cut with a horse-clipper lately.

That the lum hat trick was a complete success.



MR G. MAIR HOOD, Candidate for Ferryhill Ward.

* * *

It would be interesting to know the subject of that adjourned debate which took place at the top of Market Street the other night between the meal and whisky representatives, and also when the discussion is to be resumed.

* * *

We have received the follow epistle, which, we fancy, speaks for itself:—

"chapel lane

"dear bonikord fat wie wis ye so angrie at bailie broon last week mine ye min if ye hade been in mi plas ye wid been gey gled tae promis to jine the teetotal I wan aff for haf an fats the ese o gean them so muckle o wir hard won siler fin a guid promis pleses as weel an we can get a gles whan we win oot I wish broon wis aye bailie he his Som Sinse he is a gran auld man

your weelwisher TT

fan I hiv no funds.

* * *

In a word we would draw attention to the fact that the Cameron's Band performs in the Music Hall to-day (Saturday) and to-morrow Sunday. In spite of the thunderbolts of the "Unca Guid," the Sunday concerts bid fair to be quite a success.

* * *

Various paragraphs have been appearing of late in the local press about bunches of rasps and strawberries having been pulled in October. Not much, however, has been said about pulling the municipal wires, though those have been pulled too.

"Echo" of the *Evening Gazette* says that Archbishop Eyre is a count in the British Peerage. We have yet to learn that there are Counts in the British Peerage, and perhaps "Echo" will tell us where to find them.

* * *

Sunday labour in connection with the baking trade has from time immemorial been considered a work of necessity. But how far the George Street confectioner was justified in engaging his vanman last Sunday evening is a matter for the Sabbath observance officials to say. The result of such a desecrated engagement may turn out a bad bargain to both parties.

* * *

Messrs James & John Stephen, gilders, Woolmanhill, have presently on view some dozen oil paintings by Mrs J. B. Gillanders, which are to be sold by subscription. Flowers form the subject of the majority of the pictures, in the depicting of which the artist has been very successful, particularly so in the studies of "Poppies and Rhododendrons." Mrs Gillanders has of late been doing good work, and the artistic merit of the examples now being exhibited shows that the artist—particularly in flower studies—has the gift of holding up the mirror to nature in no small degree.

* * *

A writer says, "A woman thirsts for a new bonnet like her neighbours." If he had said "A women thirsts for a new bonnet a little more stylish than her neighbours," he would have been nearer the mark.

The *Free Press* on Monday morning appeared in a new *print* dress, and we fancy there has been a considerable amount of *bustle* about it too.

* * *

Overheard in a tramcar (heavy rain falling). Conductor—"Will any gentleman ride outside to oblige a lady?" Old Party—"Is it a young lady?" C.—"Yes." O. P.—"Has she got a gentleman with her?" C.—"Yes, sir." O. P.—"Well, then, tell him to take a cab."

* * *

Someone has invented an automatic card-shuffling machine. If the same genius would produce a contrivance that would deal the cards when shuffled, or better still, settle each man's losings for him, some of the most wearisome features of card-playing would be done away with.

* * *

Beer, it is said, will clean gilt frames. There are a great many human frames that beer has cleaned right out.

* * *

The "Pink Eye" has again broken out in town among the horses, and as the Arts and Medical Sessions have now opened, we may expect to see the "Black Eye" predominant among the students.

* * *

The *Evening Gazette* says, "A member of the Harbour Board was, it is said, approached by one of the young party and offered the Shoremastership in the event of his entering the Town Council in their interests." Isn't this just a trifle like counting one's chickens before they are hatched? And what do you say to this procedure, Mr Mackenzie?

* * *



"MY FOOT IS ON MY NATIVE HEATH."

A facetious correspondent says, in connection with the Dog Show on New Year's Day, that the city for the time being may be described as "a land of canine."

* * *

Came a German old and poor,
Faded was his coat and torn,
Stood beside a cottage door,
Played on cymbals drum and horn.

Frowning down a young man stood
By the window overhead,
Roused thus from a rhyming mood,
Wishes Germans all were dead.

Then with paper bag in hand,
Filled with Adam's harmless wine,
Marks with care the one-man band,
Nor waits another line.

Minstrel's head and bomb-shell meet,
Stillness banishes discord,
Big drum beats a quick retreat,
Youth sends this to *Bon-Accord*.

* * *

The proverb "cleanliness is next to godliness" must have originated by somebody who had considered that the washing day usually follows Sunday.

* * *

According to the dailies a woman in Tilsit has been asleep for ten days. What a consummation devoutly to be wished for. Fancy the peace of mind a man would enjoy during that period sleeping in blissful ignorance, and quite unconscious of the doings of the Town and Trades Councils. We sigh for days of such unalloyed bliss.

* * *

Would the two young ladies in Watson Street, who on Friday last watched with immense interest the process of a young man going to bed, kindly desist in future, as they are watched. To the gentleman we would hint that in future he should see that his blind is down before retiring to rest.

* * *

Our southern contemporary, *The Piper o' Dundee*, has just issued a special art number in connection with the Fine Art Exhibition opened in Juteopolis on Wednesday last by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. Besides containing the portraits of the better known artists exhibiting, and reduced replicas of no less than forty of the pictures in the Exhibition, the number contains excellent portraits of Mr and Mrs Gladstone, artistically done in crayon by "J. M. B." Handsomely printed by James P. Mathew & Co., the special number will form an artistic souvenir of the Dundee Fine Art Exhibition of 1890. The price is only one penny, and the "special" is decided good value for that small coin of the realm.

* * *

The Police Court travesty still goes on, the latest decision of the learned legal luminary for the month being one of "Very nearly proved." A man who can give such a decision right off-hand, and without having once to refer to the Police Laws and Statutes, is simply wasting his time as a Baillie. He should be appointed to fill some of the present vacancies in the Court of Session.

* * *

It was certainly a strange coincidence that at the very time one of our ministers was denouncing Sabbath-breaking last Sunday some of our would-be young swells were engaged at "Nap" in the lavatory of one of our public halls. The time and place were certainly out of place, and if these mashers continue this little game they possibly won't manage to evade the limbs of the law on another occasion.

* * *

The congregation of a certain church in the East-End were somewhat astonished last Sunday forenoon to have the familiar strains of Auld Lang Syne sung from the pulpit, but when their organist started in the evening to play an accompaniment to the benediction they fairly collapsed.

* * *

Gordon's College should congratulate itself upon the result of the Bursary Competition this year, and no mistake. Topping the list with the first four places is good business. In fact, regarding the competition this year the Gordon had certainly "the guidin' o't."

* * *

The statement that the divided skirt is going out, creates surprise in view of the fact that nobody knew it had come in.

* * *

"Cheer up, cheer up," said a sympathetic friend to the wretched widower as they wended their way back to the carriages, "it's useless to give way like that, and after all, remember she is singing with the angels now." "N-n-no, she ain't," sobbed the miserable man, "I'm s-sure she ain't." "Wha-at?" "I say. I'm s-s-shure she ain't. Th-th-the only tune she knows is "Tobermory," and it ain't likely that the angels would sing that."

Would Blush to Find it Fame.

Jones has a bad habit of snoring on the slightest provocation.

"Where is your papa?" asked a visitor one day of Jones's youthful son and heir.

"He's in his study, asleep."

"How do you know that he's asleep, my little man?"

"I heard him; my papa sleeps out loud."



Weary Traveller—"Lovesh not on'y thing whash makes world—hic—go 'round."

A Trip to Edinburgh.

By PETE—Our Rising Star.

CONCLUDED.

AS we were lookin around the town, a man comes up and asked ef I would like to stand on the hart of Midge-lothian. "No," sez i, "Midge never did me any harm, Midge never brok my hart, and i won't break hers. I onst had a Midge i called my own, but she sloped me. i didn't brake my hart, but she got frisky the nite of her weddin and brok her leg, and her husband took to drinkin his own helth so often that he was rowd hom and wakened a corpes in the mornin. An i'm tellin u gospel, old man," sez i, "i heve too much respekt for frail wimmin to stand on ther harts, and ef u don't want to get stood on yer head u'd best away from here." He loked agast, and sade somthing about a ravin mimiak, and was out of sight in a sixer. i never sa that man again to kik him. I was up at the tops of Scots monument. A sixteen ston wouldn't get squeezed up here without getting turned inter a corkskrew. Ef u want to brek yer nek go to the top and try on to a bus.

We had a day in the exibishun. it is just like the glob on a smal skel. U se everything under the son, and u won't heve to travel in forin lands any mor to se the kinds of human beins there; u won't hev ter go to lapland to se a live Turk, or to Rooshia to see a Tuscaroora Injin; there they are afor yes, grinnin al over, offerin u a 1 penny worth of plunkey for 6 pence, but they are onest, very onest. Ef u want to spend 35 thousand a-year go to the exibishum; ef u want to experience the sensation of the journey to the dark abodes below, hitch onto the switchback railway, and shut yer ies. I hitched on myself and the Misses Doolan, and didn't they houl! Don't embark without a feu wimmin, because it is a deal more heller like, but ef you want to com back with a hole cot, don't take the wimmin.

My next venture was a trip in the good bot "ye oshun wave," and we hadn't been long there when the see rose mountings hi. i expected every minit she would funder, and send us to rest with the mermades, but providence sade it would be othirwise, and we landed on shore safe. I visited the grate forest, but as the wild bests never howled when i shot em, i gave up the huntin biznes. Next on the program was the glass faktry, which i visited. This, frends, is the most mistical instertushion ever envented by man. I would heve liked to taken hom a vase to my own der Mariar, but then the larst 1 I gave her she broke on my jaw, so i thot it safest to sample some of the fancy beers as i sa sellin here. Ef ever i want a glasie (which i hope won't be the kase this Krismas) i no whare to go. Tho i sa the glassists workin at ther tred, blest ef i coud tel u how to make a champain botle, thou i coud sho u how to emtie it. Ther is many more tips one will lern away south, but which i leve u to find out. I fel in love 8 times, and got sloped 8 times, so u will see that i'm always tru to Mariar. I advis ung men not to marry unles they can suply their mises with a new dres for every wek, and cart lods of bonets, and miles of ribons, for unles they can promis ther darlins that, they wouldn't heve a pig's life of it. Wimmin is the most fikle human bein on erth; keep on goin about in yer spats, tile, and long cote, and give her plenty of kandy, then, and only then, is ther a chance that ure luve will be tru. For myself i can't complain. I get along golly ef i keep Mariar in crokery. I've just to sit in an old cote of mail, and bowls, &c., fal on me harmles, while i sing and hope "a beter time is comin, boys."

