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FOR  
TOYS.

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**Peter Birse and the Influenza.**

**K**IRSTY, I'm awfu' queer.  
That's nae queer ava—for yer aye queer. Dae ye mean that yer queerer than usual?

'Oman, I'm nae mysel' at a',  
Fa sorra ither can ye be then? Ye canna be onybody waur than ye are, at ony rate. That's some comfort tae them that maun bide wi' ye. Ye've sat as glum in the corner there as tho' ye were atten'in' yer ain funeral.

Kirsty Birse, I'm that queer th' nicht that I winna fecht wi' ye.

Fatever's the maiter, Peter, dautie? Ye maun be real bad, cried Kirsty wi' a cheenge in her voice. Fat's vrang wi' ye? I'm at my last bannock, said she, laying doon the bassie, and comin' roon my cheer tae turn the ane on the girdle, and we'll hae tea in twa three minutes. I've the tastiest yallow haddock in the press ye ever tasted, an' see, the fire is as clear and bricht as a button tae roast it; an' yer hinmist cup will be Birse tea—yer namesake, ye ken.

I'm nae wantin' onything—I couldna' tak' it, I'm nae hungry.

Toots, Peter, ye hinna hid onything since dinner time, ye maun be fair famishin', an' ye've sat coorin' o'er the fire a' the afterneen. Fat wye de ye feel?

A' kin' o' wyse. Ae minit I'm sae burnin' het that I wish I hid nae mair on than a savage faun he gaes coortin', jist a necktie roon his stamack an' a ring in his nose, as I've seen mysel', wi' maybe a bit cudgel in his neive tae keep awa' the lions and either rivals. An' the neist meenit I'm sae cauld that I'm wishin' I was a Sally Maunder in the booles o' a burnin' mountain. Sometimes my feet's like ice, and my heid bleezin' het an' like tae split a' the time—and sometimes wise wersa, as the lawyer bodies say in the court. I canna' meeve without feelin' as if a sheet o' sandpaper wis in my joints, an' my nose is rinnin' like a burn in a spate. In fack—

In fack, Peter Birse, ye maun iv coorse be in the fashion wi' ither folk. Ye hae the 'fleenzy, my peer man, an' that badly. I maun tak' ye in han' an' that at aince.

Man, min, Kirsty's a gran' nurse, as naebody better than me kens. It's worth bein' ill tae be han'led by her—of coorse ye dinna think about it that wye till yer better. She's awfu' maisterfu' at sic times—an' ye must jist de as she bids ye like a bairn.

In a jiffy my feet wis up to the knees in a tub o' het water wi' a handfu' o' mustard in't, I hid the Sunday's tea-cosy doon ower my lugs (wi' sic a headgear I must hae lookit like Napoleon crossin' the Alps). I wis wrappit in a blanket, wi' Kirsty's best flannel petticoat roon my shouters; an' inside o' me wis as stiff a jorum o' punch as ever wis brewed.

Simmer that wye a while noo, says Kirsty, takin' a wee skite hersel' at my pressin', as she stood surveyin' her handywork.

Sae I simmered, feelin' baith ootwirdly an' inwirdly maist winnerfu' comfortable for an invalid. In the midst o' the meantime Kirsty bustled about an' pit a greybeard-pig filled wi' boilin' water in the middle o' the bed an' a gingerbeer bottle at the fit. In due time I wis amon' the warm blankets, an' hid a nichtcap o' delicious brochen wi' a jaw o' port wine in t.

Kirsty, said I, yer the very king o' women. Some cures are waur than the disease—yours is nae ane o' that kin', I assure ye.

Wisht, ye auld fule, says Kirsty, daffin' and rale pleased like, as she tucked me in. Stick yer een, an' gae to sleep. If yer nae better in the mornin' I'll send for the doctor.

I dinna wint ony cheenge o' prescription. I'm better pleased wi' medicine fra your awmry than fra a druggist's, I can tell you, Kirsty, says I droozily. Wi' that I maun hae faun ower, for nae mair is remembered by

*Peter Birse.*



MR C. M. LAWRENCE, ABERDEEN SCHOOL OF SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING, AND BOOK-KEEPING, 19 Crown Street, intimates that the next quarter of his Day and Evening Classes will commence on Tuesday, the 9th January.



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## The Greyfriars Deadlock and the Way Out.



AS the Greyfriars Church Question will again come before our City Fathers at the forthcoming meeting of the Town Council, it will interest the public to know how matters at present stand in regard to that much-debated subject. At the recent meeting of the Finance Committee of the Town Council a letter was submitted from the University Court in which that body proposed that the Town Council should undertake to purchase the property at Queen Street corner, and erect the new Greyfriars Church on the Queen Street site, in accordance with the Popular Plan which was adopted at a meeting held some time ago.

After considerable discussion, Lord Provost Fleming proposed that the Finance Committee should agree to the proposal made by the University Court, the cost of the church not to exceed £10,000, and the site £10,500. Treasurer Bisset moved an amendment which was in most points in substantial agreement with the Lord Provost's motion, but the Treasurer's amendment contained the proviso that the purchase of the

property and erection of the church should be agreed to "whenever the University Court was in a position to proceed with the erection of the University buildings, including the south tower, and to connect with the new Church of Greyfriars proposed to be built." On a division Treasurer Bisset's proposal was carried by five votes to four for the Lord Provost's motion. It is this report by the Finance Committee that will come before the members of the Town Council on Monday.

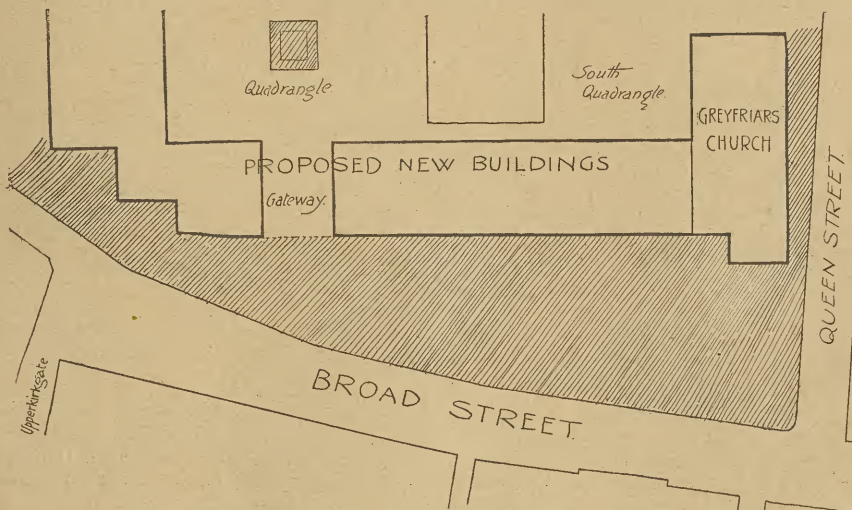
Now a word as to the respective merits of the Lord Provost and the Treasurer's proposals. To begin with Treasurer Bisset's. After all that has come and gone, many people will be of opinion that the Treasurer is not pressing very hard on the University Court when he asks for a guarantee that they will proceed with their part of the Extension Scheme. But this is precisely what the Court is not in a position to give, and if the Town Council insist on this "pound of flesh," we are afraid the carrying out of the Extension Scheme and the building of the new Church of Greyfriars will be relegated to what Mr Gladstone once called "the dim and distant future." To sum up, Treasurer Bisset does not take us out of the deadlock.

On the other hand, the carrying of Lord Provost Fleming's motion would make for progress. There is something constructive in it. The Provost's proposal would settle the vexed Greyfriars Question, and the lawyers would then cease from troubling. It ensures the building of the new church on a much better site than any previously proposed, and thus enhances the value of the church property, of which the Town Council are the heritors.

And last, but far from least, the scheme supported by Lord Provost Fleming would be the means of effecting a splendid public improvement. Broad Street would be widened from its junction with the Gallowgate to Queen Street corner, where the open space would be about 140 feet wide. The width of Union Street is 80 feet, so the public will be able to form some idea of the handsome appearance the street which is "called" Broad would present once the old properties are taken down, and the new buildings erected. It would then be broad both in name and reality. Queen Street would also participate in the general improvement. The new church would be set back so as to increase the width of that street by at least 17 feet at its narrowest part, and the result would be more lung space to a district which is at present rather deficient in that respect. Still another advantage to be gained by the adoption of this plan is the provision of additional space for the extension of the University buildings.

We think that we have said enough to show that the Town Council will do that which is right in the eyes of the public if they support the proposal backed by the Lord Provost. That way progress lies. Should the Extension Scheme receive another blow in what should be the house of its friends, should the Provost's plan be rejected by the Town Council, deadlock long and continued will be the inevitable result. But we are sure that the members of the Town Council will rise to the occasion, when so much that concerns our ancient University and City is at stake.

