

**CURR'S
COFFEE
ESSENCE**

GAINED
HIGHEST
AWARDS
EVERYWHERE.
THEREFORE

The Best.



Vol. XIV.—No. 3.]

ABERDEEN, September 24. 1892.

[ONE PENNY.]

THE
IVANHOE,

VERY OLD
SCOTCH WHISKY.
A more Honest
Whisky
Cannot be got.
To be had from all
Grocers and Spirit
Merchants in our La-
belled and Capsuled
Bottles.

Sole Proprietors—
D. A.

RHIND & CO.,
LEITH.

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING
COCOA.
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

MONEY.—THE NORTHERN LOAN CO., LIMITED.
Head Office—2 UPPERKIRKGATE.

Branches—10 Queen St., 32 Broad St., and 100 Commerce St.
ADVANCE MONEY in Sums from 1s to £100. On Gold and
Silver Plate, Watches, Jewellery, Piece Goods, Silks, Planos, Furniture,
&c. Fire and Burglar Proof Strong Room and Safes, by the best Makers, for
Storing Valuables. Special Terms for Loans above £10. All business Strictly
Confidential. Private Saleroom, 100 COMMERCE STREET. Always on hand a
Large and Varied Assortment of FORFEITED PLEDGES.

CHARLES LETTERS, Manager.

New Spring and Summer Novelties

In all Departments, at Lowest Cash Prices.
FIT AND FINISH PERFECT.

JOHN MITCHELL,
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S TAILOR,
27 BRIDGE STREET.

IMPORTANT TO VISITORS.
THE COUNTY HOTEL
(Facing the Lothian Road Entrance to Caledonian Station),
EDINBURGH.

Is noted for Comfort, Cleanliness, and Moderate Charges.
J. BROWN, Proprietor.

Patronised by the Incorporated Trades of Aberdeen.

REID & BAIN, Drapers and Silk Mercers,
ARE SHOWING THE
LATEST ARRIVALS for the SEASON.
INSPECTION INVITED.

LOCHEND HOUSE, 80 George St., ABERDEEN.

James Stephen & Sons,
Carvers, Gilders,
Mirror and Picture Frame Manufacturers,
48, 49, and 50 WOOLMANHILL.

WORKS—RODGER'S WALK, JOHN ST., ABERDEEN.

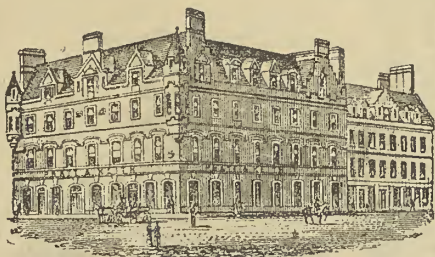


CYCLES! CYCLES! CYCLES!—CLEARANCE.

OUR immense Stock is offered at REDUCED PRICES both in SECOND-HAND and
NEW, and to effect a Clearance

NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED.

WM. BAIN, The Northern Machine Warehouse, 9 Bridge St. Aberdeen.
Now being Fitted into Works, 98 College St., complete Plant for Plating.



Telegrams, "PALACE," Aberdeen

Telephone, 234

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

5 per Cent. for Ready Money. Foreign Outfits.

NEW TWEEDS

FOR LADIES.

TAILOR-MADE

COSTUMES,

COATS,

CAPES,

AND

JACKETS.

RIDING HABITS.

Gent.'s Suits.

COVERT COATS.



PRATT & KEITH, Drapers and Tailors, ABERDEEN.

Telephone, No. 324.



Proprietors (The BON-ACCORD PRINTING
and PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Works: DIAMOND STREET.

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

One Year,..... 6/6

Half-Year,..... 3/3

Foreign Postage extra.

* * * Sketches, Short Stories, Humorous Contributions, Crisp Paragraphs, and Interesting Items of News are invited, and should be addressed, The Editor, *Bon-Accord*, Diamond Street, Aberdeen. Contributions must reach the Office before WEDNESDAY, to be available for the week's issue.

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

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

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

OPEN LETTER

TO

Councillor Macconnachie.

DEAR SIR,—In penning this I felt a certain strong desire to hail you as "Mac." and a brother, but my native stern adherence to the strictest rules of decorum and the etiquette regulating manners and forms of address interfered, and I refrained, fearing that such a mode of salutation might not only be wrongly construed as rude, but might temporarily brand me as somebody bad, as the reporter of a sporting paper. However, although it is a safe card to play to take liberties with dukes, marquises, and bailies, and suchlike aristocratic parties, with whom, except it be the last (to our cost, be it said), we are not likely to come in contact, a prudential inward monitor, posted in the region of the nose, warns me that it is neither a safe nor profitable game to go monkeying around such a personage as the anointed of the people of St Andrew's Ward.

I confess that neither in the abstract nor in the concrete have I a high opinion of the elected of the up-to-date ratepayers, and am never so wickedly and buoyantly glad as when one of those, for whom I and others are responsible for pitchforking into the Council, stands forth a public spectacle, chopping logic, murdering commonsense and orthography, with the audacious abandon of a Music Hall Lion Comique, bogging in simple problems worked by the

rule of three, proclaiming himself an all-round fool in the open lists, and gambolling onward like a wild pigling at play to the shambles, which shall shut him out for ever from the gaze of a jeering world. These are my sentiments towards our rulers, and low enough they are—better wood goes to make a whisky barrel than the average Councillor's head.

But I had thought that a man like you, who had sat there eight long years, docile but not subservient, under the President Provost's mall, tasting frequently of the sweets and fantastic joys of deputative jaunts, respected by a few of your brethren in Council and feared by a great many, the incarnation of the People's Protest against the irresponsible "guzzlings and muzzlings" of a wine-steeped, cake-bunged corporation—a fearless Nimrod in the *Sierra Leone*, and in less earnest mood, an occasional dabbler in the affairs of *Terra Scotta*—could have considered long and ponderously before he decided to resign membership of a body where he was everybody's equal, to wear the colours, and eat the bread—the servant of a rival corporation. It seems as if there was a falling off somewhere here, a sad disarrangement of the tricks, a renunciation of dignity; and I fancy that your feelings of regret, before you made up your mind to this step, must have been as poignant as those of the ex-Bailie—now deceased—who with red nose and trembling hand brought his erstwhile gorgeous ermine to the pawnbroker in a snuff-coloured pocket-handkerchief, and obtained a loan of seven shillings and sixpence on it. "How are the mighty fallen? How are the weapons of war perished?" (quoting from memory of course) exclaims the Scripture. "What manner of crib hath Macconnachie gotten? What number of shekels taketh this good man away from us?" queries the Scribe. But as yet there is no positive information in these points save in the precipitations of journalistic Mahatmas, and the whole facts and details of the appointment are still "wrop in mystery."

In losing you—let us now be serious—we are losing a good man, and those in Aberdeen, who are interested in the commercial affairs of typography and in the advancement of Trades Unionism, will recognise the fact. Though they may not be able to spare a tear, it would be perfectly fitting that they should spare a coin to swell the sum of the pecuniary testimonial that is to be given to him, who, as a working man representative, neither betrayed the interests of the class he represented, nor sunk into the mere trump's tongue of the fatuous clique of black-coated watch-wearers who formerly posed as the lay leaders of local democracy; who never on any occasion lost his self-

respect, and was never hit without hitting back harder blows than he received.

The fidelity of the Ward of St Andrews which you have represented so long is a bright spot in the chronicles of Aberdeen municipalities. Wards are notoriously fickle, and so alas! are working men and working men's representatives. And when we consider your *dour camsteeric* kind of steadfastness in supporting several measures that you believed in, although they were not then popular, likewise noting your abstinence from the cheap petty sensational effects that are as the breath of life to certain shallow-pated knaves in and out of the Council, it is a quite phenomenal circumstance that they have not long ere now risen, cackling in their numbers, and thrown you out, to give place to someone who was more tractable in bearing and more plausible in his address. But to all appearance you are as much their favourite as ever. Seemingly they were still prepared to put their hands in their pockets and launch out generously towards your election expenses, but this they will not again have an opportunity of doing. Perhaps they recognised that the position you held was one which involved a great deal of self-sacrifice and laborious work, altogether inadequately recompensed by an occasional trip to the south on "town's business," and were therefore the more sympathetic. It is the hope of all who wish you well, and they are many, that after all the troubles and grievous toil of the past, your future berth—if promotion it can be called—will be of a character sufficiently comfortable to more than make up for anything you lose in resigning the dignity of a member of the Town Council of Aberdeen.

FITZ.



FAIR BUT FALSE.

Bon-Accord Ballads.

"TAK' THE CHAIR, DAVIE."

(A New Song to an Old Tune.)

WHEN trees were sere wi' Autumn's rime,
An' civic clouds did lour,
When Crombie saw the han' o' Time
Point tae November's oor,
Blythe Davie's blink his tongue did move
Tae speak his min' sae free,
"Gae I tak' the chair, Davie lad,
Tak' the chair, Davie lad,
Tak' the chair, Davie lad,
An' I will follow thee."

Now Davie did each lad owretap
That dwalt in Aiberdeen,
And Crombie was the cheeriest chap
On Bailies' bench was seen.
Nae wonder then his tongue did wag
An' spak' his min' sae free,
"Gae I tak' the chair, Davie lad,
Tak' the chair, Davie lad,
Tak' the chair, Davie lad,
An' I will follow thee."

The benison o' *Bon-Accord*
Be on thy frosty pow!
Sae keep ye bricht the City sword,
An' squash ilk Council row.
Let "Whig an' Torie a' agree"
Tae speak their min's oot free,
"Gae I tak' the chair, Davie lad,
Tak' the chair, Davie lad,
Tak' the chair, Davie lad,
An' we will follow thee."

Sae, Davie, tae the Provist's chair
Richt couthilie ye'll ging,
While frae their heicht in dizzy air
St Nicholas' bells will ring.
Wi' meesic mair nor ordinar'
They'll jingle merrilie,

"Gae I tak' the chair, Davie lad,
Tak' the chair, Davie lad,
Tak' the chair again, my dear,
For Crombie follows thee!"

QUILE.

Not a Pleasant Trip.

"Did you ever take a bicycle trip, Smithers?" "Once." "Where did you go?" "Straight over on my neck."

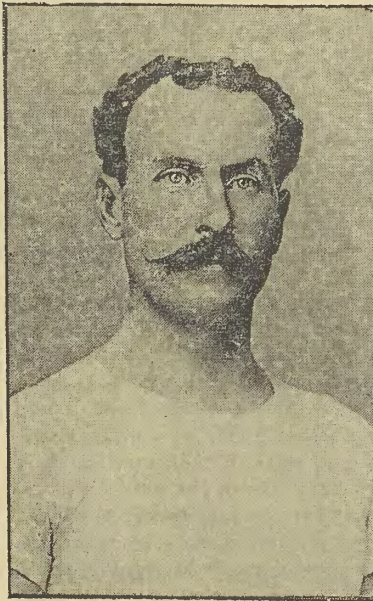
Cause For Grief.

CORA (at Madge's wedding)—"What on earth are you crying for, Bertha? This isn't your marriage?" Bertha—"I know (boo-hoo). That's why I'm crying."

Hot.

(SCENE—Breakfast-room in a suburban town. Daughter presiding over one of those contrivances warranted to make coffee on the table in five minutes.) Pater (who has lost one train and has doubts about getting his coffee and the next train)—"Look here, Clara, that thing's enough to try the patience of Job." "Why do you say that, papa, it hasn't come to a boil yet."

Our Local Gymnasts.



ALEXANDER MUNRO,

Instructor, Aberdeen Gymnastic and Rowing Club and Physical Training College.

THE above Institutions are extremely fortunate in possessing such an exemplary tutor as Alexander Munro. The genial instructor is a Highlander, having been born at Scotland's Spa, the beautiful little town of Strathpeffer, Ross-shire. When 15 years of age he removed to Aberdeen, and very soon thereafter began to interest himself in gymnastics, putting in the rudimentary part of his training in the old Artillery Hall. Fired with the military ardour of his race, Mr Munro joined the celebrated 92nd Gordon Highlanders in 1870, and proceeded to India to join the regiment in 1871, leaving Aberdeen on New Year's Day. In India he showed his proficiency in gymnastics by taking several prizes, including—"Horse" and Horizontal Bar prizes, Second-Class Certificate in All-Round Gymnastics at Benares in 1877, and First-Class Certificate at Umballa in 1878. In active warfare he has seen considerable service, going through the whole of the Afghan War of 1878-80, and was one of the gallant host who took part in the historical march from Cabul to Candahar, for which he received the Bronze Star, in addition to Medal and Three Clasps for his participation in the Afghan Campaign. His regiment being ordered to South Africa, he served in the Transvaal War, on the completion of which he returned to England, landing in Portsmouth, where he occupied the position of Instructor in the Military Gymnasium till his regiment was ordered to Edinburgh. Purchasing his discharge on arriving in Scotland, Instructor Munro was successful in obtaining the important appointment of Instructor at Glenalmond College, Perthshire, a school famous in the history of Scottish athletics, and which has had the honour of producing some of our most accomplished amateurs. He remained at Glenalmond two years, and was then "called" to the Granite City by the Aberdeen Gymnastic

and Rowing Club to act as its monitor. On the formation of the Physical Training College he was installed its first instructor. Besides teaching the young idea in the Grammar Ashley, and the other public schools, he has also instructed the Woodside, Inverurie, and Stonehaven Gymnastic Societies, as well as the students at Blairs College. Instructor Munro's life has thus been a busy one, and perhaps, with the exception of John Thomson, Jr., he has done more than any other man to bring the Challenge Shield to Aberdeen. As an instructor he has been very successful, and may be aptly described as a "safe man." He is as "strong as a lion," and his attentions to the eight in their competitions have been simply indispensable. A net has no chance with him, not a few of the competitors declaring that his iron grasp as they drop from the lath makes them shiver to their toes. In the work of his men he takes an enthusiastic interest, and it is pleasing indeed to see him jubilate when anyone surpasses his expectations. Though a strict disciplinarian he has always a kindly and encouraging word for his pupils, and is one of the most popular of teachers. A bright, cheerful gentleman, "Sandy" is esteemed very highly, not only by the members of the "Gym.," but in all circles in which he mingles, and we opine, when he comes to lay down his armour, his services will receive that recognition which they so thoroughly deserve.

Why Don't the Men Propose?

A NEW epidemic has broken out in our midst. I don't know the Latin name for it, but in plain English it sounds something like, "Why don't the men propose?" This scourge, which had its origin in our newspaper offices, is worse than the cholera.

One correspondent says, "There is a wealth of sweetness in a woman's love." But what of that? There is a wealth of sweetness in a bee-hive, but in both cases the chances of being stung are so great that young men apparently don't care to risk it.

Some of the afflicted say, "The reason why we have so many husbands and wives in our police courts, charged with breach of the peace, is because their dispositions are so different as to render them unsuitable as partners for life." This is erroneous. The real reason is that the Police Court is the only place where they try such cases.

Another patient, who has got it bad, says, "The young men don't marry because the girls are too sensible to accept them." Quite right, girls. Don't accept them, at least not until they ask you.

I can't see that there is any occasion for all this outcry. Many men do marry, many don't; but why I can't say. Speaking for myself, I don't marry because I am neither a clergyman nor a sheriff,

I am only,

Yours truly,

SPYCE.

An Effort of Memory.

OLD FRIEND—"What became of that handsome young man you were engaged to at Strathpeffer three summers ago?" Aberdeen Matron—"Let-me-see. I married him, I believe."

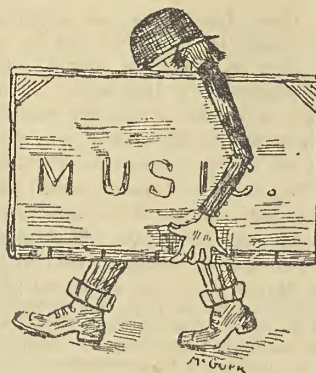
How to Become a Star Comedian.



FIRST of all and to begin, we take it for granted that it is the burning desire of your soul to shine, sparkle, coruscate, irradiate, and generally make things light up, as one of those refulgent luminaries known to this sphere by the name of "Star" Comedians. Making this desire our foundation we shall proceed to tell you how you may attain the consummation of your wishes. Primarily, then, you must become the lawful possessor of a large music portfolio, with your name blazoned thereon in letters of—not gold—gilt at least four inches long. (Of course, we also take it for granted that for some time back you have been keeping a critical eye on the Jol'ty and the 'Lombra, "spottin' the rare han's," so that you may readily gauge the style of humour that goes down with the average Aberdonian.) Now, you must write to a publisher for a few of those humorous effusions which appear to be real catches. As a matter of fact, he will send you a price list, but you need pay no heed to it—the publishers will only be too glad to let you have their songs for whatever you choose to send. At least, so I have been told—by a Star.

We will now suppose you have got a few of the most popular side-splitters. Then you must invest in a pennyworth of batter, and for a few nights do your utmost to ruin the bookbinder's trade by the unskilful manner in which you plaster your comics

into your portfolio. Being now pretty well advanced in the bill-sticking profession, you must get an india-rubber stamp (see advts.), and with it brand all your songs in large red letters, "Professional Copy." You must be careful, however, not to number your music with ink of the same colour, in case any cynical observers might be able to put two and two together. Now that you have got through all the preliminaries, as it were, you must do a knock-round the pubs., accompanied by a chum, who will propose you for a song in every place where there is any one to sing to. In this manner you will be certain to drop across a few "maties," who are organising a benefit concert, and who are on the look out for "han's." You must be careful, however, when they ask you, not to be too ready to oblige; make them believe that you are going only as a *great* favour, and if you think it judicious, let them "prig" you a bit, but you must not let go until they have got your consent to appear. Now that you have got an engagement, the usual rehearsals must be attended to, not so much for the sake of practising your songs along with your accompanist, as of getting out with your portfolio, for this is your chance of doing the thing in real professional style. Tuck your portfolio under your arm,



and with your hat well down over your nose, you must trudge along the busy streets, looking neither to right nor to left, but keeping uppermost in your mind that everyone is saying as they pass you by, "I wonder if that is Coburn?—no, it's Sam Torr." One item I have neglected to mention, and in which great care must be taken, is when you send for your songs, work it so that they will arrive here on Sunday; then you go down to the post at mid-day, your face flushing with your new professional dignity—and whisky—and get your roll of music, which must be opened while going up Market Street, good care being taken to

let the passers-by see what you have got. This part is quite indispensable, as it shows a certain disrespect for the Sabbath, without which no rising Star Comedian would be complete. If these rules are correctly followed out (combined with a savouring of professional slang, such as "Good House," etc., etc.), you may be certain that before the end of the season you will have earned (in your own estimation at least) the high name of "Star Comedian;" and can use it in Aberdeen at least without fear of infringing anyone's copyright.

M'GURK.

To S. L.

CANST thou remember, my sweet maid,
These days now gone for evermore,
When 'neath the autumn moon we strayed
Along the Dee's deserted shore;
When to thy willing ears I'd pour
My tale of love?—you'd listen too!—
I'd fain recall these times of yore—
Sweet love of mine in poppy blue.

Can from thy memory ever fade
These nights I've lingered at thy door?
When you looked so demure and staid,
And I stole kisses by the score!
You'd count, and get the length of four.
Then tell me I had got my due—
And yet you always looked for more,
Sweet love of mine in puppy blue!

But Jealousy, relentless jade,
Laid hands on her I set such store,
And with her wiles my love outplayed,
Till angry, weary, and heartsore,
My little sweetheart I foreswore,
And sought another maid to woo;
Ah, me, how I these deeds deplore,
Sweet love of mine in poppy blue.

L'ENVOI.

Princess! these happy days restore,
Call me once more your own love true,
There is but *one* whom I adore,
Sweet love of mine in poppy blue.

BALBUS.

Tempora Mutantur.

In a hall in Glasgow a few weeks ago there was a lecture on "Marriage and After." The lecturer said that men should kiss their wives as they did when they were a year or two married. When the lecture was over and old man went home, put his arm around his wife's neck and kissed her. Meeting the lecturer next day, he said—"It's no go." "What isn't?" said the lecturer. "Weel," said the man, "when I kissed my wife she said, 'What's gone wrang wi' ye, ye auld fool ye?'"

Shocking.

MRS B.—"In my opinion no one can be good-looking unless well dressed." The Man—"And yet Venus was a success."

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



ROYAL TRADESMEN

IN
ABERDEEN.

PURVEYORS TO HER MAJESTY AND
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

BREWERS TO THE QUEEN.

CHIVAS BROTHERS,
KING ST. AND UNION PLACE.

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

Further Reduction on Prices.
FINEST HOUSE COALS.

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH COALS.

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

George Thompson Harvey
(Late of the Aberdeen Lime Company),
COAL MERCHANT,
63 UNION STREET.
All Orders will Receive Prompt Attention.

Finest Tunstall WALLSEND.....21s 0d per ton
Finest HETTON COAL21s 0d "
Best HOLYWELL WALLSEND ..20s 0d "
Nut COALS, from19s to 20s 0d "

Lawn Tennis.

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

PRIZE PRESENTATION RACKETS, a
Specialty. PLAYFAIR & Co., Union Bridge.

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

WHERE to BUY a GOOD UMBRELLA,
AT THE

ALEX. COPLAND, Manager.
Provost Blaikie's Quay, Aberdeen.

UMBRELLA MAKERS.

DUTCH FLOWER ROOTS.

HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CROCUS, and
other Bulbous Roots, now to hand, in
Excellent Condition. Catalogues post free on
application.

WE have a Large and Well-Selected
Stock, at all Prices. A Special Line in
LADIES' UMBRELLAS at 3s, 4s 6d, and 5s 6d;
good value.