Dere editer and frends, i hop u will take my advis on the matrimonal biznes, and never embark in it to erly; but my tim is up. I left the south regins a sadderer but wiser man—viz., my return tiket, a hat, and a weskit. I didn't leve any broken harts; my conshence is cler on that pint. Perhaps the hotel-keeper or the taylor would like to se me agen, but as i thot the partin woud be to much for my nerves, i left in the nite, hopin they wil fathom my onerable intenshions.



DISGUSTED LIVER AND WHITE (to would-be sportsman who has just missed his sixth covey)—"Say, let's go home; you make me tired. I don't believe you could hit a flock of large-sized feather pillows at three-foot rise."

BRILLIANT LIGHT.

With an Unbroken Record of THIRTY YEARS without a Single Accident.

STRANGE'S A1 CRYSTAL OIL.

MANY Householders still refrain from using Lamps through the unpleasant odour emitted by burning inferior OIL, vended by many dealers as "CRYSTAL," thereby misleading the purchasers, who imagine they are buying

STRANGE'S A1 CRYSTAL OIL,

which gives 10 per cent. better light, and is both superior and more healthful than the cheaper kinds (sold as Crystal), and consequently is ordered to be used in most of the Infirmaries throughout the United Kingdom. All cans and drums should bear the Trade Mark of an "EYE" to show that it is genuine.

Authorised Agents for its Sale in this District—

SHIRRAS & SON, 44 Schoolhill.

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AUCTIONEER AND VALUATOR.

SALE ROOMS—

72 SCHOOLHILL,

ABERDEEN.

PUBLIC NOTICES.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Lessee,.....Mr WM. M'FARLAND.
Manager,.....Mr JOHN CAVANAH.

OPERA AT POPULAR PRICES.

LAST TWO NIGHTS of MR W. R. REDFARN'S LONDON COMPANY in the Celebrated Comedy Opera,

DOROTHY.

No Advance in Prices.

MONDAY FIRST, THE

London Juvenile Opera Company

IN

THE BELLES OF THE VILLAGE.

Box Plan at Messrs Marr, Wood, & Co.'s, 183 Union Street.

MUSIC HALL.

SATURDAY, 1st November.

CONCERTS

BY THE BAND OF THE

CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

Afternoon at 4—PROMENADE CONCERT.
VOCALIST—MISS MINNIE DUFFUS.
ACCOMPANIST—MR G. C. DAWSON, F.C.O.
Admission 6d.

Evening at 7·30—SCOTCH CONCERT.
VOCALIST—MISS JOY MACLEAN.
ACCOMPANIST—MR. G. C. DAWSON, F.CO.
Admission, 2s, 1s, and 6d. Tickets at MACBETH'S.
Doors open half-an-hour previous.

MUSIC HALL.

SUNDAY, 2nd NOVEMBER.

AFTERNOON AT 3; EVENING AT 8·15.

Sacred Recitals

BY THE BAND OF THE

CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

Admission—2s, 1s, and 6d. Tickets at MACBETH'S.
Doors open half-an-hour previous.
Ticket-holders enter by Union Street.

TONIC SOL-FA INSTITUTE.

FRIDAY, 7th Nov.. at 7·45.

ACIS AND GALATEA,

AND ATTRACTIVE

BALLAD PROGRAMME.

MADAME FANNY MOODY.

MISS DOROTHY FOSTER.
MR CHARLES ELLISON.

MR CHARLES MANNERS.

(Late of the Carl Rosa Opera Company).

ADMISSION, 3s, 2s 6d, 2s, 1s 6d, 1s.

Tickets at Messrs James Macbeth's and G. M. Moir, Union Street, and Mr John Adams, 1 St Nicholas St. Reserved Tickets from Mr Macbeth only.

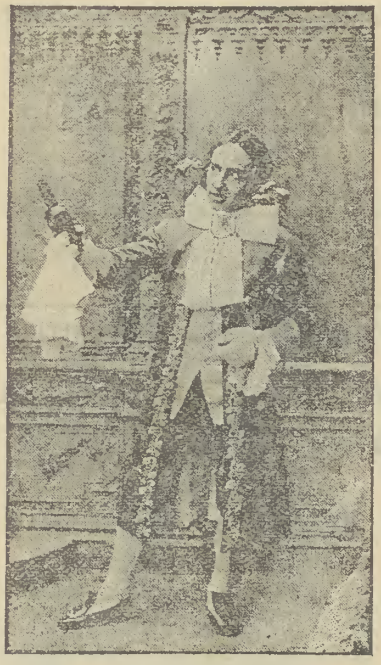
Music.

FROM a musical point of view it is seldom that Aberdeen has the opportunity of being present at such an excellent concert as that given by Mr Farley Sinkins' party in the Music Hall on Tuesday evening. No doubt the fact of it coming so soon after the Madame Patti event, and the stormy nature of the weather, militated against its success in point of attendance. Still that is no reason why there were so many empty benches, and it says very little indeed for the boasted musical culture of Aberdonians.

TAKEN as a concert pure and simple, it was vastly superior to the Patti concert, and this just all the more emphasizes the fact that the public can be so easily led by whatever is considered fashionable. However, those who were there can rejoice in the memory of the sweet singing of Mdlle. Ella Russell, a lady who, though she be new to Aberdeen, at once established herself as head and shoulders above the average concert prima donna.

MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING, Mr J. G. Robertson, and Mr Plunkett-Greene, with Mdlle Ella Russell, formed an almost ideal quartette party, and their various contributions were received with every expression of high approbation. Madame de Pachmann, Mons. Tivadar Nachez, and Mons. Ernest de Munck played so well that their success is assured should they be disposed to visit us again. We hope that absentees have heard so much about the concert from their friends that their regrets will be long and deep that they did not occupy a seat in the Music Hall on Tuesday night.

At the Flies.



Mr Roland Carse as "Lurcher."

"DOROTHY," as presented at Her Majesty's Theatre this week cannot be chronicled a success. It is a pity that this should be so, for we had patiently waited to hear the charming melodies which have so often re-echoed in the walls of the Lyric Theatre, London—and to be disappointed now is rather hard lines. That Mr Celliers' music is tuneful there is no "possible, probable shadow of doubt," and some of the concerted numbers bear comparison with Sir Arthur Sullivan's best work in this line, but unfortunately they were sung in a way that beggars criticism. The same was the case with most of the solos, and the less we say about the performance the better. The conductor seemed to us to do the hardest work of the evening. The way he "vamped" away on his piano was most entertaining—there were times when his play outshone the whole band. Lurcher—the part played so magnificently in London—was thoroughly over-acted. There was a fair chorus, and some nice dresses.

* * *

NEXT week "The Juvenile Opera Company" from the Avenue Theatre, London, will hold the boards.

His Circulation.

PHYSICIAN (to dying editor)—"Your circulation is terribly run down, Hank. I fear you cannot last——."

EDITOR OF *The Boomer*—"How'd you find it out, doc? If the foreman gave me away, I'll——."

DOCTOR—"Why, by feeling your pulse, of course. My poor friend, I fear you cannot live an hour longer."

EDITOR—"Oh, is that it? I thought you had dropped onto the fact that the circulation of *The Boomer* has come down to fifty-three copies, although I have been making advertisers believe I'm still printing one hundred and ten."

Unsuccessful.

"Do you keep a horse?"

"I tried to once, but the officers tracked me and I had to give it up."

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST CLEMENT'S WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—Having been duly Nominated at the Ward Meeting this evening as a fit and proper person to fill the vacancy in the representation of the Ward at the Town Council, I beg to state that, if elected, it shall be my endeavour to promote the interests of the Ward and of the city generally to the best of my ability, and I have respectfully to solicit your support and Vote at the Poll, which will take place on Tuesday, 4th November prox., from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., within St Clement Street Public School, St Clement Street.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

26 King Street,
Aberdeen, 27th October, 1890.

TO THE ELECTORS OF GREYFRIARS WARD.

BAILLIE BYRES requests the Votes of the Electors at the Poll on Tuesday First, in St Paul Street Public School. Polling Hours—8 to 8.

TO THE ELECTORS OF FERRYHILL WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Having been nominated at the Ward Meeting to-night to represent you at the Council Board, I have pleasure in placing my services at your disposal, and, if returned, will endeavour to discharge the duties devolving upon me to the best of my ability.

Your obedient servant,
G. MAIR HOOD.

October 27, 1890.

TO THE ELECTORS OF FERRYHILL WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Having been nominated at the Ward Meeting on 27th inst. as a candidate for representing the Ward in the Town Council, I beg to place my services at your disposal; and, if honoured with your confidence, it will be my earnest endeavour to serve you faithfully. I shall have an opportunity of fully submitting my views on municipal matters to you before the polling day.

Your obedient servant,
A. H. TAYLOR.

29th October, 1890.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ROSEMOUNT WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Having been nominated as a candidate to represent you at the Town Council, I beg to solicit your support at the Poll, on Tuesday, the 4th November. Should you do me the honour of electing me, I shall endeavour to prove myself worthy of your confidence.

I am
Yours faithfully,
ROBERT SIMPSON.

58 Osborne Place.

TO THE ELECTORS OF GREYFRIARS WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Having been asked to stand for the representation of your Ward, I place my services at your disposal.

I hope to have several opportunities of meeting you, and laying my views fully before you prior to the Polling day.

If I have any special claim to your suffrages, I put it on this ground—that there is no lawyer on the Council Board at present, and the training of a lawyer may be of service in general municipal affairs.

I am,
Your Obedient Servant,
J. M. I. SCOTT.