We give here a rough plan of the Extension Scheme, showing the proposed site of the new Greyfriars Church, and also the great improvement that would be effected by the demolition of the old houses in Broad Street and Queen Street. The shaded parts represent the space that would be given up to widening the streets mentioned.



ROUGH PLAN OF UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS, SHOWING THE SITE OF NEW GREYFRIARS CHURCH.  
 The shaded parts represent the old houses that are to be demolished for the purpose of widening Broad Street and Queen Street.



A NUMBER of our electric car drivers are evidently of opinion that because they have the run of the "croon o' the causeys" they can ride, if not rough-shod—a term that will hardly apply to a horseless car—at anyrate full speed ahead over everybody and everything that moves or stands in their way. And there can be little doubt that there is a feeling abroad that, as their employers are the Town Council, they will have the law on their side should they get into trouble with the drivers of vehicles which are not "municipalised." Bailie Meff's conviction in the Police Court last week of one of those reckless electric Jehus will, however, "change all that." The Bailie's penalty of 10s 6d or five days in prison will make our electric car-drivers understand, as nothing else will, that when they appear before "His Honour" they are just as other men, and the conviction should act as a wholesome deterrent to those drivers who look upon George Street as made for them and their cars alone. The frequency of the collisions with other vehicles during the past few weeks is enough to show that the driving of the cars is not all it should be, and unless a change is at once made for the better, an ugly accident is almost bound to happen.

FROM what we hear, the money paid into the various Left Behind Funds is in many cases not finding its way to those most deserving and entitled to relief. Those responsible for its distribution are too easily misled by appearances. A lady visitor makes a call, finds the room or rooms poverty-stricken, squalid, and dirty, and at once jumps to the conclusion that here, if anywhere, is a family in sore straits. And the tale of woe she has to listen to at once convinces the lady visitor that she is right in her surmise. So she thinks it right to pay, pay, pay, and too often does so without further enquiry. Too often, far too often, the money that thus lightly comes lightly goes in ways that it was never intended it should. The squalid house is usually presided over by an improvident woman who simply makes "ducks and drakes" of what is given her, and the result of such unthinking distribution of relief is to put a premium on improvidence.

ON the other hand, inexperienced lady visitors are often as easily misled when they find a tidy, cleanly room, with some appearance of comfort. The children and the wife of the house may be quite as necessitous as the other type of family we have referred to, but appearances, which should count by rights in her favour, are against her, and she gets nothing. This is no fanciful picture we have drawn, for we have heard on good authority that a good deal of the money paid into the War Funds is being recklessly distributed locally. Misdirected charity of this kind is worse than useless. It is demoralising.

A PICTURE of Major Wright, of the Gay Gordons—who was wounded early in the present campaign, and who took out his pipe and puffed away till he was carried off the field—is being smartly utilised by a firm of tobacconists. The picture shows the gallant major lying on the veldt, with the blood welling from a wound in his leg. He is taking things very coolly, however, for he has lighted his pipe and is smoking for all he is worth. A good title would be: "Butchered to make a tobacconist's advertisement!"

WE have received from Firemaster Inkster his report on the work of the Fire Brigade from June, 1898, to December, 1899. This report gives a deal of interesting information regarding the fires that have occurred in the city during the period mentioned, and reference is made to the opening of the new Fire Station and the reorganisation of the staff into a permanent fire brigade. For the good work he has done in this connection, Firemaster Inkster deserves to be heartily congratulated, for it is largely owing to his efforts that the members of the brigade are now as well-drilled and capable a fire brigade as there is in Scotland.

IN his interesting address to the members of the Burns Club at the dinner held last week, Mr David Pressly, editor of the *Aberdeen Journal*, paid a well-deserved compliment to Mr William Will, of the *Evening Express*, who has done so much to make the life-story of the poet's ancestors—who for several generations were farmers in Glenberrie—known to local readers.

MR W. B. GARDNER has taken to lecturing on Irish celebrities. On Friday night he lectured to the Post-Office Literary Guild on "Dan O'Connell," and on Tuesday night to the Causewayend Literary Society on "Henry Grattan." Mr Gardener is heard at his best when dealing with such subjects.



Photo by [Wood & Hendry, Keith]  
THE LATE MISS HARROWES.

TO many readers in Aberdeen and the North Country the death of Miss Isabel Lumsden Harrowes will cause widespread regret, for this promising young writer had through the work of her pen made many friends in both town and district. Miss Harrowes, who was a native of Aberdeen, gave early promise of literary ability, a taste which she did her best to cultivate by a course of wide reading. Among the first of her tales to appear in print was "A Day in March," which was published in *The People's Journal* in 1892, and to this well-known Scottish newspaper Miss Harrowes contributed many of her best known stories of domestic life. In the year 1898, Miss Harrowes scored her greatest success as an authoress, when her story "Maggie the Mill Girl" won for her the handsome prize of £100 offered by the proprietor of *The People's Journal*. During the past few years Miss Harrowes contributed many stories to magazines and journals, and, among other local publications, her verses and tales often appeared in the pages of *The Weekly Free Press* and *Evening Gazette*. Miss Harrowes was a member of Free Causewayend Church, and took a lively interest in its Literary Society. At last week's meeting of the society, the president, Rev. J. A. Murray, made a feeling reference to the loss which the church and the society had sustained through the death of Miss Harrowes, and paid a very high tribute to her character and work. Miss Harrowes' brother, the Rev. W. H. Harrowes, who is married to a daughter of Provost Maconnachie, Fraserburgh, was recently ordained minister of Gallatown Free Church, Kirkcaldy, and for some time acted as assistant in the Free Church, Duftown. We join with our contemporaries in expressing our sincere sympathy with relatives and friends.

Presentation Committees

{Are invited to inspect the Stock of Gladstone Bags, Fitted Travelling Knives, Leather Bags, Cigar Cases, Smokers' Tables, Albums, Mu

OUR citizen soldiers who have volunteered for the front are being rapidly made efficient in all the various duties that go to make the perfect soldier. Drill at the Woolmanhill headquarters, route-marching through muddy and miry roads, shooting at the Links rifle-ranges, these and such-like duties keep our Gay Gordons busy from morning till night. When the time comes for them to go to the front, we are sure none will be found more fit than the men of the Granite City. The citizens are heartily pleased that the Town Council have decided to give a public entertainment to our brave volunteers before they leave for the seat of war.



A CORRESPONDENT writes :—" Whatever has come over the male members of the Free South Church choir? For several Sabbaths past their seats have been vacant. In former years this was unknown, and when one hears such hymns as 'Now the labourer's task is o'er,' sung as it was last Sabbath, one wonders why they don't come out and do their part to keep up the reputation of the past. An improvement I would suggest is, that until the large organ is introduced, the organist who is engaged to play the present instrument be in his place every Sabbath, and not leave the duties which belong to him to be discharged by another. That there is muscular force in the choir no one can doubt, but if the singing was more hearty it would be better. There seems to be an unsettled element in the choir, if one can judge from the various changes which are constantly taking place amongst its members lately. This should not be."



WE are pleased to see from the Annual Report of the Glasgow Aberdeenshire Association that this old-established society is in a flourishing condition, and that so many sons of Bon-Accord are on its list of members. From the report we gather that 52 members, including 4 life members, joined during the year, but as a considerable number have lately fallen away from the ranks, the membership has been reduced to 171. Mr Mackenzie, the treasurer, is to be congratulated on being able to show a balance for the year of over £29. The total funds of the Society now amount to the substantial sum of £913.



In an interesting illustrated interview entitled "Mr Clement Shorter and his Work," which appears in the February *Windsor Magazine*, Mr Shorter pays the following high tribute to our townsman, Mr J. M. Bulloch, who has been appointed assistant editor of *The Sphere*, the new illustrated London weekly which made such a promising start last week with its first number :—" There cannot be any doubt that *The Sketch* was one of the most successful journals ever floated. I edited it from the first number, and Mr J. M. Bulloch, who came at my invitation to London from the *Aberdeen Free Press* in time to see the first issue appear, was assistant editor of *The Sketch* from the first number until he resigned some six months ago to take up a similar position with regard to my new paper (*The Sphere*). If I had space allotted to me, I should like to render testimony to Mr Bulloch's industry, his passion for work, his keen and enthusiastic interest in everything that pertains to illustrated journalism."



THERE is nothing like having a "guid conceit o' oorsel's." The *Express*, commenting on General Warren's defeat, says—"The country has regained its equilibrium, and is once more the wonder of the world!" And yet our local press has sometimes the temerity to reprove America for its "spread-eagleism."



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.



## The Rival Editors and Robert Burns.

A Dialogue between Two Men in a Car.

HAVE you seen the *Free Press's* report of the Aberdeen Burns Club Dinner this morning? Only twelve lines long including the heading! Short and sweet, isn't it?

