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SILVER NOVELTIES.

Vol. XXXV.—No. 1

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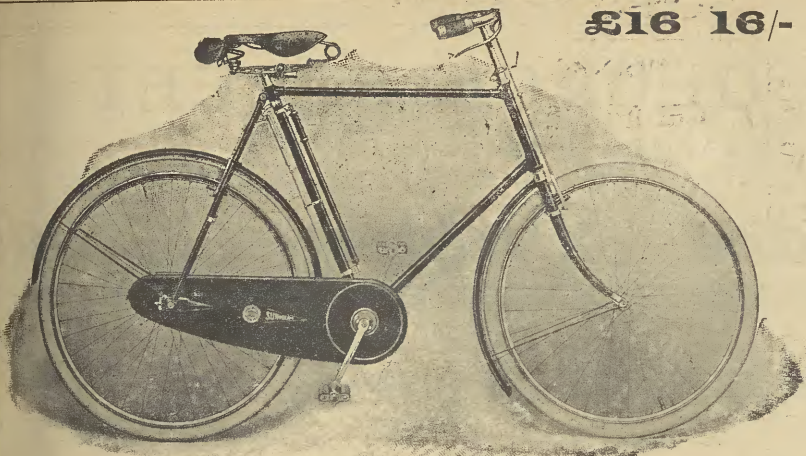
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IN ALL FASHIONABLE SHAPES AND SIZES.

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NEWEST DESIGNS, LATEST COLOURINGS.

25 Pieces Printed Muslin, newest patterns, at 2½d. and 3½d. per yard—worth 6d. and 7d.

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Also a large stock of White and Coloured Muslins from 6½d. to 1s. 6d. per yard.

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We have also a Large Selection of Moreen, Moirette, and Silk Underskirts at very keen prices.

Special Line of Coloured Moirette Underskirts at 8s. 11d.: Cerise, Pale Green, and Pale Blue—this lot is well worth 12s. 11d.

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Night Dresses—1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.

Camisoles—1s. 3½d. to 4s. 6d.

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Special Line in White, Dove, and Black—1s. 11½d.

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Latest Style in Straight Front Corsets from 2s. 11½d. to 12s. 6d.

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Large Selection of Ladies' White Jap Silk Blouses—4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 11d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., to 28s. 6d.

Ladies' and Children's Delaine and Muslin Blouses in great variety, and at all prices from 1s. 11½d. upwards.

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LETTER AND TELEPHONE ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

# JAMES SHIRRAS, CITY DRAPER,

## 52-58 GEORGE STREET.

TELEPHONE 912.

## NOTES & COMMENTS.

WE suppose it is on the principle that cleanliness is next to godliness that the Seaside Theologians have pitched their tabernacle alongside the Bathing Station Sundays. The hiring of the Pierrots' pavilion was a happy thought on the part of the good people who are organising those P.S.A.s by the beach. Seasoned with plenty of music and conducted by men who know how to deliver a bright and breezy address of not more than a quarter-of-an-hour's duration, we predict that the Seaside Sermon has come to stay.



PEOPLE there are who dislike these open-air contentions, who fume at them as a kind of outrage on the part of Nature, and with them we frankly confess to a certain feeling of sympathy. Those philosophers who, however, pass by the seaside service on the other side, and far from the madding crowd, find those sermons in the papers and books in running brooks which are to their minds oft-times more eloquent than the tongues of men. As some shrewd fellow says somewhere, it takes any kinds of people to make a world. There is room enough on the Links for both these types of humanity to meet without rubbing shoulders with each other unless they like.



AND if they like, they may find the shoulder-lobbing process not at all a bad one for rounding-off those angularities of temperament and training which we so often to keep them apart, and make them regard each other with unsympathetic eyes. Religion in Scotland has been too long looked at from the point of view of the two unsisterly sisters of different persuasions," who, according to Robert Louis Stevenson, lived in an Edinburgh garret, across the floor of which was drawn a chalk-line delimiting their two spheres of influence. The chalk-lines are everywhere in Scotland, and, as Stevenson says of the manyarring sects, "Which is to pocket pride, and speak the foremost word?"



ONE of the most striking features of Mr. Bryce's meeting in the Albert Hall was the large proportion of artisans present. The workers of Aberdeen have ever been keenly interested in politics, and it was quite a sight to see how their faces lighted up when Mr. Bryce made some telling point against the Colonial Secretary's Protectionist proposals. It was evident from the tone of the meeting that while some of the local labour leaders are groping about in the dark on the question of the New Protection, many members of the rank and file have already made up their minds to have no tampering with the principles of Free Trade. The blandishments of Mr. Maltman Barry—who is now gain perambulating the country in the Protectionist interest—have had little or no effect on the hard-headed workers of the town, who, in regard to the question of the hour, have evidently come to the conclusion that Bryce is their friend, not Barrie.

THE Rev. Mr. Macintosh Mackay does not seem to hold a very exalted opinion of the literary style of the Town Council year books. In the course of a sermon which he delivered the other week, the pastor of the United Free South Church said that if "he wished to have an exciting story read to him, he should not choose the records of the Town Council." To this our City Fathers might retort that happy is the Town Council which has no exciting history, and whose records are written in the peaceful spirit of "the annals of a quiet neighbourhood." If the minister of the Free South is in search of spicy reading, he should get what he wants in the more recent records of the United Free Presbytery, who have had to water down the press reports of their proceedings for reasons which the Man in the Street can fully appreciate. And the strange thing is that some of the members of the Presbytery seem to be far from grateful to the reporters for exercising a wise discretion in regard to their references to the "scenes from clerical life" to which we refer.



THE ways of the War Office are past finding out, but even that bureau of incompetency surely never did a more unpopular thing than refuse—as it did the other week—to allow the Band of the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders to play on the pier at Southport on Sunday. According to *Truth*, the action of the War Office was the result of an outburst of Southport Sabbatarianism, which seems to be as unlovely a thing there as it is elsewhere. We were under the impression that our "ain toon" took the palm for "unco guidness," but in Southport it has found a formidable rival. But perhaps what frightened Southport was the thought of the barbaric skirl of the bag-pipes. Like "The Wee Macgregor," the haggis, and other things Scottish, the bag-pipes are an acquired taste, and the good people of Southport can hardly be blamed for regarding the coming of a Highland Host like the Gordons Gay with a feeling akin to dismay. This is no excuse, however, for the action of the War Office, which in regard to such trifles as the visit of a Scottish band to an English town shows an overweening concern that might more fitly be applied to the conviction of those contractors who supply rotten rations to the army.



WITH each succeeding season the fame of Cruden Bay and its magnificent golf course gets better and better known. It is therefore not at all surprising to hear that a member of *la haute politique* in the person of Mr. Asquith, M.P., should have pitched upon Cruden Bay as a delectable place for a summer holiday. Mr. Asquith is as keen a golfer as he is a politician, so if any of our town or county associations should fail to prevail upon him to make a political speech in the district—there are already rumours that an attempt will be made in that direction—they may be consoled by witnessing a golf match between say Mr. Asquith and the Prime Minister himself. Mr. Balfour has not visited our neighbourhood in recent years, but we should imagine that the prospects of a game at golf would have infinitely more attractions for him than would a honied invitation to speak on such a subject as the New Protection.

ONLOOKER.

SMART AND STYLISH TAN BOOTS from 5/11 to 13/6  
At JOHN A. DUNN'S, 26 and 175 UNION STREET.



MR. BRYCE'S descent on the city has been made at the psychological moment. For the past few weeks all men's minds have turned to the consideration of the vast fiscal problems which Mr. Chamberlain's Zollverein scheme has but dimly foreshadowed, and in common with great numbers of electors throughout the country, our citizens were beginning to imagine that the Free Trade principles which have guided the commercial and economic policy of the nation for fully half-a-century were on the eve of being cast into the political melting-pot at the bidding of a statesman who—however successful he may have been as a Parliamentary opportunist—is the possessor, as has been well said, of an essentially provincial intellect.

