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Vol. XXXIX.—No. 5.

[Registered as  
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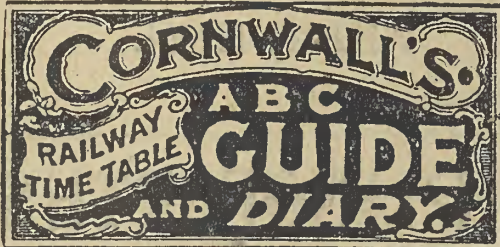
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(REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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

## Topics of the Week.

The selection of Mr. J. Macdonald Henderson, a gentleman who doubles the parts of C.A. and barrister-at-law in London, as Liberal candidate for West Aberdeenshire, came somewhat as a surprise to the general public. Unquestionably, Mr. Younger was the stronger personality, but his nomination seems to have been rendered hopeless by the fractious opposition of the Local Vetoists in the constituency. Seeing he is the son of a brewer, it was not to be expected the teetotallers would clutch him to their bosom, and he deserves credit for refusing to hedge and trim on the Veto question, as a weaker and less scrupulous man would almost certainly have done. Mr. Younger has already attained a leading position at the Scottish bar, but he is sure to be heard of at no very remote date in the wider political arena.

Mr. Henderson's selection practically means that he will be the next member for West Aberdeenshire. A good deal of feeling has been aroused by Mr. Younger's rejection, but it is highly improbable that this regrettable incident will lead to any "schism" in the party. Mr. Ronald M'Neill, the Unionist candidate, is so able a man, that one regrets he should be obliged to expend powder and shot needlessly, leading one of the most forlorn of forlorn hopes. Very probably he will find some compensation for defeat at the polls in the fact that his present candidature establishes a future claim on the party.

Mr. Henderson is still very much of a "dark horse" to the members of his future constituency. His friends doubtless know and admire him, but at present the only salient fact, in addition to those already stated of which the public are cognisant, is his cousinship to the late Mr. Alexander Macdonald of Keppelstone.

Most persons, including a majority of his bitterest opponents, admit that Mr. A. W. Maconochie, M.P., has come very well out of the Army Rations Scandal. His speech, in reply to the somewhat bilious attack of Dr. Macnamara, was temperate and cogent; and Major Seely, who cannot be accused of any undue love for henchmen of the dominant party, bore ample testimony as a "service member" to the integrity of the "rations." In addition, Mr. Bromley-Davenport pointed out that whereas 16 per cent. of the "emergency rations" supplied by other firms went bad in South Africa, only 8 per cent. of those bought from Maconochie Brothers were affected.

For once in his life, therefore, "Erichie" may be held to have scored in the House of Commons. One of the most interesting points touched on in the discussion was the fact that of the £100,000 share capital of Maconochie Brothers, Ltd., £99,996 worth was held by the Maconochie family.

Mr. Alexander Ross Legg, the first editor of the *Daily Record and Mail*, was recently on holiday in Aberdeen. Mr. Legg began his journalistic career as a "sub" on the *Free Press*, and afterwards went to Birmingham, where he remained for a few years. One of his colleagues while there was the late W. G. Jamieson, sometime editor of the *Aberdeen Journal*, whom Professor Bain declared to have been the ablest student who ever passed through the Logic class. About ten years ago Mr. Legg accepted the editorship of the *Record*, which was then started by the Harmsworths on the ruins of the *N.B. Daily Mail* as a half-penny morning paper. Under his able guidance it was a financial success from the first.

Tuesday first, the date of the great annual show at the Central Banffshire Farmers' Club at Keith, will be a "gala" day for the inhabitants of a wide range of country. That the show has reached such large dimensions, ranking, as it does, among the most important in Scotland, is mainly due to the resource and energy of the indefatigable secretary, Mr. George Donald. This year's exhibition promises to beat all former records; and among the varied attractions are several trotting and driving competitions, pony-racing, etc., which are certain to appeal strongly to all lovers of sport. Tickets at cheap rates will be issued from all stations on the Great North and Highland railways.

Quite a number of notable names have been mentioned in connection with the vacant Bishopric of Aberdeen and Orkney, and the roll continues to expand daily. Among them are Dr. Danson; Dean Wilson, Edinburgh; Dean Pressley Smith, Oban; Dr. Wiseman, Buxburn; Principal Anthony Mitchell, Edinburgh; Rev. Garden L. Duff, Turriff; Dr. Ridgeway, Bishop of Kensington; Dr. Mylne, late Bishop of Bombay; Dr. Walpole, rector of Lambeth; and Canon Low, Largs. There are several excellent men in this list; the majority are Scotsmen, mostly of Aberdeenshire origin, and, with one or two exceptions, all are well known in the North.

Mr. Mitchell belongs to the parish of Keith-hall, where his father was a miller. He passed through the Grammar School and Arts course as a Drum bursar. While at King's he "cultivated the muses" with some success, and about a dozen years ago published a volume of verse entitled "Tatters from a Student's Gown," which attracted a good deal of attention. Mr. Garden Duff is, as his name implies, a scion of the Hatton family, although his namesake and "chief," the present laird, is an elder in Auchterless Parish Church. Canon Low, who was formerly stationed at a Buchan fishing village, has written and published several stories, one of them dealing with student life at Aberdeen University, and written much meritorious verse. He is the son of an Inverurie farmer, whose sturdy virtues he records in a touching poem, "The Auld Man," which is strongly reminiscent of Lady Nairne's tender lyric, "The Auld Hoose."

The retired Bishop of Bombay descends from the celebrated family of Mylne, for generations master-masons to the Kings of Scotland; and the rector of Lambeth is a cadet of the same stock as that of the famous statesman, Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Orford. It is, of course, unnecessary to say anything here as to the career of either Dr. Danson or Dr. Wiseman.

The credulous persons who read and believe the paragraphs which appear so frequently in the papers to the effect that some "star" actress or other has been robbed of jewels, valued at from £5,000 to £20,000—minimum and maximum press figures—must have felt a shock of disappointment at the fact that Mrs. Brown Potter's ornaments only realised £1,500. The sum may be small, but it shows, at least, that the jewels were genuine; those reported stolen usually exist only in the imagination of the enterprising theatrical manager. The highest price paid at Mrs. Potter's sale was £225 for a brilliant and emerald scroll waist ornament.

Speaking of jewellery reminds us of a somewhat amusing incident which occurred at Her Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen, a good many years ago. A principal "property" in one of the plays was a big black jewel-case, which was much in evidence on the stage during the evening. It was supposed to be chokeful of jewellery and precious stones. One day the hero complained to the "property man" that the case was too light, and asked him to put in something to make weight. This the latter duly did.

All went well that night till a crucial point in the drama was reached. The "leading man" had to hand over the jewels to the care of a subordinate, which he did in something like the following terms—"Guard it with your life, my good lad, for if it is lost we are all undone. That case, plain and unassuming though it seems, holds treasure to the amount of twenty thousand pounds." As the last words were spoken the bottom of the case fell out, and along with it two half-bricks and about a dozen pebbles, some of which rolled merrily down to the footlights. No wonder the house was convulsed, and that it was some minutes before the players could proceed.

"Night visiting" has received a severe check in the Buxburn district, but probably the practice will survive the shock. Every farmer does not possess a gun. Messrs. Black, Mill of Craibstone, and Law, Buxburn, the heroes of the recent sensational shooting incident, are to be congratulated on the fact that their trial took place before such a level-headed and merciful judge as Sheriff Robertson. Had Sheriff Begg, who delights in the infliction of long terms of imprisonment, been on the bench, it might have meant the "clink" for both. As it was, Mr. Black pays £10 for his second pot-shot at Law, which makes a pretty expensive bag, and the latter gets off on fairly easy terms with a fine of 40s. As a native says—"It's a gey stirry place, Buxburn," so meantime we await the next district sensation with interest.

To-day cheap tickets will be issued for one of Frame's personally conducted parties by the "Caley" and L. and N.W. Railways to London and Paris. The fare for the journey from Aberdeen to London is £5 2s. 6d. For this sum the traveller receives a ticket available for 16 days; but during the first six days of the period Mr. Frame undertakes to put him up at an excellent London hotel, to feed him plentifully, and to show him the "sights of the Metropolis" in a specially chartered carriage, for which, of course, no extra fee is charged. Mr. Frame is now one of Messrs. Cooks' most formidable rivals, so intending travellers may rely on receiving every possible attention. The tour, as advertised, is, in fact, more than value for the money. In addition and in connection with the above, parties are also "conducted" to Blackpool, the English Lakes, Jersey, etc. Tickets and all necessary information may be obtained at the BON-ACCORD Offices, 10 Crown Street, Aberdeen.

In spite of the wet weather, the Culter Games on Saturday, as usual, attracted a large concourse of interested spectators. When the sun began to shine out feebly, late in the afternoon, it is calculated that at least 3,000 persons were in the field. This makes a very respectable record. The various events were keenly contested by a number of noted athletes; and in particular, the exhibition of physical drill by a company of the Gordon Highlanders was very much admired. Mr. Hector Balfour, the energetic and hard-working secretary, deserves to be congratulated on the success of his arrangements, which, in hackneyed phrase, "left nothing to be desired."

In a recent letter to the *Free Press*, Mrs. Farquharson of Haughton briefly discusses the attitude of the House of Lords towards recent Liberal measures of reform. Her trenchant conclusion is that, if the country declares its opinion with no uncertainty in the return of a Liberal majority to the Commons, the Lords will not venture to pursue their favourite policy of obstruction. She contends that unless the nation declares its verdict definitely in favour of Liberalism, the country will be involved in another "period of wars, extravagant and useless expenditure, ignorant and careless maintenance of an official army and navy, abolition of Free Trade, and a host of other measures."

Although there is little doubt the Liberal party will "sweep the polls" at next general election, Mr. W. T. Stead's estimate of their probable majority seems to be somewhat excessive. He bases his figures on the results of the various bye-elections up to April of the present year, and reckons that the next House of Commons will be composed of 463 Liberals, "Labourists," and Irish members, and 207 Conservatives and Unionists. This would give the Liberals a preponderance of 256 votes: a consummation very much to be desired by the party, but most likely impossible of accomplishment.