TO THE ELECTORS OF RUBISLAW WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Having been nominated to represent your Ward at the coming Election, and being desirous of furthering your interests in every respect, as well as the interests of the City as a whole, I trust you will use every endeavour to return me at the top of the Poll on Tuesday, 4th November.—Yours, &c.

JAMES C. M'KAY.

Caxton Cottage, Abergeldie Road,
27th October, 1890.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST ANDREW'S WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Having been Nominated To-night, on the earnest solicitation of an influential deputation of your number, as a Candidate to Represent you in the Town Council, I beg to assure you that, if you do me the honour to return me at the Poll on Tuesday First, you may rely upon my utmost efforts being used in promoting the best interests of St Andrew's Ward, and of the City generally.

I am, yours faithfully,
W. C. KING.

Cuparstone House,
27th October, 1890.

HOUSES, &c., TO LET.

SILVER STREET HALL and adjoining ROOMS to Let, for Lectures, Concerts, Conversaziones, Marriage Parties, Dramatic Performances, and other Meetings. Apply, Mr Craigen, 7 Union Terrace, or Hallkeeper.

BUSINESSES FOR SALE.

GOOD BAKERY BUSINESS FOR SALE.

The STOCK-IN-TRADE, SHOP FITTINGS, and GOOD WILL of an Old-Established Bakery Business in the Centre of the City of Aberdeen is for Sale. Offers will be received up to 6th November prox., and all information given by the SUBSCRIBERS.

MORICE & WILSON, Advocates,
34 Marischal Street, Aberdeen.

23rd October, 1890.

ALOON RIFLES, 10/6.
PLAYFAIR, UNION BRIDGE Aberdeen.

THE WEST-END HOUSE, 425 UNION STREET.

GEORGE MAITLAND & CO.

Beg to direct Special Attention to their present Stock of HIGH-CLASS and ARTISTIC MATERIALS for

EVENING DRESS

Which they at present have on Show.

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS have been made to Secure

THE LATEST PARISIAN STYLES

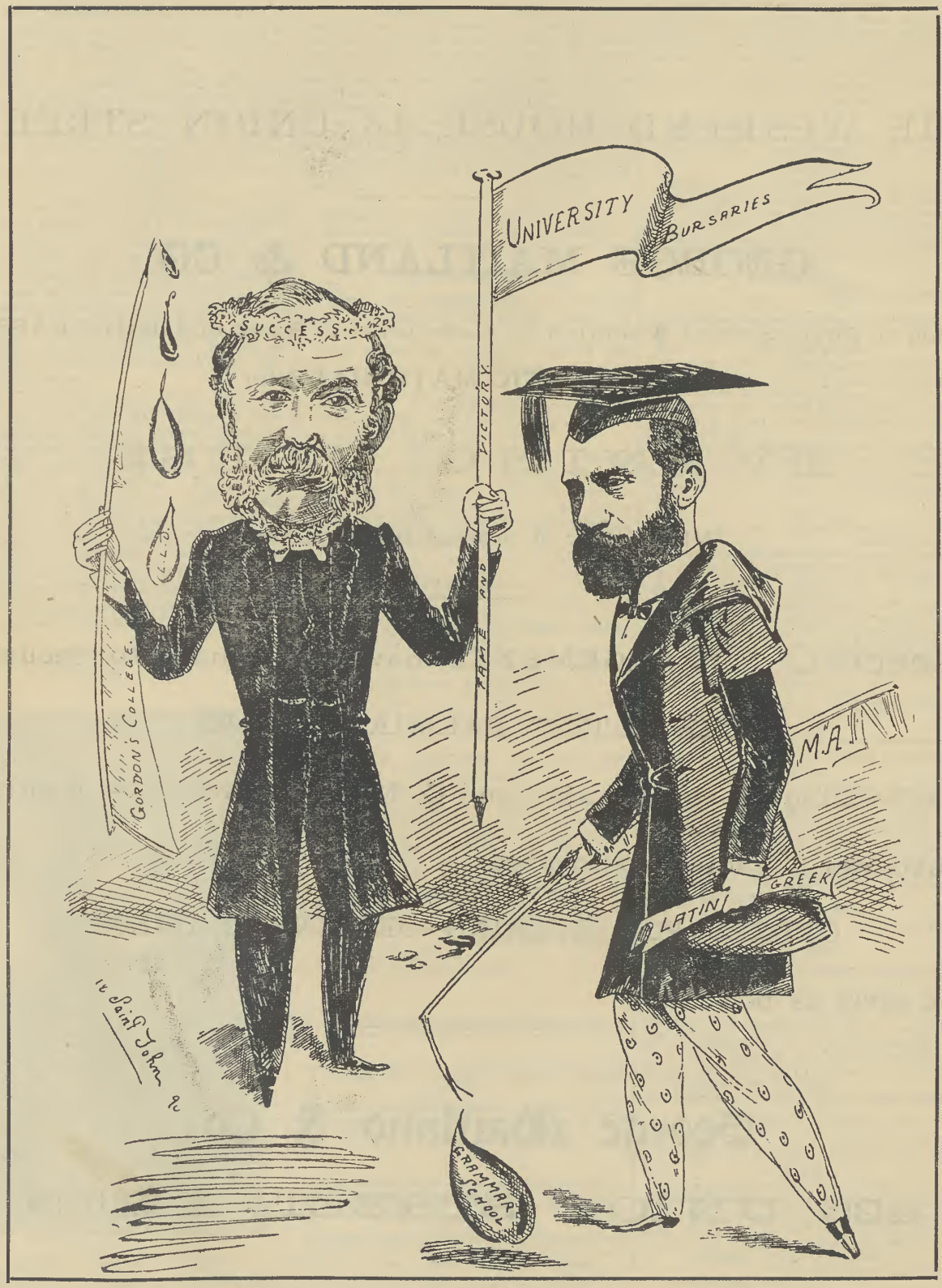
for Making-up these Goods, and G. M. & CO. would be greatly favoured if Ladies would place

ORDERS FOR EVENING OR DINNER DRESS

as early as possible.

George Maitland & Co.,

425 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN.



THE EDUCATIONAL STRUGGLE.



MR R. B. WAKELEN *(Bandmaster, Cameron Highlanders).*

A Surviving Preadamite.

WHEN gorillas were laughing in trees,
And Adam wore aprons of green,
My delicate humour would please ;
I was voted the best ever seen.
When Noah went into the ark
He gave me a spare bit of room,
And said I might make the dogs bark,
But he'd cherish the family heirloom.

When Pharaoh was weary and sad,
The jester his little piece spoke,
And the king said I "wasn't half bad
For an ancient and venerable joke."
The Athenians shouted in glee,
Aristophanes gave us new zest,
And the Romans, in mad jubilee,
Went wild o'er this tattered old jest.

In the court of the good Charlemagne,
In the home of the Teutonic kings,
Though nobles and warriors were slain,
I drank at perennial springs.
I can still hear gay Rabelais' roar,
And Russia's Imperial Czar
Killed a fussy old courtier, who swore
That this joke had been carried too far.

I've weathered my ups and my downs,
I've long been the funny man's friend,
I'm acquainted with streaky-faced clowns,
And, still, there's no signs of the end.
In *Moonshine* I wearily pun,
In the pages of *Punch* I am moody,
I enliven the columns of *Fun*,
And crack bran new jokelets for *Judy*.

THE CLOWN

An Exception.

A—"ACCIDENTS will happen !"
B—"Not when you have a policy."

After the Performance.

BANKS—"Well, which part of the play did you like best ?"

VAN BIBBER—"The intervals between the acts."

An Infallible Sign.

WEEKS—"I'll wager a new hat that man over there's a schoolmaster."

POTTS—"Nonsense, how do you know ?"

WEEKS—"Oh, he tried his hand on the seat of the chair before he sat down on it !"

The Why of It.

"I LIKE the novels of Besant and Rice ; they'll live. They're the kind that stick."

"Yes ; like pitch."

"Like pitch ?"

"Of course ; because they're bi-tu-men."

A Narrow Escape.

THE company had assembled at the church, but the groom was nowhere to be found. Finally a messenger announced that the young man had been run over and killed while on his way to the church.

"And just think," she said, a month afterward, to a friend, "what a narrow escape I had from becoming a widow !"

Suitable.

MOTHER—"Johnny, go down to the grocer and get a pound of black tea."

JOHNNY—"I heard pa say he didn't like black tea."

MOTHER—"It makes no difference what your father says, Johnny. This family is in mourning now."

A Sad Fate.

"I HEAR you intend naming your new paper *The Record*, Faber ?"

"I had thought of that name with favour, Pennibus."

"Don't do it, I implore you."

"Why ?"

"The record is easily broken now."

Corrected.

YOUNG WIDOW—"Yes, John was a good man."

SYMPATHETIC FRIEND—"You must cheer up, Emily. There as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

YOUNG WIDOW—"I know it ; but (burst of tears) John wasn't a fish."

SPORT.

Cricket.

The following are the batting and bowling averages of the Kintore C.C. :—

BATTING.

	Innings played in.	Times not out.	Highest in innings.	Runs.	Avg.
J. Christie	19	5	34	281	20.1
A. L. Cobban	3	0	37	48	16.0
John Cormack	7	1	36	81	13.3
A. M'Donald	13	0	43	144	11.1
James Cormack	12	4	20	80	10.0
J. Cook	12	1	21	107	9.8
R. Cook	14	0	27	97	6.3
W. Middleton	3	1	8	9	4.1
W. Rough	4	0	14	16	4.0
R. G. Campbell	9	1	8	28	3 4
J. Coutts	12	1	9	35	3.2
A. Begg	9	1	7	24	3.0
W. P. Campbell	5	0	4	10	2.0

BOWLING.

	Overs.	M'dens.	Runs.	W'kets.	Avg.
John Cormack	69	20	85	21	4.1
R. Cook	145	53	208	49	4.12
A. M'Donald	39	9	67	11	6.1
John Christie	125	49	171	26	6.15
R. G. Campbell	28	7	54	5	10 4

Rugby Football.