MR. BRYCE'S speech on the New Protection will go far to remove this dread. And grateful should the country be that in a crisis like this it has leaders like Mr. Bryce, Mr. Ritchie, and Lord Goschen to defend its fiscal policy from the depredations of a politician who has abandoned one by one all the principles which it was once his privilege to support. Though it partook more of the form of a lecture on national economics than that of a political address, and though it was spoken to an audience that was composed of political friend and foe, Mr. Bryce's speech is undoubtedly the most damning indictment of the Colonial Secretary's scheme which has been delivered either inside or outside the walls of Westminster. Mr. Bryce is able to bring to bear on his subject all the vast stores of knowledge of the far-travelled man who has studied the social and economic conditions of foreign lands at first hand. And when there is added to this—as in Mr. Bryce's case—a historical grasp of the principles of Free Trade and an intimate acquaintance with their practical application, it was to be expected that the crude, ill-considered pronouncements of Mr. Chamberlain would be subjected to a merciless exposure.

SPEAKING in that unimpassioned, logical style which he has made his own, Mr. Bryce dealt with the great issues involved with that freedom which can only come with an absolute command of the figures and facts relating to this great controversy. The Colonial point of view, the threatened tax on food, the great labour interests involved, and all the other aspects of the question were treated with a lucidity that again and again drew the sustained applause of his hearers, who must have felt that it was good for them to be there. We do not suppose that Mr. Bryce's address was delivered with an eye to electioneering contingencies, but the immediate result will undoubtedly be greatly to strengthen his hold on

the constituency which he has represented so fully during the past twenty years. Steps should at once be taken to issue the speech in pamphlet form.

THE Scriptural injunction "Therefore take thought of the morrow, what ye shall eat, and ye shall drink, and wherewithal ye shall be clothed" has always been one of those counsels of perfection which Mere Man has found it somewhat hard to follow, and locally, at all events, the difficulty has not been lessened by the troubles in the bakery and tailoring trades.

We can do without papers, we can do without books, but where is the man who can do without cooks?

sings a Bard whose name we forget. He might have put alongside of the indispensable cook the equally indispensable baker and tailor. It does not add to the gaiety of a city that has just survived the Summer Theology, and e'en now is experiencing the vagaries of the Summer Pantomime, to be brought face to face with the baker-man and tailor-man on strike. This is a sort of midsummer madness for which we were unprepared, and all the texts in the world will fail to comfort the man who dreads the loss of his morning roll or the non-arrival of the flannel suit which he intends to cut a dash during his week in the country. A complicated social system indeed it is when, in these latter days, Jack considers himself as good as his Master and a good deal better, and when a little tiff between the two should put in jeopardy the feeding and clothing of a whole city.

WE hear that at last week's outing of the fatigued poor at Banchory, a table groaning with the good things of this life was provided in the wigwag apart for the special delectation of the members of Parish Council. "Full justice," as the reporters say, was done to the hospitable "spread" by all members present except one. To the manifest surprise of his colleagues, this particular Councillor resolutely refused, "on principle," to break bread with the assembled inside the tent, and we are afraid that though he is far from cadaverous in appearance, he proved the proverbial skeleton at the Parish Council feast.

WE are glad to see that Police Judge Taylor has determined to put down a very obnoxious form of street rowdyism which has hitherto been too leniently dealt with by our local magistrates. We refer to the cowardly baiting of Italian ice-cream vendors by gangs of city roughs. A few youthful hooligans who were convicted of this offence in the Police Court last week were each sentenced by Judge Taylor to pay a fine. This conviction and punishment should have a salutary effect on those youthful ruffians who look upon the foreigner as "fair game."

WHILE we have every sympathy with any proposal that has in view the improvement of the Links—which are in their present neglected and dirty condition a disgrace to the city—we hope that reasonable care will be taken by the Links and Parks Committee not to interfere as little as possible with the natural contour of the ground. The proposed raising of the level

Ladies should see the "KNICKER TWEEDS" at 14/6, Dress Length.  
ROBERT HENDERSON, 33 UNION STREET.

the cinder-strewn plain which lies between the Broad Hill and the esplanade may be necessary in the interests of good drainage, and if grass could be made grow where there is at present nothing but danders and dust, there can be but one opinion as to the desirability of such an improvement.



We should, however, very much like to know what meant by the proposed "terracing" of the east face of the Broad Hill. If it means the making of the rough places plain, we trust that the Town Council will have nothing to do with any such scheme. Little objection can be taken to the formation of a pathway or pathways along the sea-face of the hill, if the making of these is carried out with care, but the less officiality there is about the appearance of the Broad Hill after these changes are effected the better will look. In regard to such places as the Links, nature, with, of course, the judicious assistance of man, the best gardener in the world.



As long as all the rubbish of the town is dumped down for the making of the Esplanade, it is impossible to look for a cleanly kept Links, but surely something more could be done to keep the east side of the People's Park clear of broken glass, dirty papers, and fragments of what Ruskin calls "obscene crockery." For a golf-course that is supposed to be under the care of the municipality, the Links course is, we believe, the filthiest in the world. The Links and Parks Committee cannot waken up too soon to a sense of their responsibility in regard to this matter, and by the time that another year comes round, it is to be hoped that steps will be taken to put the Links into better condition. With this end in view, the formation of the Esplanade should be pushed on during the winter months, which are often quite open enough for the carrying on of such work. At the present rate of progress, the Esplanade may be expected to reach the Don about the year 1950. A leisurely, easy-going lot are the City Fathers of Aberdeen.



MANY controversies have in recent years centred round the use of granite as a material for statuary. Some critics would have us believe that it is quite unsuited as a medium for the sculptor's art, except when employed, as it was by the Egyptians of old, on figures of colossal size. Other critics there are, however, who maintain that within certain lines granite can be used with excellent effect in the production of statues of ordinary dimensions, and that the latter view is steadily gaining adherents is evident from the more extended employment of granite in this direction. The latest example of local granite sculpture—an illustration of which we give on page 13—is taken the form of a statue to be erected in Aberdeen to the memory of the Cape Mounted Police who fell during the recent campaign in South Africa. The model, which has just been completed by Mr. W. Hamilton Buchan, a local sculptor whose work speaks for him a promising future, represents a trooper of the Cape Mounted Police attired in the full uniform of the corps, standing in a soldierly attitude with his rifle grasped in both hands. Mr. Buchan has designed the figure with a view to getting the best possible effect in granite, and when completed and placed on the square stone cap which stands on four graceful pillars rising from a quadrangular base, the

statue will present a most striking appearance. The total height of this fine memorial will be 30 feet, and it will be flanked on each side by two lions in stone. The carrying out of the granite work has been entrusted to Messrs. A. Macdonald & Co., Limited, and a feature of the sculpturing of the statue—which will be fashioned from one block of stone—will be the cutting-out "in the round" of such delicate details as the rifle. Mr. Buchan is to be congratulated on having secured such an important commission, and still more so on having carried it out in a way that reflects every credit on himself and his native city.



MR. W. D. ESSLEMONT, M.A., B.L.

We have pleasure in reproducing a portrait of Mr. W. D. Esslemont, M.A., B.L., who was recently appointed agent for the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., in place of the late Mr. Butchart. Since his student days, Mr. Esslemont has taken a keen interest in politics, and in the University Debating Society was a prominent debater in the political tournaments of that body. He was the proposer of Mr. Bryce for the Lord Rectorship in 1890, and although his nominee was not successful, his party made a very good fight. When the late Dr. William Hunter contested the Lord Rectorship with the Marquis of Huntly, Mr. Esslemont was in the thick of the fight—on the progressive side. Again the contest was a close one, although the love for a Lord on the part of the majority of the students continued the Marquis in his office for another period. Mr. Esslemont was apprenticed with Mr. T. R. Gillies, advocate, and took his M.A. degree in 1892, and his B.L. degree in 1895, and he now holds the appointment of Assistant Professor in Law at the University. He is a nephew of the late Mr. Peter Esslemont, and so belongs to a genuinely Liberal family. It may be stated that Mr. Esslemont is Resident Secretary of the Scottish Life Assurance Company, which has just erected the handsome block of buildings towards the end of Union Terrace, to which premises his office will be removed at an early date.