Yes, I've seen it, but it took me all my time. You're right in calling it short, but as for being sweet—well, that's all you know, is it? Why the pen that wrote that report must have been dipped in the bitterest gall. And all because the editor of the *Aberdeen Journal* was in the chair.

Oh! I see it all now! I thought that the haggis and the whisky had been too much for the *F.P.* man, and that instead of cutting down his dinner he cut down his report.

Not a bit of it. It isn't the haggis that is to blame for making a "hash" of the report. It's the old story of the green-eyed monster over again.

But what good does it do? That's what I should like to know. It's like the ostrich that sticks its head in the sand when it is being chased by the hunter. The *F.P.'s* not the only paper in town. The *Journal* gives up nearly three columns to the dinner, so the public get to know about it all the same.

Yes! The *Journal* goes to the other extreme and gives a long account of everything that happened. Modesty isn't its strong point, you know. But patriotic "fire" is always wanted when "toasting" Burns, and the chairman got plenty of that into his speeches.

I hope that the guests did not run short of "cinders" in their glasses. They would be in need of something with a "nip" in it to wash down the oratory.

But joking apart, I think it was rather mean of the *Free Press* to merely report the chairman's "flashes of silence," and even then not to mention his name.

You mean by that, I suppose, that they didn't report him at all.

That's it. They don't even mention his name. And for very shame they are of course obliged to suppress the names of all those present at the dinner! And yet it is called the *FREE Press*!

Of course the *Journal* is just as bad when it gets the chance. And the farce of it all is that they both row in the same political galley.

And the public interest is bound to suffer. Reputable journals should give fair reports of events of public interest without fear or favour, shouldn't they?

They might at least have the decency to keep Robbie Burns out of their squalid squabbling.

Oh, they may just as well get red hot over Burns as over somebody else.

But when will it all end?

Not till some power the giftie gi'e's them, tae see themsel's as ithers see them.

But then they would die of shame.

There's been greater losses at Flodden. But take my word for it. Journalists have skins of leather. They have never been know to die of a broken heart or a damaged reputation. There is only one thing that can save our two editors. A sense of humour!

Then there is absolutely no hope?

None!

## The Woes of a "Slotter."

Banished by Chief-Constable Wyness.



AM that triumph of modern musical art, a penny-in-the-slot symphonium. I was transported from that far-away land where skilled hands created me to the Granite City, to soothe the savage breast of the Aberdonian. I was sold to the proprietor of one of those establishments whose clients look upon the wine when it is red, and placed in a proud position upon the counter, with my slot side invitingly turned towards an eager public, who, by depositing a "modest brown" in my interior, could hear anything from the sweet strains of "Annie Laurie" to the inspiring but untruthful proverb that "Jack's the boy for work." I enjoyed—oh, how richly!—those evenings when crowds were around me discussing football matches, the latest phases of the war, and nips. What a pleasure it was when people talked excitedly about the Absent-Minded Beggars who are fighting and dying for Rhodes—I mean, for Queen and Country—seven thousand miles away, to feel someone drop a penny in my vulnerable place, and to intrude upon the talk about those abroad with a gentle reminder about "The Old Folks at Home." I often stilled the hot tide of debate by my warblings, and felt that the master-hand that had created me had not made me in vain. I grew prouder of myself as the pennies mounted up on my bottom lair, for I reflected that every penny represented a five minutes' enjoyment to the donor and his friends. I communicated my feelings to a lung-testing machine which stood a few yards away from me, and in my great happiness I didn't look down upon my brother "slotter" because I was a penny a time and he only a half-penny. The lung-testing machine, in that language which the human race does not understand, often conveyed to me its sense of pleasure at rousing among men the laudable desire to test their physical capabilities. I felt no sense of superiority though my brother "slotter" appealed only to the physical senses, while I appealed to the ear and through it to the soul.

But a storm burst one day upon our young lives. Two representatives of law and order came in, and peremptorily ordered the proprietor to remove us. They said that the Chief-Constable had ordered our removal on the ground that we were nuisances. No wonder I grew sad, and that my pride at having amused the people turned into miserable shame at the thought of being considered a public nuisance. Are the lung-testing machine and myself nuisances? Has the mission of our inventors and makers, who created us to edify, to amuse, and to instruct, been in vain? Has my music contaminated the air; and has my brother, the lung-tester, inhaled the breath of hundreds of citizens only to give it forth as a moral leprosy, dangerous to health, to happiness, and to morals? It is sad to so believe, but the Chief-Constable has so said it, and he must be right; for has not the divine law made him the guardian of public morality?

I was swept from my perch on the counter, and am now in a lumber-room in the proprietor's private house. My friend the lung-tester has been taken away, as he was only let on royalty, but I, being a "bought outright" piece of goods, and of no use to anybody, recline all day in a not too graceful attitude upon a heap of old clothes. My only fear is that the master of the house, who is wont to be violent at times, may come in some day and smash me into pieces for having caused him so much expense. And I could scarcely blame him, for I sympathise with him, and if some considerate person would only drop a penny in my slot, I should warble forth, "O, where's the slave so lowly?" I am less a slave, though pent in durance vile, than my master, who has bowed his head to the illegal decree of a legal magnate. I understand that I have a brother who has not yet been arrested and cast into durance vile; but then he is in a small hotel bar, and his proceeds go to the "War Fund." Therefore his music cannot have an injurious effect on the morals of the public. Ah me! when shall I be the proud possession of a hotel proprietor?

## The Coming of Spring.

WE have pleasure in drawing the attention of choir conductors and those interested in choral music to a new part song composed by Herr A. Reiter, entitled "The Coming of Spring." The words are translated from the German by our townsman, Mr Arthur King, and we must say that we think Mr King's labours have been fully justified by the production of this very dainty and rhythmical ode on a somewhat hackneyed theme. The song lends itself well to a musical setting, and Herr Reiter has certainly taken full advantage of that quality. The melody is light and catching as befits the subject, while the harmony is rich and tuneful. An opportunity will doubtless be given of listening to the meritorious piece on an early date. The work is dedicated to Professor Ogston, president of the Aberdeen Philharmonic Society. We append the verses, their publication on this the opening day of the first month of Spring being quite apt.



ZURE skies, soft breezes blowing,  
Bid ye greetings manifold!  
Bringing fragrance, sweeter growing,  
Greetings! Sunbeams kissed with gold!  
O'er the heart's rejoicing sing,  
Fragrant, balmy, gentle spring!

Tardy though thy coming, beaming  
Breaks at last thy hour of birth!  
If thou fair wert in our dreaming  
Fairer comest thou on earth!  
All things sweet, awakening  
Fragrant, balmy, gentle spring!

Fields and meads, your faces dimple  
With smiles brightest in her praise!  
Rustle woodlands! Brooklets wimple!  
Sing, ye birds, your sweetest lays!  
Join with us, in heralding  
Fragrant, balmy, gentle spring!



### A Woodside Passenger Says—

THAT the electric car drivers, like the German Emperor, believe too much in the policy of "full steam ahead."

That the car driver who recklessly collided with a bogie last week spent a bad quarter of an hour—and a 10s 6d fine—in the Police Court.

That in future our electric Jehus should have a wholesome dread of the bogie-man!

That our car-drivers should learn by and take to heart that line of poetry by Alfred Tennyson and—"Brake! brake!! brake!!!"



"IN MEMORIAM."—Messrs Cay & Sons do a very distinct service to the community by the publication of their now well-known annual, "In Memoriam," an obituary of Aberdeen and vicinity for the bygone year. There are biographical notes and portraits of prominent citizens, and also of local men who have died away from home. This is now the tenth year of publication, and the Messrs Cay & Sons must be gratified to find that the work is increasingly valued as years go on. The notices given are, of course, of varied length, but all are interesting. They are clearly and succinctly written throughout, and are of distinct value as contributions to local history, gathering together and preserving, as the volume does, the leading features in the lives of our prominent citizens, who, having served their day and generation, have joined the majority. The portraits given are uniformly good; and altogether "In Memoriam" is a volume that should be highly prized. The price is a nominal sixpence (post free ninenpence), and the book may be had from Messrs Cay & Sons, 432 Union Street and 215 George Street, and from the booksellers. We may say that complete sets of the volumes are in demand, and are increasingly difficult to obtain.

## The Gipsies' Survival.

BY A CHRONIC BACHELOR.



HERE is an American Gipsies' Caravan quartered near the Boat-House between Kittybrewster and Woodside just now. I don't patronise this kind of intelligence agency myself (having left my romantic future behind me), though, doubtless, its information is at least as reliable and up to date as that of the British Government's Intelligence Department, and it is given forth in no spirit of "philosophic doubt." But I

have rather a weakness for observing the who people try to steal a march on Father Time by getting at his secrets through the media of the gipsy oracle.