The most recent Scottish convert to Catholicism is the famous ex-Baillie Keillor of Perth. It is to be presumed the impressive ritual of the Church had as much effect in moving the Baillie to his momentous decision as any marked change in the articles of his faith. Mr. Keillor, it will be recollected, first established a claim to public consideration by his spirited assertion of the dignity of the baillieship, an office which seems to have fallen into some disrepute in Perth. This he did by wearing a robe when dispensing justice, while his brother magistrates contented themselves with appearing on the bench in the ordinary attire of the market-place. Subsequently the Baillie began to contribute long "poems" on ecclesiastical subjects to the Dundee *Evening Telegraph*. Whatever may be said as to the matter of the verse, the rhymes usually were all right. From this point, the transition to Rome was probably easy.

We have just received a copy of an admirably written and arranged Guide to Newburgh (Fife) and its Neighbourhood. The booklet, which extends to about 70 pages, is of most convenient size. The useful information with which it is crammed is most concise and accurate, and, apart from its immediate value to the tourist, it will prove of interest in future as a souvenir of one of the most attractive districts in Scotland.

The anonymous author is undoubtedly a skilled penman with a genuine appreciation of the literary side of his subject. This is particularly shown in the graphic and touching account of the two brothers Bethune, whose work was familiar to the present

writer in his youth. The historical sketch of Lindores Abbey is also deeply interesting. The abbey possessions, it may be noted, for long included Fintray and other lands in Aberdeenshire. Altogether the Guide, which is issued by the Press Publishing Co. of Glasgow, can be most cordially recommended to the public. The price is twopence.

The *Aberdeen Journal* of Tuesday copies from the *Glasgow Herald* a long account of the once-prominent county family of Johnston of that ilk and Caskieben, which would be of greater interest if it were more accurate. The first of this family in Aberdeenshire, we may say, was not a scion of the Johnstones of Annandale; neither is there any evidence to show that because of his learning he was known as "Stephen, the Clerk." The title seems to have been the result of a clerical blunder. As a matter of fact, the founder of the family was one Stephen Cherie, who, in the reign of David II., acquired the estate of Johnston (now Courtestown) in the parish of Leslie, by his marriage with an heiress of the Gariochs. His descendants, probably a generation or two after his death, adopted the name of this property as their surname. In this, as in other cases that have come under our notice, the *Glasgow Herald* genealogist is far too credulous.

Sir William Johnston, the ninth baronet "of that ilk and Caskieben," was 56 on Monday. Under somewhat romantic circumstances his father, the late Sir William Bacon Johnston, who owned the estate of Hilton, Woodside, ultimately married Miss Mary Anne Tye, the daughter of a County Norfolk labourer, and the present baronet only owes his accession to the title to the fact that his male parent was a domiciled Scotsman. Sir William, who was educated at the Gymnasium, Old Aberdeen, used to play for the Aberdeenshire C.C. He was subsequently a clerk in a bank at Shanghai, but retired a good many years ago. According to the peerages, the heir presumptive to the title is Colonel Johnston, C.B., of Newton-Dee, whose grandfather was a nephew of the fifth baronet.

Mr. William Smith, jun., artist, Aberdeen, has provided twenty beautiful illustrations to a work on Abbotsford which has just been issued by the eminent publishing firm of A. & C. Black. Mr. Smith's work is characterised by much delicacy and charm, and he is successful alike in his representation of the famed scenic features of the Scott country, and "interiors" from the house of Abbotsford. Much very clever work by Mr. Smith, whose reputation as a limner is rapidly increasing, has appeared in *BON-ACCORD*.

Mr. John T. Clark, coachbuilder, Rose Street, has arranged an autumn holiday excursion to Penrith, Windermere, and the English Lake district, which ought to be well patronised. The party is to travel by West Coast corridor and dining saloon, reaching Penrith shortly after one o'clock on Saturday. The programme, as arranged, is of exceptional interest, including journeys by coach and boat, and no place of note in this historic and singularly beautiful tract of country will be left unvisited.

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# Plays and Players.

BY GALLIO.

## Theatrical Gossip.

### The D'Oyly Carte Company.

I hear that the D'Oyly Carte Company will play in Aberdeen during the first week of next month.

### Sir Henry Irving.

The *Athenæum* says that Mr. Charles Frohman is trying to arrange that Sir Henry Irving may play in Paris. This has been often suggested by Sir Henry's admirers, both English and French. I have already mentioned in *BON-ACCORD* that M. Mounet-Sully, the French tragedian, advised Sir Henry Irving to play Mephistopheles in Paris. It would seem reasonable that Sir Henry should preserve the *entente cordiale* between the theatres of London and Paris by returning the visits of Bernhardt and Réjane.

Sir Henry Irving will begin his next tour at Brighton, towards the end of next month. Sir Henry is spending a holiday on the East Coast.

Mr. Arthur Bouchier's next production, after the run of "The Walls of Jericho," will be "The Merchant of Venice." He will play Shylock, and his wife, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, will play Portia. I remember seeing Miss Vanbrugh play Anne Boleyn in Sir Henry Irving's production of "Henry the Eighth" at the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. Bouchier and Miss Vanbrugh will be supported by a good company.

One of the earliest revivals will be that of "The Taming of the Shrew," in which Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton will play Petruchio and Katharine at the Adelphi. Next month they will go on tour with this play.

The most interesting news of the week is that Mr. Ascherberg, who has taken the Savoy Theatre, may revive "The Mikado" in its old home. This is good news. Six weeks ago I asked—"Why should not the best of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas be revived" at the Savoy? I don't suggest, however, that this is a case of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*.

The female characters in "The Duffer," Mr. Weedon Grossmith's play, which he will produce at the Comedy Theatre on the 21st of this month, are said by the author to be all respectable. They are all unmarried.

Mr. Frank Curzon and Miss Ethel Irving will produce at the Criterion Theatre, this evening, "Lucky Miss Dean," in which Miss Irving will play the leading part, and "Time is Money," in which Mr. Charles Hawtrey will play.

Miss Florence Smithson will play one of the leading parts in "The Blue Moon," at the Lyric Theatre. Some of my readers may remember that Miss Smithson played Cinderella in the excellent pantomime at the Grand Theatre, Glasgow, last Christmas.

Mr. William Haviland, who is one of the best actors on the English stage, is at present in Johannesburg, where he is playing Hamlet, Othello, and other Shakespearean characters.

One of the most interesting incidents of the early part of the autumn will be the return of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal to their old home, the St. James's Theatre. They will occupy the St. James's from September until Christmas. For several years at the beginning of the 'eighties Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. John Hare were the managers of the St. James's. Mrs. Kendal is a year younger than Miss Ellen Terry.

The D'Oyly Carte Company will be playing at the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, next week. Mr. Workman and Mr. Billington are once more the leading members of the company.

The paragraphists were right who said that, by the end of July, only two plays, besides musical pieces, would be running in London. These are "Leah Kleschna," which every one goes to see, and Mr. Alfred Sutro's play, "The Walls of Jericho." This is a "society" play, to which Brixton goes in order to hear its opinion of society, and society goes to laugh at what Brixton thinks of it. This, at all events, is what Mr. A. B. Walkley says, in the *Times*.

It is probable that Mr. Charles Warner's performance in "Leah Kleschna" has brought people in crowds to see that American melodrama. If you want to know what an independent critic thinks of "Leah Kleschna," and of the condition of the stage in London, read *Blackwood's Magazine* for July. Its description of that melodrama is rather bitter and very funny.

The *Era* says that Mr. Willard will not, after all, play in London this autumn. Mr. Willard is one of our best actors, but there seems to be no room for him in London.

The next piece at Daly's Theatre will be called "La Merveilleuse." The music has been composed by Herr Hugo Felix. The part of the Marvellous Lady will be played by Miss Evie Greene. Mr. Edwardes assures the *Referee* that this will be the biggest production he has yet attempted.

The next piece at the Prince of Wales's Theatre may be called "The Third Moon." The music is by Mr. Sidney Jones, who has given playgoers so much melodious music.

It is not yet certain that "The Mikado" will be played at the Savoy. So says Mrs. D'Oyly Carte in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Ascherberg is associated with Mr. Wentworth Croke, whose company has several times played "The Christian" in Aberdeen. Messrs. Ascherberg and Croke will merely sub-let the Savoy, for musical plays only.

"The Golden Girl," which has been written by Captain Basil Hood and composed by Mr. Hamish McCunn, will be produced on Saturday at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham.

"The Taming of the Shrew" will be reproduced at the Adelphi on Saturday evening.

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Great North of Scotland Railway.

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See Bills for particulars.

W. MOFFATT, General Manager.

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BRAEMAR, arrive	12.30 p.m. and 4.45 p.m.
BRAEMAR, depart	9.15 a.m. and 3.10 p.m.
BALLATER, arrive	11.30 a.m. and 5.30 p.m.

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Schedules of Application, which require to be returned not later than 16th August, may be had at the Office of the Trust, 352 King Street, Aberdeen.

27th July, 1905. W. MEARNS COOPER,  
Secretary.

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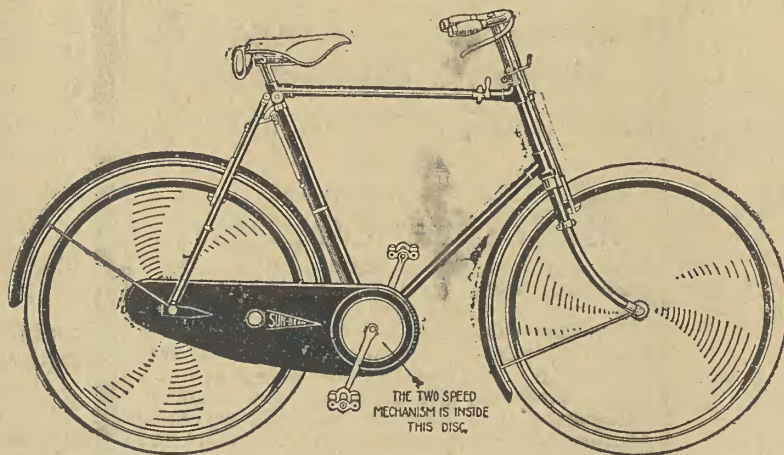
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## AT THE BATHING STATION.