The Argyle and Aberdeenshire met in a friendly match at the ground of the former on Saturday, when a very exciting afternoon's play was witnessed. It was generally considered a sure victory for the 'Shire, who had actually determined how many times they were to place the ball behind, but so well did the Argyle play that they came out of the ordeal with a draw to their credit—each side scoring a try. For the 'Shire, Strath, Pringle, Ogilvie, and Pope behind, and Lewis and Marr forward, gave a good account of themselves, while for the Argyle, Dod Brown, Croll, and Dickie behind, and Coutts, Hosie, and Campbell forward, played up splendidly and with great determination against their heavy opponents.

The Nomads met a team of Past and Present Grammar School at the Grammar Grounds on Saturday, when a most enjoyable game ensued. The School, with the assistance of a few 'Varsity men, put a good team in the field, while the Nomads played their usual fifteen. The game from beginning to end was well contested. During the first half no scoring took place, the play being mostly confined to the School 25, who touched-down twice in self-defence. The second half was conspicuous for the brilliant saving of the School backs—Cowie in particular—and for a good run and try secured by George Cornwall for the Nomads. Gibbon failed to improve, however, and soon after the game ended in favour of the Nomads by one try and a few minors to nil. George Cornwall played in great form for the winners. Cowie, Thomson, and Cameron were the pick of the School.

The Nomads next Saturday play the 'Shire. Their team will be—Brown, J. Cornwall, Troup, Gibbon, R. Catto, Anderson, Clyne, G. Cornwall, W. Cornwall, Arthur, Fleming, Gill, Presslie, Paterson and Stuart.

The Peterhead Rugby Football Club has elected the following office-bearers :—Captain, Mr W. G. Stuart ; vice-captain, Mr W. A. Smith ; secretary, Mr F. Wernham, the Links ; committee, Messrs J. S. M'Pherson, J. Dryden, W. Baxter, G. E. Poulden, and T. W. Tennant. Peterhead was a name to conjure with in the Rugby game at one time, and as the club has joined the N.C.U., they will have an opportunity of regaining some of their lost laurels in the carrying business.

After their first "Rugby" meet—and may we say *drink* ?—last Saturday one would really have thought that two rising bankers' clerks in Peterhead had become *minus* of "reason," *i. e.*, if we judge from the manner in which they conducted themselves at "Bentley's" that evening. Perhaps they aspire to being a little eccentric in their estimation ; if so, then why not give "Hicks" a call, who may be in a position to place them in parts which could coincide with their *abilities* ?

Drops.

That the 'Shire were greatly chagrined at not beating the Argyle.

That they had to play all they knew to avert defeat.

That the plucky manner in which the little 'uns tackled their heavy and speedy opponents was greatly admired by those present.

That the game was a pretty rough one.

That the scientific element wasn't there.

That Pringle had some good runs for the 'Shire.

That Croll tackled his men well.

That "Dod" Brown came off in the running line.

That there was no time given for the fallen men to get out from the mauls.

That this is slightly dangerous.

That the umpire should have seen to it.

That a search was made for the "rocks" on the field, but without success.

BEST VALUE IN THE CITY in FOOTBALLS (Rugy and Association), from 6/6 to 10/6, at PLAYFAIR'S, UNION BRIDGE. A Specialty in MATCH (Association) BALLS, 8/6. Country Customers receive prompt attention.

Secretaries and others will oblige by sending in their reports, tips, and short kicks on Tuesday—*First Post*. **Late tips and kicks received up to Wednesday**—*First Post*

Association Football.

A Good Game.

The Victoria United tackled the Cowdenbeath eleven at the Victoria Bridge Grounds in excellent football weather, and in presence of a very good gate. The home eleven was assisted by Leggat (Turner's old companion). The game was an interesting and exciting one from beginning to end. In the first half the home eleven were seen to advantage, and fairly held their own against their more weighty opponents, half time ending with the score standing even—2 goals each. The pace of the first half told its tale on some of the locals, who were evidently in trouble, and they had to retire defeated by 5 goals to 3. Taking the play as a whole, the home team had a good share of it, and if it hadn't been for the very weak show of Gray in goal the result would have been the other way about. Ririe tackled splendidly at back, and though Peter made one or two mistakes, he was also very fair. Stewart was the best of the half-backs, his kicking being very judicious, but he wasn't so successful in the tackling line. Campbell and little Ingram both worked very hard. In front Turner and Leggat gave a smart exhibition of the dodgey passing game, "Rab" especially distinguishing himself. Fairweather played a surprisingly smart game in the first half, but failed to stay, and was of little use in the second. Taylor was a mixture—good, bad, and indifferent. Watson made a capital appearance at centre. He gave his forwards plenty of work, passing accurately, and dodging smartly. In front of goal he is a very dangerous man. True, he was a trifle "flisty" at times, but he will get over that. He has weight—and knows how to use it—plenty of dash, and not a little speed, and with a week or two's practice should prove of immense service to his new love. The strangers are a heavy, fine built set of young men, with plenty of speed. They played a good game all over, and stayed the distance, though they had decidedly the best of the luck.

Overheard after the match—Red-hot Supporter of Vics. (to Leggat)—"I say, Tammie, the 'blues' set ye !' Leggat—"Dae they ?" Red-hot Supporter—"Will ye no come back again." Leggat (flatly)—"No !"

The Vics. have a nice tit-bit for us to-day (Saturday) in the shape of a visit from the noted Dundee East End. You all know what a smart lot of boys the Dundonians are, so don't forget to visit the Bridge Grounds. The blues deserve to be encouraged.

Other Matches.

The Caledonian made rings round the Stonehaven Club, beating them by 5 goals to 1, but the game was completely spoiled by the Stonehaven men turning up late, as it was almost dark ere the game was finished. The Renton tackled the 2nd string of the Holburnites, the result being a draw. Jim Banks and Forsyth played a capital game for the home eleven. The Renton didn't play up to their best form, there being an entire absence of combination amongst them.

The Aberdeen had the Thistle at Chanonry on Saturday, and gave the Links boys a very severe beating by 10 goals to nil. C. Christie and Tommy Wood assisted the visitors, who might have scored had they been more careful at goal-mouth. The whites played a straggling forward game in the first half, but combined better in the second, the left wing putting in some excellent work. For the Thistle, the backs, centre-half, and extreme right and left wing were the best.

The 2nd string of the Senior Club had a visit from the Albert, whom they easily disposed of by 6 goals to 1. The Albert are a plucky young team, who play a very fair game. Their goalkeeper is a clinker, the backs play very well, and the forwards are smart, but the halves are very weak.

The Woodside left the field in their match with Stoneywood, when the totals stood 2 to 1 in their favour, the cause of the fizzle being the referee declining to grant an off-side goal scored by Ruxton.

Quite an amusing match was that between the Junior Orion—not 2nd Orion—and the Benachie Rangers at Inverurie, when the lads ran round the sons of the mountain to the tune of 6 goals to 1.

The 2nd Bon-Accord met C Company in their Cup tie, playing under protest. The Bons. held the upper hand till ten minutes to time, when the volunteers scored twice, and drew the game, the last point being notched when three minutes had to go. The C's were jubilant—the Bons disappointed.

In their Aberdeenshire Senior Cup tie the Inverurie lads beat the Vale of Dee by 3 goals to 2. Good old Invervrie, keep it up.

In the Junior Cup ties the 2nd Orion defeated the 2nd Vics. by 7 to 0, and the 1st A.A.V. the Athletics by 5 to 0.

The Renown beat Muggiemoss by 7 goals to 1, Ellon the St Andrews by 8 to 0, Chanonry Strollers the Queen's Cross by 6 to 4, Fraserburgh Faithlie Thistle and the Hawthorn drew—3 goals each.

A match between the Wanderers and 2nd Rovers was played on the Links, Peterhead, on Wednesday of last week, which resulted in a win for the former by 1 goal to nil. Wanderers' officials:—Captain, J. Stephen; vice-captain, Walter Cowie; committee—Messrs Moir, Gibb, Wallace, and Ironside (convener); secretary and treasurer, William Wilson, Queen Street, Peterhead.

A match was played on the Links between the Peterhead and Rovers. The Peterhead was but poorly represented, only five of their first eleven being on the field. The Rovers also were minus one or two of their best players. A well contested game ended in favour of the Rovers by 4 goals to 0. For the Rovers the forwards and backs played an excellent game, while Mackie and Sutherland were the mainstay of the Peterhead team. A return match between the above-mentioned clubs was played on Saturday, when Peterhead proved victors by 11 goals to 5. On this occasion the Peterhead were fully represented, while the Rovers wanted four of their usual players.

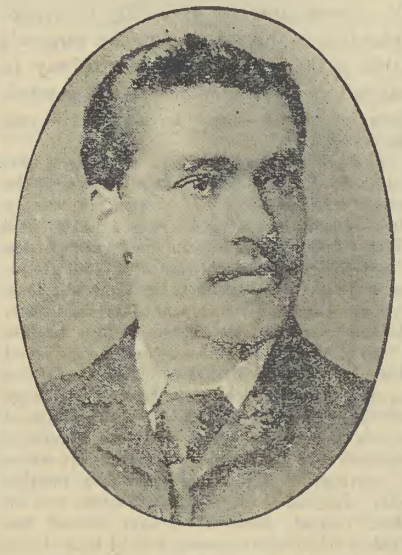
The fourth round of the Scottish Cup takes place on 8th November. The Inverness Caledonian play East Stirlingshire, the latter having choice of ground.

The North of Scotland Cup.

The Inverness Thistle and Caledonian drew—1 goal each, although the latter were on the lucky side, just scoring on time. The play was not good on either side. Curiously enough, the Elgin Rovers also drew with the Rangers with the same total. The teams were evenly matched, the Rangers scoring in the first, and the Rovers in the second half, but the latter had hard lines in the closing scene.

"Spectator" Explains.