Happening to be near that gipsy camp the other day, I was much surprised at the large number of young ladies who came from all quarters to consult the oracle of the caravan, and learn what destiny the future held for them. It was quite an interesting and pleasing spectacle in this very superior age and ultra-materialistic city to see so many fair damsels thus pin their faith to the supernatural wisdom of the dark-skinned prophetess, just as their grandmothers did in the weaving of their romances when the world was younger and sprightlier.

Of course, all the young ladies pretend not to believe in the gipsy oracle, and doubtless they try to persuade themselves into this belief; but anyone observing the expression of their faces both before and after the consultation, would incline to a different view. You can see at a glance who are and who are not satisfied with the future predicted for them. But the gipsy is a benign goddess, and rarely sends her devotees away with unsatisfactory futures—though what might happen did they fail to produce the necessary coin one can only surmise.

At the same time, the young ladies who consulted the oracle the other day were not entirely satisfied with her dispensation. They thought her too taciturn—surely a rare trait in a Yankee. They were so eager to have the door of the future thrown wide open; but she would only let them peep through the keyhole. Moreover, she made somewhat invidious distinctions. On examining the hand of certain members of the party, her first remark was "You're a lady." Now, the others took umbrage at this, saying among themselves, "I'm sure we are as much like ladies as they are;" and they straightway resolved that they were not getting value for their money. But I rather suspect that the other girls were more generous, and that the gipsy, falling in line with our British notions, decided that the girl who could "stump up" the most "siller" was clearly the greatest lady.

One of the party who wore mournings was informed that she had suffered a loss—from which you will gather that the gipsy is not so blind to the obvious as a Cabinet Minister. Another angel was assured that she would be married within the year to a young man with a "J" in his name. Now I think intelligence of that kind has a touch of Oriental cruelty in it. Just think of the many sleepless nights that poor lassie will spend in spelling out the names of her young men acquaintances in search of the magic "J."

Much more information of a like nature was vouchsafed to the young ladies, but its tantalising vagueness was not quite to their mind. My scouts brought me the full particulars, and I also had a talk with the Queen of the Caravan, who informed me that she was doing big business, and evidently considered Aberdeen a rather soft spot.



To prevent wrinkles have a good-going watch to keep you in time. One of the best in the world at the price is Johnston's "Belvidere" Lever—goes to a one minute a month—in nickle, silver, black, gold, and gold filled; from 18s upwards. Had only from Johnston, 198 Rosemount Place.

## Britannia at the Bar:

The Recorder's Challenge.

**B** RITANNIA! Stand!  
 Take helmet of, give up thy sword.  
 The Son of Man comes forth to judge.  
 If thou hadst sackcloth here, 'twere well  
 Thou covered these red robes of thine.  
 Scarce all of fuller's earth would serve  
 To cleanse thy thrice encrimsoned hands,  
 So let them be. What's thy defence?  
 "Blue Books!" "Treaties!" "England's Honour!"  
 These are but chaff for quenchless fire.  
 What say you? "Outlanders' complaints!"  
 "Boer brutality!" "The nations one!"  
 "Colonial Volunteers!" Let stand.  
 Take Gospel thou hast sworn to  
 And read "the Mount" words, if thou canst.  
 Which blessing claimst thou for thyself?  
 Art "pure in heart," "meek," "merciful?"  
 Is there a beatitude for guns?  
 Are bayonets blest? Shells consecrate?  
 Show Christ's war warrant—quote his word  
 For manslaughter. Get thy troops in  
 To sermon's text somewhere. Fie! Look—  
 "Agree quickly with thy brother;"  
 Canst find room for thy General's there?  
 "Boer is not brother!" What then? Beast?  
 E'en it the righteous succoreth.  
 Interpret, "Say not 'Raca' thou."  
 Hast thou not said it? Filled thy mouth  
 With curses? Thou hast roared malice,  
 And vengeance vowed with furious breath.  
 Is't not writ "till seven times seventy?"  
 Is thy massacre forgiveness?  
 In heaven's sight thou'st lit hell-fires,  
 And blown, and moulded fiendish shot,  
 And packed great shells to scatter death,  
 Praying the while, and calling "Lord."  
 Dost think thou wilt be "known" to Him?  
 "Enemy" thou sayest: what word  
 Is coupled in command with that?  
 Thou darest not say—O hypocrite!  
 How canst thou stand before the Judge?  
 Prepare thee for the word "Depart!"  
 And think thou of the outer dark.

C. H.



"REST and be thankful" is not the motto of Messrs McMillan, Ltd. Doubtless they are grateful for the immense patronage given them by their numerous circle of friends, both locally and in the country generally, during the late Christmas and New-Year season, but Mr Stewart, the new manager, rests not content with favours past, but at once arranges something both good and new for the patrons of McMillans, Ltd. Their stocktaking clearance sale is now going on, and as extension and re-arrangement of the departments are contemplated, rare bargains will be offered of their regular high-class stock. See special advertisement on page 4. Mr Stewart has added an umbrella department to the business, and The Gordon Umbrella (registered) is a most elegant article of protection, neat and light, yet strong and serviceable to a degree, and would make a most suitable and practical present to a friend at this season. Prices range (post free) from 10/6 to 20/.

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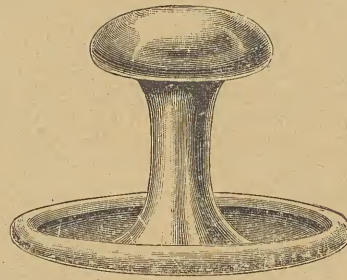
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## AT THE PLAY.

Her Majesty's Theatre.

### "The Scarlet Coat."

The costume play is no longer in vogue, as it was a few years ago. And I doubt if the costume play even then was popular in the provinces. "The Scarlet Coat" is a belated specimen of this class of piece. It is written by Mr Walter E. Grogan, whose short story some playgoers may have read in the January number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. "The Scarlet Coat" is not a very good play. It shows promise, however. It abounds in long speeches, many of them very sentimental, and almost all of them unreal. Nothing is more difficult than to reproduce, in fiction, and especially in the fiction of the stage, the speech and the manner of another century. The early Victorian time, to go back no farther, is hard to recall, in thought or in imagination, as we find when we see Lytton's play of "Money." There is no real romance in "The Scarlet Coat." In short, it is an artificial piece, and hundreds of "gads" and "zounds" will not make it seem real. However, it gives Mr Compton a showy part, and Mr Compton knows how to make pretty speeches to a lady, though his elocution is sometimes monotonous. He is a handsome highwayman, and he wouldn't be Mr Compton if he didn't know how to please an audience. The piece was notable for the graceful acting of Miss Ellen O'Malley and the very clever old bachelor of Mr C. R. Stone. And the Mistress Hetherington of Miss Victoria Addison had a touch of distinction that is easily intelligible.

"The School for Scandal" was very well played. The ensemble was good, and it will become better still. Mr Compton's Charles was admirable. Miss O'Malley was a delightful Lady Teazle. Her method is natural and intelligent. Mr Stone played with a capital sense of humour as Sir Oliver. Mr Murray Hawthorn's Sir Peter was an intelligent bit of work. Miss Elinor Aickin's Mrs Candour was excellent. Mr Sydney Leyton played Joseph with great care and intelligence. Miss Addison's Lady Sneerwell showed much intelligence. Mr Edward Fitzgerald cleverly doubled the parts of Crabtree and Moses. And Mr La Trobe's Careless, Mr Edwin Coates's Rowley, Miss Elaine Spearing's Maria, and Mr Tristram's Trip deserve a word of praise. The costumes are beautiful.

To-night and Saturday, "Davy Garrick"; and to-morrow, "The Scarlet Coat."

Miss Victoria Addison is the only daughter of Miss Carlotta Addison, who is remembered with admiration by middle-aged playgoers. Miss Addison has been on the stage for four years. She "understudied" Miss Annie Hughes in "Old Chelsea" at the Court Theatre. After that she was with Miss Sarah Thorne, an excellent teacher. Two years ago she was engaged by Mr Percy Hutchison to play Lady Rosamund Tatton in "The Liars." Miss Addison did not, I think, come to Aberdeen. When Mr John Hare presented "The Gay Lord Quex" at the Globe Theatre, she played one of the manicurists. When she was 13, Miss Addison played with her mother, in "Nine Points of the Law," the small part of Sarah Jane, with "The Old Stagers," a well-known theatrical combination, at Canterbury. With them she has since played twice, the last time with her mother, in "Dream Faces," Miss Addison's part being Lucy.

Mr Charles La Trobe, who is, also, a member of Mr Compton's company, is Miss Addison's brother.

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### "The Degenerates."