### The "Sand-Castle" Competition.

[Scene—the Beach at Aberdeen. Time—about 4.30 p.m. last Saturday. Between 80 and 90 urchins of both sexes are busily engaged with wooden spades, soup-spoons, coal-shovels, and other articles, heaping up chaotic mounds of sand, which, in some few cases, have been rudely reduced to the form of primitive fortifications, and ornamented with sea-shells, toy-flags, flowers, etc. On either side of the workers stand a large but not profoundly interested crowd of spectators. In spite of the presence in it of a number of civic dignitaries, policemen, and Links' officials, the prevailing tone is not aristocratic, though the feminine colour note, particularly in hats, is loud. The absence of the pinchbeck "Vere de Vere" caste of tourist is probably due to the atmospheric conditions. A thick "Scotch" mist almost entirely veils the seascape, and rain falls at intervals, but not heavily.]

P.C. Laing (to spectators who are pressing unduly on the competitors)—Stan' back, please. Gi'e them plenty o' room. Back noo, boys, please.

Jeck (to Bob, his "mate")—Isna Jock grown awfu' polite sin' he wis app'intit boss o' the Links?

Bob—Ye widna ken 'im for a Tarlan' tyke noo-days ava. Ye see fat it is t' be aye rubbin' shouthers wi' the gowfers an' the towerist gentry.

Jeck (who seems aggrieved somehow at the constable's suavity)—Ach, menners is only skin deep. It eest t' be "Muv on. Oot o' that there," fin I kent 'im on the St. Nic'las Street beat. I min' ae nicht me an' twa-three ither lauds—

Benevolent old lady (leading small child with china-blue eyes, and speaking out of the fulness of her heart)—Aren't these children wonderfully clever? However can they think of the things they're doing? I'm sure I couldn't when I was their age.

Elderly carter (replying for the group in virtue of his age and superior knowledge of the world)—It's edicashin, mem, jist edicashin. There wis vera little o' that gaun in my young days. Nor holidays ayther. It wis wirk up till sax o'clock on Setterday, I can tell ye. Bit (regretfully) that's a' cheeng't noo.

B.O.L. (sweetly)—Oh, yes, education has made a great difference. People don't work so hard now as they used to do.

E.C. (warmly)—Wir! The present generashin is sae weel edicat' that they wid steal raither than wirk. I'll tell ye fat a' this edicashin's deen'—it's jist manufact'rin rogues wholesale. Forty 'ear syne ye cud 'a' confin't a' the creeminals in Aiberdeen in a coo-shed: noo it needs a ten-acre park. I min' fin there wisna a lamp-post atween the Short Loanin's an' George's Street, an' a dizzen bobbies—

Dora (attired in pale green, to Mabel, who wears a navy-blue "costume," with sailor-hat and "gold-filled" pince-nez)—Reely, Mabel, it's a shame to tease the fella that way.

Mabel (nonchalantly)—Oh, he's such a silly fella. I don't want ever to speak to him, but he keeps on bothering so. D'ye know, he's reely had the impudence to ask me to the theatre with him. The idea!

Dora (with great interest)—Just fancy! And what did you say?

Mabel (indifferently)—Oh, I just luffed in his face.

Told him to take Maud Williams. She wouldn't need to be asked twice.

Dora (viciously)—That nasty cat! Oh, look; there she is!

Mabel—Who?

Dora—Maud Williams, of course—over at the other side—See? She's got that stupid fella Tommie Green with her. A vulgar little cad, I call him. Oh, he's such a bounce. Pretends his people are aw'le swells in the country. His father's only a working joiner, but from the way he talks you'd think he was the biggest builder in Scotland.

Mabel—He's a clerk, isn't he?

Dora—Yes, a twenty-five bob a weeker, but he puts on as much side as if he owned the whole of Union Street.

Mabel—Can't be worse than Maud is, the stuck-up thing. And what a hat she's got! You know the kind—"This style, direct from Paris, very sheek, two and elevenpence hep'ny," and trim it herself. Fancy what Fanny Imray was telling me about her—(the narrative was here interrupted with a succession of hysteric giggles, so Fanny's communication was unfortunately lost to the present writer).

Saturnine dark-haired man (to Youthful Friend)—Don't trust him again to the extent of a farthing, my boy. I know Knaggs of old. Owes money all over the shop. Clever enough fellow, I grant you, and all that, but as slippery's an eel. Sort of man who has a lie ready for every emergency.

Y.F. (dolefully)—Then there's no chance of me getting back my half-quid.

S.D.M. (cheerfully)—None whatever. He's a reg'lar "rotter."

Y.F. (feebly)—But Fred Thomson told me he was a good man.

S.D.M. (with decision)—He'll never be a good man till he takes a dose of rat-poison.

Y.F. (resignedly)—Oh, well, I suppose I'll just have to put up with the loss, but I don't like to be done the cool way he done me.

S.D.M. (languidly)—How was that?

Y.F. (plaintively)—You see it was like this. Mind you, I never spoke to him before in all my life, but he comes up to me last Friday week, and says he, "Will you safe a life?" I knew he was acquainted with Thomson, so I took him in and stood three drinks. Before leaving he borrowed the half-quid. Told me he was to get a big cheque next day, when he would pay back the cash and stand a champagne supper in the Bon-Accord Hotel.

S.D.M. (laughing)—And, of course, he never turned up.

Y.F. (mournfully)—Not him.

Stout Tourist (to Obliging Native)—Who's that with the rose in his coat?

O.N.—That's Cooncillor Wawlas—him 'at's gotten sae sair int' the hat about the sod-cuttin' on the Links—fae the gowfers, ye ken.

S.T. (vaguely)—Oh, indeed. Thank you.

O.N.—An' thon man wi' the grey m'ustache is Dean o' Guild Lyon. He'll lik'ly be stan'in' for Provost in November, bit I widna gi'e muckle for's chances, though he's nae an ill chiel in the main. Look, see, there's Baillie Booth. He's speakin' t'

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Serge'n'-Major Gordon. That's the Serge'n'-Major—the weel-set up sodger-lookin' fella wi' the specs an' the reidish m'ustache. The man in the uniform's Captain Milne, the superintendent o' the Bawthing Station; and him 'at's gaun aboot on the outside o' the ring wi' the fair hair an' the gold e'e glesses is—

S.T. (nervously, fearing that the O.N. may expect a tip for his information)—Very interesting. I'm much obliged. (Attempts to move off.)

O.N. (holds him with his "glittering eye," and continues)—

Maister Manro, the Ceety Chawmberl'in. There he's speakin' t' aul' Baillie Tulloch—that neat-made man up there 'at aye looks as if he'd steppit oot o' a bam-box. I dinna see Missis Wawlas yet—the Coon-cillor's wife, ye ken. She's t' present the prizes. There's Coon-cillor Todd. He's lookin' rale weel the day. I think that laud wi' the reidish-broon curly hair's a reporter. There sid be twa-three reporters aboot, bit ye wid hardly ken them in the crood fae ordinary fouk.

S.T. at last succeeds in making his escape.

Maladroit Person (to Gentlemanly-looking Spectator)—Most unfortunate this mist. Seems to have kept all the best people away.

G.-L.S. (dubiously)—Um. P'raps.

Jim—Is't true, Tam, ye've got the seek fae Baxter's?

Tam—True aneuch. I've been polishin' the causies for the last fortnicht.

Jim—I'm sorry to hear that. Hoo did it happen?

Tam—A' thro' that beast Simpson, the "gaffer." He catch't me markin' time ae day, an' says he—"It's nae the first time I've gotten ye at this game," he says. "Tak' a final warnin'," he says. "The firm canna afford to pay for idle sloochers o' your stamp," he says. That pit me in a proper rage, so I turns roon an' looks 'im straucht atween the een—"G'wa an' fry yer face," I says, jist like that.

Jim—Fat did he dee?

Tam—Naething. He walkit awa' as reid's a turkey cock, an' I wis call't up t' the offis an' got the seek the same aifterneen.

Jim (sympathetically)—He's a nesty brute, that Simpson. I widna hae him for "gaffer" for a thoosan' poun'.

Tam—He's nae a gweed ane, bit some dark nicht he'll get a proper weltin'. Wite or ye see. (Feels in his pocket for a "fag," but finds none, and takes out empty pipe instead)—Man, Jim, cud ye gi'es the len' o' a saxpence?

Jim (with alacrity)—I hinna a penny-piece in my pooch, Tam. The wife collar't ilka copper o' my pey on Fearsday, or ye wid 'a' gotten't like a shot.

Tam (resignedly)—Weel, lat's see a full o' tibacca.

Cockney Tourist (in white waistcoat, showing gold albert as thick as a dog's chain, to friend in straw-hat, whom he calls Teddy)—'Pon me soul, I nevah struck a rockiah place. 'Eah's an instance. I'm at a temp'rance 'otel, you know. Laws' Sunday at lunchin' I ses to the wytah—" 'Eah, wytah, send out for a bottle o' beah." Ses 'e, shawp-like—"This is Sunday, an' you can't get nothin' to drink to-dye in Abah-deen. Must o'dah in your liquahs on Satiday."

"Beg pawdon," ses I. "Wot was you pleased to remawk?"

"If you wanted beah," he ses agen, "You should 'ave tol' me laws' night."

"Look 'eah," I ses, "I may be a stringer in Abah-deen—on'y a pore Gawd-forsaken Englishman," I ses, "but I pyes me bills, same's the best Scotchman as ever was, and if I aint agoin' to get civility I changes me 'otel right awye. That shet 'im up strite."

Teddy (lazily)—Like the Scotch people?

C.T. (judicially)—Can't sye I do. Most on 'em

'eah is as close as 'ysters. No go abaht 'em. Tell you wot it is, Teddy, I shan't be comin' back to this bloomin' ole granit' fraud of a town in a 'urry. W'en I goes on a 'olidye I likes a little lib'ety—room to turn meself abaht in—See?

Teddy—Wot's this church racket that's on jes' now? 'Eard no end o' fellers jorin' abaht it in the trine.