## Round the Fire.

V.—ROSE OF THE WORLD.



FRIEND of mine, who is a student of natural science, and who believes, among other excellent theories, that he has no soul, came to my lodgings a night or two ago and took up a white rose which stood in a glass of water upon my writing-table. He asked me if I knew anything about its "natural order," and when I said

that a white rose is sacred to Harpocrates, the god of silence, and to the Virgin Mary, he laughed a little scornfully and began to pluck the flower to pieces, now and then naming some part of it with a learned name, destroying, in my mind, not alone the visible beauty of the petals, but also the beautiful multitude of ideas that gather about the rose in one's imagination.

My friend could not understand why I care nothing about "natural orders" or "floral formulæ," or any other item of the long scientific catalogue of unlovely words. He forgets that when the last botanist dies unwept the world will not miss his dusty lore, but that if the Ancient Gardener were to crush the last rose the world would be without an image of beauty. Science has so long busied herself with the merest externals of circumstance, with the dullest and most unimportant things of the material world, and has illuminated her own hopeless nudity with so vivid a light, that men are beginning to turn away from her with something not unlike contempt. They are beginning to seek comfort in the world of the imagination, which is, we are told, the world of eternity. Everything we see in this world, says William Blake, is but a reflection of the permanent realities that exist in the world of the imagination, the world of eternity.

No man can possibly be the better for being able to describe badly, and at great length, what can be described with excellent simplicity by saying "a rose." All the ponderous explanations of science fail to satisfy the man who wonders why some roses are red and some roses white; but he will be satisfied, unless he belong to the cold generations of the Sophists, with the explanation of Constantine, who makes the god Eros a great dancer, and tells how, when he was dancing in the company of the other gods, he slipped and spilled wine upon the rose, changing that to red which before was white—*Craterem nectaris evertit saltans apud deos, qui in terram cadens, Rosam prius albam rubore infecit.*

I cannot believe that destiny was ever turned aside by the barren rituals of science, for if one reads only a few of those learned and colourless sentences to be found in such exuberance in the pages of its canonical books, one is swift to cry with Jaques "'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle." But I am quite ready to believe that

the sight or the memory of some symbol of beauty, a rose, for instance, may start a train of thought in one's mind that shall so grow and increase that its influence will be working subtle changes upon the imaginations of the world when many years have passed and one is dead.

The Rose is not, after all, a flower belonging to that catalogue of unhappy names one has learned to despise as the science of botany, but is a divine idea made visible to our senses, and belongs to a divine order that is nameless and eternal. When I see a rose upon a bracelet in a vase, or read of a rose in a line of poetry, I remember that Eve in one legend is said to have sinned by plucking the rose, and in another legend, which makes the evening angel give her the choice of carrying one flower away from Eden, she chooses the Scarlet Rose, and so brings the beautiful, fading desires and passions of mortality into the world. According to eastern symbolism the god Inanna was crucified for stealing a Rose from the garden of heaven, and in the centre of the Brahmin paradise is the Silver Rose containing "the images of two women, as bright and fair as a pearl," and in the centre of this rose God has his unchanging abode. When I shut my eyes in the quietude of contemplation, or when I gaze with open eyes through rising incense clouds upon glimmering altar-candles, I can see this Silver Rose as Dante maybe saw and among the common things of the daily world it is never far absent from my thoughts, for do not some of us know that even the sad rose of human passion has Divinity at its heart, and encloses Him in a million veils?

There is nothing sinful save ugliness, nothing holy save beauty. All waters are sweet save those into whose deeps fell the star called Wormwood, which is the star of what we call science, and progress, and success, falling into the souls of men and making them bitter. If the world had heeded the voice which cried, "Seal up those things which the seers thunders uttered, and write them not," the footsteps of Divinity would still be heard among the ancient trees, and my learned friend would cease to tear apart the roots of leaves, and would believe, maybe, that he has a soul. I can only imagine the sciences, as they are understood now, as gaunt and famished riders spurring about the world on dark horses, consumed with a fierce hatred of all beauty and all emotion, and warring against that ill-starred company of poets, and dreamers, and visionaries who could remake the Golden Age if the world would but turn again to the dark horsemen. It is not the man with a bank-book who is to break the snares that close about us, but the man with a song in his heart and a dream in his mind,

"Who present, past, and future sees;  
Whose ears have heard  
The Holy word  
That walked among the ancient trees;

"Calling the lapsed soul,  
And weeping in the evening dew;  
That might control  
The starry pole,  
And fallen, fallen light renew,"

as was written by Blake, who had heard the Holy Word ever man had.


A writer whom I suppose to be the greatest of all modern writers and the most profound, in a recent essay in one of the monthlies very beautifully and truly says of a certain poet: "He may not have been, indeed he was not, among the very greatest of the poets, but he was among the greatest of those who prepare the last reconciliation when the Cross shall blossom with roses." If we continually despise all that is base, and material, and insignificant, and continually seek after their antipodes, guarding always the secret flame of the imagination, and writing our poems and plays, nay, even our dramatic criticisms, with a wise austerity, may not the Cross blossom with roses in our hearts, even now?

F. P. S.

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## "And the Greatest of these is Charity."

### HOSPITAL SATURDAY DEMONSTRATION AND SPORTS.



THE Hospital Saturday movement has never been without its very Candid Critics. They have assailed it from all sides, and, as is characteristic of such people, they have judged it, unfortunately, by their own standard. That is to say, they can't understand working men, and others who are not working men, being content to sacrifice time and money and do a great deal of very hard, thankless work all for the glory of the thing and the sacred cause of charity. These very Candid Critics wouldn't do the thing themselves. We quite believe it. Therefore they smile superciliously and look very wise, and hint that charity covers a multitude of sins. They are of the class of people who accept a complimentary ticket for the Sports, and use it for each of the four per-

formances among themselves and their relatives to nine places decimals. We heard of one case where seven people and two aids presented themselves at the grand stand with one invitation among them. All of which opens up the question of complimentary cards. These on the present occasion seem to have been distributed with a more than ordinarily lavish hand, and, appears, were not collected until the last performance. Unfortunately, too, they fall into the hands of the people best able to pay for admission. Of course it is only right that those who have rendered any service to the movement should be courteously cognised, but there is a limit to that sort of thing, which seems to have been rather over-stepped on the present occasion. Everyone is not like the gentleman who, appearing at the stand, handed up his ticket and called for a collecting box, into which he dropped a very handsome donation.

Of course the Hospital Saturday movement is not perfection. A few things are. There is the little rift within the lute occasionally, but the unsparing way in which everyone connected with the movement, from the highest officials down to the "supers" work for the general good is worthy of all credit. Take Parish councillor John A. Sangster, this year's President, for instance, Mr. Andrew Stott and Mr. Robert Meston, Joint Conveners of the Sports Committee. Mr. Sangster is a busy man, with many public and private matters to attend to, yet he ungrudgingly gives no slight share of his time in the interests of the hospitals. It is the same with Mr. Stott. There is nothing of the ornamental figure-head about these people. They work hard—very hard, in a quite disinterested way, for their only reward is the success or failure of their efforts.

Of Saturday's Demonstration, from the spectacular point of view, perhaps the least said is the soonest mended. But you cannot evolve a Demonstration out of your inner consciousness, so to speak, and unless there is hearty support on the part of those who have the material to make the show a success, the organizers are helpless. Even without the offer of prizes it ought to be the object of every firm in town having the means to endeavour to add their contribution to the show. The example of Mr. Sangster and the Fire Brigade, and of our friends the Pierrots, who have always shewn a readiness in aiding the local charities, is worthy of all praise.