Next week playgoers will have an opportunity of seeing the piece in which Mrs Langtry has lately won notoriety. Mr Sydney Grundy's play is said to be very amusing. It is played by a strong company sent out by Messrs Morell and Mouillot. The leading parts are represented by Miss Geraldine Oliffe, who played the title part in "The Second Mrs Tanqueray"; Mr Roland Cunningham, who was a member of the Cunningham Opera Company; and by Mr Dallas Welford, who played very cleverly in "My Friend the Prince."

### "San Toy."

The latest musical comedy at Daly's Theatre will be played here during the week after next. I have already mentioned that the company includes Mr Rawlins, Mr Horace Mills, an Miss Marie Studholme. Perhaps the cleverest of the ladies is Miss Coralie Blythe.

### The War and the Theatres.

The effects of the war are more and more disastrous. Several provincial managers have abandoned their schemes for the present. Pantomimes, it is said, have done badly almost everywhere. That doesn't break one's heart, however. On the other hand, I am sorry to see that "The Snow Man" has been taken off at the Lyceum. The Vaudeville Theatre is closed until Easter. The Gaiety did not reopen on Saturday, though the manager announced that it was to be opened on that day with "The Messenger Boy." Mr Wyndham is going to try "Cyrano de Bergerac" in the provinces. This is the play in which Coquelin once more won distinction in Paris. Mr John Hare is bringing "The Gay Lord Quex" to the provinces. Mr Edward Terry is taking a rest. Mr Wilson Barrett thinks that "Man and His Maker" may be good enough for the country, though it was not good enough for London.

I am very sorry to see that "The Only Way" has been taken out of the list of pieces that we are to see during the spring. Is Mr Haviland, also, holding his hand during this black time?

*Appropos*, I see that Mr Beresford, who recently played the Little Minister here, is in treaty with Mr Martin Harvey to play "The Only Way" in the provinces.

Mr Heinemann has just published Mr Gilbert Murray's remarkable play, "Carlyon Sahib," which was performed by Mr Patrick Campbell last year at Mr Arthur's theatre, the Princess of Wales's.

A friend has shown me a copy of the second number of *The Irish Playgoer*, a new weekly paper published in Dublin. It is readable from beginning to end, and it is much better written than most papers devoted to the theatre. Charles Keene's name is mis-spelled. I hope that *The Irish Playgoer* may live long.

A familiar face will be missed after this week by those whose business takes them to the Theatre every Monday evening. Mr Joseph Cruden, the theatrical critic of the *Free Press*, has left the service of that newspaper. Mr Cruden has been its critic for over seven years. His review of plays, as a rule, were much too mild. Mr Cruden, however, had considerable experience, and his newspaper gave some authority to his opinions. He is an amiable man, and popular with his colleagues. GALLIO.

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Photographs by Messrs Cooper & Porter, King Street, Aberdeen.

See page 17.



The Dragon in the Path.

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### Presentation to a Volunteer.

The "Old Pals" social club held a smoking concert in the Waverley Hotel on Saturday evening in honour of Corporal W. Simpson, 1st V.B.G.H., who is one of those bound for the front. Mr G. Deans occupied the chair, and in name of the "Old Pals" presented Corporal Simpson with a handsome case of razors and a quantity of tobacco. Corporal Simpson, in a neat and manly speech, returned thanks, and hoped that all present, who were in a position to do so would join the 1st V.B.G.H.,

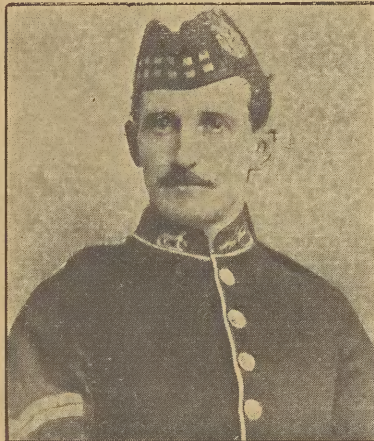


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
so that the battalion might not suffer numerically by the departure of so many men for South Africa. With song and sentiment a very happy evening was spent, the programme being contributed to by Corporal Simpson, and Messrs Rickart, Murray, Deans, Low, Sandison, Jackson, Wood, etc.

### The Gymnastic Contest.

The contest for places in the team against Belfast took place on Tuesday night, eleven members competing for the coveted honour. The contest excited a deal of attention among the members and the public. At the close the following eight were chosen to represent Aberdeen:—Fildes, M'Laren, Murdoch, Brown, Angus, Henderson, Beaton, and Anderson. The work done by the team in the parallel bars and musical drill was excellent, but a good deal of hard training will have to be done with the rope climbing before the competition takes place. Next week we will give a photo of the principal members of the Belfast team.

The Annual Meeting of the Thistle Swimming Club takes place on Monday 5th February, in the Trades Hall. The business to be gone through is important.

The Thistle Harriers received an invitation from the 'Shire to hold a combined paper chase on Saturday. Owing to the international match at Pittodrie the invitation will have to be declined.

**FOOTBALLERS** will be glad to know that the world-famed manufacturers, GEO. G. BUSSEY & CO., of London, turn out Balls, which for quality, uniformity, and durability are unique. These Balls will be distinguished by the appearance thereon of their well-known trade mark . Ask the local Sports Dealer for G. G. B. & Co.'s Price List. If not procurable, apply to 36 and 38, Queen Victoria Street, or 213 Regent Street, London. Factories—Peckham, London; and Elmswell, Suffolk.

## The Rugby Game.

### Nomads v. 'Shire.

This fixture was played off at the Duthie Park, and, as there was no other match of importance in the city, a large number turned out to witness it. The Nomads were strongly represented, but the 'Shire were by no means up to full strength, several 2nd men being included in their team. From the first it was seen that the game was to be a keen one, and both sides played hard to score. In the first half the honours were about equally divided, and half-time arrived before any score had been made. In the second period the Nomads had rather the best of the game, and repeatedly pressed their opponents in their own "25." Only once the 'Shire looked like scoring. They broke away, and for some time play was confined to Nomad territory, but relief soon came, and the ball was carried back to the other end. During some close play there, Russell, picking up smartly, dropped a clever goal, the only score recorded.

For the winners Ross, Russell, and Bower played a good game back, and forward McLean was always on the ball, and rarely let his man past him. On the other side Anderson and Hay both did some good work, and Irons was the mainstay of the forward pack.

Mr J. W. Milne ('Varsity) was referee, and his decisions gave entire satisfaction.

### Grammar School v. 2nd 'Shire.

These old rivals met at the former's grounds, and a very close game ended in a win for the former by 4 points to 3. The 2nd 'Shire were considerably under strength, as the 1st XV had to take four 2nd men to fill up vacancies in their own team. They started the game with thirteen men, but subsequently found one sub. The game was very close throughout, and Shaw's drop goal for the School was indeed a piece of luck, although it was a neat kick. Mackay had a grand run for the 'Shire, and secured the only try of the match. The kick was successful.

This is the fourth time these teams have met this season, each team having two wins. The 'Shire, however, have the advantage in points, having scored 30 points for 20 by the School.

### 2nd Nomads v. 2nd Grammar P.P.'s.

At King's College Grounds. The Nomads played only thirteen men, but succeeded in beating their opponents by 11 points to 4. Leslie scored two tries and Calder one, only one of these being converted, while Saunders dropped a goal for the School.

### 3rd 'Shire v. Peterhead.

This match was played at Peterhead on Saturday, and ended in rather a crushing defeat for the Aberdeen team to the tune of 28 points to nil. The 'Shire travelled short, but the Peterhead men now require a lot of beating.

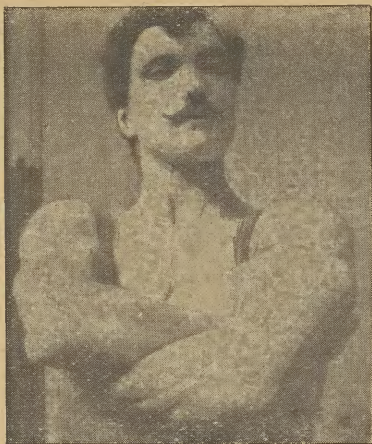
### Northern Counties' Union.

The following team has been chosen to represent the City v. 'Varsity at the University Grounds on Saturday first—Back, J. A. Bower (Nomads); three-quarter backs, A. M. Bisset (Nomads), R. Anderson (Aberdeenshire), J. A. Butchart, and F. Fraser (G.S.F.P.'s); half-backs, W. R. Butchart, captain (G.S.F.P.'s) and W. Y. Hay (Aberdeenshire); forwards, A. MacLean, H. H. Bower, J. A. Rutherford, Wm. Barnett (Nomads), A. B. Butchart, M. Thomson (G.S.F.P.'s), R. Hunter, and W. B. Irons (Aberdeenshire).