C.T.—Bli' me if I know. Nevah 'eard nothin' abaht it at 'ome.

Teddy (changing the subject)—Ad any sport since you come up 'eah?

C.T. (brightening)—Jest a leetle—wiv the gels, you bet. They're a nice 'ot lot 'eah, I kin tell you.

Teddy (humorously)—Oh, naughty! (They move off; the C.T. evidently desirous to communicate, out of ear-shot of the crowd, the details of a recent amatory adventure.)

Patriotic Citizen (who has been listening)—An' that's the kin' o' vermin 'at ca's themsel's the predominant pairtners. Nae win'er Englan's gaun doon the hill.

Muggie (of Broadford)—Are ye gaun to hear the Pirot's this evenin'?

Jessie (same address)—Aye, if it keeps dry.

Muggie—I've been sax times this season a'ready, an' it comes rale expensive.

Jessie (in great surprise)—Ye surely dinna mean to say ye pey for a seat.

Muggie (hastily)—Na, I'm nae sae green as that. Bit ye maun aye gi'e a maik or a wing fin the mannie comes roon wi' the hat.

Jessie—That's perfit extravagance. Pey nae heed till 'im fin he comes your wye, bit jist look straucht oot t' the sea, an' he'll pass ye quick aneuch.

Muggie—Weel, I'll trie't the nicht. The Pirot's can better afford t' miss a penny than I can t' gi'e't.

Bert (a smart youth smoking a cigarette, to Alf, another of the same)—Say, Alf, had enough of this yet?

Alf—I'm pretty well fed up. Beastly slow kind of show. Thought there was going to be something artistic about it.

Bert—Let's cut up town and have a drink.

Alf—Right O. (Pauses as two female figures in white approach)—Half a mo'. I know one of these girls—Bella, that's the dark one. You'll remember her—she used to be in the Short Bar. You chum up to her friend, and we'll have a jolly lark.

(Bella coyly pretends to pass without recognising the smart youth.)

Alf (lifting his straw-hat)—Hello, Bella. I've been lookin' for you. Haven't seen you for an age. Been out o' town?

Bella (giggling)—Oh, go away. You know better than that.

Alf—Don't be saucy. Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr White.

Bella—Pleased to meet you, Mr. White. Polly (pushes that blushing damsel forward)—Miss Hopkins—Mr. Black—Mr. White.

Polly (shaking hands)—Pleased to meet you.

(At this point rain began to fall, and the writer sought refuge in the tea-room.)

G.

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ROBERT HENDERSON, 33 UNION STREET.

## Go as You Please Papers.

By O.I.I.

### 29.—The Crew go up Town.

With plenty of cash in his pocket, the "Partan" had a decided preference for staying ashore rather than going to sea. The circumstances under which he had got the money, however, made it appear to him as wise that Buckie should not be the best place to stay ashore, and he passed the word that they should sail for Inverness with the next tide.

Swick and the other members of the crew—the skipper and crew numbered seven all told—were allowed a couple of hours to enjoy themselves up town, the "Partan" generously advancing half-a-crown among them for refreshments, while he remained aboard and kept watch.

They returned after midnight, too late to derive any advantage of the tide with which they had arranged to sail, but there was no want of evidence that the half-crown had been laid out to some purpose.

The six rollicking fishermen were linked arm in arm as they came along the shore, and, led by Swick, they were singing, more or less in tune:—

"We are jolly dogs,  
And we make the streets ring  
With early in the mor-in-in,  
I'm happy as a king—  
Early in the mor-in-in,  
Early in the mor-in-in,  
Early in the mor-in-in,  
I'm happy as a king."

The "Partan" was displeased. No one enjoyed a "night out" better than himself; but he had remained aboard on this particular night with the best of motives and in the general interest. So it was galling, to say the least of it, that his self-denial had proved abortive, so far as catching the tide was concerned, and that he had "missed a good thing" as well.

He knew that the half-crown he had given them could never purchase so much happiness as was evinced by his gallant crew. It could not be done at the money. Indeed, he had limited the advance to the modest sum mentioned that there should be no danger of their missing the tide. And here they were, full to the gun'll, happy as a pig in a ditch, while he had remained aboard smoking bogie-roll till his mouth was parched, and missed the blow-out—wherever they had got it—as well as the tide.

"Where hae ye been, an' where hae ye gotten the drink?" was the salute of the skipper as his crew hove alongside.

"Been?" repeated Swick. "We've been at Buckie up the brae, Buckie doon the brae, Buckie ower the burn, an' Buckie on this side o' the burn, Buckie here an' Buckie there, an' Buckie a' ower the bloomin' shop."

"But the drink," went on the skipper—"where did ye get the drink? Ye'd nae siller tae pit yersel's in that state."

"Drink? We'd nae drink. Hid we, mates? Na. Naething tae speak o'. But we got the offer o' plenty o't. Didn't we, boys? As muckle's ye could wag a stick at. An' I've a wee drappie o't"—here Swick dropped into song—

"Oh, a wee drappie o't,  
Oh, a wee drappie o't,  
The pleasures we experience  
Ower a wee drappie o't."

"Stop yer noise, man, an' tell me where ye've been. We're nae wantin' tae hear 'The wee drappie o't' at this time o' nicht," said the "Partan," with a touch of temper.

"Ay are ye," responded Swick. "I've a wee drappie o't in a bottle for you, my bonnie 'Partan,' an' if ye dinna tak' it, it'll be the first time ye refused a dram sin' ever I kent ye, an' that's nae yesterday."

By this time Swick had seated himself on the edge of the quay, with his legs hanging over, so that his feet could touch the gunwale of the boat. The others followed his example, that they might get aboard without any risk of a dip in the harbour. Those who had any difficulty in maintaining their equilibrium could thus slide themselves on deck in a sitting position.

The "Partan," who was really a good-natured fellow in the main, and accustomed to adapt himself to circumstances, suppressed any inclination he had to emphasise his disapproval of what had happened, and the "drop in the bottle" referred to by Swick was probably not without its influence. He lent a hand to those who had most difficulty in getting aboard, by seeing that when they must fall they should fall as softly as possible, and he was assiduous in his attention in getting them down to the "hoosie," or cabin, without any hurt.

To the "Partan" the mystery still was—Where had they got so much to drink for so little money? He felt that he had missed something in his own particular line, and he again introduced the subject when all were comfortably ensconced in the cabin.

"Ye think naeboddy can work the oracle bit yersel'," said Swick, rather conceitedly in reply to his skipper; "But hae! Tak' a sook o' that"—handing a flat bottle to the skipper—"an' I'll tell ye a' about it."

"There wis a cricket match up the brae wi' a lot o' young swells," he went on, "an' efter the match they adjourned to the big room o' the public-hoose an' had a grand sing-song."

"Me an' the boys went intil the room—in a mistak' like"—here "the boys" guffawed as if Swick had said a really smart thing.

"I apologised to the captain o' the Buckie Club, an' asked him if he'd alloo me, seein' we had come intil the company uninvited—thinkin' it wis a public room, an' a general company—to stan' them a dram a' roon—an' I threw the half-croon doon on the table, the same's I'd plenty mair where it cam' frae."

"Of course, the captain an' the ither gents wadna hear o' me treatin' them, but they insisted on treatin' us. They said we were 'the richt sort'—an', so help me goodness, skipper, they jist poored it intil us. Didn't they, chaps?"

All hands corroborated the "poorin'" incident, and Swick proceeded.

"I sang them 'Robin Tamson's Smiddy,' an' they a' jined in the chorus. It's quite simple, ye ken:—

Falal didal dado aday,  
Falal didal dididdy,  
Falal didal dado aday—

Robin Tamson's smiddy."

"Ay, ay! Go on wi' the yarn, an' never heed the sang," said the "Partan."

"Weel. Then they'd hae me tae mak' a speech. Of course, I kent they were takin' a rise oot o' me. But they were peyin' for the fun, an' entitlet to something for their siller. Sae I gaed them a gran' speech about the ups an' doons o' a fisherman's life, an' tell't them what a brave hero we had in oor skipper, the 'Partan,' o' the 'Invertartan Star.'"

"Na, ye didna dae that surely?" said the "Partan," not a little delighted at his fame being thus spread abroad.

"Ay did I—didn't I, chaps?" and every man shook the "Partan" by the hand, and avowed that Swick had done him justice.



**A GERMAN FIZZING-DRINK.**

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(The meeting of the Kaiser and the Czar has given rise to much speculation.)



“WEE FREE” TYPES—(Sketches in a Highland Church).

"Syne," continued Swick, "we had mair singin' an' mair drink, an' we a' got as tight as the lugsail in half a gale, an' it didna cost us a bawbee.

"The half-croon wis unbroken whan we was put oot at eleven o'clock, an' as I thocht ye'd be nane the waur o' a toothfu', I brocht that drappie in the bottle, an' ye'll nae deny it's capital stuff."

The "Partan" made the most of the circumstances, ordered the crew to their berths for two hours' sleep, kept watch himself, and as the town clock was striking 3 a.m., the "Invertartan Star" sailed for Inverness in a fresh and fair wind.

(Next Week—"The 'Partan's' Loon.")

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✿ ✿ ✿

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✿ ✿ ✿

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(late of "The Queen's").

# BELLES OF BON-ACCORD.

## 5.—THE MUSICAL GIRL.



The subject of my ditty  
Is a damsel gay and pretty,  
Who is perfectly *au fait*  
With the music of the day,  
And you certainly may bet  
Paderewski is her pet  
And her pride,  
Likewise guide,  
To life's "pathos and sublime"  
And the rhythms of all time.

As she trips along the street  
With pit-pat of tiny feet,  
And a dainty swish of skirt  
That suggests the arrant flirt,  
See, the "Johnnies" turn and stare,  
Yes, they'd follow if they dare,  
But they don't,  
And they won't,  
For tho' Kitty's sweet and fair,  
There's a "something" in her air.

Ev'ry day she plays a "score"  
For a couple hours or more;  
Tho' the neighbours ne'er complain,  
Yet they pray she would refrain,  
And I'm sorry to observe—  
Please admire my strength of nerve!—  
That it's bad,  
And so sad,  
At a pudding or a pie,  
Her attempts would make you sigh.