For two terrible hours on Friday evening, the fate of the sports trembled in the balance. But the public let the elements do their worst, and turned out in praiseworthy numbers. While those gallant fellows the 17th Lancers went through their performance with a dash and *elan* that gave little indication that every time a horseman galloped up the field at full speed he was in imminent danger of breaking his neck, for every now and then at the tent-pegging the riders could feel the horses slipping on the wet and treacherous ground.

On Saturday everything was for the best in this best of possible worlds. The crowd came, and were rewarded by an entertainment not only of uniform excellence but also of infinite variety, and one that reflects the highest credit on Lieutenant Gilbert and his men. The Lieutenant spared neither himself nor man nor beast in his effort to please, and if the 17th Lancers only leave Aberdeen with as favourable an impression of Aberdonians as we have of them, the City may feel tolerably

contented with itself. Nor must Bandmaster Bilton be forgotten. It would be difficult to say whether the music or the Display was the more enjoyed, while the introduction of "The Lost Chord," into Saturday afternoon's programme, at the special request of the Press, was a "happy thought" that proved exceedingly popular.

A little variety was given to the cavalry display by the one mile walking match, in which Copland gained a splendid and well-deserved victory over McCombie, though, by a somewhat Gilbertian method of judgment, the latter was awarded the first prize because he had kept the lead for four laps. Followed to its logical conclusion, and given a long enough "walk" and a sufficiency of competitors, there is no reason why the last man should not be first by this unique method of adjudication. There was also a backwards go-as-you-please contest, in which the gentleman somebody cheerily called "Molly" Riley proved the winner.

In short, the Hospital Saturday Sports were a success—a very great success, and ought to do much to encourage Mr. Stott, and Mr. Meston, and all the others connected with them, to give Aberdeen another such entertainment next year. X.



## "Come in and Buy!"

(A STREET EXPERIENCE.)



SOME little time ago I met  
A person I will ne'er forget,  
No matter how I try;  
He stood before a shop door, and  
With smile no doubt considered bland,  
He said to every passer, "Stand!  
Come in and buy!"

Unshaven, seedy, tall, and thin,  
Soap seemed a stranger to his skin,  
Dirt had become a dye:  
His nose was of a fiery hue,  
His cheeks in places bluest blue,  
A raucous voice attention drew—  
"Come in and buy!"

It was no sweet harmonious note  
That came from that "hot coppered" throat—  
('Twas doubtless *very* dry.)  
He looked as if he wished a "bob"  
That moment jingled in his fob—  
He sighed for payment of his job.  
"Come in and buy!"

I paused a minute to reflect  
Upon this personage abject,  
When, ere that I could fly,  
The rascal my coat button-holed,  
(I could him in the gutter rolled),  
Said he "It's 'ere cheap boots are sold—  
Come in and buy!"

"We've Bluchers sir, at six-and-nine,  
Of walking boots, our special line,  
No shop, sir, in the High  
Street, can with our hemporium match,  
Their goods on ours, sir, aint a patch—  
Cork soles? Look at this lot—a catch!  
Come in and buy!"

"Our tan boots would a heart grace  
In style to button, strap, or lace,"—  
He in my face did pry:  
His fetid breath distressed my nose,  
I started—slipped—fell—woe of woes!  
As we crashed-down his wail arose,  
"Come in and buy!"

I gained my feet and would have fled,  
But stay—was my tormentor dead  
So corpse like did he lie?  
A policeman elbowed through the throng,  
"Some brandy—quick—speak up—what's wrong?"  
These words came to us full and strong—  
"Come in and buy!"

A. M. DUDGEON.

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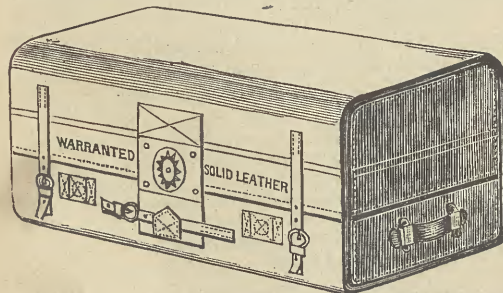
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## Aladdin Junior (*prolonged*).

CONCERNING THE COMPANY.

**T**HE Summer Solstice and the Summer Pantomime are both progressing favourably.

Real thunder in the forenoon; artificial lightning behind a sort of dim Arthurian sky in the evening.

What more do you want?

The Solstice, however, is in the hands of the Meteorological Department, but for the Pantomime we are prepared to stake whatever atom of reputation we have left.

It is a poor thing—the reputation, we mean—but our own.

Last week we were so immersed in purely imaginary conversations that we left no space to speak of the show itself.

*Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*—we hasten to make amends.

The Chorus and Supernumeraries first compel attention.

To the uninitiated they are a little bewildering—one has difficulty in identifying the ladies from the other things.

Even the personality of Pekoe and Sausee is not so obvious as it might be.

For Pekoe has qualms of conscience about the adjustment of his hair. Miss Minnie Percy, like Martha, is careful about small things.

And so we come to Widow Twankey. The widow has sized up the local situation.

In her homily to Women she advises them (like the sailors) to strike.

But the analogy does not end there. "If you don't sew in man's buttons," she remarks, "down come his—granny and pride."

It is well that it is nothing more serious.

Immediately thereafter Aladdin enters with a sort of abbreviated hop, step, and jump. She has only to stand on one leg and outstretch her arms to the everlasting heavens to complete the illusion.

In short, we like Aladdin (otherwise Miss Luna Love) immensely.

There is a sort of Arcadian simplicity about the versification of her song—

"Down by the ferry  
Dwells Rosalie,  
She is very  
Fond of me,"

that might be copied to advantage.

One appreciates it, so to speak, without a footnote.

And, moreover, there is a swaying accompaniment by the Chorus and Supernumeraries.

Mr. Arthur Stigant is irrepressible. That is why he refers to the Emperor's rapidity of motion as "the Aberdeen Walk."

But Mr. Stigant is an excellent comedian, and helps very materially to the success of "Aladdin Junior."

So does Miss Claire Vanini—she turns three somersaults in succession quite differently from what one might have expected of a Princess.

Then there is the Magnif—we beg pardon, the Fairy Electra.

We haven't had quite so emphatic or so obliging a Fairy in Aberdeen for a long time.

In proof of which she sings "Killarney" remarkably well, and without the slightest provocation.

A word about Mr. William Rokeby. He has now got thoroughly into the swing of the thing, and is really funny.

But Mr. H. C. Barry, the Widow Twankey of the occasion, is the person round whom the Summer Pantomime revolves.

"Pip pip—say nothing."

When Mr. Barry is on the stage a smile is guaranteed.

Might we respectfully remind him, however, that the present is not weather that admits of laughing being indulged in with impunity?

And, finally, there is a host of very pretty ladies—Miss Nellie Laurence, Miss Florence McCulloch, and any number of others whom respect for the seating accommodation of Her Majesty's prevents us from particularising.

Any doubt on the point may be set at rest at the usual prices of admission.

And, over all, Mr. Loseby sheds his beatific presence.

His music is excellent, and he does the Summer Pantomime credit.

We should just like to explain that the lachrymose gentleman on the left of the pictorial heading to these notes has *not* been to see "Aladdin Junior."

*Next week*, "The Two Orphans." X.



MR. THOMAS LAMB, 40 Market Street, has issued a most beautiful series of "Views of Aberdeen and Neighbourhood." There are twelve large pictures in all, eight produced by the "three-colour" process and the rest plain. The printing is excellently done, and throughout the pictures are of high artistic merit. There is also a succinct letterpress description given of each of the views, and altogether the publication reflects great credit on the publisher, and we are certain the work will have, as it deserves, a good sale. Mr. Lamb has also just issued "No. 2-Set" of a series of local coloured post-cards. These also are admirably done, and while cards of such merit continue to be placed on the market there is little fear of the post-card vogue going out of fashion. There are six cards in the new series.