Wedding and other BOUQUETS, SPRAYS, and
Gent.'s BUTTON-HOLE BOUQUETS, WREATHS,
CROSSES, &c. These are Tastefully Arranged, and
Delivered or Despatched by Post or Rail on Short-
est Notice.

RE-COVERING and REPAIRING a Specialty.
CARRIAGE and GIG UMBRELLAS in Stock,
or Made to Order.

Fresh Supplies of Cut Flowers and Pot
Plants Daily.

We would beg to draw the attention of Ladies to
our Choice Selection of PURSES, HAIR
BRUSHES, and DRESSING COMBS (Home Made).

JAMES COCKER & SONS,
130 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN.
(NOTE THE ADDRESS.)

W. & J. Walker,
UMBRELLA MAKERS,
98 UNION STREET.

GIVING UP BUSINESS.
JAMES WATSON & SON,
81 UNION STREET,
ABERDEEN,

BEG to intimate to their Customers and
the Public generally that, in consequence of
having to leave their present Shop, and the impos-
sibility of getting another at the present time in a
central locality, they have resolved on GIVING UP
the JEWELLERY and WATCHMAKING BUSI-
NESS carried on by them at the above address, and
to enable them to effect a Clearance, they will offer
the

Whole of their High-Class Stock

AT
Very Large Reductions in Prices.
The Stock consists of all kinds of
**GOLD AND SILVER ENGLISH AND
SWISS WATCHES,**

A Large Selection of Diamond and other Gem Rings,
Fine Gold Jewellery of every description, Marble
and Gilt Clocks and Bronzes; Opera Glasses,
Spectacles, and Eye-Glasses; and a very Fine Selection
of all kinds of the Best Electro-Plated Goods,
Table Cutlery, &c., &c.

During the next Three or Four Months they will
give a DISCOUNT on their Ordinary Prices of from
TWENTY to THIRTY PER CENT., and as their
prices are known to be very moderate, this will
enable parties purchasing to get

**THE BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED
IN THE CITY**

IN
Really First-Class Goods.

AN EARLY CALL WILL REPAY YOU.

Terms—Cash During the Sale.

Piano, Violin, Singing, &c.

HERR J. HOFFMANN, L.R.A.M.,

Has RESUMED his PRIVATE LESSONS.

35 Dee Street.

**VIOLONCELLO, PIANOFORTE, AND
THEORY OF MUSIC.**

HERR RUDOLF RUTH

(Late Franckfurt Conservatoire and Brussels) will
resume Teaching on THURSDAY, 1st September.
406 Union Street.

DANCING AS IT SHOULD BE.

THE Messrs POLSON,

Certified Teachers of Dancing,

HAVE RESUMED their Classes for the
Season.

Juvenile Class every MONDAY and THURSDAY at
5.30 p.m.

Adult Class at 8 p.m.
Private Class every WEDNESDAY at 8 p.m., and
SATURDAY at 5 p.m.

Select Classes may be formed and Private Families
and Schools attended. All the Latest and most
Fashionable Dances in the Profession taught.

Private Lessons in Waltzing a Specialty.
Terms—Two Shillings per Lesson of One Hour.
(Lady Teachers if desired.)

Cards of Terms on Application.
Polson's Ballroom Guide, 6d each,
Academy, 61 and 63 Summer Street, Aberdeen.

MEMORIAL WREATHS.

"IN MEMORIAM" CARDS.

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

WILLIAM CAY & SONS,
215 GEORGE STREET,
432 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN.

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

Feuing on Spital Estate.

EXCELLENT FEUS in King Street
Road, University Road, Bodford Road, and
Orchard Road.
MARQUIS & HALL, 222 Union Street, Aberdeen.

MONEY LENT. MONEY
LENT. MONEY LENT
Privately on Personal Security from £3 to £300 at
a short notice to Householders, Shopkeepers,
Farmers, &c. Repayment by instalments. No
publicity. Write or call, ROYAL ADVANCE COM-
PANY, 46 Market Street, Aberdeen. Send stamped
envelope.

CARPET BEATING.

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

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

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

PLAYFAIR UNION BRIDGE

**THE ABERDEEN AERATED WATER
COMPANY, Ltd., Aberdeen.**

THE WATERS of the above Company
are, since the Start of the Company, Rapidly
Gaining Ground for PURITY and GENERAL EX-
CELLENCE.

ONCE USED ALWAYS USED.

Prompt Attention given to all Orders in
Town and Country.

TELEPHONE, 618.

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

Birse, Cattle-Dealer.



PETER SWAYS THE HAMMER.

DEAR MAISTER EDITUR,—Kirsty's been batherin' me this gey fylie aboot gettin' a coo, for the milk's been keepin' awfa watterie, sae as she wis priggin's sair last Friday, I jist moontit my cords an' tap-beets an' hauds awa' owre tae Middleton's sale at Ketty Browster tae see gin I cud get onythin' gweed i' the wye o' nowte. Some fouks may say 'at I haed nae need tae gae tae Ketty Browster tae leuk for nowte, seein' 'at I can alwyes see masel' in a keekin'-gless—bit sic fouks 's "nae freen's o' mines," as Wullie Williamson aye says fan Neil Ritchie, the akshoneer, is priggin' him for a bid. The menshun o' thae gentlemen's names brings me tae Ketty Browster. Fan I staps in at the door, Neil Ritchie wis aifter pitten up a gey lot o' gimmers, an' wis pickin' up a bid here an' a bid there, bit aifter a fylie they wisna comin' in jist sae fast as he wad hae likit. At last he wis fair stuck at nine-an'-six. Middleton—fa disna ken the aul' man?—wis walkin' roon' the ring cryin' oot, "I'll tak' a thoosan' at the price," bit I s'pose Neil kent it wis onlie ane o' s' phrases, for he didna knock them doon tae him. It wis an' aul' frien' o' mine 'at got them, Burgess, fae Brawlie Muir, an', indeed, he wis luikin' brawlie tee. I tak's a turn roon' the place, seein' 'at it wisna sheep I haed gaen owre tae buy, an' I stummles up agen an awfa heap o' frien's an' acquentances. Ane o' the first tae gies a shak' o's paw an' welcome me owre there wis Geordie Ruxton fae oot the Ellon wye—min, he's a tarrible chiel yon for his bit joke, bit a' within the boonds o' deekorom. Then there wis Sandy M'Combie fae Lethenty, an' Davie Law fae In'rurie—Davie

kens fine a' aboot me an' my forbears at the Canalheid ootbye there. Then there wis Charlie Stewart, "wi's Hielan' cloak aroon' him," as the poet says, an' Chaumers, the great sheep fairmer. Min, he haes sheep fairms as far apairt 's Shetlan' an' Auchrynie; an' him walkin' aboot yon'er jist like ony ither man wi' a grey hat on. An' there wis Joe Stewart, 'at I seed wis enter't in the cattylog as comin' fae Cockmalone, tho' he haes naethin' adee wi' that place beyon' him gaen there gey aften. Weel, as I wis stoiterin' roon' aboot I sees Neil Ritchie beckonin' tae me, sae up tae his bit poopit I gaed, an' says he, "Min, Peter," says he, "I haedna verra muckle brackfist the day, an' I'm jist wearin' awa' for the wint' o' somethin' tae eat. Cud ye oblege me, Peter," says he, in a wheedlin' vice, "wi' stappin' up here an' akshuneerin' tae I ging an' get a sanwhitch fae Sandy Cowie." "Deed wull I that, Neil," says I. "It's no ivery day in the ook I'll get sicna fine chance o' showin' aff my huntin' breeks." Sae up I gets intae the poopit an' grups the mell. "Noo," says I tae Sandy, the aul' man 'at fesses oot the bit beasties—min, I seed Sandy buyin' a couple o' sheep tae himsel' for aboot sax shullin' the piece on Friday—"Noo," says I tae him, "fess oot the neist lot." Sae he opens the yett, an' in rushes a tremenjious big beast, bellowin' an' blawin' like a gale o' win' i' the mids o' winter. I luiks at my cattylog, an' then says I, "Noo, jentlemen, foo mickle for this fine lot, belongin' tae Maister Henderson, Mains o' Fortrie. Capital beast this, Maister Henderson. Been maist joo-deesheouslie bred, sir. Come, noo, gie's a price, jentlemen. Thretty pun', say, tae start wi'. Thretty pun'. Twenty-five—twenty—auchteen fae Maister Baillie, Mains o' Rhyne. Auchteen I am bid, auchteen. Auchteen ten fae Maister MacBonner. Gled tae see ye luikin' sae weel, sir. I oonerstan' ye're leevin' 'in the hoose abeen the hoose' noo, tho' I'll be hang't gin I ken fat that means. Hooiver, I'll tak' yer bid o' auchteen teen six, wisna it? Auchteen seventeen six fae Moir o' Tarty. Thanky ye, Tarty. Foo's a' wi' ye? An' foo's yer brither, Alick? My neffa at the Kolledge wis at the schule wi'm. Seventeen auchteen six—noo gies a rise, jentlemen. Maister Baillie goes nineteen—nineteen; all gyaun at nineteen—no advance upo' nineteen. Thank ye, Tarty, nineteen two six! Any advance upon—twenty pun'—that's thestyle, Maister Burness. I oonerstan' ye're a relashun o' the immortal Robbie, bit futher or no, ye can gie a gweed bid. Twenty I am bid, jentlemen; ony advance on twenty. Neen. Come noo, gies a rise. No bid abeen twenty. Then I dinna care tho' I gie a bit masel'. Twenty pun' wan. Thankye, Maister Peter

Birse, ye're nae sae bad 's ye're ca'ad. Nae advance upo' twenty pun' ane? Then goin'-goin'-gone! Let me congratulate ye, Maister Birse," an' doon comes my mell upo' the desk o' the poopit wi' a dirl 'at wad hae wauken't the deid. Neil cam' back at that moment, an' says he, "Lat me interjuice ye tae Maister Alick Middleton." "Foo dae ye dee, sir?" says I takin' stock o'm. He's a fine stoot chiel, an' he wis brawlie dress't, tee, wi' yalla leggins on 'm. "Ye'd better come awa' in tae yer dennir, noo, Maister Birse," says he. An' sae he tuk' my airm an' led us awa' intae a fine dinin' room, a' set oot maist beotifu', an' fa think ye wis the boss o't bit Sandie Cowie, wi' a fyte jacketie on, be all the wardle like fat the French fouks ca' a *chef*. An' there wis a bonnie lass there they wis a' ca'in' Alice 'at wis awfu' gweed tae's, cuttin' up my rost lam' tae me, an' pickin' oot the tender bits for my puir aul' gums. Sae we a' sat doon, an' at my table there wis Sandy M'Combie, an' Burgess, an' Moir o' Tarty's brither Alick, an' Jamie Laing, Widside, an' a curn mair o' the influenshial fairmer-kings o' this country. We haed a dooms gweed feed, an' a fyuu sma' drinks tae aid deejeestin'. "Aye, Peter," says Geordie Ruxton, "yon's a fine stot ye've bocht. Bit fat are ye gyaun tae dee wi't." "Stot!" cries I, "loshie me, it's nae a stot, is't?" "Eh, bit I wat it's that," says he. "Weel, than," says I, "the seener I stoter awa' hame wi't the better, for it's nae ese tryin' tae pit aff the evil day. The fac' is I promis't tae bring hame a coo." Min, ye sud hae hard them leuchin' at that. Bit tho' they priggit me tae stap a fylie, man I wadna listen tae them, bit jist got a bit raip an' begood tae haul my beastie hame.



TUG O' WAR—BIRSE v. STOT.

It was an unca job, for it wis a maist thrawart breet. Jist at the tap o' Split the Win' it made up fat little o' a min' it haed 'at it wad gae nae mair wi' me, sae it tuggit an' raxit an' I raxit an' tuggit tae the raip brak',



THE ROPE BREAKS.

an' I wis deespositit in a heap o' muck 'at a careless scaffy haed left yon'er. The breet boltit, an' gweed onlie kens faur it is noo; my braw fyte breeks's a' spilt, an' the smell o' them's something awfu'; an' for the present, at least, "I'll ging nae mair a-rovin' or a-trockin' amo' yon breet's" is the song o' yer aul' frien',



P.S.—There wis nae pacefyin' Kirsty at no gettin' the coo tae her, tae I promis't tae tak' for her helth tae the famous Spa o' Strathpeffer, sae ye may expect tae hear fae me fae there neist ouk. Thine, in hopes o' survivin' the sulfurry watter an' the exorbitant' charges, P. B.

P.P.S.—I mauna pit doon my pen without sayin' 'at the fairmers' s a' fine fellas, an' so say a' o' us. P. B.

Light Upon the Subject.

A SMALL farmer in Kincardineshire, having a wife that had been long ailing and confined to bed, was of so niggardly a disposition that he grudged the poor woman so much as a light. She, in a pet, one night exclaimed, "Oh, isna this an unco thing that a puir body 'ill nae get light to see to dee." The husband rises up and lights a candle, and, placing it at the bed-foot, says to his wife, "There, dee noo!"

FIRST Bottle of Ink—"How goes it?"
Second Bottle of Ink—"All write."

Culled from our Competitions.

"PLACE AUX DAMES!" Woman claims our attention first, so listen to the misogynist, the lover, the—the—but here you are!

WOMAN.

"Oh, woman in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made."
But when we jump around and swear,
And curse the taxes, in despair,
She tries our angry thoughts to kill
By bringing forth her draper's bill!

"BALBUS," Tarnash.

Sweet woman in our hours of sorrow
Will stand by us to beg or borrow;
Her love will bend like basket willow,
And shelter like a big umbrella.

J. L., New Deer.

In "hours of ease" she is above
Fitly described; but oh! her love,
In darkened hours of sickening pain,
Proves woman's worth, and man's great gain.

J. G., Fraserburgh.

When dark misfortunes on us fall,
Steadfast, true-hearted, brave through all.
Watchful Hope's first faint streak to see,
Creation's grand epitome.

W. C., Rathen.

How often, often have I thought
With thee to cast my humble lot!
But as the "breeks" were made for man,
I'll wear them yet as long's I can.

C. W., Methlick.

When jealous fancies wring the brow,
A veritable pest art thou;
Still from the cradle to the grave
Will man remain thy humble slave.

G. E., Cults.

Now for the "Burns" competition:—

Rattlin' Roarin' Willie met Tam Glen
Comin' thro' the Rye, so he said, The De'il's
awa' wi' the Exciseman. So Willie brewed a
peck o' Maut, and the Lass o' Ballochmyle,
The Hellan' Laddie, and The Bonnie Wee
Thing sat doon amang the Rigs o' Barley, and
drank to the memory o' Scots wha hae wi'
Wallace bled in the days o' Auld Lang Syne.

A. M., 7 Richmond Street.

Gae bring tae me a pint o' wine—
Sae sang the Lass o' Ballochmyle.
I'm ower young tae marry yet—
So said the Lad 'twas born in Kyle.

W. C., 176 Great Western Road.

There was a lad was born in Kyle, who was
Comin' thro' the Rye, and met Tam Glen sing-
ing, O, a' the airts the wind can blaw, who
said he had been Up in the Morning Early at
the Corn Rigs, helping to Ca the Ewes to the
Knowes, For the sake o' somebody.

H. D. M., 115 Urquhart Road.

Oh wat ye what my Minnie did, when The
Denks dang o'er my Daddie O? She filled her
apron wi' Bannocks o' Barley, and ran awa'
wi' The Cooper o' Cuddie.

J. A., 66 Green.

I set a tryst with Rob Morris to meet me on
The Braes o' Ballochmyle. There we met
with Tam Glen, who introduced us to the
Dusty Miller, who, handing us some Bannocks

o' Barley, told us that Willie brewed a peck
o' maut, and invited us to pree the nappy.

D. M.L., 88 Albion Street

As I was walking by the Banks and braes o'
bonnie Doon, For the sake o' Somebody's Ae
Fond Kiss, I overheard Willie Wastle (better
known as Rattlin' Roarin' Willie) sayin' to
Auld Rob Morris and Tam Glen how There
was a Lad was born in Kyle, when Januar'
win' was blawin' cauld, who for Auld Lang
Syne sweetly sang, O Willie brewed a peck o'
maut, A man's a man for a' that, Scots wha
hae wi' Wallace bled, an' Whistle over the
lave o't to Mary Morrison, the Bonnie Lass o'
Ballochmyle, Upon a Lammas Night on The
Lea Rig, beside the Afton Water.

R. B., 36 Leadside Road.

His Vocabulary.

MISS VAN GUYEM—"Delighted to meet
you, Lord Dulstaire."

LORD DULSTAIRE—"Chahmed, I'm
shuah."

MISS VAN GUYEM—"So sorry to miss
your call the other day!"

LORD DULSTAIRE—"Chahmed—I mean
—dreadfully sorry—"

MISS VAN GUYEM—"But I was actually
grieved!"

LORD DULSTAIRE—"Chahming of you to
—ah—ah—"

MISS VAN GUYEM—"If I felt it was an
admissible question, I should dearly love to
ask you how you like America."

LORD DULSTAIRE—"Chahmed—I assure
yuh."

MISS VAN GUYEM—"I thought you'd
say so. And you went West, I believe.
Of course, you were—"

LORD DULSTAIRE—"Vewy much
chahmed, weally."

MISS VAN GUYEM—"That just expresses
it. But if you stay through the winter you
must go to Florida. It will charm you, I
know, to enjoy the charming scenery; and
the atmosphere is such a charm that you
will really be—"

LORD DULSTAIRE—"Chahmed, I'm
shuah!"

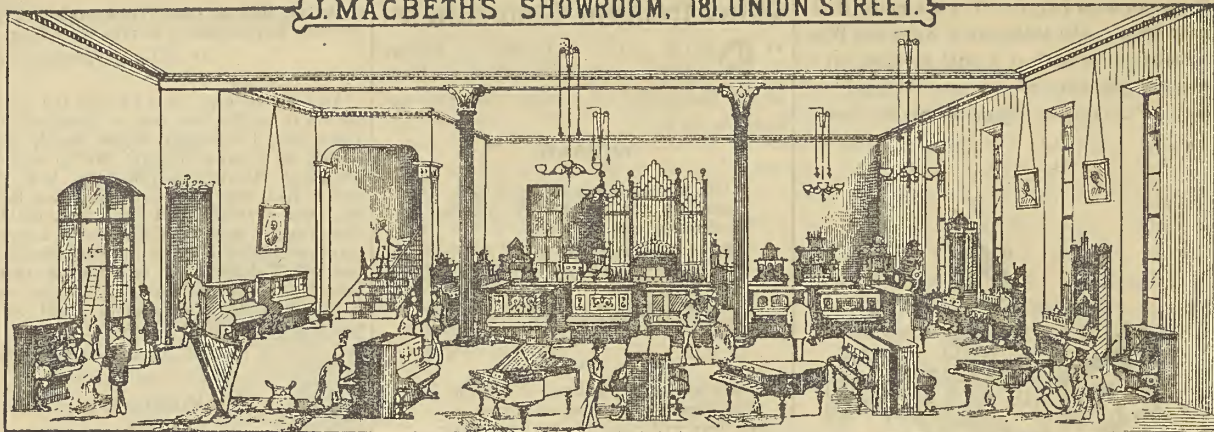


THE FIRST REQUISITE.

MR DROPTIN—"Look here, old fellow;
excuse my frankness; but why in thunder
don't you have that child's hair cut?"

MR FORESITE—"Not for worlds, dear
boy—I intend to make a professional pianist
out of him!"

J. MACBETH'S SHOWROOM, 181, UNION STREET.



PIANOS—Largest Selection at
ORGANS—Best Value at
SECOND-HAND PIANOS at

MACBETH'S. PIANOS and ORGANS for Hire at MACBETH'S.
MACBETH'S. PIANOS on the Three Year's System at MACBETH'S.
MACBETH'S. ORGANS on the Three Years' System at MACBETH'S

DON'T BUY until you see the Selection at
MACBETH'S, 181 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN.

CASHMERE HOSE.
SPECIAL PURCHASE.
1/3 PER PAIR.
3 PAIRS for 3/6
EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.

Watt & Grant,
225-227 UNION STREET.

LAWN TENNIS MATERIALS.
PLAYFAIR, Union Bridge.

BOOTS, SHOES, & SLIPPERS.
FOR GOOD VALUE AND A LARGE
SELECTION TRY

JOHN RAFFAN'S
9—MARKET STREET—9
ABERDEEN.

Branch—20 UNION PLACE.

£20
TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.
See Illd. Guide (3d), "How to Open
Respectably, £20 to £1000."—To
baccouists' Outfitting Co. (Reg.),
186 Euston Road, London. Mng'r.,
H. MYERS. Estab. 1866. Smoke
"PICK-ME-UP" CIGARETTES.
Sold retail everywhere.

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

Wanted, for Exportation.

HIGHEST PRICE given for all kinds of
Ladies' and Gentlemen's CAST-OFF WEAR-
ING APPAREL.

JOHN M'CANN,
38 LODGE WALK, Aberdeen.
ESTABLISHED 44 YEARS.

"TRUFLITE" GOLF BALLS. Also,
the Newest out in Golf, STOKES'S
PATENT CARRIER.

PLAYFAIR, Union Bridge.

THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.
HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY.

Same as supplied to His Royal Highness the
Prince of Wales, His Royal Highness the Duke of
Connaught, and both Houses of Parliament.

To be had from

Grocers and Spirit Merchants all over
Scotland.

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

SALOON RIFLES, 10/6.
PLAYFAIR, UNION BRIDGE, ABERDEEN.