JIM CROW.

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## The Epistles of Birse.

### He comes in for a Legacy.

DEAR MAISTER EDITUR,

I hinna gotten th' summons I've been expeckin' for furrys drivin' as yet, bit th' maitter's been near-han' ca'ed oot o' m' heid b' th' sirkimstances atten'in' th' deth o' a relative, fa depairtit—it's t' be houplit for a better kwinty—on Setterday. Th' aul' boddy I'm ferrin' till wis a first kizzen o' m' mither's—Betty An'erson b' name. Her man wis kent as Geordie Paiterson, bit gin onybody daur't t' ca' 'er oot o' 'er maiden name, she fair flew i' their face. For mony a 'ear an' day efter Paiterson's death—idle slung 'at he wis—Betty fairm't a sma' craft in th' Awfirt districk, an' wis reputit t' hae made a gey curn bawbees. Fin she grew s' frail 'at she cud barely crawl aboot, I prevail't on her—bein' ane o' th' neist-o'-kin—t' come int' th' toon an' bide aside's, sae's she mithna be far awa' fae frien's gin onything cam' owre 'er. That's gaun five e'ar noo, an' durin' a' th' time sin' than, me an' Kirsty his baith been unco eydent in oor attendance on th' aul' 'oman. Nae 'at Kirsty got on vera weel wi' 'er, for, t' tell th' trowth, frail tho' she wis, Betty, t' th' last o' 'er days, possess't aboot as ill-scrapit a tongue as ony ye cud get in th' haill len'th an' bredth o' th' Aiberdeen Fish Market.

"I tell ye this, Peter," I've heard Kirsty say a hunner times efter a veesit t' th' crabbit aul' runt, "siller or nae siller, I'm nae gaun back t' thon place agen. I'd raither beg m' breid fae door t' door than hae t' sit an' hearken t' th' names she ca's you an' me."

"Oh, she disna mean onything b't," I wid say soothin'ly on sic occasions. "It's in th' naiter o' th' peer aul' craiter. Ye canna expeck t' gither roses aff a thrissle stock. Pey nae heed till 'er, an' aye hae a jar o' black currants or a bit yalla haddick i' yer bag fin ye ca'. It wid be a sair peety t' lat 'er siller ging bye oor door, for wint o' a little ceevil attenshin."

Durin' th' time Kirsty wis sulkin' my veesits wid be mair frequent than eeswil. I canna say I wis aye made welkim. In fack, Betty triet my paishins sair, bit tho' she af'en accus't me afore th' norse o' bein' a time-server, a daylight robber, a fortin-hunter, an' lots o' ither things, I keepit my tongue atween m' teeth an' niver said a wurd.

"Ill names brak' nae beens," I eence remarkit wi' a lauch t' Kirsty. "It relieves 'er feelin's, an' fin a's said an' deen I'm nae a preen th' waur."

"Aye, Peter," retortit Kirsty, in 'er nestiest wye, "a'body kens 'at far siller's concern't ye wid alloo yersel' athoot a murmur t' b' kickit like a ba' fae Ketybrowster t' th' Green."

That, as ye weel ken, wis nae only ungen'ris bit vera unjust, for sae far fae haein' ony speeshil regaird for siller, a'body admits wi' praise an' admiration 'at I'm een o' th' maist leeb'ral givers in the ceety.

Owin' t' th' awfu' bash I got i' th' face at th' Printfield last week, I thocht it best t' keep close t' th' hoose till th' warst o' th' blaeness wore awa', sae it happen't I didna see Betty for twa-three days efter m' mishanter. On th' Fredday efterneen, hooiver, een o' th' neipours cam' up bet-fit t' Ketybrowster wi' th' sad news 'at my agit frien' hid been confin't till 'er bed for a week, hid teen a turn for the waur, an' wis fest slippin' awa'. She wis cryin' for me, th' neipour said, an' gin I wintit t' see 'er alive, I sid loss nae time, bit haud doon wi' a' possible speed t' Caseyeyn'. It

wis in that respecktable locality Betty hid 'er garret, an' I may minshin she niver pey't a penny o' rint, me haein' ashoom't that responsibility as an inducement for 'er t' come int' th' toon.

The norse steppit oot fin I enter't th' room. Betty wis a kin' o' half sittin' up in 'er bed, bit lookin' afa sma'-buikit, an' th' glaze in 'er e'e warn't me she wisna lang for this warl'. Her black cat lay curl't up on th' rug afore th' fire, an' 'er ither gryte fauvrit, a green parrot, wis swingin' aboot on's perch in a cage at the winda. I hid a perfeck hatred o' that dreidfu' bird. I cudna come int' th' place bit it scaicht oot a volley o' abuse, af'en sweirin' in a menner 'at wid 'a disgrac't an amyture gowfer, for Betty got it as a present fae Jamie Walker, the sailor. Ye'll min' on Jamie? Hooiver, bein' gey deaf, th' 'oman widna alloo th' parrot us't a wurd 'at mithna been spoken in presence o' th' Gen'ral Assembly, an' as it wid 'a huff't 'er sair t' press th' p'int, I niver aloodit t' th' maitter, tho' sometimes th' bird's langwitch wis s' coorse 'at I hid t' stuff my fingers i' m' lugs for vera shame.

"Hoo are ye feelin' noo, Betty?" I speirt, takin' oot m' hanky, in th' middle o' which I'd insertit th' half o' a freshly cut ingan, an', rubbin' my een till they full't wi' tears—"Foo are ye noo, 'oman? Ony better?"

Betty wis still keen aneuch t' recognise my veesible emotion. "Ye're a kin'-hertit man, Peter, I've aye said," she murmur't in a safter v'ice than wis eeswil wi' 'er. "Aw'm wearin' awa' fest, bit fin I'm gane ye'll see I've nae forgotten you nor Kirsty for a' yer gweedness t' a peer, desolat weeda 'oman. I've left you an' her th' maist vailyet o' my possesshins b' th' wull."

"She maun be deein' richt aneuch," I rapidly concludit, "or she widna refer t' oor gweedness. That's nae her style." I manage't t' conceal a regrettable tho' nait'ral feelin' o' setesfackshin, an' gya m' een anither dab wi' th' ingan.

"Cheer up, 'oman," I said, "'Near deid disna full th' kirkyaird nor th' bellman's pooch.' Ye may manage t' cheat Aul' Hornie yet. Jist say th' wurd, an' I'll get th' best physeeshins in th' toon, includin' Dr. Walford Bodie, till ye, at my ain expense, tho' I'm nae sayin' yer ain man isna as skeely as the best o' them."

"Thank ye, Peter! thank ye!" said Betty feebly, grippin' my han'; "bit it wid be a needless waste o' siller. Doctor's canna dee onything for me noo. My time's come."

Fae this fawtalistic poseeshin she widna budge, in spite o' a' my attemp's t' pit 'er in a mair cheerfu' frame o' min'. At last, efter usin' th' ingan sev'ral times, I bade Betty a sad fareweel, an' took my depairture.

"The maist vailyet o' 'er possesshins," I soliloquees't as I steppit up th' road t' Ketybrowster. "Of coorse, that can only mean th' siller in th' bank. Her an' 'er lyar his been gey close aboot it, bit I sidna win'er tho' there wis a fyou hunner poun'."

Betty manage't t' see th' nicht oot, drawin' 'er last breath aboot een o'clock neist mornin'. Th' lyar haein' tell't me I wis name't exekiter i' th' wull, I made a' th' arrangements for th' fun'ral wi' Cay's fouk in a vera shupeerior style. Th' buryin' took place on Tyesday in St. Peter's; an' tho' I kent th' Birses an' th' Gibbs (my mither's fouk) hid a lot o' frien's, I wis pervtly astoondit at th' size o' th' turn-oot, some comin' fae as far as Inverness on the north an' Glesca on the sooth. Awat, gin Betty hid been able t' look up, it wid 'a made 'er richt prood t' see sic a crood. She micht, indeed, 'a concludit she hid been a highly respeckit 'oman a' 'er lifetime — which, t' tell ye the trowth, Maister Editur, wis vera far fae bein' the case.

I cudna dee less than inveet th' nearest o' th' kin t' Ketybrowster, faur I'd arrang't, in gweed aul' Scotch fashin, th' lyar sid read th' wull. I thocht he gya a gey queer look oot o' th' tail o's e'e as he unfoldit th' dockymint, bit, of coorse, I hid nae adisence o' fat wis

comin'. The wull wis datit near-han' twenty 'ear back, a gweed file afore I cam' int' my siller, which explains hoo th' sole exekiter wis describit as "Peter Birse, coal-carter, residing at No. 66 Green," instead of "Peter Birse, Esquire, of Kettybrowster."

Efter th' preamble, providin' for th' peyment o' 'er just an' lawfu' debts an' twa-three triflin' legacies, th' dockyment proceedit in effeck—I canna min' th' preceese wirds—"To the said Peter Birse, as a token of affection and esteem, I give and bequeath my green parrot, particularly stipulating that he shall never part with it in his lifetime, and that if the parrot happens to be the survivor, he shall make due provision for its maintenance during all the rest of its days. To Christina Birnie or Birse, wife of the said Peter Birse, I give and bequeath my black cat, under the same conditions as the bequest to her husband."

Man, it wis at this p'int I begood t' get alairm't. "Fat," I thoct, wi' my hert thumpin' ag'inst m' ribs, "if th' aul' jaud's diddlet me efter a'?" Th' lyar kent naething o' fat wis passin' in my min', an' gaed on in his quate, level tone—

"And the residue of my estate, heritable and moveable, I give and bequeath to the Rev. Mungo McCorkadale, missionary to the Jews at Smyrna."

On hearin' this I cudna conteen mysel' for anger. I gar't th' ingan I wis providit wi' at th' fun'ral gae fung int' th' fireplace, an' brak' oot wi' a smother't curse, at which there wis an instant "Hish!" fae th' ither mourners. As seen's th' lyar concludit, I exemin't th' wull, bit it appear't t' be a' in proper form, an' sin' than I've been taul b' Bickers, m' ain man (we're frien's agen) 'at it's perfittly unbrakable.