"Spectator," writing in the *Perthshire Constitutional* of the 22nd October, gives us a hitch along, and describes *Bon.* as "that smartly-written, well-managed, and cleverly-edited little 'comic.'" Thanks, dear "Spectator," many thanks; but we have known this for a very long time. It seems we didn't catch the meaning of the word "wonderful" in the way he meant it, so we, with pleasure, give our friend's explanation in his own words:—"When I used the word it was merely intended to mean it was 'wonderful,' when we Perthshire folks think of previous inter-county teams, to see it composed (as originally chosen) exclusively of city players, and still more 'wonderful' to see no less than eight of the players St Johnstone men, when we Perthshire folks remember how the ability of the Saints used to be tabooed in the Perthshire Football Association." As our space is limited, we can't afford to go into the several points of his remarks, and in taking leave of "Spectator" for the present, we are very glad to observe he was "glad to see *Bon-Accord* dealt fairly with the Perthshire team."



J. Gordon (Captain, Orion F.C.)

One of the most finished exponents of the "scientific" game in the north, Mr Gordon is deservedly popular. As a half-back he has few if any equals in the city. He is very smart at getting on the ball, tackles cleverly, and places with accuracy and neatness. The whole of his work is characterised by great dash, he has a capital turn of speed, and can stay any distance Lately he has been playing in front, where he has been almost equally successful. In fact, Jim is a good man anywhere, as was exemplified last back end, when he kept goal like a Wilson. He has been identified with the Orion for several years, but was in Glasgow for a time, where he played for the 2nd Thistle, of which team he was captain. With his own club Mr Gordon is first favourite, and those of us who have an outside acquaintance with him know what a genuine young gentleman he really is.



Walter Arnott (Queen's Park).

Scotland's champion back is so well known to all interested in the Association code that it would be invidious in thus giving a full account of his career. Although originally a member of the Pollockshields Athletic, Mr Arnott is best known to footballers as one of the redoubtable Queen's Park eleven, for which club he has done yeoman service. Wattie has found a place in our international teams for a long time, and as he is still playing with all his old dash and judgment, he will continue to command a place among the champions of the Thistle till he sees fit to retire from active operations. Our photo is taken from the Junior Football Annual.

Short Kicks.

That the Vics. gave a capital exhibition on Saturday.

That Turner was exceptionally clever, some of his dodgey tricks being really good.

That Tommy was all there with his old pal, but owing to lameness didn't give justice to himself in the second half.

That in Watson the Vics. have secured a good man.

That with a little thinning down and finish he'll astonish us all.

That of his ability there is no doubt, and we hope trainer John will set about him in proper style. Let's see really what you can do, Mr John; you've got the mettle to work upon.

That the Vics. have been improving rapidly of late, and we hope to see them do something smart soon.

That we wonder what has come over friend Gray. He seems to be out of all form, and past praying for.

That Dame Rumour was fairly on the job last week in connection with Leggat.

That all sorts of things were said—the crowning one being that Tammie had returned to his old club.

That such is not the case—he was merely giving a helping hand to his old companions.

That the whites were all too anxious to get on the ball.

That the way the midget half hung on Key was a treat.

That Willie could scarcely get moved for him.

That the midget is a game bit of stuff.

That "Mad" will have to moderate the pace and height of some of his shots.

That the big Benachie loons were awfully bothered by the clever antics of the Junior Stripes.

That "Father" couldn't understand the little deevilicks at all, at all.

That another Brown is making rapid strides in the game, namely, Frankie of that ilk, who plays for the Central Park Juniors.

That C Company staggered the 2nd Bons. by drawing at the eleventh hour.

That the *Evening Telegraph* is getting over the coals for his remarks about the Harp and Orion match.

That the Harp is quite right, as their critics description of the game was too highly coloured to say the least.

That a pair of boots is not a big enough bait for a *Renown*(ed) outside left.

That you'll have to try the whole rig-out next time, Mr Poacher.

That the Rovers (Peterhead) have all the butter on their side in the report of their match with the Peterhead in the *Sentinel*.

That it was not the fault of the Peterhead that the Rovers' *best* men would not turn up.

That the Rovers have undoubtedly a smart lot of forwards, but what an amount of cheek they have.

That the sooner they give this up, and play the game with closed mouths, the sooner will the Peterhead public appreciate the game.

That Young and Sutherland at back and half-back both played very neatly for Peterhead.

That M'Hardy and Mackie played a fine combined game on the right wing—their passing being executed with good judgment.

That this is Mackie's first attempt forward, and he came out with flying colours.

That Kelman was a thorn in the side of the Peterhead right wing during the second half.

That this player plays the real game, and the Rovers would do well to follow his example.

That Cowie for once failed to come off in goal.

Gentlemen, Attention!

☞ Send in your TIPS, DROPS, SHORT KICKS, &c., on Monday—or, at the latest, first post Tuesday, to ensure publication.

THE

CELEBRATED GGB BRAND

of Footballs (Association or Rugby) Match Size, 11/6. PLAYFAIR, Union Bridge.

To the Juniors.

All our youngsters should get a copy of the Scottish Junior Football Annual, which has just been published. It contains several articles of interest, Cup winners, photos of Walter Arnott, the Junior Secretary, and several appropriate illustrated jokelets, etc., etc. The price is 3d, and no one interested in the work of our Juniors should be with-

out the little work, which emanates from the office of *Scottish Sport*.

The Scottish League Championship.

The following are the results up to October 25 :—

	Matches Played.	W.	L.	D.	For.	Agt.	Pts
Dumbarton	7	6	0	1	26	7	13
Rangers	6	4	1	1	25	13	9
St Mirren	7	2	3	2	19	23	6
Third Lanark	4	3	1	0	12	9	6
Vale of Leven	7	2	4	1	11	25	5
Cambuslang	4	2	2	0	15	15	4
†Renton	5	1	3	1	10	13	3
Abercorn	6	1	5	0	11	22	2
Heart of Mid-Lothian	5	2	3	0	15	14	4
*Celtic	5	3	2	0	17	10	2
*Cowlairs	6	1	3	2	8	19	0

†Renton out of competition (disqualified).
*Celtic and Cowlairs each 4 points deducted.

The English League Championship

The following are the results up to Saturday, October 25 :—

	Played.	W.	D.	L.	Pts.	Goals. For.	Agt
Everton	8	6	1	1	13	29	7
W'l'rh'm'ton W'derers	9	6	1	2	13	22	19
Preston North End	7	5	0	2	10	16	6
Notts County	9	4	2	3	10	21	16
Blackburn Rovers	7	4	1	2	9	19	15
Bolton Wanderers	9	4	0	5	8	16	20
W. Bromwich Albion	8	3	1	4	7	14	18
Burnley	8	2	2	4	6	13	21
Aston Villa	8	2	1	5	5	15	21
Accrington	8	1	3	4	5	8	18
Derby County	8	2	0	6	4	17	33
*Sunderland	7	2	2	3	4	21	17

* Two points deducted for infringement of Registration Rule.

THE "VIF" SMOKER.



"WE'RE A JOLLY LOT OF BOYS."

The "Vif" smoker (held in Watson's Restaurant on Saturday last) was in every respect a spirity affair, and with mirth and song, etc., a very enjoyable evening was spent. Charlie was, *as usual*, taking notes, which will be duly framed. "La-di-do-da" enlivened the whole assembly, so that when they got the "Money" the shout arose—"Gae bring tae me a pint o' ——," then when they'd "All had 'em," the ministering *angels* appeared as if they would have been better of "White wings," as "Climbing up the golden stairs" made them wish they saw the company "Off to Philadelphia" to the tune of "Allan *water*."

A True Hero.

YOU may say what you please, but the highest form of heroism is not found on the battlefield. In the humble walks of everyday life we note instances of lofty self-sacrifice and sublime courage, before which the powder drunken intrepidity of carnage fades into nothingness. On the surgeon's table, in the sick room, on the railway, in the ball room—aye, even upon the crowded, hurrying street—must be sought the real heroes of life.

The other morning, just after the four hundred and fifty-second regular rain of the season had ceased, a young and exquisitely dressed couple emerged from a hotel, and started on a promenade up the way of Carden Place. The spotless elegance of their attire, as well as its perfect make and newness, bespoke a southern couple on their bridal tour. As they were on the crossing from Carden Place to Whitehall the lady suddenly turned deathly pale, and directed the eyes of her equally horror-stricken companion to a huge rut directly in front of them, on the edge of which the wheel of a cart was about to descend into the barrel or so of muddy water it contained. The situation was a terrible one. Behind them another vehicle cut off their retreat, and in another second the bride's elaborate costume would be a sticky and dripping ruin. In moments of imminent peril the mind of the truly great man acts with lightning rapidity. With pale face and compressed lips the gentleman stepped between the trembling woman and the coming deluge. He was spattered from the crown of his new silk hat to the bottom of his immaculate lavender pants, but his wife's dress was spared. There was not a dry eye in the vicinity, as amid the cheers of the bystanders the devoted man retraced his steps to the hotel.

Does not this beautiful incident teach us—

[NOTE.—With great difficulty, and utterly regardless of expense, our correspondent has been prevailed upon to relinquish his evident intention of padding out this rather attenuated incident into a regular four column love story. We desire, however, to state that we have personally suffered considerable damage by the identical rut referred to, and if it is not abated by noon to-morrow the lives and past record of the present Street Committee, as well as their near relatives, will be attacked and exposed in this journal. —ED., *Bon-Accord*.]

The Same Rule Ought to Apply.

YOUNG MOTHER — "What ought the baby's food to be, Doctor Chargem ?"

DOCTOR—"Nothing but the milk from one cow."

YOUNG MOTHER—"And I believe you said the mother ought to take four or five fresh eggs every day ?"

DOCTOR—"Yes."

YOUNG MOTHER—"Well, doctor, should they be eggs from one hen ?"

One on Gorger.

"HERE, waiter !" exclaimed old Gorger, "take this stuff back. It isn't fit for a pig to eat."

"Zem, sare, you must not eat eet," replied the waiter ; and Gorger wondered why everybody smiled.



LOVE seems to be strong in Huntly, and particularly so in Deveron Street. But we would advise certain coachmen not to keep their fair ones standing about the corners till messengers be sent for them, as could be seen on Monday night.

* * *

WHO was the young man up Atherb way who was noticed on a Sunday lately hanging over a draw well, while the gude wife held on by the coat tails. Was it a case of attempted suicide or only fishing for an old bucket ?