### Fixtures for Saturday.

City v. 'Varsity, King's College Grounds.  
2nd Nomads v. Grammar School, Grammar Grounds.

For Footballs and Athletic Belts, try Craig, 15 Schoolhill. Footballs made and repaired on the premises.



MR LOCKHART URUHART (MILO).

Among the many attractions at the Entertainment in St Katharine's Hall on Saturday night will be an exhibition of most astounding feats of strength by Mr Lockhart Urquhart, a local expert dumb-bell performer.

Mr Urquhart is of a very quiet and retiring disposition, and has not appeared in public very often; but we can assure our readers that a finer example of the ancient Roman Gladiator type is very seldom met with, and that all who have the well-being and upraising of the masses at heart should grasp the present opportunity of seeing this living type of that happy combination of mental and physical culture which the late Charles Kingsley used to talk of as *mens sana in corpore sano*.

## Association Football.

### The Scottish Cup-Tie.

#### PRESS COMMENTS ON THE GAME.

The game at Rugby Park was one of the most extraordinary ever witnessed, and had the county champions been at all anxious to amass a heavy score the rout of the Orion would have been even more severe. Throughout the second half the home players literally walked the field, and occasionally passed the ball to their opponents in order to give them a friendly kick at it. The northern team did not play to home form, and seemed jaded by their travelling.—*Daily Record*.

Hearts were sad in Aberdeen on Saturday. It was, of course, never for a moment thought that Orion would be in at the death, but 10 goals to nil was never dreamed of. It is a tall score, truly, but Orion need in no way be disheartened. Killie is a long journey from the Granite City, while, in addition, the Kilmarnock are just about as level a balanced lot as appears in the Scottish League.—*Dundee Courier*.

Kilmarnock won the toss and played towards the pavilion end. After Orion had had a look in, Kilmarnock settled down and kept the visitors in their own quarters. The home team scored 4 goals by half-time. The second half opened by Kilmarnock scoring a fifth, followed by a sixth goal. The Orion now showed up somewhat better than they had previously done, and Craig was called on several times to dispose of some good tries. . . . The Killie players now seemed to treat their opponents with consideration and did not exert themselves towards increasing their score.—*Glasgow Times*.

Under the heading "Something like a Cricket Match," the *Dundee Telegraph* says that the long journey had something to do with the result. They are charitable enough to mention that last year the match was very much closer, but finish up with the remark that the match was played at Cattofield, which possibly makes all the difference.

We would remind our readers, and especially those who do nothing on a Saturday forenoon, of the match to be played between the Industrial Schools of Dundee and Aberdeen. As all the expenses fall to be paid out of the gate money, it devolves on the public to turn out in such numbers as to make the match a success financially—the boys will see that the play will not be a disgrace to either city. The game starts at 12'30, and will be played at Victoria Bridge Grounds.

## The Northern League.

After the exhibition which they gave against the Vics on Saturday, one wonders how on earth the Wanderers ever came to occupy top position in the league table. One thing is certain their play has greatly deteriorated, or else the teams which they have defeated in the competition must have shown very poor form indeed. During the whole ninety minutes' play at Torry the Dundonians were very seldom dangerous, and the score of 4-0 fairly indicates the run of the game.

The Wanderers' team would be none the worse of some fresh blood, it being composed of too many "good old has-beens."

The only one worth his salt on Saturday was the goalkeeper, who did some smart saving, and is certainly not to blame for the defeat. The Vics' forwards played a dashing game during the first half, their shooting at times being very deadly. In the second period the game was of a very hum-drum character, and not worth looking at.

## The International.

In consequence of the drawn match between the Hearts and Hibs the international team has undergone considerable alteration. At the meeting on Tuesday the following men were chosen to represent Scotland:—Dickie (Rangers), Smith (Rangers), Davidson (Celtic), Irons (Q.P.), Neill and Robertson (Rangers), Wilson (Q.P.), Bell (Celtic), M'Coll (Q.P.), Hamilton and Smith (Rangers). The team should be equal to the task of beating Wales, as it is not inferior to the original selection. The Welsh team, it is expected, will also undergo considerable change.

## Junior Football Notes.

BY SPORT.

Under the Watson League, Royal Albert and Abergeldie played on Saturday. The game was fast, and good football was witnessed by the large turn-out of spectators. At half-time the game stood 1-1. On resuming, the Abergeldie made the Albert put forth all their defensive resources and scored other three goals, the Albert replying with two, the game ending 4-3 in favour of the Abergeldie. Both teams were about equal, and although the game ended as it did, the Albert were very unlucky all through the game.

In the same competition Shamrock and Northern were also out fighting for points. The game was a one-sided one, the Shamrock playing the best all through, and thoroughly deserving their 4-1 victory. The Northern played a good, but light team, but with practice we have no fear but that they will improve on Saturday's display.

Like the Boers nothing seems to keep the Rosebank from victory. They did rub it in hard to the Engineers on Saturday, the cease fire being sounded when they had scored 7 goals. The Engineers replied with *nil*.

The match between Free South Athletics and University was played at University Grounds. A rousing game resulted in a draw of 3 goals each.

Other Junior Notes on Page 16.

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Speciality—Wools.

After ninety minutes' play the Abercorn and Lilybank had to stop, neither side having the advantage. Both sides played capital football, and 3-3 was a fair index of the play.

The Strathdee had a good game with the Abergeldie Thistle whom they just managed to defeat by 3-2.

The Abercorn Reserves were not so fortunate as their seniors, having to acknowledge the superiority of the Heatherbell by 1-0.

The Eastern Star did not shine with brilliancy in their match with the Ashfield. The Star will have to look out for better players; 6-0 says little for the present team.

The Junior Yallaro and Seaton Thistle played a good game, and although the Seaton boys were defeated by 4-1 they were by no means disgraced.

If the Wellington Thistle go on scoring as they did on Saturday, they will require to pay for the attendance of a scorer to accompany them in their matches. It was too bad of them to beat the Windsor by 11-3, but little exertion would have been required to make the score nearly double.

Belvidere played their return match with the Norwood at Mastrick, and again inflicted another beating on them, the score being 7-3 in their favour.



We regret to announce the death of Wm Edmond, which took place last week. For a time he played in the new defunct Northern, and latterly acted as referee to the Watson League. At a meeting of the Watson League held recently it was decided to try and raise a sum of money, which will be handed over to his sister. Already some of the clubs have made a good start, and any sum that may be sent to this office will be handed over to the secretary of the League, Mr S. S. Willox, 34 Castle Street.



## Cricket.

Among the wounded home from South Africa, is a young cricketer well known in Aberdeen, who was once thought good enough for a place in the Yorkshire team. The player referred to is Tom Wildman, late prof. to the Aberdeenshire. His wounds, however, have been obtained in the field of play, not of battle. He went out to South Africa to fulfil an engagement with the Claremont Club, Cape Colony. In his fourth match he had the bad luck to rupture himself so severely that it was thought necessary for him to return home. He is now a patient of the Keighley Hospital. His many friends here will join with us in wishing him a speedy and complete recovery.



Several very fine young cricketers have been making a name in the colonies during the season now in progress. Victoria has found a new bowler in F. Collins, and New South Wales in T.

Howard. Both seem to have the characteristic of mixing their pace without altering their action, and appear to be promising colts. Now South Australia have discovered a first-class batsman in F. T. Hack, a member of the Adelaide—a club to which Ernest Jones, the fast bowler, belongs. Hack did not play against Stoddart's team '97-'98, but he came into International cricket in 1898, and played against Victoria and New South Wales without distinguishing himself. Lately he has been a prolific scorer. At the end of November he hit up 33 and 115 against Victoria; a fortnight ago he scored 44 and 158 (not out) against New South Wales, and enabled South Australia to gain an extraordinary success. The South Australians having had all the worst of the game, wanted 335 to win—but, thanks to Hack, they had six wickets in hand when the runs were made. This is a great feat, and Hack, who, we believe comes of an English family, is certain to be heard of in international cricket.



## Cycling.

The annual supper and ball of the Bon-Accord C.C. was held in the Bon-Accord Hotel last week, Adam A. Smith in the chair. After a few hours dancing an adjournment was made for supper. After supper the chairman complimented the club on its prosperity, and the excellent manner in which the committee had carried out the arrangements for the supper. After Mr Still had replied for the committee, dancing was again engaged in and kept up for several hours. Representatives were present from the Aberdeen, Granville, and Wellington Clubs. The M.C.'s were Messrs Pittendrig, Grant, Cowie, and Taylor.



There is a prospect of a cycle track being laid in Dundee. An agreement has been entered into with the Dundee F.C. to guarantee £150 for the laying down of a track at Dens Road Park.

The sensation of "free wheeling" is delightful.

A clear case of reaping where one has sown, is that of a late cycle maker of New York, who has given up his business of turning out cheap machines, and is now devoting his time to the funeral profession.