I dinna ken hoo I manag't t' get th' fouk oot o' th' hoose, bit eence they were awa', Kirsty, fa hid restrain't hersel' in their presence like a herroine, broke doon in a fit o' hysteericks. She has since indignantly refus't th' leegacy o' th' black cat, an' I wid 'a liket t' dee th' same wi' th' parrot, only th' maitter's a' owre th' place, an' t' save appearances I wis obleeg't t' tak' it hame. For th' same rizzon I hinna thrawn its neck yet, tho', if it provokes me muckle mair wi' its scraichin' an' sweirin', I sidna winner gin that micht be its richly deserv't fate afore lang.

Yours trooly,

PETER BIRSE.



### In Memory of Wilson Barrett.

It is a year since Wilson Barrett died. The following "In Memoriam" appeared a few days ago in the *Daily Telegraph*:—"To the beloved, revered, most precious memory of Wilson Barrett, who went to rest July 23, 1904. A man with a great heart and tender, beautiful nature. Remembered every moment, loved eternally, by one who adored him. Dearest, noblest, best, you are in God's keeping now, for you 'the Light has come.'

"Is there never a chink in that world above  
Where you listen for words from below?"



Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays will have another innings at the Court Theatre. "John Bull's Other Island" will be revived at that theatre next month.

### ABERDEEN & NORTHERN FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

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J. F. MACPHAIL MASSIE,  
Treasurer.

### "Scotland Yet" Oatcakes.

In spite of the decline in household baking throughout the country, oatcakes still remain one of the staples of diet in every genuinely Scottish home. Owing to the great advances made in cookery during recent years, there is now no comparison between the heavy, sodden article that used to be placed on the table without shame, and the light, delicate, almost flaky cake that the housewife obtains at comparatively small cost from her grocer. Many oatcake bakers have arisen of late years to supply the demand that comes from every quarter of the country, but in spite of all competitors, the old-established and far-famed "Scotland Yet" house more than maintains its lead with products

"So light, crisp, delicious, so brittle and pure,

A treat and a tit-bit to all they ensure."

Indeed, the "girdles" of the "Scotland Yet" Bakery were never so full as at the present time; branches have been opened in many of the most important towns of the country, but still the pressure at the central establishment continues. Being personally acquainted with the merit of the cake, we are not in the least surprised that this should be so. It is really "light, crisp, delicious," as the poet just quoted puts it; but it must not be imagined that, like several other varieties in the market, the "Scotland Yet" brand is to be classed as pastry. Nothing of the sort. It is compounded of the finest oatmeal obtainable, and completely free from any sweet, extraneous flavouring. The cake is the cake with which we were familiar in our youth, only refined and rendered more nutritious by improved methods of baking.

It is not in the slightest degree surprising to learn that the "Scotland Yet" people possess an immense number of testimonials, many of them from people of title and others occupying the highest positions in society, commending the firm's wares in the most enthusiastic terms. Many of these come from the South. Day by day the demand for the cakes increases on the other side of the Border. For long the Englishman held oats and oatcakes in contempt. "Fit only for horses," he used to declare. At last, however, he has awakened to a true sense of the many virtues of oats, at least when presented to him in the form of oatcakes. Caledonia has conferred many benefits on the sister country. From the North the English have taken whisky and golf, and now, last but not least, "Scotland Yet" oatcakes. These, it will readily be admitted, are less prejudicial to health than whisky and more accessible to the purses of the community than golf.

### Light Fare for Little Folk.

In the summer time there are few dishes so nice and nourishing for children as one or other of the dainty summer dishes that can be made with

### Brown & Polson's

### "Patent" Corn Flour.

Send a post card to B. & P.,

Paisley, for their recipe book,

"Summer Dishes."

For a fortnight no new play has been produced in London. It will probably be a long time before this can be said again.

## Palace and Hippodrome.

### The First Night of the Season.

The regular season at the Palace Theatre, under the management of Messrs. Rosen and Bliss, began on Monday evening in the most successful manner. Those of us who were early in our place, as they say in the House of Commons, had the pleasure of hearing the overture played by Mr. Joseph Pelzer's capital band. There was an air of expectation in the audience, which, before eight o'clock, filled every part of the house. Every one wished well to the new management, and the audience was never—well, scarcely ever—critical. It was in good humour, willing to be pleased, and polite to every one of the turns. Many playgoers were present, and Mr. Cavanah, the amiable and courteous acting manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, showed his good will by looking in during part of the evening.

The "star" turn was given by Madame Ada Colley, who is described, by the compiler of the programme, as "the greatest singer ever heard." It is certain that Madame Colley pleased and delighted the very large audience. We liked her best in the hackneyed but still beautiful "Killarney," though those wonderful notes, about which we had been told, added little, in our opinion, to the charm and the pleasantness of her singing. This was a good turn, and the audience was almost noisy in its enthusiasm. Madame Colley granted an encore after some delay, with the remark, made aside—"You like a good deal of your own way in Aberdeen."

We thought that there was no smarter, brighter, or cleverer turn in the programme than the duologue, "Out of Barracks," by Mr. Tom Fancourt and Miss Jennie Rubie. Our colleague "Gallo" has several times, in his theatrical page, praised Mr. Fancourt's amusing performances in musical comedy. Here he plays with great success and real skill in a sketch which is written, we fancy, by his clever wife, Miss Jennie Rubie. The "duologue," as they prefer to call it, was applauded as heartily as any turn, and both performers were called several times at the end.

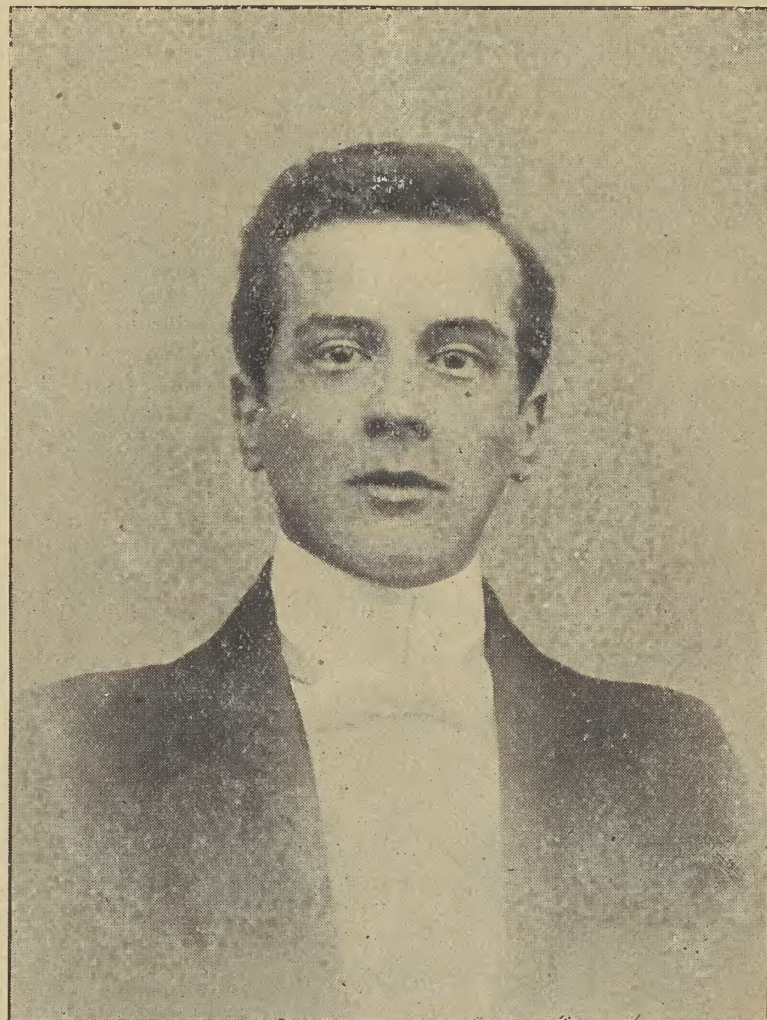
Miss Nina Gordon, "the Scottish mimic," imitates with considerable success Miss Vesta Tilley, Miss Vesta Victoria, Mr. Gus Elen, and Mr. Harry Lauder. Her imitation of Mr. Lauder singing "Stop yer Ticklin', Jock," was very good indeed, and thoroughly satisfied that comedian's admirers. Mr. Nat Watkins is a comedian with a manner of his own, and his turn was one of the two or three best. Mr. George Bernard sings descriptive songs well. Mr. Felino is a well-known impersonator of animals, and his "sketch" of a donkey was especially clever. His partner, "Grata," helps the business considerably. Other turns were supplied by Miss "Criss" Cross, Pearce and Ward, Mr. Fred Tenby, and "Wirson," who is a "head and hand equilibrist." There are also Vernon's "animated" pictures. The first evening of the season was auspicious for the new managers.

O. H.

Mr. Herbert Campbell left £7,000. No comedian's name, says the *Sunday Chronicle*, has ever appeared in "Wills and Bequests."

## CATLIN'S PIERROTS.

Almost for the first time, during the summer, the Pierrots have been unable to give their performance on account of rain. One afternoon they entertained a very large audience, most of the members of which were protected by umbrellas. There was a good deal of amusement when the delightful tenor of the company, Mr. Wilkins, sang, "by request," "Come Back, Sunshine." The entertainment was so good, however, that it drove dull care away. Concerted pieces were again greatly in favour. Mr. Castrey sang a capital coon song. Mr. Woolhouse, a comedian of great talent and great promise, sang a song about an airship and a swallow. Mr. Wilkins's song, "Good-bye, my Lady Love," is already being sung or whistled all over the town. Mr. Furness always works hard and successfully in whatever he does. Mr. "Bert" Frere sang several good songs. The Pierrots are in the height of their popularity, under Mr. Lovell's careful management. Mr. Willie Smith, the popular pianist, keeps the music at a high level of interest and brightness.



Mr. LESLIE FURNESS.