ARCHIBALD DUFF & SON, MER-
CHANTS, Caledonian Railway Station, ABER-
DEEN, Dealers in Coals of all kinds, Coke, Lime,
Fireclay Goods, Cement, and Chemicals.
Steam Chews and Great Splints for Thrashing
and Steam purposes, always at the Coal Depots, at
lowest prices.

Waggons of Wishaw and Fife Household Coals,
Great Splints, and Steam Chews booked at through
rates to all Stations on Caledonian, Great North,
Deeside, and Highland Railway. All Orders will
receive careful and prompt attention.

Cough No More.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, and all Affec-
tions of the Chest, Lungs and Breath, try
CRAIGEN'S Famous COUGH DROPS. In Tins,
3d and 6d each; Loose, 2d and 3d per quarter.

CRAIGEN'S HORRHOUND TABLET—An Old
Friend. Have some to bed with you—a little bit at
any time will relieve the Cough. 3d a Packet. Four
Packets, by Post, 1s 3d.

For THIRST have some of CRAIGEN'S PURE
LIME FRUIT CRYSTALS. They should be in every
Sick Room. Tins, 3d each; Loose, 3d per quarter.

G. CRAIGEN,
5 GUILD STREET.

HOW TO WIN AT "NAP."

Use BROWN'S NOTED
Shilling Pack of Playing Cards

77 UNION STREET, Aberdeen.

ELLIS & M'HARDY, Coal Merchants,
21 REGENT QUAY, 132 UNION STREET,
AND 17 SUMMER STREET.

FOR CASH with ORDER, Supply Coals
delivered to any part of the Town, as follows:
ENGLISH WALLSEND,.....21/0 per Ton.
TREBLE SCREENED NUTS,....19/0 "
All other Qualities at equally Low Prices.
Special Quotations for Quantities.

ALWAYS ASK FOR
THE "BALLOCHMYLE"
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY.
THE FINEST BLEND IN BRITAIN.
SOLE PROPRIETORS—
WATSON & MIDDLETON, GLASGOW.



CHAPELPARK, Methlick.

The Prize Competition. (TOWN.)

MR M. COUTTS, 48 Union Grove, takes the 2s 6d this week with his

PARODY ON "SCOTS WHA HAE."

Scots wha frae the cops hae fled,
Scots wham Wyness aft has led,
Welcome to your prison bed,
Nae longer are you free.
Now's the day the culprits cower,
See the judge shew forth his power,
See the Bailies girn and glower
In chains and fripperie.

Wha stands here but some poor wench,
That's g'ien the bobby's airm a wrench!
"Uphold the bobby," says the bench,
Although the bobby lee,
Wha hae broken Scotland's law
Freedom's breath will never draw,
The boys in blue will catch them a',
Tho' they turn and flee.

By the river Dee they'll dwell,
And in Craiginches have a cell,
And rise when tolls the prison bell,
And long for liberty.
Lay this lesson to your heart,
And in law-breaking take no part,
Some dearly rue their first false start,
And by the wuddie dee.

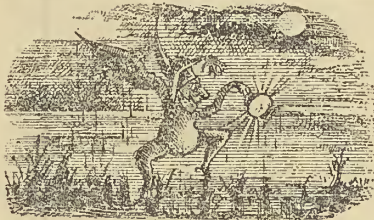
A penny farthing a line is not such bad pay
in these hard times. Eh, Mr C.? It's more
than most poets get.

Next week we give the prize for

THE BEST INSCRIPTION
FOR THE
DOOR OF THE UNION GARDENS
LAVATORY.

It must be short and as pithy as possible—
something like

"Leave Dirt behind all ye who enter here."
Conditions as before.



WILL O' THE WISP.

THE Bailies of this ancient town
Resplendent shine in chain and gown,
Yet all want "saxpence o' the poun"—
They're mad as mad can be!

That is a sweeping statement? True!
But they admit themselves, they do,
In all they say, bar one or two,
They're mad as mad can be!

The Bailies who can take a drink,
The Bailies who love money's chink,
The ones who're like the missing link—
They're mad as mad can be!

The Bailie, who's teetotal quite—
The Bailie, who controls the light—
And he, the Invercannie knight—
They're mad as mad can be!

The Bailie, Lord of "Causey steens"—
The Bailie, Lord of "Rags an' beans"—
The Bailie, Lord of birchéd weans—
They're mad as mad can be!
My words are true,
Whatever they do
They're mad as mad can be!

ELMHILL.

THE Town Council met on Monday, and after admitting Mr William Dyce Stewart, son of the Lord Provost, to be a Burgess of Guild, heard from Bailie Crombie that the Lord Provost was willing to continue in office for, at longest, two years. This announcement was received with loud applause.

BAILIE LYON "homologated" all that Bailie Crombie said. And here we would like to ask why otherwise sensible men should run after strange gods in the shape of horrible words. "Homologate" is, we suppose, a highly respectable word, but there is an angularity about it that makes its repetition week after week most irritating. Try another word, Bailie.

THEN, the Bailie was kind enough to make some remarks about how the newspapers had garbled and misrepresented his speech at the private meeting last week. He evidently felt that he should be accused of taking up an antagonistic position to the Lord Provost. Bailie Lyon might not have waited till Monday to give public relief to his outraged feelings; the columns of the dailies are always open to correspondence, and the Bailie might have availed himself of them (as he has done before), if his need was so pressing.

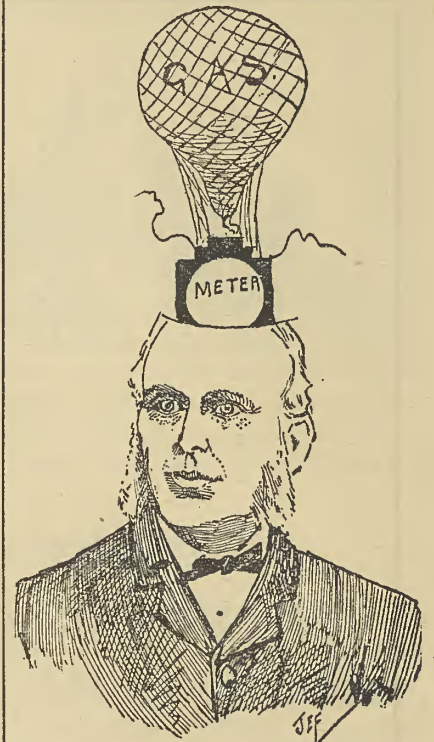
IN regard to the open space at the Art Gallery there was some spirited tilting, Bailies Mearns and Lyon getting up a little tournament on their own "hook." This was kept up more or less during the meeting, until it culminated in each calling other "mad."

MAD bulls are dangerous enough, but mad bailies!

MR KEMP said that in the matter of the proposed Saturday night entertainments they were hedged in with difficulties, and that that was the reason nothing definite had been done. Well, difficulties are generally surmountable. We have no need to remind Mr Kemp of that. The press is always ready, if not happy, to aid public-spirited men in their endeavours to benefit the community, and we are sure the local organs will be glad to give assistance to this movement, at least as far as airing the matter is concerned, if Mr Kemp will lay his difficulties before them.

THE question of the salaries of the police provoked a good deal of discussion, but Mr Wilkie's recommendation that they should be placed upon the highest scale of remuneration sanctioned by Government failed to get more than eight supporters against twenty-two. The fact is at their present raised wages the Aberdeen police are extremely well paid, and with their pension fund have nothing to grumble at in the matter of money.

ON THE BRAIN.



No. XIX.—MR P. M. CRAN.

THE estimates for next year were submitted and approved of. Occupiers of dwelling-houses will no doubt be highly delighted that their rates will be lowered by $\frac{1}{4}$ d per £1. We would warn them against making beasts of themselves on this magnificent surplus.

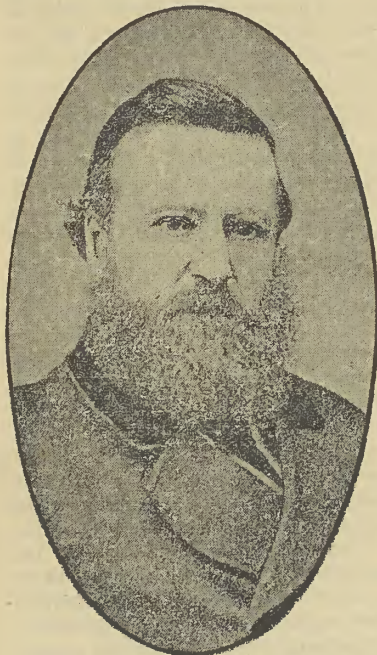
THE news of the honour which the Queen has conferred on Professor Ogston, by making him her Surgeon in Ordinary in Scotland, must have been pleasing to the large medical fraternity in Aberdeen, graduate and undergraduate. The honour is one well-merited, for no surgeon has done more to place his craft upon a strictly scientific and humanitarian basis than Alexander Ogston; and this he has striven to do, and has done, in the face of much opposition. The legitimate sequel (knighthood) to this distinction will, we trust, be not long in coming, and when it does come no one will be more delighted than *Bon-Accord*. We give a portrait of Dr Ogston on page 17.

THE Princess Louise is to open the additions to the Infirmary on some day, not yet fixed, in the first week of October. At Monday's Council a letter from Mr Littlejohn intimated this to the rulers, and it was remitted to the Magistrates to take steps to represent the city with all due dignity on that occasion. That means of course that a few paltry hundreds are to be expended on congratulatory and loyal addresses, processions, "muzzlings and guzzlings," and kindred sports—all at the expense of those folks of the town who don't care a two-penny ha'penny doit who opens the Infirmary.

OF course, we must be loyal, and we must befittingly uphold the dignity of an ancient city, but for heaven's sake, Gentlemen of the Magistracy, spare, oh spare, our impoverished pockets. We don't suppose is it the royal will of Her Highness Princess Louise that she should be fêted and made much of by the few at the expense of the many; and we should say it was not much to her credit if she did. But, of course, you must have your little enjoyments, and your little luncheons on expensive French kickshaws, and your little drinks of champagne, dear souls. And, of course, we must pay.

AND here we propose a method of effectually curing our "Champagne Charlies" of their unquenchable thirst. We wonder the plan has never suggested itself to the fertile brain of Councillor Kemp. It is this:—Provide as many infants' feeding bottles (quart size) as there are wine-bibbers in the Council. Let each bottle be filled each morning with "Kill-the-Cairter." Let each W. B. be supplied with one of these bottles every morning, and let him distinctly understand that it must be emptied by night, on pain of having his seat at the Council allotted to a man of stouter stomach. N. B.—"Kill-the-Cairter" is deucedly cheap, and deucedly destructive.

TRY our plan, Temperance Party!



THE LATE CAP. JAMES E. HENDERSON.
(Son of the late Captain James Henderson, of Newburgh.)

THE unveiling of the Burns Statue on Thursday of last week was an interesting ceremony to those who could get near enough to see; and Professor Masson's address was much admired by those who were near enough to hear, and they were few. Not one fourth of the ladies and gentlemen accommodated on the stand heard a word the learned gentleman said, and they therefore passed such time as they did not

spend in cheering in agreeable chat among themselves.

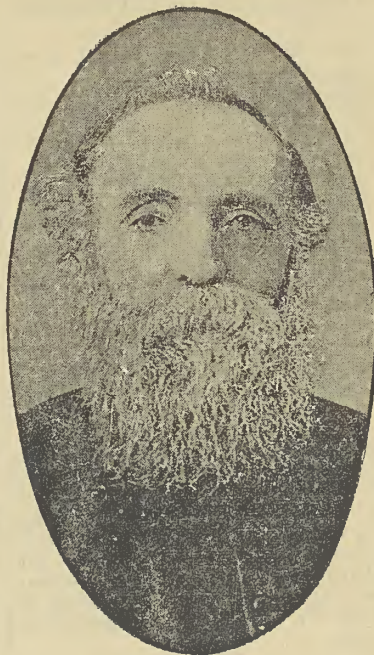
PROFESSOR MASSON'S address read fairly well in print, but his speech at the reception (New word! Robbie would have called it "haein' a sook.") in the Palace Hotel was in a happier vein. The speeches made there were much above the average—in fact, the amount of dictionary-swallowing that took place the night before must have been alarming. (A Mahatma tells us that the shade of Johnson looked that night as if he was in a galloping consumption.)

MR CADENHEAD'S ode was exceedingly appropriate, and contained some very felicitous turns of expression. So happy indeed was this genial gentleman's composition that we regard it as a proof of what has long been an article of our faith—that on a subject that lies near one's heart, one can never be dull or commonplace.

NOW, as to the statue itself. On almost every hand we hear that enthusiastic expression of admiration which is the usual thing when a great child gets a new toy. Only from those who have developed the fatal faculty of cynical criticism do we hear comments like the following:—Burns is supposed to be addressing the flower in his hand in the words, "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower." Now, the hand in the statue holds an ox-eye daisy, botanically termed *Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum*. Who ever saw an ox-eyed daisy "crimson-tipped"?

TO-DAY, Saturday, there is to be a special meeting of No. 5 Lodge of Oddfellows in the Northern Friendly Society's Hall, George Street, at 3'30 p.m., for the purpose of initiating the following honorary members:—The Marquis of Huntly, Lord Aberdeen, Sir Arthur Grant of Monymusk, Colonel Russel of Aden, Rev. A. E. Claxton, Mr Green, teacher, Mr M'Lauchlan, teacher, Mr Hector, clerk of School Board, and Mr Newlands, Resident Secretary of the Scottish Temperance Insurance Company. This lodge, though not a large one, is select, and already possesses over £1000 in funds. We wish the new brethren safely through the ordeal of initiation, and success thereafter.

THIS week Mr Tom Sunderland, manager of the Jollity, presents a capital variety programme to his patrons. With the exception of McQue and McKay, Irish comedians, Mr Colin Bryce, tenor vocalist, and the Brothers Hadley, the rest of the artistes are new hands. Macart's troupe of dogs, of all sizes and breeds, deservedly attract attention. Their wonderful feats, notably the glove fight between the terriers, their smart somersault turning, and the high leaping of the hounds, bear witness to careful training. Miss Eva Merrywood, a serio-comic, sings sweetly and dances gracefully, while Miss Melinda May is at once a favourite, and it can't be helped, for it's just her style. The "Hibbs" trio contribute some pleasant melodies, and the Sisters Weston, sentimental and comic duettists, dance with charming precision, while Sandro Vio, conjuror, in his "Mahatma Miracles" first puzzles and deceives, and then shows how simply the trick is done. The orchestra, under Mr Christie's guidance, give a good account of themselves.



THE LATE REV. GEORGE SAUNDERS,
WOODSIDE.

THE great General was in town on Tuesday, and held a big field night in the Music Hall "to the toot of the flute, and the twiddle of the fiddle." He came for money, and he got a good collection that night, for the large hall was simply packed. He unburdened himself very freely to the gentlemen of the press, who, he thinks, are not worked nearly hard enough. It is evident there are some things the General does not know.

HE says the Castle Street Citadel—fine word, Citadel—is to go on, but he wants money for it, £2000, at least, from the citizens of Aberdeen. We don't think he'll get it. We are quite willing to spend any amount you like on feasting him and giving him the freedom of the burgh, but we're not going to do that. Oh, dear me, no!

THE last holiday of the season falls on Monday, and we trust that the weather clerk will do his best for excursionists. The different railway companies, the North British, the Caledonian, and the Great North, are catering well in the matter of cheap fares and comfortable conveyance. A glance at our advertising columns will satisfy our readers on this head.

THE Aberdeen, Leith, and Moray Firth Steam Shipping Company commence their holiday work to-day, Saturday, with a run to Scurdy Ness, Montrose, by the "James Hall." On Saturday night at twelve the "Earnholm" sails to Leith, and on Monday the "James Hall" trips it to Kinnaird Head. Those who love a sea voyage, and they are many, will do well to patronize one of these comfortable vessels, for with good weather nothing is more enjoyable than a "hurl on the watter."

FAREWELL ODE TO COUNCILLOR
"MAC."

O, Mac! fan ye are far awa' fae bonnie
Aiberdeen,

A thoosan' blessin's will atten' ye, tho' ye be
yer leen;

We'll miss ye fan ye gang awa' tae that auld
reeky toon,

An' houp the Glesca' fowk will ken yer
sterlin' worth, my loon.

A jollier chap ye winna get in a' this toon o'
oors,

Sae here's my han', and here's my hert, may
success aye be yours;

For common sense an' uprightness you took
the cake, brave loon,

Sae aince again I wish ye luck in Glesca's
dingy toon.

J. M. L.

PROF. SALMOND has surely a very keen
sense of the humorous when the other Sun-
day evening in a church not a hundred
miles from Crown Street he gave out as the
closing hymn, "Light at evening time."
The church was totally dark, except the
pulpit and choir gallery. The choir deserve
praise for the strong effort they made to
make up for lack of the congregation's
assistance.

THE bobbies are the next to get their little
screws raised. O, blissful fate! Why were
we not all born bobbies? They eat, drink,
sleep, take a certain amount, more or less,
of daily exercise, interview blushing nurse-
maids and plump cooks who preside over
well-stocked larders, have a little fun now
and again in the shape of running, in harm-
less drunks, and for doing all this (or not
doing it, as the case may be) they draw
salaries which take periodic upward bounds.
Strikes us forcibly, Gilbert to the contrary,
that the Aberdeen peg's life's a happy one.

"Had I the screw of a cop I would fly,
Far, far away,"

and leave pen, paste, and scissors—hush,
not that!



"TAK YER BAG, MAISTER."

THE members of the Aberdeen Orchestral
Society, which made so promising a *debut*
last season, have resumed practice. Their
numbers have been considerably augmented
since last year, and, particularly, good oboe
and euphonium players have been secured.
The music taken up for practice has been
very judiciously chosen, and under Mr G.
W. Morgan's careful supervision will no
doubt be admirably rendered. The
orchestra's first appearance for the season,
which will take place on November 16th, is
being eagerly looked forward to by the
many lovers of good music in Aberdeen.

WOULD the two young ladies who acted
the good Samaritan last Saturday evening
by taking a *tailor* home kindly call at *Bon.*'s
office and receive their just recompense?
We have no doubt in saying they "could
do, could do with a bit" of the gentle oof
bird.

[The Town Council is forging ahead in the matter
of salaries. Fresh additions have been made, and
there are more to follow.—E. G. "Echoes."]

THE City Fathers prate and spout,
As wise as wise can be,
And merrily dole the money out,
In fashion full and free,
Cheerily clicks the civic chink,
From the city coffers cast,
The people hear the constant clink,
And gloomily look aghast,
And sadly say,
"A-lack-a-day,
Our cash is flying fast."

Merrily up the salaries fly,
'Tis a glorious job, I ween,
For the toil is light and the wage is high,
When paid by Aberdeen.
Oh! happy mortals they who get
Their tidy little screw
Increased at the cost of those who sweat
And toil the whole day through—
Those unfortunates
Who pay the rates,
And pay the piper too.

QUILL-DRIVER.

LIKE one of Cromwell's invulnerable Iron-
sides he paraded Union Street on Sunday
with his new tile. Up and down he went,
saluting his lady friends right and left,
utterly regardless of the glossy pile. It's
hard to do, dear boy, on four and six, but
where there's a will there's a way.

A CERTAIN gardener from the south has been
visiting the Granite City lately, and he has
dunn good business in the way of circulating
roses and fancy bouquets among a few ladies.
What about the early walk on the morning
of his departure out the Bridge of Don way?
Broken-hearted ladies to the front, please!

QUERY.—What is the reason of the morn-
ing interview (invariably about 7 a.m.)
between the "Postie" and the milkmaid in
the vicinity of Rose Street? There is
apparently a magnetic power about the
latter.

THE UNGODLY JOY OF JUPITER
JONES.

HE rushed in speechless from the street,
He banged the door, he thumped his feet,
He did not speak, he simply roared it—
"Jock, my man, you're *Bon-Accordit*!"

Prominent Local Volunteers.



SERGT.-MAJOR A. SMITH, 1st A.V.A.

This is the third Sergt.-Major of the
same name whose record we have had the
pleasure of publishing, and like the others he
has had a very brilliant career as a big gun
and carbine shot. Sergt.-Major Smith joined
the Aberdeen Artillery in 1872, was promoted
to Corporal in the same year, and to Sergeant
in the following one. Ever since joining he
has been a regular attendant at Company and
Parade drills, assisting in his own quiet way
in promoting good feeling among his Battery
members. He is one of those men who arrange
the work of their Battery in a straightforward,
quiet way, without fuss or pretence. Since
being promoted to Sergt.-Major of No. 4 Com-
pany he, along with the other Sergts., has been
so successful in arranging shooting competitions
and "special inducements" for recruits, as to
bring up the Battery to the proud position of
being the strongest in the Brigade, a position
it has held for two seasons. As a big gun and
carbine shot he has had few equals in the
Brigade, winning 18 money prizes during the
last 19 years at Aberdeen Wapinschaw Big
Gun Competitions, among them being the
"Blue Ribbon" in '89, with a score of 39
points out of a possible of 42, being the highest
total ever registered for the trophy. He has also
won a large number of trophies with the carbine,
among which may be mentioned—Two silver
alberts, a marble time piece, two cups,
barometer, field glass, silver teapot, &c. He
has also been successful in winning Mr Dun-
can's Cup (fired for by teams of 8 men from his
own and No. 5 Battery) 4 times, he being the
highest scorer in both teams. The following
are his principal wins:—Carbine—Company
Prizes—1st '76, '77, '78, '89. Club Prizes—
1st '78, '90. Big Gun—'75, second prize, £9,
Montrose. '80, second prize, £8, Wapinschaw.
'89, Challenge Trumpet and £16, Wapinschaw.
Sergt.-Major Smith, who is a mason to trade,
has been employed by Messrs Dunn Brothers
(the makers of the Ottewell Memorial) for 12
years.