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## The West Highland Trip.



Some Snap-Shots.

O, LISTEN TO THE BAND.



"THE ENGINEERS."



"THE GONDOLIER."



ON DECK.

*From photos by Mr. Middleton, King Street.*



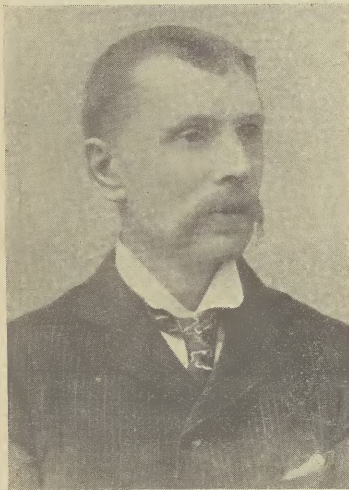
**An Aberdeen Granite Statue for Kimberley.**

This fine statute, which has been designed by our townsman, Mr. W. Hamilton Buchan, sculptor, is to be erected in Kimberley to the memory of the members of the Cape Mounted Police who fell in the war. Our illustration is from Mr. Buchan's model.



### A Well-known Golfer.

No golfer is better known on the Town's Links than Mr. James Innes, who was last week awarded



MR. JAMES INNES,  
Winner of the Scratch Prize of the  
Victoria Golf Club.

the scratch prize at the annual meeting of the Victoria Club. This is Mr. Innes's fourth successive victory in this competition, and it speaks volumes for his skill as a golfer that he has been able to more than hold his own during the past four seasons when pitted against the best players of the Victoria, his record in this respect being unique in the annals of the club. During the many years that he has been connected with the club, Mr. Innes has done excellent work as a member of the Greens Committee, and general regret will be felt that he has not seen his way to continue his services in that capacity. Mr. Innes is of the true stuff that good golfers are made. He plays a steady, consistent game, and veteran golfer though he be, the unique record to which we have referred is proof that he is playing to-day as well as ever he did. We congratulate Mr. Innes on his past season's successes, and hope that the future will have many more in store for him.

### Victoria Golf Club's Annual Meeting.

For the past year or two the meetings of the Victoria Golf Club have been of a somewhat "breezy" description, and the debates which have taken place over the business submitted have not been always characterised by that repose which has become proverbially associated with the caste of Vere de Vere. At last week's annual meeting, however, everything went, if not as merry as a marriage-bell, at least as placidly as a honeymoon, and when Mr. Macqueen Smith, the hon. secretary, had submitted his annual report and balance sheet, the feeling among those present was that of the good people in "The Mikado," who found

"All as right as right could be."

Then the Victorians proceeded to welcome the coming and speed the parting captain, the latter operation being intended in quite a complimentary sense, of course, for Mr. Campbell, the retiring chief, has seen the club through a rather stormy year, and fully deserved the thanks that were given him. And now Mr. Alexander Cooper reigns in his stead. Mr. Cooper's appointment to the place of honour in the club with which he has been so long connected is a fitting recognition of the good work that he has done for the Victoria, both as an ordinary member and during the years in which he was its hon. secretary.

### Some Cricket Notes.

Saturday was Hospital Saturday in Aberdeen, and as consequence, there were fewer matches in Aberdeen than usual. For my part, I would like to see a complete cessation of play that day, but I'm afraid that in this I stand pretty much alone. The day may come when this happy state of affairs may prevail but it will be sometime yet.

The argument against this proposal is that there are too few Saturdays as it is in which to play the game, and when a wet day intervenes, it causes such a turn-up of matches that all the dry days are required to make up for the wet ones. President Jaffrey may, however, try his persuasive powers to see what can do in the direction indicated.

"Hard lines for the 'Shire, wasn't it?" was the general expression one heard on Saturday night, when the 'Shire-Stirling match was under discussion. For my part, I fail to see where the "hard lines" come in. I prefer to give honour to the Stirling for the gallant fight they made, and hasten to congratulate them on being able to draw against "such fearful odds." It is no doubt galling to the 'Shire to be so near and yet so far from victory, but they have themselves to blame for the ending, and their captain must by now be regretting that he did not close sooner. This is, if I am not mistaken, not the first time that this indecision has caused the 'Shire to lose a point. There has always been too much consideration shown for members when there seem a likelihood of them reaching the century. This is perhaps not a bad spirit to show, but it can be overdone, and it was overdone on Saturday.

Scharenguivel was the hero of the 'Shire on Saturday, and while his 85 runs was got by pretty cricket it was far from a faultless innings. Without a doubt he is the favourite with the crowd that congregated at Mannofield, and the reason is not far to seek. Like all other colonials, he is not possessed of "side," a quality which I hear is more rampant at Mannofield this year than for years back. J. Wood is a fixture for all county matches this season, and if ever merit deserved recognition, it did so in the case of Wood. His style is perhaps far too careful for the average spectator, but there is no denying the correctness of it, and he stands second to none this year in Aberdeen as being the most correct cricketer. What is the 'Shire's gain is certainly the Stoneywood's loss, and I sympathise with the Donside club on the Saturdays on which he is called to play for his county. Webster, whose style is so different from that of Wood's or Scharenguivel, had also 38, and while he likewise deserves credit for doing so well, it was more by luck than anything else that he got so many. There is too much of the "devil" in Webster's batting to be always successful, but if he could control his impatience more, there is no doubt but that he would be a far more valuable member to the team. These three mentioned players made up the 'Shire total, and at a late hour in the afternoon their bowlers got an opportunity of showing what was in them.

All went fair with the 'Shire at the start, and the cheers were natural when the first Stirling wicket fell with only two runs on the board. It was very evident that the Stirling knew that they had no chance of winning, and they set their minds to try hard for a draw. The result was that the cricket went on at a funeral pace. Orr, Teesdale (prof.) and Dunlop, all contributed doubles, the profs. contribution being the largest and the most finished. When these three had taken their departure, I firmly believed the 'Shire had won, but like many more, I was a little premature with my forecast. The succeeding men if they could not score, certainly knew how to play the barn-door game to perfection, and they treated the spectators to this style of play for the remainder of the game. It was ten minutes to seven when the last Stirling man went in, and at seven they were still at the

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wickets. Morally the 'Shire won, but in cricket as in elections, a moral victory doesn't bring the full points. The lesson of Saturday, I hope, will not be thrown away on the 'Shire in their remaining fixtures.



No one, I suppose, takes the Mannofield XI. seriously, the matches arranged for them being of a rather mild type. I suppose they answer the purpose intended, and if they do this few will grumble. But why couldn't a place be found in the Eleven proper for M'Intosh? I hold no brief for this player; in fact, I am personally unacquainted with him, but at the same time I hold that he could give points in more things than batting to a few members who regularly find places in the County XI. M'Intosh, I believe, is a pretty independent fellow, and this may mean a lot. The so-called "smart set" at Mannofield are a power in the land.



The St. Ronald could not have failed to annex the points at the expense of the Turriff, who, up-to-date, like their friends at Inverurie, have not won a match. The 42 runs that the Turriff scored is about their value, and the Saints' bowlers must have smiled as they saw their analysis improve. It is not often that they get such an opportunity as they had on Saturday, and they were right to take full advantage of it. The Saints had little difficulty in passing this score, and three wickets had only fallen when 57 runs were scored, of which G. Gibb had 28 and F. Baxter 15. It was a great day for Frank and for his club, and now that he has found his way back to score double figures I wonder how long he will stick at it. The only regrettable feature about his score was that it was got against Turriff. How much, we wonder, would he have given had he done the same, say against Huntly? But then again the bowling of the two clubs is hardly to be compared.