* * *

SURELY there is a marked increase in the masonry trade at this season of the year at Peterhead, when a master sailmaker was observed improving upon the pavements at the top of Queen Street early one morning lately.

* * *

ABOYNE TELEPHONES—

That the volunteer ball is a thing of the past.

That it was a very *spirited* affair, judging from appearances next day.

That the ladies as usual were in the majority.

That many were sorry for the Banchory representative.

That he was greatly in demand by the *elite* of the glen.

That from Birse more ladies were present than last year.

* * *



"DICKIE" (PETERHEAD).

The question of who is the best looking man in Monymusk is the rampant one now engrossing the minds of the ladies at Monymusk. To thoroughly solve the question we would propose a plebescite.

* * *

The weather has suddenly burst upon us with winter severity. Outside work cannot be very pleasant just now. Someone in Stonehaven remarks that is a pity after all that the snow has come so early. "De'il the hair would I care," says Sandy, "if I had only had up my tatties." He was a great "tattie" to have left them so long in the ground, but he will know better perhaps another time.

* * *

What was it that caused Donald to fall while leading the Stonehaven procession of Friday night last week? The piper *may* have tripped over a withered leaf, but is it not possible that "Napoleon's" sword may have got in amongst his legs? Donald was in the very act of playing when he collapsed. Knowing that the bag of the instrument was full of wind, why did he not make a prodigious effort to avoid falling on the concern? We never want again to hear any such sounds as that produced on this occasion. Speak of a "hunder pipers!" speak of falling amongst a litter of lively pigs! speak of taking a stick of candy out of the nursery! Give us either, but—no, not *that* sound again, it was just enough to lay up a healthy man for a fortnight.

* * *

Barks frae Fordyce.

That "Princie" has gone the way of all Mac.'s doggies.

That Mac. hied away to Sandend with him one day.

That the gun was given to a stalwart curer, with orders to "haud at's heid an' nae spile the skin."

That the ball was sent through the doggie's mouth.

That "Princie" took to his heels across the sands.

That Mac. and the curer gave chase, easily tracing the blood marks to the inn door.

That "Princie" could not be drawn from below the bed till a tune was played on the fiddle.

That the poor puppikie then met its doom, being cudgelled to death.

That two dogs in six months is not the thing, eh?

That it's high time for a member of the S.P.C.A. to be about Fordyce.

* * *

These patriotic sons of Mars, the Broch volunteers, visited Peterhead some days ago with a view to big gun practice, as their own guns are broken down. Among those who stopped to look at them were an old gentleman and a small boy. The boy *was* exceedingly interested. It was evident that there was some problem that he greatly desired to solve. At last he could contain himself no longer. Accosting the old man, at the same time pointing to the volunteers at work, with charming simplicity he put the question, "Are thae the convicts?"

* * *

Wanted, at Monymusk, a shelter for a young man near Old Paradise, to shield him from the approaching winter's snow and *Rain(ie)*, while waiting for his lady-love on Sunday nights.

Buckie folks are saying—

That the Free Church precentor treated his choir to quite a little curtain lecture on Wednesday.

That the elaborate illustrations of his eloquent powers were exceptionally brilliant.

That the astonishment and chagrin of his *select* audience defies description.

That it would certainly be better for him to "yield a little than quarrel a great deal."

* * *

There appears to be rather a strange competition afloat amongst some young Fochaberian gentlemen at present. The subject seems to be so taking that even an old "lion" bids fair to win. The young damsel who forms the object for competition is so much disgusted that she is vowing to have all her juvenile enemies confined in prison until, as she says, they learn to meddle with their equals.

* * *

Scraps from Kintore.

That the burgh can now boast of a "new times" of its own.

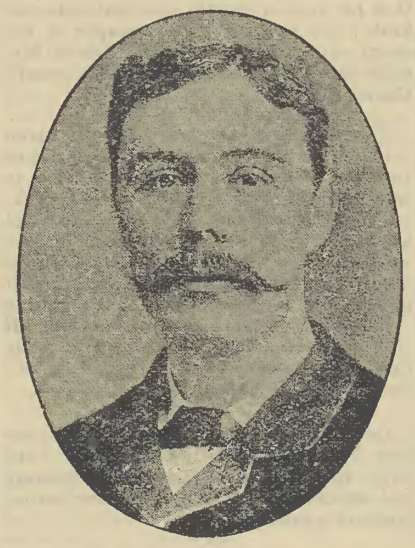
That it was out for the first time on Friday night.

That it was under the charge of a well-known councillor.

That the singing in the Free Church is now being led by the Lairds and medical men, much to the amusement of the younger worshippers.

That *nippies* are going to be abolished in this quarter by order of the deacon.

* * *



A Banff Loon.

* * *

That was an awful catastrophe which happened on the journey of a tandem Foggieloan-ways. The party was from Banff, and in the rear sat a gentleman who has done gallant service on "the field." He lifted a silver horn to his lips, and with one proud martial blast turned the trumpet inside out, and blew a faithful dog into space. The carcase of the animal has been discovered among the Glendronach valleys. "Long shall the tale be told, yea, when *his* babies are old, how good 'anti-nepiosus,' puffing hot, blew the doggie cold."

The householders at Nether Meft are up in arms against a famed Urquhart agricultural old wife tattler, who forgets the good old maxim of doing to others, etc. It would be well, now that he has secured the extinction of the present postal facilities to a neighbour, for him to retire from public life and return to school. Lack of knowledge generally accompanies selfishness.

* * *

Since the vacation has terminated in Kennethmont flirtation has increased threefold, and may be seen going on at the rate of a 60 H. P. engine five days a week within a hundred miles of Old Zion, instead of the henhouse as formerly.

* * *

The Banffers Say—

That the teetotallers would like to repeat the tragedy of "Marsden" Moor, and to drive a certain person "miles" away from the Royal Oak. Hi-diddle-do, 'ooper and crew.

That a certain orator who speaks loudly of organs cries "Peace, peace," when that commodity incarnate has shattered him peasemeal.

That the rags and bones' man made a "lame" defence of the downstairs principle. Seeing that he is in the "lame" trade, that is only natural.

That "the man, you know" is awfully glad he has not been appointed "midden" inspector. "Was pressed, you know; asked not to withdraw, div ye see." Imphm—just so.

* * *

Very welcome indeed was the attempt at "punning" which was seen in the columns of the *Moray and Nairn Express* of Saturday last. What with reports on cattle sales, County Councils, and Warner's safe cure, the Elgin papers are usually rather monotonous to read, and the *Express* has to be congratulated on its new departure. Have another *trial*, Mr Editor, and *try all* you can to give us something better next time.

* * *

Cornhill Whispers.

That the new back kitchen has come to ground.

That the owners are in a sore plight.

That a young lady in the vicinity got a terrible fright.

That she has not yet recovered.

That she now declares she is to haul them up for doctor's expenses.

* * *

Are excise officers as a rule brave? Yes, indeed, and Crathie too will vouch for it. Was it not a piece of the most daring gallantry and chivalry in a member of the above fraternity to brave the storm of snow and hail for the sake of seeing the congregation getting safely and decently home from church. He must have been made painfully conscious of his many friends, for it is not everyone who will expose their heads so often to the pleasure of the elements.

* * *

Gartly folks are saying—

That a meeting of the Young Ladies Society for the protection of young boys was held in the braes.

That they *Will* not accept of the *Innes*-ent darling's services.

That they beg to remind him of the vacant situation in the Old Wives Fireside Society.

It is widely rumoured there was a joke abroad last week about the Crathie Choir. No body has seen it, however, so it must have returned to the spirit who gave it. Was it too *high pitched* to be serviceable?

* * *

There are no complaints about the gas in Banff. It is clear, brilliant, and strong. People are throwing away their paraffin lamps, and cry "Gas, oh, give me gas! beautiful gas!" The ladies have actually to wear sunshades at night to protect their countenances from its piercing rays.

* * *

Lost, one evening last week, a certain well-known Elgin "Earl"; last seen looking for the rising of the sun. Anyone who may have found him on Lossie Green will be rewarded by bringing him back to his old haunt in the King Street kitchen. [Further particulars in next issue.]

* * *

One evening last week, while *Bon.'s* correspondent was meandering along the west end of South Street, he narrowly escaped being smashed by a couple of "kitchen scrapers" frantically rushing through a certain gate, and making for the friendly shelter of the kitchen further west. Possibly there had been a *stormy* meeting amongst the "doves." At all events they should be more careful in making their exit, as *Bon.'s* man does not relish being run into by a few howling lunatics.

* * *

"Lord Harry" of Banff is invoked by the "sub" to aid in avenging his foes—the Birkie and *Bon.*, but that the "Hon. Harry" has too much common sense to heed the "puir cratur." Beard and stomach—ho, ho, ho; brag and bluster—yaw, yaw, yaw!

* * *

Figure, form, and face, so stately,
Full and slim, yet wondrous sound,
See him stalk around sedately,
That's the *Souter*, I'll be bound.

As his namesake, mighty *Davi(d)*,
Lions, bears, and giants slew,
So the Kirton maidens have it,
'Neath his eyes of witching blue.

One and all these dames adore him,
Dote upon his auburn hair,
None are there but what implore him,
His love lot with them to share.

At the sound of cornet solo,
Maids come trooping everywhere,
Each prepared the sound to follow,
E'en into the *Cobbler's* lair.

But, alas! ye Dunecht misses,
There's but one to whom he's true,
So beware those tender kisses
Which he loves to shower on you.

* * *

We feel quite sorry for the Foggieloan lover who requires two living crutches for a support when he goes out for a walk in the moonlight.

* * *

There has been no contested election in Elgin since '87, and we venture to say a little spirited competition for the honours on this occasion would do no harm. Could the old friends of the people at Oldmills not be prevailed upon to come forward once more to fill the Provost's chair? If not, the contest will no doubt lie between the popular Baillie Law and "Our Only General."

* * *

The question on the "Queenie" at present is what can be the magnet that draws that budding engineer over there every "diet oor" from the other end of Peterhead. Is it merely for a constitutional, or can it be as some folks say, that it's a certain lassie whose to blame? Any information on this subject will be gladly received.