Mr. Leslie Furness, a quaint and versatile comedian, who is known in Aberdeen as "Wee MacGregor," is a Manchester man. He began his professional career as a humorist about four years ago. His first engagement was with Mr. F. C. Vypond on the Victoria Pier, Blackpool. After this he had long engagements at Morecambe, Lytham, Saltburn-by-Sea, Rhyl, Broughty Ferry, and in London, Liverpool, Plymouth, and other towns too numerous to mention. During the winter Mr. Furness's work is chiefly with first-class concerts and drawing-room entertainments.

Next week—Mr. "Teddy" Woolhouse.

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Every article of Pure Wool Wear. Sheets, Blankets, etc., at Fixed Moderate Prices.

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Pure Wool is known and recommended by Medical Men to be the safest and best for Summer Wear.

- SHIRTS, from ... 8s. 9d.
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- PYJAMA SUITS, ... 15s. 9d.

The JAEGER natural wool underwear is GUARANTEED against SHRINK-AGE, and is durable, soft, and comfortable.

Illustrated Price List, with Patterns, sent Free.



Jas. Lumsden & Co., Union Bridge  
Aberdeen.

**Aberdeen Mourning Establishment.—Acquisition by Mr. George Bowman.**

Mr. George Bowman, St. Nicholas Street, who has long been known as one of the shrewdest and most energetic men in the local drapery trade, has just acquired from Mr. D. J. Campbell that fine old business, "The Aberdeen Mourning Establishment," which was so long successfully conducted by the Gordon family at 44 Union Street. Mr. Bowman has purchased Mr. Campbell's whole stock on a low valuation, and in order to effect a clearance before taking in the new season's goods, he announces a cheap sale, which is to begin to-day. Prices have been much reduced, and no doubt the bargains that are offered in all the various lines will be keenly appreciated by the public. We understand Mr. Bowman intends to centralise the whole of his extensive business in the capacious Union Street warehouse.

The Times, writing of some new "turns" at the Coliseum, says that there is no more graceful and delicate singer and actor than Mr. Eugene Stratton. The street scene from "Faust" is played along with the "Soldiers' Chorus." "Queah Queschna" is a funny skit on the popular melodrama, "Leah Kleschna."

**M'Burney's China Hall.**

Mr. M'Burney, of the noted "China Hall," Adelphi House, Union Street, is at present showing a most extensive variety of new "seasonable goods," particularly flower stands, bowls, and vases, in beautifully tinted green Chrysis glass. These articles, which are most moderately priced, should find ready purchasers. Nothing adorns a house like a plentiful display of flowers, and, of course, for effective table decoration flowers are indispensable. Mr. M'Burney cordially invites the public to inspect his stock.

This and - - -  
Following Days.

WATT & GRANT'S

# GREAT SUMMER SALE.

EMPHATIC REDUCTIONS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

WATT & GRANT,  
UNION STREET, DEE STREET, and LANGSTANE PLACE,  
ABERDEEN.

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

### CRICKET.

#### The Association Trophy.

It is now twenty years since the first name was inscribed on the handsome trophy of the Aberdeenshire Association. On that occasion the final was played on the Links, and the White Star was the winning team. There have been some close and interesting finals since that time, but I venture to think that none has aroused so much interest as that of last Saturday between Huntly and St. Ronald. On a raw, wet sort of a day, it showed how keen was the enthusiasm when a crowd, estimated at between 3,000 and 4,000 people, witnessed the game. Huntly started batting in a very dull light, and notwithstanding the rain, the pitch was in good playing condition, affording little assistance to the bowlers. The batting was terribly tedious, the strikers failing to put the necessary vim behind their strokes, or cross-hitting in such a way that the ball was in the fielders' hands before they were settled. Berry and Gibb bore the brunt of the attack. The start of the Huntly side was fairly good. Then a rot set in, till the last two men got set, and the score rose some 30 runs. Their batting was the best on the side by a long way, and came at the right time, Anton especially having some good strokes to the off. A score of 72 did not inspire confidence in those who were backing Huntly. Round the large arena could be heard such remarks as "Not good enough to beat the Saints," and so on. I fancied it would be another game like that at Stonewood a few weeks ago, and so it turned out. The Saints adhered to the same order as on that day, and it "came off." Frank Baxter and George Gibb faced the attack of Scott & Co., and the boundaries came fast. There was a desire to make every ball travel all the way, and at the same time several of the Huntly fielders were very slack at picking up. Exception has to be made in the cases of Scott and Jas. Rhind, the latter keeping wicket as well as ever. Runs came freely, and several changes were resorted to before Frank was out to a good catch by Anton off Robertson. The score was such at this time that the issue was put beyond doubt, and with Ed. Gibb accompanying his brother, the trophy was won by St. Ronald for the second time in succession after a break of four years, their former victories having been won successively in '97, '98, and '99. The game was continued till there were signs of more rain, when, with the Saints' score standing at 103 for seven wickets, play was stopped, the large crowd dispersing in good order.

#### Mems. from the Final.

It was quite an innovation to have out the chairs at a cricket match, and it was a good one.

The most pleasant form of entertainment during summer is the Garden Party, with its charming amusements of Lawn Tennis, Croquet, Badminton, and Lawn Bowls, every requisite for which is made in its greatest perfection by the famous manufacturers, **GEO. G. BUSSEY & CO.**

Ask local Sports Outfitter for their Catalogue.

If not procurable, apply to 36 & 38 Queen Victoria Street, London.

Factories: Peckham, London; and Elmswell, Suffolk.

The idea was first mooted by Mr. Jos. Ross, of the Caledonian, and it not only drew revenue, but it was the very thing to keep the crowd from encroaching.

Several lights of former finals were present during the game. Alec Bremner and his brother were present. Teddy Brown and Joe Ross, of the Caley, and many more looked on.

Mr. Mackay and Mr. Harper saw that all the arrangements were complete, and it was not their fault that a better day for spectators was not provided. They deserve thanks for what they did.

Huntly gave a false impression of what they can do in batting, not one of them playing up to reputation; but this is often the case in a final.

The Saints, again, never seemed to trouble much, and on play were the better side, deserving their victory in every way.

#### At Mannofield.

What with threatening weather and the final for the Cricket Association trophy in the Duthie Park, there was only a sparse attendance to see the Arbroath v. 'Shire match. Cricket was never of the lively order, and the visitors did nothing out of the common, the first two batsmen being the only players who gave any trouble. Dr. Gray bowled superbly, and along with R. G. Tait had the rest of the Arbroath side out for 94. Macintosh and Clark made a very promising opening for the 'Shire, and put the result of the match beyond speculation. Macintosh was first to leave, with 25 to his credit, and W. Webster came in. It was some time before Webster got into scoring vein, Clark monopolising the bowling. Getting out to a slow one Clark was stumped by Blair for 36. R. G. Tait had only a short time at the wickets, when he was c. and b. Thornton. Smith and Webster then passed the score, which was 98, for three wickets down. Arbroath were thus defeated by four runs and seven wickets.

The 'Shire had another team at Aboyne, who won handsomely, scoring 130 to 83. R. S. Saunders played very fine cricket for 71.

#### The League.

In this competition only the Crescent and Stonewood were engaged on Saturday. Stonewood claimed a decided victory by 61 runs, with two wickets in hand. The scores were—Stonewood, 158 for eight wickets, and Crescent, 97. The match was an interesting one all through, and the wicket, notwithstanding the rain, was wonderfully free from wear.

#### Australians at the Oval.

Surrey had the game in hand on Saturday, and ruthlessly threw away their chance, losing by 22 runs. It would have been a sad blow to the Colonials had they been beaten twice in one week, for they got their second reverse in the Test Match at Old Trafford on Wednesday. It just shows that the present Australian eleven are not so powerful as they were reputed to be, good side though they are. Surrey lost by recklessness, as they had four men to make the necessary runs, and all failed.

#### ABERDEEN CITY POLICE.

### Eleventh Annual ATHLETIC SPORTS.

#### INVITATION FIVE-A-SIDE FOOTBALL.

#### 100 YARDS CHAMPIONSHIP, North of Scotland.

Under the Patronage of the Lord Provost, Magistrates, Town Council, and the Chief Constable,

AT PITTODRIE PARK, MERKLAND ROAD EAST,

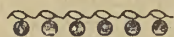
On SATURDAY FIRST, 5th AUGUST,

To Commence at 2 o'clock prompt.

ADMISSION, 6d; Reserved Side, 1/-; Stand, 6d. extra.

INSPECTOR FORBES, Hon. Secy.

Perhaps one of the most sensational results in first class cricket occurred on Saturday at Lords. It has been done before, but on this occasion when Pelham Warner closed with a handsome lead to get Essex out, he never dreamed that his side were to be defeated. Leaving Essex 252, with only a few hours' cricket possible, so well did Perrin and M'Gahey bat that the necessary runs were hit off in two hours and a quarter, and Essex were winners by seven wickets.



### JUNIOR CRICKET.

The Senior final quite overshadowed the other two matches in the Duthie Park on Saturday. The Granite Works came a nasty cropper to the Rose. It seemed to be quite an off day for them, Drummond's numerous exhortations to "buck up" notwithstanding. The "Workers" batted first, but, with the exception of Stewart, were far below usual form. Stewart just managed to get his doubles, and the Workers' total was 41. The Rose then started batting, and had two wickets down for a little over 20 runs. Several easy catches were missed, but beyond this the Workers' fielding was very smart. The Rose men forced the game right from the start, and when the third wicket was reached, seemed quite set. The first men had some very bad strokes, due, no doubt, to their anxiety to score. Some of the balls rose very high, and the wicket seemed to be a most uncertain one. Cowie (23) and Wyllie (18), both not out, were the heroes on the Rose side. Both scored their runs very quickly. The Rose eventually closed at 64 for three wickets. G. Cowie had the fine analysis of seven wickets for 24 runs for the Rose.



The other semi-final was played at Inverurie between the Butchers of that ilk and the Thistle. The Butchers batted first, and ran up the fairly respectable total of 62, Prosser having 12 and Bisset 10. The Thistle managed to pass this total with four wickets in hand, and immediately closed. Although Booth (14), Forbes (12), and Gray (11) all played well for their runs, the Thistle in a great measure owe their win to the fine batting by Hubbard. Hubbard's batting (27 not out) put what was at first a doubtful issue beyond all doubt. Hubbard had also three wickets for 20. Kyd had six wickets for a similar number of runs.