The Crescent were hardly expected to come out of the Stoneywood match victorious. In fact, they did better than many of their friends thought they would. That they have recovered to a great extent their lost form is evidenced by their score of 89. Unfortunately the Crescent batsmen were not at all consistent, it being left to four men to do all the scoring. The first two men, Cameron and Catto, both got sent back for ciphers, while their "tail" failed altogether to wag. Had it not been for Craib, who played an admirable innings for 34, and for the thoroughly meritorious innings by Henderson, Watt, and Duncan, the Crescent's score would have been—well, I don't need to say what it would have been, and you can draw a parallel, if you desire, from some of their recent games. Knowles, I note, again demonstrated his worth as a bowler for the Stoneywood by securing 5 wickets for the small cost of 28 runs, this coupled with what he did against the Braemar on the previous week stamping him as one of the first bowlers in the district. The Stoneywood had many anxious moments before they succeeded in passing the Crescent's total, and it cost them seven wickets before they did so. J. Coutts was in particularly fine form with the ball, and no liberties could be taken with him, Kirton being his first victim when that player had scored 11. J. Stephen was the highest scorer for the Steenies, and to him and Youngson in a great measure is due their victory. The first-named played a not-out innings of 27, the latter's innings being one short of this number when he fell to a catch off Duncan's bowling. None of the other players did anything worth writing about, for like the Crescent they had a weak "tail." The game was most pleasantly contested, and there was not a single hitch from beginning to end. This is as it ought to be.



The Balmoral, I note, were at Inverurie on Saturday, where they played a friendly fixture with the Inverurie Locomotive Team. The home lot were not at full strength, but this did not deter them putting on 71 runs, of which total Fullerton had 29. It was a dashing innings that he played, his display giving great satisfaction to the crowd. The Balmoral did not come near the Locomotive's score, 47 being their stretch. For the Balmoral, Hunter played well for the runs he got, 10, and if he had been properly supported, the Balmoral would have done better. That they should have had more runs they all know, but funk got a hold of them early, and stuck to them all through.



The Rose did not fare so badly after all at Stonehaven. They did not win, but they ran the Thistle close enough to make them feel a sort of pleased when time was up. For the Rose Hopkins

was the most successful bowler, four of the Thistle's wickets falling to his lot. In batting, Hopkins again distinguished himself by being the highest scorer for the Rose with 19, and the others who did well were—Cuthbert with 15, while Flaws and Troup had 12 each. After such a fine display I wonder what way the Rose have not done so well against local clubs.



The principal business before the Cricket Association meeting on Tuesday evening was the draws for the Junior Cup Ties. Great interest was taken in the event by the remaining clubs, and when the ties were announced, all seemed well satisfied. The matches are as followed:—Stewart Park v. Clifton; Inverurie Butchers v. 2nd St. Ronald, Thistle v. Sunnyside, St. Andrews v. 2nd Crescent. All the matches fall to be played in the Duthie Park. I shall have more to say on the draws next week.



I take the following par from the *Beckenham Journal*:— "Christ Church Institute's return fixture with Trinity Old Blues at Crofton Park on Saturday week, resulted in a decisive win for the former. On a fast wicket, the "O.B.'s" were dismissed for 71, to which total the sixth wicket partnership contributed 41, but the remaining four went down for the addition of three runs only. Duncan captured four wickets for 13 runs, while Watt bowled very steadily, and was deserving of a greater meed of success. The same player subsequently gave a brilliant display of batting, scoring all round the wicket with equal ease. Cook hit up a useful 20, and laid the foundation of the venture." The Watt referred to is Jim Watt, late of the Aberdeen Caledonian. His many friends will be pleased to read of his success in London. Last year he headed the batting averages for his club, and stands a good chance of winning the silver cup this season, which is given by a patron of the club.

COVER-POINT.



Senior League Table.

	Pld.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Pts.
Braemar ... ..	4	4	0	0	8
St. Ronald ... ..	4	3	1	0	6
Huntly ... ..	3	3	0	0	6
Caledonian ... ..	5	3	2	0	6
Stoneywood ... ..	4	3	1	0	6
Alford ... ..	3	1	2	0	2
Kintore ... ..	5	1	4	0	2
Crescent ... ..	4	1	3	0	2
Inverurie Loco. Mech...	4	0	4	0	0
Turriff ... ..	2	0	2	0	0



Granite City League.

The Whitehall made no mistake about it this time. It is the biggest score that has been made in the League this season.

To score 100 odd runs for the loss of only five wickets is a very good performance indeed.

What came over the St. Clair? Their bowlers couldn't have had a very happy time of it. The St. Clair didn't manage to reach 30 even, which speaks for the Whitehall bowlers.

George, of the Whitehall, nearly had his 50. He has got a big lift in his averages anyway.

Small, who made his maiden appearance in cricket last week, also assisted very materially to the Whitehall's success.

The Whitehall will be at again on Saturday. Theirs was the only match last week. Their opponents, the St. Clair, will meet the 2nd Cattofield on Saturday.

I venture to prophesy that the 2nd Cattofield will not repeat the Whitehall's performance.

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## Junior Cricket Notes.

Saturday was almost an "off" day locally, though there were several matches in town. The St. Andrews went "off" to Ellon and brought "off" a win there by 62 to 43. George Balneaves was the particular Saint who scored most "off" his bat, and—but we must be "off" with this.



In the Walker Park, the Balnagask and the Free South met in a League fixture, when the former was successful by exactly two to one. The Balnagask scored 58, of which Counts contributed 20, and Tarras 13, while Allan made 16 of the Free South's total. Cook of the Balnagask with 5 for 15 made the best shape with the ball.



The Junior League was in evidence at the Stewart Park, and we confess we were not a little surprised at the big defeat of the Cattofield at the hands of the Thistle. The Cattofield began the season well, but they seem to be falling off somewhat lately. Rhind gave a good account of himself with the bat, as he usually does, contributing 21 of his side's 41, while Mackie of the Thistle with 38 not out proved too much for the Cattofield attack, and the closure was applied at 62 for 7 wickets. Stephen of the Thistle, who did the "hat trick," captured 6 wickets for 16 runs.



The other match at the Stewart Park was between the home team and the 2nd Braemar. The 2nd Braemar are not having the good luck of their 1st Brethren this year though, and the usual result befel them on Saturday, when the Stewart Park men got the better of them by 6 runs, a rather close thing, certainly. Wyllie of the Stewart Park made 24, and Horne captured 6 wickets for 12, while Donald of the Braemar put 8 of his opponents *hors de combat* for 26.



At the Links, the Mugiemoss, who were playing against the Balgownie, showed a return to something like their old form, for having disposed of the Balgownie for 15 runs, they kept them at leather hunting till they had put together over 100 for 9 wickets. We have not the figures beside us, and are unable to say to whom the respective honours fell, but we are pleased to see that the Mugiemoss are still very much alive in the land of cricket, and we haven't altogether lost faith in them yet.



The Ferryhill shaped well against the Aberdeen Granite Works, for having got the representatives of our "hardest" industry all out for 16, the Ferryhill put up 70 before they were all got rid of, Annand having 13, and McDonald and Troup 10 each. Jaffray of the Ferryhill captured 8 wickets at the cost of a run each, a performance he may well be proud of, and Lawson of the Granite men had 4 for 14.



Shinnies Employees, having got together a score of 142 for 7 wickets against J. M. Henderson's Engineers, thought it was time to stop. Of this total Hay made 11, Bowie and Scrimgeour 16 each, and George 65, the latter score being a finished display. To this their opponents replied with 57 (Morrison 16, Jones 12).



It was left, however, to the Sunnyside to once more provide the sensation of the day in their match with the Aberdeen Jute Works, at the Links. Scores, Aberdeen Jute Works 3, Sunnyside 110. True, the Jute Workers have not been going strong this season, but all the same it is a rather sensational piece of

work for one League team to "dispose" of "another" for 3 runs. Mackay had 5 wickets for 0 runs, and Wilson 4 for 2, the other run going to that handy player "Extra." Beattie of the Sunnyside, who carried his bat through the innings, came out as top scorer with 47, while Chalmers had 24, and McDonald 19.