An Ode on the Boddam Sea Serpent.

HIGH-HO ! my lads, I'll sing of a tale,
For great Scott ! it's awfully true, you know,

And all will be able to say it's not stale,
But really a tale that is new, you know,
Sea serpents appear and revel away,
In the month of September they're generally gay,
And newspaper cors. try to increase their pay,
Great Scott ! it's awfully true, you know.

A few nights ago, while a small boat went out,
Great Scott ! it's awfully true, you know,
Endeavouring to nobble the herring and trout,
Great Scott ! it's awfully true, you know.
A monster appeared in the shape of the deil,
And caused in a jiffy an auld fisher chiel
To shin up the mast and twine like an eel,
Great Scott ! it's awfully true, you know.

The monster, we're told, had a giraffe-like head,
Great Scott ! it's awfully true, you know,
And teeth which had chewed a many, now dead,
Great Scott ! it's awfully true, you know.
Its fore-feet resembled those of a bear,
Its skin was coated with black and white hair,
And its ears, like a dog's, were glossy and rare,
Great Scott ! it's awfully true, you know.

It deliberately viewed the men on the craft,
Great Scott ! it's awfully true, you know,
And sent the man on the mast nigh daft,
Great Scott ! it's awfully true, you know.
Some thirty odd feet lay betwixt its two paws,
And partially tired it rested its claws
On the side of the boat, and opened its jaws,
Great Scott ! it's awfully true, you know.

The boat did not swamp with the weight of the beast,
Great Scott ! it's awfully true, you know,
As it was, the monster was sure of a feast,
Great Scott ! it's awfully true, you know.
The man on the mast was nervous and cold,
And the monster was getting quite hungry and bold,
So the fisher slipped down and ran to the hold,
Great Scott ! it's awfully true, you know.

The two men on deck kept well in the rear,
Great Scott ! it's awfully true, you know,
Shivering and groaning and yelling with fear,
Great Scott ! it's awfully true, you know.
The monster, to finish this "How-de-you-do,"
Made a dart at a man, but just missed his cue,
And defeat being sure he slipped out of view,
Great Scott ! it's awfully true, you know.

Take a note, gentle reader, of what I now say,
Great Scott ! it's awfully true, you know,
And keep your eyes open at all times of day,
Great Scott ! it's awfully true, you know.
If in future you ride on a 'bus or a car,
Remember that cannons and rifles in war
Are puny compared with the Serpentine Star,
Great Scott ! it's awfully true, you know.

He can swallow a 'bus and digest it as well—
So say the fishers who've told us this tale,
So don't be alarmed and cry out "It's a sell"—
For really, it's awfully true, you know.

PETERHEAD, Sept. 19th, 1892.

J. M.

The Drama.

"ROB ROY."

THERE is a certain romantic glamour about this play that places it outside the pale of ordinary criticism ; and besides, that office has been so well filled by past generations that it would be presumptuous, if not sacrilegious, to attempt to overturn their verdict. "Rob Roy" has always been a favourite play with Aberdeen audiences, chiefly, perhaps, because in it the late Mr J. R. Gibson, Bon-Accord's best actor, made a name for himself as Bailie Nicol Jarvie. Mr Arthur's present production is a very creditable one indeed. The cast is an all-round excellent one ; the scenery is good, some sets being especially fine ; the dresses and appointments are tasteful and appropriate ; and the singing, dancing, and incidental music are capital. Mr John Clyde gives a manly and subdued interpretation of the *title rôle*, free from all "Fa-fe-fi-fo-fum-I-smell-the-blood-of-an-Englishman" rant. His elocution is admirable. Mr Alexander gets up well as the Bailie, and shines perhaps most in his attempts to conciliate the Macgregor's haughty wife. The "Dougal Cratur," in the hands of Mr Monte, was a most laughable creation, as was the Andrew Fairservice of Mr Mowbray-Harle. Mr Hilliard, as Francis, sang his solos in a sweet though not very powerful tenor, and Mr Buchanan made really a splendid Rashleigh Osbaldistone of the good old school of villainy. Among the ladies, our old friend, Miss Marriott, by her fine declamation and remarkably clear enunciation, takes the premier place. A better Helen Macgregor could not be found, for Miss Marriott



MISS MARRIOTT, as "Helen Macgregor."

has all the fire of the born actress. Miss Kate Johnstone, though a little amateurish, played and sang exceedingly well as Diana, her best vocal effort being "Cam' ye by Athol." Miss Blake made a "couthie" Mattie, and the rest of the parts, male and female, were filled

in very satisfactorily. The choruses were nicely balanced, the best of them being "Hail to the chief." The orchestra, under Mr Ross, played appropriate Scotch music between the acts.

Good houses should be the order of the night this week, and next also, for "Rob bides the baill fortnicht wi's."

Musical Notes.

AFTER the loving manner in which the Rev. Dr Cooper on Sunday morning referred to the many excellent qualities of the late Mr William Milne, it were almost unnecessary to say more, did I not feel that "Church music in Aberdeen" has lost one of its most able and generous workers. Of a kindly, well-disposed disposition, Mr Milne as Convener of the Psalmody Committee ever proved a tower of strength to the East Parish Church Choir, each individual member of which, I am sure, feels as if he or she had lost a near relative. There are a few men in this town occupying positions on psalmody committees who might take a lesson from the life work of Mr Milne with advantage to their respective choirs, and much greater advantage to their presently un-respected selves. *Verb. sap.*

Listen, ye organists ! Mr H. C. Tonking plays weekly 126 pieces upon the organ at the International Horticultural Exhibition, London. How is that for high ?

The musical season will practically open on Monday and Tuesday, 26th and 27th inst., when Mr J. W. Turner, the popular tenor, will give two operatic costume recitals and ballad concerts in the Albert Hall, supported by the following members of his opera company :—Miss Annie Roberts, Miss Florence Lambeth, Miss Agnes Moltano, Miss Amy Martin, Miss Chrystal Duncan, Mr John Ridding, Mr F. Haslem, solo harpist. Mr Joseph Hinton, solo pianist, and Mr T. Lawton, accompanist and conductor. On Monday the programme will include the kitchen scene from Flotow's Opera, "Martha" (in costume) ; "Sing, Sweet Bird," Miss Agnes Moltano ; solo harp, "Autumn," Mr F. Haslem ; "A Soldier's Song," Mr John Ridding ; "Come into the Garden Maud," Mr J. W. Turner ; song, "Marble Halls," Miss Agnes Moltano ; and Miserere from Verdi's "Il Trovatore" (in costume). The programme on Tuesday will embrace the garden scene from Gounod's Opera, "Faust" (in costume) ; song, "Never to Know," Miss Florence Lambeth ; song, "Blow, Blow thou Winter Wind," Mr John Ridding ; song, "Yes, let me like a Soldier fall," Mr J. W. Turner ; song, "She wandered down the mountain side," Miss Chrystal Duncan ; song, "Off to Philadelphia," Mr John Ridding ; Grand Finale, from Gounod's Opera, "Faust," in (costume.) Concert-goers should note that these will be the only appearances this winter in Aberdeen of Mr Turner and company.

"ANNIE ROONEY" is dead. "Comrades" have seperated, and "Maggie Murphy" has gone home ; yet the people must have a popular song, and the one that will spread-eagle the world this winter is entitled, "Father, don't bury me deep." The chorus is sung to a melody even more catching than "Maggie Murphy," and the words—I could not term it poetry—are

"O, don't bury me deep,
But let, oh, let me sleep,
Where the little birds come singing,
And sweet flowers will o'er me weep.
Let no costly marble rest
Heavy on my weary breast.
Oh, lay me near the flowers, Father,
Don't bury me deep."

If this tune is not within a week or two made familiar by the shrill whistle of the street boy never again believe

NANKI-POO.

PUBLIC NOTICES.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Lessee Mr ROBERT ARTHUR.
 Manager Mr JOHN CAVANAH.

BRILLIANT Reception and Great Success of MR ROBERT ARTHUR'S Grand Production of

Rob Roy.

MISS MARRIOTT AS HELEN MACGREGOR.
 MR JOHN CLYDE AS ROB ROY.
 Selected Chorus. Augmented Orchestra.
 Highlanders. Pipers. Troopers. Dancers.
 Special Scenery by Mapleson and Small.
 Commences at 7.30 Every Evening.

Prices of Admission—Dress Circle, 3s; Upper Circle—Front Seats, 2s; Back Seats, 1s 6d; Stalls, 2s; Pit, 1s; Gallery, 6d.

Early Doors to avoid the Crush, 6.30 to 7, Stalls and Pit 6d extra; Gallery, 3d extra. Half-Price at 9 o'clock to all parts, except Gallery.
 Telephone No. 496.

MONDAY, October 3rd,

Mr John Hare

And his London Company from the Garrick Theatre, London.

The Aberdeen, Leith, and Moray Firth Steam Shipping Co., Limited.

AUTUMN HOLIDAY.

GRAND SATURDAY AFTERNOON
 SEA EXCURSION,

THE S.S. JAMES HALL will leave Berth at Foot of Marischal Street, on SATURDAY, 24th SEPT., 1892, at THREE o'clock Afternoon, and will proceed as far as SCURDY NESS, MONTROSE, passing near to

Cove,	Dunnottar Castle,
Findon,	Bervie,
Stonehaven,	Montrose,

And will return to Aberdeen about Nine Evening.

FARES:—Cabin, 2s 6d; Second Cabin, 1s 6d.

GRAND SEA EXCURSION TO KINNAIRD'S HEAD AND BACK.

THE S.S. JAMES HALL will leave Berth near Dock Gates, on MONDAY, 26th SEPTEMBER, at Ten Morning, for KINNAIRD'S HEAD, passing near to

Slains Castle,	Harbour of Refuge,
Bullers o' Buchan,	Rattray Head,
Peterhead,	Fraserburgh,

and will return to Aberdeen about Six Evening.
 LUNCH and REFRESHMENTS can be had on board Steamer at Moderate Charges.

FARES:—Cabin, 3s; Second Do., 2s.

Tickets to be had at COMPANY'S OFFICE, 3 Trinity Buildings, until Two P.M., and at the STEAMER'S SHED, Foot of Marischal Street, until TEN P.M. on SATURDAY; thereafter on board Steamer.
 JAMES CROMBIE, Manager.
 Aberdeen, September, 1892.

The Aberdeen, Leith and Moray Firth Steam Shipping Company, Limited.

AUTUMN HOLIDAY.

SPECIAL SEA EXCURSION TO

EDINBURGH.

THE S.S. EARNHOLM will Sail for LEITH, from Berth, at Foot of Marischal Street, on SATURDAY, 24th SEPTEMBER, 1892, at TWELVE NIGHT, and will leave Leith, on Return Voyage, on MONDAY, 26th SEPTEMBER, at Six Evening, arriving in Aberdeen about Two Morning.

FARES:—Cabin, 7s; Second Do., 4s.

Tickets are available to Return any Monday or Thursday in October. Tickets to be had at the COMPANY'S OFFICE, 3 Trinity Buildings, until Two P.M. on SATURDAY, and at STEAMER'S SHED, Foot of Marischal Street, until Hour of Sailing; thereafter on Board Steamer.

JAMES CROMBIE, Manager.
 Aberdeen, September, 1892.

ALBERT HALL.

MONDAY & TUESDAY,

SEPTEMBER 26TH AND 27TH.

MR J. W.

TURNER'S**Grand****Operatic****Costume****Concerts.**

MR TURNER will Sing Both Nights.

KITCHEN SCENE FROM

MARTHA

(IN COSTUME).

GARDEN SCENE AND GRAND FINALE
 FROM

FAUST

(IN COSTUME).

MISERERE FROM

IL TROVATORE

(IN COSTUME).

MR TURNER will sing

"Come into the Garden, Maud!" and

"Yes, Let me like a Soldier Fall."

MISS CRYSTAL DUNCAN
 will sing—

"She Wandered Down the Mountain
 Side."

MR JOHN RIDDING will sing—

"A Soldier's Song,"

And "Off to Philadelphia."

MISS AGNES MOLTENO will
 sing—

"I Dreamt that I Dwelt."

And Songs and Duets by the above

and MISSES ANNIE ROBERTS

and AMY MARTIN.

HARP AND PIANO SOLOS.

Programmes and Tickets from

Messrs J. Marr, Wood, & Co.,

183 UNION STREET.

Jollity,

BRIDGE STREET, ABERDEEN.

PROPRIETORS—COOKE'S CIRCUS BUILDING
 COMPANY, LIMITED.

COME AND SEE THE
 SHOW, and bring your
 Wife and Family, as our
 Entertainment is specially
 provided for those who
 wish to enjoy a comfortable
 evening and witness a Re-
 fined and Amusing Variety
 Show.

JUPITER,

THE FLYING STAR.

CAROLA and THOMAS,

The Acrobatic Wonders.

The Hibbs Trio.**The Valjeans,**

Continental Artistes.

SANDRO VIO,

King of Conjurers.

SISTERS WESTON,

Burlesque Actresses.

Melinda May,

The Charming English Actress.

EVA MERRYWOOD,

American Actress and Dancer.

ENGIST

AND

ORSA,

Greatest of all Musical Clowns.

GENERAL MANAGER—MR TOM SUNDERLAND.

DOORS OPEN AT 7. COMMENCE AT 7.30.

Saturdays Half-an-Hour Earlier.

HALF-PRICE AT 9 O'CLOCK TO BOXES & STALLS.

Admission, 3d, 6d, 1/-, and 2/-

A new Private Box has been added, the admission to which is 2/6.

GREAT NORTH OF SCOTLAND RAILWAY.
ABERDEEN AUTUMN HOLIDAY.
MONDAY, 26TH SEPTEMBER, 1892.

CHEAP FARES AND EXCURSION TRAINS.

On SATURDAY, 24th Sept., and MONDAY, 26th Sept. (up to 4 o'clock p.m.).

RETURN TICKETS at SATURDAY FARES will be issued at ABERDEEN, KITYBREWSTER, WOODSIDE, BUXBURN, and DYCE, to all Stations on the GREAT NORTH OF SCOTLAND RAILWAY, by Ordinary Trains, available for return up to and including WEDNESDAY, 28th SEPTEMBER.

EXCURSION TRAINS will be run from ABERDEEN on MONDAY to the following Stations at the Times and Fares named below:—

FARES THERE AND BACK—

	First Class.	Third Class.
	S. D.	S. D.
To ELGIN, at 6:30 a.m.	6 2	3 2

 (Shepherd's Excursion Train).

RETURN FARES.....Third Class.
S. D.

To Earlsmill, Auchindachy, Drummuir, Duftown, Craigellachie, Dandaleith, Rothes, Longmorn, and Elgin, at 6:50 a.m. Excursion Fares, see Bills.

To Knock, Glenbarry, Cornhill, Tillynaught, Portsoy, Glassaugh, Cullen, Portnockie, Findochty, Portessie, Buckie, Buckpool, Portgordon, Pochabers-on-Spey, Garmouth, Urquhart, Calcots, and Elgin at 6:50 a.m. Excursion Fares, see Bills.

To Pitcaple, Oyne, and Insch, at 7:50 a.m. 2 0

To Wardhouse, Kennethmont, Gartly, and Huntly, at 7:50 a.m. 2 6

To Rothiemay, Grange, and Keith, at 7:50 a.m. 3 0

To Macduff, Banff-Bridge, King-Edward, Plaidy, Turriff, Auchterless, Fyvie, Rothenorman, and Wartle, at 8:5 a.m. 2 6

To Kemnay and Monymusk at 8:40 a.m. 1 6

To Tillyfourie, Whitehouse, and Alford, at 8:40 a.m. 2 0

To Oldmeldrum and Lethenty, at 9:40 a.m. Excursion Fares, see Bills.

To Inverurie, Kintore, and Kinaldie, at 9:0 a.m., 9:40 a.m., 10:45 a.m., and 1:10 p.m. 1 0

To Peterhead, Longside, Mintlaw, and Maud, at 7:15 a.m. 2 6

To Fraserburgh, Strichen, and Maud, at 7:55 a.m. 2 6

To Ellon, at 7:55 a.m., and 10:40 a.m. 1 0

To Ellon, Eslemont, Logierieve, Uday, and Newmachar, at 10:40 a.m. 1 0

To Arnage, Auchnagatt, and Maud, at 10:40 a.m. 2 0

To Ballater, Cambus O' May, and Dinnet, at 8:40 a.m. 3 0

To Aboyne, Dess, and Lumphanan, at 8:40 a.m. 2 6

To Torphins, and Glassel, at 8:40 a.m. 2 0

To Banchoory and Crathes, at 9:15 a.m., 9:50 a.m., 10:10 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 10:50 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 12:5 p.m., 12:50 p.m., 1:25 p.m., 2:0 p.m., 2:50 p.m., and 3:50 p.m. 1 0

(Continued in Next Column.)

(Continuation of Great North Advertisement.)

To Park and Intermediate Stations, at 9:15 a.m., 9:50 a.m., 10:10 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 10:50 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 11:30 a.m. 12:5 p.m., 12:50 p.m., 1:25 p.m., 2:0 p.m., 2:50 p.m., and 3:50 p.m. Excursion Fares, see Bills.

For Saturday Return Fares and full information, see Bills.

W. MOFFATT, General Manager.

NORTH BRITISH RAILWAY.
ABERDEEN AUTUMN HOLIDAY.

ON SATURDAY AND MONDAY, 24th and 26th September, 1892, Return Tickets at a Single Journey Fare will be issued by the Ordinary Trains from Aberdeen to Montrose, Bervie, Arbroath, Carnoustie, Monifieth, Broughty-Ferry, Dundee, St Andrews, Cupar, Kirkcaldy, Barmisland, Dunfermline, Alloa, Stirling, Helensburgh, Balloch, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Portobello, Musselburgh, Haddington, North Berwick, Dunbar, Reston, Duns, Berwick-on-Tweed, Peebles, Gala-shiela, Selkirk, Melrose, St Boswells, Hawick, Kelso, Jedburgh, Langholm, and Carlisle.

These Tickets will be available for return by the Ordinary Trains up to and including Tuesday, 27th September.

CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS will be Run from Aberdeen, as under:—

ON SATURDAY AND MONDAY,
24TH AND 26TH SEPTEMBER.

To MONTROSE, ARBROATH, BROUGHTY-FERRY, DUNDEE, and ST ANDREWS. The Excursion to Dundee on Monday, 26th September, is under the auspices of the "Heatherbell" Lodge of the British Order of Free Gardeners Friendly Society.

Leaving Aberdeen at 4:30 p.m. on SATURDAY, 24th September, and at 7:10 a.m. on MONDAY, 26th September.

RETURN JOURNEY.

	On MONDAY,	26th September.
		P.M.
Dundee (Tay Bridge Station) ..	depart	7-0
Broughty-Ferry	"	7-13
Arbroath	"	7-37
Montrose	"	8-10

St Andrews Excursionists travel between Dundee and St Andrews by Ordinary Trains.

ON MONDAY, 26TH SEPTEMBER, 1892.

To EDINBURGH and GLASGOW, leaving Aberdeen at 6:15 a.m. Returning from EDINBURGH (Waverly Station) at 4:25 and 6:50 p.m. and from GLASGOW (Queen Street High Level Station) at 8:10 p.m. same day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES.

Tickets valid in going by Excursion Train on Saturday, 24th September, and for return by Ordinary Trains on Monday, 26th September.

Tickets valid by Excursion Train on Monday, 26th September only.

To	First Class.	Third Class.	First Class.	Third Class.
Montrose ..	6/11	3/6	5/6	2/9
Arbroath ..	7/6	3/9	6/	3/
Broughty-Ferry	8/9	4/5	7/	3/6
Dundee (Tay B. Station) ..	10/	5/	8/	4/
St Andrews ..	12/6	6/3	10/	5/
Edinburgh ..	—	—	14/	7/
Glasgow ..	—	—	16/	8/

Excursionists going on 26th September may return on 27th September by any of the Ordinary Trains on payment of ONE FOURTH of the Excursion Fare additional at the respective Booking-Offices before returning.

Passengers are requested to obtain their Tickets at the NORTH BRITISH BOOKING-OFFICE, Aberdeen Station, which will remain constantly open on FRIDAY and SATURDAY, 23rd and 24th September, until 10 p.m., and for one hour previous to the departure of the Excursion Trains on MONDAY, 26th September.

Children above Three and under Twelve years of age, HALF-FARE, as usual. The Company will endeavour to provide the requisite Carriage Accommodation, but they do not guarantee it, or by any particular Train. They do not undertake any responsibility for the Luggage of Passengers booked at the above Fares.

J CONACHER, General Manager.
Edinburgh, September, 1892.

CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.

ABERDEEN AUTUMN HOLIDAY

RETURN TICKETS at a SINGLE FARE will be issued on SATURDAY and MONDAY, 24th and 26th September, to EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, OBAN, CARLISLE, PERTH, DUNDEE, BRECHIN, MONTROSE, &c. &c., available to return up to and including TUESDAY, 27th September, by any train (except the 7 a.m. train from Perth).

CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS will leave Aberdeen as under:—

ON SATURDAY, 24TH SEPTEMBER.

To	RETURN FARES.	3rd Class.
DUNDEE and B'ghty Ferry	At 3:50 p.m.	{ S. D. 4 0 3 0
Arbroath		{ 5 0
Perth		{ 3 0
Forfar	At 3:55 p.m.	{ 3 0
M'trose & Brechin		{ 2 9

ON MONDAY, 26TH SEPTEMBER.