* * *

Great disappointment was created out Waterton of Echt way by the non-appearance of a great fiddler who was to give the musicians out there a musical treat. Search parties were sent out, but after a long and fruitless search they had to give it up in disgust.

* * *

Another day had closed over the interesting little town of Stonehaven. The sun had set away beyond the southern flank of Kermonearn, and the crescent moon, skirting the Bervie braes, veiled in a flimsy robe of cloud, did duty for the sickly glimmer of the burgh lamps, which had gone out in honour of the advent of earth's queenly satellite. Over the bridge that spans the Carron stream passeth a gallant form moving with martial tread, and wearing—yes, indeed—wearing *a kilt*. No ordinary chieftain have we here. Yet who would ere suspect that this bold Highlander was he who only but a few short hours ago had figured in a mighty hat of straw upon the pier, and worked the rocket apparatus in a garb so widely, strangely different. Ah! then his number was the one that bore the knife; but now his trusty weapon is the sword—and such a sword! Behold him while the cloud is off the moon—he passeth Cowieward.

* * *

Perhaps the new town of Stonehaven may be able to give the old burgh a point or two in a few things, but when it comes to turning out a really A1 specimen of a Highlander in full costume the former must yield the palm. After the "eye-opener" of last week there is nothing but the gallery for the links. The local dramatic company, it is said, are seriously thinking of putting "Rob Roy" on the boards this session. If they have any difficulty in securing a really first class "Macgregor," perhaps they will now have an idea where he is to be found.

* * *

Owing to last week's notes about Stornoway, blood and fire will be the order of the day. But let these champagne drinking and artistic warriors know that our correspondent is invisible.

* * *

A Shocking report is going the rounds at Auchnagatt just now. Can it be possible, is asked on all sides that a pillar of the church, a man noted alike for the geniality and good humour of his disposition, would prefer a meal-and-ale to a prayer meeting. The story goes that the minister had given out that there was to be a prayer meeting at the farmer's house on such and such a date. Unfortunately an invitation to the whole family came from a neighbouring farmer to attend his meal-and-ale the same night.

* * *

Not to be done, it is said, the farmer despatched a messenger post haste to the minister, telling him not to come, as they had an engagement elsewhere. So the rumour goes. It is quite possible—nay, probable—that some people might have done it, but, we who know and recognise the sterling qualities of this man's character, consider it all base fabrication. No, thrice no. We hold up our hands in horror at the appalling insinuation, and wonder what the world is coming to.

* * *

What a chance for a "temperance party" in Elgin. Why, there are four magisterial seats to let at the Council Chamber, including the Provost's, which carries with it the famous robe of Ermine and gold chain. The Elgin friends of temperance seem quite alive to the failure of their brethren in Aberdeen, or wherefore their inactivity. Surely a "young party" of some kind could be formed irrespective of their powers of absorption.

* * *

Rumour has it that certain young barristers have their eye on the Provostship, but surely they would not go against the *law*. Their is a very large selection of probable candidates mentioned for the Council, including lawyers, bankers, china-merchants, wood-merchants, booksellers, station officials, engineers, net-workers, &c.

* * *

"Do coming events cast their shadows beforehand," was the saying at the public roup at Glenlivet the other day when a certain youth was doing big business in the blanket and pillow line.

* * *

There is now a barber's shop opened in the vicinity of Edinkillie when the public are requested to *Col in* and have their capillary appendages removed while they wait.

* * *

The presentation at Stornoway last week was a success. The specches were immense, each man striving with the other to extol the virtues of the recipient (of whom, however, too much good could not have been said). There was like, however, to be some trouble at the beginning on account of some liquids which were observed on a side table. The mutterings of the city fathers were ominous, each wanting to know who was responsible for the presence of the said liquids. After the presentation had been made, and the city fathers, having vamoosed the younger and wilder spirits, sampled the liquids pretty freely, with the result that the fun waxed fast and furious, and the inhabitants of the quiet locality of Kenneth Street were rudely awakened from their slumbers. It was arranged to see the hero of the night to the steamer, but here let us draw the veil. The concluding scenes, in attempting to carry out the resolution, are too harrowing for publication.

* * *

An extension of the telegraph service in the Auchleuchries direction might be a commodious contrivance for the conveyance of left boots, &c., and it would relieve a number of wives from carrying them home next day after such visits.

Bonnie Charlie's been lang awa,
Will ye no come back again?

* * *

Wanted to know where that two-and-a-half dozen sandwiches are that disappeared from the bicycle ball last week. Were last seen in the Connisdale district.

Fochabers Say—

That the *Bobby* is to be changed.

That this is due to the clique.

That the cyclist ball has come and gone.

That undoubtedly it would have been the turnout of the season.

That the castle contingent enlivened the proceedings.

That tooth-drawing is a very difficult task when it requires two doctors, two druggists, one dentist, and one midwife to extract one tooth of a grocer in High Street.

That probably the cause of the attack was due to an ovedose of *Lipton's Tea.*

* * *

"There is nothing like leather," and it is a pity when one has a pair of boots that they should stop so long with their sweetheart that they have to leave their boots and walk home on their stockings, as the farmer's son did the other week in the vicinity of Birnesss.

* * *

Last Thursday a few Elgin mashers, intent on spending a *fast* day, and being afraid to leave the *City*, walked out the length of Sherrifmill, where, thinking themselves safe from *Bon.'s* prying eyes, they awaited the coming of the brake. Our "Owl," nevertheless, hoots from the "Oak Wood" that he saw a strange turnout passing his haunts, and would like to know whether it was a "field gun" or a photographic apparatus that occupied the "box."

* * *

Arriving at their destination after some *sluie*-ing, and after sundry reports resembling "big gun practice," the "lens" was set agoing, and as *Bon.'s* correspondent was not there to see "Ackie's" photo with the pipes in his arms, he advises him not to let the inhabitants see the proof lest the pipes should resemble a west country damsel.

* * *

If every proprietor were to act as a well-know laird in the Buchan district did on the occasion of the Pitfour Ball there would be less necessity for landed gentry to hide their diminished heads, as Biffie used to playfully remark, in foreign lands.

* * *

It turns out that the laird, in default of making a bargain with a local horsehirer to drive him home, hitched an antiquated game cart on to a farm horse, placed his grieve—in his funeral suit—on the vehicle, and made tracks for the festivities. The best laid schemes, however, gang aft agley, and the imposing cavalcade was not far on its road when it was off it, the whole party being only saved from a watery grave through the exertions of a passing game-keeper.

* * *

The laird, having refreshed the inner-man by a hearty supper, covered up his natty pumps by a galoche which he had stowed away in either pocket of his martial cloak, and walked home to his abode. Being careful of his health, as well as of frugal mind, he carried out the adage, "After supper walk a mile." By practising such stern economies one can even entertain princes.

* * *

We understand some officials in the vicinity of Peterhead have ordered a gross of gamelets for the purpose of boring the eyes out of *Bon.'s* correspondent when they find him. Yes, when they find him, possibly not in this *side* of time.

Eye-glasses are on the increase out Mintlaw way. They are now used by certain young ladies for the purpose of walking in the dark. "Oh wid some power the giftie gee us, to see ourselves as ithers see us."

* * *

We wonder whether the Elgin "kitchen rangers" were more interested in the movements of the "pipe band," or in watching the "slaveys" of the far west mansion retiring for the night? At all events there they were, and certainly a company little calculated to *do good* to the housemaid's *Acking* heart.

* * *

Two Rothienorman worthies lately invested in an ass at Rothie Market. Judging from the proceedings, however, which followed, when the possessors attempted to mount, it seems that the ass wished to *toss* them as to who had the right to the first ride. The point is not yet settled, as the beastie has made itself scarce from the neighbourhood, and defies all attempts to ensnare it.

* * *

The people of Turriff have at length decided that the most suitable and useful present they could give to that gentleman with the understandings, and who so generously supplied them some time ago with an unlimited amount of Epsom salts, would be a watch. They have arrived at that conclusion upon the advice of his landlady, whom he persistently annoys by frequently coming for dinner an hour before he is supposed to do so. Perhaps if he thought less upon a certain lady and more about his work he would not fall into this mistake so often as he does.

* * *

A certain gentleman who is in the habit of accompanying home a young lady and friend from a singing class in the Skene district should take the hint that his absence would be more appreciated than his personal attendance.

* * *

Scraps from Garmouth.

That a fearful combat is expected between our correspondent and "Jocky" over the breaking of a summer house.

That it is a subject of comment why a certain "mash" goes so often the way of Buckie.

* * *

A certain Banff reformer has now really succeeded in surpassing himself. His attitude is described as jubilant. In fact, he seems seriously to have taken journalism to heart. In this new vocation, we perceive elements of good, as he may now be induced to be content in excercising his literary talent, instead of having recourse to gossip and scandal as formerly.

* * *

Rumour hath it that there is likely to be a strike amongst the joiners at Culter, owing to a certain farmer in the district having constructed a corn chest while the good people of the neighbourhood were at church. Chest so.

* * *

Scraps frae Turriff.

Which of the boys in the bass seat of the E. C. Choir has the claim to a certain place?

Is it *(W)right* to keep on the best singing girl as door keeper.

We beg rather to make an exchange with the flower o' Dunblane—so don't be afraid to face the baton.

The great question in Fochabers at present is "Was it too much of the 'barley bree' that made the stirk to anchor in the centre of the hall at a certain ball, or was he merely 'lowin'' for his 'neeps and straw?'" Those interested will be glad to learn which it was.

* * *

A young maiden over Tore Castle way has turned out an expert fisher. *Bon.* would like to know if she would require the services of a finical fellow to escort her the next time that she goes on a fishing expedition.

* * *

Motto for the Marykirk School Board—"Peace with honour, or honour with peace."

* * *

Our hint to the Kintore ghillies seems to have taken effect, and the minnows are now allowed to enjoy a day of rest prior to being caught on the second day of the week.

* * *

It would be interesting to know what business drew so many of the temperance party to the Kintore Arms on Thursday night.