The Co-operative Bakers played the Asylum on the grounds of the latter, and secured a big win, 106 to 27. Pringle with 0 not out, was the only one of the Asylum team who could stand up to the Bakers' deliveries—A. Duncan capturing 6 of the wickets for 13 runs, while in batting, Cowie and Marr of the OVEN Brigade contributed well played scores of 28 and 19 not out.



MR. CHARLES BROWN,  
Braemar C.C.,

Whose bowling for his club has helped it so materially to hold the position it does to-day. Good critics say of Charlie that it is the best bowler in club cricket at present in Aberdeen, and that even "Morley" in his best days did not bowl so well as his brother Charles is doing just now. The Braemar hope that he will keep up to his present form for a long time yet.



### One of the Old Brigade.

The old Australian cricketer, W. L. Murdoch, who performed so well recently against Lancashire, is well qualified to be amongst the veterans now, but he and his familiar "W. G." are by no means done with yet. The colonial is six years younger than the Doctor, but although only two years short of his jubilee he is still an active man, and his batting an object lesson to the younger generation. It is over twenty years ago since Murdoch first came over from Australia, and many good judges think him the greatest batsman that country ever produced, even with Victor Trumper thrown in. He holds the record for the biggest score ever made in a test match between England and Australia—namely, his 211 at the Oval in 1884; but his biggest effort in first-class cricket was made at home in '81, when on the Sydney ground he scored 321 for New South Wales against Victoria. Long may he wave.

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There's pleasant memories in store  
Whilst Stobs I muse upon ;  
New friends I saw, whose kindness will  
Remembered ever be,  
New scenes, the thought of which do thrill  
An humble chap like me.

Proud were the horses at the camp,  
As so indeed they may,  
Each was saluted by that scamp  
The jovial Johnnie Rae ;  
No matter who the rider was,  
A servant or a " boss,"  
No risks ! " Jerry " without a pause  
Obeisance made the " hoss."

The Captain said, " Go fetch my sword,  
As sure's my name is Harry  
I'll have the Major's *Bon-Accord*,  
So help me Annie Laurie."  
Hortoniuss seated in his tent  
Did tell the Captain flat,  
" My *Bon.*'s mine own, from now till Lent,  
So go to—Harry Hat !"

When next to Brimmond Hill I hie,  
To tells of Stobs I'll glory  
(Oh ! " Four-Mile " help me when I'm dry,  
And " damp " a camping story).  
Excelsior ! I'll ever push  
(But limping verse thy beauty robs),  
I'll set me down in a whin bush  
To prove the boast, " I'm full of Stobs."

The corn is springing green, my dear,  
Likewise the odorous onion ;  
Ripe corn on Kintore feet appear  
Where there is not a bunion.  
In this act Johnstone pulled the string,  
And here was " Wee Macgregor,"  
Who washed with water from the spring  
The base of Callan's figure.

" Bring forth the elements," said BBBB,  
" And show that black is white."  
" I'll call again," was Callan's wheeze,  
But Forbes held him tight.  
The victim of this washing feat,  
As on his back he lay,  
Did gently murmur, " Now I'm neat—!  
Advance my wedding day !"

Bucksburn.

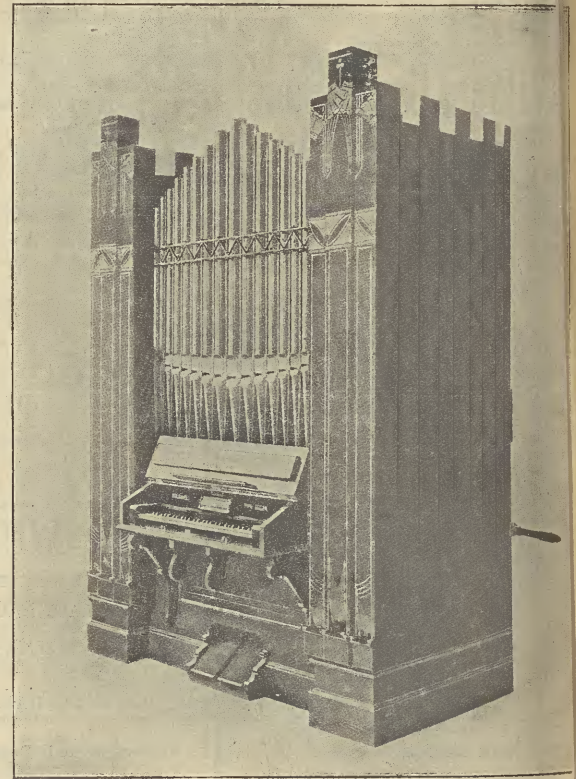
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2. Clarabella	.. ..	Sft.	.. ..	61 "
SWELL.				
3. Dulciana	.. ..	Sft.	.. ..	61 "
4. Voix Celeste	.. ..	Sft.	.. ..	61 "
5. Rohr Flote	.. ..	4ft.	.. ..	61 "
PEDAL STOP.				
6. Bourdon..	.. ..	16ft.	.. ..	24 "
				Total .. .. 329 "

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It will be seen by the above specification that the organ has 9 stops, all actuated on the touch system, and 329 speaking pipes, all made on the best principle, and of the finest woods and metals procurable. The action is pneumatic throughout, and is so simple that it is practically impossible for it to get out of order.

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By WILLIAM WATSON.

"H AV ye hard the news," asked the foreman's wife of the cattleman's wife at Hillside, when they met at the pump for water one morning about a month before the term.

"Na, fat is't ava?" said the cattleman's wife, as she set down the pail she was sweelin' oot.

"Weel," said the foreman's wife, "as ye wid never guess, I may jist as weel tell ye that Bonnie Nancy, as they ca' 'er, is gyaun to be merriet to young Parkie at the term."

"Nyod, that *is* news, but it seerly canna be true, for, Gweed preserve's 'oman, he's nae near a' yon'er, to say naething o's hare-shard (harelip). Dyod, I hardly ken a word that he says wi't, for fin he cam into the chop on Setterday nicht an' socht a hox o' hunks I woner't fat in the wordle he wis wintin' till I saw the merchan' gie'm a box o' spunks. But are ye seer that it's true, for I dinna think that ony 'oman wid tak' him, lat aleen Nancy that a' the chiels hae been daft aboot sin she cam to Hilly's."

"Weel, I'se gie ye my outhur," replied the foreman's wife. "Hilly taul my man the streen, an' foo't auld Parkie hed bocht a hoose an' wis tae live in Inrury, an' that Peter wis to be fairmer an' tak Nancy. Noo Hilly sud ken as Parkie's a bridder o's wife's, an' Am thinkin' it's her that's deen a' the courtin' for young Parkie, for, as ye say, he's nae near a' thegither come, an' Nancy's jist mairryin' the fairm o' Parkside, an' awyte a gweed fairm it is, an' takin' Peter to the bargain. Auld Parkie's said to hae a gryte cleshach o' siller, an' as Peter's a' the faimly, it'll fa' amon' her han's fin auld Parkie weirs awa', an' awyte there's fyow wid be sorry though he wis awa' the nicht, for he's a wheety, near-b'-gyaun slype, an' sae wis a' the Curshanks, the hale jinbang o' them. Hilly's wife hersel's unco near the been, an' gin't wisna for Hilly that keeps her gey weel in her neuk the servan's wid be as ill maitit's at Parkside.

The news of Bonnie Nancy's approaching marriage spread like wildfire, and was the proverbial nine days' wonder in the district, the *vox populi* at the merchan's chop, the smiddy, the kirk door on Sundays, and at the girse rous, saying that Nancy was about to immolate herself, body and soul, on the altar of Mammon—the most contemptible of all the gods.

Duncan Mackenzie had just received intimation of appointment to be head gamekeeper to a nobleman in Highlands, and intended to propose to Nancy when he he that she was soon to be married. He was thus saved mortification of her refusal, which a Highlander feels so acute. Being the type of man who can love only once, he, like a t man, never married, and took a widowed sister to keep ho for him.