GLASGOW, (By arrangement with the Ancient Order of Oddfellows) ...	At 12:30 a.m.	8 0
EDINBURGH (Princes Street) ...	At 6:50 a.m.	7 0
GLASGOW	Express.	8 0
DUNDEE and B'ghty-Ferry	At 7 a.m.	4 0
Arbroath		3 0
Perth		5 0
Forfar, &c.	At 7:45 a.m.	3 0
M'trose & Brechin		2 9
Laurencekirk and Fordoun	At 6:5, 9:15, and 1:10 p.m.	2 0
Stonehaven	At 6:5, 9:15, 10:30, 11 a.m., and 11:30.	1 0
Muchalls, Newton-hill, and P'lethen	12:15 Noon,	0 9
Cove	1:30, and 2:10 p.m.	0 4

Passengers are requested to purchase their Tickets at the CALEDONIAN BOOKING OFFICE, JOINT STATION, which will remain Open till TEN P.M. on FRIDAY and SATURDAY, 23rd and 24th September. For further particulars and Times of Return Trains, see Posters and Handbills.

JAMES THOMSON, General Manager.

General Manager's Office,

Glasgow, September, 1892

Keith McCrae.



Sewing Machines,
Perambulators,
Wringing Machines
Cycles, &c., &c.

REPAIRS

Done on the Premises.
SECOND-HAND CYCLES
at Lowest Cash Prices.

11 Stirling St.

(Opposite Imperial Hotel),

ABERDEEN.

Gentlemen's Suits Cleaned and Pressed, 3/6.

Parties' Own Cloth Made Up. Garments Altered to any Shape.

MUTCH & SON,

ABERDEEN RENOVATING ESTABLISHMENT,

51 LOCH STREET

(Opposite St Paul's Church).

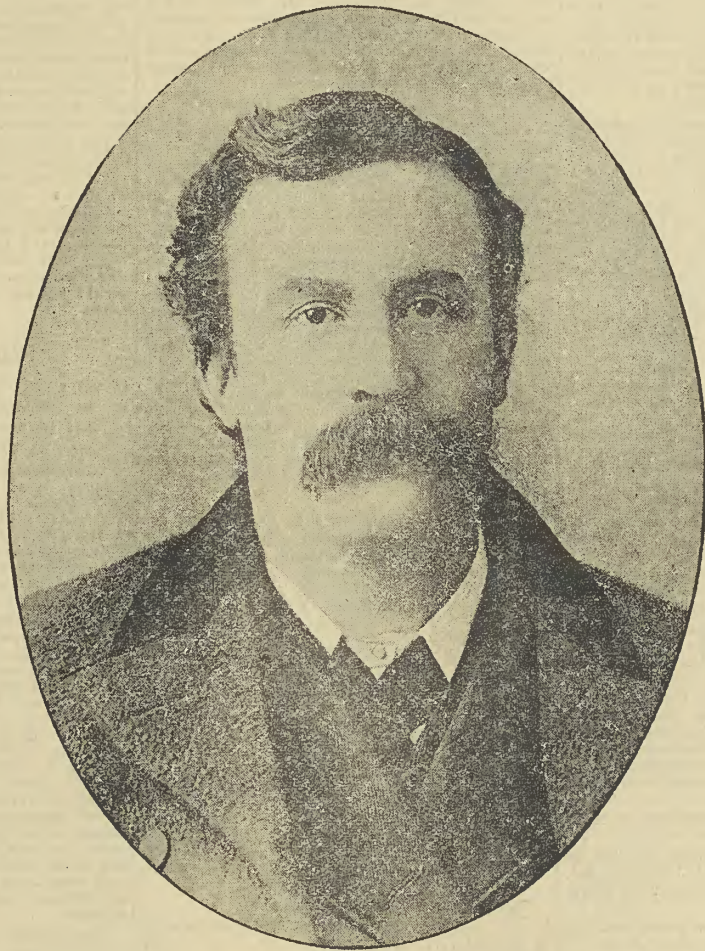
GO TO PLAYFAIR'S, UNION BRIDGE,
FOR YOUR

FOOTBALLS.

BEST VALUE IN TOWN.



OUR NEW WHITTINGTON.



Professor ALEX. OGSTON, C.M., M.D.,
Surgeon in Ordinary to the Queen in Scotland.

SPORT.

The outdoor sports were favoured with beautiful weather on Saturday, and hence a lengthy programme was done ample justice to. The leading cricket clubs finished up a rather unsettled season in grand style, the leather hunting gentlemen enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content, and the minor sports, such as bowling, golf, cycling, &c., were all indulged in with enthusiasm and zest.

The Aberdeen Bowling and Lawn Tennis Club finished up their season with an "At Home" on Saturday afternoon. After tea, Mr Turnbull addressed the company, intimating that the club was in a very satisfactory state financially, and had had a most successful season. At the close he presented the prizes, as follows:—Lawn Tennis—Silver-mounted rackets to Miss Elsie Findlay, Miss Elliot Strath, Mr Charles R. Smith, Mr J. Glandville Milne. Bowling—Silver-mounted bowls and Silver Cup—Mr John M'Bain. The cup must be gained twice before it becomes the property of a competitor. Votes of thanks to the Ladies Committee, who, under the leadership of Mrs Turnbull, contributed very materially to the success of the "At Home," and to Mr Turnbull, were heartily given, and the meeting was concluded by some interesting games of tennis and bowling.

At the annual meeting of the Scottish Amateur Gymnastic Association, Major Cruden resigned owing to business engagements, and in doing so pointed out the exceptionally bad conduct of a party who endeavoured to get the Aberdeen Club thrown out of the National Competition by writing anonymous letters to the London and Leeds Clubs that the team was composed of professionals, and hoped that Aberdeen would be forced to withdraw. After having written these scurrilous letters he had the audacity to send a telegram to Leeds wishing the Aberdeen success. The individual got his deserts, however, on Saturday. The "high jump" was moved as an exercise in the Scottish Championship, and was carried by a majority of votes, but as there wasn't a two thirds majority it fell. Dundee, as was to be expected, led the opposition in a very bitter spirit. The International Championship exercises include the high jump, and why the Scottish fight shy of it we cannot understand, unless it is the wholesome dread some of the clubs have of the jumping abilities of the Aberdonians. Jumping excluded, however, our boys will have a rare good try for the Scottish.

The Northern Bowling Club's rink tournament was won by Mr John Worling's rink. Mr James Worling, vice-president, presented the prizes.

The handicap prizes of the Victoria Golf Club were won as under:—First-class, W. H. Reid, 90 (6 off) 84; second-class, J. A. Ross, 93 (2 added) 95.

In these days of championships why not a city golf championship? A trophy, we are sure, could easily be secured were golfers to take up the matter in earnest. What say you, Messrs Addie and Murray? We commend the idea to you.

D. B. Leslie won the final for the "Ogilvie prize" of the Bon-Accord Golf Club with a score of 93 (10 off) 83, and Harry Glass secured the final of the "Councillor's prize" most unexpectedly by a stroke. Good old Harry, we metaphorically shake your paw!

The Cults Bowling Club beat Whitehall by 60 to 35, and Huntly Turfiff by 100 to 93.

The Inverurie bowling tournament finished as under:—Section 1—W. Allan, 2 J. J. Watson, 3 J. C. Dressel. Section 2—L. Valentine, 2 J. Alsop, jun., 3 G. M. Gray.

The Thistle Swimming Club's 50 yards handicap was won by G. Harvey, 16 seconds start, J. Sim, 5 seconds, being second, and A. Wallace, scratch, third.

What of the Water Polo Cup? Hurry up, Dannie.

The race for the offices of captain and vice-captain of the Alpine Swimming Club resulted in the victory of John M'Farlane, Thomas Couper coming in second.

The 'Shire Harriers race for the captaincy and vice-captaincy of the club were won by Frank Alexander from Alexander Irvine.

The 100 yards swimming record was broken in the 100 yards championship this week, W. Evans, of the Manchester club, and present holder, being defeated by J. H. Tyeas in 1 m. 2 4-5th s.

ECONOMISE by purchasing your FOOTBALLS (Rugby and Association) and Football Requisites at PLAYFAIR'S, Union Bridge, Aberdeen. The Best Value in the Market. Country Orders promptly executed.

Cricket.
THE FINISH OF THE SEASON.
The Gaulds in Evidence.

The Senior Club finished up its season on Saturday, the visitors being the Grammar School, who made an inglorious display, retiring defeated by 143 for 7 to 84. Charlie Gauld batted in his old form, hitting the bowling about to the tune of 47, while his namesake had a capital 26. G. Leslie Thomson 17, W. K. Burnett and W. H. Baird 14 each, and Cobban 11. Morley bowled with great success, taking 6 wickets for 8 runs.

John Petrie Does Himself Justice and Teddie Scores a Capital 28.

The Caledonian visited Banchory, and played a drawn game with the village club. Scores—Caledonian 106, Banchory 48 for 4. John Petrie contributed a very fine score of 37, and Teddie Brown hit hard for 28 for the Galeys, while on the other side H. Brown had 18, and that consistent batsman, A. Paterson, 12, not out. H. Brown had 6 wickets for Banchory, and Donald Innes trundled in grand style for the Holburn Club, taking 6 wickets for 6 runs. The kind attentions of Dod Rae, of the Douglas Arms, were very much appreciated by the visitors.

Other Matches.

"Time" came in handy with the Killybrewster lads, whom the St Ronald met at Holburn. The scores were—St Ronald 56 for 6, Killybrewster Mechanics 29 for 8. The Asylum ran up the large total of 189 for 8 against the Wellington's 39, Dr Kelly scoring 31, J. Elliot 27, J. Grant 26 (not out), and A. D. Kelly 22. Tall scoring was also the order of the day in the 2nd Orion v. 2nd Queen's Cross match, when the pink ins ran up 114 for 4, Greig showing the way with a characteristic 20 (retired); Queen's Cross 34. Greig had 5 wickets for 13 and Wishart 4 for 11. The first string of the Queen's Cross was poorly represented at Stoneywood, when the Steenies defeated them in the most hollow fashion. Donaldson and Howie sending them back for 121. Stoneywood scored 72 for 8 wickets, Stephen playing a very fine game for 31. The other scores included 18 by Tocher, Wilson 14, and the genial Dr Cowan 10 (not out). Insch made a sorry mess of Lumsden, beating them by 92 to 10!—Rev. R. S. Kemp scoring 23, G. Murray 19, and Dr Milne 18. The Doctor had 6 wickets for 1, and G. Bruce 4 for 3 for Insch.

The Aberdeenshire C.C. Averages.

Out of 82 matches played 17 were won, 11 drawn, and only 4 lost, a really splendid season's record. The batting averages of those taking part in 8 matches are:—

	Inn'gs. not out.	Times	Total	Most	Avg.
A. L. Cobban	15	4	332	76*	27.66
Haigh (prof.)	19	3	365	66	21.8
G. O. Gauld	9	2	184	47	20.44
W. S. Brown	19	2	297	64	17.47
R. T. Reid	13	1	178	39	13.69
T. J. Blann	16	0	193	33	11.35
W. K. Burnett	16	3	143	32	10.21
W. F. Ducat	10	3	78	26	9.75
W. H. Baird	11	1	97	20	9.70
G. Craig	11	2	94	37*	9.40
J. Williams	13	0	122	48	9.38
J. B. Ronald	11	0	85	29	7.08
T. Douglas	8	1	88	10	4.75
J. A. Burnett	9	1	20	11	2.50
H. W. M. Gray	8	1	14	8	2.00

* Not out.

The leading bowling averages are:—

	Balls.	Runs.	M'dens.	W'k'ts.	Avg.
R. T. Reid	711	233	49	43	5.41
Haigh (prof.)	1183	446	85	69	6.46
W. S. Brown	1411	509	89	78	6.52
Major Wood	358	143	17	21	6.81
W. F. Ducat	255	109	17	14	7.73
H. W. M. Gray	356	129	15	15	8.60
G. O. Gauld	250	86	13	4	21.50

The Leading Scores.

The following gentlemen have scored 50 and upwards:—
A. L. Cobban v. Alford 76*
Haigh (prof.) v. Perthshire 65
W. S. Brown v. Banchory 64
A. L. Cobban v. King's College 61*
J. A. Gibb v. Arbroath 59
James Thomson v. Alford 52
Haigh (prof.) v. Huntly 50
* Not out.

The Stoneywood 2nd eleven had a pleasant day's outing at Oldmeldrum, where they drew with the home club. Scores—Stoneywood 26, Meldrum 17

for 4. The supper in Mortimer's was a high old function, the songs being immensely enjoyed. The visitors were highly delighted with the kind treatment they received at the hands of the Meldrum Club.

Cycling.

The clubs in the town and country have almost finished the season. It has been a very interesting one all through, though the weather as a whole has not been of the brightest, and it has been rendered historical by the formation of the N.D. of S.O.U., the inaugural meeting of which was so successful. The management of the Northern District of the Union is in excellent hands, and next year we are promised three race meetings, with a Challenge Cup for the Inter-Club Championship.

J. M'Rae, who has been riding well during the season, carried off the Five Miles Championship of the Granville the other evening in a walk from W. Bruce, with J. Halliday third.

A. Walton, jun., and Willie Yule were the stars at the Morayshire Club's races at Elgin, Walton running away with the ten miles scratch race and three miles handicap, but Dewar of Inverness lowered both their colours in the mile safety handicap, being served with a tall start. Yule was second, and Walton third. Billie was second to the northern champion in the three miles.

The Bon-Accord's run to the White Horse was again a great success—dancing and singing as usual—but no ham, as the fire was built up with peats. The one who danced most with the deemie with the red coat (not bloake this time) has sworn to do to the death any one who tries to oust him. Rachel was in grand form, and will by and by take the bun. Mine hostess is quite wrong in blaming the two fellows for being Bon's correspondent. You should try again, Maggie, and saddle the right horse.

Rugby Football.

If you want your doings done justice to, gentlemen, send in your notices of Saturday matches and whispers thereon on Monday, or at latest First Post on Tuesday. Late tips received up to Wednesday.

The Rugby season opens to-day (Saturday) at the Thistle's Ground, Holburn, with the ever popular match, Ancients v. Moderns. Now that the plucky Thistle lads have got a ground of their own, it is to be hoped they will receive the support of all lovers of the carrying game. Turn up in your hundreds, gents., and give the champions a good kick-off.

Mr John Marshall presided at the general meeting of the Thistle, when the following office-bearers were elected for the season:—President, Mr D. M. M. Milligan; vice-presidents, Major C. K. Wood, R.E., and Mr W. O. Duncan; captain, J. Rennie; vice-captain, J. S. Walker; secretary and treasurer, G. M. Troup, 501 Great Western Road; grounds secretary, C. S. Proctor. Committee—Messrs J. Anderson, P. W. B. B'ain, Wm. Cruickshank, R. Harvey, A. M'Gregor, and A. Volam. 2nd XV.—Captain, Harry W. Bell. Committee—Messrs E. Horne, D. Murray, and R. Webster. The "champions" have a capital fixture card, and as they have already begun practice, and are as enthusiastic as ever, they may be trusted to hold their own against any of the city clubs, while the southerners, who look them up at Holburn, may count upon getting a good game—and a beating. Isn't that so, Captain Rennie?

Lost, stolen, or strayed, from the vicinity of Golden Square, the secretary of a junior Rugby Football Club. Finder will be rewarded on returning same to "The Grange." Go "Gas," Aberdeen.

Association Football.

The Northern League.

East End.....	3	Arbroath.....	0
Forfar Athletic.....	2	Harp.....	1
Aberdeen.....	3	Perth St Johnstone..	3

The table now reads:—

	Play'd	W.	L.	D.	For Agt.	Goals	Pts
East End	3	3	0	0	7	0	6
Forfar Athletic	4	3	1	0	16	10	6
Arbroath	4	3	1	0	13	12	6
Montrose	3	2	0	1	18	6	5
Our Boys	4	2	1	1	20	18	5
Johnstone Wanderers	3	2	1	0	7	6	4
Harp	3	1	2	0	13	8	2
St Johnstone	4	0	3	1	10	14	1
Aberdeen	4	0	3	1	11	21	1
Fair City Athletic	4	0	4	0	4	24	0

A win counts 2 points; a draw 1 point.

Honours Equal at Chanonry.

In cricket phraseology, the Aberdeen and Perth St Johnstone made an effort to break their duck's egg in the Northern League Championship, which they managed to do with equal honours—3 goals each. The visitors were fully represented, but Cobban was still an absentee from the whites, and Willie Key being unable to come north, a rearrangement of the locals was resorted to, Frank "Watt" going centre, while chubby little Fred of that ilk took the inside left position, and Ramsay resumed his old place at goal. There was a good attendance, and the spectators were treated to some excellent football on both sides, and an intensely exciting game throughout. There was little to choose between the teams, and a draw correctly represented the play. Both goalkeepers were good, and the backs most excellent. Robertson and Elliot are a capital pair, but Alec Wood and the evergreen Captain Tom, took a slight lead. The visiting halves were superior as a line to the local trio, but Colin Ross was the pick of the lot, playing in a dashing and taking style, his tackling being positively brilliant. Thomson did some clever things, but was spasmodic, and Ewen—well, he lagged terribly, and failed to do justice to himself. Black played a pretty game, and together with Burnfield and Buttar shared the honours forward. Frank "Watt" played a wear and tear game in centre, and for a first start in this onerous position he did fairly well. His brother knows the game thoroughly, and ought to improve with a fair trial. Hay and Masson were not a success, though the latter outwitted the backs once or twice rather cleverly.

The Orion Have It All Their Own Way at Central Park.

The visitors on Saturday were the Mossend Swifts, and though they are not the Swifts of old by a long chalk, still we were not prepared for such a dismal failure on their part. They were outclassed at all points, and have to thank their stars the defeat was not a greater one than 6 goals to 1, as the locals had rather hard lines of scoring several times, Russell clearing his lines most miraculously. Though only one point was registered in the first half, the Orion had almost all the play uphill. On crossing over, the stripes simply ran clean away from their opponents, the whole team playing in beautiful unison, piling on point after point with surprising rapidity. The game was altogether too one-sided to be interesting, but the fine performance of the locals gave intense pleasure to their supporters. Edwards filled Archie's place in goal, and though he got very little to do, what danger did threaten him he turned aside very smartly indeed, and the Orion are decidedly fortunate in having a reserve custodian of his merits. Foote and Mackay did their work well. The latter is coming on capitally, and should develop into a most capable defender. Baird played a showy, energetic game at half, travelling very fast, and invariably "coming off." As usual he wandered very much, but his wanderings on this occasion were always of service. Low in centre gave a characteristic exhibition of the defensive game, his head work being particularly effective, while Wight displayed excellent judgment, placing very neatly to his forwards. The combined play of the front rank was the feature of the match, most strikingly in the second half. Leggat's play reminded us of his best days, passing, dribbling, and shooting in grand style. He was well supported by Forsyth, and Glog played nicely into his men's hands, being always in the right place, while Macfarlane and Fraser worked well together. The Mossenders played disjointedly from start to finish, and never got settled down. Ramsay was all right, and the backs kick well, but the man in white seemed a little "off." The halves kicked too strongly, and failed to play to their forwards, all of whom gave a poor display, bar Morris.

Other Matches.

Clifton 9, Rosemount 4; Junior Abercorn 2, Fair City 2; Granite City 10, Minerva 1; East End 2, Renton 0; Yallorai 5, Belmont Athletics 4; Cambridge 4, Renown 1; Strathmore 4, Renown Strollers 1; Cowslairs 2, Strathallan 1; Junior Woodside 4, Regent 0; Springbank 2 and 1 disputed, Junior Renown 2; St Ronald 4, Albion Thistle 2; Junior Bon-Accord 5, Woodburn Athletics 0; Thistle Rangers 6, Junior Strathmore 1; Scottish Thistle 4, Dr Bell's School 1; Heatherbell scratched with the Rovers; St Clair 2, Fenton 1; Brunton 5, Erskine 2; Athletics 2, Northern 0; St Clements 6, Vale of Dee 1; 2nd Athletics 5, 2nd East End 3; Junior Our Boys 4, Junior Northern 4; 1st A.V.R.E. 4, Stoneywood 1; Fraserburgh Hawthorn 3, Fife-Macduff 0; 2nd Fraserburgh Thistle 6, 2nd Macduff 2; Peterhead 4, Fraserburgh Thistle 1; Cruden Athletic 7, Boddam 2.

Good Show of the Vics. at Montrose.

With a weak team the Victoria United gave the Montrose a downright fright on their own ground. The Aberdonians got defeated by 2 goals to 1, but had they had their full team the result would have been the other way about. It takes a good lot to lower the colours of Keillor's men, and it was a decidedly meritorious performance of the Vics. to give them such a close run up with their scratch combination. Gray fills Cannon's place admirably, and is in better form now than ever he was. The new grounds of the blues will be ready in three week's time, and once they get fairly settled in their new quarters there is every likelihood of their becoming as formidable as they were last year. Good luck to them.

A Links Complaint.

An East-End writer writes:—The East End played the Renton on Saturday. It is the first time the East End have met them, and they think it will be the last, if their famous right-back plays. He did nothing all the game but kick and hack, and challenge the East End players to fight. It would be a good thing if the Association would handle this player. The Renton took the East End too cheap. The latter's forwards made a sore mess of the Renton defence, and perhaps this had something to do with the disgraceful way in which the individual above referred to behaved. Players should remember that however much they get shown up they should make an effort to keep their tempers.

**SEEN IN THE CROWD.
(AT CENTRAL PARK.)**



No. 1.—"THE REAL MACKAY."

Aberdeenshire v. Perthshire.

The Aberdeen team selected is:—A. Ramsay; T. Ketchen (captain), and A. Wood (Aberdeen); J. Wight (Orion), W. Stewart (Victoria United), and J. Ewen (Aberdeen); R. Turner (Victoria United), A. Macfarlane, W. Glog, T. Leggat (Orion), and F. Whitehead (Aberdeen).