An American concern has done away altogether with the tool-bag, by putting all the tools, etc., in the handle-bars. As an object lesson in compactness this is worth noting. The pump is telescopic, with a recess for the repair outfit; the oil-can and tool-case are combined, and the handles are made with a bayonet clutch at the outer end to take the above, including a wrench; a supply of carbide can also be pushed into the accommodating bars.

It is very interesting to note that the War Office has placed so many orders with different firms for cycles for use in active warfare. The cyclist's of the Inns of Court R.V. who left London on Saturday, January, 13th, for the front, were put through various evolutions by Lieutenant Hale, to test the bicycles supplied them, previous to the machines being shipped. With the exception of the two smallest, they are fitted with double top tubes and geared to 68 inches, with 7 inch cranks, plunger brakes, and metal mudguards, everything being enamelled Khaki. It is to be hoped that good service may be rendered by the use of the war cycles, so that they may gain better favour with the head war officials.

When country lanes take a very serpentine course it is as well to negotiate the bends with great care and a judicious ringing of your bell, if you would avoid collision with another rider or riders. Many folks have a strange habit of taking the curves of narrow by-ways at a speed that would hardly be judicious even on a broad straight-a-way road. The prevalent idea with these "fliers" is that everybody and everything should make way for them, which, to say the least, is rather hard upon the peaceful and careful rider, who may be coming round these corners in an opposite direction.



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# JACK and JILL

went up the hill, to fetch a pail of water, Jack fell down and &c. Notice (1) Jack and Jill were not afraid of difficulties, they went up the hill, a long and difficult journey for such youthful climbers as Jack and Jill. Notice (2) The value of unity and companionship—They stood or fell together, or rather when one fell down the other (Jill) came tumbling after. Notice (3) their ambition—to fetch a pail of water. No sordid aims were theirs. They sought not gold or fame, or worldly honours, but water, to slake the burning thirst, or cool the fevered brow. Notice (4) the best and noblest efforts may fail to accomplish their purpose. For Jack, a grievous fall and broken crown; and for Jill, the tumbling after, and who can tell what that tumbling meant to our heroine Jill. Many a grievous fall in life is prevented by taking Page Woodcock's Wind Pills, which for the cure of Indigestion, Wind on the Stomach, Liver Complaints, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, Biliousness, &c., are not to be excelled.

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## TESTIMONIALS

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## Citizen Soldiers for the Front.

SERGEANT ALEX. PORTER,  
B Coy. 1st V.B.G.H.,

Joined 1st V.B.G.H. in 1888, and was promoted to Corporal in 1891; Lance-Sergeant, 1892; and Sergeant, 1894. Sergeant Porter attended camps at Culter, 1888; Dyce, 1892; Barry, 1898; and accompanied the marching column to Ballater in 1896. He was also one of the Aberdeen volunteers who went to London to attend the Jubilee celebrations in 1897. He holds the ambulance certificate and is sergeant of the Ambulance Squad for the battalion. Sergeant Porter has been secretary for the last three years of the Battalion Amusements Committee. He was also secretary for Battalion Ball in 1898, and secretary for Non-Coms' Supper in 1898. Writing of Sergeant Porter in March, 1898, our contemporary *The Evening Express* says:—"He ranks as one of the most diligent and enthusiastic members of the battalion. He is now in his eleventh year of service as a volunteer, and during all that period he has only been absent from four parades." Sergeant Porter is a wholesale stationer to trade.



SERGEANT W. S. GRANT,  
I Coy. 1st V.B.G.H.,

Joined the Highland Light Infantry in 1883, and was promoted Corporal in 1884, and Sergeant in 1887. He served in India with his regiment for six years, and completed his twelve years' service in 1895 when he returned to Aberdeen and joined the 1st V.B.G.H. He is married, and a draper to trade.

SERGEANT F. R. MARTIN,  
F Coy. 1st V.B.G.H.,

Joined B Coy., 1st Lanark R.V., in Glasgow in 1892. Won Recruits Bronze Medal for the company. Resigned and left for British Columbia in 1893. He returned to this country and came to Aberdeen in March, 1894. Joined F Coy. 1st V.B.G.H.; promoted Corporal, May, 1896; and Sergeant in October, 1897. He has been secretary of F Coy. since 1895, and of the Bon-Accord Rifle Club in 1899.

### PRIZES.

1894—The Queen's Cup and gold badge. 1895—5th place in Queen's, and silver badge with same score as previous year. Bisley—9th place in Volunteer aggregate, also a grand aggregate bronze cross, and 13th place in St George's, getting £9 and badge. 1896—Was in Queen's "Forty" at Wapinschaw and in the Queen's "Three Hundred" at Bisley, only failing to get into the Queen's Hundred by putting a shot on the wrong target. 1898—Won Lady Sempell's Cup with ten bulls-eyes at 500 yards. Made my first century in match with 1st L.R.V. at Glasgow, 32 34 34—100. Bisley—Made 22 consecutive "bulls" at 500 yards for the "Centaur." Won bronze cross in Grand Aggregate, and made a "best possible" 33 standing at 200 yards, gaining 2nd prize. 12th place in the Graphic, gaining £5 and two sketches. 1899—Won badge and £12 in "Queen's" at Bisley, also bronze cross in Grand Aggregate. Was a member of the team from F Coy, which won the Bannockburn Shield, also of the Scottish team which won the MacKinnon Cup at Bisley.

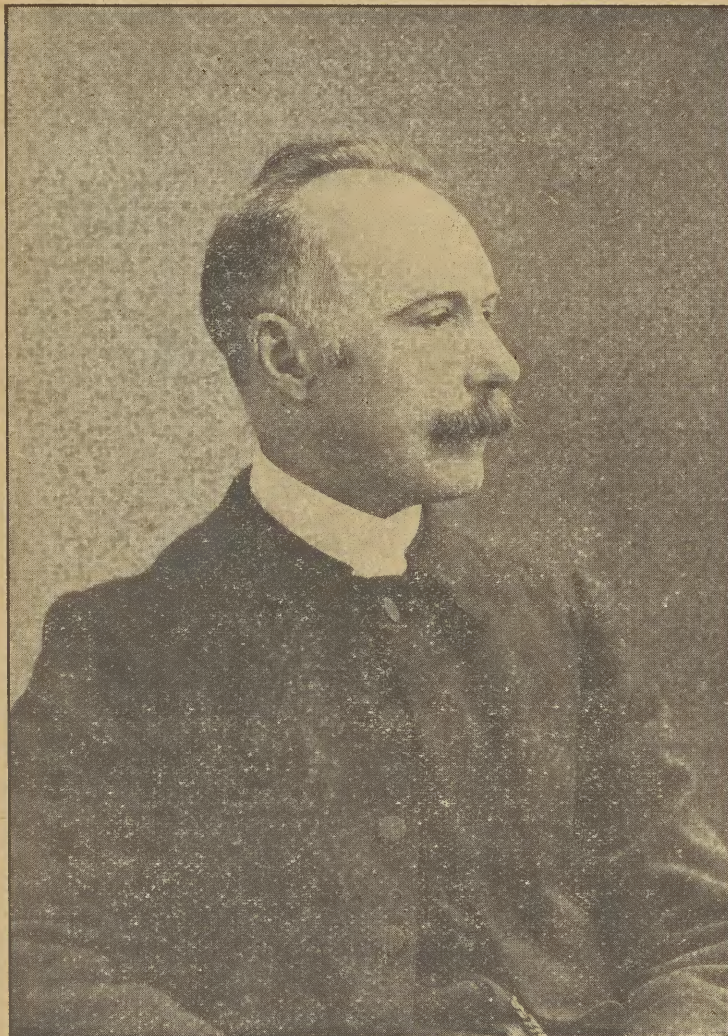


SERGEANT J. R. HAY,  
2nd V.B.G.H.,

Joined G Coy., Tarves, in 1894, promoted Corporal in 1896 and Sergeant 1897. He attended brigade camps at Dyce in 1895, and Barry in 1897. Sergeant Hay is a joiner to trade.

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THE LATE REV. J. G. WALTON, ST NICHOLAS U.P. CHURCH.

### The Palace Theatre.

THE company this week is numerically strong. The three Missouries are undoubtedly the best turn. In an extravagant get-up as Scotchmen they give a very funny and clever acrobatic performance. The Aglos Trio, comprising a lady and gentleman, and a magnificent specimen of a Russian boarhound, go through some very smart work on the rolling globe and see-saw. The canine member of the trio shows evidence of careful training. The sketch produced by Edith Bruce & Co., entitled "Our New Man," proves a success, and the gentleman who takes the dual role of husband and servant is an excellent actor. Lottie Lunn is a serio-comic vocalist above the average. The Marblesque Troupe in their living statuary are rather effective. The Eltons on the triple bars, and Daly and Doran, duettists, are fairly good turns. The comic element is well represented by James Brady (who seems a great favourite with the majority of the audience), Harry Bent, and Martin Conway. Gibbons' Bio-Tableau has a few new pictures, the best one being the Review of the Yeomen of the Guard by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. The overture and selections by the orchestra, under the leadership of Mr Lechmere Sheldon, deserve great praise. We understand that the Scotch and Welsh International Football Teams are to visit the Palace on the kind invitation of Mr Sheldon.