When Airchie Tawse was chaffed by Robbie Sangster, merchan', about letting Parkie's feel ding him oot o' Nancy, had the audacity to say "Dyod, I wis never ony on for her a' I jist gaed to Hilly's on the forenichts to haud mysel' oot langer wi' a game at the cairts."

Within a twelve month Airchie married the merchan's sist who was a good many years his senior. She had, howev seven hundred pounds which he considered a sufficient asset set against the perceptible dawning of wrinkles in her unpossessing countenance.

Nancy was married at Hillside, and Geordie Forbes was o of the guests, he and Hilly being on very friendly tern Geordie at first thought he would not go, but on furth consideration, he came to the conclusion that people might s that it was more than he could do to witness her given another, and so fortifying himself with a stiff dram, he went.

Parkie Senior, proud of his son's achievement in wooing a winning Nancy, could not, and, indeed, did not, try to conce his elation at the wedding. While glasses were being pret freely emptied and replenished, he said, "Dyod, Hilly, A' nae thinkin' ye'll hae sae mony chiels comin' rinkin' aboot y toon noo at nicht, for they a' ran aifter Nancy; an' A' thinkin' there's some o' them gey doon in the mou'. A'm ta that the muckle Hielan' gamekeeper's awa' back to the Hielan near by's rizzon; an' that Geordie Forbes there, that wis thoch tae hae a' the chance, is nae muckle better. But, sal, my loo seen ca'd them a' oot."

Geordie Forbes disliked Parkie, and, being somewhat und the influence of whisky, retorted, "For a' the rizzon that y loon his, he micht as weel been born a feel at eence."

Nancy, when he said this, instead of looking paine angry, as might have been expected, flashed him the tende look and the same sweet, childlike smile which was wont t thrill him, and said, "Weel, Geordie, he wis never siccan a feel as ca' himsel' oot o' the shouther aboot me, onywee."

In less than a month after Bonnie Nancy's marriage, Geordie Forbes was laid in his grave, having succumbed to brain fever. While the fever was running its fatal course, he unconsciously talked almost incessantly of Nancy, and while living over agai the happy moment when he had received her valentine, h smiled, and looking ecstatically happy, murmured, "Fair heart never won fair lady."



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## Peter Birse on Takin' Things Cool.

SOME fowk hae a pompis wye o' tellin' ye fat they ance were. I wis speakin' the idder day tae ane o' they kin' o' craiter, wha tell't me that he began life as a barefited loon. That's nae jist the exact wirds, bit it's t' it meant. Yea, man, said I, that's a queer coincidence, t' wid ye believ't, I wis born mysel' without sheen. He skit at me, bit didna speak. Syne I said, I'm thinkin' gin r auld fadder hidna set ye on yer feet, ye widna hid uckle mair than ony ane else tae brag 'o the day. e see there's a handle o' difference atween livin' upo' edit an' wirkin' tae pey't, an' livin' upo' naethin' an' gettin' idder tae saddle the expenses. I'm thinkin' gin ye'd been left 'nocht bit yer heid an' ten fingers, an' hae'n tae bury yer ider, ye wid hae been gaun barefited the day.

The craiter nearhan' lap tae the lift, an' gied awa' as gin I'd id something tae offen' him. Losh, man, some fowk are afa inskinned. I dinna see onything in fat I've said tae mak' ybody angry. Div you? Gin ye dae, ye can tell me.

This brings tae min' that auld Peter Ross, the stane dyker, s ower bye the idder night, an' brocht a buik o' powtry wrote an acquaintance o' his. I dinna ken muckle about powtry, poyets, as ye ken, are born, nae made. They say that, ony-ye, bit fat's lang puzzled me is hoo onybody cou'd be onything n they werna born. Bit maybe my philosophy wis negleckit fin wis young, for ye see it wis aye gweed hard wark an' dae yer inkin' in yer sleep in my young days. Ye maybe hid that e dae yersel'.

Kennin' auld Pat, as he's ca'd, I cou'dna bit tak' the buik, 't the promise tae read it. I lookit at ae nicht, bit, man, I uldna mak' up my min' gin it wis wirth readin' richt throu'. ere's a bittie o' ane o' the pieces, an' ye can judge for yersel' o' s merits. It's ca'd

### A Simmer Sang.

Rise up! the sin wi' radyanse bricht  
Suffuses lan' an' sea,  
The sunsheen speeds wi' fitstep licht  
Ower hill, an' vale an' lea.

Rise up! the larks their karols poor  
Melodyous 'mong the trees,  
An' gollachs, snails, an' emmerteens  
Are busy as the bees.

Rise up! the fleecy sky abune,  
The smilin' fields below,  
Are speakin' tae the watchfu' een  
That neeps an' tatties grow.

Rise up! the rivers glancin' glide,  
An' sing wi' ripplin' glee  
While verdant meads in beauty's pride  
Feed moth an' butter fle.

Rise up! the simmer lasts nae lang,  
Soon fades its golden ray.  
An' frae the twenty first o' June  
Light shorter grows ilk day.

atever ye may think o't it appears tae me to be mair than natural. The vreeters notorious queer wye o' showin' his owledge o' naiture robs him o' what sense he may origienly ossessed. Like ower mony o' his kin', he gets too prood o' his beelities, an' ye can see he fyles gets embittered, morose, an

darkly daft ower naething ava. He his a wonnerfu' min', bit its gey nairrow groved, tho' at the same time it maun be owned he sees an' vreetes like a poet, bit fudder he wis born or made is mair than I can tell ye.

Tae mak' a lang story short, poyets are like a lad an' lass coortin', tho' they may be ignorant o' the rules o' what they're daein', they didna like ony licht thrown on the maitter. I'll say nae mair, as ye've maybe seen the buik yersel'.

I canna for the life o' me unnerstan' foo some fowk sud kittle up in temper as they dae. They might aye tak' athing as they get it, like the Kilmarnock man. He wis up in Lunnon, an' wis bein' welcomed at the hoose o' a frien's frien' on wha he had been asked tae ca'. The guidwife o' the hoose speered gin he were a teetotaler, an' findin' he wisnae, brocht oot a decanter o' fussy an' filled a tumbler, which she handit him. The Kilmarnock man lookit at the tumbler, syne tae the guidwife, an' said he cou'da tak' the half o' that quantity. Oh, replied the guidwife with surprise, ye are a Scotchman, arna ye? Ay, said the man, bit we dinna drink fussy in tumblers, we tak' it in glaisses. Jist sae, said the guidwife in answer, bit I see nae difference in takin' a tumblerfu' instead o' a num'er o' glaisses. Nae muckle, said he, only ye hinna the preevilege o' sayin' Stop ye, stop ye, three or four times.

I hinna wrote half o' what I intenit, bit as I ken yer unco short o' room i' the noo, I'll

jist hae tae be daein', an'

*Peter Birse*

remain, yer auld frien',



### More About Howlers.

SCHOOL Board children and their howlers furnish a perennial source of amusement. Amongst the latest words of wisdom reported from the country are the following:—"An oxygen has eight sides," "a cuckoo is a bird which does not lay its own eggs," "a mosquito is a child of black and white parents," "a meridian is a place where they keep the time." Truly the ways of children are wonderful!



### Deceptive.

"I'll have you know, stranger, that I belong to Chicago!" said the Yankee.

"Deed, an' wha'd hae thocht it!" quoth the sceptical Scot. "Frae the way ye've been speaking I thocht Chicago belonged tae ye."



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"Have you decided on a name for the baby yet, Tanksley?"

"Yes: we've named her after my new automobile."

"What?"

"Fact. We call her Gasolena."

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EMPLOYEE—"I beg your pardon, sir. I have been just five minutes eating my luncheon. The other fifty-five minutes was fighting my way to the counter."

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