Short Kicks.

By drawing with the St Johnstone the Aberdeen lads got their feet on the first step of the League ladder.

The front line of the whites wants strengthening badly, and the sooner the remodelling operation is performed the quicker will they mount up higher.

Nothing weakens a team more than incessant changes, but in this case the interests of the club demand it.

Therefore, select your best material, gentlemen of the committee, and give them a fair trial—i.e., several matches.

Tom Ketchen has scored a goal in each of the two matches he has played in this season. Well done, Mr K.

The little snugery at the top of the stand at Central Park was much appreciated by the pressmen, and we congratulate the club on being the first to provide accommodation for the gentlemen of the pen.

A capital view of the game is obtained, and the work of the scribblers is not only made much easier, but a great deal more comfortable.

The stand itself was much needed, and the "fanner" onlookers will now have the pleasure of observing the game with a degree of comfort that was out of the question under the old state of things.

Press and public thank you most heartily, gentlemen of the Executive, and seeing you have been at considerable expense in your endeavour to make things pleasant, it is to be hoped you will receive that amount of support which you deserve.

So far, the team has done its best to attract the people Kittybrewsterwards by winning in handsome style both its matches, and nothing more is wanted to make their season a profitable one than an attractive list of fixtures.

Pressmen are also to be honoured with a nice habitation all to themselves at Chanonry.

This is really good biz. Now, Mr Bisset, you mustn't be behind.

The Montrose haven't much to crow over in their defeat of the Vics.

The blues would have rubbed it in to some tune had the had been fully manned.

The Montrose will no doubt return the visit, and then—well, revenge is sweet!

The Peterhead meet the Aberdeen at Chanonry in the second round of the Scottish Cup ties to-day (Saturday), and will have their full team on the field.

The 2nd Aberdeen meet Blairgowrie Our Boys in the second round of the Scottish second eleven ties.

The Springbank Football Club subscription sheet unsuitable.

The Albert F.C. have the under-mentioned dates open:—3rd December, 18th February, and May 20th and 27th. Away from home preferred. Would Inverurie and Kintore oblige? William Ross, secretary, 2 Gordon's Court, 22 Gordon Street.

Peterhead has started well—first beating the Fraserburgh Wanderers by 3 to 1, and on Saturday following up their opening victory by defeating the Fraserburgh Thistle by 4 goals to 1 after one of the fastest games yet witnessed in Peterhead.

The back play of both teams was the feature of the match on Saturday, but the Peterhead forwards during the last 20 minutes played with great dash and telling effect—the combination was good.

The Peterhead captain played one of his finest games on Saturday, and seems to have entered into the game with renewed vigour this season. Long life to him, "Good old Nop."

The Fraserburgh captain was heard to remark when leaving the field, "I wadna hae cared if it had only been 3 to 1." Never mind, old boy, your team has left a much better impression on the Peterhead critics than the Wanderers did, and Peterhead will receive you back with open arms.

Peterhead football matters cannot be satisfactorily disposed of in the common six-day week, so to meet the requirements of the case a weekly meeting on Sunday afternoon at Inverurie Bridge has been arranged. The first one was a great success; on the Lord's Day too. Ma conscience!

Defeated but defiant still, the Thistle may yet show Peterhead how to be defeated on their own ground.

The Broch Cup-holders badly want practice. The 2nd Orion will stir them and the Wanderers up to-day (Saturday) and Monday.

HON. SECS. are reminded that the Best Footballs are branded <GGG> and are made by Geo. G. Bussey & Co., Sports Manufacturers, London, S.E., who issue a booklet of testimonials well worth writing for.

The Northern Handbook.

The "Northern Football Handbook" (Messrs Avery & Co., Aberdeen), should find its way into the pocket of every local devotee of the winter

pastime. Besides a capital litho-photo group of the champions of the 'Shire—the Victoria United—and a splendid litho-photo of the prince of local players—Willie Gloag, the popular captain of the Orion—it contains the laws of the game, information and instructions to referees, local and other fixtures (including the Junior League), and a host of information, which every one interested in the game should be in possession of. Walk up, gentlemen!—Price Twopence!

The Scottish League.

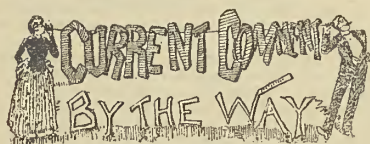
The Heart of Midlothian now head the list with 9 points. Details:—

	Plyd	W.	D.	L.	Goals		Pts
					For	Agst	
Heart of Midlothian	5	4	1	0	16	8	9
Rangers	4	4	0	0	14	6	8
St Mirren	5	3	0	2	17	9	6
Celtic	3	2	0	1	8	8	4
Third Lanark	4	2	0	2	11	10	4
Reuton	3	1	1	1	8	8	3
Dumbarton	3	1	0	2	5	6	2
Leith Athletic	4	1	0	3	7	8	2
Clyde	4	1	0	3	7	17	2
Abercorn	5	0	0	5	7	20	0

The English League Championship.

The League table is now growing interesting, and although we are only in the third week of the season, there are but two clubs undefeated, and these are Sunderland and Preston North End. Five of the clubs have not won a match, but not one of the sixteen is without a point. The table up to date is:—

	Plyd	W.	L.	D.	Goals		Pts
					For	Agst	
Preston North End	4	4	0	0	9	3	8
Aston Villa	4	3	1	0	8	7	6
Sunderland	3	2	0	1	14	3	5
Bolton Wanderers	3	2	1	0	5	3	4
Wolverhampton W.	3	2	1	0	6	4	4
Sheffield Wednesday	4	2	2	0	7	7	4
Burnley	4	1	2	1	5	5	3
Derby County	3	1	1	1	5	4	3
Blackburn Rovers	3	1	1	1	8	9	3
Stoke	4	1	2	1	7	9	3
Notts County	3	0	1	2	3	4	2
West Brom. Albion	2	1	1	0	3	4	2
Everton	3	0	1	2	5	8	2
Newton Heath	3	0	2	1	5	9	1
Notts Forest	3	0	2	1	5	7	1
Accrington	3	0	2	1	4	13	1



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

WANTED, a tutor, to give lessons on the piano to an Inverurie "knight of the pen," who, as yet, can only finger Kafoozlem. Female preferred; must be good-looking; hae some "bawbees," and be of a docile temperament. Letters of application can be left at the Station, Inverurie.

THRICE a week there is to be seen a great gathering at Lonmay Station. Two of these gatherings are held for the purpose of seeing one of the snobocracy and his fair dressy depart, and the other is to await the arrival of the ever-welcome *Bon.* with the doings of said couple duly chronicled. As the wooing is to be continued, further accounts will duly appear in our pages.

WE think that the two carters and Lang Bill out Rattray way might try and learn something more appropriate to sing when returning home to the bothy, in the glories of a Sabbath morning, than "Waes me for my Grannie's Cat!"

Two good, honest, steady-going Stonehaven Christians, who are famous as the authors of the "Colorado Beetle," and other poems, are believed to be responsible for the following semi-original production, the spirit of which is perhaps more sorrowful than it looks:—

Fierce raged the tempest o'er the field,
And "Braesies" barley had to yield,
His rage could hardly be concealed—
"Peace be still."

At night the wind began to rise
Beneath the murky Autumn skies;
Now low poor "Braesies" barley lies
Down the hill.

The wild wind roared along the brae
Towards the breaking of the day,
And "Braesies" grain was swept away
At its will.

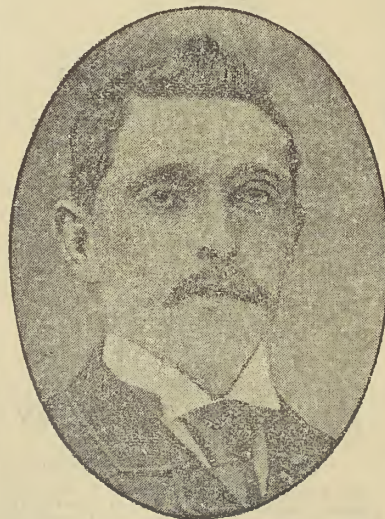
The tempest dies, the storm is o'er,
And "Braesies" stooks along the shore
Are lowly laid to rise no more—
"Peace be still."

THERE has been much weeping and lamentation heard about the woods of Braco since the departure of "Blythe Nelly," but cheer up, Bill, there's as good fish in the sea as ever yet cam' oot.

ELLON says it takes two dressmakers and two slaves to escort a certain man of sun and shadow on Sunday afternoon. We would advise him to take it gently, and stick to the one with whom he boated, and not be so greedy.

ST FERGUS—Notice is hereby given that a dancing class will be commenced out the Keyhead way, by one of the knights of the plane. Pupils who wish to learn such dances as the Irish jig, for further particulars should apply to Andra.

Bon.'s correspondent wishes to know why the Hatton dressies stand so much in their door in the evenings? Is it to inhale the pure balmy air, or to fascinate the chaps as they are passing by their sweet glances?



"SAMMY," BANCHORY-DEVENICK.

THE New Pitsligo Established Church pic-nic came off lately and proved a success, at least so thought the merchan' who escorted the select. But it appears to have proved gall to the pretty dears who returned home in the afternoon and repaired to the fortune tellers.

LOST, stolen, or strayed, a cabbager and a farmer's son from the vicinity of Straloch. Seen the other Sunday night engaged in a sweetie fight with two fair damsels at a farm not a hundred miles from Summerhill. Any information concerning them will be gladly received by their sorrowing friends.

BROCH writes:—Now my smart young man so well-known in town and county, you must be making up your mind pretty soon, seeing that the "tail o' the herrin'" season is upon us, and the time for marriage along with it. Now, which do you intend to take, the marriageable Tam O'Shanter young lady of the West End, or—? but you know yourself without us saying anything further.

AGAIN dear old Dunecht takes front pew for its Sunday behaviour. It can boast of many different ways of observing Sunday, but we think the following takes the bun. We are informed that a certain young man from near the vicinity of Springfield has started to amuse himself, after he gets the old elder off to church, by going to the fields and shooting the pigeons. In spite of his sister's motherly advice he armed himself with his gun and went off rejoicing, and after he had managed to bring down one pigeon he returned home in all his glory, no doubt thinking that *Bon.* had neither heard nor seen him. But, na, na, our special was on your track taking notes, and so beware. Farewell.

WOULD those three young ladies out the Portlethen way kindly make less noise on a Sunday night when going to the Post Office. Take time and don't run, and save the loonie's running after them to catch them. Take care *Bon.* is to watch again.

WHO was it that on Saturday night got into such an excited state about the way in which the prize list of the Netherley dancing competitions was published? "Dagon it!" train her up at home, Sandy, she kicks too much to be successful—less oil and a little more perseverance and she will lift everything next year, so cheer up, old boy.

THE Elgin apiarian grocer, in spite of all his struggles, has not been able this year to sustain the puff of interest that got up so suddenly last year about keeping bees. He should confine himself to exhibiting dogs.

LOST, a Braco fiddler's bow. Believed to have been left in a *nook* by the road side. The finder will be rewarded by applying at Tilly—Tilly—but the comp. says he'll be blowed if he can print the rest of the name.

A CERTAIN farmer at the foot of Benachie has been boasting much about how soon he is to get "harst" compared to his neighbours. Now, sir, you ought rather to be *sorry* for the poor and late crops of others than "blaw yer ain horn sae muckle."

A CRACKED skull or skinned nose is sometimes excusable, but we would really draw the line at a Strathdon grocer sitting in the church with such a disreputable countenance as he exhibited on a recent Sunday. Take our advice, dear boy, and stay at home and wear the tartan cap well over the eyes until it gets better.

CLOTHES pole lost out the Cothal way; last seen parading the Cothal Road with a young gardener in Highland bonnet and crest. Any information regarding the said clothes pole will be thankfully received by J—.

THE dance held at a certain lodge up Aboyne way the other night was a howling success, and so much howling was done that some of the dead in the kirkyard were awakened. The gardener who was M. C. was hilarious, and did his work with no little howling. Dan, of course, had to give vent to his harmonious (?) Scotch sangs. We hope next time you meet again you will give the kirkyard a wider berth, so that the dead can sleep on. Give them a chance, Dan!

WOULD that young fisherman out the Portlethen way who looks so much after his old boatie put it in a glass case, or something of that kind, and save people from being bothered so much by them. Look out, Sandy!

DID the bonnie lassie at Brucklay think there were none of our reporters around when she said to a lady and gentleman—"There is none but the aristocracy of people that get into *Bon*." Surely she will be pleased this week when she sees herself amongst them. I doubt you're caught this time, lassie!

WOULD the garden-chappie from the Bush and his lady-love when out walking keep on the road, as the turnip field by Den Finella is not a nice place to walk in, and no doubt the farmer would like to keep a few for winter use. Look out, J., my boy. We're on the warpath.

THE Portlethen Volunteers held their annual shooting match the other Saturday. The day was fine, and there was a good supply of Bacchus, which was also fine. Most of the Bacchanals' bullets landed in the herring pond in the back ground. We want to know when the four bottles of whisky are to be sent to the winner. A very acceptable prize, ye know.

A NOVELTY in the propagation of news has just been started at Netherley. It is called the *Rose Mail*, it speaks for itself, and all contributions are inserted free. Warranted to clatter all the year round.

How was it that the young lady from Lower Buxburn made her appearance in church after service was begun? Was it the pressure of household duties, or had the latest London—no, no, they had nothing to do with it.

As our correspondent out New Pitsligo way was taking his evening stroll he overheard a young lady singing the following:—

"Oh, I am rosy-cheeked and bonnie,
Charle he's as sweet as honey,
And I hope he'll marry me,
When he can raise the money."

Ta-ra-ra!

BONNYKELLY says—"Oh love it is a gentle thing." Yes, but it is rather powerful at times. For instance, when you wish to pop the old, old question, Peter out Cranhill way says, "It's the powerfulest thing I felt when I askit Annie for a kiss comin' hame fae the games o' Oldwhat. Lor, min, I wis in a cauld swite."

FYVIE wants to know what is exactly the matter with half a score young chaps who haunt the region lying between Ardlaw and Fyvie Kirk. There must be some decided attraction, and it is only fitting that the quiet country feukies should be fully familiar with the circumstances. Some come on iron velocipedes, and some make the journey from the Broch by sundry lifts in one cart or another. Young chaps please let us hear.

THE gathering of the clans took place at Ardoo on Saturday night, and all got on well until they reached the vicinity of Heathcot, when their leader expired, and a dreadful struggle followed. Part of a young farmer was picked up next morning, but has not been identified yet. Should this meet the eyes of his parents, they can have him on paying expenses. You will need to steady up, my boy Billie O!

THE good folks of Dunecht would very much like to know what attraction that young man from the Mansion had to attend the Games' Ball the other Friday night and stand at the door so long when he had not got a ticket. Was it to see the man that was looking after the bottle, or did he only come down to bid his fair ones goodnight before he went to bed? Eh?

RORA whispers that a certain farmer's son from the Duthil district's matrimonial views are further away than the Brae. So all that the young lady and her mother can do is of no use, as she is not in it. We hope she will take the hint in time.

OVERHEARD at Aboyne:—A few worthies are sagely discussing the cholera epidemic. One says, "O, there's nae fear o' the cholera comin' tae Aboyne 's lang's the Aul' Kirk's tae the fore." "Aye," says another, "there's naethin' like a gweed gless o' the Aul' Kirk for keepin' aff infection. Aye, min, it's a gran' thing for a sorts o' trouble, 'deed is it." Good old Aboyne!

THE Lonmay milk-maids have now secured a pony and trap to carry them to and from the last train in the evenings. Needle-stitchers please note. Services no longer required, eh?

BAZAAR nicht, Auld Deer. Seen, dragged along the streets, a gairdner loon in the clutches of an auld widdy. Anyone bold enough to come to the rescue will be handsomely rewarded by his angry parents.

LOST, from the vicinity of Tullynessle, an Aunt Sally. Last seen in a yard among the berries. Any information will be gladly received by Robbie.

"It's nice to have a pony and trap to drive about with any Sunday you like." *Bon*, heard these remarks on Monday near the hide and tallow establishment, Peterhead, from "Jockie," who was relating his Sunday's experiences to some of his cronies.



D(r)ogs, Ballater.

KINTORE can at least boast of one absent-minded individual, when a man takes a railway ticket, pays for it, and then at his journey's end finds he left it on the counter. However, the electric wire put things straight.

BUT when the same individual returns from his trip, by early train, to resume his official duties, and finds he has left the key of his castle behind there is something queer. The lum hat and frock-coat had a good airing.

THE panic on Tuesday morning didn't last long. A broken pane, &c., gave admission, although the key was tint.

BUXBURN says that was a nice action of Janet and Jeannie last Sunday night, supplying the three weary cyclists with both food and drink, and the only drawback to the success of the affair was the fear in Janet's mind about being put in *Bon*. You see, *Bon*, was not far off, and if the names of the two cyclists who did the mash were known they would be put in to keep you company, lassies.

HEARD IN THE WOODS OF PITTODRIE.

"OH, Annie, Annie dear," quo' he,
"My hert is sair, I'm like tae dee,
Ye'll surely, surely, pity me,
My bloom o' Benachie."

LIST to a tale of the bounding wave,
Whereby three rovers nigh found their grave!
It was a well-known Aberdeen cattle salesman, a friend of his from England, and an Ellon farmer, who is a gallant ex-ship captain. They went to Newburgh to ply the gentle piscatorial art upon the finny tribes of the deep, deep sea. But lo! ere they had been long dangling bait, a wind rose up out of the east and capsized their "Great Eastern," so that they were severally seriously soaked. And the cries for help that went up to the listening heavens would have melted the heart of anyone but the Newburgh fisherman who looked on and grinned. The gallant ex-cap. clung to the —no, nailed his colours to the mast, and would not surrender. "After sailing the world to be drowned in an old hulk of a boat." Never! So they calmly waited, and the tide washed them ashore wet and weary but, thank heaven, what they cared most for, alive. Bravo! good old Ellon!

WANTED, immediately, a supply of finger rings, large size, on loan, for the Banchory Dramatic Club.

THE Maud cat concert is now a thing of the past, but it was more than a seven days' gossip, for lately one old lady was heard to remark that the purring of one cat was like the "skirlin' o' a he horse." We hear that B. still has a place in A.'s heart, and also at the little gate. But beware, ye "nail-drivers," for *Bon*. does not go to bed so early as you think.

DURRIS thought it was very kind of the young man who last Saturday night escorted the slavie for her milk to ask her when passing the Kirton shop if she would have a few sweeties. It is not to be wondered that he felt it in his heart to show his appreciation

in some manner, when at the farm she claimed him as her dear brother. It is evident she likes sweeties, as the merchant was favoured with an order for a half pound of his *very best*. We think he should make her a present of a few hankies, as it was painful to see the way she made use of her *Brown kid gloves* last Sunday in church.

THERE is at present a great craze in the Cathedral City for allowing ladies to drive conveyances, even although there may be gentlemen in the company. Occasionally women, who are known to be mortally afraid of a mouse, are to be seen hysterically driving a full dog-cart down the street. The latest victim to the weakness is the wife of —no, we won't tell!

KILTS versus BREEKS.

THE "kilt" side is going to get a lift from the Roseheartly masher. The thin edge of the wedge, viz., the Glengarry bonnet, was on view last Thursday. The kilt and plaidie are in the hands of the outfitter. Look out for a "calf" that would grace the Black Watch!



DYCE.

FINTRAY says that poor Mary declares she has had her revenge now for that egg business. The whin bush in the bed was quite the thing—"Aye wis it."

THE people out Fintray and Cothal way are determined to have a fox hunt on Sunday, as a woodland tod is often seen prowling in the woods of Cothal on Sunday afternoons. There is three guineas of a reward for the tail of the fox. Ganners and doggers to meet at Cothal. It would be well for the neighbouring farmers to lock up their pretty bantam hens till the tod has been caught.

A BROCHER wants to know how he can get rid of what he calls a nuisance in the West End or aristocratic part of the town. A "kist of whistles" is there manipulated often, and so vehemently that it makes the plates clatter in the rack. There is no remedy we know except a complaint to the authorities for breach of the peace.

AUCHNAGATT to the front!—Lost, a young chappie, hailing from the Annochie direction; last seen standing at the corner of the time—Finder rewarded at P.J. office Auchnagatt.

PRESIDENTIAL address at the disintegration of the Stoneywood Useful Knowledge Association—

S. U. K.'s* wha hae wi' chairman fed,
S. U. K.'s wham "Jim" has often led,
Welcome to your narrow bed,
Or to Liberty.

Now's the day and now's the hour,
See! there stands "Sir William's" four,
Hear their din and note their power,
Wrangling angrily.

Wha will be a caucous knave?
Wha would fill a touter's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Join the N. P. D.†

Wha for Knowledge, Power, and Law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him stand by me.

By cantankerous woes and pains,
By our aims in sensual strains,
We will rack our cleverest brains,
But we shall be free.

Lay the mean usurpers low,
Braggarts fall in every foe,
Liberty's in every row,
Let us do and see.

*Stoneywood Useful Knowledge.
†Newhills Parliamentary Debating.

THE man-pic-nic party from Stonehaven arrived at Rickarton, after a desperate struggle with the "provesh," and the feast began in real earnest. The attack was prolonged and heavy, and the forces, wearied with much feasting, finally crawled under a tree, where a quiet "nap" was indulged in. The youth, who on the homeward journey got a quarter-mile bare-back ride on a big country horse, thought he had by a long way the best of the situation, and did not scruple to "take the size" of his horseless friends as he triumphantly rode on in front. But the laugh from the other side was not far off. When the rider dismounted he found himself in possession of the most lovely pair of breeks in the company, and if "Watson's Matchless" can restore them to anything like their original appearance it is not at all a bad soap.