* * *

Bon.'s correspondent is credibly informed that a subscription is in course of being gathered to purchase gloves for the young Elgin dude who exchanged the pen for the Miltonduff brewer's grubber. The poor fellow's blistered hands, it is said, greatly interfered with the usual flourish of his superb caligraphy.

* * *

A fashionable ball was held near Mintlaw last week, and several of the elite of the district had the honour of being invited, and were present. Others, who evidently misunderstood their position in society, were not invited, and of course could not be present. *Est modus in rebus. Humanum est errare.*

* * *

The *Fochabers Gazette* says:—"A certain gentleman and a lady have been amissing for a week. 'Coming events cast their shadows before.'"

* * *



Policeman—"Do you want to cross, little girl?"

Little Girl—"Do you suppose I want ter stan' here an' look at yer? (with cutting severity) I dare say if I'd a been a year or two older an' lived on the avenoo, an' dressed in silk and di'monts, you wouldn't ha' said nothin', but grabbed me 'round the waist an' took me over without a word!"

Bon-Accord Ballads.



THE MODERN FOOL.

YOU all will admit that a fellow with wit
Leads a life that, well, isn't worth living
For where'er you will flit you're bound to emit
Your jokes or you won't get a living.
You must quip, and e'en pun, and keep up the fun
To a very high point, I assever,
And your smart things must run, when once you've begun,
If you want them to think that you're clever.

When you're asked out to dine, when the walnuts and wine
Bedeck the mahogany table,
You're expected to joke in a style superfine,
And to fire off smart sayings be able.
And your host looks to you, yes all the night through,
To use all your finest endeavour;
And make them all laugh with your good-natured chaff,
On account of your being so clever.

And if e'er you should be invited to tea
With a set of full forty year ladies,
You must pun, oh so free, while you wish that each "she"
Was toasting her tootsies in Hades.;
And if they are dull you've to nigh crack each skull,
Or laugh at your jokes they will never,
And you're expected with jokes to fill up each lull—
All because you're decidedly clever.

And e'en when you meet a friend on the street,
And after you've done the handshaking
He expects you to treat him to some jokelet sweet,
Of that there is no mistaking.
In fact where you go you're expected, you know,
To heave out your punlets for ever,
Or say, *apropos*, twelve jokelets or so,
Because you are reckoned so clever.

DOT.

Birse an' the Bairn.

DEAR MAISTER EDITUR,—Some men are born intae this weary world o' oors tae fulfil certain functions as laid doon by Fate wi' a lump o' chalk. Ithers are born tae blush unseen, an' waste their fragrance on the desert air. Aifter my experience on Monanday's nicht, I hae come tae the conclusion that I belang tae the latter class. Ye see, a sister o' Kirsty's cam' in tae see's on Monanday's aifterneen, an' brocht her bairn wi' her, a cretter aboot fower munths aul'. As she wis gyan tae bide a nicht wi's, she widna halt till she got Kirsty tae promise tae gang tae the Theatre wi' her an' see "Dorothy." Bit the question cam' tae be, fa wis tae look aifter the bairn? As we hinna the servan' deemie i'thenoo—she bein' awa' hame wi' a complication o' blin' lumps on her neck—Kirsty suggestit that I should tak' the weean in my chairge. I wisna verra keen aboot the job, hooiver, fan its mither said it wis as gweed as gowd, an' widna wauken the haill time, in an evil meenit I consentit tae ack for the time bein' as nurse. Fan Kirsty an' the mither o' the bairn wis gyan awa' it wis sleepin' like a verra angel, an' by the twists that it wis noo an' than giein' wi'ts mou', it wis nae doot either dreamin' o' angels, or wis the ootcome o' a sair inside. Hooiver, jist as Kirsty an' the wife gaed awa', says she, "Noo, Maister Birse, gin it waukens an' winna fa asleep wi' rockin', jist gie't the bottle." These wir my instructions, whilk I meant tae cairry oot or perish in the attempt. They hidna been awa', hooiver, for I racken mair than ten meenits, fan the littlin begood tae mak' signs that it kent foo weel its mither wis oot o' the road, an' wis bent upo' a little fun on its ain accoont. It open't the proceedin's wi' a yell that remindit me forcibly o' the fog horn at Girdleness. Rememberin' my instructions I fell tee an' rockit wi' sic energy that in a fyou meenits I haed managed tae turn the cradle richt heelster-heed, an' the bairn lyin' on the fleer aneth. The bairn seem't tae protest against sic attention, an' begood tae yowl



nae ordinar. I took it up in my airms an' try't tae pacify't, bit it widna listen tae reason, or tae "Tobermory," whilk I begood tae sing tae't. Syne I try't the showdin' bizness, an' attemptit tae mak' it lye quate wi' the hunner an' nineteenth Psalm, bit it wisna a success eyther. In fack it made it a great hantle waur, an' skirlt tae sic an extent that it grew black in the face, an' threatened tae gyang intae a fit. Weel, it cairriet on this wye for the feck o' a haill 'oor, an' I wis at my wits en' tae ken fat wye tae pacify't. Syne I mindit on fat its mither said, tae gie't the bottle. Layin't in its cradle again, I gaed thro' tae the room for the bottle—ane o' Sandy Cook's best—an' proceedit, wi' the help o' a table speen, tae gie't the bottle. It wis gey kittle wark I can tell ye, as ilka drap I gaed it wis like tae choke it. Hooiver, I persever't, an' seen haed the satisfaction o' seein't soon' asleep, tho' I maun confess it wis terrible fite kin' aboot the gills. Lookin' at fat wis left in the bottle I calculatit I haed gien't aboot twa glesses o' the best, a fack whilk struck me forcibly that young cretturs maun hae afa stomacks. I maun confess, hooiver, that it sleepit rale soon till Kirsty an' its mither cam' back frae the Theatre, in fack it wis sleeping sae soon' that it wis wi' great diffeeculty we got it waukent neist day. Fan I taal its mither fat I haed deen she drappit doon on the fleer like a load o' bricks, an' Kirsty bore her company wi' gaun intae hysterics. Here I used the bottle again, an' seen brocht them roon'. Altho' it wis weel on tae the middle o' the nicht I haed tae gyang for a doctor, fa pronounced that the bairn wis labouring under alcoholic poisoning, the technical name I sippose for bein' "blin' fou." Man, I thocht Kirsty an' its mither wad ging oot o' their verra senses, an' I can tell ye they didna spare me wi' their tongues. I simply said that I haed follow't oot their instructions, as tae bottle raither ower weel mebbe, bit it wis nae eese. They begood tae ca' me names, whilk widna look bonnie in print, bein' highly suggestive that my presence on earth might be dispensed some fine mornin' wi' an interview wi' a cheelie ca'ad Berry. Hooiver, the bairn cam' a' richt in the hinner en', an' a kin' o' looks on me wi' a kin'ly e'e, as muckle as tae say, "We haed a richt nicht o't yon nicht, Birse." Syne it lauchs an' looks at ms again wi' a look in'ts een that says, "I sudna care gin my mither an' Kirsty ging tae the Theatre again, an' leave me in the gweed keepin' o'

PETER BIRSE."

DRINK
CURR'S
COFFEE
ESSENCE

ONLY GENUINE CHLORODYNE.

Every Bottle of this well-known Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Spasms, &c., bears on the Government Stamp the name of the Inventor.

DR J. COLLIS BROWNE.

Do not be persuaded to buy an other than

DR J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

Aberdeen School Board.

TECHNICAL EVENING CLASSES.

THE FOLLOWING

Classes for Lads and Young Men

Have been Opened by the Board in

KING STREET PUBLIC SCHOOL.

1.—A Class for DRAWING (including MECHANICAL DRAWING).

On TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, from 7 till 9 o'clock.

Teacher, Mr John Gordon, Certificated Master.

2.—A Class for BOOK-KEEPING, ARITHMETIC, and COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

On TUESDAYS and THURSDAYS, from 7·30 till 9 o'clock.

Teacher, - - Mr Duncan Clarke, M.A.

3.—A Class for SHORTHAND.

On MONDAYS and WEDNESDAYS, from 7·30 till 9 o'clock.

Teacher, - - Mr George Laing, Jun.

The Fee for each Class will be 3/- per Session of Five Months; and if two Subjects are taken, 5/-

THE FOLLOWING

Classes for Girls and Young Women

Have been Opened by the Board in

ASHLEY ROAD PUBLIC SCHOOL

1.—A Class for PRACTICAL COOKERY.

On MONDAYS and WEDNESDAYS, from 7 till 9 o'clock.

Teacher, - - Miss Mary J. Black.

2.—A Class for DRESSMAKING, CUTTING, and FITTING.

On TUESDAYS and THURSDAYS, from 7 till 9 o'clock.

Teacher, - - Miss Annie Stephen.

The Fee for each Class will be 2/6 per Session of Five Months; if both Classes are taken, 4/-

In the Dressmaking Class each Pupil will have to provide for her own Dress Material, in the Shaping, Cutting, and Fitting, of which instruction will be given.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD,

THOMAS HECTOR, Clerk.

31 King Street, 20th October, 1890.

Wanted to be Made Whole.

"You must bear in mind at all times, brethren, that faith will make you whole," said a speaker at a religious meeting.

And just then an old sailor with one arm and one leg gone stook up and said he'd try some.

Let the girl who marries for a home be careful to select a man who will in time be content with the ease of comfortable surroundings and an appetite well ministered unto.

If there is one thing more foolish than another in this folly-laden world, it is the folly of pretence between those who have called themselves friends—the mockery persisted in because of a cowardly dread of facing a revolution.

GOLFERS should take their Clubs to PLAYFAIR'S (Union Bridge) for REPAIRS. Fine Workmanship, Prompt Attention, and Moderate Charges.

ROYAL TRADESMEN IN ABERDEEN.

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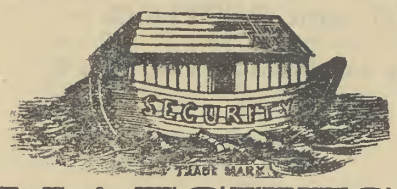
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