### Grammar School Notes.

THE Debating Society met as usual in Room 1 at 7 o'clock. D. E. Rae was in the chair in place of the president. There were five impromptu debates, which had been decided on beforehand. The first one was "Has the miser or the spendthrift done the more harm to society?" The members decided against the latter by eleven votes to three. The next debate was, "Should we learn dead languages?" This was decided in the affirmative by ten votes to two. There must have been quite a number of Classics present! Then followed a debate of much interest in view of the war, "Should rifle clubs be formed?" After discussion, it was decided in the affirmative by eight to two. The other debates were, "Is telling lies justifiable under any circumstances?" and that ancient debate, "Was Wallace or Bruce the greater patriot?" The former debate was negated by five to three, and in the latter Wallace was awarded the palm by three votes to two. As may be seen, many members remained neutral in several debates. Some members, we are told, insisted on calling William Wallace Mr Wallace.



The business for next Friday's Debating Society is a paper by J. M. Robertson. The title is "The magazines and novels of to-day."



The Swimming Club is doing well. Swimming cards may be had on application to the secretary or the captain, T. G. Clark. The price is 1s.



"WHEN Woman Loves" is the title of a new story by Mrs J. K. Lawson, the celebrated novelist, which commences in the *People's Friend* of this week. The tale is said to be one of the best yet written by this well-known authoress, and will, we have no doubt, still further tend to popularise this already popular weekly.



### The Choral Union Concert.

FOR the Choral Union Concert, which will be held in the Music Hall on Thursday next, the Union have secured the services of that talented company of musicians the Scottish Orchestra, under the leadership of Herr W. Bruch. In addition to this well-known orchestra, the Choral Union have also engaged the celebrated vocalist Miss Florence Daly, and, as usual, the members of the Union will themselves be responsible for part of the programme. Tickets may be had at the music-sellers—reserved tickets from Mr Macbeth only.



MILITIA RESERVIST'S WIFE (at Joint Station)—"Well, good-bye, Jock. If you thrash the Boers as you used to thrash me, the war will soon be over."



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## The Man in the Street

IS SAYING—

THAT General Buller is almost as hard on the British Officer as the Boer.

That the General's remark "our officers will learn the value of scouting in time," is cruel.

That his other statement "our men seem to blunder into the middle of the enemy," is even crueller.

That in future the British officer will have to spend more of his time in barracks and less of it in society.

That the "long" and the "short" of General Buller's report on the Battle of Colenso is that Colonel Long was too long in finding that the range of his guns was too short.

That in his reports of the battles he was engaged in Lord Methuen makes too much of the "white flag" incidents.

That a thousand "white flag" incidents will not explain away the bloody blunder of Magersfontein.

That Lord Methuen has to thank the magnificent courage of the British soldier for his first three victories.

That even the Highland Brigade cannot achieve the impossible.

That "the impossible" is another name for Magersfontein.

That Caton Woodville's splendid picture "All that was left of them," made *The Spear's* first number "go like hot cakes" in the city.

That Lord Rosebery made a mistake when he said that "foreign nations had not got to the bottom of Old England yet."

That that particular part of Old England's anatomy has been rather roughly kicked by Kruger.

That Old England doesn't like it, and is asking explanations from the War Office.

That if they do not turn over a new leaf, the Dukes' sons who infest that place will find, like Othello, that "their occupation's gone."

That John Bull has gone too long on the assumption that brains are always found beneath a coronet.



## Dauvit Daw on Winter.



OO is the time fan the caul' winds come fusslin' throu' flannens an' gnave i' yer banes like the teethache, sir. It's jist byous on an aul' body like yer hum'le freen', man. Ugh! this is the sizzen fan the iceman tak's aff his hat to the plum'er. This is the weather that the concert gairden man, the soda water man, an' the ice-cream man, an'

the seaside-hotel man dinna like ava, sir. But the claes dealer dis. The caul widdar suits the claes dealer, and the dealer suits the customers. [That's nae that unepigrammatic, is't, for an aul' foggy like me?]

Ay, sir, we sud be polite an' conseederate to awboddy at this sizzen o' the year. This isna the kin' o' widdar ava whaurin ye sud gie a boddie—even a gangrel boddie—a freezin' reception, turn tull him the caul' shou'der, or even glower at 'im wi' a caul', dull stare. It's caul' aneuch for 'im as it is! Winter is, i' faith, noo fairly on's, an' brazen-faced Autumn, lang an' mild as she did linger, nae langer bides wi's.

The great question wi' mony fook at this sizzen is the coal question. Some fook mak' siller by gettin' coaled afore the weather does, but wi' the large majority this is impossible. For masel', I may say I never get caul' but fan the widdar's caul', an' fan' the widdar's caul' I tak' a donal' or twa o' something wi' some spunk in't. It's ae pint this 'at I aye bear in min' never to forget fan there's onything i' the pooch. Fan the widdar's warm I fyles tak' a wee skytie jist nae tae fa' oot o' the knock o't, like!

The puir arena the on'y anes fa' suffer in Winter. The pickpocket compleens 'at awboddy at this sizzen haes their haun's i' their pooches, an' that interferes wi' bisness. Weel, I kenna fat wid be better for them than dab their fingers into a pot o' boilin' tar. It wid mak' 'em tarry-fingered or rather fingerless an' nae mistak'!

But as I said, the plum'er rejoices wi' exceeding great joy. He sings an' plumbs, and plumbs an' sings, for weel dis he ken at the ings wha employ the plum'er maun pay the piper. That's as fack's I'm yer aul' donnert, frost-bitten freen',

DAUVIT DAW.

SONGS OF THE HOUR. By J. J. Bell. Glasgow: The Scots Pictorial Publishing Co., Ltd. Price 6d.

A book with the title of "Songs of the Hour" can deal with but one subject just now, and that subject is the War. And it is all of the pomp and circumstance of war that Mr J. J. Bell's muse sings, and sings well, too. It is to be seen of men where Mr Bell has gone for his model. Mr Kipling has already his followers, and Mr Bell is one of them. These songs appeal to the military and patriotic spirit of the hour, and will not appeal in vain. They should be popular both in the camp and in the market-place. The booklet is well printed and bound, but should not have been wire-stitched. We take the liberty of quoting

### A VOLUNTEER.

He's going to show that his drill,  
The shots he has peppered away,  
His Saturday tramp, and his week in the camp  
Were more than a bit of boy's play.  
In earnest, dead earnest, at last,  
In khaki for broadcloth or tweed,  
He's ready to start with a glow in his heart—  
A hope of a glorious deed!

And this is the man I have known,  
And plagued with my tattle on trade;  
And I've chaffed him for years on his toy Volunteers  
With a wit that was dull as his blade.  
Oh, this is the man I have known,  
And vainly (thank God!) tried to vex;  
And he's crossing the sea for his country and—me . . .  
. . . Why, dash it! . . . There's dust on my specs!

THE war is almost the sole topic of conversation just now, but even that exciting subject has to take a back-seat when a man has to ask those he is arguing with when the train leaves for —. It is then that he feels the want of a well-arranged and up-to-date time-table, but he need not want that useful aid to memory long when a penny can purchase Cornwall's Time-Table—the best in town.

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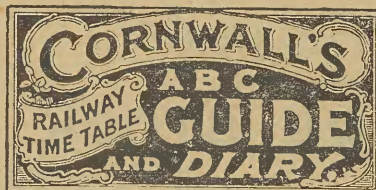
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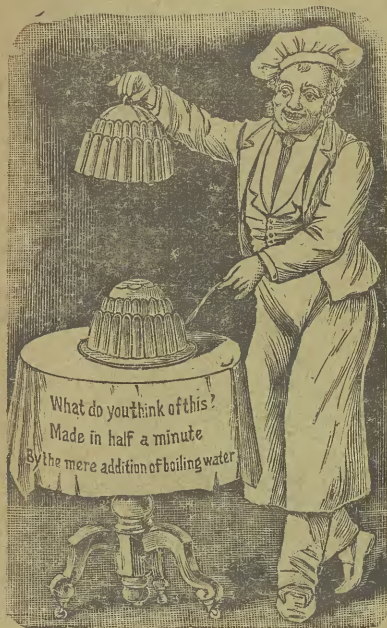
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