It is very appropriate that we should have a "Thistle" and a "Rose" battling in the final. We have no hesitation in "plumping" for the Thistle as cupholders for 1905. Their unbeaten League record compares favourably with that of the Rose, who have lost three out of five matches. And then the very fact that the "Thistle" always comes before the "Rose" will appeal to patriotic Aberdonians. At any rate, we are sure of a very fine game, as both clubs are composed of thorough sportsmen.

Sunnyside v. Mugiemoss at Duthie Park.—We expected to see the Mugiemoss (once renowned cup-fighters) do better against Sunnyside than they did, especially after earning their first League points at Balmoral's expense last week. Mugiemoss batted first (almost every team that batted first on Saturday lost, and seldom have we seen so many returns with the closure applied by the winning team), and were dismissed for 40, Glennie having 14 and Gillespie 10. The Sunnyside did not start brilliantly, but the advent of Wilson (13) changed matters, and the closure was applied at 49, with eight wickets in hand. Beattie, with 23 not out, was the best batsman, while Lickley had the splendid analysis of four for 8.



2nd Crescent v. 2nd St. Ronald at Stewart Park.—The Saints keep their unbeaten League record, while Crescent have to own defeat for the first time in League matches this season. The match was remarkable for several individual successes. The greatest was George Fenton's splendidly played 37. Cooper (Crescent) also played well for his 22. Bill Murray (Saints) had four for 12, and Tom Higgins three for 21. The scores were 105 and 83.



Balmoral visited Culter with a stronger team than they had out last week, and consequently returned victors by 11 runs. Leith and Fraser, with 19 and 16 respectively, were the most successful batsmen for Balmoral, while Massie (Culter), with 19 not out, quite surprised his clubmates. Massie also added to his honours by taking three wickets for 5 runs, a very good performance. Duthie, with five for 20, was Balmoral's best bowler.



Ferryhill and Cornwall's finished their League programme on Saturday. Ferryhill, by beating Cornwall's, are now equal with Granite Works at the head of the table. Granite Works, however, have still a match to go—that with the 3rd Braemar. D. M'Donald was undoubtedly the hero of Saturday's game. Besides scoring 39 (and 39 means a good deal more in Walker Park than anywhere else), he took four wickets for 10 runs. This, we think, is the best all-round performance recorded for some time. Anderson, with 18, was the only "doubler" for Cornwall's.



Ferryhill played with ten men, D. M'Donald having 39 not out, A. Ironside 13 not out, and Troup 25. Duncan M'Donald had four wickets for 10, and J. Wright four for 20.



St. Clement's had revenge on Balnagask on Saturday. If we remember aright, this is Balnagask's first defeat in the District League. The best performance of the match was Geo. Wilson's 21 for Balnagask. Wilson is undoubtedly Balnagask's best batter.

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WM. DAVIDSON'S CHAMPION CRICKET STOCK, 25  
Bridge Street, Aberdeen. Select now. Send repairs now

Smoke the Famous  
"YEOMANRY" TOBACCO  
SOLD by ALL TOBACCO DEALERS.

The Asylum team seems to be rather a doubtful quantity. One week we have them recording a brilliant win, and the next they record a "brilliant" defeat. Stewart Park have to thank G. M'Innes for their win. In fact, M'Innes won the match off his own bat, scoring 53 himself against the Asylum's total of 36. Add to this five wickets for 14 runs, and we have a performance equal to M'Donald's, of Ferryhill.

The Clifton of to-day is not the Clifton of a couple of years ago. Just fancy—Cults, 155; Clifton, 21; and that with one Cults man out because he returned the ball instead of letting a fielder do it. We think any of our Granite City League teams could be backed to do better than that. Never mind, Clifton, we know you had a scratch team on.

We give the Bon-Accord League Table, up to and including Saturday last:—

	P.	W.	L.	Tie.	Pts.
Granite Works	-	8	8	0	16
Ferryhill	-	9	8	1	16
Cornwalls'	-	9	6	3	12
3rd Braemar	-	6	4	2	8
Whitehall	-	8	4	4	8
Balnagask	-	8	3	5	6
Combworks	-	8	3	5	6
Congregational	-	6	2	4	4
G.N.S.R.	-	7	0	7	0
Y.M.C.A.	-	7	0	7	0

**Football.**

**The Coming Season.**

On Tuesday week—all too early, we say—St. Bernards will be at Pittodrie Park to open the season's work in an East of Scotland League game. Dundee will be tackled the same week, and then the opening proper will be on the Saturday with Partick Thistle. Everybody knows the changes that will take place in Aberdeen's team, but many will regret to learn that Duncan M'Nicol will be unable to start this season—at least that is going in the way of gossip out the way.

I hear it stated that season tickets will not be sold after next Monday. There has been a great demand for them.

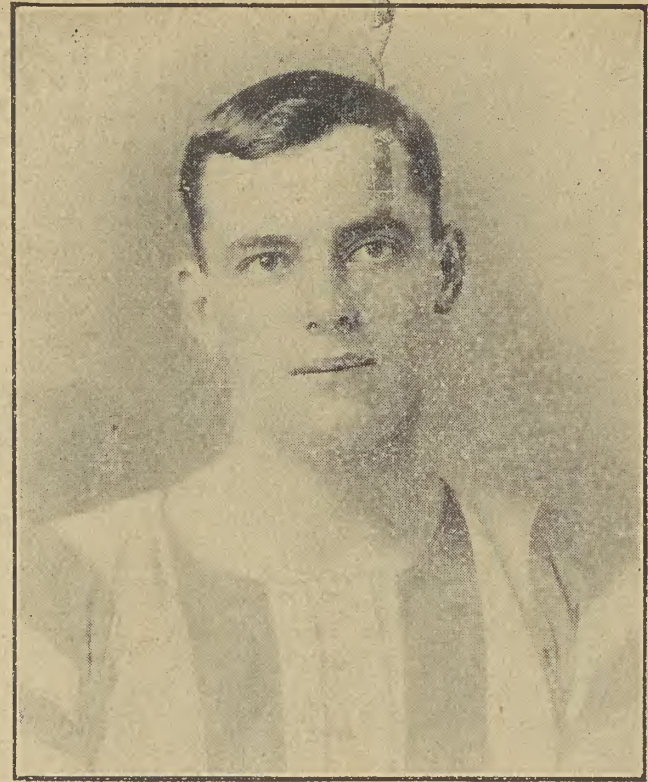
As mentioned last week, all the men have begun training at Pittodrie.

The two M'Nicol's are not down yet, but Geordie, who has been looking after himself at Meadowside, will be here this week.

**The Police Sports.**

The eleventh athletic gathering held by the City Police Athletic Club is due on Saturday at Pittodrie. For the football competition they have again been successful in securing St. Mirren, Dundee, and Aberdeen, while as something new they have induced Airdrieonians to send a team north. The 'Onians are blessed with a good five for this style of play. In addition to all this, there is a programme that for length and variety could not be better. Some 30 odd events are down for decision, and if people do not have value in quality, they will have in quantity. The North of Scotland Championship sprint has secured a field of 7 entrants, and the handicap event has some 25 runners prepared to make a start if the handicappers are lenient. All over, there is a larger number of entrants for the various events than ever there has been. Inspector Forbes is busy completing arrangements, and all he wants is a good day, to make the sports a record one in point of attendance and competitors.

To GOLFERS.—Golfers should see our stock of Clubs, Balls, Carriers, etc. Clubs, 4s. 6d.; Balls, 6s., 7s. 6d., and 9s. 6d. per dozen. Carriers, with ball pocket and handle, 6s. 6d. We hold the largest and best selected stock in town. Campbell & Co., India Rubber Manufacturers, 18 Bridge Street, Aberdeen.



Mr. ALFRED WARD, Centre Forward, Aberdeen F.C.

Alfred Ward, who has joined the Aberdeen F.C., hails from Chesterfield, where he got initiated into the game. He was picked up by Notts County after his local reputation had got abroad and did good work for the County team at centre forward. Last season he was with Brighton Hove Albion, and was a most successful goal-getter at outside right and centre. Ward has always had a desire to play in a Scotch team, and was an applicant at the start of the season. Other clubs were anxious for his signature, but he preferred to hang off till Mr. Philip saw him and induced him to come north. His week's sojourn here has made him fond of the Granite City already, and he is most anxious to do well for the club he has signed for.

**BOWLING.**

Mr. John Simpson, of the Northern Club, and Mr. W. Mitchell, of the Ferryhill Club, on Monday evening, had a very exciting match in Inverness with Mr. Mellis and Mr. Kennedy, two of the most prominent players of the Highland Club. The Aberdonians had the satisfaction of winning comfortably by 21 shots to 11, much to the chagrin of the Highlanders.

Ferryhill v. Aberlour, at Aberlour.—The following were the scores:—

FERRYHILL.	ABERLOUR.
Mr. W. B. Allaway (skip).....25	Mr. Murison (skip).....10
Mr. J. A. Simpson (skip).....18	Mr. Stuart (skip).....15
Mr. W. Mitchell (skip).....25	Mr. Jamieson (skip).....16
Mr. M'Killigan (skip).....19	Dr. Sellar (skip).....12
Total.....87	Total.....53

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**NOTHING FINER.**

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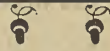
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PROPRIETORS:

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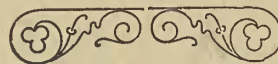
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Near the Station, yet sufficiently removed to ensure  
complete quietness from all rail and street traffic.



The Hotel is luxuriously furnished and provided  
with all the latest improvements. Splendid

. . Suites of Rooms for . .



Weddings, Dances, = =

"At Homes," &c. = = =

The Cuisine under the management of a First-Class Chef.

D. G. BILHAM, *Manager.*

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Overwhelming Medical Testimony  
accompanies each bottle.  
Of all Chemists, 1/12, 2/9, & 4/6.

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Colds,  
Asthma,  
Bronchitis,  
and all Kindred  
Ailments.

**SYMINGTON'S**

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**COFFEE.**

Any Quantity of Coffee made  
in a moment.

"Coffee that maketh the politician wise,  
And see through all things with his  
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