FRASERBURGH is a queer place, with queer folks, whose habits and mannerisms are queer also. There are one or two institutions in Fraserburgh that the old type Brocher never notices. None strikes the stranger more than the little failing a certain baker has to disport every Sunday on Fish Cross Street his fine "snow-white-

seventeen-hundred-linen," while on week nights he parades (with a jolly air of "work is over") in his striped "starcher." Habits like these are not uncommon in Fraserburgh, and point clearly to the unsophisticated "never-in-city" habits of the "sma' toons."

WHO is the young Elgin scribe whose girl waits for him outside while he goes in to get a "wet" in the "Grecian" previous to starting for their nightly walk?

WHAT was the cause of the extraordinary laughter of the covey of four young footballers at the foot of Commerce Street, Elgin, on Monday night? Perhaps it was the emptiness of the town at half-past ten that made the noise resound so loud.

Does the knight of the title in the Maryculter district want to select a few of the fair sex for matrimonial views? If so, we hope the molly will succeed in helping him in all his undertakings. Aye, aye, Jim.

WITH the smashing of the hall window, the ringing of the fire bell, and the howling of would-be actors emerging from rehearsal, Banchory was a scene of tumult on the evening of Friday last. O, jealousy! thou green-eyed monster.

SOME of the inhabitants of Stonehaven felt somewhat uneasy when knowledge of the expected arrival of a vessel from a cholera-infected country was proclaimed. "What sort of a disease is it," asks a citizen, "and how is it treated?" Well, so far, it is like this:—The subject is apt to suddenly stiffen up like a kitchen poker, and the first treatment is a plump into a warm bath. If the pulse rises warm blankets are prepared, if it falls it means timber. Cholera is not a nice thing to have.

NOTICE to the public of Peterhead.—The Sunday flower shows at Invergie Bridge are to be discontinued from this date "till green leaves come again." By order of the sole proprietor.

THE reverend "John" was right when on his last visit to Elgin he said that the people of Elgin could not sing. To look at the long list of announcements in the newspapers one would think that it was not for want of teachers. One wielder of the baton seems to have made it a point to put good, bad, and indifferent young ladies in his church choir. It may be all right from a business point of view, but vocally, not even he can make a silk purse out of a soo's lug.

NOTICE—Estimates are wanted to erect a shelter for three Dunecht Mansion young ladies and their laddies, and not have them standing and shivering at the side of the Chapel in a cold and rainy night like what Monday last was. Offers will be received at once.

THE King Steet, Peterhead, wide-awake squad say that the ninth part of a man did not enjoy himself so well as he expected when he escorted the two slaveys home on Monday night. "Splash, splash went the rain." So sings Mary!



AN UDNY ORGANIST.

RESIDENTERS in Back Street, Fraserburgh, want to know how to be rid of the "courting nuisance." This is the awful name those people give to the good old time-honoured sweet tale-telling. The complaint is that every door-way is blocked at night, every entry filled, outside doors opened and entered, and lobbies crammed; and the epidemic rages worst not a 100 miles from a certain cycle store. *Bon.*'s proposal is to start a courting club, rent some of the vacated fish-workers' quarters, and get it luxuriously upholstered.

THE young spillshaver who has been lately by day and night haunting the vicinity of Back Street, Peterhead, throwing kisses and making other mysterious signs to the terror of the inhabitants had better look to himself. *Bon.* and the bobby are on your track, and will made you "move on" between them.

WANTED, some one to look after the slaves out Ardneedy way. None but joskins need apply.

"PARTING is such sweet sorrow" that it has become an absolute nuisance to the modern railway official, and it is not confined to taking place between friends who are going long distances. In that case a little public show might be excusable. But when such large numbers of English visitors come to the north of Scotland, they bring so many of their affected customs with them that were the Scotch nature at heart not so much against it, the fashion of kissing on the cheek among women parting for a few hours would be in danger of being adopted by the north country ladies. Elgin receives its share of the visiting host, and the corner man can easily see some interesting scenes at the railway station. On Saturday evening the parting between two young ladies (one going out to Garmouth, it is suspected) at the Great North station was so affectionate that, to prevent accident, the porter had to lift one of the young ladies off the foot-board in his arms. Who would not be a porter after this?

OTHER places may rave about cholera and cab-horses, but the question of the hour in Peterhead is the following:—What takes the two kirk town lassies so often to the Marischal street news-agent's shop? Is it to expend a nimble brown on our respected sheep? Handsome reward to any one clearing up the mystery. Come away now girlies, but don't crowd round the door.

WANTED, for Sandhaven, a young man to relieve a lady grocer of her monotonous calling. Strictly confidential.

The Prize Competition.
(COUNTRY.)

MR JAMES MACKAY, Luton Cottage, Cults (good old Cults!), "hauls in" the joyous Kudos. Hereafter followeth picture and verbal illustration.



"This picture is like Aberdeen—
A lad twa sprightly girls between—
Right, Kitty Brewster here we see;
Left, Mary Culter by the Dee."

Next week the prize will be given for the best

LOVE SONG

of sixteen lines. May be written in English or Doric.

Conditions as before.

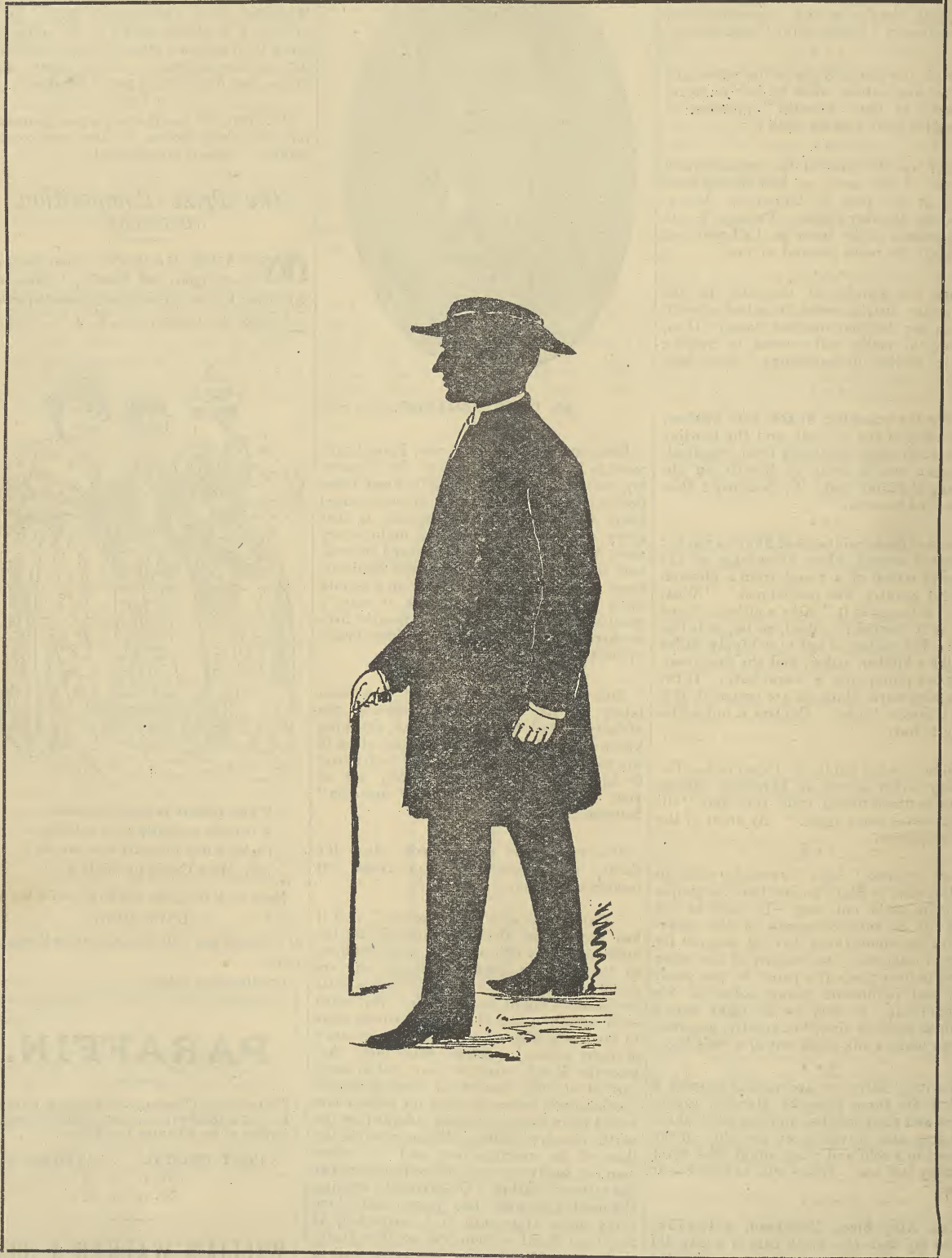
PARAFFIN.

TO effect a Clearance of a Large Purchase of PARAFFIN, we offer Single Casks in Aberdeen at the following Low Prices:—

FINEST CRYSTAL, ..	5½d	per Gallon.
No. 1, ...	5d	..
No. 2, ...	4½	..

WILLIAM WALKER & SON,

TINSMITHS, IRONMONGERS, AND OIL MEECHANTS,
26 AND 28 NETHERKIRKGATE, ABERDEEN.



H. M. CHAPLAIN, Crathie.

WILLIAM WALKER & SONS'
UNRIVALLED TEAS.

The Lessened Duty, and the continued Enormous Importation, enable the Subscribers to offer for Cash their Unrivalled Teas at the following prices per lb. :-

1/-, 1/2, 1/6.

These Teas are the Rich and Varied Products of the Gardens of

INDIA, CHINA, and CEYLON,

and are sold as they arrive in all their freshness and fragrance direct from the Chest.

No packeted Teas are allowed into stock, as Tea when put into packets rapidly loses all its distinguishing characteristics, crispness, and flavour, by humidity of climate, and contiguity to smell-yielding things.

Those who retain their preference for the Highest Qualities and Selected Growths of Tea, now participate in the full reduction made on the other kinds

52 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN.



RICK COVERS
AND
SHEEP NETS.

John Taylor & Co.,

ROPE, TWINE, OAKUM, TARPULING, AND NET MANUFACTURERS.

SHEEP NETS, LORRY, RICK, and WAGGON COVERS, FISHING LINES, CANVAS, HESSIANS, OILS, BELTING, WASTE, &c. *All Goods of the Best Description.*

Works—PARK ROAD.

OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE—

3 and 4 REGENT QUAY, ABERDEEN.

Mattresses and Feather Bedding

THOROUGHLY CLEANED AND PURIFIED
By NEW STEAM PROCESS, at the
ASYLUM FOR THE BLIND,
HUNTLY STREET.

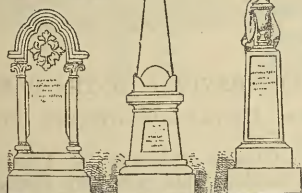
HAVING procured New Machinery, with all the latest Improvements, for the Cleaning and Purification of Bedding by Steam Process, Work sent to the Asylum can be thoroughly executed.

Note.—The only Establishment in the North of Scotland having Appliances where Bedding can be properly Cleaned and Purified. Orders will receive Prompt Attention. W. MESTON, Manager.

THE Celebrated "QUEENSBERRY" BOXING GLOVES. 15s per Set (Four.)
PLAYFAIR, Union Bridge.

J. HUTCHEON,
SCULPTOR.

KING STREET.



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

Bon-Accord Ballads.
ONE SHILLING.

CHIVAS BROTHERS,



Purveyors to H.M. The Queen,
BEG to draw attention to their Choice Stock of

WINES, WHISKIES, BRANDIES, &c.,
all thoroughly Matured in their own Cellars:

SPECIALITIES:

Pure Bordeaux CLARET, 16/- per Doz

Very Choice 1/- duty SHERRY, 21/- and 24/- per Doz.

Sole Agents for the

AUSTRALIAN WINE IMPORTERS (LIMITED)

SAMPLES MAY BE HAD ON APPLICATION.

They also hold a very Choice Selection of

HAVANA & MANILLA CIGARS & CHERROOTS,
AND TEA

New CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES.

CHIVAS BROTHERS,



Purveyors to H.R.H. The Prince
of Wales,
KING STREET and UNION PLACE,
ABERDEEN.

Forest Trees.

HARDY ORNAMENTAL CONIFERS.

EVERGREEN TREES AND SHRUBS.

FRUIT TREES AND ROSES,
HEDGES, &c.

All are Fibrous-Rooted, Robust, and Grown Unsheltered.

SENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

SPECIAL OFFERS FOR LARGE QUANTITIES AND CARRIAGE RATES REDUCED.

CATALOGUES POST FREE.

Ben. Reid & Co.

FOREST TREE NURSERIES, ABERDEEN.

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

BEST ENGLISH MURTON WALLSEND COALS, .. 21/-
NORTHUMBERLAND COALS, .. 20/-
LARGE ENGLISH TREBLE NUTS, .. 19/-
SMALL NUTS, .. 17/-
FINEST SOUTH HETTON WALLSEND, 22/-
(Extra Superior Quality.)

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

ISAAC EMSLIE,

BOOKBINDER AND PAPER-RULER,
54 CASTLE STREET.

(Directly opposite Municipal Buildings.)

All kinds of work Neatly and Cheaply done.
MAGAZINES A SPECIALITY.

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

A NOVEL SUGGESTION.

NOVELS FOR THE MILLION.

ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN,
ITALIAN, SPANISH

NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

COW-HIDE, GLADSTONE, BRIEF,
AND OTHER HAND-BAGS.

Cheapest House in Scotland.

WALKER & COMPANY,

19 BRIDGE STREET,

ABERDEEN.

WAVERLEY HOTEL, Guild St.,

IS admirably adapted for MARRIAGES, DINNERS, SUPPERS, DRAWING-ROOM ENTERTAINMENTS, and other Private Social Functions.

HOT LUNCHEONS

From 12 to 3 Daily.

MODERATE CHARGES. CAPITAL CUISINE.

JAMES SMITH, Proprietor.

J. T. Low,

TAILOR AND RENOVATOR,

9 FLOURMILL BRAE.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING
CLEANED, DYED, REPAIRED, OR
ALTERED. PRESSING by Practical Tailors.
Country Orders Promptly Attended to.

The Cheapest Shop in Town.

SPECIAL MIXTURES, .. 4d per lb.
CHANNEL MIXTURES, .. 6d per lb.

A Large Consignment of **TINNED SALMON** just to hand, in first-class condition. Prices—4½d, 6d, 7d, 8d, and 9d.

Dozens of Barrels just arrived of the very best Mixed Biscuits, 4d and 6d per lb. Value cannot be surpassed.

MUTCH'S Provision Stores,

93 GEORGE STREET, ABERDEEN.

HOLLOWAY'S
PILLS AND OINTMENT

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

MANUFACTURED ONLY AT

78 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And Sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

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

THE "A1" GOLF BALLS.
PLAYFAIR, UNION BRIDGE

TOWLE'S PENNYROYAL and STEEL PILLS for females, quickly correct all irregularities, remove all obstructions, and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes, 1s 1½d and 2s 9d, of all Chemists. Sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by the Maker, E. T. TOWLE, Chemist, Nottingham. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

The Letter Basket.

HANS VON RECKLINGHAUSEN.—Glad to hear from you, mein freund, and especially glad to hear that das kolera-morbus has still left your gracious countenance to cheer the frauleins of the Vaterland. Stick to your pipe, old man; that's the best kind of fumigation; and dare disease. By the way, you put us in mind of a play we saw some years ago—"Hans across the sea."



Auf wiedersehen!

BUCK.—See last half note to T. D.

B. B.—Church-goers often meet by chants.

S. F.—No. The lazy man is never out of a job.

KOCH.—They say in Berlin that Virchow is his own reward.

TOO PERSONAL.—C. G., Mosstown, Dinnet, J. Witherhead.

FLANNEL SHIRT.—You should be now off for the summer.

C. E.—After the "pace" that kills comes—Requiescat in pace.

LIP.—Do you know what Daeming said? "No noose is good news."

HIGH PRIEST OF CULTURE.—You want to know? With pleasure. A. M. G.

T. D.—Nothing to pay. All we ask is full name and address, which you didn't send.

A. K. (Stewartfield).—Learn to spell, and then we'll look at your pars. Not before.

JIM.—



direct!

TAUSENDORFF.—Some German bands are better than oth— No, hold on; that isn't it. Some German bands are worse than others.

DIVORCEE.—You rarely resemble the honest shoemaker in that you don't stick to your last.

BUILDER.—The top round of a ladder is an imaginary one; no one has ever reached it yet.

JOE.—"Irish women want home rule," you say. How remarkably like other women they are.

J. C.—Too many people are electric lights at church and tallow-dips, twenty to the pound, at home.

B. P.—Mr Sullivan is doing as well as can be expected, but, nevertheless, he is nervous and extremely wristless.

CEDAR.—Some men are so penurious that they keep everything they get hold of except the ten commandments.

ELDER.—Your poem makes us think that in intellectual abilities you are about the size of the berry of that persuasion.

ORANGE.—The cause of religion must be languishing in Ireland. There hasn't been a murder there for some time.

R. H.—Perhaps the time that a woman most feels that she is the full equal of any man is when she has begun to feel at home on a bicycle.

HARRY.—A man will not submit to be called either a puppy, a hound, or a cur, but if he is pronounced a sad dog he accepts the stigma as if it were a compliment.

CAP. TAYLOR.—You talk of getting a stipendiary magistrate to lay down the law. There are a few lawyers in Aberdeen who, we think, should be prevailed on to do the same thing.

ANTI-CAPITAL PUNISHMENT sends in an eighty ton article, headed, "Does hanging prevent murder?" Well, if anybody knows of a man thus punished who did a second murder let him up and say so.

A. E. V.—We reply to you in that well-known lines of James Russell Lowell's—"Whence? Whither? Wherefore? How? Which? Why?" You may remember that we expressed this opinion some time ago.

M. T.—When a girl says "no," there may be some brightness in the future, but when she says "I will always feel like a sister toward you," it's time to hunt up a clothes-line and a good substantial cross-beam.

MIRIAM sends us a lengthy article on "Children and how to feed them." She casually remarks, "If a child does not thrive on fresh milk, boil it." Oh, Miriam, this is too severe. Why not spank it?

J. A. W.—No more of your jaw—so personal too, and so egotistical. There are some folks so all-fired egotistical that when they go to a funeral they get mad because other folks pay so much attention to the corpse.

LILY LANGTRY.—Fashionable nomenclature for society and stage has dictated that "no lady wear dresses, costumes or toilets at present, but frocks and gowns." And it might have added that some ladies wear very little of these.

POMP.—Good mornin', sah. We am berry sorry to hear of your bereavement. Chickens is deliteful for supper, and the skunk that cleaned your hen-ery should be 'arriet to death! Wah!



AGITATOR sends us a pamphlet in which he remarks that the biggest fool in the world is the woman who marries a man who drinks. You are wrong, Agie! Not the biggest. There's the man.

How He Died.

NO martial strains rang in his ears,
No shouts of conquest greeted,
But absent alike were victors' cheers
And wails of the defeated.

No Nelson's death met he where mad
Fierce conflicts hot were raging,
On cruiser smart or huge ironclad,
Our island foes engaging.

Not in forlorn hope, nor in high emprise,
Historic field upon
Did he fall, with the eager straining eyes
Of a continent looking on.

Not so! not so! but he died, ah, me!
In the mad attempt to get lighted
On a wall a match which could not be,
Save on its own box, ignited.

FLIP-FLAP.



THE REVIVAL OF THE BANG.

MRS CASPAR—"Livingston, are you crazy?"

MR CASPAR—"Not at all. I looked into your boudoir while you were having your hair dressed, and thought you'd like it if I had my valet synchronize me."

ON the frontier—The bald heads.
THROUGH by daylight—The Sun.

ORDER YOUR

HYACINTHS

AND OTHER

BULBS

From CARDNO & DARLING,

11 Bridge Street,

ABERDEEN.



VERY CLOSELY RELATED.

On the Wrong Tack.

THERE is a young man on one of the daily papers in a city not a hundred miles from this, who is the yachting reporter, and also assists in doing musical criticism. He is a very obliging young man, and very seldom refuses an invitation to step round the corner and see how the excise laws are working. One day last week he spent his afternoon in looking up some yachting news, and in the evening he went to a concert. After the concert he adjourned to a neighbouring resort, where he wrote up his copy and sent it down to the office. This is what the managing editor received at 1 a.m. :—

“Miss Florence Simpson’s grand concert took place last evening in the Music Hall, in the presence of a large and distinguished audience. The tide was half-flood, the wind N. by N. W., $\frac{3}{4}$ N., and the sky rather squally. It was a fine night for a concert, and the way some of the old dowagers running down the centre passage cracked on sail would have delighted an old-time clipper-ship skipper. Though the weather did look squally, every blessed one of the old hookers had up her topmast stuns’ls, and was boiling along at about twelve knots an hour.

“The concert began with Weber’s familiar and well-loved overture to ‘Oberon.’ The preparatory gun was fired at 7.15, and the starting signal was given at 8.5. The conductor of the orchestra sent up his club top-sail, and then let it go down by the run. The first violins crossed the line with the wind aft, sliding along as peacefully as mice. The double basses were admirable in unity of sentiment and precision, but even with

their maintopmast staysails up they were no match for the single stickers.

“When the fleet was off the Torry Lighthouse, Miss Florence Simpson, who had been loafing about in the rear, came up with a rush under full sail; but as soon as she struck the front of the stage, a lively squall swept down from the W. by N., and she took in all her light canvas, skimming along like a bird under reefed lower sails. Her lines showed well, and there is no denying the fact that she is a veritable skimmer of the high seas; and, before the present racing year is over, will bring some of the knowing ones to grief.

“Miss Simpson has a clear though small soprano voice, which she uses with considerable judgment, showing the results of careful schooling; but just before rounding the goal she carried away her weather back-stay,

and had to be handled rather gingerly after that. She’s a stiff boat in a breeze of wind, having her greatest beam at the waist, where she needs it most.

“Miss Simpson sang ‘E Susanna non vien,’ from Mozart’s ‘Nozze di Figaro.’ When she gets about four feet added to her topmast, and a new bobstay plate put in, she will probably resume her old form and show the whole fleet her wake. The race was not sailed inside of the stipulated eight hours; but Wagner came in ahead, crossing the line about sixty yards ahead of Beethoven, who had to luff up close to avoid running down the A. Dvorak, a fishing smack, which seemed to think it owned the earth and the waters under the earth.”

This article was framed and hung up as an evidence of good faith and bad libations.

TRICOTRIN.

An Innovation.



HE—“Not going in this style? Indeed I am, if you go as you are. It’s a low neck cut away, and has this advantage over your costume—it has a back to it.”

THE BEST VALUE
IN

Footballs

(RUGBY AND ASSOCIATION),

FROM

6/6 to 12/6

THE

CELEBRATED **←CGB→** BRAND

And Balls used by the Leading Clubs in the Country.

LARGE STOCK OF

FOOTBALL REQUISITES

TO SELECT FROM.

SPORTING OUTFITS

IN

**Cricket,
Lawn Tennis,
Golf,
Indian Clubs,
Dumb Bells,
Lawn Bowls,
Fencing,
Boxing,**

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Country Orders Receive Prompt and Careful Attention.

Playfair,

Union Bridge, Aberdeen.



GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH, neither does

THE "REAL" SANDY COOK,

THE FINEST Scotch Whisky,

As shipped to the Colonies, &c., and recommended by the Medical Faculty as an aid to Digestion.

Shipped by

A. COOK, JUN.

Dr. Koch with his new-fangled lymph preparation, Consumption's wild ravage may speedily end; But we in declining his boon innovation, "Sandy Cook" for consumption must still recommend. Abandoned are now all the old-fashioned notions Prescribed and compounded in Pharmacy's book; Our "ownest" M.D.s ne'er prescribe nasty potions, But a dram three times daily of real "Sandy Cook"

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

2 & 4 UPPERKIRKGATE, Aberdeen.

PRESENTATION RACKETS.
PLAYFAIR, UNION BRIDGE, Aberdeen.

GREAT CLEARING SALE

Of the Whole Extensive Stock of

Furniture, Bedsteads, Bedding, Carpets, Linoleums, Curtains, and Curtain Material.

J. ELLICOCK.

Household Removal Contracting with Covered Vans. Furniture Stored.

100 George Street, Aberdeen.

ESTABLISHED 1830.

BOXING GLOVES
PLAYFAIR, UNION BRIDGE, Union Street.

A RAT.

CHARLES SOUTER,

Practical Verminist,

Calls personally and Extenuates Rats without causing smell or inconvenience.

Address:—107 COMMERCE STREET, Aberdeen.

GOLD Gem and Engagement Rings, 6s 6d to 7s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 15s, 18s, 20s, 25s, 30s, 35s, 40s, and 45s each. Massive Gold Wedding Rings, 5s, 5s 6d, 6s, 6s 6d, 7s, 7s 6d, 8s, 8s 6d, 9s, 9s 6d, 10s, 10s 6d, 11s 6d, 12s 6d, 15s, 18s, and 20s each. Gold Keeper Rings, 4s, 4s 6d, 5s, 5s 6d, 6s, 6s 6d, 7s, 7s 6d, 8s, 8s 6d, and 10s 6d each. Gold Hair Rings, 6s 6d, 7s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d. Gent's Gold Signet Rings, 4s, 4s 6d, 5s, 7s 6d, 10s 6d, 15s, and 18s. Cash Prices. Cards for measuring finger free. R. THOMSON, 34½ Upperkirkgate, Aberdeen.

18—BRIDGE STREET—18,
ABERDEEN.

CAMPBELL & COMPANY,

SUCCESSORS TO

ROBERT THOMSON & CO.,

India Rubber and Waterproof Manufacturers,

Are showing at present a very Select and Choice Stock of

Waterproof Garments,

COMPRISING

THE LATEST NOVELTIES

IN

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WATERPROOF CLOAKS, CAPES, COATS, SCARBORO' CLOAKS, INVERNESS OR HIGHLAND CLOAKS. LIKEWISE A SUPERIOR RANGE

OF

GENTLEMEN'S DRIVING, SHOOTING, FISHING, WALKING, AND RIDING COATS.

ALSO,

A LARGE AND VARIED STOCK

OF

Tennis, Cricket, & Golf Requisites,

SECURED FROM THE BEST MAKERS,

AND AT

MODERATE CHARGES.

INSPECTION RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED BY

CAMPBELL & COMPANY,

SUCCESSORS TO

ROBERT THOMSON & CO.

PLEASE NOTE THE ADDRESS—

18—BRIDGE STREET—18.

SCOTCH TWEED SUITS,

63/- AND 70/-

FOR CASH,

60/- AND 66/6.

A. S. COOK,

Merchant Tailor,
26 MARKET STREET.

C. Yeats,

HOUSE FURNISHER,

1 BELMONT STREET, ABERDEEN.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, and all FURNISHING REQUISITES, in the LATEST DESIGNS, at very Moderate Prices. BEDROOM SUITES a Speciality.

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

The Biography of any American President.

HE was the eldest son of seven children, and his parents, who were among the first settlers of the neighbourhood now famous as the birthplace of the illustrious subject of our sketch, were, as may be imagined, in straitened circumstances.

When our hero was eight years of age, his father, who had always been in feeble health, died. From that time the boy was the sole support of the family. He used to arise at four in the morning. After smashing the three inches of ice which invariably formed over-night in the water-pail, he would perform his ablutions. Then he would go out and feed the cattle, and, if he happened to have any leisure time before breakfast, he would split a few logs of wood.

After the seventeen hours of unremitting toil of which his day was made up, it might be supposed that he would be ready for sleep. But no, he was not that kind of youth; had he been, this tribute of esteem and admiration would never have been written. His father's library had consisted of three volumes:—"The Pilgrim's Progress," "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," and "Josephus" in the original. Over these books the boy used to pore by the light of a piece of burning fir after the rest of the family were in bed and asleep. He became possessed of an eager yearning for knowledge. By getting up at three o'clock, instead of four, and doing work for a neighbour he earned enough money in a few weeks to buy a second-hand Latin grammar. Six months later—he being then thirteen years of age—he had mastered the language. In another year he was an accomplished Greek scholar, and at the age of seventeen he could converse in seven languages.

When he was eighteen years old he entered college, having earned the means to do so by the labour of his hands, besides supporting his mother and younger brothers and sisters. He graduated with the highest honours, and was pronounced the most brilliant man of his or any other year.

The study of law next claimed his attention, and in due time we find him practising at the bar of his native state. From that time on his career is familiar to all. The mere mention of his name quickens the pulse of every true American, and causes a thrill of pride to—

Eh? Who is he, anyway? Well, I haven't quite made up my mind yet. But the biography is the regular thing, and will do for any of them.

F. A. S.

"WHAT a distinguished air that little man has! He's almost a dwarf, too."
"Yes, he has a compressed air."

The Moon.

TELESCOPE FAKIR—"Step right up, ladies and gents., and view the moon. One penny, mum." Old Lady—"Oh, laws! hain't it round and slimy?" Telescope Fakir—"Will the bald-headed gent. please step away from in front of the instrument?"

TWO DIFFERENT VIEWS.



Hello! what have we here; a dress reform?



Oh, no; only a message boy carrying a painting.

A Better Fit.

ADELINE—"What would you do if you were in my shoes?" Madge (after a glance at them)—"Get a pair about four sizes smaller."

THE majesty of the law is oftentimes not as great as the majesty of the lawyer.

At a Whist Table.

"**W**HOSE deal is it?"
"Who dealt last?"
"You; didn't you?"
"I don't know."
"Oh, it's Mr B's deal."
"Why, so it is."
"What's trumps?"
"Diamonds."
"[Diamonds?] Well, if I ain't got the awfulest hand."
"Well, I just haven't got a thing."
"I never *did* have quite such awful luck."
"Whose play is it?"
"Let me see, what's trumps?"
"Diamonds."
"Oh, so it is; how stupid of me to forget."
"It's your play."
"Oh, is it? What led?"
"Spades."
"Let me see, now—um—um—spades led and diamonds are trumps?"
"Hurry and play."
"Oh! if you didn't have ten trumps."
"Who took that trick?"
"You mean *thing*."
"O-o-oh! if you didn't make four!
You're horrid! Whose deal is it?"
Then they say it all over again.

Poems For The Practical.

"**I**T was the time when lilies blow
And clouds are brightest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clara."
The lily-white dough Lord Ronald brought,
She took to her virgin bower,
And let it bake as she had been taught,
For 'twas made of "Smith's Own" flour.

"Maiden with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies,"
If you'd keep the smile of youth,
Go and see how Doctor Rooth
Can make an artificial tooth.

"I, too, have suffered, yet I know
She is not cold, though seeming so.
She is not cold, she is not light,
But our ignoble souls lack might."
She is not cold, I'll tell you why;
Because just now she's sitting by
A gas-stove made by Green and White,
That burns all day and burns all night.

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure;
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."
My heart is pure, my mind is bright,
I dread no mortal ills,
Because I sleep ten hours at night
By aid of Brown's insomnia pills.

K. W. R.

THE pen may be mightier than the sword,
but it doesn't hurt half as much as a policeman's baton.

BLIVENS—"What role does your star actor take the most interest in? Manager (energetically)—"The pay-roll."

Stock Reduction Sale.

About £2000 worth of USEFUL DRAPERY GOODS to be Sold at Cost Price to make Room for WINTER PURCHASES.

John A. Ross HAS TEMPORARILY REMOVED to 31 ST NICHOLAS STREET, "right opposite old shop," until such time as New Buildings are erected, and owing to want of room, we must Reduce our Stock.

SMALLWARES.

SMALLWARES.

DRESSMAKERS PLEASE NOTE.

Black and Coloured Prussian Binding, 10½ per piece of 36 yards, Black Binding Braid, 9d, 1s 1½d, and 1s 6d per coil. Banding, 5½d per doz. Skirt Hooks 1d and 1½d per doz. Hooks and Eyes, 2d per gross. 12-Inch Long Whalebone Splits, 41 per doz. Bone Casing, 7½d per doz. Dress Bodice Steels, 41 per doz., or 3s 6d the gross. Brown French Canvas, 5d per yard. Brown Stiff Canvas, 6d and 7½d. Black and White Buckram, 41 per yard. Black and Grey Wadding, 1s 1d per doz. sheets. Black Skirt Lining, from 2½d per yard. Grey Body Lining, 2½d; Stripe at 3d. Black Back Body Linings, from 4½d per yard. Bargain Lot of Black and Coloured Linings in Remnants, 1½d per yard. Silk Dress Laces, 2½d each. Dress Lacing Cord, ¾d per yard, or 7½d per doz. Crape Cords, 10½d per doz. Dress Preservers, 1½d up to 4½d. Tinsel Balls in Gold, Silver, and Bronze, 8½d per doz. 250 gross of Black and Coloured Bone Buttons, 1d per doz., or 9½d per gross; usual price, 2d. White Bone Buttons, 1d per doz. Gold Anchor Buttons, 1d per doz. Bargain Lot of Coloured Silk Buttons, were 6d, now 1½d. 150 Dozen Coloured Sashes (2½ yards long), were 8½d each, now 3½d each. 46 Broche Sashes, were 1s 6d, now 9½d each. Childs' Bibs from 1d. Bargain Lot Red Broche Handkerchiefs, 1d each. Nice Bordered Handkerchiefs, usual price 2d, now 1d each. Job Lot of Soiled Stay Busks, 3 Pairs for 1d, other prices, 2d, 2½d, 3½d, and 4d. Wool Mendings, 4½d and 7½d per doz. Leather Belts from 2½d upwards. 12 Gross Large Smoke Pearl Buttons, were 1s 6d per doz., now 11½d. Bargain Lot Black Cotton Gloves, were 3½d, now 1d and 1½d per pair. Childs' White Cotton Gloves, 2½d a pair. Odd Lot White Kid Gloves, 2d a pair. Bargain Lot White Cuffed Gloves, 3½d a pair, were 6d. Hooks and Eyes, 2d per gross. Mantle Hooks, 7½d per gross. Bargains in Ladies' Silk Gloves, light shades, 7½d and 9½d, were 1s and 1s 3d. Hair Pins, 3½d per doz. Bessing Reels (1000 yards), 2½d. Odd Lot in White Braiding, 2d per doz. hanks, worth 6d. Skirt Bands, 5d each.

STAYS, SHIRTINGS, UMBRELLAS, &c.

Bargains in Stays at 11½d, 1s 6d, 2s, and 2s 5d. Lot Umbrellas and Sunshades, travellers' samples, 25 per cent. under regular cost price. Ladies' White Skirts, from 1s 6½d. Bargains in Cotton Shirtings at 2½d, 3½d, 5d and 6d. Bargains in Flannel-ette, at 2d, 3d, 3½d, 4½d, and 6d per yard. Bargains in Prints, from 2½d, 3½d, and 4½d. Best Pandora Gingham, 5½d per yard, usual price, 7d. Flannels, from 4½d. Plaidings, from 8½d per yard. Wool Tartans, from 10½d per yard, usual price, 1s. Double-width Wool Tartan, 1s 8d, usual price, 2s. Turkey Red Cotton, from 2d; Cretonnes, from 1½d. Art Muslin, 1½d per yard. Grey Cotton, from 1½d per yard. White Cotton, from 2d. 40-inch wide Bleached Cotton, 4d per yard, worth 6d. 40-inch wide Twill Cotton, 4½d per yard. Bargains in Stripe Skirting, from 6d per yard. Special line in good Skirting at 1s 3d per yard, worth 1s 9d. Patch Prints, 3d per yard. About 800 dozen Handkerchiefs from ½d upwards. Sixteen Tea Cosies, 8½d each, were 11½d. Lambskins, at 4½d, 6d, 7d, 9d, and 11½d per yard. Sweat Rags, 1d and 1½d each. Eighteen Black Wool Shawls, were 2s 6d, now 1s 11d. Sixteen Beaded Capes, 2s 6d and 2s 11d, just half-price. Wool Shirting, 7½d, value for 9½d. Wool Shirting, 1s, value 1s 4d. Turkey Red Chintz, 3d, 4½d, and 6d.

TERMS NET CASH AND ONE PRICE.

DRESS GOODS.

DRESS GOODS.

Large lot of Remnants in Dress Goods, in lengths from 2 yards to 7 yards, to be cleared out at nearly half-price. Double-width Dress Goods, 5d, 7½d, 11½d, and 1s 3d. Cashmeres and Merinos, from 7½d per yard, up to 2s 6d. Four Pieces double-width Dress Goods, were 5½d, now 3½d per yard. Lot of single-width Dress Goods (assorted), to be cleared at 4½d, 6d, 7½d, and 9d per yard, well worth 6d, 9d, and 1s. Six Pieces, 54-inch wide, Wool Cloaking in smart shades, were 4s 6d, now 2s 9d per yard. Three pieces Grey Wool Coating, were 4s 11d, now 2s 11d per yard; about 20 pieces assorted in Wool Tweeds, double-width and good shades, ranging in price from 11½d per yard to 1s 4½d—the 1s 4½d Tweed kind was 2s 6d. Cream French Merino, 1s 6½d. Crimson French Merino, 11½d per yard, worth 1s 4½d. Lot of single-width Dress Stuffs, at 4½d, worth 7½d.

MILLINERY—TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED.

80 White Sailor Hats, were 4½d, now 2½d. About 60 Coloured Sailor Hats, were 1s 6d, now 9½d. Black Scarborough Hats from 4½d each. Sun Hats from 1½d each and 6d. Lot of Old Trimmed Hats, 6d and 11½d each. Bargains in Black Tips from 2d. Ostrich Flats from 3½d. Three boxes Old Flowers to be cleared at nominal prices. Hair Ornaments at all prices. Bargains in Ribbons from ½d per yard—too large a stock to detail. Windsor Scarves from 3½d upwards. Old lot Muslin Scarves, 4½d, were 11½d each. Velveteens from 8½d per yard. Childs' Cloth Bonnets and Sun Hats all reduced. Bargain lot in Coloured Silk Laces, were 1s 3d per yard, now 3½d. Coloured Chiffons, 3½d. Cap Shades, ½d, 1d, and 1½d. Servants' Caps, 1½d, 3½d, 4½d, 6d. Childs' Bibs from 1d. Bargain lot of Satin Ribbons, 2½d per yard, were 4½d per yard. Bargain lot of Coloured Silk Ribbons, were 1s 3d per yard, now 4½d per yard. Three pieces of Black Silk, 4s 6d, and 7s 6d per yard, now 3s and 3s 6d. Bargain lot of White Straw Hats, good shapes—choice for 6d. Bargains in Underclothing. Bargains in Laces from 3½d per doz. Sewed Trimmings from 1d per yard up.

JOB LOTS. ODD LOTS. CLEARING LINES.

40 Boxes Coloured Braid Trimming, 1d and 1½d per yard; were 3d and 4½d per yard. Special Lot Bead Trimmings, 4½d a yard; were 8½d. Fancy Braid Trimmings, were 1s 11d and 3s, now 3½d and 6½d per yard. 20 Coloured Sewed Trimmings, were 4½d per yard, now 2d per yard. 10 Boxes of Lister's Plush, were 2s 4½d, now 1s 4½d. 2 Pieces Brown Seal Pushing, were 7s 6d and 10s 6d per yard, now 4s 11d and 6s 6d per yard. Odd Lot in 4-Ply Fingering in Pink, Black, and Plain Colours, at 4d a cut. Knitting Cotton, 1s per lb. Furniture Lace at 1d, 1½d, 2d, and 2½d, exactly half-price. Bargain Lot of Wool Jerseys, 1s 4½d each, were 2s 6d each. 10 Pieces Coloured Gingham, were 6½d per yard, now 4½d per yard. 960 yards Knicker Winceys, were 4½d per yard, now 2½d per yard. 200 Yards Cream Oatmeal Cloth, 2½d; trade price, 3½d. Special Bargains in Print Garabaldis, at 9½d, 1s 3d, 1s 6d, and 1s 11d. 803 Yards Coloured Pongee Silk, 9½d per yard, worth 1s. Bargain Lot of Stripe Satins, 22 inches wide, in Black and other shades, 1s 4½d per yard; original price was 3s 6d. Clearing Lines in Childs' Plush Dresses, from 1s 6d up to 10s 6d; most of this lot are one-half more.

OBSERVE THE ADDRESS—

JOHN A. ROSS,

31 ST NICHOLAS STREET, and BARGAIN STORES, No. 2 FLOURMILL BRAE, ABERDEEN.

NEW GOODS FOR THE SUMMER SEASON.

JOHN A. DUNN,

The "Globe" Boot and Shoe House,

24 & 26 UNION ST., ABERDEEN.

THE STOCK OF

Boots, Shoes, and Slippers,

Has been Largely Increased to Meet the Ever Growing Demands.

Every Variety in Quality and Prices.

SPECIALITIES FOR THE SEASON.

MEN'S LACE BOOTS, ... 4s 9d, 6s 6d, 7s 6d, 8s, 8s 6d, 9s 6d, 10s 6d, 11s 6d, 12s 6d, 15s 6d, 18s 6d.
 MEN'S ELASTIC BOOTS, ... 6s 6d, 7s 6d, 8s 6d, 9s 6d, 10s 6d, 11s 6d, 12s 6d, 13s 6d, 16s 6d.
 MEN'S LORNE and OXFORD SHOES, ... 4s 9d, 5s 6d, 6s 6d, 7s 6d, 8s 6d, 9s 6d, 10s 6d, 13s 6d.
 WOMEN'S LACE BOOTS, 4s 9d, 6s 6d, 7s 6d, 8s, 8s 6d, 9s 6d, 10s 6d, 11s 6d, 13s 6d, 15s 6d, 16s 6d, 18s 6d.
 WOMEN'S OXFORD SHOES, ... 2s 9d, 3s 6d, 4s, 4s 6d, 5s, 5s 6d, 6s 6d, 7s 6d, 10s 6d.
 WOMEN'S SLIPPERS, ... 5½d, 9d, 1s, 1s 4d, 1s 9d, 2s, 2s 3d, 2s 6d, 2s 9d, 3s, 3s 6d, 3s 9d, and 4s.

Boys' and Girls' Boots for School and Sunday Wear in Great Variety.

**BALTIC BOOTS Direct from Manufacturers,
10/6, 11/6, and 12/6.**

MEN'S STRONG SLIPPERS, - - - - - 3s, 3s 6d, and 4s.
 MEN'S STRONG BLUCHERS, - - - - - 5s 6d and 6s 9d.
 MEN'S WELLINGTON'S, - - - - - 8s 6d, 9s 6d, 10s 6d, and 12 6d.
 MEN'S SEA BOOTS, - - - - - 21s, 24s, 26s, 28s—Warranted.

The Most Approved

**BOOTS and SHOES for FOOTBALL, CRICKET,
TENNIS, WALKING, and SHOOTING.**

Any of the above Transmitted by Post. Ladies', 3d; Gentlemen's, 6d.

BRING YOUR REPAIRS, and get them done with the Best Material.

SEE THE WINDOWS—



24 & 26 UNION ST., ABERDEEN.